

POEMS FOR



ODD P M FELLOWS
AND
REBEKAHS

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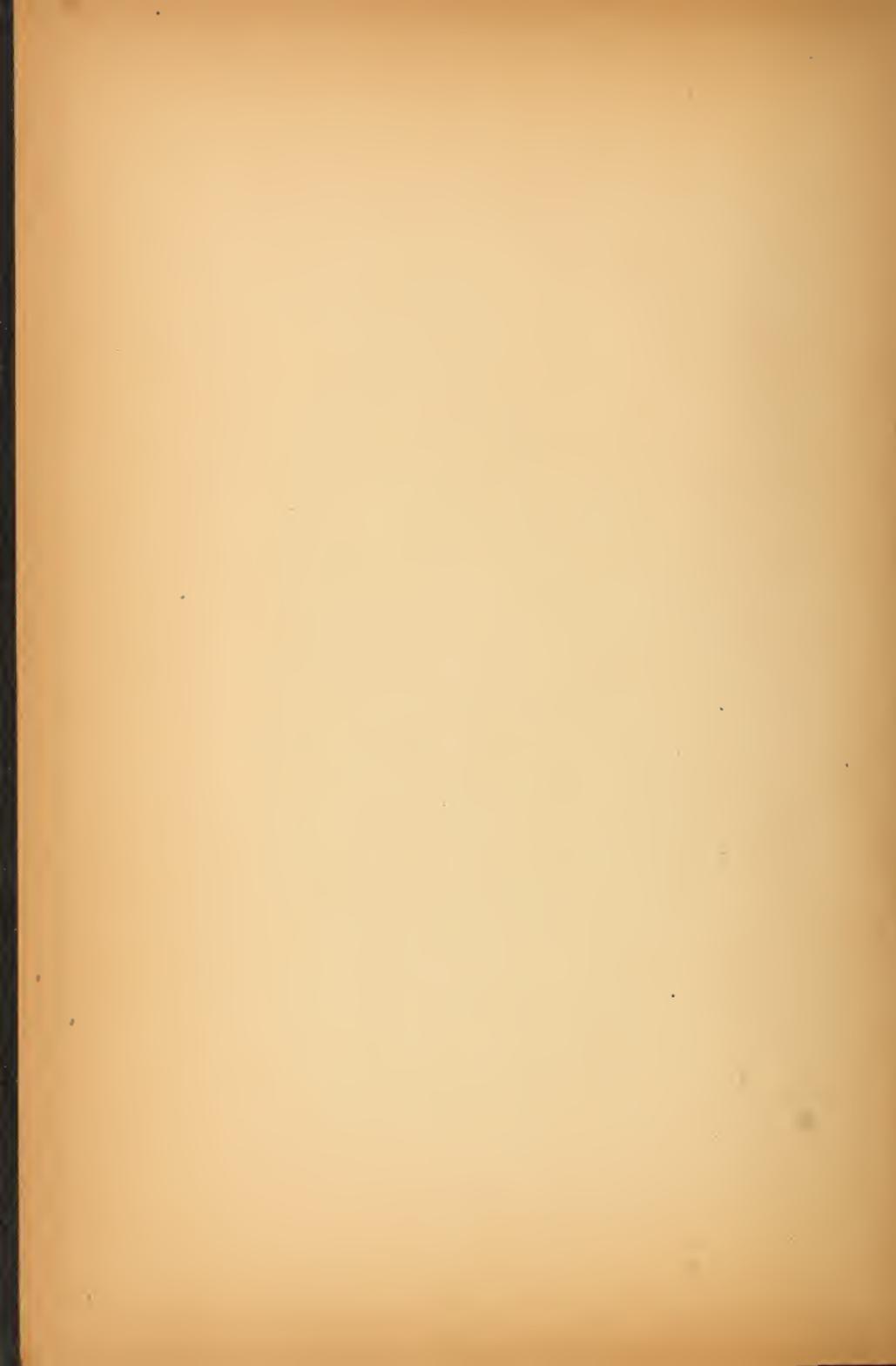
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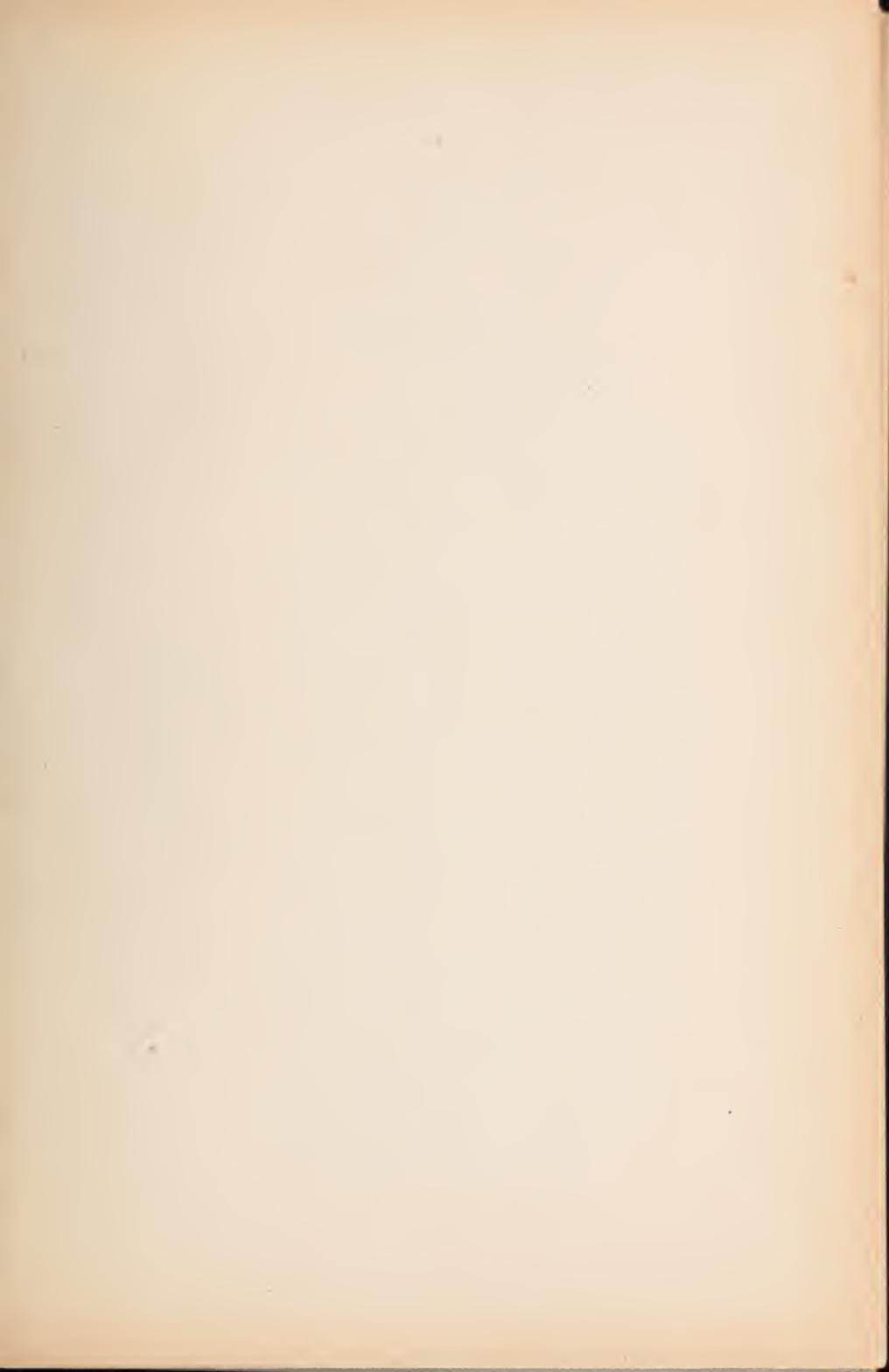
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POEMS

FOR

Odd Fellows and Rebekahs

COMPILED BY

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ODD FELLOWS.

POEMS.

ODD FELLOWS AND REBEKAHS.

THE INITIATION.

The Lodge it is opened—the brothers all there,
The Noble Grand and Vice Grand each installed
in his chair;

The Conductor and Warden, each knowing his
place,
Are prepared to perform the work on a complac-
ent face,—

The Guard at his station, to obey the command,
That is given at this time by the Vice Grand.
All things being ready, the brothers all stand,
Anxious and silent, with a smile that is bland.

A stranger raps at the inside door—
He raps again, and again once more;
The guard he inquires, "What would you within?"
The answer: "Your secrets—let a sinner come in."

The door it is opened by command of Vice
Grand,—
Blindfolded, dejected, within the Lodge room he
stands—

Is met by Conductor, who oftimes before
Has explained to the novice who has passed the
Lodge door.

He is scared out of his boots and is quivering all
o'er,
As he thinks of his money and perhaps the letting
of gore;
But the climax is reached, so he is bound in
chains,
Expects the next moment to be devoured by
flames.

But the brethren all think the joke rather thin,
And cry with a loud voice, "Have mercy on him!"
The Conductor, who feels for other's woes,
Calls out to the culprit: "Advance, on your toes!"

Silent and slow, as he advances within,
Darkness and doubt are apparent to him,
For goggles obscure a sight of his foes,
And he expects every moment a blow on the nose.

The scene is changed; soon the candidate knows
That knowledge is gained from each other's woes;
When the Conductor remarks: "Be serious, my
friend,
"List attentively until the ceremonies are at an
end."

He looks aghast—he sees a sight
As the Chaplain reads: "Oh! man, do right!
"Think of the past, change your course,
"Else you be overcome with remorse."

The candidate's limbs shivered and shook,
 As the Conductor read the charge from the book;
 "Think what you are and what you have been,
 "And remember the emblem—a lesson to men."

With the Warden's advice, given low but clear,
 He's again presented to the Vice Grand's chair;
 Freed from the bondage, denoted by chains,
 Restored to that light to which everyone aims.

He sees from the first that all things are fair
 And is presented forthwith to the principal chair;
 He's welcomed among a fraternity old,
 It's secrets to him are very soon told.

Then at the chair of the acting Past Grand,
 He's taught of his duties; if he has sand
 He'll heed every word as to him it is given,
 And from doing bad deeds he'll surely be driven;

That the vows he has taken show plainly and clear
 That his honor's at stake each day in the year.
 Then he's welcomed in friendship with a right
 honest hand,
 An elected member of the Odd Fellow's band.

His confidence restored, but with a peculiar look
 And some little nervousness he then signs the book,
 With the vows that he has taken registered above,
 He is again bound in chains that all Odd Fellows
 love.

A "A WHAT IS IT," SEVENTY-SIX
YEARS OLD.

BY JAMES MC LAUGHLIN, P. G.

The transit of seventy-six years we may note
Since first to our fields came that terrible goat.
He was large for a kid and stout for his age,
And stood up to the rack for the philosophical sage
Who was willing to ride his mysterious back
And take in the lessons that lay in his track.
His fame spread abroad and thousands applied
To saddle his goatship and indulge in a ride.
But none are permitted his features to scan
Until he has proven himself every inch a true man.
If measured by morals he stands a true test,
He can saddle his goatship and ride at his best.
And what are the lessons mysteriously wrote
On the path that is traversed by that terrible goat?
And what knows the rider as he tightens the rein,
Having ridden the goat three links of the chain?
He learns that true Friendship is a solace for woe,
And binds into kinship the high and the low—
That the grip of a brother means more than a shake,
And the signal of danger saves many a break,
That love leads to labor for muscle and mind
And opens the purse for the sake of mankind,

That the sorrows that hover o'er a sick brother's
head
Are dispelled by the sunshine that encircles his
bed—

That when the cold lips speak the password no
more,

And a brother has gone to that evergreen shore,
The home of the widow is blest with the thought
That's rewarded in Heaven and Odd Fellowship
taught,

That the labor of love is the duty of man
And the home of a brother we must aid if we can;
That the child of a brother must not beg for his
bread

While written in Heaven is our pledge to the
dead.

The link of the chain that typifies love
Is the central on earth and the greatest above.
And then in the circuit new scenes come in view
And with friendship and love he embraces the true.
The beauty of truth is a feast for the eye,
As the test of true manhood in the great mystic tie
That binds into union the armies that train
On the plaza that is bounded by three links of
the chain.

Such are the lessons that the rider must note
Who travels the lodge on that terrible goat.
If sportive of mind, upon speed he may bet,
But the lessons he learns he will never forget.
Though the goat is so old that the hair of his back
Is scattered like snow both sides of the track,

His muscle is good and he butts with a grace
That's fully in keeping with the needs of the case.
Woe to the unworthy or rascally wretch
Who loses his grip when on the home stretch.
But peace to the good and truth loving man
Who hangs to the goat the best that he can;
Whose grip is as true as the All Seeing Eye,
Till the password he renders at the portal on high.
The rules of the Order a side saddle provide,
So the wives of the brothers may all take a ride.
God bless the dear women who Rebekahs became
And added their love to Odd Fellowship's name,
For a pure woman's heart in the links of the chain,
Is the glory and aid of a true brother's brain.
Then you men who would censure, from your eye
pull the mote,
And thank God there exists such a terrible goat.

