

Subsequently, an action was brought by Crane for the sum of \$12, being the amount alleged to be due for three weeks' sickness. Upon the trial, evidence was adduced on one side, to prove sickness for the time specified; and on the other, to show that the sickness had not been such as entitled him to the benefits.

The appellants rested chiefly upon the law and usage of the Order. It was in proof that, by the 2nd article of the constitution, a member, conceiving himself aggrieved by a decision of the Lodge to which he was attached, must appeal to the Grand Lodge of Maryland. The usage in conformity with this article was proved by Mr. James L. Ridgeley and others. During the progress of the trial, objection was made by the defence to the admission of the testimony of members of the Lodge as evidence; these objections were overruled.

The defence maintained that the appellee was bound to make his appeal to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and, having failed to do so, he could not sustain an action at law. In support of their argument was cited the case of the Black and Whitesmiths' Society *vs.* Vandye, 2nd Wharton's Reports, page 309. Other grounds of defence were taken, which were not referred to in the decision. The case was held under advisement by the court a day or two ago, and on Wednesday, his Honor, Judge Purviance, gave the following written opinion:

"The Court reverses the judgment of the magistrate in this case, for the want of jurisdiction over the subject matter in controversy, the same having been previously decided by a competent tribunal, acting according to the provisions of the charter of incorporation, its by-laws, and usages; and the decision so made is conclusive on all the parties, until it be reversed on an appeal to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, which is the superior tribunal in this matter."

#### THE POOR MAN'S FUNERAL.

Yon motley, sable-suited throng, that wait  
Around the poor man's door, announce a tale  
Of woe; the husband, parent, is no more!  
Contending with disease, he labour'd long,  
By penury compell'd. Yielding, at last,  
He laid him down to die; but lingering on  
From day to day, he from his sick-bed saw,  
Heart-broken quite, his children's looks of want  
Veil'd in a clouded smile. Alas! he heard  
The elder, lispingly, attempt to still  
The younger's plaint;—languid he rais'd his head,  
And thought he yet could toil—but sunk  
Into the arms of death, the poor man's friend.  
The coffin is borne out; the humble pomp  
Moves slowly on; the orphan-mourner's hand—  
Poor helpless child!—just reaches to the pall.  
And now they pass into the world of graves,  
And now around the narrow house they stand,  
And view the plain black board sink from the sight.  
Hollow the mansion of the dead resounds,  
As falls each spadeful of the bone-mixed mould,  
The turf is spread; uncovered is each head,—  
A last farewell; all turn their several ways.  
Woe's met! those tear-dimmed eyes, that sobbing breast—  
Poor child! thou thinkest of the kindly hand  
That wont to lead thee home; no more that hand  
Shall aid thy feeble gait, or gently stroke  
Thy little sun-bleach'd head and downy cheek.  
But go; a mother waits thy homeward steps;  
In vain her eyes dwell on the sacred page—  
Her thoughts are in the grave; 'tis thou alone,  
Her first-born child, canst rouse that statue gaze  
Of woe profound. Haste to the widow'd arms:  
Look with thy father's look, speak with his voice,  
And melt a heart that else will break with grief.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy, is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

#### CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LOYAL COBOURG LODGE, No. 4013, OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY.

THE meeting of Odd Fellows, M. U., to celebrate their Anniversary, took place in this town on Friday last. The attendance of Brethren was pretty good, but on an occasion of that kind, no one should have been absent, and could they have rightly understood the benefits which their Order confers on its zealous members, no one would have been absent. Odd Fellowship is particularly necessary in these days, being, as it is, one of the great preservatives of society. It is evident that the time is fast drawing near, when the two great powers of the age, vice and virtue, will be striving with equal energy for the mastery.

The former appears young, bold, happy, insolent, gay, voluptuous, but his followers are pale, emaciated, deformed, withered, unhappy; they lead a life little above that of a brute, and die without a hand to help them or an eye to mourn over them. The latter appears cheerfully about her great work—re-organizing, re-vivifying society—holding the gospel before her, she daily gains ground. Her followers and supporters joined together in the holy bonds of brotherhood advance unceasingly, perchance amid the sneers of the uninitiated, and the cold heartless laughter of the man of the world, who asks when he sees some poor brother of the Order, what they expect from such an one: it must be little he can do? They answer with Ios

"It is little:

But in these sharp extremities of fortune,  
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter,  
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water: yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort, which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd 'twill fall  
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye  
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand  
To know the bonds of fellowship again;  
And shed on the departing soul a sense,  
More precious than the benison of friends  
About the honour'd death-bed of the rich,  
To him who else were lonely, that another  
Of the great family is near and feels."

The Procession moved from the Lodge Room to St. Peter's Church at Eleven o'clock. No one could help being struck with the solemnity of the scene, and the evident good tendency of an institution which took the word of God for its guide. The service was read by the Rev. H. Brent, during which the Choir, led by Mrs. Cameron, sang admirably some appropriate Anthems and Hymns.

The sermon was preached by the Venerable Arch-deacon Bethune, and was a masterly effort of eloquence. During its delivery, we thought of the exclamation of Hoffmeister on beholding the first reformed celebration of the Lord's Supper in the canton of *Berne*—"How can the adversaries of the word refuse to embrace the truth at last, seeing that God himself renders it so striking a testimony." After the service, a collection was taken up in aid of the Widow and Orphans' Fund.

The Procession then marched through the town, to the music of a very excellent band, led by Messrs. Tobin and McMorphy.

At seven o'clock in the evening, the Unity and their guests sat down to an elegant dinner in the Globe Hotel, at which they enjoyed themselves till a late hour of the night.

On the whole, this celebration went off much better than any other within our remembrance. We wish the institution every success, and earnestly hope that