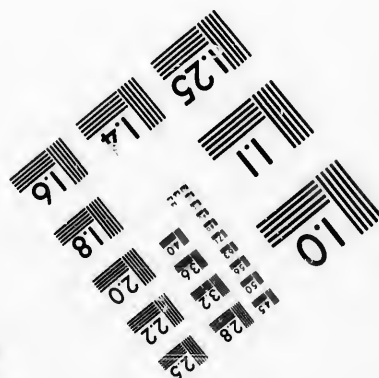
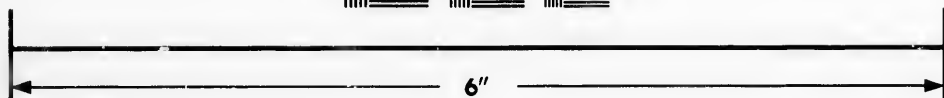
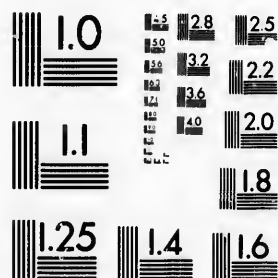


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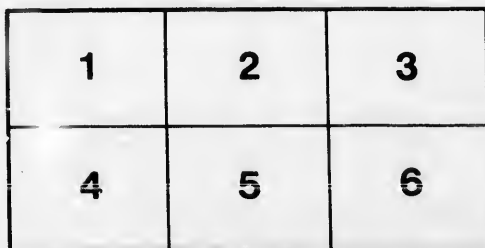
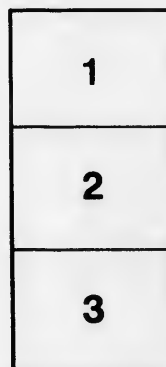
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THE PRINCIPLES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP:

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS,

AT MONTREAL,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, 20th NOVEMBER, 1844.

~~~~~  
BY

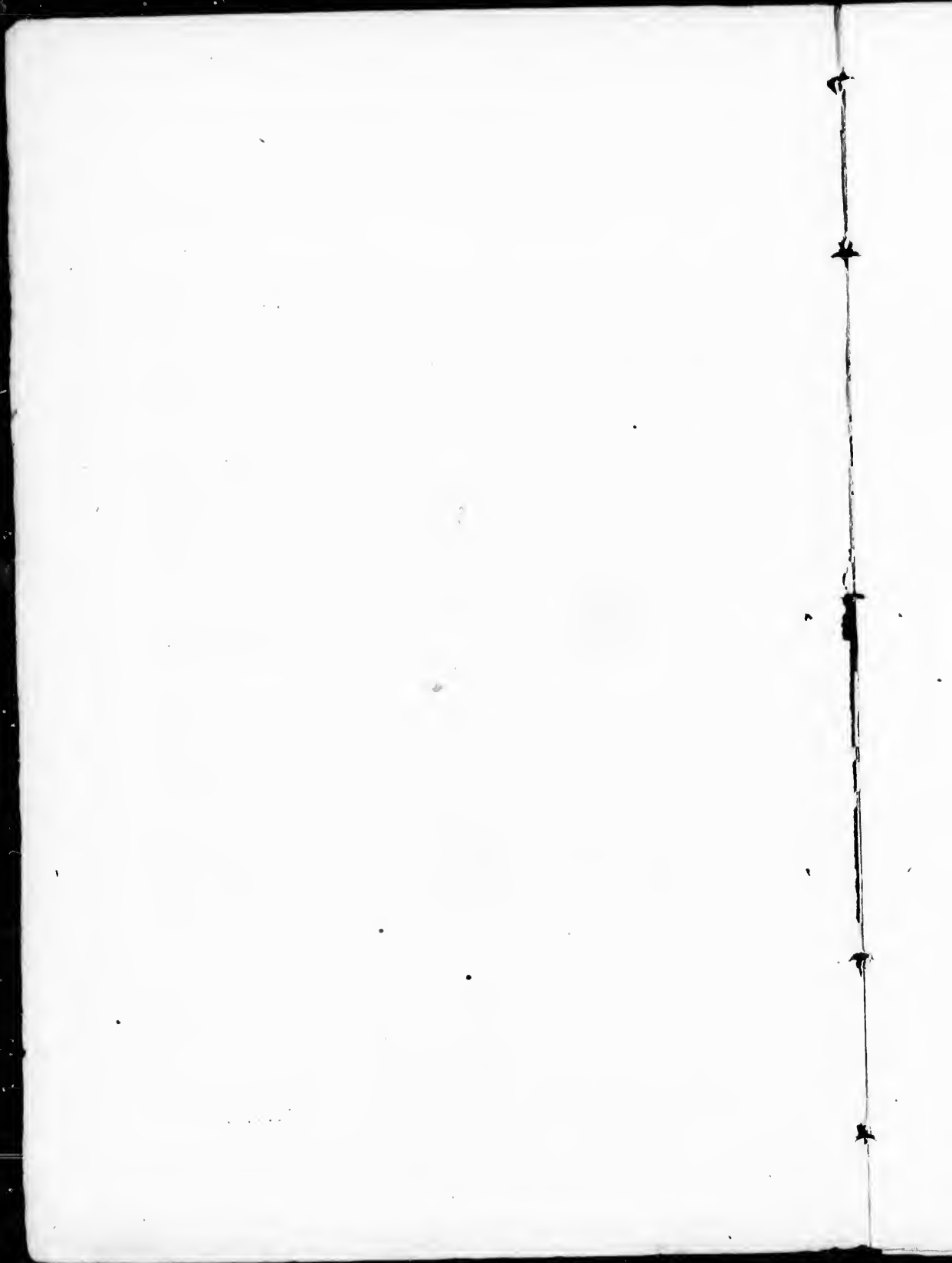
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MONTREAL:

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1845.



## THE PRINCIPLES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

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WE live in an age full of interesting events ; an age in which the restless spirit of man is engaged in seeking his own comfort and advancement, and in promoting the welfare of a wide-spread humanity.

No obstacle appears too great for this spirit to surmount ; no labor too severe for man's enterprising energies, while he cherishes the fond hope of a triumph at the last.

He is constantly adopting plans by which to achieve new victories—gleaning wisdom from the vast sources that are opened before him, in nature, philosophy, and experience—exploding false theories—reviving old truths, associating them with later developments, and reducing all truth to the infallible test of practice.

The energies of men are all aroused ; they grapple with the forked *lightnings of heaven*, and bring down the red thunderbolt harmlessly from the clouds ;—they arrest the ascending vapour in its upward course, and convert it into a power that enables man to laugh at distance, and achieve a mighty victory over the obstacles that space had interposed to the intercourse of man with his fellow-man.

They traverse the rivers and great waters as a bird on rapid wing ; and not yet satisfied—man stretches his arm from the Atlantic coast over the vast plains and fertile valleys—he forms passes in the rock-ribb'd hills, whose tops pierce the clouds of heaven, and unites a vast country in iron bands, so that in a short day he can view the whole with the same ease that the citizen in his "old arm chair" can inspect the plauts, and flowers, and fruits of his own quiet garden.

