

of the Order, can and will keep those of a friend. Secresy leads us to fidelity in deeds as well as words; and fidelity leads to TRUTH—the greatest virtue of all, that, like the key-stone of an arch, binds the rest together, so that the greater the pressure, the greater the firmness—a virtue in all ages the distinguishing characteristic of sage and patriot, and which should be decidedly a marked trait, in the character of an Odd Fellow.

SONG,

Adapted to a French Air.

FRIENDSHIP.

Without a companion the Traveller strays,
Dull seems his path, as he walks all alone;
In vain bloom the flowers—the sun sheds his rays
On one to whom Nature's delights are unknown.
Gloomy and drear, gloomy and drear,
Gloomy and drear, seems the world to his eyes;
Nothing to cheer, nothing to cheer,
Nothing to cheer, in the earth or the sky.
Give him but a friend, oh! how altered he feels!
The sun, oh! how bright! and the landscape, how fair!
Whilst in converse delightful the time gently steals,
Toil, gloom, and labour, no longer they share.
Lively and gay, lively and gay,
Lively and gay, they are passing along,
Cheering the way, cheering the way,
Cheering the way, with the jest and the song.
Without kindly affection of life we pass through,
What gloom and what dullness do lie on the soul,
Though wealth may our pathway with pleasures bestrew,
A cloud of obscurity hangs o'er the whole.
When we're alone, when we're alone,
When we're alone, no joy can we find,
Nought can atone, nought can atone,
Nought can atone, for the gloom on the mind.
But when of sweet Friendship the charm we can know,
Oh! what a calm joy it can give to the heart;
All the pleasures of virtue and charity glow,—
As to cares and afflictions, we bid them depart.
Give me a friend, give me a friend,
Give me a friend, our journey to cheer;
Peace will attend, peace will attend,
Peace will attend, our life's whole career.

SONG,

Adapted to a celebrated German Drinking Song.

Hei! Hei! reich mir nector.

LOVE.

Where, oh! where true love is glowing,
Pity from the heart is flowing,
Peace and mercy fill the mind,
With good-will to all mankind.
Where love beams,
Holy seems
All the hours as they flow;
Mercy calm,
Sheds a balm,
As our bosoms kindly glow.
When deep woes oppress the soul,
And our hour of grief draws nigh,
Love can alone our pain control,
Can suppress the heaving sigh.

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Pity from the heart is flowing;
Peace and mercy fill the mind,
With good-will to all mankind.

Where love beams,
Holy seems,
All the hours as they flow;
Mercy calm,
Sheds a balm,
As our bosoms kindly glow.

SONG,

Original Air composed for the occasion.

TRUTH,

Sad is the heart of the tempest-lost mariner,
Driven close on to a dangerous shore;
Grief fills the breast of the woe-stricken wanderer,
When of saving his ship all hopes he gives o'er.

But lo! through the darkness, a beacon appearing,
Points out where his track lies—his port where to find;
He can steer for his harbor, no more danger fearing,
He looks for his home, and calm joy fills his mind.

'Tis so in life's ocean, where rocks lie around us,
And the strong wave of passion beats on pleasure's lee shore;
Where the currents deceive us, and whirlpools surround us,
Without compass or guide, our voyage seems o'er.

But lo! there's a beacon whose clear light is beaming,
To point to a haven our troubles to soothe,
O'er the dark sea of life its bright lustre is streaming,
It will save us from danger,—that beacon is Truth!

SONG.

Air composed for the occasion.

When first my native land I left,
And sought a distant shore,
Of all my early friends bereft,
To visit them no more;
I felt, though lost on ocean's foam,
That where the British flag does float,
The Briton has a home.

And so I've proved in distant lands,
Wherever I might be,
The awe the British flag commands,
Protection threw o'er me;
I found wherever I might roam,
That where the Briton's flag may fly,
A Briton finds a home.

But when to this fair land I came,
Where I beheld with pride,
How Britain's arts and laws proclaim,
Her sons on every side;
I then resolved no more to roam,
For where the British flag may fly,
Becomes a Briton's home.

DEGENERACY OF SPIRIT.

There is a spirit in man, as well as an understanding!
They are equally inspired by the Almighty; and he
who suffers his spirit to degenerate, as much as if he
allowed his understanding to be corrupted, dishonors
his Creator by disfiguring his image.—*Joseph Pollock.*