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THE  
ODD FELLOWS' RECORD;

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE INDEPENDENT  
ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1846.

No. III.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONVICT.\*  
BY "Y-LE."

CHAP. II.—PARENTAL AND INCIDENTAL.

"A weeping mother!" What recollections are called up with these words. Now, while I write, an involuntary tear forces me to pause. While I do so, I cannot help thinking that there is a wide difference between a "weeping woman," and a "woman in tears." The one is real, the other fictitious. Anger, malice, spleen, envy, or any other of such evil emotions, may cause a woman to shed tears, but this cannot be called *weeping*. It is recorded in sacred writ that "Jesus wept." Will any one suppose that the Apostle states this merely because our Saviour shed tears? Oh, no, he who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs," had great cause to weep. Let us think of this. But to return.

When we entered our small, cold-looking comfortless dwelling, a scene sad enough was exhibited. There sat my poor mother surrounded by her sorrowful young family. No stir was made when we approached them; and, young as I was, I could see that had my mother endeavoured to rise, she must have fallen in a faint in the attempt. There she sat, the youngest on her knees, its little tiny hand moving playfully backwards and forwards across its mother's woe-stricken face. Oh, what a heaving was in the breast to which my little brother was pressed! What a load of sorrow on that heart! If I may use the expression, it was like the inward commotion of a volcano previous to the belching forth of its burning lava. There was deep and severe internal suffering, as if the very heart would burst; and when a little relief was yielded by a flow of tears, she turned her face towards my penitent father, and in accents of tender severity mildly exclaimed, "Oh, William, William, ye're unco, unco cruel!"

There is little use in dwelling on the explanations which followed. I may merely state, from that night forward, my father was an altered man. There was no more sorrow or suffering on his account, and so long as he lived, ours was the happiest family in the neighbourhood. Ultimately we became, instead of re-

ipients, capable of administering healing balm to many a wounded heart.

Two years elapsed, as happy as ever were spent during the bud of boyhood. At the end of this time a strong and unaccountable fancy took possession of my mind—a growing desire to visit the sea-shore. I had been often told of the mighty power and the vastness of the waters of the sea, but I had never seen it, and every additional particular which I learned concerning the wonders of the ocean, only rendered the desire more intense. I had, on the occasion alluded to, got a glimpse of a few vessels at the Broomielaw of Glasgow, but I was told that they were not to be compared to what could be seen at Greenock. I knew that my father had a relation in Rothsay, and that both Rothsay and Greenock were "down the water": this, however, was the maximum of knowledge which I then possessed regarding the situation of both places. For weeks the desire was nursed, till at last I could withstand the temptation no longer, and resolved that my wish should be gratified, and this, too, without the consent of my parents. This was my first *actual* transgression. To carry my purpose into execution money was necessary, and the devil having been allowed a lodgement in my heart, beat about so keenly that he soon possessed himself of my whole mind; and, as money was necessary, he argued that as I had none, nor any means of procuring it honestly, the only alternative would be to *borrow* it from the family repository. This point being settled to the satisfaction of myself and the Wicked One, I took the first opportunity of my mother's absence, stole the money, and, thus provided, I took my passage to Greenock in a steamboat from a place known to "Paisley bodies" as the "water neb."

In my anxiety to carry this plan into operation, I never once thought of the agony such a step would cause my parents, or of the fearful crime I had committed. I only thought of gratifying a curiosity, innocent in itself, but made altogether reprehensible by the means used to gratify it. Nevertheless, after the steamer was set in motion, I could not help running first to one side, then to the other, in order to watch the boiling of the water caused by the splashing of the paddle-wheels. Every thing I saw was new to me; and in my search after the power which propelled the vessel, I at last alighted on the man at the helm, and set him down as being the party who compelled the boat to

\* Continued from page 19.

"Walk the waters like a thing of life."

Thus amusing myself, we arrived at Greenock, when I went on shore, and had equal cause to wonder. I wandered about the docks till near dusk, with another lad, with whom I had picked up an acquaintance. Being tired out, my friend invited me to his mother's, assuring me of a good lodging for the night. I went with him and was made very welcome. His mother, a widow, suspecting I was a runaway, gave me some wholesome advice, and advised me to return home in the morning, which I promised to do.

On the following morning when I awoke, I did not feel comfortable. It was the first night I had ever spent from home, and the fact of my parents not being aware of my departure or where I was, rendered me extremely uneasy; I therefore determined to return and ask forgiveness. After I had partaken of some breakfast, I left the good woman under the belief that I was to take the first steambot for Glasgow. Arrived at the quay, I found a steambot about to start for Rothsay, the very place I had left home to visit. I ruminated a little on the course I was to pursue, and in the end found myself, instead of returning home, on my way down the water to Rothsay.

The scenery between Greenock and the Island of Bute, on which Rothsay is situated, is capable of calling up in the contemplative mind ideas of the most sublime character. On the right, towards the North, rise far up, one over the other, the dark mist-covered hills of the Western Highlands,

"Where the clouds love to rest  
On the mountain's rough breast,  
Ere they journey afar o'er an islandless sea."

On the left you have Gourrock with its beautiful crescent-like bay, and its bold point, opposite to which, at the dead hour of midnight, the fated Comet went down with its living freight, having come in contact with another vessel called the Ayr, at the very moment when the passengers were killing time by dancing to the merry strains of a violin, thinking of every thing save their latter end. What a time to be called to judgment! On the opposite shore again you have Dunoon, with its lightsome dottings of marine villas. Crossing again, and nearer to where "Clutha meets the sea," are seen the white fronts of the houses and cottages of Largs and the Fairlie. Thus I might run on for a length of time, but I must return, for here we are rounding Toward Point, and entering Rothsay Bay; after crossing which, the vessel drew up alongside the quay.

On landing, I had some little difficulty in finding my relation, as all the knowledge I possessed respecting the good lady was my being able to repeat her maiden name; but whether married or single I could not tell. Fortunately for me, it was customary there, as it still is in some small towns in Scotland, to call ladies, even after marriage, by their maiden names, and from this circumstance I at last stumbled upon an old woman who furnished me with all the intelligence I desired. When I found my friend, I had little trouble in making my-

self known to her, and, without suspecting the truth, she gave me a hearty Highland welcome. She felt proud, she said, that the "dear laddie" had come so far to see her. With this assurance I soon made myself at home, and before going to bed, I handed her what little money I had saved, which, however, she only took to let me have again at my departure.

Next morning I was up betimes, and enjoyed the luxury of a sea-bath. Being a good swimmer, I felt proud in showing off before those parties who durst not venture beyond walking distance. Among those who had watched my first performance, was the son of a Glasgow merchant, somewhere about my own age. This young gentleman was anxious to learn the art of swimming. By the time I had got dressed, he had left his own companions, and stood at a little distance, as if waiting for an opportunity of speaking to me.

I trust the reader will bear with me in the little matters I may have heretofore mentioned, or may yet have occasion to notice, as I deem it necessary to state these things in order that incidents of greater moment may be introduced, the one being to the other what cause is to effect. My acquaintance with this young man bears mightily on all I have to say hereafter; and having made this statement, I will now resume.

As I mentioned, John, for so he was named, seemed anxious to enter into conversation with me; therefore, when I reached where he stood, he accosted me by asking if I had learned to swim in fresh or salt water. I answered that this was the first time I had ever been in salt water. Some further conversation passed, when I soon found him to be one of those, who, though like Burns' dog,

"His locket letter'd braw brass collar,  
Showed him the gentleman and scholar;"

yet, devoid of anything savouring of pride, he seemed to enjoy himself, and did so, with those whose parents were in less flourishing circumstances than his own, and who, still keeping the dog in view, would

"Stan' as if right glad to see them,  
An' stroan on stanes and hillocks wi' them."

We parted at this time under the promise of meeting at a certain hour on the same day, when he was to come under my tutorage in the art of swimming. We met, accordingly, as we also did several times on the following day.

On the third morning after my arrival on the island, I was up, as usual, at an early hour. It was July, and as beautiful a July morning, as ever the sun looked down smiling upon. There was, on the one hand, the music of the morning breeze, as it played lightly over the ripples of the sea; on the other, was the music of the birds from every other bush, as they strained their little throats with their matin songs of praise to the God of Nature. The humble bee had commenced its busy task, and was already dipping into the sweets of the opening blossoms. Afar off on the bosom of that calm and sleeping sea, a few bright specks were visible, which, by gazing awhile, could be distinguished as light skiffs, whose crews were em-

ployed in fishing. With such a scene before them, who would not stop, look, and admire its beauty? I will not pretend to say that, at that early age, I did so, but this I know, that I paused occasionally to look across the waters; and I can recollect wishing myself on board of some tiny bark afar off on their heaving surface. While thus engaged, I had made but slow progress towards the bathing ground, and was, consequently, behind the hour I had appointed to meet my young friend. Before I reached the spot, and while yet a good way off, I thought I could discern an unusual crowding towards one point; for this reason I quickened my pace, till I got near enough to ascertain that some one or other was on the point of being drowned. The crowd consisted of boys; and there was no grown up person near them. I came amongst them, and as soon as two or three of them, whom I had before seen, were aware of my presence, they cried out, "See, see, it's John, it's John, he's drowning!" In an instant, my bonnet, jacket, and the other parts of my clothes, were thrown on the shore, and in I dashed, determined, if possible, to save my unfortunate friend. I could still see him struggling, but his strength was fast going. I called to him to lie still; he was deaf to words. I felt a little timorous, lest he might get hold of me when I approached him; and all the knowledge I possessed respecting securing persons in that situation, was summed up in "get behind them." This I endeavoured to do, and at last succeeded. Poor John! He seemed unconscious of all around him. Having laid hold of his arms from behind, I then struck out with my feet, and in this way pushed him before me towards the shore. Two men now appeared on the beach, and by the time I reached near enough the bank to gain a footing, one of them took my burden from me. Well it was that he did so, as I had exerted myself beyond my strength in accomplishing what I had done. I was scarcely able to drag myself to the spot where I had left my clothes. John was carried without loss of time to the nearest house, but great doubts were entertained whether he would ever recover. Every exertion was used to restore him, and at last success crowned their efforts; but he was unable to be removed till the following day. The parties who were present had all followed my poor friend, and I was left in an exhausted state, to shift for myself the best way I could. I made several attempts to dress, but all in vain; I felt myself so giddy, that, half dressed, I was forced to lay myself down on a little grassy plot, where I was found some time afterwards by one of the gentlemen who were present when I came out of the water. This gentleman very kindly assisted me to dress, and also accompanied me home. When the good woman saw the gentleman enter with me, she was afraid some accident had befallen me; but when he told her what had happened, she seemed as if she could have cried for joy, and became more fond of me than ever. I was put to bed, and not allowed to stir out for the remainder of that day.

