# ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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## Select Poetry.

### Memory in Music.

It was an ancient melody,
A song of other years;
I heard with joy, yet seemed to feel
Upon my heart in sadness steal
Forgotten smiles and tears.

For when she sang that song to me;
That little mournful lay,
We thought that life would always seem
As beautiful—as bright a dream,
As soothed our hearts that day.

She never sang that song again,—
Her dream of life was o'er;
Yet oft amidst the weary strife
And ceaseless toil of busy life
I hear its tones once more!

It sounds—the little mournful strain—
As then, in other years—
I hear with joy—and yet I feel
Upon my heart in sadness steal
Remembered smiles and tears.

## Choice Miscellany.

### AGNES LEE; OR, THE SHIPWRECKED.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

CHAPTER I.

I like this strange morning, on which I am writing—this sunless, rainless day—the all-gray sky—the phantom wind, stealing over the hills with its ghostly feet; and now and then stopping to blow some fearful, shrieking, clarion blast on its trump of air. I like it, for it comes to me like a memorial. I sit still, holding my breath, with my hand clasped tightly over my eyes, and think of high, fierce tides tramping in upon low lee-shores—of alarm-guns sounding among the breakers at midnight; and the pale moon over head stretching out her arms and fighting fiercely with black, pursuing clouds.

Some one has said there are moments which command our lives—moments looking back upon which we can see where a single half hour might have changed our destinies. Every one's life has such points, that tower pyramid-like above the dead level of the years—and I am going back to one this morning.

You would think me very old, could you see me now. The smooth gray hair is folded back under my quaker cap, like bands of silver, and over my face are drawn deep, furrowed lines, the foot-prints left by lonesome years, in their tireless journeyings. I *am* old, when I count my life by *incidents*, and yet *not* so very old, when I tell it over in *years*.

I do not know how far back I can remember. Sometimes I seem to have dim visions of a fair southern home. Bright flowers are blowing round me; and southern breezes make sweet music; touching with their invisible fingers Eolian harpstrings. Standing there, the soft eyes of beautiful pictures smile on me as the still form of some old marble hunter rises up in solemn state at my side. It is a pleasant country, though I see it very dimly through mists of years, and I am not quite sure, after all, whether it be anything more than a floating island of fancy. It seems little else on mornings such as this. I can go back to it, and bind my brow with its flowers, in the calm pleasant days of midsummer, when I sit in my low chair before my cottage door, and round me the wild birds sing, the summer flowers blossom, and the south wind lifts lovingly my silver hair.

But it is different now; this sobbing, lonely November morning I see not fair and sunny scenes—no southern palaces, or soft-eyed pictures, but back to my heart comes the first deep, vivid memory of my life, stern—crushing—terrible!

It was a strange scene—you may have read of such, but God grant they may never have dawned on your own life, never have made your hair stiffen, or chilled the blood in your veins. I was very small; for I know I had been playing on the deck of a stately ship, and passed round, wax-baby like, from one to another. At last I had been put to bed, in my little hammock, and a being fair as a seraph had bent over me, saying prayers, and ave-maries.

I had been dreaming, I believe, pleasant sunny dreams, when suddenly a quick touch woke me. It was the same fair woman, but now her face was blanched deadly pale. The white women whose work it is to bury the dead drowned at sea could not have looked more ghastly. She said nothing, but gathering me up in her arms, she rushed on deck.

I see it yet very distinctly—that fearful scene. The good ship was plunging like a frightened steed—madly plunging—rushing on toward a low lee-shore upon our left.

There, over rocks, whose white tops shone up clear, and ghastly in the fitful moonlight, the great waves boiled and surged, and then retreated, coming up again to hug those frightful, desolate rocks more madly than before.

The winds howled, and tramped, and shrieked, like so many demons keeping holiday; and onward toward this terrible shore our ship was plunging. The moon overhead shone out sometimes from thick, black clouds, like a phantom-face looking down mockingly upon this war of elements. Anon the vivid lightnings flashed, and the thunder sounded its hoarse, muffled dirge-notes, and in the midst of all, our vessel, like a prancing steed was careering joyously, bounding onward toward death.

There was no boat which could stand for a moment the fury of such a gale. Some of the men launched one, it is true, but it had scarcely cleared the ship when it went to pieces before our eyes, and the poor fellows perished.