He enters the political arena, and contends with all the powers of his mighty mind for the reformation of antiquated abuses—the establishment of just and reasonable laws upon correct *principle*. They unite in parties and bands, thus combining the wisdom and strength of the many, in the hope thereby to succeed.

They associate in churches, societies, and fraternities, for the ostensible object of promoting a knowledge and practice of what they deem the right, and true, and useful.

In many of these we behold an increasing benevolent spirit :—we see the deep affections of the soul rise up and go out to claim its relation to a kindred humanity ;—it views a fellow, however low and

ignorant, as capable of improvement;—it sees in him powers and faculties fitted for progression. Our Saviour himself has given the high authority of his sanction to the doctrine of progress, in so far as the kingdom of nature is concerned, in the figure of the fruit of the earth, “first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear.” And in the moral world man sees a similar arrangement, and feels that man is capable of going on to higher degrees of perfection. Plans are laid, schemes adopted, and unions effected, to carry on more successfully the great work of mental and moral culture, thereby to promote the temporal, moral, and social condition of humanity. Many are the associations that claim to have this for their object.

But, among the most favored and most successful of all institutions of human origin, exerting a salutary influence over the physical, social, and moral condition of man, I place that of the “Independent Order of Odd Fellows.” I mention this Order at this time, because it is appropriate that I should do so. It is at the call of those who worship around its altars that this assembly is here, and through their respectful invitation that I am permitted to speak on its behalf.

I have to speak briefly of the early days of the Order—its progress and condition,—to lay before you its principles, and claim for them your sanction,—to defend it from false accusers, and urge my Brethren of the Order, to a practical exemplification of the charitable and moral principles they profess.