In the afternoon I was rather surprised at the visit

of another gentleman, who called to see me. He made strict enquiry as to my name, the situation of my parents, and my own prospects. At last he said that my friend John was his son, and that for having saved him from drowning, he was anxious to make me some recompense. In order to carry his purpose out, he thought it would be advisable to see my parents. On his mentioning this I could not help shedding tears. He enquired why I did so, when I confessed to him what I had done. He bade me keep my mind easy, and that, as he intended to return to Glasgow on the following day, he would take me under his charge, and act the part of a mediator between me and my parents. He then left me, with the understanding that I should be in readiness by eight o'clock the following morning, to accompany him back to Glasgow.

My kind friend, with whom I lived, was angry with me for not making her aware of my having ran away; as, although she was glad to see me, she did not wish it to be thought that she had given me any encouragement in staying away so long from home. Under these circumstances, I promised her that I would tell the truth, and let my father know that I had not acquainted her with my having left home without his sanction. This gave her complete satisfaction, and I left her the next morning on the best of terms, after having received from her some good advice as to my future conduct. I then took my passage for Glasgow, along with John's father, and, like the Prodigal Son, returned home a sincere penitent.

(To be Continued.)

#### CHARACTER IN A LAUGH.

How much of character is there in a laugh! You know no man till you have heard him laugh—till you know when and how he will laugh. There are occasions—there are humours when a man with whom we have been long familiar, shall quite startle and repel us by breaking out into a laugh which comes manifestly right from his heart, and which yet we had never heard before. Even in fair ladies with whom I have been much pleased, I have remarked the same thing. As in many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen till some happy moment awakens it, so there sleeps often in gracious and smiling characters, deep in the background, a quite vulgar spirit which starts into life, when something rudely comical penetrates into the less frequented chambers of the mind.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### ENTHUSIASM.

Nothing ever so inspires human daring, as the fond belief that it is the agent of a diviner wisdom. Revenge and patriotism united in one man of genius and ambition—such are the Archimedean levers, that find in fanaticism the spot out of the world by which to move the world. The prudent man may direct a state; but it is the enthusiast who regenerates or ruins it.

#### PHILANTHROPY.

The benevolent John Howard, having settled his accounts at the close of a particular year, and found a balance in his favour, proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or any other amusement she chose. "What a pretty cottage for a poor family it would build!" was her answer. This charitable hint met with his cordial approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.

(From the Odd Fellows' Offering for 1846.)

### THE THREE LINKS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Upon a green and flowery mount,  
Bright in immortal youth,  
'Mid amber streams, and sparkling fount,  
See Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Celestial spirits from on high,  
Designed on earth to rove;  
To wreath in smiles a frowning sky,  
And lead the mind above.

In every land throughout the world  
Where sorrow held its sway,  
They flew with banners wide unfurl'd,  
And chased the gloom away.

Friendship with her reviving breath,  
Around the sufferer stole,  
And shed, amid the vale of death,  
Calm sunshine o'er the soul.

Love, sweetest of the heavenly band,  
Kissed off the Orphan's tears,  
And pointing to a better land,  
Dispers'd the Widow's fears.

Truth, with a brow divinely fair,  
Stooped from her radiant throne;  
The friendless stranger sought afar,  
And made his griefs her own.

These are the golden links enwrought  
By the mysterious three;  
That chain the hearts with virtue fraught,  
In close fraternity.

SAG HARBOR, L. I., 1845.

### CHARITY AND BENEVOLENCE.

TRUE charity is the offspring of benevolence, although charity, so called, the mere giving of alms, frequently has very little in common with benevolence. Giving alms, mixing with societies, and various other deeds by which some folks procure the character of being charitably disposed, frequently indicates ostentation and a love of public estimation, rather than true charity—many give without kindly feeling. It has been somewhere observed, that a certain class of people will afford a man more pleasure in refusing a favor, than others do in granting it; showing that it is not simply relieving distress that exhibits true charity. Pure charity is often felt by those to whom fortune denies the means of affording pecuniary aid, and many who give liberally have no charity. We once knew a gentleman, whose name was at the head of every charitable subscription, who passed for an angel of mercy, but who, in reality, would not give a cent unless his name was first on the list.

Charity may be exercised in our daily life in an endless variety of forms. Charitable constructions of the words and actions of others—charitable consideration for the feelings and foibles of others—and charitable forbearance from outraging the sensibility of our brethren, are only a few operations of the greatest of all virtues. In all relations of life, from the earliest to the latest period—in the highest and lowest—forbearance, the offspring of charity, secures happiness, while its absence insures misery. In the domestic circle—in home relations more especially—charity should be our constant attendant and guide—it teaches us to consider others and forget ourselves—it induces us to investigate our actions, and when about to condemn those of others,

to enquire what our own would be under similar circumstances? It teaches us to know ourselves—not to estimate too highly our own abilities—begets humility and meekness—frees us from arrogance and assumption—and makes its possessors really amiable people.

In this world of unkindness, where harsh and ill-natured constructions teem—where every action and word of doubtful tendency, invariably have the worst face put upon them by the good-natured mass, it is a positive relief to meet with a truly charitable person; one who will not readily condemn, who allows the benefit of doubt to all criminals, and believes every man innocent of a bad action and evil intention until clearly proved against him, and then thinks that there may be some excuse, some mitigating circumstances, to palliate the offence. We are all too prone to judge our fellows—we see and hear of deeds that are horrible, and unhesitatingly condemn the authors, without thinking that the temptation to sin might to ourselves have been as irresistible, as it had proved to those we condemn.

Let us endeavor to look upon all things in the best light,—this world, though a troublesome one, is not all evil. Good can be extracted from anything, provided our knowledge of alchemy be sufficient,—the bee sucks honey alike from every flower, whether odoriferous or not, and we may, if so minded, see

"Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

To accomplish this much-to-be-desired end, true charity is essential—it engenders a kindly feeling for our fellow-creatures—softens and tones down their foibles, errors, and short-comings—renders us suspicious of, and willing and able to discover good intentions, where, without its aid, we should observe only selfishness.

Like perceives like in the human mind, and, consequently, selfish people are ever the most acute in detecting selfishness in others, while benevolent men will discover kindness and self-denial, where the worldly-minded see nothing but unmitigated love of self.

To the lovers of ease, and the believers in practical philosophy, it must be no slight recommendation to charity, that like mercy, "it is twice blessed," "it blesteth him that gives and him that receives."

Charitable constructions of other people's deeds renders us happier,—a man who is ever on the alert to discover bad intentions, is the victim of his own suspicions, whilst the opposite character is in charity with all men—happy himself—and so secured by his charitable disposition, that even the envious and malicious pass him, awed by his repose.

Charity begets charity, so that a charitably-disposed man, must inevitably partially call into operation the charitable feelings of all those with whom he associates.

We should think of the influence which our conduct has upon society, for, however insignificant atoms we may be, we still form part of the great whole, and in our sphere can do much good or evil.

### PROSPERITY.

How much truth is there in the following beautiful observation from the German:—"The sun of fortune and favour changes a human being, as the sun of heaven does a plant, which faded in darkness, but now raises its drooping head in his bright beams, and penetrated by the genial warmth, opens fragrant blossoms to the light."

### LIVE IN PEACE.

INJURE NO MAN: the meanest person may, once in seven years, have an opportunity of doing you much good or harm. Though we have a thousand friends, we may lack more: but one enemy is too much.

## THE LAST LOOK.

THERE are few in this world who have not lost some dear friend, either linked to them by the ties of blood, or by a pleasant companionship enshrined in their hearts, and hallowed and held sacred by a true and disinterested affection. The insatiate tomb has robbed almost every one whom it has spared, of some being on whom his eye rested with pleasure, who softened for him the asperities of life's rough pathway, and into whose bosom he poured his own heart's rich treasures, feelings, confidence, and love. They have seen them droop and die gradually, perhaps. They have seen the rose fade—the flesh waste—the muscles relax—and the eye grow lustreless, or beam with that unnatural light, which is sometimes born of disease, and only tells of its progress. They have watched in grief and tears the shiftings of fever—the slow sinking away of life—the hours of agony—the days of quiet and apparent convalescence—the hopeless relapse—and the final triumph of death. They have paced the room where the poor body lay shrouded for the grave, and where Death almost seemed visibly present, casting a shadow upon every wall and object, and gazed on the rigid form, the marble aspect, the soulless, unspeaking features. They have felt, too, that deep oppression and heart-sickness which comes over every one upon such an occasion, where the grim tyrant seems to be watching and gloating over his victim, and the riot of decay is already beginning to be seen. All this has lacerated and crushed their hearts; but, perhaps, the bitterest pang of all came with the last look into the grave, when the coffin had been lowered, the loved object consigned to its long, dreamless rest, and the busy spade of the sexton was throwing back the senseless earth upon it, and hiding it forever.

During sickness, we have the object before us, wasted and sadly changed it may be, but still capable of communing with us, of appreciating our kindness, of returning our love, and of throwing a few rays of sunlight over the cloud of our sorrow—faint, indeed, yet still enough to gild its gathering gloom. There is still the old smile running now and then over the features, and lighting them up with something of their former expression. The voice, too, though it is not what it once was, falls upon our ears, and we follow our friend with a sort of lingering hope, convinced of his doom, yet half looking for deliverance, down to the very banks of death's river. And even when that voice is hushed, and the last smile has faded, when the bolt of doom has been launched, and the wreck of mortality lies before us, we somehow take a melancholy pleasure in gazing at the expressionless features, and linger in blind devotion at the shrine, though the deity which hallowed it has departed!

But when we gaze into the closing grave, we feel that our friend has indeed gone and hidden from us forever. He has made his final exit from the stage of life, the curtain has fallen, and we shall see him no more, till we ourselves pass behind the scenes.

We know that we can listen to his voice no more, breathing eloquence in public, or cheerfulness in the daily intercourse of life. We can never gaze into his eyes again, flashing with genius, beaming with kindness, or shedding tears for human suffering. We shall meet him no more in the busy crowd, or at the quiet fire-side. The grave has received him to its remorseless embrace, and his sensible presence is lost to us forever.

All these thoughts rush upon the mind at that moment, and sweep over the heart in a tempest of wild and bitter agony. The brightness of the past but renders the present more dark—the future more gloomy. The pinions of hope, though unbroken, are wet and heavy with tears, and scarcely bear the heart above the grave into which it looks, and where its idol lies. Oh! the last look into the graves of kindred, or the cherished

companions of life, would, indeed, scarcely be endurable, did not revelation assure us of a resurrection, and whisper to our hearts the sweet promise of immortality.—God help the man who, at such an hour, has no faith in that promise, and believes all which was his friend is thenceforth nothing but dust! Infidelity shrinks away from the grave, offering no consolation to the believers of her barren creed, and nothing but Christianity can throw any light upon the burial hour, and the resting-place of the dead.