No, there was no hope, none—the boldest swimmers were powerless in such a sea, and the grasp of those fiercely battling waves, was no mother's cherishing love-clasp.

I know that fair woman strained me closely to her breast, as she clung with her other arm to a rope overhanging the side of the vessel—I know, with my ear close to her lips, I could catch, amid the storm, sweet, solemn words of prayer—then there was a mighty shock—a sound as when many a cannon peals forth its echo-startling clang of defiance; and after that I know no more.

I seem to have a faint, and yet most terrible vision, of the moon shining down brighter than ever on the white ghastly faces upturned to her gaze, their long locks dripping with the briny waves of the sea subsiding to a dead calm, as if contented with its prey—but beyond that fierce, terrible crash I know nothing.

My next memory is very different. It is of a fisherman's hut on the Cornwall lee-shore—a little, smoky, disagreeable place, where one morning I lifted my head from a couch of sea-weed and looked around me. I saw low, smoke-blackened walls, hung with fishers' nets, seal-skins, and dried herring. A man sat by the drift-wood fire—he had a strange face, in which my riper judgment can hardly tell whether the good or the evil predominated. It wore an expression of hardy, patient endurance. About the mouth were the strong lines of physical power, and the thick shaggy hair shaded a brow, whose solidity and breadth betokened anything but a simpleton.

I fancy I must have loved power and strength even then, for I know my childish spirit seemed to recognize more affinity with him than with his wife, who was by far the kindest looking of the two.

But whatever I thought of them, I am sure I must have had memories of far different scenes, for I well remember that I resented, as an indignity, my having been brought to that humble dwelling.

I was only weak, for I had no sooner completed my survey of the desolate looking apartment, than I was forced to lay my head back upon my seaweed pillow; and it must have been half an hour before I was able to speak. By this time the woman had completed the preparation of breakfast, and approached me with a porringer of warm goat's milk, and coarse bread. But I put it haughtily from me, and rising up in my bed I exclaimed

"I don't want any of your breakfast, if you'll just tell me what I've been brought to this nasty place for."

"I reckon 'twas as kind a thing," growled the man at the fire, "to bring you home here, as to a' left you out o' doors to die, along with that dead woman I found you fastened to, two weeks agone this mornin'."

"Dead," said I, "mamma isn't dead, is she?"

"Well, I guess you won't find any on'em anythin' else but dead, that was out on the lee-shore *that* night. They're all gone barrin' you, and we might as well a'left you to die, if you can't carry a more civil tongue in your head."

"Well, go away, please," said I, more gently to the woman, who still stood by my bed-side. "I can't eat any breakfast this morning."

"Poor little critter," said the woman compassionately; "he like she's lonesome—you ought not to told her, John;" and she turned away. I lay there in a kind of stupor—I was not old enough to realize how strange was the Providence which had preserved only me, a helpless child unable for praise and thankfulness, and I was only sensible as I lay there, still and quiet, with closed eyes, of a deep, desperate feeling of hate and anger, against I knew not what—the sea, the storm, the ship, almost against the very people who had died, and left me thus alone in the world.

CHAPTER II.

Mine was surely a strange childhood. I grew up there, in a fisherman's lonely hut, on the Cornwall lee-shore The fisherman and his wife had no children, and they loved me, and were kind to me in their way. The woman soon found out that my errant, wandering spirit could ill brook confinement, and she ceased her attempts to teach me knitting and net making, and allowed me to wander whither I listed, only exacting that I should bring home at night a certain quantity of sea-moss, which her husband used to carry for sale to the neighboring market town, a distance of some twenty miles.

Perhaps, to one of my temperament, this hardy life was not without its advantages, at least it was singularly free from temptation. No Indian maiden ever led a life freer or more tameless. I used to scale cliffs, from which the boldest hunter would have shrunk back appalled, and, standing on their jagged summits, laugh a defiance to the eagles, and toss back my long black hair, with its sea-weed coronet, a princess in my own right.

Neither the fisherman nor his wife knew how to read, and I grew up in a like ignorance; and yet I was by no means devoid of one kind of education. I could tell where the eagles hatched and the sea-birds hung their nests—where the tallest trees lifted their great arms, praying to the pitiless sky, and where the storm winds lashed the waves to wildest fury.

My keen eye could discern in the distance, each little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and afar off I recognized the coming spirit of a blast that should be strong to strew the sea with wrecks.

