

POEMS OF A GREAT RANGE.

Rhymes of the Orders

THE ODDFELLOWS.

IF by its fruits you know a tree .
(The safest way, as you'll agree),
Then we must all pronounce as good
Oddfellowship, which long has stood
In the fair garden of mankind,
As fine a tree as you will find.
Oddfellows—so they're quaintly named—
Though needing not to be ashamed,
And aptly named, for they are Odd
In working not for self, but God ;
In thinking of a brother's pain,
Instead of their own private gain ;
In proving it more blest to give
To help another than receive ;
In thinking upon those in need,
And ministering in kindly deed ;
In cringing not to rank or wealth,
And doing their good deeds by stealth ;
These "oddities" are what has given
The name—but they are also "even,"
If by the word we mean the pair
Of qualities that fit and square
In human character and form
The Man and Brother, true and warm.
Though ancient, still the Order grows,
And must as long as heart-blood flows ;
For sterling merit must have way,
And in the long run wins the day,
That's why the Souvenir Range has grown
In favor, as more widely known ;
Its praises no one needs to bellow,
'Mongst ranges 'tis a real Odd-fellow ;
Alone, unique, no need for strife—
Sold everywhere—one lasts for life.