I shall speak of these things, because I presume there are some present who have not yet learned what are the principles and objects of the Order, and because as Odd Fellows, we delight to dwell upon them, and bring home to our own hearts the convictions of truth, and the duty we owe to God, our neighbour, and ourselves.

I am aware that some may desire me to trace the history of our Order, link by link, back to the time when it first obtained a local “habitation and a name.” They would claim for it reverence and respect, on account of its antiquity; but let them judge it by what it is, and we are satisfied.

Mankind are disposed to go to the past; they desire to revel amid the recollections of its difficulties and dangers, especially when it is identified with personal interests.

They delight to stand beside the deep bright fountains of antiquity, that send their sparkling waters toward the skies, until the mind is imbued with the beautiful colors of the intellectual bow they form in the firmament of the memory.

The poet and historian delight to wander amid the bright spots of other days, and as distance lends enchantment to the scene, decipher the records of the past, and collate the history of nations which have figured in the splendid drama of earthly empire; yet, like Maurius amid the ruins of Carthage, they find themselves surrounded by broken arches, shivered shrines, and tottering columns, obliterating by the gloom of their desolation, the landmarks that guide the Chronicler, as he records their birth, their existence, or the expiration of their greatness and glory.



The country of the Ptolemies—the land of Tully and Leonidas—of Parnassus and Ida—the hill-crowned mistress of the Old World, all have their origin involved in mystery, and surrounded by fables too difficult to be deciphered by the men of later ages.

Even what has been rescued from the destroying hand of time, is strangely mingled with light and shade, beauty and deformity, which, resting their shadows on the almost obliterated ruins that monument their lost glory, tell the vanity of human ambition—the folly of human pride; and like the spirit of the past, in silence more expressive than words, proclaim,

“This is earth’s history.”

God has inscribed upon their desolation, “Righteousness alone exalteth a nation; sin is a reproach to any people.”

Yet, with all this uncertainty, with all its record of crime and blood, there is a fascination thrown around the history of other years: the very excess of their wickedness presents a terrible sublimity; as when we see the gorgeous temple shivered by the thunderbolt, or a village buried beneath the rush of a mighty avalanche, the earth trembling as it passes, and the everlasting hills bowing at its presence.

If, from such scenes and circumstances the soul catches inspiration, and weaves the brightest chaplets that decorate the altars of song, we may demand a more intellectual note, when we turn from ruins which tell us that the ancients *had hands*, to those brighter evidences which exist to tell us that they had minds to think, and hearts to act and feel, in the cause of suffering humanity.

If it be the duty of the historian to chronicle the rise and fall of empires, surely splendid social virtues, acts of pure and lively benevolence, should not be entombed without a sigh, and suffered ignobly to rest without an epitaph. Were it so, humanity might well weep as the record of her champions is obliterated, and the spirit of immortality cast a lingering look behind, when aroused from their graves. The impartial pen of history, guided by the hand of destiny, repudiates such acts, and claims as its province the pleasing task of recording the rise of communities as well as nations—the uprising of philanthropy and virtue, alike with the war-founded throne of power, or the creation of a new dynasty. We invoke her assistance in filling up the brief chronicles of Odd Fellowship—to tell of battles fought, and victories won—the battles bloodless, and the victories, the triumphs of the indomitable and enduring spirit of benevolence and truth.

“The weapons of our warfare are not carnal,” and the garlanded trophies that decorate our altars, are gemmed with the widow’s tear of joy, that has hailed us as victors.

The best history of our Order does not assure us of the time of its organization. We find faint traces of its existence many centuries ago; for then the principle of covenanting which we adhere to, was

fostered in the most positive manner. A covenant was considered one of the strongest ties that could be made.

God says unto Noah—"And I will establish my *covenant* with thee. I do set my *bow* in the clouds, and it shall be a *token* of a *covenant* between me and thee—and the *bow* shall be in the cloud: and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting *covenant* between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." And thus it has continued since the days of Noah. Fraternities have been formed, men have bound themselves in a covenant sanctioned by the example of the Almighty, for the mutual benefit of those concerned; and although isolated individuals were weak in the performance of noble deeds, united in a bond or covenant they were strong. It is so with Odd Fellows now.

