

## ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY A LADY.

WHILE studying and admiring the peculiarities and beauties of Odd Fellowship, I have considered it as occupying, among the many good institutions of the day, the same relative position that the moon does among the stars, in the diffusion of light over the earth. But, in comparing it with our holy, Christian fellowship, it is as the moon to the sun, and, like the former, shines with borrowed light. Taking this view of the subject, I must confess, our most holy fellowship is somewhat eclipsed by the increasing glory of Odd Fellowship, and I should not be at all surprised, if the uninstructed should fear that it would be swallowed up; a fate which the ignorant of heathen lands supposed the sun was threatened with during an eclipse. Every Christian, like an astronomer, knows that the light of lights is not put out, and that it cannot be permanently obscured by any lesser objects.

Odd Fellowship, with every other good cause, is performing its revolutions in perfect harmony with the cause of God, and it will not be long ere Christian fellowship will show itself, with all its glory and beauty, transforming the world by its powerful charms, so that we may enjoy the days of heaven upon earth. The time has been when I looked upon Odd Fellowship with a fool's eye; but I have seen my folly, and now pray that it may do all it can towards making men better and happier. And seeing I am not an Odd Fellow, I beg you not to call all this moonshine, and pass it by, unless you think it will dishonor the Odd Fellows, or an Odd Fellow's companion.—*Boston Odd Fellow.*

## PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

WALTER SCOTT, a name conspicuous among the brightest of his day, poured out his inexhaustible mind in fictions, at once so sportive and thrilling, that they have taken their place among the delights of all civilised nations. How many millions have been chained to his pages! How many melancholy spirits has he steeped in forgetfulness of their cares and sorrows! What multitudes, wearied by their day's work, have owed some bright evening hours and balmier sleep to his magical creations! And not only do fictions give pleasure. In proportion as the mind is cultivated, it takes delight in history and biography, in descriptions of nature, in travels, in poetry, and even graver works. Is the labourer then defrauded of pleasure by improvement? There is another class of gratifications to which self-culture introduces the mass of the people. I refer to lectures, discussions, meetings of associations for benevolent and literary purposes, and to other like multiplying among us. A popular address from an enlightened man, who has the tact to reach the minds of the people, is a high gratification, as well as a source of knowledge.—*American.*

## KIND ACTIONS.

How sweet is the remembrance of a kind act! As we rest on our pillows, or rise at night, it gives us delight. We have performed a good deed to a poor man; we have made the widow's heart to rejoice; we have dried the orphan's tears. Sweet, O! how sweet the thought! There is a luxury in remembering the kind act. A storm careers above our heads: all is black as midnight; but the sunshine is in our bosom; the warmth is felt there. The kind act rejoiceth the heart and giveth delight inexpressible. Who will not be kind?—Who will not do good? Who will not visit those who are afflicted in body or mind? To spend an hour among the poor and depressed,

‘Is worth a thousand passed  
In pomp or ease—’tis present to the last.’

## MARRIED BY CHANCE.

THE Count de M—— lived in a state of single and independent blessedness. He was yet young, very rich, and was surrounded by everything which could give enjoyment to life—except a wife. He had frequently thought of becoming a husband, but had always declared off before the knot was tied. Once, however, he found himself very nearly committing the folly of matrimony. A young person, the daughter of one of his friends, pleased him—her fortune pleased him, not less, perhaps, than her person and accomplishments, and there were other reasons of convenience, &c., to justify the union. The Count, who had so frequently made the first step towards matrimony, but as frequently drew back, had not yet decided upon the course he should adopt in this case; he had promised the friends of the lady repeatedly, but had made no outward sign of performance. His future mother, however, knowing his weakness in this respect, resolved to bring matters to a termination, and therefore demanded of the Count whether he would, or would not, marry her daughter, and requested an immediate reply. The Count found himself in great embarrassment. At this moment his fears and hesitation returned with more force than ever—he trembled at the consequences. To give up his cherished habits of bachelorhood he found was hard—it was almost impossible to abandon them. In this emergency he resolved to appeal to chance. He wrote two letters—in the one he accepted the hand of the lady, in the other, refused it. He then put them into a hat and called his servant. “Take one of those letters,” said he, “and carry it to the chateau of —.” “Which letter, Sir?” “Which you please.” The servant chose a letter. The Count burnt the other without opening it. A distance of ten leagues separated the two chateaux. The domestic must be absent twenty-four hours: twenty-four hours must elapse before the Count can know his fate. His situation is anything but agreeable—he knows not, during twenty-four hours, whether he is a married man or a single one—whether he has still the power to dispose of himself, or whether he is not already disposed of. The domestic returns—he has carried the letter of acceptance, and M. de M—— is, even at this time, the happiest husband in that part of the country.

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

WOMEN are generally more devoted to their friends than men, and display an indefatigable activity in serving them. Whoever has engaged the affections of a woman, is sure to succeed in any enterprise, wherein she assists him: men draw back sooner in such cases. Frequently in my life, have I had occasion to admire in females the most generous zeal on behalf of their friends. Who is not astonished at the courage shown by a woman, when her husband, whose misconduct has, perhaps, a thousand times offended her, is threatened with imminent danger? Who does not know many instances of the most heroic devotedness on the part of the sex? A woman spares no effort to serve her friends. When it is a question of saving her brother, her husband, she penetrates into prisons—she throws herself at the feet of her Sovereign. Such are the women of our day, and such has history represented those of antiquity. Happy, I repeat, is he who has a woman for a friend!—*Gall.*

LOVE is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. FRIENDSHIP is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—*La Fontaine.*

An inward SINCERITY will of course influence the outward deportment; but where the one is wanting, there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other.