

suries have become well-nigh exhausted by the frequent draughts made upon them, that their views have been altogether erroneous. We would recommend, in general, low dues and small benefits; but if large benefits be desired, we should deem it but an act of prudence on the part of a Lodge to exact weekly dues comparatively large, in order to meet its liabilities when sickness comes upon its members.—*Golden Rule.*

UNEARNED MONEY.

HOWEVER common may be the desire for sudden wealth, yet it may be safely affirmed that money is never so much enjoyed, or so pleasantly or judiciously spent, as when hardly earned. The exertion used in obtaining it is beneficial alike to the health and spirits. It affords pleasure in the contemplation, as the result of effort and industry, a thing which unearned money can never impart; and the natural alternation of labour and relaxation tends to preserve the body in health, and keeps the mind from the injurious extremes of either parsimony or prodigality. Unearned money, on the contrary, as it is obtained without an effort, so it is often spent without a thought. There is no healthful activity used in acquiring it; no putting forth of those energies, the use of which tends so much to elevate and purify; no skill or perseverance called into action; and it is seldom that it is possessed to any great extent without injuring the possessor. It induces a distaste for labour and activity; it lulls to ignoble rest in the lap of circumstances; it allures to float along with the stream, instead of the healthful labour of stemming the tide of difficulty; and he had need be something more than mortal who can possess much of this unearned money without being in his moral nature somewhat paralysed and debased. Naturally rampant as are the weeds of sloth and sensuality in the human heart, that condition in life in which there is not only work to be done, but work which *must* be done, will be the safest and the best. Money seldom makes men better, either physically or morally, and often makes them worse. Seldom does a man become more healthy in his body as money increases; seldom does his mind become more powerful as his purse becomes heavier; not always does his heart beat more benevolently as his wealth accumulates. But if money, even when laudably gained by wholesome exertion and enterprise, be of doubtful or injurious effect upon its possessor, doubly hazardous and painful must be the possession of that money which is unearned and untiled for, and which only leaves the disposal of time at the mercy of idle dreaminess or ingenious mischief, and cherishes the growth of those rank weeds of the heart which are most successfully checked by wholesome exercise and occupation.

POVERTY.

Start not at the labour doom of honest poverty; it is to poverty that we are indebted for the discovery of a new world; it made Franklin a philosopher, Hogarth a painter, and Napoleon the conqueror of Europe. The mightiest minds that ever astonished the civilized world, were nursed in the vale of poverty; that was their incentive to action—their stimulus to glory and immortality. Pine not, then, at your lot, if you be poor and virtuous; a large fortune to giddy youth, is the most painful judgment an indulgent heaven can inflict upon man. The inordinate love of wealth—so fatally prevalent in modern times, when, with a great majority, riches are a test of respectability, and cash a token of worth and virtue, a cloak to screen from crime—is worse than blear-eyed famine, more fatal than the festering folds of the purple pestilence. Mourn not, then, that you are poor—push your faculties into a holier sphere, and reap abundant stores of mental gain in the extended field of an enlightened mind.—*Fisk.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

Three sunny islets on life's river,
Three golden arrows in life's quiver;
Three stars that never fade or dim,
Three notes that angels love to hymn;
Three charms that guard the heart from sorrow,
Three whispers of a brighter morrow;
Three links that bind with silken bands,
Three words whose might should rule all lands;
Three watch-towers on earth's stormy strand,
Three harbours 'mid earth's treacherous sand;
Three life-preservers on Time's ocean,
Three voices 'mid the heart's commotion;
Three fragrant flowers most fair to see,
Three garlands twining round life's tree;
Three gems of pure, ethereal light,
Three paths, all lovely, smooth and bright;
Three rays of light from heaven's throne,
Where nought but happiness is known!

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

By reference to the reports of several of the Grand Lodges, it will be perceived that the progress of the Order is unabated. The rapid augmentation of its ranks is without a parallel in the history of any Institution either of former or modern times. We are rejoiced that so many of the human family are the recipients of blessings from our Order. It has already accomplished wonders in alleviating human suffering and in harmonizing antagonistic principles. But the sphere of its usefulness is not yet fully marked out. Its high destinies are not yet defined. There are loftier and broader and more glorious plans of operation yet to be developed. The coming age will see the institution, with its arms of benevolence reaching out far and wide, and encompassing the whole human family in its magnanimous designs of moral amelioration. It wields a lever, powerful and effectual, in overturning the strong citadels of prejudice which ages have interposed, to prevent the commingling of generous sympathies. Schemes of philanthropy looking to the elevation of the ignorant and unlearned of the Order, are germinating in the breasts of her strong men, and unfolding in blessings, such as shall cover the institution with moral glory. The portals of the Order continue to be crowded with candidates, whilst within, its courts resound with melody.

Sweet Friendship, Love and Truth—could their clear light
But be diffused o'er all the earth abroad,
Its darkest spots with glory would grow bright,
Its deserts bloom—like gardens of the Lord!
—*Iris.*

SYMPATHY.

It is sweet to turn from the chilling and heartless world—the world that so often misjudges our motives—to seek in some sympathizing heart for consolation—to find congenial souls that can understand and appreciate the feelings which actuate us.

In sorrow, how consoling is the blessed voice of sympathy. In our greatest trials it lightens our burdens—making smoother our pathway before us, and pouring a healing balm into our wounded hearts, and our lesser afflictions are forgotten in its presence.

Blessings upon those kind souls who go through life with a cheerful glance, and kind word for the desponding—who are ever ready to extend the hand of friendship, and whisper words of consolation to those who fall out by the way. Though they may sometimes be deceived, yet they have faith in humanity; they believe no one is so degraded, but he has got some germ of in-dwelling goodness, that the warm sunshine of kind sympathy may yet call forth the sweet, though perhaps wild flowers of truth and happiness.