

as an isolated being, having no higher motive than pure selfishness. Founded upon this principle, it has advanced with rapid progress. Its growth to power and influence is unexampled. How sublime then must be the spectacle to behold our vast fraternity, diffused, as it is, like the arteries and veins in the natural body, throughout the length and breadth of our land, devoting its best energies to the relief of human sufferings; engaged with zeal in works of benevolence and charity, assuaging the bitterness of anguish, relieving the destitute, ministering at the sick bed, binding up the broken hearted, and thus causing the hearts of thousands of the oppressed to leap for joy. Its appropriate type in the natural world would be the sun shining, with dazzling effulgence, through the black and sombre clouds of the Storm King.

Brothers, the crisis is favorable, let us act with wisdom and energy, but act as though Odd Fellowship had a heart as well as a head. We shall reap the fruits in the noblest of rewards—the approval of our own consciences, and the approbation of the good and wise of all the earth; and so may we work out a blessing for the cause of humanity, and establish the fame of our institution on a sure and permanent basis.

WASTE—WASTE—WASTE.

WHAT is there a man cannot waste? and that, too, without a single instance of lavish profligacy; but solely by those minute, scarcely perceptible squanderings, which, like the constant dropping of water upon the rock, wear away that which seems most likely to endure. He may waste his health by little indulgences of pernicious habit—by constant irregularities, slight in themselves, and their effects in single instances scarcely perceptible, but which, as violations of the laws of his being, will work gradual, but certain inroads upon the strongest constitution, until the energies decay, the fountains of life are dried up, and premature old age sinks like a crown of thorns upon the head of early manhood. He may waste fortune in petty squanderings—time and talents on trifles, or in listlessness and idleness. How many a giant mind has been flattered away in pursuit of the belittling objects of low ambition! How often do we see powers perishing for lack of thought—shrivelling into insignificance for want of intelligence to feed upon, which use might have polished to the highest brilliancy, and exercise would have made equal to achieving the noblest purposes! How many scatter, in idleness or indifference to their value, the little minute particles of time, till golden hours, and days and years are wasted, the treasures of life all scattered, and Death finds nothing but a poor naked and useless thing at the last.

SAVE—SAVE—SAVE!

What is there a man cannot save and improve? By curbing appetite, and restraining passion—by observing prudence and maintaining regularity—he may save his health, husband his strength, and thus preserve the springs of life, as constant fountains of energy and happiness to sustain and cherish him under every labor and every hardship. He may save a fortune by industry and denying himself needless indulgence, and he may find a pure enjoyment in devoting it to noble uses. Time—the indolent might make wealth of it—the most industrious improve upon their use of it. It comes to us in brief minutes to show us that present application is the sole duty required of us; yet these so weave in and make up our days and years, that misimprovement of the present is always at the expense of the future. One of the hours each day wasted on trifles or in indolence, saved, and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torpid from lack of thought—to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust—to make life a fruitful field, and death a harvester of glorious deeds.

LIFE.

WHAT is life? The student of nature may analyse with all his art, those minute portions of matter, called *seeds* and *ova*, which he knows to be the rudiments of future creatures, and the links by which endless generations of living creatures hang to existence; but he cannot disentangle and display, apart, their mysterious *life*!—that something, under the influence of which, each little germ, in due time, swells out, to fill an invisible mould of maturity, which determines its forms and proportions. One such substance thus becomes a beauteous rose-bush; another a noble oak; a third an eagle; a fourth an elephant—yea, in the same way, out of the rude materials of broken seeds and roots, and leaves of plants, and bits of animal flesh, is built up the human frame itself, whether of the active male, combining gracefulness with strength, or of the gentler woman, with beauty around her as light. How passing strange that such should be the origin of the bright human eye, whose glance pierces as if the invisible soul were shot with it—of the lips which pour forth the sweetest eloquence—of the larynx, which, by vibrating, fills the surrounding air with music; and, more wonderful than all, of that mass shut up within the bony fortress of the skull, whose delicate and curious texture is the abode of the soul, with its reason which contemplates, and its sensibility which delights, in these and endless other miracles of creation.—*Arnott.*

EFFECTS OF HIGH BREEDING.

It is a fact not only well worthy of mention, but pregnant with its own instruction, that persons who have long enjoyed all the advantages of elevated social position, better support the reverses which condemn them to humble and narrowed fortunes, than do the vulgarminded, when, by any sudden caprice of the goddess, they are raised to a conspicuous and distinguished elevation. There is in the gentleman, and still more in the gentlewoman—as the very word itself announces—an element of placidity and quietude that suggests a spirit of accommodation to whatever may arise to ruffle the temper or disturb the equanimity. Self-respect and consideration for others are a combination not inconsistent nor unfrequent, and there are few who have not seen, some time or other, a reduced gentleman dispensing in a lowly station, the mild graces and accomplishments of his order, and, while elevating others, sustaining himself. The upstart, on the other hand, like a mariner in some unknown sea without chart or compass, has nothing to guide him; impelled hither or thither, as caprice or passion dictate, he is neither restrained by a due sense of decorum, nor admonished by a conscientious feeling of good breeding. With the power that rank and wealth bestow he becomes not distinguished but eccentric; unsustained by the companionship of his equals he tries to assimilate himself to them rather by their follies than their virtues, and thus presents to the world that mockery of rank and station which makes good men sad, and bad men triumphant.—*The Knight of Gwynne.*

Strange mystery of our nature, that those in whom genius develops itself in imagination, thus taking its most ethereal form, should yet be the most dependent on the opinion of others! Praise is their very existence; and those who have the wings of the dove, with which they might “flee away and be at rest,” delight rather to linger on the high road, forgetting that where the sunshine falls, there too gathers the dust, and that the soil remains when the silver lustre has passed. Alas! thus ever does the weakness of our nature rebuke its strength, and genius is brought to the level—aye, below the level—of common humanity, by an unquenchable thirst for its applause.—*L. E. L.*