It is said that our Order assumed a prominent feature after the Order of the Israelites in the Roman camp, during the reign of the Emperor Nero, and at that time they were called "fellow-citizens," that the name Odd Fellow was given to the Order by Titus Cæsar, in the year of our Lord 79. The reason assigned why he gave them this name was, they could recognize each other when they met, as well by night as by day. It is also said that near that time they made their appearance in North Wales, as an invasion was made by one of Cæsar's generals (Agricola,) on North Wales, and shortly after on the island of Anglesea—that it entered Spain in the fifth century, where its importance was peculiarly manifest, in the protection of the widows and children of the soldiery. It entered Portugal in the 6th century, France in the 12th century, and soon was taken to London by Jean de Neville, and five knights from France. They established the Loyal Grand Lodge of Honour. They continued progressing until the 18th century, under the reign of George the III., when a new Union was formed by many members, the old still maintaining its identity, calling themselves "Loyal Ancient Independent Odd Fellows." The present organization of Independent Order of Odd Fellows is of more recent date, being improved and reformed at Manchester, England, not far from 1809; since which time it has gone abroad in the earth, and improved in its customs and forms as the spirit of the age, and its own inherent principles demanded. There are others who give to the Society a "local habitation and a name" in forests of the northern tribes, before whose iron valor the lofty towers of earth's imperial mistress were prostrated, and her eagles rendered powerless. But of this last statement, and many of the preceding, we have very little evidence. We presume that similar Societies existed among the ancients referred to. There were Odd Fellows, however, in England, previous to the organization of the Manchester Unity, in 1809. The formation of that Union gave to Odd Fellowship a stand among the benevolent institutions of the kingdom. Its character from a mere social club, was changed in part to a system of charity and benevolence. After all, it will be acknowledged that antiquity is of little importance if the *principles* and *influences* are good and true. We love the Order,

although it were but of yesterday. From England, where now enthroned in Royal State, rules a most gracious Queen, with a heart deeply imbued with the benevolent principles Odd Fellowship inculcates, gaining the hearts of her subjects, and by the gentle influences of her own generous disposition and charitable mind, bringing them up to the nobility of that charity which thinketh no evil, and that benevolence which is wide searching and powerful as the wants of humanity. From that old England from whence came our *Fathers* and our *Mothers*, our *religion*, our *laws*, our *letters* and *customs*. From there Odd Fellowship wended her way westward, and found a resting place for her foot in Baltimore in the year 1818. And though the scion grew and flourished there, the Parent stock of *principle* was not diminished.

Freely the Order in England gave, and behold now!—like bread cast upon the waters it returneth after days and years to bless the subjects of the same Government, whose sons scattered the seed broad-cast; and we look for that proud era in our Order, when all branches thereof shall fully conform to its requisitions, banish the hurtful customs, by some allowed, and like the majestic rivers which flow on, and mingle in the great sea, when all branches of Odd Fellows shall mingle together as *one*, worship at one altar, and speak one peculiar language understood by all!

Odd Fellowship was first planted on the Western Hemisphere by Brethren from England. The *Father* and *Founder* of Odd Fellowship in the new world, was the Respected Past Grand Sire Thomas Wildey, who had been admitted a member in his native land. Singly and alone, he for years cherished a love for his *Social Alma Mater*! He was not satisfied to be an Odd Fellow thus isolated, and after the manner a dusky old Bachelor calls himself one. He, therefore, thought to hail brethren of the Mystic Tie. And he succeeded in a city numbering 100,000 souls in finding four Brothers, who like himself had bowed at the Altar of Odd Fellowship in their far off home! They were noble and generous spirits—they were filled with that soul-stirring benevolence which animates the heart of a "fine Old English Gentleman." They saw the great necessity of the spread of the principles in the wants of the people.

There was destitution unrelieved—want that cried from door to door. Poverty that stalked forth from the alleys and bye-ways—and its voice was heard from the market-place and the highway. They saw the widow—lone and forlorn—with no human comforter and no bread. The orphan, in abject poverty and vice, uneducated and uncared for.

The man of toil, when the strong arm was nerveless, and sickness shook the frame, was left to the entire care of the slender wife, and the family to her feeble exertions, or the cold charity of a world.

The traveller, far off from home, if sick, deserted, and if dead hastily deposited in the cold earth, and no friend to shed a tear of sympathy. They saw that men were divided in feeling, alienated by party prejudices, and sectarian animosities; and in all this they

saw the necessity of an Institution where they could meet as Brothers, where at *the door* of entrance they should lay down all sect and party, and enter as into a safe retreat from temptation, pollution and schism.