## THE RICHES OF CREATION.

THE works of creation spread around us in an infinite variety of forms, each form exhibiting in itself all the elements of perfect order, whether as regards its structure, or the more secret but no less recognisable condition of its composition, naturally become the objects of contemplation and research to the philosophic mind. Within the limits of human observation, we have the cloud-like nebulae in the far depths of space, from which “we descend, step by step, through the stratum of stars to which our solar system belongs, and at length set foot on the air and sea surrounded spheroid we inhabit.” We may then examine the myriad forms of animal and vegetable life upon its surface, with all the physiological phenomena which they exhibit, beginning with man, or the majestic creatures which he subjects to his rule, and ending with the infusorial animals, to whom a drop of water is a world, and a brief hour of time an existence; or, first examining the majestic developments of a tropical vegetation, proceed downwards to the habitats of temperate climates, and tracing the stunted vegetation of arctic regions or of alpine heights, end with the microscopic confervæ of a stagnant pool, or the minute lichen which specks the otherwise naked rocks of our tempest-beaten shores. Nor need we stop here: the story of the earth's creation—or rather of the earth's mutations—is written in enduring characters on the rocky crust, upon which is life in all its beauty and motion; and in the silent depths of the mine, we may examine, locked in their stony caves, the remains of organizations, as beautiful and as curious as those now basking in sunshine, which moved over the surface of this planet myriads of ages since. The forests of an old world, great in their ferns and palmated trees, its oceans with their saurian reptiles, or their trilobites, so beautiful in form—and its lakes instinct with life, from whose remains some of the most splendid temples of our land are built, are exposed to the search of an inquiring eye. The sources, therefore, which are open to the researches of man, are neither few nor limited. Nor are the powers with which he is gifted, in any respect, inferior to those required for the full investigation of the material universe. In the supine state in which, too frequently, under the influence of luxurious civilization, our intellectual powers are allowed to rest, content with pleasures, which are, after all, but the refinements of sensuality, an enervated condition is induced, and the mind wearies under the weight of contemplations which alone are worthy the dignity of him who “walks the earth like a god.”—*Athenæum*.

In transacting the business of your Lodges, avoid a cavilling disposition—there are some men so fond of exhibiting their crude and indigested notions, that they will litigate and argue whether two straws should be parallel or crossed. Trifles light as air will disturb the tranquillity of a meeting, and risk the ruin of happy prospects. Avoid every species of expletive—every epithet that is painful—every term of reproach. All arguments backed by such means are useless, nor can there be greater evidence of weakness or imbecility.—*Daniell's Address*.

THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1846.

THE PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

THE tide of Odd Fellowship is rolling rapidly its fast succeeding waves over the world. In Great Britain, the Manchester Unity—whose members, as we have already said, we hail as fellow-workers in the same cause—numbers nearly 300,000 brethren in its ranks; whilst the Sheffield, Bolton, and some other Unities, are also in active, though much less extensive, operation. Several Lodges, in connection with our own branch of the Order, have also been established in England, and have met the most encouraging success.

On this side of the Atlantic, the state of the Order is little less prosperous. The following table will shew the number of Lodges and Encampments in connection with the Grand Lodge of the United States, about the close of the past year. In many of the Districts the numbers are corrected to December last, but the returns from others are of a month or two previous, so that the summary here given falls short of the reality. In addition to these, there are several Lodges in Canada, in connection with the Manchester Unity; besides one, we believe, at New York.

District.	Grand Lodges.	Degree Lodges.	Subordinate Lodges.	Grand Encampments	Subordinate Encampments
New York.....	1	24	202	1	29
Pennsylvania.....	1	9	132	1	21
Massachusetts.....	1	6	108	1	13
Maryland.....	1	1	45	1	8
Ohio.....	1	...	55	1	9
Maine.....	1	2	34	1	8
New Jersey.....	1	...	28	1	12
Connecticut.....	1	...	26	1	9
Indiana.....	1	...	26	...	3
Virginia.....	1	...	27	1	10
Kentucky.....	1	...	23	1	6
Mississippi.....	1	...	16	...	3
Illinois.....	1	...	14	...	4
Missouri.....	1	...	13	1	3
New Hampshire.....	1	2	13	1	3
District of Columbia.....	1	...	11	...	3
Rhode Island.....	1	...	10	...	3
Tennessee.....	1	...	9	...	6
South Carolina.....	1	...	8	1	3
Louisiana.....	1	...	9	...	2
Michigan.....	1	...	10	...	2
Canada.....	1	1	7	...	2
Georgia.....	1	...	7	...	5
Delaware.....	1	...	6	...	1
Texas.....	1	...	5	...	...
Alabama.....	1	...	4	...	1
Wisconsin Territory.....	...	...	4	...	...
Iowa Territory.....	...	...	4	...	...
North Carolina.....	1	...	3	...	3
East Florida.....	...	...	2	...	...
Vermont.....	...	...	2	...	...
Principality of Wales.....	1	...	2	...	...
England.....	...	...	2	...	...
	28	45	867	13	174

Every month, nay, every week, sees many additions to the above roll; and, as one instance, we may mention that there are now 220 Subordinate Lodges under the jurisdiction of the State of New York, instead of 202, as in December last. In this Province, an application has been received by the Grand Lodge, for a Charter for a new Lodge to be established in this City; and a Deputation from that R. W. Body are now on their way through Canada West, for the purpose of opening several new Lodges there, at the urgent request of the Brothers residing in that portion of the Province. In our next number we hope to be enabled to chronicle their progress. An application has also been forwarded to the proper quarter, for a Charter for a new Encampment in Montreal, which is expected to be formally opened in the course of this month.

Lodges, chartered by the Manchester Unity, and by the Grand Lodge of the United States, though principally by the former, have been established in Germany, France, Australia, and Malta. Altogether the prospects of the Order are most cheering, and afford bright hopes for days to come.

A FEW REMARKS ON AN ODD SUBJECT.

THERE can be no doubt that this is a very odd world in many respects, and that there are a great many very odd fellows in it. It is odd in its differences of climate—in its differences of men—in its differences of things. It is odd in its apparent contradictions; and quite as odd in its similarities. It is odd in its physical government, and in its moral systems. It is very odd in its wisdom, and quite as odd in its folly. In short, it is an odd world altogether.

It is an odd thing that men should come into the world, only to make themselves miserable;—that they should go up and down the earth foaming and fretting; chanting a "*quanta patimur*" from the beginning to the end. It is very odd they cannot "take the goods the gods provide them," and be contented. It is odd that the avenues of life should be crowded with such very sour faces;—that to the real, and solid, and unmistakable troubles, should be added a host of imaginary grievances, by those who really hardly know what sorrow is. It is odd that men should prefer the possession of gold, to a pure conscience; and that they should look out from the windows of their carriages, and fancy themselves mighty. It is odd that there should be so much pride mixed up with human clay; and that the bones of millions of forgotten beings, should not have taught mankind humility. It is odd that barbarism and civilisation should walk so close together, and that, amidst the triumphs of human ingenuity and skill, man should still prey upon his fellow man, and only a small minority be Christian. It is odd that those who teach humility should love high places; and that a weekly renunciation of the "poms and vanities of this wicked world," should be held compatible with outward show and splendor. It is odd that worldly charity should be

so ostentatious, and that, whilst "peace and good-will" amongst men are taught, there should be prisons and dungeons. It is odd, that with the commandment "thou shalt do no murder," there should be standing armies and police; and that the axioms of the political economist and the utilitarian, should not interfere with the manufacture of cannons and gunpowder. It is odd, that with the examples of thousands of years, men should still bow down under the iron rule of a despot, and millions be the slaves of form. It is odd that man should at once be so great and so little—so weak and so strong.

This is one class of oddness; but there are others. It is odd that men should drink wine to excess, knowing it will do them harm. It is odd they should run in debt, knowing they will have to pay. It is odd they should practice dishonesty sooner than honesty, knowing it is *not* the best policy. It is odd that young women should marry old men, knowing that such matches seldom bring happiness or children. It is odd that old men should marry young women, knowing that they seldom can love them. It is odd that people will follow fashion sooner than common sense. It is odd that they will seek out law sooner than equity. It is odd that they will adhere to error from feelings of pride, sooner than give up the pride, and say "amen" to the error. It is odd that the impudent and ignorant should often succeed, where the modest and deserving fail. It is odd that the wise are never too wise not to be humbugged, and that the humbugs are never contented not to humbug again. It is odd that the poor have too frequently a great many children, and very little food; whilst the rich have as often a great deal of food, and no children. It is odd that profuseness and ill economy should more generally characterize those who have little means, than those who have great; and that the poor man is riotous with his shillings, when he who is wealthy is sparing of his pence.

But why continue the enumeration of man's oddness. Is not all around us a problem? Nature has its laws, but we know them not,—man his destiny, and he pursues it blindly. The only intelligible part of the social system that is intelligibly odd, are the ODD FELLOWS.

F.

#### HOUSES OF INDUSTRY AND REFUGE.

THE deplorable condition of the destitute and degraded in the City of Montreal, both physically and morally, has been so often, so repeatedly, brought under the notice of the Public, the Legislature, and the Authorities generally, that, the writer of this article would have no hope of awakening to *action*, the sympathies of this *Christian* community, in their favor, were he now addressing that community, as a whole: no, he would have no hope whatever! Those sympathies have been so often appealed to, so vainly, that the most sanguine mind must be almost without hope of arousing them, though the appeal were clad in all the

eloquence of benevolence, or of human woe. The writer of these remarks would not waste his time, (for waste, and nothing but waste, it would be,) in appealing to the Public at large: he would have no hope; but he appeals to Odd Fellowship, and, therefore, he has hope: he appeals to the fourteen hundred Odd Fellows of the City of Montreal, and is fully persuaded they will cause the apparent dead branches of human charity for the destitute and degraded poor in this large city, to put forth blossoms, and to bear golden fruit. He has hope, for they are united for the holy purpose of doing good to their fellow men: and in Union there is strength. Unfortunately for Lower Canada, there is little or no Union for benevolence, among its inhabitants. Those of one national origin are niggard of charity to the destitute or degraded of another: and so with those who differ on points of religious faith. Thus we see several establishments for the relief or solace of the Roman Catholic poor, or for education, at whose gates the Protestant would knock in vain: and *vice versa*; and yet, they are all Christian establishments! Thus we see the various national societies,—all charitable, yet all most chary of charity to those who follow not a particular banner. There is not a catholic, (that is, a universal,) benevolence amongst us. There is no Union to do good! There is abundance of union for evil, or for useless, or for fashionable, or for political purposes; but little indeed for charitable. Notorious is the "Union Club;" general are Assemblies; strong and powerful are the ties that bind political partizans together. It is loudly and imperatively inculcated as a duty of the most stringent character, on three-fourths of the population of the Eastern portion of the Province of Canada, that they must hold together for political purposes: daily, do they hear the stentorian cry of their leaders, "*C'est l'Union qui fait la force*,"—and no battalion of soldiers moves with greater regularity. There is union, but only for selfish, or sectional, or national, or for frivolous purposes. Odd Fellowship sanctions no such objects: on the contrary it denounces them. The Union of Odd Fellows is for the good of the whole community, not for a part; and it is for that reason, an appeal is now made to them individually and collectively, for exertion to cause the erection, in Montreal of Institutions to sap the foundations of those tall towers of vice, that now overshadow and darken the Metropolis of Canada: not exertion to add to the puffishment for vice, (that is needless, there is abundance of punishment,) but to aid in reclaiming from its fell power; and what is better, to assist in the holy work of preventing it.