HOW CY SCROGGINS JINED THE ORDER.

BY BRO. M. B. TOWNSEND, OF BOISE, IDAHO.

The boys of No. 99, at Plunkettville, one time,
At one another slyly winked, and said, "You'd
better jine;"
I guessed I would, and so one night I got my
Sunday coat,
And as I left, I said to Sue, "I'm going to ride
the goat."

Now, I don't claim to ride the best of any man in
town,
But 'lowed no livin' broncho could ever get me
down;
I kinder laughed at what I thought would be a
big surprise
To that there goat when he had found he'd struck
one of his size.

But I felt a kind o' sinkin' and a scrimigin
within,
When a cur'ous lookin' creetur said the fun would
soon begin;
And I had a crawlin' feelin' a runnin' down my
back,
And things got kinder hazy, and I couldn't see the
track.

My teeth began to chatter, and my knees began
to shake,
'Twas wuss than last December, when I fell into
the lake.

At last a chap in fixin's said now 'twas time to
proceed,
And I said as how I thought that he'd better take
the lead.

He tuck me by the elbow and he swung me inter
line,
I guessed he knowed his business, so I tho't I'd
not decline;
I grabbed onter my courage, fer I didn't want
ter fail,
And then we struck it lively down that most
infernal trail.

'Twas nip and tuck, or su'thin, for a dozen miles
er more,
And I can't tell how it happened, but I know I
kept the floor;
I felt a little sweaty after hurryin' about,
And kind o' trembly in my jints to feel the world
shut out.

An' then we just slowed up a bit, to take a
breathin' spell;
They said to not get rattled, 'twould scare the
goat to yell;
I heard his chains a clankin', the stampin' of his feet
And other funny noises, that sounded like his bleat.

An' then the lights got red, and green, and rather
ghostly like,
I had a sort of feelin' when the lightnin's 'bout
to strike;
I heard the music soft and low, and felt a solemn
streak
Go slowly crawling round my throat, so that I
couldn't speak.

I thought how mean I'd been to Sue, and didn't
know just why;
But tears cum up right in my eyes, I felt as
though I'd cry;
I thought of how she toiled and slaved to make
our home look bright,
And guessed I hadn't helped her so often as I
might.

And then I got to thinkin'; supposin' she was
dead—
I couldn't ax her pardon fer the ugly words I'd
said—
'Twould break my heart to see her hands lie
folded on her breast,
And look into her careworn face a lyin' there
at rest.

And then I said it softly, down somewhere in my
heart,
"I'll be a better man to Sue, until death shall us
part."

I thought that God had heard me, and would help
me true to be,
And I heard the music playing, "Nearer, My God,
to Thee."

The music then grew fainter, and the light began
to fade;
A feller clapped me on the back, and said he
guessed we'd stayed
Around these diggin's long enough, we'd better
jog along;
I 'lowed he knew the country, and said I'd follow
on.

I heard a sort of buzzin' and a hummin' in my
brain,
And don't suppose I'd knowed enough to come
in out of the rain;
But that there chap that stuck to me when things
looked mighty blue,
Said: "Never mind," he guessed I'd last to ride
the critter through.

We veered a little from our course, and started
'cross the plain,
My feelin's rose considerable, but soon come
down again:
We found an old man on the trail, I tried to help
him rise,
I guess I could of done it, but he made an awful
noise.

Of course, I felt a little mean, but said I meant
no harm,
If I were rough, it was because I worked upon
a farm;
He felt concerned, lest I should tell the things
that he had said;
And when I left he just stood there and shook
his old gray head.

We went around and 'round and 'round, like
hosses on a track,
And when the fun got rather tame, they set me
up and back,
And then they sung and told me that I'd nothing
now to fear,
But still I felt as skerry as a Texas yearlin'
steer.

I wondered if that pesky goat would keep it up
all night—
I was afraid I'd lose my grip and fall off in my
fright,
They told me this, and told me that, and what to
say and do,
They might as well have told it to a jumpin'
kangaroo.

At last the game was finished, and they allowed
I'd won the prize;
I said I'd look it over when the dust was out of
my eyes.

I s'pose I acted rather odd, it wouldn't have been
 strange,
The way we had it up and down, across the pesky
 range.

It's been almost a score of years since I took
 down my coat,
'Way back in Plunketville, that time to go and
 ride the goat;
An' many a chap I've helped put through since
 that immortal night,
And laughed and laughed like all get out to see
 'em hold on tight.

And many a hard old tussle I had with this
 cur'ous world,
An' strange ideas an' fancies queer all through
 my head have whirled,
But none compare to what I felt that night at
 ninety-nine,
As I went it pretty lively down the 'nitiation
 line.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

FROM THE POPULAR ODD FELLOW.

A traveler to Jericho traveled one day,
Thoughtless of danger that lurked by the way,
Past rugged mountains, where cluster the pine,
And the green trees which the Jordan doth line.

The sea in the distance, so calm and so fair!
The way is so pleasant, and balmy the air;
But soon there's a change; and these scenes fade
away,
For through a rough country his journey now lay.

When suddenly nearing a narrow defile,
Intent on the thoughts of his mission the while,
A fierce band of robbers sprang out of their lair
And beat him and robbed him and then left him
there.

While wounded and bleeding and left there to die,
A priest from the temple is seen passing by.
"Oh! help me; I'm dying!" he cries with a moan.
Unheeded, uncared for, he's left there alone.

"Oh God! must I perish—of succor despair?
A Levite approaches! now I shall have care.
Oh, help! son of Levi; I'm dying!" he cried.
But, no, he too passes on the other side!

“Help, help! I am wounded—but who comes this way?

A foe to my people I’ve oft heard them say.
Oh, man of Samaria, have mercy on me!
I’m bleeding and dying, you surely must see.”

“Now, what have we here?” the Samaritan cries;
“An Israelite, whom we’ve been taught to despise;
And yet, I can’t leave him alone here to die,
For he is my brother—to save him I’ll try.”

He gave him a cordial, poured balm in his wound,
Then took off his mantel and wrapped it around
The shivering form of the poor Israelite,
And sought out an inn for his shelter at night.

There’s no need to ask for the lesson here taught
Of brotherly love, with true friendship fraught,
We very well know that your answer would be—
“He was my friend, who had mercy on me.”

A TRUE STORY.

BY HENRY S. BAKER, M. A.

A stranger walked the crowded street,
With lonely heart and weary feet;
His business done, the morrow's noon,
Would find him home, and none too soon.

For a piercing pain raged in his breast,
And he longed for home, its peace and rest;
Where loving hands should ease the pain,
Because they loved and not for gain.

But death, unseen walked by his side,
With lifted dart and kingly stride,
Though two walked there, men saw but one
With pained-pinched face, his work was done.

For cruel death with keen edged dart,
Pierced through and through his faithful heart.
He fell to earth with but a groan,
And midst the passing throng lay prone.

The rabble spoke with cruel sneer,
"The man is drunk. Policeman, here!"
A doctor came, of noble mein,
On whose lapel three links were seen.

He took his hand and pressed his heart,
And then drew back with sudden start,
“Not drunk, but dead; who is his friend?
What, none? then doubly sad his end.”

Call the patrol; take him away;
And in the morgue the body lay.
“Policeman, quick”—but then he caught
The glint of badge most finely wrought.

The sign, a heart, in open palm,
Lay on his breast in death so calm.
Again he spoke, with moistened eye,
To the policeman standing by,—

“I’m the city doctor. Now my men,
His soul has gone beyond your ken,
But his poor clay is in my care,
Woe to you if one shall dare,

“To roughly treat, for true as steel,
His thousand brothers watch your deal.
Upon the wagon gently place
His noble form with gentle pace.

“Proceed. And where? I go with you,
And find his brothers ever true.”
For him was done all love could ask,
And not perforce,—a loving task.

A hundred men with solemn tread,
Marched to the train beside the dead.

His loved ones kissed their loved once more,
With tears his face was covered o'er.

His brethren read, beside his tomb,
Words full of hope, amid the gloom.
At evening in that lonely home,
When prayers are said, and tears will come,

The widow asks that God above
Will bless the Order, full of love,
That helped her little mouths to feed,
And faithful were in sorest need.

The orphans, kneeling by their bed,
Ask blessings on the doctor's head,—
That his dear ones may ever share
Our Father's love and tender care.

The sign of heart in open hand
Works deeds of this on every land.

RIDING THE GOAT.

BY MONT. HOWARD.

I've experienced the ups and downs of life,
And often went through calm and strife,
 But the greatest event was that one when,
 Well-known to secret society men,
And which I now proceed to note,
Was the time I tackled the Odd Fellow goat.

My petition went through without a kick
For I didn't ask them to take me on tick,
 And they soon assured me I was O. K.
 And surely would never regret the day;
So not caring to ask how stood the vote
I nerved myself for riding the goat.

Two men as escorts, smiling and bland,
Selected to show me the hall of their band,
 Met me on time, as they had agreed,
 And I was to follow where they should lead;
But what they said I dare not quote,
For since that time I have ridden the goat.

Up two flights of stairs they piloted me,
While I was wondering what I should see,
 And stored me away in an ante-room,
 To await their pleasure if not my doom,

But I had no intention, the least remote
Of backing out from riding the goat.

In due course of time a committee came in
And said they were ready the work to begin;
They searched me for weapons and captured
my gun,
And then I knew the "work" had begun;
They bandaged my eyes and took off my coat,
Then said I was ready for riding the goat.

Being blind as a bat I had to be led
But I kept my ears open to all that was said,
And the way they waltzed me around that room
Was like going through a rag-carpet loom,
And all the surroundings seemed to denote
That I was sure enough riding the goat.

Forward, backward, upward and down,
Wild man from Borneo just came to town;
Saltpeter and parsnips, pickled pig's feet,
Shall I hang to the goat or beat a retreat?
I imagined I heard them snicker and gloat
Over the antics of a simpleton riding a goat.

Whoa, Billy! Don't shake me to death!
Go get a mandamus to save my breath!
Gee whiz! put on the brake! Gosh!
Who threw that brick? When will I light?
Must have went higher than Gilroy's kite!
Log chains, limberger, dead men's bones!
Bituminous hades and petrified groans!

Let me down easy—throw me a rope!—
 A soft place to light—my only hope!—
 Catch me!—save me!—bring me a boat!—
 Shoot the driver and head off the goat!
 Whiz! Buzz!! Bang!!!

Have I lit? No, thank you. Where am I at?
 Its all right boys; you've got 'er down pat!
 But say; is life real? are things what they seem?
 Was there just one goat or twelve in the team?
 Yes, I do feel queer, disjointed and mellow,
 But I suppose I am now a good Odd Fellow?

"Don't you believe it," replied two or three,
 "You have only taken the Initial Degree!"

I wended my way to my virtuous couch,
 Chewing a cud of Bloch's Mail Pouch,
 While in my mind revolved "Can it be
 That I have only taken the Initial degree?"
 "Well, I don't care; I'll have a bond that will float
 When I get through riding the Odd Fellow goat."

In a week I went back, light hearted and free,
 To ride the goat in the First Degree;
 They were ready the mysteries to unfold,
 The half of which have never been told;
 And I was ready my time to devote
 To another round with that Billy goat.

Rigged up and toggled out for the affray,
 Pull open the throttle and clear the way;

Hold him down boys, give me a chance,
 Now let him buck and kick and prance;
 He will find that I'm a hard load to tote,
 And I'll never give up till I ride that goat.

Woap, now! hold the tricky beast still,
 Till I get a good holt, for ride him I will;
 I know the critter is onto his job—
 Almost equal to an organized mob,
 And I myself am a howling coyote,
 When it comes to riding an Odd Fellow goat.

Whoa! I'm shaking—got the "buck ager,"
 But cut him loose—let 'm go Gallager.
 Whoa! whoa!! he's fiercer than ever,
 But to take the degree its now or never!
 Barbed-wire, baled-hay and bumble bees,
 Hell up to date and two more degrees!
 Head him off—pull him in!—enough!
 I'll never make another bluff;
 I'm willing to quit with what I know
 If somebody will only help me let go.
 Jonathan—Jericho—Je-ru-sa-lem!
 Help me now the storm to stem!
 Save me!—David—son of Jesse!
 Get a priest to come and bless me!
 Whoop—what?—where? when?—
 Only—think—what—might have—been!
 Go—tell—my mother—awful—fate!
 Would—like—to—back—out—
 Too—late!!—too—late!!!

* * * *

Wha' 'smatter with me? 'ave you found all the pieces?

Stick my limbs back on, 'ere pulsation ceases,—

No; don't want any water—bring me a gun!

If that darn goat aint dead I'll show you some fun!

No; needn't mind, don't take another vote;

I've got all I want of this riding the goat.

What? Let me off easy? what do you mean?

The easiest come-down you have ever seen?

Well, let me say here, if that be true,

I don't care to see any more that is new;

I have a dear wife, on whom I dote

And don't propose to make her a widow by riding a goat.

“Oh you're all right brother,” came the reply,

“To be an Odd Fellow is to do or to die;

You'll be brave as a lion 'ere another week

While Billy grows tame, gentle and meek;

Brace up, be brave, you're half way thro',

And to back out now would never do.”