In fine, of an Odd Fellow's Lodge, where the voice that declares the Lodge open, hushes in silence all contention the unruly elements, as the voice of Him who said to the winds and waves—"peace, be still"—and it was so! Brother Wildey repaired to England, obtained a Charter from the Duke of York Lodge, Preston, and returned with the prayers and benedictions of the Brethren in England. The Grand Lodge of Maryland was organized in April 1819. And here we date the rise of the Order in North America. I have not time to trace it from that day to this, a general statement will suffice. There is now one General Grand Lodge, twenty-seven State and Provincial, and about 50,000 members, all engaged in the promotion of Friendship, and the social relations.

The present condition of the Order furnishes cause for rejoicing to every generous bosom. When a few years since it was like Elijah's cloud, smaller than a man's hand, like the point around which collect the storm forces for elemental warfare; it has expanded until the western hemisphere is redolent with the freshness of its showers.

We have laid our principles and our regulations before the public, the general enquiry has been answered, and that public almost universally approves of Odd Fellowship, and bids it God speed in its glorious career. Wherever we turn our eye on this vast continent, we see it looming up before us like a rock—a strong tower—a recitifier of morals—a promoter of charity and good will—a refuge to the stranger, and the distressed of every land and name.

We regard Odd Fellowship as an institution that has a powerful influence in the culture of the intellect and the affections, thereby ameliorating the moral condition, while it extends support and relief to the animal wants. The teacher of a benevolence—broad as humanity, and deep as its wants—it has its altars erected to the sternest morals, and binds its votaries to their observance and practice by cords of love and social feeling; it unites men together as Brethren, and identifies the interest of each with the happiness of the whole.

It is a beneficial Institution.

Every member on his initiation pays a small but stated sum as an admission fee, and pays a weekly tax of a few pennies while he is a member. It is thus that our funds are raised.

If a Brother is from accident or sickness unable to follow his usual avocation, the Lodge pays him a specified sum per week. This sum is regulated by each Lodge, and is generally from three to six dollars. This amount is not paid or received as charity: it is every Brother's right, and paid to every one when sick, whether he be high or low, rich or poor. Thus the idea of a cold charity is removed; and the poor in purse, yet of proud manly spirit, will receive and apply it to satisfy the wants of his family, when he would reject the mite presented as a charity offering, and suffer in want.

The presiding officer directs Brethren to watch at the bed-side of the sick, and minister to his consolation and comfort.

And then again, death is abroad in the world; he cuts down the young and the strong, and lays the glory of earth's most exalted sons in the dust. Of this we are all assured. We go among the tombs and weep over the dust of the departed, and muse upon the gloom of that vast charnel house of death, where lie the rouldering ashes of the thronging multitude who have lived from Adam to the present time; and when we remember that the brawny arm of the *mail-clad warrior*, and the feeble limb of the tender infant, are alike nerveless and weak in the battle of death,—that when a few more years at most are gone, *all, all* that now live and breathe will be *there*, then it is that the truth comes home to our minds, that here we have no abiding city. From the beginning death has been in the world. He wages a powerful *warfare* upon the children of men; and there is no discharge from that war—we must meet him at last. Sooner or later the rough lineaments of his grim visage will stare us in the face. This the world has seen; and from the moment the Divine sentence went forth, “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return,” the conflict has been going on. Death has conquered. Our fathers—where are they? Alas! they fell before the power of the destroyer, and their proud names are upon the list of the prisoners of death. And still the battle rages. Our fellows fall around us like forest leaves in autumn; and we know right well that when a few more years have passed, our heads will be laid low in the dust, the funeral knell of all that now live shall be sounded, and another generation shall follow to die as we have died.

If a Brother dies, the members of our Order—when allowed so to do—attend his funeral, and inter him with proper honors, leaving the tear of sorrow at his loss, to moisten the earth that hides him from their sight.

The bereaved widow (if one he leaves) is paid a sum monthly, to enable her to live in circumstances becoming her previous condition.

If orphans are left, they, too, are provided for. They are clothed and fed, and educated; and the Lodge, as a tender father, rears them up as its own, and employs every available means to make them useful and respected members of society.

Thus it is that our funds are disposed of.

