

do or ought to do individually. We are called a secret society; but we are banded together only for good—our signs and symbols are only necessary safeguards against imposition and fraud; we can only be true Odd Fellows so long as we are honest men.

I see among our invited guests many of our brethren of the Manchester Unity. I should be happy if we all formed one united body; and I trust that the little differences that now separate us may be early removed. An objection has been urged that our Order is of American origin, but we are now an independent British North American Order, having a Grand Lodge of our own, and inculcating loyalty to our Queen and country as necessary to our well being as any other of our principles.

I have to thank you for your kind attention to what I have said, and have only to add to what our worthy Deputy Grand Sire said, in speaking of the ladies who have graced our hall with their appearance, "that they ought all to be in favor of Odd Fellowship," that bond of strength, union, first, and then that they should afterwards require that their husbands should join our Order, and become partakers of the pleasures and benefits of Odd Fellowship.

The hon. gentleman's address was heard with marked attention, and there were not wanting tributary tears to some of the truths so earnestly and pathetically told by the Most Worthy Past Grand. Few indeed could have listened without feeling how much of benevolence is identified with the great principles that guide and govern the members of the Order.

After a short interval, the Closing Ode and the National Anthem was sung, when the Company dispersed, and we shall not err in saying, highly gratified with the evening's entertainment.

What may be the prospects of the Order, we know not; but we do know that they have taken two most potent means to ensure success—the influence of the ladies, and that of music.

These added to the benevolent principles on which it is founded, must ensure the end all philanthropists desire. We wish the Institution "God speed."—*Colonist, August 13.*

#### THE CHILD'S DREAM.

"Oh I have had a dream, mother,  
So beautiful and strange;  
Would I could sleep on, mother,  
And the dream never change!"  
"What hast thou dreamed, my dear one?  
Thy look is bright and wild;  
Thy mother's ear is ready  
To listen to her child."  
"I dreamed I lay asleep, mother,  
Beneath an orange tree,  
When a white bird came and sang, mother,  
So sweetly unto me;  
Though it woke me with its warbling,  
Its notes were soft and low,  
And it bade me rise and follow,  
Wherever it might go.  
"It led me on and on, mother,  
Through groves and realms of light,  
Until it came to *one*, mother,  
Which dazzled—'twas so bright.  
As tremblingly I entered,  
An angel form drew near,  
And bid me welcome thither,  
Nor pain nor sorrow fear.  
"I knew not aught there, mother,  
I only *felt* 'twas bliss,  
And joined that white bird's song, mother,  
Oh! canst thou read me this?"  
"Yes, dearest, to thy mother  
Such happiness is given—  
The *Holy Spirit* was that bird,  
That grove of light was *Heaven!*"

We have been requested to copy the following from the *Limerick Chronicle* of 16th June:—

#### ODD FELLOWSHIP.

To the Trustees of the Society of Odd Fellows, Cork.  
Ballyfeard, Carrigaline.

GENTLEMEN—Among the many institutions which the spirit of charity has established to heal the wounds which the God of Charity has inflicted, the Society of Odd Fellows stands proudly pre-eminent. You are no longer a mysterious body—"From your fruits we know you." "He that abideth in Charity, abideth in God."

The Pharisee thought the Samaritan an *Odd Fellow* when he stopped to "pour oil into the wounds of his half-dead fellow-creature, on the road side;" your prototype was worthy of you, and you of him—let the heartless "go and do likewise." Those who before laughed at your name, now bless your charity; those who before questioned your motives, now laud your philanthropy. I heard your *young* affiliation scoffed at in Cork; but Hercules, in his *cradle*, crushed the serpent that would wound him. I acknowledge with profound gratitude the sum of Ten Pounds from your inestimable body. To those who would follow your example, I will say, that in my parish alone we have a daily average of five deaths from starvation; and unless I obtain aid from the benevolent, I must close my soup kitchens and bread shops upon the famishing poor. Fever and dysentery are become the auxiliaries of famine in the decimation of the poor.

Your's, &c.

CORNELIUS CORKRAN, P.P., Union of Tracton.

#### A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.

The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the *London Quarterly Review*:

"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands or gilt buttons or velvet cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points! And no woman can dress well who does not. After this, we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well-informed thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady."

#### PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence is not in word and in tongue, but in deed and truth. It is a business with men as they are, and with human life as drawn by the rough hand of experience. It is a duty which you must perform at the call of principle, though there be no voice of eloquence to give splendour to your exertions, and no music or poetry to lead your willing footsteps through the bowers of enchantment. It is not the impulse of high ecstatic emotion. It is not an exertion of principle. You must go to the poor man's cottage, though no verdure flourish around it, and no rivulet be nigh to delight you by the gentleness of its murmurs. If you look for the romantic simplicity of fiction, you will be disappointed; but it is your duty to persevere, in spite of every discouragement. Benevolence is not merely a feeling, but a principle—not a dream of rapture for the fancy to indulge in, but a business for the hand to execute.