I departed again for a week's respite,

And to ponder over the work of the night;

And the more I determined the case to rue,

The more I repeated “I'm half way thro'.”

And as I slept at my hotel de Hote

My dreams all related to riding the goat.

But sure enough on the next meeting night,
I was promptly on hand, early and bright,
Eager to see what the future would bring,
With little thought of my bruises and sting,
Anxious to see the rock that Aaron smote
And finish the job of riding the goat.

No time was lost in getting to work
And away we went with a jump and a jerk;
I had made no brags but had vowed anew
To stay with 'em just as all Odd Fellows do;
And swore I would never squeal like a shoat
If I got my neck broke a-riding the goat.

Now Billy goes as if I'm no burden,
Sailing as a boat on the river Jordan;
Sailing I said, he goes easy to-night,
Think I have tamed 'm down about right;
Whoa now, no kicking; better give up,
This whirl and one more before we sup.
Placid highway, the clustering pine,
Faithful Levite and winding vine;
Good Samaritan, soothing balm,
The way before peaceful and calm;
Woap! Hold on now; don't get too fast,
Needn't repeat the tricks of the past;
Rip, slap! Put on the brake!
The beast again is making a break!
Choctows and chiggers, am I a chump?
He's worse than ever on the jump!
Robbers, thieves! thunder and thorns!

Darn a goat with crumbled horns!
 Whoop! scoop! will I freeze to death?
 Get a cork-screw to help draw my breath!
 Blazes, brick-bats, Boston baked beans!
 Daring dashes, devils and deans!
 Cyclones, calamity, centipedes!
 Combustion, collapses and ancient creeds,
 Dynamite, dog-days and doodle bugs,
 Hobgoblins, hand-saws and ulgy mugs,
 Ouch, Oh! Ossified man!
 Stop the darn goat—if you can;
 Brimstone, Beelzebub, blank-e-te-blank,
 Horrible—sorrowful—outrageous—rank!
 Bz-z-z-z * my ! * name * ? mud!
 Zz-z-z * ? dull * sick'ning * thud!

Another sniff of that camphor, please,
 I'm all right now; only weak in the knees.

Save your sympathy, I'm not hurt,
 Nor as a goat rider am I an expert;
 But from my eye is now gone the moat,
 One of the good results of riding the goat.

The week passed by and again I appeared
 At the place to which I am now endeared,
 And the welcome that was on me bestowed,
 Even made me love the goat I had rode;
 More anxious than ever to be set afloat
 In the very last round of riding the goat.

Booted and spurred, with a snow white gown,
 I mounted the goat of fame and renown,

But oh the difference, how gentle and kind,
How steady my nerves and easy my mind;
No fear, no trembling, no heart in my throat,
What blissful pleasure, this riding the goat.

No kicking, no rearing, no perilous leaps,
The reward the brave invariably reaps;
Beautiful colors my eyes have met,
White, pink, blue and the scarlet,
Nor can I forget the all-seeing eye,
And the lessons learned till the day I die;
The triple link, the bundle of sticks,
The antics of Billy, including the kicks;
The bow and arrow, quiver and casket,
But I can't explain further—do not ask it;
I have passed from Jerusalem to Jericho
And am now a superfine Odd Fellow.

So ends my story, I have told it in verse,
If not well done, it might have been worse;
If not true to life and sound to the core,
You will understand I dare not tell more;
But no brother will kick on what I have wrote
For every one of them has ridden the goat.

THE KICKER.

A kicker went down to his Lodge one time,
With blood in his rolling eye,
For come what might he would kick that night
Or know the reason why.

But peace and harmony prevailed,
The business went along with a vim,
So the kicker, with pain he waited in vain,
For the kick that was coming to him.

At last he arose from his seat and addressed
The Chief of high degree,
And said, "I desire your permission to retire,
This is no place for me."

And as he passed out into the dark
And gloom of the cheerless street,
He stopped on the stairs and kicked himself,
And kicked with both his feet.

What lodge he belonged to I cannot tell,
For to every lodge there is sticking
A kicker who kicks, and kicks, and kicks,
And kicks for the sake of kicking.

THE ORPHANS' HOME.

"REBEKAH," IN "MICHIGAN HERALD."

We sing of a beautiful emblem,
A triple-linked band of pure gold,
That holds us in fondest affection—
Affection that never grows old.
There are garlands of snow for the aged,
And chaplets for sweet summer years;
There are cheeks where the roses are blooming,
And others deep furrowed by tears;
There are hearts in the heyday of gladness,
And hearts in the depth of despair;
Some of us wear purple and jewels,
And some but the garments of care;
But, hand clasped in hand, we're united,
And each feels the burden of all;
While into no life comes a sorrow
That tears from all eyes do not fall.

Fair Friendship. What is it? A phantom?
The magical form of a name,
Like the temple we fancied in childhood,
That wonderful palace of fame?
Or, is it a sound that allures us
Afar o'er the desert of life,
Then leaves us alone in the darkness,
When foes and when dangers are rife?

And Love, does that mean selfish nature,
That hides in its close, narrow cell,
Though the world is wandering homeless,
Or forced in a desert to dwell?
Love worketh no ill to its neighbor,
Love lists to the orphan's sad cry;
And over the widowed and helpless
Spread treasures that gold cannot buy.

Love rears a fair home for the orphan,
Prayer-hallowed from basement to tower,
And trusts to the all-loving Father
For strength for the day and the hour.
So founded in Friendship, and builded
By hearts ruled by Love's law alone,
Our Home rears its walls firm and lasting,
For Truth is the chief corner stone.
Then fear not the cloud nor the tempest,
Nor tremble, though thunders may roll,
There's nothing can harm while we honor
This three-handed union of soul.

HE COULDN'T REMEMBER EVERY- THING.

G. H. H., IN "FRATERNAL NEWS."

He was up in all the mysteries of forty different orders,
And could place a man correctly by a single sign or grip,
Knew the various fraternities within the country's borders,
And could give the salutation of them all without a skip.
At the passwords and the countersigns he never hesitated,
He could pass examinations of the hardest kind with ease,
And in all the special functions of a lodge participated.
For he knew the work of every place in all of the degrees,
And when necessary he was able to preside at any meeting.
At tongue's end had the ritual and never used a book,
And when he the longest lectures and the driest was repeating
So glibly and word perfectly, he had a happy look.

He took up any part at once without a moment's
thinking,
His memory was wonderful, and yet his
brothers sorrowed;
There was one little point at which his brains
were ever kinking,
He never could remember any money that
he borrowed.

THE ODDFELLOWS' SAFEGUARD.

BY THOS. J. CROWE.

Impulsive youth! if to success thou wouldst
attain,

Mark well thy course to all thy ardor seeks to
gain,

And ere in manhood's path you tread, with spirits
free,

Heed well the lessons learn'd, for future use to
thee.

Ambition loud doth call, stern conflict seems but
fun,

All things look bright and fair, and fame seems
eas'ly won.

Thou'lt find in coming years the worth of Friend-
ship's power,

'Twill help you in the sunshine or in the stormy
hour.

Whate'er thy station be, in palace or in cot,
The warning heed: "*Forget it not—forget it not!*"

Man in thy noble prime, 'mid earth's stern, cease-
less strife,

The joys and sorrows, hopes and fears of life,

Unev'n appears to thee the never ending fight,

Foul vice and crime seem sure to triumph over
right;

Fear not, but labor on and bravely strive and
plan,
Your duty do to God, and home and fellow man;
Love linked with Truth will in the end put fraud
to flight.

Ev'n in this world it pays to always do the right.
Whate'er thy station be, in palace or in cot,
The warning heed: "*Forget it not—forget it not!*"

And thou, gray sire, o'er whom old age comes
swiftly on,
Whose "trembling limbs" betoken sure thy setting
sun,

Whose life object battle is nearly won, or lost,
Give us of thy wisdom;—is the struggle worth the
cost?

What knowledge hath dear "experience" to thee
brought?

What "safeguard" found 'gainst "ills of life" thou
long hast fought?

Listen to the answer, both middle age and youth,
"*Practice in thy daily life, Friendship, Love and
Truth.*"

Whate'er thy station be, in palace or in cot,
This precept heed: "*Forget it not—forget it not.*"

SEMI-CENTENNIAL POEM.

Delivered at Concord, N. H., July 9, 1894, at the celebration by the Grand Lodge of the Granite State, by REV. BRO. A. J. HOUGH, Poet Laureate of the Grand Lodge of Vermont, I. O. O. F.

Around the granite hills to-day
The Three Links of our Order fold;
And to the eye new charms display,
For they have changed to links of gold.
From near and far Odd Fellows throng
Their fifty years to celebrate,
And hail with music, speech and song,
The Grand Lodge of the Granite State.

To Concord, fair, ten brothers came
In Forty-four, and founded deep
In Friendship, Love and Truth, her fame
Whose fiftieth natal year we keep.
Their faith was like their deed, sublime,
Their love was strong, their hope was great
Who built for all the years of time
The Grand Lodge of the Granite State.

Twelve thousand sons hold dear her name
Within their hearts where'er they roam;
Ten thousand daughters guard her fame,
Rebekahs by the wells of home.
The hearts she succored in distress,

Their crosses bore, of heavy weight,
Shall turn this golden day, to bless
The Grand Lodge of the Granite State.

What has she wrought through fifty years?
Brave deeds of mercy night and day!
The widow's heart consoled; the tears
Of orphans gently wiped away.
Her voice, to souls in storm and strife,
Has been like one from heaven's gate,
And God has blessed with growing life
The Grand Lodge of the Granite State.

This splendid Home, wrought by her hands,
The gift of love, to shield her own,
In silent grandeur ever stands
To make her Christlike mission known.
Its open door to blameless need,
Its sweetening wrought for bitter fate,
Shall make immortal as her deed
The Grand Lodge of the Granite State.

We hail and crown her with our praise,
We pledge our love to make her name
Still grander in the coming days,
And add new luster to her fame.
In larger service may she rise,
Her life be long, her death so late
That time shall see with closing eyes
The Grand Lodge of the Granite State.

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

BY GEO. W. MORGAN.

Now, my friends, I am an Odd Fellow,
And it is my pride and boast
That I've been considered worthy
Of communion with that host;
Our motto's Truth, Love, Friendship,
And fraternity our plan;
Our greatest pride and glory is
The Brotherhood of man.

Yes, we dry the wretched orphan's tears,
And cheer the widow's sight;
We succor age's failing years,
And bury when they die.
All kinds of vice and wickedness
We place beneath a ban;
We own the Fatherhood of God,
And Brotherhood of Man.

Yes, we aid the poor and needy,
And we cheer the weary heart;
In every phase of life we try
To act a noble part,
No matter who may lag behind,
We strive to lead the van,
And bear aloft the banner of
The Brotherhood of Man.

And let us hope 'twill be our pride,
When we are called away,
To see the blessed fruits that grow
From seeds we sow to-day;
And that the glorious angel band
Will emulate our plan,
And Heaven bless all those who own
The Brotherhood of Man.

FRIENDSHIP.

Lovingly, sorrowing, oft do we sigh,
When the shadows of life bring tears to the eye,
For one whose friendship, like Moses of old,
Was given in love, not bought with gold.

Singing and dying, without any care,
Friendship is like a bird in the air,
It flutters and flies, in summer it comes,
In winter is gone, leaves desolate homes.

Like the flower that blooms in early spring,
It fades away and leaves a sting
In the heart of one, who just then
Needs Friendship's hand, to help him win.

Like the shooting star at early morn,
As it flies through space, and is lost in gloom,
Friendship is offered where none need its hand,
Flies off at a tangent when its in demand.

Like the sun in the heavens its dazzling light
Is gone when the storm is at its height,
Friendship is found in days that are bright
But pales when clouded with want and blight.

Like the moon in its path through a starry sky,
It sinks away as morning draws nigh,
Friendship is found where plenty reigns
But lost when crossing poverty's plains.

But while at times the sun is dim,
The moon it pales, the stars not seen,
God willed it so, and He commands
That Friendship shall extend its hands.

Then came a day, by that command
Bro. Wildey led a noble band
Within whose ranks, with loving grip,
Is found extended true Friendship.

Lovingly, faithfully, with generous hand
Is extended that friendship all through the land,
To the high and the low, none does it dodge
Who enter into an Odd Fellows' lodge.

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO TO-NIGHT.

BY BRO. JAMES T. JOHNS.

Fourteen years ago to-night, midst loving friends
we sat,
And round the room went laughter, jest and
song;
We thought not of the future, for there lived in
every heart
The present of a manhood pure and strong,
We thought of wives and sweethearts and of
friends across the sea,
For everything was rosy-hued and bright;
Not a shadow of a sorrow came between us and
our joys,
In our happiness fourteen years ago to-night.

CHORUS.

Then where are the boys who vow'd eternal
friendship?
Good natured fellows with spirits gay and
bright,
Where are the ones who sang the songs of
gladness
And spent an hour with us, just fourteen years
ago to-night?

Fourteen years ago to-night, here in friendships
name we met

To greet each other in friendship, love and
truth;

To form our Lodge of Odd Fellows—in brother-
hood to stand,

And swore to keep our vow of manly work.

