

supply of their necessities, and while your generosity will have the primary effect of relieving their immediate wants, and of exciting their gratitude to their benefactors, I have no doubt it will be followed with the more enduring blessings which attend charity, in the knitting together more closely the bonds of our brotherhood, and in strengthening that relations which tend to maintain and promote peace and prosperity among the nations.

With this I enclose the receipt of our Treasurer for £61 4s. 7d.

I have the honor to be, Sir,  
Your very obt. servant,  
ADAM BLACK,  
Lord Provost.

Wm. Bennett, Esq.,  
Chairman Relief Com. I. O. O. F.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

### THE TOOTHACHE.

BY A SUFFERER.

Oh, thou tormenting throbbing pain!—  
Thou cause of many a sleepless night!  
When shall I be at ease again?  
Oh, how I long for morning light!  
The morning comes, but yet I feel  
The nerve still aching with disease;  
My suffering I would fain conceal,  
For pity now can but displease.  
All seems distorted—nought seems right;  
Small causes now give much offence:  
Oh, heavens! I'm in a dreadful plight,  
This horrid pain is so intense.  
The dentist now!—I'll stand no more!  
This tooth would make the earth a hell!  
First comes a wrench—and then a roar,—  
The pain is gone! Good night—all's well!  
Montreal, 5th May, 1847.

### SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill: a kindly word  
Can never leave a sting behind:  
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,  
Is far beneath a noble mind.  
Full oft a better seed is sown,  
By choosing thus the kinder plan;  
For if but little good be known,  
Still let us speak the best we can.  
Give me the heart that fain would hide—  
Would fain another's faults efface,  
How can it pleasure human pride  
To prove humanity but base?  
No: let us reach a higher mood—  
A nobler estimate of man;  
Be earnest in the search for good,  
And speak of all the best we can.  
Then speak no ill—but lenient be  
To other's failings as your own;  
If you're the first a fault to see,  
Be not the first to make it known;  
For life is but a passing day,  
No lip may tell how brief its span;  
Then, oh! the little time we stay,  
Let's speak of all the best we can.

### CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom; waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was 100 years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he threw the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied; "I thrust him away, because he would not worship Thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonoured me, and wouldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave you no trouble?" Upon which, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. Go, then, and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

### FLOWERS.

Were this beautiful earth divested of its flowers, what a cheerless and barren aspect would it present! They speak to the heart in the language of love, and teach it lessons of humility and innocence. This earth might have been created without flowers to deck its fair surface, and yet sufficient for the happiness of man. But they have been kindly provided by a beneficent Father, to gratify our senses. They speak to man, with the "still, small voice" of Nature, reminding him of duties and affections. There is no occasion better fitted to lift the heart in praise, than the quiet morning hour, when the dew is yet fresh upon the meadow grass, and the wild rosebud is just opening. A silent yet useful lesson of humility may be learned from the lowly violet, as it reposes in calmness and content in its secluded bed. Flowers are among the most beautiful works of creation; yet they remain but a short time to gladden the heart. They wither and die, reminding us of our own mortality. But as they appear again, when the warm breezes of spring begin to blow, so may we rise again in beauty and great glory, to inherit an eternity of bliss, where never-fading flowers bud and blossom.

### THE IGNOBLE AND THE NOBLE.

Everything is vulgar and ignoble which degrades the fancy, and blunts the taste for the holy. Tell what direction thy thoughts take, not when thou, with lightened hand, constrainest them to a purpose, but when in the hours of recreation thou allowest them freely to rove abroad—tell me what direction they then take—where they then turn as to their most-loved home—in what thou thyself findest the chief enjoyment of thy inmost soul—and then I will tell thee what are thy tastes. Are they directed towards the god-like, and to those things, in nature and art, whereon the god-like most directly reveals itself in imposing majesty? Then is the god-like not dreadful in thee, but friendly; thy tastes lead thee to it; it is thy most loved enjoyment. Do they, when released from the constraint with which thou hast directed them towards serious pursuit, eagerly turn to brood over sensual pleasures, and find relaxation in the pursuit of these? Then hast thou a vulgar taste, and thou must invite animalism into the inmost recesses of the soul, before it can seem well with thee there. Not so the noble student. His