One night—I must have been about thirteen years old—I had climbed to the very top of a high cliff, known as the Devil's Tea-kettle. It was a singular place—steep, pointed, jagged rocks, hemmed in a basin, on whose sandy bed white shining pebbles lay bleaching in the sunlight. I had heard terrible tales of this strange chasm. The peasantry said it was the brewing-place of the waters of the stream of death—for never were the waves known to rise high enough to fill the basin, but that some goodly ship went down in sight of land, with all her freight of precious souls.

I had never seen the waves boil in the Devil's Tea-kettle, but I had been told that never had they surged so high, so wild, so mad, as on that fearful night when I was dashed upon the lonely shore and the storm-spirits clasped hands with the winds and shouted forth my mother's requiem.

I think I must have been *born* in a storm, for they were to me familiar faces of dear old friends—I loved them, and on this night of which I speak, when I had climbed to the topmost ledge of these spectral cliffs, I planted there my bold, firm step, and, looking forth to sea, laughed merrily. And yet a landsman would have said it bade fair to be a beautiful night.—The sea was very calm—too calm—for it was the lull before the tempest. The sun was going down into his subterranean palace of clouds, flinging back over the waters the lengthning robe of his glory, and over opposite the moon, like a fair young bride, was climbing up the east, with a star or two for bride's-maids, going forth to be wedded to the night.

Oh, it was a beautiful scene. I have looked on such, in later years, till my heart ached with their quiet beauty. But it ached not then! I clapped my hands as I looked forth over the waters, for there, in the far distance, was a little cloud. It was a pretty thing enough—quite in keeping with the scene—white and soft, and fleecy as an angel's wing. But *I* recognized it—I knew it was no seraph coming nearer—but that, as in their funeral processions at the East, they send far on, in advance, white-robed maidens, scattering flowers, even so now had the advancing spirit of the storm, twin-leagued with darkness and despair, sent forth this peaceful herald before his face. And I knew from its position, and the rate at which it scudded before the wind, that it was to be a fearful storm—no gentle breeze to rock a child's cradle, but a Euroclydon, to lash the deep sea into fury.

Oh, how high my heart swelled as I looked on it, and shouted in my glee, that the Devil's Tea-kettle would boil well to-night. But I think it was not from any native malignity. I loved not death, but excitement. I wanted a wreck, it is true, but then I would have braved death itself to save the lives of its victims. But the sunset glory faded out from the heavens, the moon climbed higher, the white cloud widened, and I sprang down the cliff, and gathering up my basket of sea-moss, walked slowly home.

I did not sleep that night. My little room opened out of the one where I had first found myself, and which was at once sleeping-room, kitchen and parlor, for the fisherman and his wife. About midnight, I heard a sound. It was a single gun—once and again it boomed over the waters. Hurriedly dressing myself, I roused the fisherman from his slumbers, and putting on a cloak and hood, stole unobserved from the dwelling. My feet paused not till I had reached the top ledge of the Devil's Tea-kettle. Merciful Heaven, the waves seethed and boiled there like mad. What a sight! It frightened even me, who had never known fear before, and springing down the rocks, I fled, as if a whole army of fiends were pursuing me.

I hurried along the shore for a few rods, when the light of a lantern flashed full in my face, and I paused. It was John. "You here, child," he said, in a tone which had more of fear than anger. I think he was glad to have some human eyes to gaze on the terrible scene, beside his own. The moon, which had shone out fitfully as I stood beside the Devil's Tea-kettle, was now buried beneath billows of black, surging clouds. It was wild—it was wet—it was pitch dark. Only now and then a vivid flash of lightning would show some fearful picture of black looking ship like shore.

At intervals the signal guns would boom over the waves, like the sullen roar of some wild animal, or some human voice would shriek out wildly, madly, hopelessly for help which came not. Oh, it was a terrible sight to stand there and watch that mighty ship, hurrying helplessly to its death. I looked till my soul grew sick—I could look no longer. I sank down upon the cliff where I was standing, and clasped my hands across my eyes. I did not see the struggles of the great ship, but I heard the sullen, deafening crash when she too struck upon hidden rocks, and went down, helplessly, in sight of land. I heard the crash, and, putting my fingers in my ears, ran inland, till my breath was spent.