And, oh, the pleasant moments, the laughter and
the wit,

That woke the sleeping echoes of delight,

As we shook hands with each other and we sang
our songs of joy,

When we parted friends, fourteen years ago
to-night.

Chorus—Then where are the boys, etc.

REFRAIN.

And fourteen years have told their tale, for men
will ever roam,

Some of them lie in foreign lands and others
sleep at home;

But still our hearts go back again in sorrow and
delight,

To friends we had and joys we knew, fourteen
years ago to-night.

THE BLACKSMITH'S DREAM.

So he hammered and wrought, and he toiled and
he fought,

Till Aurora peeped over the plain,
When the angel flew by and ascended the sky,
But left on his anvil a chain;

Its links were as bright as heaven's own light,
And it bore on each fold, in letters of gold,
This legend: "Love, Friendship and Truth."

The dreamer awoke and peeped through the
smoke,

At the anvil which sat by his side,

And there in a sheath of a flower-bound wreath,
The triple link chain he espied,

The Odd Fellow's Gem, that bright diadem,
Their motto in age and in youth.

Their food and their fare with the widows they
share,

For no heart beats alone where the Odd Fellows
are.

OUR MOTTO.

BY JAS. MC LAUGHLIN.

I saw in a distant city,
Far over the pathless sea,
A scene in the days of my boyhood,
That always seems grand to me;
I beheld a vast column approaching,
With banner clouded in dust,
I read on its folds when sighted,
Our motto, "In God we Trust."

I saw the column move onward,
In its ranks were the young and the old
Arrayed in garments of splendor,
Regardless of Crimson and Gold;
There marched the Princes and Peasants,
Methinks I can see them all now,
As they marched to the soul stirring music,
With the Knights of the Anvil and Plow.

They wore on their Breasts strange Devices,
Crossed Gavels, Crossed Axes and Keys,
The Pen, the Sword, the Hour Glass
And a Fresh Budded Rod from a tree ;
One had the Bow and the Quiver,
Another the Serpent Twined Rod,
And one, dressed in Heaven's Regalia,
Carried proudly the Volume of God.

Then came an old man,
 Bearing hard on his staff,
 He must have passed three-score and ten,
 His trembling limbs and his wrinkled brow,
 How I wish I could see him again;
 He bowed to the throng on his right and left,
 He was pleased with the chosen lot,
 And seemed to say as he passed us by,
 "Forget it not, forget it not."

Then a beautiful banner, held high in its ranks,
 Decked with emblems Brilliant and Bright,
 Near the top I remember, were three Golden Links,
 The Heart and the Hand on the right;
 Near the top of the Flagstaff, three arrows were set,
 Above them a young Turtle Dove,
 Right under the Links in Letters of Gold,
 Was the Motto: "Truth, Friendship and Love."

"God bless the Order," an old man said,
 Striving hard to keep pace with the ranks,
 "They cared for me, they Honored my dead,
 That have crossed over Jordan's Banks;
 When death laid its hand on my only son,
 Without asking, they came to attend,
 They said they had come under God's Command,
 As the Widow and Orphan's friend."

"With fraternal care they carried him out,
 Down where the willows wave,
 With brotherly hands, they laid him away,
 Close by his mother's grave;

Don't think it strange that I honor
 These men of three Links, Heart and Hand,
May the Order Prosper, Flourish and Grow,
 And the sound of the gavel reach every land."

Stand firm by your Banners, Pure and White,
 Let no stains mar their beautiful folds,
The truths we learn from our Rituals each night,
 Are more precious than Silver or Gold;
In the Battle of Life we have trials and cares,
 Ah, who has not been by the tempest tossed?
But if true to the motto, "In God we Trust,"
 We'll get nearer and nearer the cross.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

“Friendship, Love and Truth” is the motto of our Order, an index to all its teachings, and all that is expected of those who bear the name and wear the badge of Odd Fellowship. It is a sort of epitome of all that is honest and lovely and of good report. In it we find that which brings man in cordial correspondence with his fellows, which draws him into the strongest fraternal relation and places him on the immutable principles of truth. Friendship, Love and Truth, a motto that comprehends the motive power to all kindly offices and high moral achievements, through which to develop the higher and better impulses in man; to make him forget that which is sordid and selfish, until it becomes a pleasure to have an open hand for the hungry, to give solace to the afflicted and the hand of fellowship to the lonely. It has ever been a rainbow of hope upon the shores of trouble and sorrow. The sentiments of David and Jonathan and of the good Samaritan, which are symbolized in the observance of this motto, are the sweetest and most beautiful which romance or inspiration has ever given for the light and guidance of man. If, in our souls, humanity has a dwelling place, we will find as much satisfaction in the smile which our kindness may

bring to the face of some "Tiny Tim," or the thanks of some befriended orphan, or the consolations which our ministrations may have carried into the life of some stricken widow as ever man received from the wielding of scepters or the wearing of crowns, while the healing of the wound of some afflicted mother sends a richer thrill to our hearts and touches a deeper and truer fountain in our souls than all the bowing heads and purchased cheers that line the pathway of the mighty.

FRIENDSHIP.

Without Friendship, one of the great designs of the Almighty in making man a social being, would lack fulfillment. It would make earth a social waste; isolation and indifference to the happiness and well-being of others would be the result. By the influence of Friendship, man lives in the neighborhood of his fellows; by it we have the cordial greeting and the social gathering. Friendship is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting sun of life. True Friendship anticipates the wants, appreciates the sorrows of the distressed and acts with promptness and cheerfulness. It is open handed; it is typified in the hearty grasp of the full hand—not the fingers—it is manifest in writing "Brother" in full, instead of the abbreviation "Bro."

Some men won't even lend an ear to misfortune, others are constituted that they cannot see the bright side of anything but a dollar. Still

others hear, of distress and long to give advice. The friendship of an Odd Fellow is not purchasable; it is the "friend in need who is a friend indeed."

"Friendship is a plant of no hasty growth,
Though planted in esteem's deep, fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection."

LOVE.

Love is a divine principle, that is "sweeter than life and stronger than death." It is the all pervading spirit of the patriarchs and prophets; it too was beautifully illustrated in the lives of David and Jonathan, so pure and exalted were their attachments that no motives of worldly gain nor the wicked hatred of an envious king and father could dampen the ardor of mutual love nor break the covenant, made between them, founded in love. Love is the fundamental principle of life; it is the perennial spring from which we draw all our happiness. Love is life, it is civilization, it is everything. Faith, hope, love, these three; the greatest is love.

TRUTH.

Truth is always to be associated with friendship and love, and without which neither of the others could long subsist. Truth in principle and practice is prominent and leading in all that pertains to Odd Fellowship. By its heavenly

influence, man is guided through the many bewildering crossways of this world amid the conflicting and changing opinions and designs of men, to the brightness of unclouded day. Truth is that cardinal virtue which deals with equity, in all the affairs of life. It is the opposite of disguise, prevarication, hypocrisy and concealment, and is a vital principle of every community which is well founded among men. Truth enables us to ascertain what virtue is and guides us into its personal possession. Truth, essentially the only foundation of confidence, and confidence is the only bond of association among the wise, the intelligent and the good. It mingles its unclouded perceptions of duty with the generous grasp of friendship and the sweet, sympathizing voice of love. The man of truth is as true to principle as the needle to the pole; honest not because of that miserable old adage, that "honesty is the best policy," but because it is right and characteristic of the just and the true and the noble.

ODD FELLOWSHIP EXPOSED.

You tell me that 'tis wrong to meet
 In secret conclave, and unite
In solemn vows and forms replete
 With mystic words and ancient rite.

I ask you, now, as honest men,
 To look with care this subject through,
And if you see your error, then
 Let Fides be your goddess true.

Can it be wrong to aid the weak?
 To lift the fallen, succor give?
A brother's helpless widow seek
 And teach his orphans how to live?

Your quiver full of arrows sharp,
 With bow of steel you hurl amiss,
For care not we, if every dart
 Should fall on yonder side, or this.

Your ire is not like Moses' wrath,
 When down the Holy Mount he came,
And saw the worship of the calf
 That Aaron placed upon the plain.

If in the old Mosaic days
They scarlet wore, or white or blue,
With jeweled breastplate all ablaze,
It matters not to me or you.

How old art thou, and hast not learned
The serious charge the Master gave
To men who all his teachings spurned,
And thought to hide them in the grave.

I fear that all these years, you passed
Grand truths were hidden from your view,
Yet trust that you may find at last
Our bond of union good and true.

Our secrets—let me now impart
And tell me—do they ring of pelf?
“Love God alone, with all thy heart
And love thy neighbor as thyself.”

ON ADMISSION OF A NEW BROTHER.

Brothers, attentive stand,
While our most Worthy Grand
 Gives you the charge;
The bond of society,
In friendship and harmony,
Honor and secrecy,
 Will us unite.

Brothers, you've nought to fear,
True honor's court is here,
 Love, mirth and joy;
Loyalty here abounds,
Reason our evening crowns,
While every voice resounds,
 Long live the Queen.

O, Lord, our Order bless,
That strives to make sin less,
 Ne'er let it fall;
Its aims are glorious,
Make it victorious,
Ever watch over us,
 God save us all.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE LODGE.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen.

May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the Queen.

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain,
 Rule Britannia, etc.

ON INTRODUCING A NOBLE GRAND.

Hail, chief elect, Odd Fellow's pride,
We hail thee welcome to the chair;
May'st thou with honor preside,
Promote our mirth and banish care.
All Odd Fellows shall be then
Blessed by God and loved by men.

VICE.

Our laws defend, our rights maintain,
Preserve our fame and unity.
Let mirth and order ever reign,
Throughout our great community.
All Odd Fellows shall be then
Blessed by God and loved by men.

ON A VISIT.

Welcome, Odd Fellows all,
This is true honor's hall,
Where friendship's found.
Here mirth and harmony,
Honor and loyalty,
Love and sincerity,
Ever abound.

ON DEPARTING.

Brothers, we thank you all
For this, your friendly call
On us this night;
Long may you happy be,
In truth and sincerity,
Love and fidelity,
Ever unite.
All Odd Fellows shall be then
Blessed by God and loved by men.

THE HEART IN HAND.

ATLANTA "CONSTITUTION."

When a man ain't got a cent an' he's feeling kind
o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy an' won't let
the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, oh, my brethren, for a feller
just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort
o' way.

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear
drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region o' the
heart;
You look up an' meet his eyes; you don't know
what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly
sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a crimson compound with its
honey and its gall;
With its cares and bitter crosses; but a good
world after all,
And a good God must have made it—least ways
that's what I say,
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly
sort o' way.

H. F. D., OF No. 63.

When he starts out in the mornin' an' the sun is
shining bright,
Thinking now if some kind brother would make
his heart feel light,
I will do something for him if a moment he can
stay—
With my hand upon his shoulder in a friendly
sort o' way.

Thank God the tide is turning, I have tried to do
my part;
But when the clouds were darkest my wife would
cheer my heart,
By saying: "Live and hope now, for we will
have our day!"—
With her hand upon my shoulder in a friendly
sort o' way.

Now if we only would begin an' take an active
part,
And provide for others' welfare with a light and
cheerful heart—
Work heart an' hand together, an' do it ev'ry
day,
With your hand on some one's shoulder in a
friendly sort o' way.

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

BY THOS. R. THOMPSON.

SNAPDRAGON LODGE No. 2.

Discord, envy, strife;
Jaw, jaw, jaw!
War unto the knife;
Law, law, law!

A gavel broke in twain,
An angry word and scowl;
Tumult is rife—
Bickering and strife—
Howl, howl, howl!
Personal malice and spite—
Points of Order and Law,
Carried far into the night,
Jaw, jaw, jaw!

Calling to order and crys of "shame!"
A dreadful tumult, yet none to blame;
Simple questions are twisted and turned—
The truth and right by the angry spurned.
The newly admitted sitting there,
His face the picture of blank despair.

Alas, for teachings of Christ above—
 Alas, for the bonds of brotherly love!
 The union of hands,
 The union of hearts,
 The kindred feeling which never parts;
 Nothing but envy—
 Nothing but strife—
 Alas, for the lease of the Lodge's life!
 For the hands of the clock are fast going the
 round,
 And no time for the "Good of the Order" is
 found.

PRIMROSE LODGE No. 3.

It is eight by the clock, and the members are there;
 The regalias hang on each Officer's chair;
 And to order the Lodge is immediately called
 By the Noble Grand, newly-installed.

By her side the Supporters have taken their
 places,
 While smiles of contentment beam forth from all
 faces;
 And their duty each Officer carefully reads,
 And the business in regular order proceeds.

The new candidates then are admitted, and find
 Such a lot of sweet faces, they feel quite resigned,
 And rejoice to behold such a cheerful, bright band,
 As they stand there united in heart and in hand.

All the business was over, an hour remained,
 And the members were anxious to be entertained.
 Says the Noble Grand, "We've plenty of time,
 So get ready your music, your speeches, and
 rhyme."

Then the members came forward, fine speeches
 were made,
 The new members for coming felt well repaid,
 While the sisters to music sang many a song,
 And the brothers in chorus joined hearty and
 strong.

'Twas the "Good of the Order"—the time was
 well used;
 Not a brother or sister got up and refused;
 But they all did their utmost each other to cheer;
 May each Lodge do the same every week in the
 year.

THE SICK MAN'S DREAM.

BY REV. R. B. HALLOCK.

The wintry wind sighed through the naked tree;
My couch was lighted by the moon's pale Beam;
The starlight glistened o'er the snow-clad lea;
"I had a dream,—it was not all a dream."

Strong roseate Health had laid him down, and slept,
And meek Content lay snugly in his bed;
Pale, wan Despair his midnight vigils kept,
And fitful Guilt new pangs of horror bred.

A giant form in dark and fearful mood,
With hand upraised, and penetrating eye,
Upon my struggling, panting bosom stood,
And sternly said, "To-morrow thou shalt die."

My laboring frame contended with its might
And strove to keep within its vital breath;
My swollen eyes refused their wonted sight:
"Tell me, my soul," cried I, "can this be death?"

My tender wife looked on me all her soul,
And pressed my little cherub to her heart;
Can prayers and tears the tyrant Death control?
Can mortals 'scape the keenness of his dart?

Ere my last breath had mingled with the air,
 And life had perished 'neath the monster's tread,
 Behold, a comely Nymph, divinely fair,
 Stole soft as morning's dawn, close to my bed!

"I come," said she, "not to destroy the foe.
 Or change high heaven's immutable decree;
 For who but God, or all above, below,
 From sin and death can set the captive free?"

"I soothe and comfort him I cannot save
 From death, that comes in flood, and war, and
 flame;
 I twine the laureled emblem round his grave;
 I dwell with Virtue, FRIENDSHIP is my name."

Methought the lovely nymph had scarcely said
 Her words of kindness in my listless ear,
 A grateful charm they o'er my spirit spread,
 And quelled the rage of each corroding fear.

I yearned with agony my thanks to pay
 To the fair maiden, ere away she sped,
 When a bright vestal, clad in white array,
 Stood side by side with Friendship near my bed.

Though the thick mists of death had dimmed
 mine eyes,
 And dire disease forbade my tongue to move,
 I knew she was an angel from the skies;
 Among the sons of earth, her name is LOVE.

But not alone she came in robes of light;
 There stood beside her an immortal youth
Who sits enshrined in everlasting right,
 To vindicate to man the name of TRUTH!

Then I awoke, and blessed the waking hour,
 Resolved, what'er my destined lot might be,
To gain from "Friendship, Love and Truth" the
 power
 To mount on wings of Faith, oh God, to thee!

THE ODD FELLOW'S BURIAL.

BY CHARLES N. HICKOK, P. G. R.

One day into our quiet village came
A pale, wayfaring man. Weary, and worn
And sick he seemed, to those who saw him pass,
As to the rustic inn, beside our single street,
He turned his faltering steps.

'Twas summer eve;
The setting sun had hid his face behind
The western slope, and gathering shades of night
Were hovering o'er the earth; and chilly dews
Were falling on the grass, as on the porch
The stranger paused, and, throwing up his hand,
As though to make some plea for help, his lips
Were powerless to speak, exhausted sank
On the rude bench that stood along the wall.

The tired neighbors, who, at even-tide,
Are wont to congregate at inn or store,
After the labors of the day, to rest, or smoke,
Or chat of village gossip, or discuss,
Perchance, the country's news; were loitering in
And gathered round the fainting youth (for such
He was), with pity in their eyes, and words
Of sympathy upon their lips.

The host,

A rude, uncultured man, but with a heart
Big as his own huge form, and tender as
A woman's, raised him up as tho' he were
A babe, and bore him in his brawny arms
Into an inner room, and laid him on
A bed; then sought, with haste, to bring relief.

Like a limp corpse, the stranger lay so long,
They deemed him dead. At length his eyes
unclosed,
But from their orbs the ray of consciousness
Was gone, and, in its stead, gleamed only forth
The unearthly light of wild delirium.

The burning heat of fever gathered on
His pallid cheeks, and scorched his brain, and sent
The life-tide raging madly through his veins;
And all night long, with superhuman strength,
He raved, and tossed, and struggled hard against
The friendly hands that held him on his couch.

They noticed, mid his ravings, that, at times,
His thoughts were wandering home, and on his lips
The name of father, mother, wife, were joined;
As if he held, in fancy, converse sweet,
With loved ones by his side. And, with his words
To them, were others still, of strange import,
At which some of the watchers marveled, but
Not all. The host unceasingly he called
His Brother (so he was), and piteously
Pleaded with him, by all his plighted vows,
For aid and rescue from some danger great,

Or sore perplexity. And then he talked
 (Strange sounding words) of "Friendship, Love
 and Truth."

And then, anon, he seemed himself to be
 Upon some errand merciful; all in
 Obedience to some owned behest
 To visit and relieve some one distressed.
 The weary night was passed, and, at dawn
 It spread abroad through every village home,
 That, at the Inn, a Brother of the "triple tie"
 Lay sick and destitute. And ere had passed
 The morning's meal, a score of warm, and true
 And loving hearts, had gathered anxious round
 The sick man's bed; each ready to supply,
 To him, the lack of father, brother, friend.

They needed not to ask what way he came
 Of dark vicissitude. To them, it was
 Enough to know he was a Brother, and
 In want of Brother's sympathy and aid.

They found, upon his person, ample proofs
 Of his identity and name; and ere
 The sun had dried the dew away from leaf
 And blade, the news had reached, on lightning's
 wing,
 His far, far distant home, that he was sick
 And in a Brother's care; and stricken hearts
 Were solaced in their grief; for well they knew
 That all that Brother's hands could do, or hearts
 Devise, of tender ministration, would be his,
 Their cherished one, e'en in a stranger's land.

Nine weary nights and days the sufferer lay,
With fevered brain; and reason all dethroned.
And wrestling oft with wild imaginings;
And agonies most dire and pitiful.

At length, one morn,
The crisis feared, yet hoped for, came, when the
Consuming fire that racked his frame was quenched;
And his wild raving gradually gave place
To low and gentle murmurings, until
At last, he into slumber sank, so deep,
So calm and silent, that it seemed a sleep
Of death. The faithful watchers moved about
With muffled tread, and fingers warningly
Upraised, as anxious passers-by tarried
Inquiringly at the open window. All
Was so still, the ticking of the watch, on
Which the doctor's eye was fixed, as with his
Finger on the sleeper's wrist, he marked
Each feeble pulse, was heard throughout the room:
For well they knew that life or death hung on
The moment of his waking.

The lengthened
Hours passed on, and still he slept. At last
They say, as waned the early afternoon,
His eyes unclosed; not with a start of pain,
Nor fevered gleam; but calm, intelligent,
And clear; yet with a look, speaking surprise
That, in a moment more, gave place to one
Of deep anxiety. The doctor saw,

And understood the questioning appeal,
 And hasted to reply. He also saw,
 What the sick man instinctive knew, that he
 Was dying. Gently he told him where he was,
 And how it chanced that he was there,—how he
 Had fallen at a Brother's door, who saw
 And understood his signal, and rejoiced
 To recognize his claim,—how, through the days
 And nights of his delirium, his couch
 Had guarded been, by those who loved him for
 The bonds which linked his heart to theirs as one.
 How tidings to his friends had gone, who now
 Were on the way, expected every hour.

“Oh! will they come?” he whispered, “can it be
 That I shall see them ere I die—my wife,
 My darling wife; my mother, father; will,
 Oh! will they come? God bless you, Brothers true,
 For all your care. Oh! will they come? If not,
 Tell them I thought to find, for them and me,
 A better home than the old cottage by
 The sea. An earthly home, I thought, but God
 Knows best. His will be done; His holy will
 Be done. Tell them; and Brothers, Brothers, don't
 Forget, there is a better home prepared
 For all who love the Master. I have loved
 Him long; He is my Lord—the crucified;
 And where He is, there, there will be my home;
 I will await them there; they know the way;
 And Brothers, Brothers, don't forget to come.

Again he blessed them with his failing breath;
Then closed his eyes and lay so still they thought
His spirit had departed.

Presently

There fell upon the ear the distant sound
Of wheels and horses' tread, driven, it seemed,
In hurried speed along the village street;
And, coming nearer, halted at the door.

The watchers scarce had time to turn their eyes
From off the couch of death, when they beheld
A woman, young and fair; so young they thought
Her but a child; coming with frenzied haste
Into the chamber. With one bewildered glance
At the sad, anxious faces gathered there,
She threw herself, with wild and bitter wail,
Upon her knees beside the dying man;
And passionately kissed the cheek and brow,
On which the dews of dissolution hung.

She was the wife; and, following feebly, came
The aged, white-haired sire, supporting on
His trembling arm his frail companion, she,
The mother of his only child—his boy;
The last of all the precious flock, that once
Had blessed their home; he whom the parents
 hoped
Would live to be the solace of their age.

The Brothers reverently moved away
From round the bed; and stood with throbbing
 hearts

And tearful eyes, compassionately turned
Upon the broken-hearted, weeping group,
Pleading so piteous, with endearing words,
That the pale sleeper might awake and give
One look of love, and speak to them once more.

As it hath sometime happened that the grief
Of friends hath won departing spirits back,
E'en from the confines of the ghostly world,
For a brief season; so the veiled orbs
They thought forever sealed, unclosed, and e'en
A glow of joyful recognition came.
A look of yearning, fondest love he turned
Upon the faces bending o'er his own;
Then, for a moment, glanced his wishful eyes
Toward the faithful-hearted Brother-band;
A glance that tokened endless gratitude,
And also seemed to say to them: "I leave
My precious treasures in your loving care."
Again he fixed his earnest, straining gaze
Into the eyes that mirrored back his own
Mute, longing look of love—a look that bore
The meaning of ten thousand uttered words
Of tenderest endearment. Then the flush
Of mantling color faded from his cheek;
Words vainly struggled on his parting lips;
But, in their stead, a bright, unearthly smile,
That spoke of sweet content and perfect peace;
Spreading like sunlight o'er his beaming face,
An instant lingered there, and, he was dead.

And when the surpliced priest, the man of God,
With words of kindly sympathy and cheer
To the heart broken mourners, had consigned,
With church's blessed words, the "Earth to earth;
Ashes to ashes; dust to dust; to sleep
In peace until the resurrection morn;"
The Brothers stood uncovered, round the grave,
Hand joined in hand, in token of their troth,
And listened to their Order's touching rites;
Then reverently dropped upon the coffin lid
Their simple evergreen, the pledge and sign
Of their remembrance of the dead—their hope
Of blest re-union 'yond this mortal scene;
Then turned away with many a falling tear.

Funereal honor nobler than a king's,
Was this, the young Odd Fellow's burial.

SOLILOQUY OF CYRUS CUTE; OR, THE
COUNTRY NOBLE GRAND.

BY W. B. GWATHMEY.

Once I tho't that I was cunnin',
 (Not because my name 's Cute),
But I tho't I'd try the runnin'
 Of our three-linked institute;
So at the Meetin' in the quarter,
 When some brother had ter stand,
I explained I tho't they auter
 Put me up for Noble Grand.

And by way of 'commidation,
 From my brothers (just for fun),
I was put in nomination
 Gin a a brother fer to run.
At the meetin' fer election,
 All the brothers come that night,
And accordin' to expection
 I was 'lected out of sight.

How I swelled up with emotion
 When the 'ritin' brother 'rote
That the lodge had passed a motion
 Fer a You—Nan—I—Mus—Vote,
Yet I'm feered I sorter stumbled
 Beein' 'scorted to the chair,
And I know I meekly mumbled
 Through the charges given there.

And I took the chair, uncertain
 Just what next I orter do,
 So I quickly yanked the curtain,
 Shuttin' out the lodge from view.
 Then I writ the names selected
 Fer ter fill the term in chairs,
 But with feelin's most dejected
 I heerd foot-steps on the stairs.

Follered by the signal tappin',
 An' the I. G. shouted out,
 "Noble Gran', there's some one rappin',"
 Answers I, "Beyond a doubt."
 "Noble Gran', shall I admit him?"
 (I could see the guard was hot)
 So I tho't I best permit him
 But I goodeel ruther not.

So he opened wide the portal
 While the visitor walked in,
 And you never saw a mortal
 Filled as I was, with chagrin.
 Fer he give the sign an' mosion,
 But thruh meekness, I confess,
 I had sorter got the notion
 I must answer with distress.

Then the stranger paused in wonder;
 When he turned agin to me,
 Fer I swear to you, by thunder,
 I answered in the fust degree,

And he stood there, sorter starin',
 Waitin' fer the answer right,
 And I spoke up over barrin',
 "Won't you take a chair ter night."

Then I banged my wooden mallet
 On the table with a bust,
 Thinkin' I would close the meetin'
 And re-opened in the fust.
 There was not a brother standin'
 On their feet, exceptin' me.
 As I spoke up (quite commandin'),
 "Warden, close the third degree."

But the Warden (lookin' foolish),
 Never budged nor said a word,
 I sot down and madly whispered,
 "Right supporter! close the third."
 So he grabbed my little mallet
 And *he fetched 'em, don't yer see?*
 All the brothers rize a standin',
 Every one, exceptin' me.

Then I asked the outside gurdeon
 If a brother was in wait;
 He said yes. I sent a brother
 Ter receive the kandydate.
 But of all the mixed up messes
 That ere fell to mortal man,
 I was in it, from the minut
 That the Secret Work began.