The Odd Fellow knows that by some reverse of fortune he may be deprived of his earthly treasure; he looks upon his wife and his little ones, dear to him as the apple of his eye; he sees his own image reflected in his darling boy, and remembers that his own blood frolics in his veins, and the thought comes home—“I may be taken, and leave these dear ones alone—no, not alone, for I have laid up my pennies, a small sum, and other Brethren have laid up more, and we have bound ourselves to cherish and protect the widow and the orphan. The Lodge shall be a comforter of her I leave, and a father to my children, when these arms are powerless and this voice is hushed in death. Then shall my Brethren manifest that spirit which

long since spake in notes such as angels use—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

I tell you, friends, that this conviction has been joyous to many an Odd Fellow, as he looked for the last time on his little family circle, and bid them a long adieu. I tell you that many a fond mother in the loneliness of widowhood, around whom and her helpless babes, the shield of the Order has been thrown, has blessed the day that he who received her in her youth and beauty, and swore upon the altar of God to love and protect her while he lived, I say she has thanked God that he was an Odd Fellow.

She knows, too, that if she should follow him, Odd Fellowship will save her children from the threatening storm—guide them in the way of truth and wisdom, and thus lay the foundation for their respectability and usefulness in after life. I know of one Grand Lodge, which now has under its care more than 200 orphan children, who are fed, clothed, and educated from the funds, and no Brother feels the poorer for it. I saw them in carriages as they composed part of a long procession in the city of Baltimore, and the sight was sufficient to cause the tear of joy to flow from the eyes of a crowd as they passed. Ah! said some, "here is a convincing argument in favor of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Those children, fatherless, and penniless, saved from temptation, penury, and want, snatched perhaps from the very jaws of destruction, and trained to virtue and usefulness." The argument is sufficient wherever it is known; and Odd Fellowship is approved by the wise and good.

I have now told you how we dispose of our funds. We do not squander them in convivial parties at the festive board; we allow no part or tittle of them to be expended to furnish the Lodge with indulgencies such as bacchanalians use, but we cause them to go out in such channels as you all approve, and more than \$70,000 have been thus sent out to relieve and support during the past year.

Our funds are given for specific objects; and they are sacred to those objects.

And here I may be asked, why may not your charities be applied for the relief of all the community? Why confine them to the Fraternity? Our charities, I do most religiously believe, are as universal as those of other people; but our benefits to the Brethren and their families are not charities, they are dues, and to be paid from our Lodge funds. But we should not be required to give those funds to every body. By observing the rules of life prescribed by Odd Fellowship, we shall be honest, frugal, temperate, and industrious, and thereby be most likely to secure enough to enable us to be as charitable as others, aside from our dues to the Lodge. And if I mistake not, Odd Fellows are generally as charitable and public spirited as any members of the community, and give as much for relief to every object of charity as their neighbours do, and that from their own private funds.

We associate for mutual benefit, we reserve our funds for those who have aided to fill the Lodge's coffers, and we must be enabled to

recognise such when they come from a distance, and for this reason we enjoin our secret, that only Odd Fellows may be enabled to obtain from that fund; We make known our principles, we invite those of good moral character to unite with us, and we beg you allow us to have enough of secrecy to save us from imposition. But Odd Fellowship has a moral as well as a beneficial power. The lessons it inculcates lead men to the practice of all good deeds. While it teaches brotherly love, relief, and truth, it enforces that charity which "covereth a multitude of sins," which is the "bond of perfectness"—the cement of human existence—the chain that binds heart to heart, and whose influence affects the great whole; gladdens the heart of angels and of men, and lights up the realms of glory with unclouded effulgence. Odd Fellowship has been rightly esteemed for its charity to the poor and distressed; but I tell you that the *principle* has a moral power. Our work is not well done until we exercise the reforming power of benevolence or charity in connection with its power to relieve.

There is joy in the consciousness that we have given relief to the needy, the sorrow-stricken, and the fatherless.

"He who hath soothed the widow's wo,  
Or wiped the orphan's tear, doth know  
There's something here of heaven!"

Our charity or benevolence consists not alone in giving alms: it has a power to improve the moral as well as to support the animal nature; it involves the doing all we can for our fellow-beings. Under its influence we endeavour to protect the good name of our Fellow—to bear with his failings—to reach out the hand and lead him from his sin, and to rejoice with him when he emerges from the murky pit of iniquity, and puts on the robe of virtue. We are not to have the spirit of the boasting Pharisee when we see a Brother of the Order, or any child of humanity, falter and fall, and wish to sink him lower in crime and misery. We are not, then, to fold our robes about us and say, stand by, "*I am holier than thou,*" but to cherish that heaven-born spirit, which cried—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." We watch over our Brethren, not for their halting that they may stumble, but that we may warn them of sin, the great foe to man's happiness, and encourage them to live in accordance with our declared principles. And while we obey the injunctions of Odd Fellowship, we not only improve ourselves—we exert an influence over others; and that influence will, ere long, we trust, operate upon all with whom we associate.