And then the early summer morning dawned. We had stood there three hours, though it seemed not many minutes. So long had the good ship struggled with the waves—so long her brave crew died a living death of anguish and suspense. As soon as the earliest dawn-rays commenced to light my path, I turned my footsteps homeward, and at the door of the hut I met John, bearing a senseless figure in his arms.

"This is all that's left of 'em, Agnes," said he, with a sadness unusual to his tone, and entering the house, he laid his half-drowned burden down upon the sea-weed couch. His wife had already opened the windows and lighted the fire, and she hastened to apply vigorously all her stock of simple restoratives. Her care was presently rewarded, by seeing the stranger's eyes unclose, and catching the faint sound of his irregular breathing.

It was several days, however, before he could rise from the couch whose he had been placed. On the morning of the fourth day, he slowly approached the window and sat down. "My friend," said he to the fisherman, "I owe you already more than gold can ever pay you. Will you do more for me still? Can you bring me, from the next post-town, a sheet of paper and some ink, and will you let me be your guest till I receive an answer to the letter which I must write?—When it comes, I shall have gold enough to reward your care, and strength enough to proceed on my journey."

Of course he gained his point, for when did Horace Mann *ever fail* to do so? I watched his course after that for years, and I never knew him to fail to accomplish whatever he undertook. The letter was written, and sent, and during the two months that glided away before its answer came, Horace Mann was my constant companion in all my walks. He wanted a guide and took me, for want of any other, quite careless as to the effects such an association might produce upon my mind. And yet, to do him justice, he was really very good-natured, and when he found out, a week or two after our acquaintance commenced, that I could not read, he set himself to work in earnest to supply the deficiency. I loved my teacher, and my progress was rapid.

I suppose Horace Mann would as soon have thought of winning the fisherman himself to love him, as me, the rough, wild-natured child of his adoption. But I have been told by physiognomical connoisseurs that half the blood in my veins is Spanish, and I, uncultivated child of Thirteen as I was, loved the handsome young Englishman with a wilder devotion than many a grown woman is capable of. Oh, *how* I loved him.

He told me nothing of his personal history, but years afterward I learned that he was rich and noble. I was for a long time unconscious of the nature of my own love, until one afternoon, when we were walking, words of his revealed it to me.

"So they call you Agnes Lee, do they?" he asked pulling me down on a rock beside him, and leisurely drawing my long hair through his fingers. "How in the world came *you* by such a romantic name?"

"I don't know what romantic means, sir," I answered, simply, "but they called me Agnes Lee, because on St. Agnes' night I was cast upon the lee-shore, in a terrible storm, and my mother was drowned, and they hadn't any other name for me."

"Ho! that's it is it. Quite a good account.—You must have been born for telling stories.—Well, I've a mind to amuse myself now, telling you one. Did you ever hear about love? But I know you never did; you, who never saw a handsome man in your life."

"Except you, sir," said I, looking admiringly into his bold, handsome face. His laughing blue eyes twinkled fun, in appreciation of the honestly-given compliment, and he proceeded to give me my first lesson of that love, stronger than life and more terrible than death. As he described its workings, my cheeks flushed crimson, and I *knew* that even so I loved him. At last he grew weary of me, or of his subject, and drawing a book from his pocket, (he procured several of them from the market-town, in order to teach me to read,) he bade me run away for a while to play, and come again when I got tired.

Slowly I sauntered onward, with one remark which he had made sounding in my ears; he had said, "*Love seeks beauty as naturally as the flowers the sunlight!*"

*Was* I beautiful? My whole mind and soul were full of the question. At last I remembered a sunny pool, of clear, fresh water, where I could see myself as in a mirror. I had often looked there to adjust my sea-weed wreaths, but I had never noticed my face, for never, until this afternoon, had the question suggested itself whether I was beautiful. Cautiously I crept to the brink, and many times drawing back in fear, I at length looked in. I unbound my long tresses, and they floated almost to my feet, long, heavy, and black as night. Set in them, as in a frame, a face looked out; a childish, sun-burned face.—There were eyes there—like a sloe's, large, black, and melting, and anon flashing fire. I thought *they* might be beautiful, but I was not sure. As to the features; I was not very well competent to judge. I know now that they were regular enough for a sculptor's model—then I only knew that Horace Mann was handsome—my face was *not* like Horace Mann's, therefore, I thought it must be homely. But I was not satisfied. I stole lingeringly back to my companion, and found *him in turn tired of his book, and ready to amuse* [illegible]

"Why yes, Miss Agnes Lee, since you never in the world did such a thing, I suppose you may."

