

charity, all of which is to constitute a harmonious whole, and that the exercise of this charity and forbearance will benefit ourselves with every effort. If we can accomplish more of this brotherly feeling—more of moral improvement,—no price within our means is too high to pay for such an object;—if we cannot, our Lodge is an expensive toy, and, again I say, the “play is not worth the candle.”

Much more I would like to say, but the lateness of the hour admonishes me that I have no longer a right to trespass upon your patience. If any Brother feels that I have been too plain—too severe—I can only say I have administered as severe a rebuke to myself as to others—have written as I felt, and, as I am willing, for one, to acknowledge, I deserve—but without the slightest unkindness towards any.

THE MORAL POSITION OF THE ORDER.

THE institution of Odd Fellowship has attained a position, and is exciting an influence in society at large, that enlists the admiration and challenges the disapproval of all liberal-minded and good men. It has not only acquired a character for its active works of benevolence, but also for the moral restraint it brings to bear, upon the lives and conduct of its members. We are proud that the sense of honor and fitness to become an Odd Fellow, is so refined. We are gratified that the standard is lifted so high above the influence of birth, or wealth, or the blandishments of society, that none but the good and virtuous can approach to our temples. We are doubly proud that our Order, if having, inadvertently or through misplaced confidence, admitted unworthy persons to her fellowship, is ever prompt in ejecting, as soon as discovered, all who are found to be so. We would have this stand uncompromisingly maintained. Let no man who is found to be the aggressor upon the rights and privileges of his neighbour, the transgressor of the laws and institutions of his country, or the disbeliever in the existence of Him by whom all things are upheld—aspire to a place in our brotherhood. Neither let any who are now among us, violate the obligations incumbent upon good members of society, and maintain a position there. Let all the disgusting practices that tend to degrade man, to stultify his intellect, to deaden his sensibilities, and to *animalize* his nature, be put far from us, and frowned upon as unworthy an Odd Fellow.

What, but this high elevation of the standard of moral excellence in the Order, has raised it from what it was once regarded—and with some justice too—a mere convivial club—a Bacchanalian association—to the high altitude in the moral world it now occupies?—developing powerful energies and stretching out mighty arms for the accomplishment of good. Let the Order continue to purify its body politic, and elevate its moral tone, and its mission of mercy will continue to be clothed with potency.—*Iris.*

THE DOCTRINE OF THE BLESSED DISCIPLE.

Some time before St. John's decease he was so enfeebled with old age as to be obliged to be carried into the different Churches; and being unable to deliver any long discourse, his custom was to say on these occasions, “My dear children love one another.” On being asked why he told them only one thing he answered, “Nothing else is needed.”—*Cox's Lives of the Fathers.*

BAXTER'S BEAUTIFUL SAYING.

While we wrangle here in the dark, we are dying, and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies, and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman!
Hard is the hand of the rough sturdy yeoman!
Soft palm or hard hand it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harm'd not another;
Give me the hand that has never forsworn it;
Give me its grasp that I aye may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-vein'd maiden!
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen!
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party;
Let Friendship give me the grasps that become her,
Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has wrong'd not another;
Soft palm or hard hand it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

EFFECT OF KINDNESS.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak:
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal, or break.

LIFE—A SONNET.

I dreamed—I saw a little rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing:
Now stopping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.
'Twas changed—one summer's day I stepped aside,
To let him pass: his face had manhood's seeming;
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden, whom he called “his bride!”
Once more—'twas evening, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding;
The room with harmless pleasantry resounding;
And in the midst I marked the smiling sire.
The heavens were clouded! and I heard the tone
Of a slow-moving bell: the white-haired man was gone!
Old Journal.

HAPPINESS.

As in the sun the dewy violet trembles,
Trembles my spirit now with joy's excess,
So deep, that pain itself it nigh resembles,
Brimming with wordless, tearful happiness.
Oh, let the incense of a thankful heart
Ascend to Heaven, as perfume from the flower,
That seeing winter's shadow grim depart,
Lifts up its head unto the sun and shower;
Yet not forgetting, in the soft spring days,
The storms and frosts through which it safe has past;
Wearing life out in glad and loveful praise,
And calmly sinking down to earth at last,
Having its course fulfilled. Oh, then, may I
Thus thankful, hopeful live, and thus contented die!

D. M. M.