Fer I had forgot the maken
 Of the signals, signs and sich,
 While my brain I kept a raken
 To tell th'other from the which.
 So they led the brother from me,
 And the Vice Gran' tuck my place,
 Deep disgust, I also noticed
 Writ upon each brother's face.

And the Vice Gran' closed the bizness,
 Jest as easy as could be,
 Called exkuse of absent officers,
 All the brothers looked at me,
 But I quickly caught his meenin,
 And my anger held confined,
 Addressed myself as "Noble Grand,"
 And made myself say "I've resigned."

Then they had to 'lect another
 To the chair of Noble Grand,
 But this time they got a brother
 With more fraternal sense than sand,
 And, as I sung the closin' hymn,
 I was full of joy, "you bet,"
 Fer my head had lost its swim,
 But I was ringin wet with sweat.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:

This is an interesting age in which we live and each one of us is an integral part of the great human family. Life imposes certain duties upon us, as individuals and communities, and as good citizens it is incumbent upon us to faithfully discharge the same. In addition to the duties and obligations imposed upon all, by the common conditions and environments of life, we who are members of this great fraternity, have assumed certain special and specific duties, which we have most solemnly obligated ourselves to perform.

I, therefore, ask your indulgence for a short time, while I discuss some phases of our work, as a fraternity, and suggest some things which I think necessary to harmony and success in our Order.

The three "talismanic words" of our Order are:

"Friendship, Love and Truth."

These beautiful links form the "golden chain" that binds us together as members of our beloved Order. How beautiful and how significant are these words. Pure and disinterested friendship is not always found among men. It is of divine origin; its work sublime and the results grand and glorious. The world is flooded with base counterfeits, so perfectly veneered with what appears to be the true metal, that often time alone can detect the deceitfulness of untrue friends. Deceit is a propensity deeply rooted in the human heart.

“The heart is deceitful above all things;
who can know it?”

A true friendship is an exotic rare, that grows and blooms in the valleys and on the hilltops of life, in all seasons and in every clime. On the icy wastes of Siberia, or under the cerulean blue of an Italian sky, a true friendship is the same perpetual bloomer, whose fragrance brings joy to the heart.

In this selfish world, true friendship is seldom found, yet it is often assumed for mercenary ends. Pretended friends abound, who will stand by you when the sun of prosperity shines upon you, but when the stormy days come and the shadows of adversity fall athwart your pathway, they forsake you and know you no more. Even in our fraternal life, I am sorry to say, we meet with those who have apparently assumed the role of friend or brother, solely for paltry gain.

The second link in this “golden chain” is love, that divine principle which emanates from God, who is the source of all true love.

A true fraternal love begets a true friendship and makes us an unselfish band of brethren and sisters, ready to do and to dare for the right. It makes us strong in our purposes and convictions, slow to anger and true to our friends. Love is that holy principle which makes memory sweet and home beautiful. It is the sunlight of our earliest experience and grows dim when the shadows of death fall upon us, only to be renewed in fuller splendor and brightness on the sunny plains of the “better land.”

The third link in this mystic and symbolic chain, is truth.

God is the author of truth and there is no higher or greater virtue among men. The tiny dewdrop upon the blade of grass in the night, has in its bosom a sleeping star, so in every message from heaven there is a shining truth.

Let us seek the truth and abide by it in all things. Truth is the standard by which all things must be adjusted in this world. Divesting ourselves of all partiality, passion and prejudice, we should honestly appeal to truth as the just arbiter of all things. Truth is the perception and the representation of things as they really are.

It is said the ancient Persians instructed their children in but three things, viz.: To manage a horse, to shoot dextrously with the bow, and to tell the truth, thus showing the importance they attached to this great virtue.

Do we, as members of this great fraternity, live the lives we profess? Do we allow the spirit and genius of the words, "Friendship, Love and Truth," to guide us in our fraternal life? Too often do we allow an excess of zeal, or jealousies, to betray us into harsh words and hasty actions, which tend to disturb and endanger the peace and harmony of our Lodge. Then let us live the lives we profess. Let us live up to the full measure of our obligations and then, indeed, will we exhibit to the world the full measure of fraternal life.

"Friendship, Love and Truth." These talismanic words," which form my text, are full of meaning, and if we are true to their spirit and true to our obligations, we may do much, in our day and generation, to fill the earth with those sacred influences which will some day bring back the lost and faded bloom of Eden and cast a halcyon halo over the dreary wastes of life.

"An Odd Fellow is a noble animal; splendid in ashes; glorious in the grave. Solemnizing nativities and funerals with equal luster, and not forgetting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature."

Thus spake one who mocked while he wept at our estate, and gracefully tempted the high scoffings of plutocracy with a profound compassion of philanthropy. "As the sun's proudest moment is his latest, and as the forest puts on its brightest robes to die in, so does the Odd Fellow summon ostentation to invest the hour of his weakness, and pride survives when power has departed." And what, we may ask, does this instinctive contempt for the honors of the dead proclaim, except the utter vanity of the glories of the living? For me, vain, indeed, must be our real state, and false the vast assumption of our lives, when the poorest pageantry of a decent burial strikes upon the heart as but a mockery of helplessness.

Certain it is that pomp chiefly waits upon the beginning and the end of life. What lies between,

may either raise a sigh or wake a laugh. For it mostly partakes of the littleness of the one and the sadness of the other. Our monuments of blessedness and of wretchedness lie side by side. We cannot look for the one without discovering the other. The echo of joy is the moan of despair, and the cry of anguish is stifled with rejoicing. To make a monarch, there must be slaves, and that one may triumph, many must be weak.

To one limiting this belief within the bounds of his own observation and reasoning, but from what he knows, our condition presents mysteries which thought cannot explain. Our dignity and destiny seem utterly at variance. We turn from contemplating some monument of genius, to inquire for the genius which produced it, and find, that while the work has survived, the workman who produced it has vanished from the earth forever.

An Odd Fellow can immortalize all things but himself. But for my own part, I cannot help thinking that it is our high estimation of ourselves that is the grand error in our account. Surely, it is argued, a creature so ingeniously fashioned and so bountifully furnished, has not been created but for lofty ends.

But cast your eye on the humblest rose of the garden, and it may teach a wiser lesson. There you behold contrivance and ornament; in every leaf the finest veins, and a delicate odor,

and a perfume exquisite beyond imitation. Yet all this is but a toy; a plaything of nature. And surely, she whose resources are so boundless that upon the God of a summer's day can throw away such lavish wealth, steps not beyond her commonest toil when she forms of the dust a living Odd Fellow. When will we learn the lesson of our own significance?

Immortal Odd Fellow, thy blood flows freely and fully, and thou standest a Napoleon. Thou reclinest a Shakespeare. It retards its action but a little, and thou crawlest, a crouching, soulless mass. The bright world a blank, dead vision to thy eye. Verily, oh, Odd Fellow, thou art a glorious and God-like being.

Tell life's proudest tales—what are they? A few attempted successes. A few crushed and mouldered hopes. Much paltry fretting. A little sleep, and the story is concluded. The curtain falls, and the farce is over. The world is not a place to live in, but to die in. It is a house that has but two chambers—a lazar and a charnel. Room only for the dying and the dead.

I tell you, my Brothers, there is not a spot on the broad earth, on which we may plant our foot and affirm, with confidence, no mortal sleeps beneath. Seeing then, that these things are, what shall we say? Shall we exclaim with the gay-hearted Grecian, "Drink to-day, for to-morrow we are not"? Shall we calmly float down the current, smiling if we can, silent when we must? Lulling

care to sleep by the gentle enjoyment, and passing dream-like through a land of dreams?

No! Dream-like as is our life, there is in it ONE reality—our DUTY. Let us cling to that, and distress may overwhelm, but cannot disturb us; may destroy, but cannot hurt us, as THEN the bitterness of earthly things, and the shortness of earthly life will cease to be evils and begin to be blessings.



FRIENDSHIP—WHAT IS IT?

BY DAVID E. BURNS.

It is not a vision that glideth away,
It is not a sunbeam that fades with the day.
'Tis faithful, 'tis patient, 'tis cautious, 'tis wise,
'Tis honest in all things and scorns all disguise.
It paints every virtue and hides all defects,
It pardons all errors, o'erlooks all neglects.
Unselfish, most noble, most generous, most just,
Believing, confiding, delighting to trust.
Deep, tender in feeling, in sympathy strong,
Unbiased by motive, a proof against wrong.
Most ardent, most active, in trial and need,
True, earnest, transparent in thought, word and
deed.

A stranger to flattery, falsehood and art,
Its destiny heaven, its earth home, the heart.
It is not a shadow, a vapor, a breath,
It is wholly immortal and cannot know death.

A STERLING OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man by his manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,—
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overthrown.
God, who comes by soul, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values throne the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest kinds are men!
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thought and men of fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In man's ennobling name.

Here are foam-embroidered oceans;
There are little, wood-clad rills;
There are feeble, inch-high saplings;
There are cedars on the hills.
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Moves and prospers you and me;
For him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Stilted laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same,
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice;
While the poor man, on ragged freedom,
Vainly lifts his feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right.
God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Links oppression with His titles
As but pebbles in the sea.

TIMMY JOINS THE LODGE.

Well, Katy, at last I'm a member
Of the lodge that I wanted to jine;
I know ivery one of their saycrets.
The nasheashun, I tell you, was foine.
The first time I wint, ye remimber,
I came home in a terrible plight,
Vowing vingeance 'gainst iv'ry lodge member
Who used me so badly that night.

But the boys come 'round an' they told me
Them tricks was only for jokes,
An' I'd have a chance to get even
Helping play them on some other folks.
So I went to another mating,
An' they met me so kind at the door,
An' didn't misuse me and fool me
In the manner they used me before.

They marched me round to the altar,
Where all the members could see,
An' a man with a fine robe said loudly:
"Give your name and repate after me."
I spoke up very plain an' distinctly,
"Give your name an' repate after me."
Though I noticed the members all smiling,
Divil a bit of fun could I see.

“Give your name and repate after me, sir,”
Said the man, an’ he stamped on the floor,
An’ quickly I answered as loudly,
“Bejabbers, I said that before.”
Then he read me the rest of the pledges,
Which I never will dare to repate;
For they tould me the one who proved traitor,
Would meet with a terrible fate.

An’ they give me the signs an’ the passwords,
I don’t remember what some were about;
But one was distress—if in trouble,
The members will quick bail me out.
An’ now that I’m made full mimber,
Ye nadn’t sthay up after ten,
For when I am out till morning,
Ye may know to the matin’ I’ve been.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

BY GEO. H. CHANCE.

How false that thing called Friendship,
When in its name we find
A craven heart to lure us,
With heartless hand to bind.

But real indeed that Friendship,
If with the name we find
The heart in hand to greet us,
With pressure warm and kind.

Then how weak and helpless Love,
When 'tis slavish, self-confined,
Never free to act, bound down
As do jailers culprits bind.

But how strong unselfish Love,
Ever gentle, good and kind;
Not bound, but in action free,
And from selfish dross refined.

So 'tis sad misuse of Truth,
A brother's name to tarnish,
When with falsehood underneath
We use the truth as varnish.

Never so should Truth be used;
Aye, for justice and the right;
Never lie to cover up—
Rather bring the wrong to light.

Let us then in Friendship's name,
Manifest unselfish Love,
Using Truth to right the wrong,
Fitting us for Lodge above.

Thus shall we our motto prove;
Helping age, protecting youth,
Making melody on earth—
Linking Friendship, Love and Truth.

LINES TO A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope nor pleasure; joy nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shown the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dues of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
A falsehood's honey is disdained,
And where it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine!
Or with its envied rubies shine;
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the path of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod;
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble bed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

A BUILDING FORMED BY THE WORKS
OF THE ORDER.

This building is built with mortal rocks.
Its corner stones are hearts
That keep for ages with its locks,
And secrets ne'er imparts.

Its members are its pillars strong,
Which form its walls so grand;
Its roof, the works which crown the throng,
For ages it shall stand.

The light that shine its windows are;
Their pathway in the door,
Which gives a welcome from afar
To brothers this world o'er.

Its dome, the Golden Rule that shines
To light them on the way;
The spire that points to things divine,
The by-laws holding sway.

The weather vane that points the way,
Are obligation's scrolls;
The bell that rings each gathering day,
The Gavel as it falls.

Its chairs, the offices that won
 And filled with brothers true;
 Its altars, where with pledges done
 Are sacred as the dew.

Its choir, the chanting odes that sung
 By silver heads and youth;
 With chandeliers with prisms hung,
 Are Friendship, Love and Truth.

Its stairs that lead to rooms above,
 Degrees along the way;
 Its Ante-rooms through which they rove,
 Are passwords all O. K.

The draperies of their mansion fair,
 Are colors that are bold.
 'Tis decked with red and purple rare
 And links of purest gold.

The key that locks this building fast,
 The grip by brothers given,
 Will ne'er be broke but always last
 For the Grand Lodge in heaven.

JUDGE NOT.

BY BROTHER BARNES.

