

so ostentatious, and that, whilst "peace and good-will" amongst men are taught, there should be prisons and dungeons. It is odd, that with the commandment "thou shalt do no murder," there should be standing armies and police; and that the axioms of the political economist and the utilitarian, should not interfere with the manufacture of cannons and gunpowder. It is odd, that with the examples of thousands of years, men should still bow down under the iron rule of a despot, and millions be the slaves of form. It is odd that man should at once be so great and so little—so weak and so strong.

This is one class of oddness; but there are others. It is odd that men should drink wine to excess, knowing it will do them harm. It is odd they should run in debt, knowing they will have to pay. It is odd they should practice dishonesty sooner than honesty, knowing it is *not* the best policy. It is odd that young women should marry old men, knowing that such matches seldom bring happiness or children. It is odd that old men should marry young women, knowing that they seldom can love them. It is odd that people will follow fashion sooner than common sense. It is odd that they will seek out law sooner than equity. It is odd that they will adhere to error from feelings of pride, sooner than give up the pride, and say "amen" to the error. It is odd that the impudent and ignorant should often succeed, where the modest and deserving fail. It is odd that the wise are never too wise not to be humbugged, and that the humbugs are never contented not to humbug again. It is odd that the poor have too frequently a great many children, and very little food; whilst the rich have as often a great deal of food, and no children. It is odd that profuseness and ill economy should more generally characterize those who have little means, than those who have great; and that the poor man is riotous with his shillings, when he who is wealthy is sparing of his pence.

But why continue the enumeration of man's oddness. Is not all around us a problem? Nature has its laws, but we know them not,—man his destiny, and he pursues it blindly. The only intelligible part of the social system that is intelligibly odd, are the ODD FELLOWS.

F.

### HOUSES OF INDUSTRY AND REFUGE.

THE deplorable condition of the destitute and degraded in the City of Montreal, both physically and morally, has been so often, so repeatedly, brought under the notice of the Public, the Legislature, and the Authorities generally, that, the writer of this article would have no hope of awakening to *action*, the sympathies of this *Christian* community, in their favor, were he now addressing that community, as a whole: no, he would have no hope whatever! Those sympathies have been so often appealed to, so vainly, that the most sanguine mind must be almost without hope of arousing them, though the appeal were clad in all the

eloquence of benevolence, or of human woe. The writer of these remarks would not waste his time, (for waste, and nothing but waste, it would be,) in appealing to the Public at large: he would have no hope; but he appeals to Odd Fellowship, and, therefore, he has hope: he appeals to the fourteen hundred Odd Fellows of the City of Montreal, and is fully persuaded they will cause the apparent dead branches of human charity for the destitute and degraded poor in this large city, to put forth blossoms, and to bear golden fruit. He has hope, for they are united for the holy purpose of doing good to their fellow men: and in Union there is strength. Unfortunately for Lower Canada, there is little or no Union for benevolence, among its inhabitants. Those of one national origin are niggard of charity to the destitute or degraded of another: and so with those who differ on points of religious faith. Thus we see several establishments for the relief or solace of the Roman Catholic poor, or for education, at whose gates the Protestant would knock in vain: and *vice versa*; and yet, they are all Christian establishments! Thus we see the various national societies,—all charitable, yet all most chary of charity to those who follow not a particular banner. There is not a catholic, (that is, a universal,) benevolence amongst us. There is no Union to do good! There is abundance of union for evil, or for useless, or for fashionable, or for political purposes; but little indeed for charitable. Notorious is the "Union Club;" general are Assemblies; strong and powerful are the ties that bind political partizans together. It is loudly and imperatively inculcated as a duty of the most stringent character, on three-fourths of the population of the Eastern portion of the Province of Canada, that they must hold together for political purposes: daily, do they hear the stentorian cry of their leaders, "*C'est l'Union qui fait la force*,"—and no battalion of soldiers moves with greater regularity. There is union, but only for selfish, or sectional, or national, or for frivolous purposes. Odd Fellowship sanctions no such objects: on the contrary it denounces them. The Union of Odd Fellows is for the good of the whole community, not for a part; and it is for that reason, an appeal is now made to them individually and collectively, for exertion to cause the erection, in Montreal of Institutions to sap the foundations of those tall towers of vice, that now overshadow and darken the Metropolis of Canada: not exertion to add to the puffishment for vice, (that is needless, there is abundance of punishment,) but to aid in reclaiming from its fell power; and what is better, to assist in the holy work of preventing it.

An extract from the last Presentment of the last Grand Jury, will suffice to show the particular object in view, and necessity for exertion, on the part of the Odd Fellows of this City. The Presentment conveys but a feeble idea of the horrors of the Montreal Gaol: shocking as the picture it presents may be it falls far short of the reality; the colours in which it is drawn, are very delicate, compared with the reality:—and yet, bad as it now is, it was greatly worse,