

itable institutions you often meet with contributions "in memory of" those whom death has taken away. All this is posthumous gratitude; a proof that the love and goodness of the dead survive their death; even as the love and goodness of Jonathan lived in David's heart long after his bones and his flesh had mouldered in the tomb!

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend."

We cannot write our "In memoriam" in beautiful verse which poets will admire, but we may write it in noble and beautiful works—a life poem which all will read and love. Think of the debt that you owe to the living and the dead; of the vital affinities which bind all classes of men together; and of the wonderful love of Him who "came to seek and to save the lost;" and fail not to ask—Is there any of the great family of man, to whom I may shew kindness for Jesus' sake? You will have a response—a yearning, piteous cry for help and hope, for sympathy, light and love, from some who are in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity, in the lowest depths of moral and physical degradation.

One objection to Odd-fellowship, and, in fact, to all society charities is, that they are partial, and sectional; having respect to one class only. My brethren, we require this organized, and systematic benevolence, we do not see that Mr. Sumner committed any grave offence, when he turned away empty a hand that sought aid, with his great words that he was "living for the welfare of a race which none else would help;" for it was just this concentration of soul upon one great mission that not only so powerfully affected the destiny of the negro race, but which reacted so powerfully, also, upon the character of the benefactor. All benevolence, that it should be judiciously applied, must be based upon information as to the object, and, that it may bring happiness to the giver, must be based on his love of the object. A gift bestowed without any information about the cause, must only have brought annoyance to the soul that gave. I do not know what better men can do when a thousand different persons come wishing a dollar each for unknown or, at least, uncared for objects, than to say: "No." I have studied the wants of India or of the sewing girls, and I would rather pour my thousand dollars along that channel of my own information and feeling, than to scatter my property and love out upon the four winds." One reason all charities so annoy each citizen may be found in the fact that he gives at the dictation or

upon the authority of some one. Instead of by the light and in the love of his own bosom. Each man's heart spreads over so many objects that its love nowhere is deep. Some one said to an Englishman of American education, that it was "very broad," and called forth the fear from the Englishman "that such a broad stream might be shallow." Perhaps each one's charity, by spreading over so wide a field, becomes so shallow in thought, and also weak in its influence upon the benefactor.

Some object to the secrecy of our noble order. But we could not maintain our principles inviolable without this. The history of the world's charity, written from the days when the Roman and Greek friends and families were wont to enter into a solemn compact to stand by each other, and by each other's children, should dark days come, the history of this love, from the story of the poor Samaritan to the marble asylums hidden among the hills of old Rome,—this story of God's love, shadowing itself in the human spirit, all the way from the first century of human life on the globe to this nineteenth century of our Lord all show the need and importance of this secrecy. But again, many will complain that this Society, and those of a kindred nature, have not always worn and maintained these noble features. The reply must always be that all ideals keep far ahead of the facts. Facts are slow, defective things, as well as stubborn things. Painters, and Sculptors, and poets outline the true woman or man, but the real fact always lags far behind. There has been no Beatrice, no Evangeline, no John Halifax, no St. Louis, no Washington. There have been beautiful approaches to each of these forms of body and soul; and when the mind sees these beautiful approaches it jumps over the intervening space and leaves the actual for the ideal. All human institutions are like these personal ideas, better in theory than in fact. The Church of Christ, or Odd-Fellowship, or any other institution, in marching through such a world as ours, must share in the general imperfection. Their facts must lag behind their theories, just as the real Washington or the real Beatrice, moves far behind the one of the poet, or painter, or historian. A stream, leaving its rocky springs, however clear, becomes colored by the lands through which it must pass. Flowing through the woods, its issues stained by decaying leaves; flowing through earthen fields, where it has no rocky banks or bed, it becomes a yellow Missouri, to carry its stain for thousands of