

forbearance for another quotation—how different from the last in all but its truthfulness:—

" * * * A poor, mean burial-ground—a dismal place, raised a few feet above the level of the street, and parted from it by a low parapet wall and iron railing; a rank, unwholesome, rotten spot, where the very grass and weeds seemed, in their frowsy growth, to tell that they had sprung from paupers' bodies, and stuck their roots in the graves of men, sodden in steaming courts and drunken hungry dens. And here in truth they lay, parted from the living by a little earth and a board or two—corrupting in body as they had in mind; a dense and squalid crowd. There they lay, cheek by jowl with life: no deeper down than the feet of the throng that passed there every day, and piled high as their throats. There they lay, a grisly family; all those dear departed brothers and sisters of the ruddy clergyman, who did his task so speedily, when they were hidden in the ground!"

If the language here made use of by Charles Dickens is strong—and strong and expressive it is—let the subject be blamed and not the writer; for a few pages further on—the scene no longer a city burying-ground but a retired country church-yard—we find such words as these—words which could emanate only from the pen of one who could feel and value the sentiments which they portray:—

"The grass was green above the dead boy's grave, and trodden by feet so small and light, that not a daisy drooped its head beneath their pressure. Through all the spring and summer-time, garlands of fresh flowers wreathed by infant hands, rested upon the stone, and when the children came to change them, lest they should wither and be pleasant to him no longer, their eyes filled with tears, and they spoke low and softly of their poor dead cousin."

I almost regret having introduced this last passage from Dickens, as it makes the return to the subject of city burial-grounds still more unpleasant by the contrast;—and yet it is absolutely necessary that the subject should be noticed, however briefly. Without taking into consideration at this time, the ill effects of the exhalations arising from the corruption of the bodies in confined burying-grounds, further than to state generally, that it is agreed upon by all medical and scientific men, that the presence of grave-yards in cities is most prejudicial to health, let me advert to the contrast between the ideas and associations excited in the minds of Gray and Dickens by the appearance of the different places of burial, and latterly of Dickens himself, when placed under similar circumstances with regard to the country.

In the mind of the former, a calm and pious feeling is engendered—a desire to offer his portion of commendation and love for his departed brethren, lighted up with beams of Christian charity, and brought to a close with such thoughts as breathe the very spirit of Odd-Fellowship, "Friendship, Love and Truth"; lines to be engraven on the heart of every Odd Fellow throughout the world; to be embroidered, as of old the Laws of

God on the High Priest's garments, now on the garments of the soul,—the daily thoughts.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.)

Could such thoughts ever find entrance into the mind amidst the scene described by Dickens? Impossible! A sickly loathing—an enduring, pervading sensation of horror must be present to the spectator of such a place—unless, indeed, he were incapable of thought;—no refined feeling of reverence—no swelling thoughts of a happier life—no pleasing regrets could there find room—all, all must be desolate, debasing as the scene itself.

If such a train of meditation as occurred to Chateaubriand, De Stael, Gray and Dickens, arises from a visit to the burying places of strangers—of foreign nations, and of kingdoms long laid prostrate by the sweeping hand of time—with what feelings, may we imagine, would the worthy member of our beloved Order, stroll amidst the memorials of his departed brothers and friends? Surely every aspiration of his heart would be towards good—all the delightful powers of his mind would be aroused to action; memory, friendship, love, truth, and holy emulation,—holy because of its objects, to rival in the good work the actions of the dead,—would reign triumphant: he would look upon the resting-places, the silent Tombs of the Order, as another link to bind him to the cause, and would leave the Odd Fellows' final resting-place on earth—the Grand Lodge of the Order in Time—strengthened and refreshed on his journey to the permanent Lodges of Eternity.

C. M. T.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

LIFE INSURANCE.

WHILE life remains to us there is no misfortune which we may not hope to recover from, and scarcely any loss, which may not be in some measure repaired; and even in that last dark conflict, when our heart and our strength fail us, we may be fortified by philosophy, or cheered by the better consolations of religion, to endure our inevitable lot with becoming firmness, or to hope that the terrible dissolution of our being, which is going on, may be only the commencement of a purer and more noble state of existence. Warriors, Sages and Martyrs, have met death in its most ghastly forms, often without repugnance, frequently almost with triumphant delight.

Yet there is one circumstance attendant upon death, which can never fail to damp the courage of the boldest, and to make even the best prepared look back on the world they are leaving with regret and anxiety. When the lovely, loving wife—when the children, soon to be orphans, are the assistants at that solemn scene, who