

## SECOND MARRIAGES.

In my eyes, a second marriage—on which ever side, is the worst of all sacrileges of the heart. The being you have loved is no more; never shall that hand which once pressed yours in affection, repose in your tender grasp; never shall those worshipped eyes meet yours again with a glance of ineffable sympathy. The tie is dissolved; the links are broken asunder; the golden bowl is broken; and the accents which fell upon your ear in touching love, are hushed for ever in an endless slumber. The one who bore life's bitter cross with you, whose caresses consoled yours of bitter disappointment, and whose angel care smoothed the pillow on your couch of sickness; the one whose tears greeted your departure, and smiles welcomed your return; the rose in your dreary path, the one gushing spring on the arena of your existence, have vanished; and the church-yard mounted, the wild flowers that spring there, and the plaintive robin that sings his melancholy winter song over the spot—are all that earth has left to recal the memory of the dead. Angry words may perchance have passed between you; coldness may have for a time checked the bounding heart, and frozen up the gush of affection; but still the heart longed to be bound, and beneath those icy fetters the warm stream of love was deeply flowing. Death has swallowed up all the little animosities, all the petty differences and discussions which prevailed between you, and a treaty of eternal peace has been signed over the grave. How truly said Emile Souvestre—"The slightest separation extinguishes resentment in a generous heart; but to transform that resentment into tenderness, it requires the greatest absence of all, that absence which we know to be without hope, and from which there is no return!" We may be told of a happier meeting in realms above; we may be bid to look upon the bliss which has passed a mere mortal dream, to be realised in ten thousands fold bliss during an eternity in heaven; but these consolations in the first agony of grief fall cloudy upon the ear, which has listened to that dread formula of "dust to dust," to the ominous and gloomy rattle of the earth upon the coffin. Our "household gods" are "shivered;" we return to the lonely hearth, where the lost one sat to greet us; we gaze at the vacant seat, the glove forgotten on the table, the little relics of the departed; and, oh! how bitterly recur to our bleeding hearts each word of unkindness, each hour of neglect which that departed one endured from us, and which we would give worlds to recal! Cold and heartless, then, must that man—or woman—be who throws off with the mourning the memory of the mourned, and fills that vacant seat with the form of a stranger.—*Hints on Husband Catching.*

## CONTENTMENT AND CHEERFULNESS.

It is important that home should be cheerful. Cheerfulness is a positive virtue. Who does not feel every drop of blood thrill in his veins, when he sees Paul writing, even in a dungeon, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content!" Truly was Paul chief of the apostles. He had indeed learned that "godliness, with contentment, is great gain." Yet are there not many who seem wilfully to look on the dark side, to search peevishly for flaws, and when they have no real troubles, torment themselves with those which are imaginary? Such "dig out their own wretchedness as if they were digging for diamonds;" they would do well to remember that the "chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are long on the leaves." That was a good remark of Seneca's, when he said, "Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware."

## WHAT IS ODD FELLOWSHIP.

WOULD you witness its virtues, its blessed effects! Visit the smouldering ashes of the conflagration—the cheerless hearths and desolate homes of the children of penury and misfortune—the abode of the sorrowing widow and the unprotected orphan—the couch of disease, and the bed of death, you will there meet a white robed spirit, ministering angel in a human form, who shields the unprotected ones in a mantle of benevolence, who raises the drooping head of the suffering invalid, moistens his parched lips with healing medicine, pours balm and comfort into the bleeding and desolate heart, clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, and counsels the erring. It speaks to the sorrow-stricken the magic words of comfort in the midst of his cheerless desolation; the persecuted find protection beneath its sheltering arms, and the wretched, peace. Wherever falls the widow's tear, wherever is uttered the orphan's wail, wherever lowers the dark storm of misfortune, there gleams its heavenly light to bless and to save. Wherever there is seen a protector of the friendless, a provider for the destitute: wherever is opened up a way of light through the dark tempests of life; wherever an orphan finds shelter and the unhappy consolation—there you will find the spirit of Odd Fellowship. The duties it enjoins are all pure and holy; the duties it imposes are inseparably connected with the happiness of man.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 6, dedicated their Hall, on Thursday last, to the purposes of Odd Fellowship. The Hall is a very neat room, about sixty feet, by twenty-five or six, with arched ceiling. The hour fixed for the ceremonies, was three o'clock; about two o'clock, the visitors invited commenced assembling; and by three o'clock, all the seats in the room were occupied. Punctual to the hour, the fraternity arrived; and the services were opened by a prayer, from the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Rector of Peterboro, a member of the Order. The Dedication Speech was delivered by Edmund Murney, Esq., who occupied the Chair, by virtue of his office of D. Grand Sire. The discourse of the day was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Taylor. Anthems were sung, accompanied by Mr. Houghton on the Piano, and the services of the day closed with a new song to the tune of the National Anthem. Mr. Houghton's brass band was in attendance.

The Room thus dedicated to the purposes of Odd Fellowship, is the fourth story of a new brick building, lately erected by Erastus Holden, Esq.—*Belleville Intelligencer.*

## BRAINS AND MORAL CHARACTER.

Phrenologists write as if they deemed an organ capable of desiring its own gratification. Desire is never felt without an excitation of organism; but then the individual being that is conscious of impression, not the instrument, is the subject of desire and gratification. Will is not the action of an organ, but of the soul; and although the habitual indulgence of a passion promotes the development of that part of the nervous system called into action, it does not follow that a full development shall lead to its full exercise—far otherwise—mind has a restraining as well as an exciting power. Even according to phrenologists, the large destructiveness of Spurzheim, for instance, was controlled by his moral habits or associations, and yet many a man with larger moral organs (to speak phrenologically,) and less destructiveness has been a murderer. What does this prove? Certainly not that a man's moral character is decided by the balance of his brains, but by the state of his soul as regards knowledge and affection.—*Dr. Moore.*

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest.