

our treacherous assailants with a volley from our guns. There was no want of alacrity to obey this order, and as they stood on the beach scowling at us like so many demons, we poured a well-directed fire into their very centre with such effect as must have made them wish that they had still kept behind the thicket.

And here let me pause a little. Could this summary vengeance bring back the breath to the being who now met our eyes locked in the firm embrace of death? Could the fall of one, aye, or of twenty of that terrible race, call back the look of intelligence, which, but a few minutes before, beamed in that youthful but manly countenance? Could the extinction even of the whole tribe, summon him from the sound sleep of death, where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Alas, no! Vengeance to him was fruitless; and yet how very often are the best energies of our minds paralysed—their holiest streams dried up in scheming out plans of revenge for some imagined injury. Time flies while we feel the cherished but unholy thought, nor stop we till the fiend-like wish is either accomplished, or the being possessing it is himself engulfed in the ocean he had created to swallow up the object of his hate, who, more than likely, rises from the attempt to blast him a triumphant conqueror.

And now to my subject. What an unhappy condition was ours!—one of our small party dead, and six wounded! In this state, and yet fifty miles from Maria Island, how were we to reach that place! Scarcely knowing what to do, each having sufficient cause for reflection, we remained for a time almost unconscious how to act; but a half gale springing up, and the wind being from the proper quarter, our captain seized this opportunity of arousing us; and ordering a single reef in our lug sail, he determined to endeavour to reach our place of destination without further loss of time, where we fortunately arrived in the afternoon of that day, without any other notable occurrence.

(To be Continued.)

GO ON—BE THIS THE WORD.

HAVE you embarked in the cause of Odd-Fellowship? If so, go on—stop not half way, but progress, step by step, until you have comprehended all its sublime mysteries, and been put in the possession of all the benefits it secures to its adherents. Odd-Fellowship is progressive in its character, and he who merely enters its threshold, and is content with the pecuniary advantages it secures for him, knows but very little of its beauties, and misses many a high, salutary and elevating lesson. Your course through life is rough. Be your circumstances never so easy, as far as earth's goods can make them—there are, nevertheless, thorns in your path—dangers along your way, which an entire acquaintance with the principles of the Order, will very materially enable you to surmount. If your virtue is weak, and your purposes unstable and fluctuating, a thorough knowledge and practice of the lessons of Odd-Fellowship, will strengthen the one, and confirm the other. Go on, then—be this the word by which you are guided—until you shall stand upon the top-most height of the mysterious system, and survey therefrom the entire field in all its expansiveness and beauty. The

path of life may lead you through devious and trackless wastes, where dangers beset you on every side. But through this wilderness you have a sure and unerring guide. It is the lamp of TRUTH. Its clear light shines all along the way; and though sometimes bedimmed, it is sufficient to direct you in safety, if faithfully followed. Should you, in the prosecution of your journey through the forest of this world, be impeded by the intricacies of the mazes along its path—should your feet be entangled by the underbrush, with which the path is encumbered, and you, stumbling therein, fall!—rise again, with renewed vigor of purpose, to go on. As you progress in your course, the pure and virtuous principles in which you have been instructed, will be so strengthened, and your fortitude so established, that neither the seductive pleasures of feasting and revelry, will be able to allure, nor the clash and clangor of "contending arms," to frighten you from the way. Your course may be along narrow mountain passes—steep declivities, abrupt ledges, and dangerous precipices may abound. The heavens may gather blackness above you—pealing thunders may roll, and break in deafening sounds over your heads; and tempest-floods may beat upon you, in your pilgrimage; but against all these dangers and vicissitudes, you will be proof. Let them not deter you. Your guide will be sufficient. Trust to the light of Truth, and through the wilderness you will be safely guided, to the tent—where the troubled and weary find solace for sorrow, and rest for fatigue. In every good work let the word be—go on! and success will be sure to follow.—*Iris*.

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torch-lights to illumine,
No parting glance, no heavenly tear
Is seen to fall upon the bier.
There is not one of kindred clay
To watch the coffin on its way.
No mortal form, no human breast
Cares where the pauper's dust may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer;
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sodless heap.
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate;
The mongrel dog, that shared his crust,
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head as though
He thought to hear a voice below—
He pines to miss that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The sun goes down, the night is come,
He needs no food—he seeks no home;
But, stretched upon the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polish'd marbles tell;
For temples, built on church-yard earth,
Are claimed by riches more than worth.
But who would mark with undim'd eyes,
The mourning dog that starves and dies;
Who would not ask, who would not crave,
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

HOSPITALITY.

It is better to set a frugal and welcome table before the guest instantly than to keep him waiting a long time, in order to provide for him a splendid repast, perhaps grudgingly.—*Pholycides*.