An extract from the last Presentment of the last Grand Jury, will suffice to show the particular object in view, and necessity for exertion, on the part of the Odd Fellows of this City. The Presentment conveys but a feeble idea of the horrors of the Montreal Gaol: shocking as the picture it presents may be it falls far short of the reality; the colours in which it is drawn, are very delicate, compared with the reality:—and yet, bad as it now is, it was greatly worse,



some two years ago, when the unfortunate and incarcerated debtors were deprived of a portion of the very narrow space allotted to them, to make room for a horde of lunatics, who, prior to that period, were confined in the same ward with criminals. Was this not enough to drive the sane to lunacy, and the lunatic to raging madness? The writer of these observations visited the prison, a few years ago, and in a ward so thickly tenanted, that he was jostled as in a crowd, there were several lunatics: the ward was divided into cells; from out these dark and noisome holes came forth in numbers, their unhappy inmates, to behold the visitors. The turnkey pointed out *the accused* of murder, of arson, or of robbery, (mind ye, good readers, *the accused* of crime, not convicted criminals,) and as he did so, some slunk out of sight, whilst others jeered, and the more hardened imprecated; and when asked where were the lunatics, he led to a dark cell, where, on the floor, crouching like animals, or doubled-up, like dogs asleep, lay the wretched creatures; and he cautioned the visitors not to enter the cells,—why?—because, said he, the floor and walls swarm with vermin! Was not that a pretty place wherein to restore the lunatic mind to sanity? Was it not a chosen spot to soften the sensibilities of the hardened? Was it not an Eden in which the tempter would in vain have given evil counsel? What a combination of horrors that ward presented, morally and physically! Yet, Grand Juries then, as now, presented the horrors of the gaol, and then as now, little or nothing is done. The Grand Jurors return home,—they have done their duty! They have made a presentment of the horrors. The Judges of the Court of King's Bench return home,—they too have done their duty! Have “they not promised to enforce the consideration of the recommendation of the Grand Jury upon the proper authorities?” The Newspapers have likewise done their duty: they have published the presentment! The citizens also have done their duty! Have they not cried shame on such a state of things, existent in a civilized country, a Christian land, and in the midst of a free and intelligent people? All have done their duty: that is, they do not imagine even for an instant, blame and shame can attach to the entire community, individually and collectively, for suffering such a state of things to exist!

The waggoner who sat down by the road side, and called to Jupiter to assist in extricating his waggon from the mire-hole, was a lazy hound,—but what shall we say of the Grand Jurors who *present* such horrors as those depicted; of the Judges who *recommend* their presentment; of the Legislators who hear of such things, and of the community that permits them to exist! It cannot be said the country is too poor to erect edifices to reclaim from vice, and to prevent vice. If the truth must be told, the chief cause of the absence of such edifices in Canada is the absence of a pervading high intelligence among its inhabitants. That is the main cause, but a secondary and not unimportant one, is the splitting up of the population into national parts,

by which union for good is almost as effectually prevented as though walls of adamant separated them.

Behold the extract from the Presentment of the last Grand Jury:—

The Grand Jurors have visited the Jail, and they lament the absence, from its circumscribed limits, of the proper classification of prisoners, as well as of separate establishments for a House of Correction, in which persons sentenced to hard labour for minor offences, might be advantageously employed; and a House of Refuge for juvenile delinquents and others *capable* of earning their maintenance, but who, from various causes, are daily arraigned at the Police Office, discharged, and suffered to continue objects of disgust or commiseration in the thoroughfares of the city.

In one melancholy instance, they found a violent lunatic, not only offensive in his person, but dangerous from his ferocity, confined in a cell with untried prisoners. However improper such a compulsory association may be deemed, the Grand Jurors (while they acquit the Jailer of all blame, and bear testimony to his good conduct and benevolence) foresee a recurrence of similar distressing instances, unless greater accommodation be afforded.

But, however disproportioned the present Jail may be to the wants of the District, or the purposes to which it has been diverted, it contains within itself the elements of its own gradual but sure amelioration. It has paved acres outside its walls. The labour of the convicts directed to its enlargement, may render the classification of prisoners of easy attainment—the continuance of that labour, at little expense to the District, in the course of no distant period may afford to the able poor, a House of Industry, to the destitute, a Refuge, and to the lunatic, an Asylum.

The Grand Jury, knowing how often these objects have been alluded to in former Presentments, will not dwell upon them further than to state that in their opinion the time has arrived when the District must mainly depend on the resources within its own limits, for the objects herein contemplated: and the people are entitled to expect that such Legislative enactments as may be required for the purpose, will be matured and submitted to the Legislature by the responsible servants of the Crown, as *pertaining* to a diligent and intelligent administration of public affairs *entrusted* to them.

The Grand Jurors therefore earnestly solicit the Court to sustain their representation in the proper quarter, in the abiding hope that a great and increasing evil, affecting the purity and dignity of the law, and discreditable to the country which permits it, may be speedily and surely removed.

The presentment, it will be admitted, is very forcible, but let no philanthropic person “lay the flattering unction to his soul,” that it will be acted upon,—unless each and every individual person in the community lends a hand to the good work: every one of us must put our shoulder to the wheels: if we do not, we shall be open, each and every one of us, to blame and shame. It is the peculiar duty of the Odd Fellows of the city to lead the advance-guard, (under their auspices, it shall not be called “a forlorn hope,”) against the dark and frowning towers of vice that now overshadow and darken our Metropolitan City, and for various reasons; three of which only shall be enumerated; one is, that their number is so great, and their influence so commanding, as to insure success to a “strong pull and a long pull and a pull altogether,”—a second is, that the rock upon which Odd Fellowship is built, is that of be-

nevolence, and the third is that the Odd Fellows of Montreal number in their ranks members of every origin,—French, British, Irish and American, and of every religious Christian faith. Their conjoined efforts in this matter would necessarily neutralize, in a great degree, the national, political and religious divisions, that have hitherto prevented the combined action of a community so heterogeneously composed as ours.

Until there be a House of Industry in Montreal where the honest poor can, in their need, obtain labour:—until there be a House of Refuge where juvenile delinquents may be reclaimed from Vice: until there be classification of prisoners in our gaols: so long will it be a disgrace to be a citizen of Montreal. As matters now stand, our gaols are Academies for Vice,—where the youthful, who, whether justly or unjustly accused of crime, are committed to its walls, are tutored in iniquity, from petty larceny and prostitution, to arson and murder, by the most experienced teachers: and these Academies for Vice are supported by the public!

FROM a recent number of the *New York Observer*, we learn that, an address having been published by a society called the Consociation of Fairfield West, Connecticut, on the evil of Secret Societies, the Odd Fellows of the Trenton Lodge, No. 3, undertook to reply to so much of their remarks as appeared to apply to Odd Fellowship. We give some of the objections urged to such Societies, and the answers thereto.

#### OBJECTIONS.

1. Because secrecy cannot aid a good object, for such needs no concealment, but seeks the light.
2. If the object and operation of the Society be good, secrecy interferes with the manifestation of that goodness.
3. If secrecy is not designed to hide evil, it nevertheless is calculated to foster it. He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest.
4. Oaths or pledges to preserve secrecy are liable to serious objections. "Swear not at all," is the injunction of Scripture; and promises to keep secret we know not what, are unlawful, for thus a man may be called upon to keep secret that which it is his duty to society to disclose.
5. The secrecy of the association engenders a clannish spirit, which often gains a dangerous sway, and leads to unhappy consequences.
6. It is a witty way of relieving the afflicted. The magnificent lodges, brilliant badges, and other gorgeous insignia, the numerous gala days, and time consumed at frequent meetings, render these Societies the most expensive of all methods of ministering to the distressed.
7. There is no necessity for secrecy if the object is good.

In answer to this, the Committee of Odd Fellows, appointed for the purpose by Trenton Lodge, remark, that—

The first, second, third and seventh objection are much the same. They charge that the element of secrecy, in the organization of any Society, is without necessity, mars its operations for good, and fosters evil. Now, in our Order there exists the element of secrecy, and yet we think we are not obnoxious to these objections. Whoever considers the nature of the association, will acknowledge that, to some extent, that element is

necessary to accomplish the object in view. Suppose two brothers, at the outset of their business career, pledge themselves to afford mutual assistance to each other in all just transactions, not merely according to the demands of the law, or the measure of public opinion, but to the utmost of their abilities. Such a pledge would be not only lawful but commendable. And may not twenty well disposed citizens, or eighty, or a hundred, enter into an engagement to do the same, or within a less limit, to each other? Certainly they may. But suppose ten live at Charleston, and ten at Quebec, how shall they know each other when they meet? To remember names in a very numerous Society would be impossible. Is there anything wrong in adopting some sign of recognition? And must not that sign, to be effective, remain a secret from all who have not entered into the engagement? Were it otherwise, countless impositions might occur, without the means of detecting or guarding against them. There is, then, a necessity for the secrecy touching all signs of recognition, and the same reasoning will apply to all other tokens of the Order.

It is argued, that the secrecy of the Order extends beyond this; we answer, it is a mistake. The Constitutions and Bye-Laws are not secret—the Journals of the principal Lodges of Control, whence emanate all the Laws of the Order, and whence all its decisions of an executive or judicial character are liable to be reviewed and finally determined, are not secret—whatever publicity the press can give these, they have. But the signs are secret, and the meetings where the signs are taught and used, must necessarily be.

But extra-judicial oaths are objected to; and very properly—our Order does not use them! But, say the Consociation, you use solemn pledges? And we expect a man to promise he will not divulge a secret before he is entrusted with it. We do not, however, permit him to do this under the least apprehension that what he is thus about to undertake may prove unlawful, and thus his conscience be concerned. We do not hesitate to tell him that the nature of the secret he is to keep, is entirely lawful, inoffensive and harmless; that the acts he is to perform, and the motives it will be his duty to cherish, are of a charitable, kind and friendly character, and that there is nothing in the Order, in the slightest degree militating against his duty as a man and a citizen. If, after explanations like these, he should give the pledge, and then discover that the Lodges were full of treason and guile, it would require no casuistry to prove that his promise was the fruit of deception practised upon him, and no more bound him than the victim of any other article can be bound by the evil contrivance of his seducer.