And was that all the holy man
Saw as he looked around?
And how he came immaculate,
On such polluted ground?
Did he not see Christian and Jew,
And men of every creed,
Upon a common platform meet,
To succor those in need?

Did he not see in harmony,
Leaders in church and state,
With minor differences laid aside,
In friendly tête-a-tête?
Did he not mark the absence there
Of all the petty strife
That in the world so often mars
A man's uncertain life?

Did he not hear the truth declared,
"No sect or church,
But a friendly band, linked heart and hand,
Bound in fraternity?"
Did he not see the Baptist there,
Episcopalian true,
The Presbyterian, Orthodox,
Yes, and the Methodist too?

Does he not know within a lodge,
 Each brother's heart's his own;
 And no one dares to write the prayers
 For others to the throne?
 A great, all-wise Omnipotence
 Is recognized by all;
 Beyond this each one for himself
 Must either stand or fall.

Odd Fellowship is of the earth,
 Claims not to be divine
 In either origin or works,
 But benefits mankind.
 A band of brothers laboring for
 The welfare of each other,
 Relieving sorrow, watching o'er
 The orphan and its mother.

He says a Christian man is asked
 To learn our secret art,
 Who said, "No, no, I'll not go in,
 For Jesus has no part."
 We're told, too, of the traveler worn,—
 Unaided turned away;
 Because he'd not the grip or sign,
 We'd not his grief allay.

And then this holy man exults
 That in the last great day,
 Thousands of mystic brethren shall,
 Rebuked, be sent away.

No Christian love marks his last verse,
 His pen is dipped in gall,
 His soul seems watching for the day
 That shall engulf us all.

He's not the first, nor will he be the last,
 To tangle up his brain,
 In comprehending charity
 With its attending train.
 Some souls can never understand
 Beyond a one idea,
 But come with us and you will find
 No interference here.

Of every faith you here will meet
 Brothers to suit your mind;
 And others, too, differing with you,
 Will greet you, true and kind.
 They'll ask you not what is your creed,
 Or what ticket you vote,
 Or whether you till the soil for bread,
 Or wear a Judge's coat.

You'll find Divines, who for long years
 Their lives to God have given;
 Who, pilgrims through this vale of tears,
 Are on the road to heaven;—
 Men in whose hearts a Christian's love
 Burns brightly every day;
 Who serve with zeal and trusting faith,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.

Let vain, presumptuous men forbear
To judge fraternal ties;
But 'ere our motes, remove the beam
Obscuring their own eyes.
Or else they the error make,
The beloved one did of old,
Who forbade a work, because the man
Was not known in his fold.

Bread to the hungry, drink to them
That thirsteth here below,
Is a command imperative,
Sent to this field of woe.
And when life's troubled waves are past,
God judgeth every heart;
'Tis His blessed voice, and not a man's,
That says "Come" or "Depart."

WHAT IS ODD FELLOWSHIP?

BY MRS. L. D. TOWNSEND.

What are Odd Fellows, what are they,
What are the works they do?
Just tend to what I have to say,
And I will tell you.

Odd Fellows are a band, indeed,
Whom Friendship's ties have bound,
To help a brother when in need,
Where'er he may be found.

By Love, their deeds will show to all,
The good for which they strive;
The number, when their roll shall call,
Will show how well they thrive.

And Truth, that binds their pledges strong,
By golden links of three,
Will keep them from all deeds of wrong,
With the letters F. L. T.

You ask what else these brothers do?
They are a lodge, indeed,
That care for all their sick ones, too,
And bury all their dead.

They lend a loving hand to all
 Whom in distress they see,
 And show by deeds, both great and small,
 They reverence Charity.

The Lodge has stood the test of years,
 And still keeps gaining ground;
 You'll find its brothers far and near,
 Should you the world go 'round.

And should you roam in distant lands,
 Or lie with sickness low,
 You'll find the brothers loving
 Will kindness to you show.

All deeds of kindness shown to man,
 Is what their pledges prove;
 They do what kindly acts they can,
 Through deepest vows of love.

So now you know the work they do,
 And what Odd Fellows are;
 I hope you'll find my words are true,
 If you watch their works with care.

This building now must have a name,
 Or else without be left,
 And so to give it greater fame,
 We call it I. O. O. F.

THE ODD FELLOW'S HOPE.

BY S. P. LELAND.

The glory of a brighter day
Is dawning, surely dawning,
Athwart the sky its promised ray
Drives midnight darkness fast away;
Nor will a frown its progress stay—
'Tis coming, surely coming!

O'er all the world of human thought
'Tis dawning, surely dawning,
Each ray with eagerness is sought,
And famished souls with hopes are fraught—
Hopes, that by them were dearly bought;
'Tis coming, surely coming!

Aye, gaze above! The sky is light—
'Tis dawning, surely dawning,
The heart leaps joyous at the sight,
And prisoned souls from Error's night,
Inspired with hopes, shout for the Right—
'Tis coming, surely coming!

You cannot stay its wings in air,
'Tis dawning, surely dawning,
Mankind, awake, arouse! The fair
Bright morn is dawning everywhere,
The very winds in joy declare
'Tis coming, surely coming!

A prophecy that brilliant beams—
 'Tis dawning, surely dawning,
 When Right shall rule Old Might supreme,
 When men shall to each other seem
 As true, not a deceitful dream—
 'Tis coming, surely coming!

That day when Truth and Right shall wed,
 Is dawning, surely dawning,
 Justice and Love are not yet dead—
 God's sacred words are not yet said;
 Nor Truth shall be by Falsehood led—
 'Tis coming, surely coming!

Our Mystic tie is strong and Right;
 'Tis dawning, surely dawning,
 The East is reddening with the light,
 The promised gold is now in sight,
 Our Emblems shine with lustre bright—
 'Tis coming, surely coming!

By our words we seek to prove—
 'Tis dawning, surely dawning,
 Faith beams in glory from above—
 Hope lights our paths with beams of love,
 And charity like Noah's dove,
 Is coming, surely coming!

FIRST ODD FELLOWS SONG.

BY JAMES MONTGOMORY.

When Friendship, Love and Truth abound
Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily 'round,—
Each shares the cup of others.
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along the vale of sorrow;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth.

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay, good-humored smiling.
With ermine beard and forelock gray,
His reverent front adorning,
He looks like winter turned to May,—
Night softened into morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth.

From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure;
Can man desire, can heaven bestow
A more resplendent treasure?

Adorned with gems so richly bright,
 We'd form a constellation,
 Where every star with modest light
 Shall gild his proper station.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth.



THREE LINKS.

BY S. T. JONES.

There is a light that's brighter far
Than noontide sun or cloudless day;
It shines through darkness like a star,
With mild, serene and constant ray.
'Tis Friendship's pure, steady light
That shines through sorrow's darkest night.

But Friendship never can imply,
Like holy Love's refining fire,
The joy and gladness to the heart
And satisfy its long desire.
Then let us Love that greater light,
Which knows no darkness, has no light.

When Truth unveils her lovely face,
Then Friendship clasps her by the hand,
And Love at once did both embrace
And bound the three in mystic band.
And down life's path both age and youth
Are cheered by Friendship, Love and Truth.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY REV. H. A. GUILD.

Friendship! O, word of wide renown,
And treasured wealth as well,
O'er graces all cast golden crown—
Come to our hearts and dwell.

Sorrows infest our world to-day;
Heart-aches swell loud their cry;
Oh, haste, dear friendship, and obey
The call, ere caller die.

The brother true, of triple link,
Hast learned the lesson grand;
From fraters cup hast learned to drink,
And 'mong the needy stand.

'Twas early taught in Lodge's work
Essential truth to know,—
Nor let one frater seek to shirk
One duty here below.

Art strong, content and rich to-day?
Happy that heart of thine?
To-morrow all may flee away,
And sun refuse to shine.

Good deeds alone, with good intent,
 Survive the wreck of fate;
 On such the Father's blessing sent
 In measure full and great.

Would Friendship have? Then Friendship give,
 Nor sordid count the cost.
 For others plan—for others live—
 Reach down and save the lost.

There is a friend that sticketh close,—
 Closer than brother true;
 If we love Him, fair Sharon's rose,
 Forever bright and new.

Let love go forth from every heart,
 Encircling friend and foe;
 And friendship ever bear a part
 In scattering clouds of woe.

Then Friendship's lesson, newly taught,
 And newly learned as well,
 New joy to all will thus have brought,
 And all in love will dwell.

OUR CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

Hold up the torch, O brothers true,
Sustained by warm, fraternal feeling;
As we that living faith renew,
That e'er in good is self-revealing.

Let Friendship's honest tongue express
The honest heart's sincere emotion;
And at this common shrine confess
One aim, one duty, one devotion.

Let love its holy flame outpour,
Our souls with readier zeal impressing;
Till through its mission, more and more,
Our Order shall be deemed a blessing.

Let Truth's white banner still be pure,
Without a stain its folds e'er marring;
Its presence shall our peace insure,
And soothe the din of human jarring.

Hold high the torch! Its radiance bright
No jealous turbulence should smother;
But may it blaze a beacon light,
To guide in safety every brother.

God smile upon this friendly band!
And may He bless their grand endeavor
To labor on, with heart and hand,
In Friendship, Truth and Love forever.

THE NEW NOBLE GRAND.

In his chair at the top of the room he now sits,
 Fine fellow, fine fellow, fine fellow,
And the marble with gavel he gallantly hits,
 Fine fellow, fine fellow, fine fellow.
And the visiting brothers are loud in their praise,
For he's just overflowing with quite winning ways,
And politest attention to everyone pays,
 Fine fellow, fine fellow, fine fellow.

But see, very soon, how he meekly submits,
 Good fellow, good fellow, good fellow,
To those who so kindly would sharpen his wits,
 Good fellow, good fellow, good fellow.
For he finds himself hedged in on every side,
With sharp points of order he's bound to decide,
And, rule as he will, they are sure to deride,
 Good fellow, good fellow, good fellow.

At the end of his term he will take his back pay,
 Poor fellow, poor fellow, poor fellow,
And for his successor will artfully lay,
 Poor fellow, poor fellow, poor fellow.
So the wheel keeps revolving without any stop,
Giving each one in turn a perch on the top,
After which out of sight he will probably drop,
 Poor fellow, poor fellow, poor fellow.

PROGRESS AND FRATERNITY.

BY A. J. HOUGH.

There's a foot upon the threshold, there's a heart-
beat at the door,
And a stranger waits a welcome to the lodge
room's sacred floor.
We shall greet him as a brother, we shall hail him
as a friend,
And receive him to our bosom, with a love that
cannot end.
He is bound and we must loose him, he is blind
and on his sight
We must gently pour the radiance of the purifying
light.
He must learn by touch and token the deep
meaning of our signs,
And the pass-words by a whisper, like winds
among the pines.
It may be he comes to meet us with some low,
narrow view
Of the meaning of Odd Fellow, and the work he
has to do.
But a change will come upon him, other thoughts
his mind control,
When he sees the Order clearly in the early
grandeur of its soul.
If he doubts our lofty mission, fails to grasp its
purpose large,

He must listen to the accents of the worthy Past
Grand's charge.
Pen is seldom put on paper with so much of
strength and grace,
Half so grand a revelation of the glory of the
race.
It is filled with the aroma, and is shedding it
abroad,
Of the white flowers of the gospel of the blessed
Son of God.
If the stranger made a brother, gathers from that
charge its worth,
He will reach the noblest manhood on the fair
face of the earth.
What vast depth its words discover, what fair
heights shine out afar;
When we see them we remember what poor Odd
Fellows we are.
Passing over yonder threshold there is progress
every day,
From the lower to the higher, by an ever upward
way.
And the Initiatory service, though sublime the
lessons gained,
They are but the first faint whisper of what is to
be attained,
And the stranger made a brother, enters but the
early dawn
Of the Order and its service,—it is noonday
further on.

Signs and symbols, hidden meanings, in his presence will enclose,
As the sun lays bare the blossom and the beauty of the rose.
Every time he enters musing at the lodge room's open door,
Something new will break upon him he has never seen before.
And when backward fall his glances, o'er the darkened way he came,
All the shadows have departed, it is luminous, aflame,
With a meaning and message that he hears with bated breath,—
Life's tremendous issues leaping from the lips of death.
He can, will he, in the brightest day his life shall ever see,
Lose the vision of that Presence which spoke once to you and me?
Hands upon the bosom folded, lips that never cease to preach,
With a silence more impressive than all forms of human speech.
And the voices of his brothers, that were only heard in part,
Will ring out in curious accents through the quiet of his heart,
While the rose leaves will be shaken evermore along his way,

And the wintery winds sad requiems sing above
their swift decay.
But the spring shall follow after, with soft zephyrs
in his train,
And the place of death, in beauty, in joy and life
shall shine again.
When he stood before the Warden, more pre-
sumptuous than wise,
And his sympathy was frozen in assisting him to
rise,
When the tottering ancient teacher spoke with
thunder in his tones,
The most decrepit brother have the lightning
in his bones,
Will he lose the solemn lesson through the rolling
of the years,
With "Forget it not! Forget it not!" still sounding
in his ears;
From his memory will the Noble Grand's instruc-
tions ever slip,
The Entersign, the Countersign, the Pass-Word
and the Grip?
If he dreams amid her grandeur that our Order is
but a name,
He had better turn and leave us by the door
through which he came,
For he stands as a blind man in the midst of
summer flowers,
And there's no place for a mummy in this Brother-
hood of ours.

