

little way from the village, there was a small rivulet, which, in seasons of heavy rain, became very much swollen. Arrived at this point my father sat down on a jutting stone, which formed part of the little bridge across the stream. I kept close to him. In a few moments he began to give utterance to his thoughts, in terms showing his ignorance of my presence. In fact, he had made up his mind to drown himself. He lamented bitterly what he had done, calling out several times that he had again spent all his money, that his family were out of meal, out of potatoes, out of bread, out of every thing. My fears were raised for my father's sad condition, and, taking him by the arm, I said

"No, father, we're no oot o' every thing!"

This assurance gave him new hopes, and he eagerly inquired what it was we were not out of.

"Father, we're no oot o' *debt*;" I quietly replied.

Thunderstruck at the answer, he sunk back on his cold seat. In this posture he remained for a short time; then, as if inspired with new life, he started up, and taking me kindly by the hand, and with his face heavenward, he prayerfully exclaimed:

"Thank thee, O God! my boy has saved me. Before thee I here promise I will drink no more!"

We then quietly returned to my weeping mother.

(To be Continued.)

(From the *Odd Fellows' Offering* for 1846.)

## THE SHIPWRECKED ODD FELLOW.

BY P. G. CHARLES BURDETT, OF NEW YORK.

JAMES BROWN, mate of the brig *Edgar*, sailing from this port, had been married just two weeks, when, on the day which completed the half of his honey-moon, he was accosted as he was leaving his home, by his old friend and ship-mate, Charles Burton, who was also a mate in the same employ with himself.

"Come James," said his friend, after the usual salutations of the morning, enquiries after his wife, &c., had been passed, locking arms with him, "you have been married now two weeks—next week, or the week after at the outside, your ship sails for a long cruise, and I advise you, before you go, to do as I have done—nobody knows what may happen to you."

"And what is that?" asked James, laughing, "I am afraid I should not like to do all you have done in your day."

"Come, come, no gammon, James! you and I have sailed together boy and man these ten years; we know each other pretty well by this time, and I would be sorry to advise you to do any thing improper, and you know that as well as I do."

"Well, tell me what it is, Charley, and if it ain't something worse than going to sea on a sheet anchor, I don't know but what I may do it, just to please you."

"I want you to join our Lodge, not only to please me, but for your own sake, as well as that of your wife."

"Pshaw—none of your tom-foolery for me, my boy. This ain't the first nor the second time you have tried to coax me into that; none of your Tom Cox's traveres with me—I don't believe in it, and I won't be humbugged into any thing of the kind. There, you've got your answer."

"Will you come round with me a few minutes, and see my wife, James?" said his friend, apparently turning the conversation.

"Why, I don't mind—I have nothing to do on board to-day." So saying, the friends changed the direction of their walk, and soon arrived at the boarding-house where Charles Burton and his wife boarded.

"Rebecca," said Charles, as they entered the room, "I have been trying to persuade James to join our Lodge, but all I can get out of him is 'pshaw—humbug.' Just tell him, will you, what you know about Odd Fellowship, and then let him judge if it is a humbug?"

"Upon my word," said James, his features struggling between a smile and a frown, "upon my word, if I had known what you were up to when you asked me to come round, I do not believe I would have called. However, I will not refuse to hear what Mrs. Burton has to say, though I guess she can't know much about it. They don't let the women know what they do."

"There you are mistaken, James," said Mrs. Burton, "sit down, and I will shew you that we women know almost every thing about it. When Charles arrived home last year from the coast of Africa, he brought with him the seeds of the coast fever, and about a week after his return, he was taken down. He was very sick indeed, and at last he grew so weak he could not help himself; so I was up every night with him until I was nearly worn out. Every day some one of the members of his Lodge called to see him, and if I wanted any thing got for Charles, or if he took a notion to something which I could not procure, they were always ready to get it for me."

"Well, I soon broke down sitting up night after night, and I did not know what to do. I had been up for five nights in succession, and on the sixth about nine o'clock, I was sitting in the rocking chair, and had just caught a few moments' nap, when I was awakened by a knock at the door, and when I opened it, there stood two of the members of Charles' Lodge. I was frightened at first, for I did not know what they could want at that time of night, but they soon set my fears at rest. 'We have been directed,' said one of them, 'to sit up to-night with Brother Burton, as we learn that he requires such attention.'

"I looked at my husband, who was lying in bed, so weak he could hardly speak, but I saw that he appeared pleased to see them, so I thanked them, and after giving all the directions for his medicine, I left Charles with them. From that time, every night, for three weeks, some of the brothers of the Lodge sat up with him, and never left his side one moment."

"Well, that was something like men, I must confess," said James, who had listened most attentively to every word uttered by Mrs. Burton.

"Yes, but that is not all," she added, "Charles' sickness was very tedious and expensive, so that before he was half well, we had used up all the wages he had received from his last voyage, and nearly all I had saved up during his absence. Well, every Wednesday morning, when one of the brothers came, he would slip something into my hand, without a word, and that was five dollars. Yes, James, five dollars every week, and I assure you it was most acceptable to me at that time, for without it I could not have procured the necessary medicine for my husband."

"Well! that was well enough too," said James, determined, if possible, not to be convinced, "but I don't like the idea of charity."

"Hush, don't call it charity, James; Odd Fellowship knows no difference between *John Jacob Astor* with his twenty millions, and *William Burton*, with his twenty-five dollars a month. No, no—there was no charity there, it was his right; and if he had been ever so wealthy, the money would have been left just the same, or if he chose, he might send it back when he got well, and then it would go into the fund for the Widows and Orphans. You know Mrs. Benson, who keeps a little fancy store in D— street, don't you, James?"