Thus far, we answer the Consociation to our satisfaction. But the sixth objection is not so easily disposed of. That the Order expends entirely too much in costly show is true. Almost every Lodge, where the desire of public parade has been indulged, can testify of this evil. It is, however, no valid objection to the Order itself—a temporary abuse, and not a permanent requisition. The committee approve of the long settled convictions of the Lodge to which they belong, that such parades scatter the funds of the Order, weaken its utility to do good, and beget prejudice rather than conciliation upon the public mind.

#### FAMILIARITY.

Love that gathers strength from perfect intimacy must be deep and true. Isaac Taylor remarks:—It is not, perhaps, commonly considered how much the strength, permanence, and vivacity of love, depend upon the circumstance of an intimate acquaintance with the spirit of its object—its habits, purposes, infirmities, burdens, sorrows."

## RELIGION AND ODD FELLOWSHIP.

OUR readers must have observed in our last number, with much pleasure, the testimony borne by several clergymen, Brothers of the Order, to its perfect compatibility with, and assistance to, the principles of Religion. The correspondence which we subjoin, copied from the "*Odd Fellows' Chronicle*," gives valuable confirmation to those views, from the pens of two respected clergymen of the Church of England, in the Diocese of Chichester.

TO THE HON. AND REV. SIR ERASMUS WILLIAMS, BART.,  
MARLBOROUGH.

DEAR SIR,—At a meeting held last week at the Palace (Chichester) consisting of the clergy, magistrates, and other influential laymen of the county, for the purpose of taking into consideration the necessity of establishing a diocesan benefit society, it was suggested by me, who am an Odd Fellow, that, as that Order had already established itself in the county, it would be more advisable to make it the basis of any intended association, than to found an entirely new society.

It has been suggested to me, that I ought to obtain accurate information on the following points, and as I have heard that you have both written and spoken on the subject, I trust you will not think that I am taking too great a liberty, if I request you to answer these two questions:—1st. Is there anything in the constitution of Odd-Fellowship which renders it incapable of being made the basis of a church society? And 2nd. What points *require* alteration, and what is *advisable* to alter in order to mould it into such a form.

If you will be good enough to answer these questions, you will not only furnish us with information very likely to be of great use to the diocese, but you will also be promoting the interests of the Society of which we both are members, by giving me an opportunity of making known its principles: for you must be aware that whatever prejudice there is against us arises wholly, or at least principally, from ignorance.

The meeting has requested the Bishop to appoint a committee, of which his lordship is to be chairman, to examine into the whole subject. We (for I am one of the members) meet next week, and I trust I shall have received your answer by that day; but if you cannot answer it by that time, still answer it, because I do not think an affair of so great importance, can be settled at one meeting.

Yours faithfully,  
HENRY NEWLAND.

Westbourne Vicarage, Emsworth.  
November 11, 1845.

TO THE REV. HENRY NEWLAND, WESTBOURNE VICARAGE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I offer a thousand apologies for my seeming neglect of your note of Oct. 11th, but I really have been so much absent and so much engaged in business, that I could not get sufficient leisure time to attend to it.

As to your first question, "Is there anything in the constitution of Odd Fellowship which renders it incapable of being made the basis of a church society?" I must answer in the affirmative. A church society implies *exclusiveness*—that its members are exclusively churchmen, and, consequently, that there is some test. Now, Odd Fellowship, like all the ordinary friendly societies has no test. It is true that a member of the latter is bound to attend the church once a year or pay a fine, but the members of the former always go to church on the occasion of their processions, when bigotry and its almost necessary adjunct, persecution, ("ignorantly in unbelief" of the holy principles of Odd-Fellowship) stand not in the door-way to prevent their entrance.

It might, reasoning *a priori*, have been thought, that servants of the Lord Jesus who came to *seek* and to save the lost sons of Adam—that ministers, claiming their high calling of preaching the gospel to every creature, of teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus—that God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing, would hardly have set at nought those who approached them, *seeking* and desiring the ministry of reconciliation at their hands. Sad experience, however, certifies to the contrary in too many instances. If Odd Fellows are bad men, are they not the objects of the *peculiar care* of a minister of Christ? and if they are good men, are they not of his *peculiar love*? But what is gained by denying them Christian instruction? and what Christianity is there in calling them *Deists* and other opprobrious names? The best mode, as it appears to me, of carrying into effect the object in view, is, that the clergy should join the Lodges in their respective neighborhoods, and recommend their neighbors to join them, for it is an Institution eminently blessed of God, and we rely on God's grace for future blessings. I look upon Odd-Fellowship second only to Christianity, partaking largely of it, and holding nothing contrary to it; as a vehicle of the most extensive benefit to the country, and as an engine of great power for raising the industrious and laboring classes—yea, all classes of the community, to morality and virtue. I confess that I feel myself a better man from my connection with Odd-Fellowship, and indeed a GOOD ODD-FELLOW CANNOT BE A BAD MAN. Our rules and laws emanate from the mother Lodge at Manchester, and bind *every* Odd Fellow, whether in England, America, Australia, Germany, France, Ireland, or wherever the members of Odd-Fellowship set up their standard of benevolence. Odd-Fellowship honors all men, loves the brotherhood, fears God, honors the sovereign, and charity is the point on which, with all her array of virtues, she turns; and with love for her pole star, Odd-Fellowship cannot be far in error. Your second question, "What points *require* alteration, and what is it *advisable* to alter in order to mould it into such a form?" is so entirely dependent on the first, on which I have so much enlarged already, that a few words will suffice. I cannot conceive that any alteration short of the destruction of the first principles of the one or the other Institution in question, can produce an amalgamation of the two; but the nearest approach would be that of the clergy joining the Order of Odd Fellows, and giving it that support which it justly claims from the authoritative guardians of public morals. Men's minds vary as their countenances—and God made both, and they cannot be brought to the line and to the plummet. Odd-Fellowship is a common ground on which persons of discordant opinions on religion and politics can meet, and do meet, in harmony and peace—in Friendship, Love, and Truth; and may God move the hearts of the clergy, and all other good men, to promote the welfare of this truly benevolent, but persecuted Institution, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may flourish and abound in our land.

I remain, Rev. Sir and Brother,

With great respect,

Yours fraternally,

E. H. G. WILLIAMS.

Marlborough, Nov. 11, 1845.

## POETRY.

THERE are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act—so many rich and lovely flowers spring up, which bear no seed—that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE R. W. GRAND LODGE  
OF THE PROVINCE OF CANADA, I. O. O. F.  
AT THE QUARTERLY SESSION HELD AT THE CITY OF MON-  
TREAL, MAY, 1845.

WEDNESDAY, 7th May, 1845.

The R. W. Grand Lodge convened this day, being the Quarterly Session.

Present:—M. W. G. Master W. M. B. Hartley, R. W. D. G. Master George Matthews, R. W. G. Warden Thomas Hardie, R. W. G. Secretary W. A. Selden, W. G. Marshall Wm. Rodden, W. G. Guardian J. M. Gilbert, P. G. Joseph Fraser, (Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1,) P. G. Wm. Hilton, (Albion Lodge, No. 4.)

The R. W. G. Secretary presented the Credentials of Qualification, and the Election of the undermentioned P. G.'s, as Representatives of their respective Lodges.

- P. G. John Holland, of Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1.
- P. G. David Milligan, of Queen's Lodge, No. 2.
- P. G. J. R. Healey, of Albion Lodge, No. 4.
- P. G. J. H. Hardie, of Albion Lodge, No. 4.
- P. G. R. H. Hamilton, of Commercial Lodge, No. 5.

Which, on motion, were referred to the Committee on Elections and Returns, and the said Committee then reported the Certificates of P. G.'s John Holland, J. R. Healey, and J. H. Hardie, as being in due form, and recommended that they be admitted to their Seats accordingly, as Representatives of their respective Lodges—the Certificates of P. G.'s D. Milligan and R. H. Hamilton, as being informal, in not having the signature of the N. G.s of their respective Lodges, but recommended that the Certificates be received notwithstanding the informality, and that they also be admitted to their Seats, as Representatives of their respective Lodges.

On motion the Report was accepted, and the recommendations concurred in. Whereupon the R. W. G. Warden having instructed the several P. G.s in the Side and Grand Lodge Degrees, they took their Seats as Representatives of their respective Lodges.

The M. W. G. Master presented his Report, which was read, and, on motion, referred to a Select Committee of Three.

The Chair named P. G.s Thomas Hardie, J. H. Hardie, and Joseph Fraser, as the Committee.

The R. W. G. Secretary presented a petition from Brs. C. Carter, Campbell Bryson, Thomas White, Andrew Wilson, W. E. Ibbotson, George Horne, B. Ibbotson, H. Horne, J. H. Isaacson, J. R. Fraser, and W. Adams, praying that a Dispensation be granted, authorising them to establish a new Lodge, to be hailed as Britannia Lodge, which, on motion, was referred to a Select Committee of Three. The Chair named P. G.s George Matthews, Wm. Rodden, and J. M. Gilbert, as the Committee.

The R. W. G. Secretary presented and read the following accounts:—

The R. W. G. Lodge of the United	
States, amounting to.....	£16 19 8
Campbell Bryson.....	11 3 7
T. Mills.....	1 0 0
	£29 3 3

Which were referred to the Committee of Finance.

The R. W. G. Secretary presented the Quarterly Reports of Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1; Queen's Lodge, No. 2; Albion Lodge, No. 4; Commercial Lodge, No. 5; which were severally referred to the Committee on Elections and Returns, and all of them reported by the said Committee to be correct, and recommended to be placed on file—which, on motion, was adopted.

On motion of P. G. J. M. Gilbert, seconded by P. G. Wm. Hilton, the R. W. G. Secretary was ordered to

address a Communication to the R. W. G. Secretary of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, for information upon whom the duty devolves of certifying, in the Quarterly Reports, to the Election of the Officers for the ensuing Term; whether upon the Officers elect, or the Officers of the past Quarter; also which names should appear in the column provided for Officers elected and installed; the form transmitted rendering it susceptible of doubt.

The Committee on Correspondence, to whom was referred a Communication from P. G. J. H. Hardie, presented a Report, recommending that it be referred to the Committee of Supervision of Laws of Subordinate Lodges, as coming more properly within the province of said Committee,—which was adopted.

On motion the Grand Lodge adjourned until this afternoon at two o'clock.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 7th May, 1845.

The R. W. Grand Lodge met this afternoon, pursuant to adjournment.

Present:—M. W. G. Master W. M. B. Hartley, R. W. D. G. Master George Matthews, R. W. G. Warden Thomas Hardie, R. W. G. Secretary W. A. Selden, and a Representation from Lodges No. 1, 2, 4, and 5.

Minutes of this date read.