Our rules require us to be dutiful subjects of the Government under which we live,—to obey its laws: and any kingdom or nation desirous of having its laws respected, of having good subjects and good citizens, may be truly thankful to have Odd Fellowship prevail and exert its salutary influence there. We allow no political or immoral sentiment to be "held or uttered" in Lodge—is a truth "which nobody can deny." Brethren of different parties in politics—different sects in religion, assemble around our altars as brethren of

one common Father—God, and find a safe retreat from the contentions—the jars and strifes of the outer world. I have often met Brothers in Lodge after the strife and confusion of a political day; a day in which a beholder would suppose every man's hand was against his neighbour—when parties were in open hostility to each other, and apparently ready to devour,—I say I have met them of all parties in Lodge on the evening of that day—their hostility and strife banished, and the warm and gentle greeting of Brothers was hearty and sincere.

Tell us not that ours is a political society, formed for the political advancement of its members. It is not so. We deny any such charge; and if you are not satisfied with that, then go out and examine the political views of our Fraternity. You will find that we are not all agreed in politics, but you may be assured that as Odd Fellows we require no political test, savouring more of party than this—that we will be true to our Government, obedient to its laws, and moral citizens.

In the religious world, too, sects and parties are formed, and the contention is often bitter and severe. But around our altars no such feelings are indulged. All who “believe in God, the Creator of all things,—*the Father*,—and acknowledge and honour him as God,”—while they would live to God and for humanity, of whatever kindred or tongue, may become votaries at the altar of Odd Fellowship.

Thus do we cherish a spirit of broad benevolence—of brotherly kindness, and thus we link ourselves together by a principle of “*Friendship*,” that is more than a name; by *Love*, which emanating from heaven is pure and lasting; and a *Truth*, which, engraven upon our hearts, shall regulate our lives, and secure for us the approbation of the Supreme Majesty!

I will briefly advert to the benefit of our Order in another point of view. Beside its power to relieve and support—beside its influence in a moral, social, and human sense, it has yet a protective influence. The traveller abroad finds friends; if destitute or sick—brothers; and more than once has the entire stranger on a bed of sickness—away from family and home—by a peculiar token, secured the attention, the sympathy and support of a host of brothers. The steamer *Savannah* was lost on a southern coast. The crew escaped with the loss of clothing and every thing else: they reached a Christian city, and were provided with clothes, and food, and lodging, and awaited an opportunity to return home. The city was invited to contribute to their relief, and something was done. Odd Fellows aided in the benevolent work. But one there was who made himself known as an Odd Fellow. He was well clothed and provided for, and furnished with funds to return to his family; aye, and with sufficient to provide for that family till he could gain employment. Thus might I go on speaking of the beneficial results of Odd Fellowship. But I weary the patience of my auditors.

There are in all North America able advocates pleading for the principles of Odd Fellowship. The clergy and laity of *almost every*



denomination professing the Christian religion, are engaged in prospering an institution which they believe the handmaid of our holy religion; aye, there are advocates that plead with heaven-born eloquence, and they plead not only with men to be faithful to Odd Fellowship, but with God to bless and prosper it: they are the sick, the distressed, the widows, and the fatherless children, who have shared our kindness. These are the advocates that will be heard—they will, and do, all over our land, commend our Institution to the generous, the humane; and their prayer will enter heaven and bring blessings upon us, for it is the prayer of the heart.

To the Ladies who have honoured us with their attendance, I tender the thanks of the Fraternity.

Though not called to all the duties Odd Fellows perform in Lodge, you cherish those principles which we inculcate, and you delight to see them spreading and operating in the hearts of the sterner sex. We do not close our Lodge doors against your sex, because we distrust your faithfulness or your truth; but we do so because we wish to cultivate our moral natures, and arise to the standard of your own. It is not seemly for females to engage in strife on the battle field, when war's clarion is sounded and the thundering cannon shake creation,—nor that they enter the priesthood, nor engage in those avocations, which are for the strong arm and haughty spirit of man.

