

jut from beneath the ice into the mist-wreath; and his later beaches, stage beyond stage, terrace the descending slopes. Where has the great destroyer not been—the devourer of continents—the blue foaming dragon, whose vocation it is to eat up the land? His ice-floes have alike furrowed the flat steppes of Siberia and the rocky flanks of Schellallion; and his nummulites and fish lie embedded in the great stones of the pyramids, beneath the time of the old Pharos, and in rocky folds of Lebanon still untouched by the tool. So long as Ocean exists, there must be disintegration, dilapidation, change; and should the time ever arrive when the elevatory agencies, motionless and chill, shall sleep within their profound depths, to awaken no more—and to roll its waves—every continent and island would at length disappear, and again, as of old, “when the fountains of the great deep were broken up,”

“A shoreless ocean tumble round the globe.”

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT finer feeling can reside in the heart of man than that of Friendship? It yields a delight where it is felt, and gives a pleasure not to be found in any other feeling. Love is its basis, and from fraternal love springs all its actions. True friendship, indeed, is rarely to be met with; but even the spurious everyday friendship which we all experience, is pleasant, and passes very well for genuine until called into actual service; then, indeed, its deformities appear. But true friendship is a jewel which cannot be too highly appreciated—too dearly cherished.

Some men are prone, from a natural inherent friendly feeling, to look upon the great bulk of mankind as possessing similar feelings, and to be quite ready to serve any one with whom they have been long acquainted, or from whom they have received little acts of kindness and attention, not doubting that, if they stood in need of like services, they could be obtained as readily from others. If such were the general disposition of mankind, how happy might men be! The cares of life would be rendered light by the kind hand of friendship, and few besides the really worthless would know real distress.

Whilst true friendship sweetens life and mollifies its cares, that which is not true, like everything else which bears but a semblance of what it professes to be, adds to the poignancy of affliction, and aggravates misfortune. He who, in his days of affluence, always felt for the misfortunes of others—whose hand was always open to their relief—who never doubted that, were he similarly situated, he would do as much for him, must very keenly feel the disappointment, when, upon suffering the reverse, he finds mankind tardy in rendering to him that assistance which he was wont so freely to give to others. His disappointment is rendered still more keen, when he finds persons to whom he has rendered essential service, desert him in his hour of need; or even such as he has, from long acquaintance, considered friends. At such a time false friendship assumes its real appearance, which is as disgusting as that of the true is lovely.—*Symbol.*

We understand that a case has just occurred to demonstrate the utility of an Order now existing among us, against which objections have occasionally been raised. Capt. Benney and Mr. Mitchell, the Master and Mate of the Schooner Comet, which got in collision with the Ship Blonde, and was sunk at sea, arrived in this city in a state of destitution, having lost their all;—they made themselves known as Odd Fellows, and at once met sympathy and protection from their Brethren, by whom they have been supplied with the means of providing for their present necessities and of returning to their homes and families.—*Quebec Mercury.*

THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR ALL.

IN looking at our age, I am struck, immediately, with one commanding characteristic, and that is, the tendency of all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all. The privileged petted individual is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of the few; now of the many; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it, has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be; but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition, for which they were designed. The grand doctrine that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man; this is slowly taking place, as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish, but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all;—these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life.—*Dr. Channing.*

BRITISH ENTERPRISE.

BRITISH Enterprise! a phrase how often used, and how difficult of explanation. Treason, it is said, is only treason when it is unsuccessful, and so by a parity of reasoning, we may assume that British enterprise is only quackery when it fails. Who can justly draw the line, and truly tell what mean the words we have just emphasised? The arrogant pretender assumes them as his motto, and flourishes even while he practises delusion. The city merchant steps from his high renown and bates the needy venturer in his goods, and heightens thus the vender's poverty by the pressure of the rich man's power. The wretched criminal can almost hear as he writhes upon the fatal tree, the cries of those who earn a scanty pittance by the sale of dying men's deep groans, and live upon the morbid food they give to stop the appetite of a susceptible public. The starving sempstress, as she plies the busy needle, feels deeper anguish as she thinks that may-be from her toil the proceeds come which help to keep alive a gaudy tandem in the park. The haggard faces and torn emaciated frames of young beings where mills are built, anomalously tell of rich men's gains, and sadly speak of wealth. Out amidst the bright green fields, where health should dwell, and sweet contentment find a resting-place, the wearied labourer, with his claims around him, pines with the starving pittance that a great man gives, and yet he speaks, though silently, of wealth obtained from noble acres; for he is one—strange fact that it is—of the strong pillars which support a lordly rent-roll, and a mighty house. In every corner of the city's breadth, in every parish of the cultivated soil, in every spot where wealth may be produced, stern misery stalks, and with his heavy finger points to where high British enterprise exists.—*Haverstock.*