

had been under the supreme control of the spirits of darkness.

Under such circumstances, I have many times since wondered that self-destruction did not occur, as a ready means of freeing me from all worldly perplexities. But my time was not come, neither were the purposes for which I had entered the world fulfilled. As glimpse after glimpse of the past came shadowing forth, and reason worked more and more into play, the feelings belonging to my bodily frame also showed signs of susceptibility. I began to feel the cold, and at last I proposed, although in a most desponding spirit, that we should endeavour to retrace our steps and seek home.

At length, at a late hour, we reached home, and soon after I entered the house I was stretched upon my bed. The transactions of the day rose up before me in vivid colours. A sum of money had been placed under my charge on that day for a specific purpose, more than the half of which I had taken with me, at the instigation of John, to the gambling-house, and out of which we had been fleeced. I spent a restless night. What means to adopt to ward off the evil day, I knew not. I felt as if I could have given the wealth of the world, had I possessed it, for the guileless innocence in which I was enwrapt when I first entered the office.

The clear rays of a winter morning's sun were beginning to dart into my bed-room, yet sleep had not visited my eyes, and I was still undecided what course to pursue. My better judgment told me that I ought at once to confess my delinquencies, and ask forgiveness. This mode I would have adopted, but in doing so I must necessarily throw a share of the odium on my unfortunate friend. My evil heart suggested another mode, and I am sorry to say with too much success.

Nine o'clock—an hour earlier than usual—found me that morning entering the office in a hurried manner. My head was in a fevered state, and my eyes were red and inflamed. I hastily applied the key to the lock of the desk, and having abstracted the remainder of the money, hastily took my departure. I made for the Broomielaw, in the hope of getting on board a Liverpool steam-packet, to make my escape to England; but I found the vessel was not to sail before mid-day. During the time I was in waiting for the sailing of the packet, being a novice in roguery, I threw myself more than once in the way of parties to whom I was known. My absence from the office was soon discovered, and this leading to inquiries, it was ascertained that I had been seen on board of a Liverpool vessel. John was questioned as to my disappearance from the office, and although he knew nothing of my intentions, he made a complete *exposé* of the whole of our transactions. The consequence was, I was apprehended on a charge of embezzlement, and thrown into prison.—What were my feelings, I need not describe; neither is it necessary to detail the various proceedings attendant on such a state of matters: suffice it therefore to say, that when the day of my trial arrived, I was found guilty of the charge, on my own confession, and

was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. Mr. S—— would have saved me if he could, but in the warmth of the moment, when my guilt was first made manifest, he had gone too far to enable him to recede.

(To be Continued.)

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

#### A FEW WORDS ON THE SUBJECT OF AN ODD FELLOWS' CEMETERY.

THE desire to leave a memorial after death, that shall remain and testify to the greatness of man, has pervaded all nations and people—not only so for the individual man himself, but, to his credit, as a tribute to departed worth in his friend or fellow-countryman. To the former desire is due the erection of those vast monuments of the mighty dead, the pyramids, which rear their lofty points to heaven o'er the Egyptian plains. To the latter feeling, many of the splendid temples of pagan Rome and Greece.

These feelings are not confined to any distinct era, be it remembered,—not to any particular people, or quarter of the globe—but pervade all periods and nations from the earliest ages to the present time—from the wilds of the Western, to the crowded cities of the Eastern hemisphere. Although varied in their outline and design, tombs, monuments, and burial grounds, have ever possessed one common attribute, have ever maintained one lasting character; a feeling of reverence, of humility, are inseparable from the contemplation of such objects, which thus bring the conqueror Death, as it were, home to the observer—whether he wander amidst the desert tombs of the Nile, or the “long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults” of more modern Europe.

The subject on which I have ventured (unskilled in argument to convince—unexperienced by travel to illustrate) to embark, warrants me in borrowing from those, whose able pens have left behind memorials of their greatness, the following extracts. And first, in speaking of the burial-ground of the Jews, Chateaubriand remarks:—

“The valley of Jehosaphat has in all ages served as the burying-place to Jerusalem; you meet there, side by side, monuments of the most distant times, and of the present century. The Jews still come there to die, from all the corners of the earth. A stranger sells to them, for almost its weight in gold, the land which contains the bones of their fathers. Solomon planted that valley: the shadow of the Temple by which it was overhung—the torrent called after Grief, which traversed it—the Psalms which David there composed—the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which its rocks re-echoed, render it the fitting abode of the Tomb.—Jesus Christ commenced his Passion in the same place;—that innocent David there shed, for the expiation of our sins, those tears which the guilty David let fall for his own transgressions. Few names awaken in our minds recollections so solemn as the Valley of Jehosaphat (the Cemetery of Jerusalem.) It is so full of