"Well, sir, am I handsome?"

Horace laughed long and loudly ere he replied.

"Well, you genuine descendant of Eve, you precious little specimen of feminine humanity, where you picked up your vanity, nested here on the lee-shore, like a sea-gull, I don't know; but go and stand there in the sunshine, and I'll answer you. Shake down your long, black hair, all about your, gipsy—there, that's right—now stand still."

I should think I stood still there a minute and a half, waiting for him to make his decision. I really suffered, while his eyes were so bent upon me. At last, his fixed, steady look, was getting to be torture, and it was an inconceivable relief when he spoke.

"Well, Aggie, it took me some time to decide, did'nt it? No, you are not handsome, yet, Aggie. You are brown as a Malay, and there's something almost savage in your fierce black eyes. But your features are good enough—your hair is long and thick, and if it were taken care of, and weren't sun-burned, it might be magnificent; as it is, you're rather homely, but if some people had you, you might be made a very handsome woman."

Strange to say, dearly as I loved him, this reply gave me pleasure instead of pain, though I well knew, had he loved me, he never would have made it. But I don't think I wanted him to love me then. He had said I had the material for a handsome woman, and that was all I wanted to know. My heart beat quicker, with a sense of power. I said that I would make him know I was beautiful, some time—that some other day, I would make his proud heart quicken and with this hope for the future, I was quite content.

One day, soon after, we were walking together over the rough rocks bordering the shore. I remember a sense of life swelled high and exultant in my heart, and I bounded over the steepest ledges, hardly touching them, or paused to balance myself and turn around on their sharpest points.

"Come down here, Agnes Lee," said Horace Mann's voice, at length, and in an instant I was by his side.

"I've been thinking," he remarked, carelessly braiding up some strands of sea-weed, "I've been thinking you would make a capital ballet-dancer." And then he proceeded, in answer to my eager inquiries, to explain to me the nature of theatrical performances in general, and ballet-dancing in particular.

"It's a bad life," he concluded, "and I wouldn't advise you to try it. But, after all, I don't know but you'd be better off there than here. You do very well here now, but what'll become of you when you get old? If you could get to be prima donna, you could make a fortune, if you only kept it. Let me tell you one thing, Agnes, some people think all dancing girls are wicked; but I tell you it is the soul governs the profession, not the profession the soul, and you could be as good and pure on the boards of the Royal Theatre, as in the Hermitage of Lough Derg."

It was but a few days after this last conversation, when the answers to Horace Mann's letters came, and having rewarded the fisherman's care with many a broad piece of shining gold, he bade farewell to the lee-shore of Cornwall. It was a beautiful morning in the early autumn, and I went with him a mile or two on his journey. Oh, how gladly the waves danced, and the sun shone, and I could see his heart was dancing too. As for me, I was not glad, nor yet very sorry, for my whole heart was full of a strong underlying purpose. Pausing at length, he let go my hand.

"There, Agnes, you must go home now," he said, "good-bye my child," and taking a guinea from his pocket, he added, "take that Aggie; its the best thing I've got to give you to remember me by."

"Will you just please to make a round hole in it, and mark an H. on it somewhere?" I pleadingly inquired.

"Well, here's one with a hole in it, that will do—and there," and sitting down, he marked "H. M," in bold, distinct characters. "There, little one, good-bye now," and drawing me to him, he kissed me. It was the first time he had ever kissed me—the first kiss man had ever left on my lips, and it lingered there for weeks, and its memory had power to thrill me for many a year.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### ADDRESS

*Delivered before the North East Lodge, No. 412, I. O. of O. F.*

BY REV. H. W. BEERS.

*Published by Request.*

Man is the central fact in creation: He is invested with the attributes and dignity of pre-eminence and supremacy. The teeming and prolific earth is his estate. Its fruits and products are for his comfort and subsistence. The mountain rears its lofty summit, the valley declines in humble and quiet beauty; the hills undulate in graceful outline, and the plain stretches away in illimitable prospect, for man. The tinkling streamlet, the mountain torrent, the dashing cataract, and the majestic river sparkle, and gush, and flow, for man's refreshment and delight.—The illimitable and unfathomless waves of ocean repose in their rock-ribbed and continent girt cradles, or toss themselves in tempest, or pour their long and angry surges thundering against the calm and quiet shore, that men "may go down to the sea in ships." Springs gush, fountains flow, and lakes spread their crystal depths and glassy surface for man, who slakes his thirst at their brim, or glides upon their bosom.