We have need of mental and moral culture to fit us the better for protectors and companions of the gentler sex, and we believe they will approbate our exertions when we attempt to approximate to their dignity, virtue, and moral worth. I believe the Ladies now present will encourage the members of the Order here; and as time rolls on, and it becomes formidable, on the return of its anniversary each year, beauty's smile shall assure Odd Fellows that they have the approval of WOMAN. Your sanction shall aid and encourage the Brethren in the inculcation of the principles which form a great part of your very nature, and your approval shall cause them to go on to greater triumphs over all that would debase, and maintain such character as God will own and bless.

Our Lodge allows of nothing obnoxious to pure religion and sublime morality; and our secrecy will be approved of when we inform you, that it is only a means whereby we distinguish a Brother from others, and that this is necessary for the preservation and perpetuity of our Order.

Many a fond wife has found reason to bless our Institution, and many sisters and maidens have seen that their fathers and husbands, and brothers and lovers, have been improved in heart and life by their association with an Odd Fellow's Lodge. Many have reformed in their habits, and many have been saved from temptation's power and made fit companions for her, in whose tongue is the law of kindness, and whose smile renders life a blessing. Ladies residing where the Order is fully known, although not of the Order, are for the Order; and while they are for it, Odd Fellows *shall never fail*.

My Brethren, but a short time has elapsed since you first planted a Lodge in your favored Province. You now number THREE Lodges, and some hundreds of members. You have also a Grand Lodge organized: henceforth it has the entire jurisdiction in all Canada. I congratulate you on the success that has crowned your efforts. I rejoice with you at your prosperity. With such members—cherishing such holy principles, Odd Fellowship will prove a blessing to your community—to your country. You will maintain the purity of the Institution, and hand it down unsullied to generations to come.

Do not think the duties all devolve upon your officers. Let each one feel that on his conduct the fair fabric rests; and then will Odd Fellowship not suffer in the house of its professed votaries. You have already attained a high distinction. Guard your Lodges and yourselves, for be assured that the fall of the Order—if fall it should—would be great.

It is said of Napoleon, that previous to the battle of the Pyramids, he said to his soldiers—"Forty centuries are looking down upon you from the tops of the Pyramids." He thereby designed to excite a spirit of martial glory in the minds of those whose trade was blood—whose hosannals were the groans of the orphan and widow—whose trophies were cities sacked and virgins violated.

Could he thought that the spirits of the illustrious dead were gazing upon them—that by-gone centuries were bending their dusky forms over those time-marked monuments of art, kindle a glow of martial glory in *their* bosoms;—What must be *your* emotions, when *we* reflect that unborn generations, children of want and penury, will look up to us for deliverance, and support, and blessings?

Let the French warrior in his panoply of mail, boast of "thrones as toys, and crowns as play-things." His power was taken, and he has gone; but the ambition that inspires, and the results of your labors, shall transcend *even his proud boast*, and gather a wreath for your brow, compared with which—

"The laurels that a Cæsar won were weeds."

Go on, then, my Brethren, strong in the indestructible principles of Odd Fellowship, and you shall infuse the spirit of our Institution all abroad,—you shall have the co-operation of brethren good and true from all quarters of the globe, and you shall see the benign influences spreading, altars rising, and you shall know that our *principles* prevail in the east; that they are spreading from the rock-bound coast of the Atlantic, all over the plains and valleys, and hills of this northern country, flowing like the waters of some long pent-up river when loosed in their might, away to

"The continuous woods,  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashing."

Cherish and guard well *the principle!* Forms may change, but the principle is eternal; and wherever the flag that floats on the

proud St. Lawrence is unfurled, may you be known as Odd Fellows—faithful and true.

Then shall the influence you exert be most salutary; then shall you rear monuments of pure benevolence which shall be more lasting than the age-defying Pyramids; and when the haughty pillars and cloud-capt towers reared by hands shall fall into ruins, these shall not crumble, for their material is immortal.

You have holy voices inciting you,—“It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing;” and we hear one as from the high and lofty cliffs of redemption, saying—

“Be not weary in well-doing.”

Go on, Brethren, and that spirit which drowns nations in war, or convulses them in the throes of death, shall disappear—convolving clouds of darkness shall flee away, yet, from the valleys and the tall mountain peaks shall the light of Friendship, Love, and Truth, be seen; and when the last note of the vibrating pendulum of time shall have died away, then shall the moral Temple of Odd Fellowship stand firm and immutable, resplendent in beauty and immortal grandeur, approved by the Grand Master Supreme.