The Special Committee, to whom was referred the M. W. G. Master's Report, with a view to distribute the subject matters therein contained to the proper Committees, presented a Report, recommending as follows:—To be referred to the Committee of Supervision of Laws of Subordinate Lodges—That portion which refers to the Installation of the Officers of Prince Albert Lodge, No. 3; also that part which refers to the division of the Province of Canada into Districts.

P. G. Wm. Rodden, from the Special Committee, to whom was referred the application from Brother Carter and others, for a Dispensation to authorize them to establish a new Lodge, to be hailed as Britannia Lodge, presented and read the Report of the said Committee. That they find it quite correct, with the exception of some alterations not affecting its validity, and recommending that the granting of the request be taken into immediate consideration by this R. W. Grand Lodge.

On motion, the Report was accepted.

When P. G. R. H. Hamilton moved, That the consideration thereof be postponed until next session.

P. G. Thomas Hardie moved, in amendment, That the application referred to therein be rejected.

The motion and amendment having been withdrawn with the consent of the Grand Lodge, P. G. George Matthews moved, That the application be granted.

Which was lost. The ayes and nays being called for, they stood thus:

For the motion—P. G. George Matthews.—1.

Against it—Past Grands Wm. Hilton, Thos. Hardie, Joseph Fraser, M. H. Seymour, D. Milligan, J. R. Healey, Wm. Rodden, R. H. Hamilton.—8.

Majority against granting the application, 7.

The Committee on Correspondence reported upon a communication from Commercial Lodge, No. 5, recommending that it be referred to the Committee on Grievances of Subordinate Lodges, which was adopted.

The Committee of Finance reported the following accounts to be correct, and recommended the payment thereof, which was concurred in:—

The R. W. G. Lodge of the United States,....	£16 19 8
Campbell Bryson.....	11 3 7
T. Mills.....	1 0 0
	£29 3 3

On motion, the R. W. G. Lodge then adjourned until to-morrow at two o'clock.

May 8, 1845.—Two o'clock.

The R. W. G. Lodge met agreeable to adjournment.

Present:—The same Grand Officers who were present at the last meeting, and a due representation.

On motion of P. G. S. C. Sewell, seconded by P. G. W. A. Liddell, the Committee on Regalia were instructed to procure suitable Regalia for the Grand Lodge, as soon as possible.

The Committee on Grievances of Subordinate Lodges presented their report, which, on motion, was recommitted to the said Committee.

Whereupon, P. G. S. C. Sewell and Wm. Rodden declined acting upon the said Committee a second time upon the matter referred.

The Grand Lodge having assented to their withdrawal, the M. W. G. Master named in their stead, P. G.'s John Holland and Thomas Hardie to act for that special purpose.

On motion, P. G.'s Wm. Hilton and J. M. Gilbert were also specially added to the said Committee.

The Special Committee to whom was referred the Report of the M. W. G. Master, presented the following Report and accompanying Resolution; which was read, and, on motion, the Report was accepted, and the Resolution adopted, viz.:—

"We, your Committee, to whom was referred that part of the Report of the M. W. Grand Master, relating to the division of this Province into Districts, and the appointing of D. D. G. Masters for each District, beg leave to Report.—That we concur in the recommendation of the M. W. Grand Master to that effect, and beg to submit the following Resolution for adoption:

"Resolved.—That the Province of Canada be divided into Districts, as recommended by the M. W. G. Master, and that a communication be addressed to Albion Lodge, No. 4, Quebec, requesting them to recommend a duly qualified P. G. for the office of D. D. G. Master for the District of Quebec."

The R. W. G. Secretary presented and read a communication from Albion Lodge, No. 4, enclosing an impression of the Seal of that Lodge, which was, on motion, received and ordered to be placed on file.

P. G.'s Wm. Rodden and M. H. Seymour, gave notice, in accordance with article 10 of the Constitution of this R. W. G. Lodge, of the following amendment to the Constitution of Subordinate Lodges, which would be submitted for consideration at the next Annual Session, viz.:—To strike out the following words in Section 7 of Article 8 of the Constitution of Subordinate Lodges—"One black ball be found, the question shall lie over and acted upon the next night by ballot, without debate or comment, when it."

On motion, the Grand Lodge then adjourned until the 22nd instant, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

May 22, 1845.

The R. W. G. Lodge met, pursuant to adjournment, but there not being a quorum present, no business was transacted.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

SIR:—Now that the Order has arrived at such a state of prosperity, the wants, consequent upon the combination of numbers, become apparent. Hence it has occurred to several of the Brotherhood, that the formation of a Club in connection with the Order, constituted on the principles, and conducted on the plan or system, of the Athenæum Club in London—so far, at least, as is strictly consistent with pure Odd Fellowship—would be a most valuable acquisition to the Order; and for the execution of which, there is ample room in our splendid building, on the ground floor, for both Library and Coffee Room.

C. M. T.

Montreal, February 7, 1846.

#### "A GOOD FELLOW NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN."

It hath oft times been matter of wonderment to me how many phrases do come to be received as current coin in the world, which for certain were never lawfully stamped in the mint of either religion or reason; and among these brass shillings of society, I know none that better deserveth to be nailed to the counter, than the one above placed,—for many an idle young man hath, before now, found it the last in his pocket, and haply hath exchanged it for a pistol bullet, thinking himself a gainer by the bargain. If man grew to a rock like a limpet, then might he haply be his own enemy without any great harm to his neighbours; but he who liveth in society, and faileth to perform his part aright in the station assigned to him, doth all that in him lieth to destroy the body politic. He who is delivered over to vice and drunkenness—for such being interpreted is the meaning of a good fellow who is only his own enemy—setteth a bad example to his dependents: squandereth his fortune on unworthy objects, to the neglect of all that he might and ought to have done towards the relief and advance of the deserving; plungeth his family into difficulties; grieveth, shameth, and, perhaps, starveth them; ruineth his health, so as to make himself a burthen to those about him; and, finally, after having been a bad citizen, a bad master, a bad husband, a bad father, sinketh into the grave with a soul so irrecoverably poisoned by habits of sensuality and gross earthliness, that it would seem rather fit to rot with its putrifying companion, than to enter into any region of spiritualized existence. And this man, who hath fulfilled no one duty, but, on the contrary, hath spread around him a dark atmosphere of sin, is called "a good fellow," merely because he hath done all this with an air of reckless gaiety, which showed an utter absence of any feeling for the beings he was rendering miserable! Verily the world's measure is woefully short of the standard cubit and ephah of the sanctuary.—*Vulgar and Common Errors, by Thomas Young Re-divivus.*

#### THE VANITY OF RICHES.

Money: Mammon worship. Not to make mention of this, one of the most frequent and most fatal of the fudges of life, would be a sad omission. Whatever may be said by romancing historians to the contrary, this certainly is the age of gold. The present is emphatically a money-getting, money-worshipping generation. Like the Israelites of old, we make to ourselves golden calves, and then bow down to and worship them; blindly mistaking the means for the end. At such painstaking are mankind to be self-fudged. One man, for instance, immures himself for life in the counting-house, adding up column after column of figures and stores of wealth, until his very soul dies within him, and he becomes a mere money-making machine—poor in the midst of his riches—quitting work, it may be, at last, only to feel how unfit he is for the rational enjoyment of life; and so lingers along in fretful disquietude, sighing for the miserable spirit-bondage, which was become to him a second nature. Another, after having spent the prime of life in the same vain pursuit in some unhealthy clime, returns with diseased liver, and, worse still, a diseased mind, to his native land, just in time to die, leaving his hard-gotten wealth to some thankless strange relation. The *millionaire*, if he be a mere man of money, is as poor, as much to be pitied, as the merest beggar who in our crowded streets exists from day to day on the chance alms of passers by.—*Illuminated Magazine.*

It is a fair step towards happiness and virtue to delight in the company and conversation of good men, and where these cannot be had, it is better to keep no company at all.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

## ODD FELLOWSHIP.—A DREAM.

## CANTO ONE.

Tired mankind, weary with the toils of day,  
Fell off in slumbers to the night wind's play;  
The poet on his pallet, hard and bare,  
Oppressed with visions of deep woe and care,  
Besought his natal genius for relief  
From worldly sorrow and from heartfelt grief.  
At once the objects of his trouble fled,  
And sweetest minstrels hovered in their stead;  
Their strains of music in his vision rung,  
And he, enraptured, listened while they sung:—

“Who has not seen the fast increasing power—  
The Order's progress since its dawning hour?  
Or viewed without emotion, mixed with pride,  
The Bark *Odd Fellow* skim along the tide;  
Mann'd with the bravest of the country's youth,  
Bound by the ties of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH?  
Prosper the gallant Ship! full many pray,  
As from the kindly shore she bears away,  
Dashing aside in her majestic sweep  
The worse than dangers of the mighty deep,—  
The worldling's subtlety—deceit's foul shoal;—  
Her mission, *Charity*,—*Justice*, her goal.  
Freighted with such, who would not say, God speed  
The noble craft! but let her crew take heed  
Of shoals and breakers,—false and crafty men,—  
Whose deep-laid schemes go far beyond the ken  
Of those whose actions for the Order's good  
Are wise and virtuous—who have withstood  
The flattery of knaves, or fear of those  
Who'd heap upon their victims greater woes;  
So that their own base views were gratified,  
They'd blacken virtue, whether known or tried.

“But to return;—the noble Ship has gone,  
And in their god-like course the crew hold on;  
They haste to spread those principles abroad,  
By good men cherished as a gift from God.  
They reach the land,—'tis evening's twilight hour,—  
A peaceful stillness reigns in every bower,  
The sun throws back his golden rays of red,  
Er e 'neath the western wave his light is hid.  
There's scarce a breeze to shake the tiny leaf,  
Or cool the burning head and give relief;  
The feathery songsters—loath to leave their play—  
Repeat the echoes of their notes of day.  
From glittering ocean, or the river's rush,  
Scarce floats a sound—nor e'en from brake or bush;—  
The God of Nature walks in soothing power,  
In the love-speaking time—sweet twilight hour.  
Villas, and cots, and spires, confront the eye,  
But labour ceased tells night is drawing nigh.  
Night's magic influence presses every head,  
All seem unconscious as the silent dead,  
Save those who sorrow and defy the spell  
Of balmy sleep;—their suffering who can tell.  
For there are few who seek to soothe their woes;

Yes, few indeed, of friends or generous foes.  
They mix unnoticed 'midst the general mass,  
While thousands of the sons of Mammon pass  
And pass again, nor pitying look bestow,  
But onward in their hardened course they go.  
The widow's and the orphan's cause, *for* them,  
Is pled by nobler and more virtuous men,  
Who know and feel the harrow'd thoughts that lie  
Hid in the anguish of the widow's sigh.  
The tinsell'd prouddling's heart is dry and cold,  
All Christian feeling hushed in love of gold;  
He sees the orphan—hears her aching tale—  
Her silent eloquence—oh! can it fail  
To burst the iron confines of the soul?  
No: one small spark emerges from control,  
The opulent's mite at the poor form is hurled,  
And *then* the *act* is published to the world;  
But see, the Odd Fellows their mites give too,—  
Their right hands know not what their left hands do.