In there enchantment in the bursting glories of Spring, promise in the maturing prospect of Summer, or pleasure in the ample stores and subdued magnificence of Autumn; these seasons, with their varied and appropriate aspects, and garnature of the beautiful and good, are tributaries to man. The fowls of the air, the beasts of the forest, and the population of the deeps, are subordinate to, and ministers of man. The flower blooms and the forest waves because man appreciates the beauty and inhales the fragrance to the one and has skill to fashion into utility the other. And yet all these are but the gross attendants that swell the retinue about the outer courts of that temple where abides, and deliberates, and acts, that which is richer and rarer—to, and do the bidding of the human soul. In approaching man we approach a mystery; we discover the complex blending of a threefold nature in an agreeing unity. We see an ingeniously contrived and wonderful physical mechanism, a thinking and knowing mind, and a living soul or spirit. Man's physical powers startle us by their variety and vigor; the faculties of his mind and the endowments of his intellect, fill us with admiration and overwhelm us with wonder and awe at their vastness, exhaustless resource, subtle penetration, tireless vigor and imminence scoope and comprehension—while his soul presents us with the ever present, yet never comprehended mystery and beauty of vitality and life.

Not only do we perceive these rare and admirable endowments, but by a benificent arrangement of providence, his nature is clothed with the garments of beautiful affections and graceful sympathies, leading him to seek association with his fellows, and to find his most valued pleasure in sharing it with others; hence we find men gathered together in communities and social groups; hence, as civilization advances the social elements and kindly sympathies invigorate and multiply themself by new forms of combination and activity, one of which is represented and illustrated, on this occasion, by a *Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.*

If, as we believe, providence designed man for this supremacy, and has endowed him with such rare and radient gifts, it certainly behooves him who is the possessor of this valuable inheritance, to inquire what influence will be friendly to its permanence, security and improvement. That the progress of a century has augmented the resources of human usefulness and happiness, will be unmistakably manifest from a comparison of the past with the present. There is likewise little room to doubt that the increased augmentation of man's resources and happiness is reserved for future development. Among the elements that give tone and character to the civilization and intelligence of the present day no reflecting person will fail to place Odd Fellowship. Neither is its place or influence an insignificant one, but for good or for evil, it is destined to be felt in the history of the next hundred years. I propose, therefore, occupying the time allotted me by your committee, in unfolding in a brief manner the principles, aims, and obligations of Odd Fellowship. The past career of Odd-Fellowship on this continent has been a brief one, but at the same time eminently prosperous and brilliant.—If it *was* deemed an *experiment* by its friends or foes, most assuredly it can be considered an experiment no longer. If to a large portion of the public the issue was thought to be doubtful, that doubt has been dissipated, and the institution stands to-day a colossal and firmly established movement, commemorative of the admirable contrivance and practical philantrophy of the 19th century.

But while cheerfully recognizing the benevolence of its aims, its beautiful adaptation, and the fair and substantial fruits of charity borne by it; its friends as well as its opposers should ever bear in mind that Odd-Fellowship does not claim to be, and cannot with propriety be considered distinctively a religious institution; but a moral organisation it most certainly is, as are schools, colleges and civil governments. While its intelligent friends see in its principles and tendencies the development and impress of our *Saviour's* teachings, they at the same time disclaim the idea that it can in any essential particular take the place, arrogate the claims, or perform the functions of the Christian Church. Its existence, though prolific in advantage to our race, does not lessen the necessity, or trench on the province of the Church of Christ.

The Lodge Room is not, by way of eminence, the House of God; neither can the fraternity obey the injunction—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" saying "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." The most that it can aspire to is the place, honors and usefulness of an attendant Minister, acting in subordination to the "angel of the everlasting covenant." But while Odd-Fellowship is not christianity, nor a substitute for it, it is a legitimate product of its influence and teachings—bearing its image and superscription. Its members can not be reckless of the principles and obligations of Christianity without being false to their professions and the principles of the order.