“Where is the vessel now, and little band?  
See, they have left, and taken to the land;  
They seek for worth, benev'lence, honour, love,  
All cardinal virtues given from above;  
While in one glorious whole the gems are thrown,  
Reflecting splendor wheresoe'er they're shown.  
Night's beauteous orb, half-blushing, hid her face,  
To their refulgent standard giving place;  
On high they raise it—straight the slumbering land  
Is roused from torpor by their magic wand;  
Crowd upon crowd come hastening forth to view,  
And, as if spell-bound, cluster round the few;  
Wondering what mighty power to them is given,  
That they should thus usurp the stamp of heaven.  
Their banners then the trusty band unfurled,  
And told their mission to the wondering world;  
'Thrice welcome!' was the cry of all around,  
'That which we long have sighed for, now is found;  
Come, live with us, and distant be the day,  
When from our kindly shores you seek to stray;  
Hope's flattering meteor long foretold this hour,  
Despair's dark clouds no more shall o'er us low'r.'  
To them the harbinger of love was brought,  
Dispensing peace amid their chequer'd lot;  
A *temple* planted in their fertile plain,  
Made thousands follow quickly in the train.”

Y.-L.E.

Montreal, March, 1846.

## SENSE AND ART.

PREFER solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting, without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty.—Wit is brushwood, judgment is timber; the first makes the brightest flame, but the latter gives the most lasting heat.

## NATURE.

COLERIDGE delighted in the poetry of mysticism, both religious and philosophical. He says,—“Nature has been the music of gentle and pious minds in all ages; it is the poetry of all human nature, to read it likewise in figurative sense, and to find therein correspondences and symbols of the spiritual world.”

(From the Covenant for February.)

### THE REVISED WORK.

PREVIOUS to the issue of this number of the Covenant it was directed by law that the Revised Work of the Order should go into operation throughout the whole jurisdiction. A new era is thus opened up before the Order. It was our good fortune to be present at the special session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, when the elaborate report of the committee to whom the subject had been referred, was made. With but few and comparatively unimportant amendments it was adopted, after many days of careful and earnest consideration. The high expectations which the reputation of the Committee had excited, were fully realized in the judgment of the Representatives. They have literally dissected the old work, and presented to the Fraternity a piece of finished structure. While the great elements and basis of the edifice have been more securely and firmly and broadly fixed in their deep foundation, the superstructure presents symmetry, consistency, intelligence, order and system. In all its parts has a direct, palpable and beautiful connexion and relation been preserved, opening to the initiate as he advances, a light dim and feeble, when first beheld, like the distant advent of day, breaking, as it advances, into brighter and still brighter beauty, until his vision is greeted with its meridian fullness. We have not the space to enter upon a detailed examination of the work, to exalt it as a literary production, to hold up to the admiration of our brethren, the beauty and sublimity of its illustrations, or to commend the just moral of Odd-Fellowship, which it throughout so eloquently, so forcibly and so inimitably enforces. It is now the work, the only work of the Order; it is already in practice, and we mistake the intelligence of our Brotherhood, if with us, they do not pronounce it the great consummation so long and so devoutly wished for. It pours rays in broad relief the hallowed principles of our beloved Institution, principles which however pure in themselves have not heretofore disclosed their full native beauty, by reason of the ungainly habiliments with which they have been invested. To be appreciated, this work must be examined with care, the connexion which is preserved, from the initiation to the S. D., must be always kept in view, and the peculiar fitness of each lecture to the particular subject discussed, will readily develop itself. In the initiation, the broad and comprehensive platform of Odd-Fellowship is clearly disclosed, and in each succeeding grade of the system is the particular point of instruction appertaining to it, illustrated with clearness, precision and beauty. Indeed we might fearlessly invite its entire exposure to the eye of the world, rather than attempt to seclude its moral, its counsels, and its excellencies within the limits of our own Temples, did any necessity exist for a vindication of its character; but happily for Odd-Fellowship the practical evidences of its mystic teachings act out vividly of themselves, without other aids, a full defence of its intrinsic virtues. Brethren, it must be still borne in mind that with a well revised work, all is not yet complete: the Committee have performed well their duty—the Grand Lodge of the United States has wisely sanctioned it; but still it remains for the Order at large to perform equally well its appropriate office, in giving to the new work its proper value and efficacy. Care should be taken to set it in motion by officers who have made themselves perfectly familiar with it; efforts should be made, especially in the outset, to select competent Brethren to officiate in the ceremony of initiation, and of graduating candidates. To accomplish which, preparatory or informal meetings of the officers of Lodges might be held with profit in order to perfect them in the details and mode of operation of the revised system. Perhaps there is no respect in which greater injustice has been done to our Order, than by the carelessness, and some-

times incompetency, of the officers who conduct its various ceremonies. There are we think but few Brethren who might not qualify themselves, with proper application, for an efficient and intelligent discharge of the active offices of a Lodge, yet we do not know that this is not always the case. Especially then at this time are all admonished of their duty in this particular, as in a very great degree will the proper development of the force and beauty of the new work, depend upon the capacity and fitness of the officers whose duty it will be to perform its ceremonies.

### DEATH OF CHILDHOOD.

THERE is a peculiar sadness in the sorrow which a parent must feel over the remains of a beloved child. It is the sweetest grief, (if we may so speak) which can agitate the human heart. To gaze upon the pure young features—with the impress of innocence beaming in death—the tiny hand, laying placidly still, blanched to an alabaster whiteness, rivalling the snowy hue of the shroud—and its taper fingers—(fingers which had never yet done wrong, any more than the dear little untainted heart, which once fluttered within, had conceived it,) gently curved, and resting in an attitude of *perfect* repose.

Repose—ah, yes!—such repose as many a frail mortal has wished he had slept like a pure bright infant, with life's trials untasted, and death's terrors disarmed; and the beautiful mansions of eternal praise-giving open to the sight! Oh, Reader! have you not often felt the indescribable emotion—the heart-expansion—the mingling of thanksgiving and triumphant joy, with the soul's deep grief for bereavement—as you have gazed on the angel-smile of a little infant, whose soul has been wafted to the bosom of its God? Have you never gazed on the singular beauty and felicity of the Saviour's invitation—“*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not!*”

### THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

THE world must go on in its own way, for all we can say against it; radiant beauty, though it beams over the organisation of a doll, will have its hour of empire; the most torpid heiress will easily get herself married; but the wife, whose sweet nature can kindle worthy delights, is she who brings to her hearth a joyous, ardent and hopeful spirit, and that subtle power whose sources we hardly can trace, but which yet so irradiates a home, that all who come near are filled and inspired by the deep sense of womanly presence. We best learn the unsuspected might of a being like this, when we try the weight of that sadness that hangs like lead upon the room, the gallery, the stairs, where once her foot-step sounded, and now is heard no more. It is not less the energy than the grace and gentleness of this character that works the enchantment. Books can instruct, and books can amuse, and books can exalt and purify; beauty of face and beauty of form will come with bought pictures and statues, and for the government of a household, hired menials will suffice; but fondness and hate, daring hope, lively fear, the lust for glory, and the scorn of base deeds; sweet charity, faithfulness, pride, and, chief over all, the impetuous will, lending might and power to feeling—these are the rib of the man, and from these, deep veiled in the mystery of her very loveliness, his true companion sprang.—*Quarterly Review.*

THOSE things that we reverence for their antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false? time cannot make them true. Were they true? time cannot make them more true.—*John Hales.*

## ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY A LADY.

WHILE studying and admiring the peculiarities and beauties of Odd Fellowship, I have considered it as occupying, among the many good institutions of the day, the same relative position that the moon does among the stars, in the diffusion of light over the earth. But, in comparing it with our holy, Christian fellowship, it is as the moon to the sun, and, like the former, shines with borrowed light. Taking this view of the subject, I must confess, our most holy fellowship is somewhat eclipsed by the increasing glory of Odd Fellowship, and I should not be at all surprised, if the uninstructed should fear that it would be swallowed up; a fate which the ignorant of heathen lands supposed the sun was threatened with during an eclipse. Every Christian, like an astronomer, knows that the light of lights is not put out, and that it cannot be permanently obscured by any lesser objects.

Odd Fellowship, with every other good cause, is performing its revolutions in perfect harmony with the cause of God, and it will not be long ere Christian fellowship will show itself, with all its glory and beauty, transforming the world by its powerful charms, so that we may enjoy the days of heaven upon earth. The time has been when I looked upon Odd Fellowship with a fool's eye; but I have seen my folly, and now pray that it may do all it can towards making men better and happier. And seeing I am not an Odd Fellow, I beg you not to call all this moonshine, and pass it by, unless you think it will dishonor the Odd Fellows, or an Odd Fellow's companion.—*Boston Odd Fellow.*

## PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

WALTER SCOTT, a name conspicuous among the brightest of his day, poured out his inexhaustible mind in fictions, at once so sportive and thrilling, that they have taken their place among the delights of all civilised nations. How many millions have been chained to his pages! How many melancholy spirits has he steeped in forgetfulness of their cares and sorrows! What multitudes, wearied by their day's work, have owed some bright evening hours and balmy sleep to his magical creations! And not only do fictions give pleasure. In proportion as the mind is cultivated, it takes delight in history and biography, in descriptions of nature, in travels, in poetry, and even graver works. Is the labourer then defrauded of pleasure by improvement? There is another class of gratifications to which self-culture introduces the mass of the people. I refer to lectures, discussions, meetings of associations for benevolent and literary purposes, and to other like multiplying among us. A popular address from an enlightened man, who has the tact to reach the minds of the people, is a high gratification, as well as a source of knowledge.—*American.*

## KIND ACTIONS.

How sweet is the remembrance of a kind act! As we rest on our pillows, or rise at night, it gives us delight. We have performed a good deed to a poor man; we have made the widow's heart to rejoice; we have dried the orphan's tears. Sweet, O! how sweet the thought! There is a luxury in remembering the kind act. A storm careers above our heads; all is black as midnight; but the sunshine is in our bosom; the warmth is felt there. The kind act rejoiceth the heart and giveth delight inexpressible. Who will not be kind?—Who will not do good? Who will not visit those who are afflicted in body or mind? To spend an hour among the poor and depressed,

‘Is worth a thousand passed  
In pomp or ease—’tis present to the last.’

## MARRIED BY CHANCE.

THE Count de M — lived in a state of single and independent blessedness. He was yet young, very rich, and was surrounded by everything which could give enjoyment to life—except a wife. He had frequently thought of becoming a husband, but had always declared off before the knot was tied. Once, however, he found himself very nearly committing the folly of matrimony. A young person, the daughter of one of his friends, pleased him—her fortune pleased him, not less, perhaps, than her person and accomplishments, and there were other reasons of convenience, &c., to justify the union. The Count, who had so frequently made the first step towards matrimony, but as frequently drew back, had not yet decided upon the course he should adopt in this case; he had promised the friends of the lady repeatedly, but had made no outward sign of performance. His future mother, however, knowing his weakness in this respect, resolved to bring matters to a termination, and therefore demanded of the Count whether he would, or would not, marry her daughter, and requested an immediate reply. The Count found himself in great embarrassment. At this moment his fears and hesitation returned with more force than ever—he trembled at the consequences. To give up his cherished habits of bachelorhood he found was hard—it was almost impossible to abandon them. In this emergency he resolved to appeal to chance. He wrote two letters—in the one he accepted the hand of the lady, in the other, refused it. He then put them into a hat and called his servant. “Take one of those letters,” said he, “and carry it to the chateau of —.” “Which letter, Sir?” “Which you please.” The servant chose a letter. The Count burnt the other without opening it. A distance of ten leagues separated the two chateaux. The domestic must be absent twenty-four hours: twenty-four hours must elapse before the Count can know his fate. His situation is anything but agreeable—he knows not, during twenty-four hours, whether he is a married man or a single one—whether he has still the power to dispose of himself, or whether he is not already disposed of. The domestic returns—he has carried the letter of acceptance, and M. de M — is, even at this time, the happiest husband in that part of the country.

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

WOMEN are generally more devoted to their friends than men, and display an indefatigable activity in serving them. Whoever has engaged the affections of a woman, is sure to succeed in any enterprise, wherein she assists him: men draw back sooner in such cases. Frequently in my life, have I had occasion to admire in females the most generous zeal on behalf of their friends. Who is not astonished at the courage shown by a woman, when her husband, whose misconduct has, perhaps, a thousand times offended her, is threatened with imminent danger? Who does not know many instances of the most heroic devotedness on the part of the sex? A woman spares no effort to serve her friends. When it is a question of saving her brother, her husband, she penetrates into prisons—she throws herself at the feet of her Sovereign. Such are the women of our day, and such has history represented those of antiquity. Happy, I repeat, is he who has a woman for a friend!—*Gall.*

LOVE is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. FRIENDSHIP is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—*La Fontaine.*

An inward SINCERITY will of course influence the outward deportment; but where the one is wanting, there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other.



## D I R E C T O R Y .

GRAND LODGE OF CANADA,  
MONTREAL.

Wm. Rodden, R. W. G. M.	Joseph Frazer, R. W. G. Con.
Thos. Hardie, R. H. D. G. M.	C. F. Clarke, W. G. Guardian,
W. A. Selden, R. W. G. W.	W. M. B. Hartley, P. G. M.,
R. H. Hamilton, R. W. G. Sec.	Grand Representative.
J. M. Gilbert, R. W. G. Treas.	John R. Healey, for the District
John Holland, R. W. G. Cap.	of Quebec, Dis. Dep. G. M.,
M. H. Seymour, R. W. G. Mar.	S. C. Sewell, D. D. G. Sire.

HOCHELAGA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 1.  
MONTREAL.

H. H. Whitney, C. P.	C. C. S. DeBlieux, J. W.
John O. Brown, H. P.	Wm. Easton, Scribe,
J. Cushing, S. W.	J. A. Perkins, F. Scribe,

John Dyde, Treasurer.

Meet Second and Fourth Thursdays of each Month.

STADACONA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 2.  
QUEBEC.

John H. Hardie, C. P.	Willcox Lecheminant, J. W.
John R. Healey, H. P.	Willis Russel, Scribe,
A. J. Joseph, S. W.	William Holehouse, F. Scribe,

Samuel Wright, Treasurer.

VICTORIA DEGREE LODGE.—NO. 1.  
MONTREAL.

R. H. Hamilton, N. G.	George Fisher, I. G.
Geo. P. Dickson, A. N. G.	R. H. Evans, Secretary,
Joseph Frazer, D. A. N. G.	H. H. Whitney, Treasurer,
Wm. A. Selden, P. G. M.	John McDonnell, Warden,
Thomas Hardie, V. G.	H. E. Montgomerie, Conductor,

PRINCE OF WALES' LODGE.—NO. 1.  
MONTREAL.

William Slack, P. G.	Thomas Mills, O. G.
David Mackay, N. G.	W. Patton, I. G.
R. Cooke, V. G.	James Williamson, R. S. N. G.
H. F. Jackson, Secretary,	T. H. Barry, L. S. N. G.
A. H. Scott, P. Secretary,	W. Scholes, R. S. V. G.
W. Ewan, Treasurer,	H. Horne, L. S. V. G.
D. Mair, Warden,	R. Warren, R. S. S.
A. Wilson, Conductor,	J. H. Hewitt, L. S. S.

Meet every Tuesday Evening, at half-past Seven o'clock.

QUEEN'S LODGE.—NO. 2.  
MONTREAL.

H. H. Whitney, P. G.	Frederick Lane, I. G.
John Irvine, N. G.	C. W. Maçon, R. S. N. G.
C. C. S. DeBlieux, V. G.	James Gibson, L. S. N. G.
W. Easton, Secretary,	John McDonnell, R. S. V. G.
Geo. McIver, P. Secretary,	Dr. David, L. S. V. G.
John O. Brown, Treasurer,	Wm. A. Snaith, R. S. S.
James Scott, Warden,	N. Ryan, L. S. S.
P. G. Chas. F. Clarke, Conductor	Rev. W. A. Adamson, Chaplain.

Meet every Wednesday Evening, at half-past Seven o'clock.

PRINCE ALBERT LODGE.—NO. 3.  
ST. JOHNS.

D. Tilton, P. G.	J. Phillips, R. S. N. G.
T. S. Dixon, N. G.	A. Thompson, L. S. N. G.
C. Wheeler, V. G.	C. S. Pierce, R. S. V. G.
W. A. Osgood, Secretary,	G. Ripley, L. S. V. G.
M. Landell, Treasurer,	C. Bates, R. S. S.
F. Mellows, Warden,	R. Warrington, L. S. S.
W. Leggett, Conductor,	

ALBION LODGE.—NO. 4.  
QUEBEC.

E. L. Montizambert, P. G.	Z. Williams, O. G.
George Hall, N. G.	William Fitch, I. G.
Jas. A. Sewell, M. D., V. G.	J. Hethington, R. S. N. G.
James Maclaren, Secretary,	Wm. J. Newton, L. S. N. G.
William Holehouse, P. Sec'y,	D. A. Ross, R. S. V. G.
P. Sheppard, Treasurer,	David Coyle, L. S. V. G.
William Cole, Warden,	J. Boomer, R. S. S.
P. Sinclair, Conductor,	James Duffett, L. S. S.

COMMERCIAL LODGE.—NO. 5.  
MONTREAL.

R. H. Hamilton, P. G.	John Murray, O. G.
John Dyde, N. G.	A. S. Menzies, I. G.
Christopher Dunkin, V. G.	H. E. Montgomerie, R. S. N. G.
James Moir Ferres, Secretary,	Thomas A. Begly, L. S. N. G.
Samuel Hedge, P. Secretary,	Gilbert Griffin, R. S. V. G.
A. H. Armour, Treasurer,	Grant Powell, L. S. V. G.
S. W. Dyde, Warden,	G. S. Carter, R. S. S.
John Smith, Conductor,	Henry Jarmy, L. S. S.

Rev. Dr. Mathieson, Chaplain.

Meet every Monday Evening, at half-past Seven o'clock.

## VICTORIA LODGE.—NO. 6.

BELLEVILLE.

E. Murney, P. G.	S. Bartlett, Secretary,
A. Judd, N. G.	E. W. Holton, P. Secretary,
N. Jones, V. G.	F. McAnnany Treasurer.

## ORIENTAL LODGE.—NO. 7.

STANSTEAD.

S. S. French, P. G.	J. A. Pierce, I. G.
Joseph C. Chase, N. G.	J. L. Terrill, R. S. N. G.
John W. Baxter, V. G.	S. Steele, L. S. N. G.
D. B. Cobb, Secretary,	M. Carpenter, R. S. V. G.
A. T. Foster, Treasurer,	C. Greenleaf, L. S. V. G.
J. C. Rutherford, Warden,	G. A. Himman, R. S. S.
H. B. Terrill, Conductor,	B. C. Howard, L. S. S.
B. Wyman, O. G.	Joseph Ward, Chaplain.

## SONGS OF THE SENTIMENTS.

It is a remarkable trait in the English character, that a gentleman or lady with a voice, and even without one, can adopt immediately the various feelings under which sentimental songs are supposed to have been written. Thus an individual with a good low G is seized with a desire to bid "Farewell to the Mountain," and he makes the further discovery that it is "too lovely for him;" though he has never particularly considered what amount of loveliness in the way of "sunlighted vales," and other overwhelming beauties of nature, he has hitherto found himself proof against. Every one is supposed to feel what he sings, and when a gentleman therefore strikes up "Oh, give me but my Arab steed," he is supposed to be advertising, through the medium of song, for an animal warranted to go quiet in the "battle-field," and not to shy at the sound of trumpets. If we are to judge by the difference of the sentiment in songs for different voices, high tenors appear to be always desperately in love, baritones extremely ill-used and out of spirits, while basses are wrapped in such a cloud of gloom, that they are on terms of intimacy with King Death, whom they familiarly allude to as "a rare old fellow." Young ladies with little voices want to be butterflies, and the whole musical population of the female sex has for the last year been dreaming it has "dwelt in marble halls,"—a dream that the porter at the Reform Club, as well as hundreds of other porters, may every day of their life see realized.—*Cruikshank's Table Book.*

## BASHFULNESS AND IMPUDENCE.

It is, perhaps, somewhat doubtful which of the two characters is the more desirable, or rather the more to be deprecated—that of a very impudent, or that of a very timid, man. It is indeed certain that mankind look with more favoring eyes on the man of painful modesty, than on him of the staring eye and the brazen face. The demeanor of the former always excites pity, and not unfrequently esteem, whereas the latter is viewed by most men with unmingled disgust. The extreme humility of the former is a tacit compliment to our own superiority, while the unblushing self-possession of the latter, is a continual and avowed assumption of pre-eminence. But in respect to the desirableness of the two qualities, as regards the happiness of the individual, the question is more open to doubt. The diffident man has, on the one hand, more delicacy of sentiment, and, of course, more of the pleasure arising from exquisite perception of the just and the appropriate; but, on the other hand, he creates to himself a thousand distresses, the more excruciating, because they are trifling, and causeless, and utterly fantastic. The impudent man is, indeed, free from all these imaginary evils; but he frequently gains the aversion and palpable ill-will of his acquaintances; and though he remain unabashed in countenance, and unquelled in heart, yet he often meets with tangible harm resulting from the dislike of his fellows.