Withdraw the influence and elements of Christ's teachings and example from the fraternity, and you plant within the seeds of dissolution. Its external forms might remain, but the structure would exhibit unmistakable evidence of dilapidation, and the desolate remains of its tall and ample propositions would serve as another monument to commemorate the insane futility of human excellence, divorced from, and independent of the power and spirit of *him* "who is God over all; blessed for ever."

I do not know that I can do better on this occasion than to transfer to these pages some observations used by my me on a former occasion in another place, and since published, illustrative of the cardinal principles of Odd Fellowship as set forth in the familiar emblem of the three links.

Odd Fellowship, though to many of us a new organization, embodies an old "idea" and is designed to meet a widely felt want of humanity. It has its origin in the desire for more intricate and confidential relations, than the ordinary intercourse and obligations of society will authorize.

It seeks to restore within its pale that brotherhood in which God designed the family of man to dwell.

Its principles are, in hostile array against local narrowness, sectarian bigotry, political prejudice, and isolated, individual selfishness.

Cordiality and confidence are not chilled or repressed by suspicion and uncertainty, and the kindly sympathies of our nature go out toward each other in the full assurance of reciprocal kindness and answering sympathy.

Sentiments of benevolence are sedulously inculcated and fostered, while the form and spirit of brotherly love warm the heart into its likeness, and [illegible] and the affections into the widest charity [illegible] humanity.

[illegible] happiest and most genial influences, thus brought into active and systematic play on the hearts and lives of numerous organizations of men, augment the felicity of our race and harmonize with the purposes of heaven, exhibiting local improvement and universal amelioration.

While Odd Fellowship does not believe in the possibility of realizing a modern *utopia*, it does feel that some check can be interposed to this isolated individualizing tendency—this petrifying selfishness that legitimately grows out of the restless activities—the political emulations; the blind avidity; the grasping greed; the polemic contests of commerce, ambition, pleasure, wealth, and sectarianism.

It endeavors by a common bond; by a neutralizing element; by strong ties; by binding obligations to identify the interests; abate the antipathies and awaken the friendship of men.

It would, if possible, take the sacred name of friendship, fast becoming a shadowy dream, and breathe into it vitality, so that it might again become a glowing, living, beautiful reality, rejuvinated into all the kindly graceful and vigorous activities of its dewy morning.

Odd Fellowship knows that,

Bitter experience has too often [illegible] us, painful lesson that,

"Friends will fawn at fortune's dawn,
When the breeze and the tide waft us steadily on:
But if sorrow o'ertakes us each false one forsakes us,
And leaves us to sink or to struggle alone."

It therefore seeks, by its symbolic and other teachings—by recurrence to eminent examples and models of friendship as well as by the voluntary engagements of truth, and honor—to provide against the calamities, misfortunes and adversities of life, by raising honest industry above the humiliations of want and enticements to dishonesty—to inspire self-respect and protect its members from,

"The proud man's contumely and the cold world's scorn."

by the strongest assurances, that so long as they are true to themselves, so long may they confide in the friendship of their brethren.

Associated with *friendship* in this trinity of sacred principles, *Odd Fellowship* reckons *love*.

Whoever possesses and exercises this, is, so far, assimilated to *Deity*, for "God is Love."

The great aim of Revelation is the universal diffusion and exercise of this sentiment as the master spell that is to exercise the Demon of discord and hatred from the breast of humanity.

The teachings of Christ set forth Love, as the infallible antidote to the ills and miseries of man; and that man who has not learned to look on his kind, but more especially his brethren, in their wants and woes with the kindlings of kindred compassion and love, however possessed of the outside wrappings, the skeleton surroundings of Odd Fellowship, is uninformed with its genial spirit and living soul. The chain of virtue with him wants the connecting central link, and is separated into disjointed fragments—friendship and truth are divorced and withdrawn from co-operation and concord—and the virtues may change their ministry of kindness, may become the purveyor of evil.

Let Odd Fellows, as they revere the God who arched the kindly Heavens above us and kindled the light of his love in every star that gems the firmament, never forgot His divine example, nor prove recreant to the central sentiment, which they have justly exalted to the honor and authority of a kingly and controlling principle, that it might be the great light in the heavens of our fraternity—shining in splendor and glowing with fervor—quickning into life—unfolding into flowers of beauty and ripening into nourishing strength, the buds of sympathy, and the fruits of benevolence and charity. I