These are but the passing ripples of the ocean on
the shore,—

He has only crossed the threshold of initiation's
door!

Never pausing, onward moving, step by step he
upward springs,

And the steps are in a stairway leading up to
nobler things.

As the oak trees raise from acorns, and the rivers
flow from rills,

So the lodge room leads upward to the everlasting
hills.

As the day springs out of shadows to the noontide
clear and bright,

We come out of chains and darkness into liberty
and light.

On the first step of the Order, at the first door
open thrown,

There is Progress written boldly,—we must make
the word our own.

For Odd Fellowship, by nature, like all living
things are true,

Is an ever-growing glory and progressive through
and through.

Who, without the aspiring spirit, can in any sense
discharge

The high duties laid upon him in the worthy Past
Grand's charge?

It will take the best endeavors, or our manhood's
splendid days,

To approximate in likeness to the model it
displays.
Let us listen to its accents with the stranger at
the door,
And behold a grandeur in it we have never seen
before.
Based upon eternal axioms stands the flag we hail
unfurled,
And its object, clearly written, is to Fraternalize
the world.
It points upward to one Father, shows the origin
sublime,
Of all nations, towns and people, filling every age
and clime.
Creeds we know not; parties, classes, breathe in
our finer airs;
Earth has one great family circle,—this is what
the flag declares.
There is room beneath its shadow, and it gathers
there and holds
One vast Brotherhood, united in rich and ample
folds.
There the nations may concentrate all their ener-
gies for good,
On the platform all embracing universal Brother-
hood.
And the elements of discord, tearing hearts with
ugly rifts,
Die beneath the splendid banner that Odd Fellow-
ship uplifts.

- All too high the standard; its aims too luminous
and large?
They are shining in their brightness through the
worthy Past Grand's charge;
When he rises, in this service, calmly speaking
from the chair,
To the stranger, made a brother, you will find
that they are there
Where I found them and have set them in my
verses like a gem;
They will not come down to suit us, we must
measure up to them.
There are other lessons spoken in that Charge's
noble way,
Of the highest pith and moment to the Brother-
hood to-day.
It is our sole endeavor to befriend the stricken
ones;
We are here to build up manhood, as God builds
his stars and suns.
Clothing naked, feeding hungry, is a mission
grand and true,
But to make a white soul whiter, is a noble work
to do.
We shall shield the stricken widow, take the
orphan by the hand,
At the bedside of the dying with sweet ministra-
tions stand.
It must never once be spoken in the market—on
the street,

That a brother died unsolaced, falling at his
 brother's feet,
 But beyond the moaning circle and the drying of
 its tears,
 We must make our brother richer through the
 everlasting years.
 He must bear some stamp upon him, some fine
 chiseling of light,
 That the universe will hail him as an Odd Fellow
 at sight.
 To have worn our priestly vesture, to have borne
 our sacred name,
 And the name be none the better is an everlasting
 shame.
 "That's a sermon," some one whispers; brothers,
 by our sacred sign,
 It's the worthy Past Grand preaching through
 this simple verse of mine.
 When he shows our lofty mission, by a master
 spirit drawn,
 Our great Order stands to back him, and the
 world is looking on.
 Our's is not a restaurant merely, hospital or
 clothing store;
 If Odd Fellowship means something, it means
 infinitely more.
 It is manhood fully rounded, in all gracious deed
 displayed,
 And the character is massive as the hills of God
 are made.

For the body it will perish and go down to the
sod,
But the spirit, ever upward, seeketh after life and
God.
Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, never one
poor sufferer miss,
But the worthy Past Grand told me there was
something more than this!
And the music of his message chilled and chained
me to the spot,
And its spell is still upon me,—brother men have
you forgot?
Like the standard of the Order, in its glory grand
and high,
As a beacon and a shelter, fling it out and let it
fly,
That to all with tender boldness it may one clear
message speak:
There is nothing high and noble that Odd Fellows
do not seek.

CLING TO THOSE WHO CLING TO YOU.

BY D. M. G.

There are many friends in summer
Who are kind while flowers bloom,
But when winter chills the blossoms
They depart with the perfume.
On the broad highway of action
Friends of worth are far and few,
So when one has proved his friendship,
Cling to him who clings to you.

Do not harshly judge your neighbor,
Do not deem his life untrue,
If he makes no great pretensions—
Deeds are great and words are few;
Those who stand amid the tempest
Firm as when the skies are blue,
Will be friends while life endureth—
Cling to those who cling to you

When you see a worthy brother
Buffeting the stormy main,
Lend a helping hand fraternal,
Till he reach the shore again.
Don't desert the old and tried friend
When misfortune comes in view,
For he then needs friendship's comforts,
Cling to those who cling to you.

ORIGIN OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. GARDNER.

In heaven above was first conceived
The blessings of the mystic tie,
Which oft the widow's heart relieved,
And often hushed the orphan's sigh.

When erring man had grieved away
The Holy Spirit from his breast;
When none appeared his soul to stay,
Or give his troubled conscience rest,—

Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I come,"
All heaven amazed stood at the word,
"I leave for doomed man my home
That he to life may be restored."

He came and in a manger lay;
Shepherds upon Judea's plains
Watched Bethel's star, and neath its ray
They sang his birth in heavenly strains.

How beautiful upon the mount
The Saviour of the world appeared,
At Siloam's silver fount,
Where oft the sinking heart be cheered!

Benevolence and love combined,
E'en in the early morn of youth,
To lead his pure immortal mind
To deeds of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Odd Fellows! On your way pursue!
Take for your pattern Him who died;
Scatter good works like morning dew,
And learn of Him the crucified.

To seek the sorrowing sons of woe,
To sooth the hearts with anguish riven;
To make their cup of hope o'erflow,
And raise their eyes of faith to heaven.

A DREAM.

BY MRS. JENNIE E. STOFFER.

One night I felt tired and weary and sad;
The whole earth in garments of mourning seemed
 clad;
All bright, happy thoughts had flown far away,
And the dark, gloomy ones seemed determined to
 stay;
That day I had seen so much of earth's woes—
Of sickness and poverty; worst of life's foes—
Strong men rendered weak by the hand of disease,
And some who from pain could gain no release;
Thus thinking, I dreamed: Before me there stood
A white, marble palace, quite near to a wood.

The grounds were laid out in beautiful style,
With flowers and fountains, most sure to beguile
The weary and sad from all troublesome thought,
The good, all around, reached one unsought.
I asked, "Whose the palace so lovely and pure?
How could they such unalloyed beauty secure?
How long was the architect making the plan?
And is it the work of angels or man?"

There reached me this answer, both promptly and
 clear:
"This fine, marble palace for many a year
Has been in building; nor will be complete

Until time is ended; then each stone that's meet,
 Snugly fit to its place in the palace will stand;
 Then indeed will the palace be lovely and grand;
 The great Architect, who gave us the plan,
 Is the God of the Bible, not angels or man;
 But men are the workers, to each one is given
 A block of white marble, from solid rock riven,
 All rough and uneven. With chisel and mallet,
 As careful as artist with paint on his palette,
 Man must shape it, and smooth it, and fit it to be
 Placed in the wall like those that you see."

"Then 'tis not complete," I said with surprise,
 "Pray who are the ones the workers comprise?"
 "They are known on earth as Odd Fellows true;
 Their rule, do to others as you'd have them do
 If you were in their places, they were in yours.
 This rule, love to others most firmly secures;
 If men love not their brothers, whom down here
 they see,
 How can they love God, or his children be?
 'Tis the nature of men to each seek his own,
 While in the base heart Selfishness has the throne,

It rules with a heartless and merciless sway;
 Turns desires and affections all in the wrong way.
 These men called Odd Fellows, by triple ties
 bound,
 In all the whole earth as brothers are found.
 First in the chain, stands Friendship's bright ring,
 That cheers them and helps them to heartily sing;

Though dark adversity on them may frown,
 Sustained by true friendship they'll ne'er go down.
 The last ring is Truth, so dear to the heart,
 It forms in each life no meagre part;
 If through the whole earth men were true to each
 other,
 Each showing the care he should for his brother,
 How much less of sorrow, and envy and strife,
 Would each have to write in his chapter of life.
 Uniting these rings of friendship and truth,
 Stands Love, alike welcomed by old age and
 youth;
 Love, that with white wings of charity hides
 The failings of others, and ever abides—
 Is never found lacking to help and defend
 Unfortunate brothers who on it depend?"

But I said, "Who can join them? I'd like to be
 one
 To work for this palace so grandly begun.
 Who gives them the chisel, the mallet, the stone?
 And where will the plan to work by be shown?"
 "The rough block of marble is simply each man
 Who's willing to join in the Odd Fellows' plan,
 The chisel is Truth, the mallet is Love;
 The blows dealt in friendship all roughness remove;
 Then to polish the stone all these must combine,
 And out on the woes of humanity shine;
 Must bury the dead and care for the living,
 Affection and love to the sad heart giving;
 Must search out and help the widow and child

Who, crushed by their grief, with sorrow are wild;
 In fact, must like Angels of Mercy go forth,
 Dispensing their blessings East, West, South and
 North.

They are called Odd Fellows, for men of this kind
 Who care for their brothers, are quite hard to find;
 Unless in such Orders, where, banded together,
 They stand by each other whatever the weather."

"But this is for men. Have women no part?
 May they not with mallet and chisel now start,
 For this palace, so grand and so fair, fit a stone?"
 "God said, 'tis not good for a man to be 'lone.'
 'Twas the friendship of woman, her truth and love,
 Through which men learn something of heaven
 above,

Her tender hand soothing feverish brow;
 Her constancy to a once plighted vow;
 Her love, that unwavering, would follow and save,
 Have taught men to be patient, helpful and brave.
 In yonder grand palace there's many a stone
 chiseled and polished by woman alone.

They are called Rebekahs; up there in the dome
 They shine, as the daughters and wives do at
 home;

Without them the palace would be incomplete;
 When they cap the climax, it cannot be beat.
 Rebekahs and Odd Fellows work hand in hand,
 Each helping the other—a brave, noble band.
 They're blessing the earth, bringing gladness and
 joy,

While all that is hurtful they aim to destroy.”
 I awoke from my dream, being cheered and
 delighted
 That this world, that had seemed so dark and
 benighted,
 Had in it so many Odd Fellows to brighten
 The dark clouds of sorrow, and helpfully lighten
 The burdens of others, so careworn and weary,
 Who, but for this Order, would be sad and dreary.
 May God speed the Order, and add to their num-
 ber
 Those whose kind works and acts never slumber!
 May friendship and truth still with love be united
 Till time ends all unions, how e'er strongly plighted.

GIVE US A GRIP OF YOUR HAND,
BROTHER.

Hail, Brother Odd Fellows! We welcome a man
Who has the three links, as a sign,
And greet you in friendship as one of the band.
In brotherly covenant join;
Whatever your name and where'er you are found,
North, South, East, or West, in our Nation,
We offer to you an Odd Fellow's hand
And an Odd Fellow's congratulation.

CHORUS.

Then give us the grip of your hand, Brother,
Give us the grip of your hand;
The Odd Fellow's grip will wisely not slip,
So give us the grip of your hand.

We seek not to learn of your station or place,
How high or low it may be;
With us, words and actions bring fame or disgrace;
Appearances often belie;
A real Odd Fellow in fact or in name,
While loyal to country and kin,
Is grateful always to the Father Supreme,
And fraternal to his fellow men.

If sickness and trouble should fall to our lot,
When into strange places we roam,
The pledge of our Order will not be forgot;
Odd Fellowship gives help and home;
And so you, our Brother, assistance may claim,
Should ever misfortune oppress;
Our hands and our hearts it will still be our aim
Not to close to a brother's distress.

But not for our physical comfort alone,
Our mutual relief are we bound;
The good of our Order at best may be shown
When precept and faculties are joined;
We war against vice in its various forms,
Ever prompted by friendship to men;
The teachings of Love will supply us the arms
And Truth shall victory win.

THE THREE LINKS.

BY J. H. CLOYES.

Come, brothers, all together raise
Your voices in our Order's praise!
Odd Fellowship, the theme shall be,
Whose emblematic "Links" are three,
"Fraternity" the "Corner stone,"
A firm foundation built upon;
Its wall shall stand, while stands the earth,
Bounded by "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

We challenge no man's faith or creed,
And largest liberty concede;
Requiring but belief in God
And universal brotherhood;
Within the lodge-room, not a word
Of party strife is ever heard;
We only speak for moral worth,
As shown by "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

For mutual help in time of need,
The mandates of our laws provide;
We cheer the sick, inter the dead,
The widow and the orphan feed;
Our Order is a family
Whose wants may limit charity,
Until mankind, East, West, North, South,
Shall join in "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

Forever may the Order be
 A model of fraternity!
 Forever the "Three Links" remain
 Which represent our Binding chain!
 Whene'er a brother needs a friend,
 May each an "open hand" extend,
 Showing alike to age and youth
 How grand are "Friendship, Love, and Truth."



TEMPLE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

I saw a stately building,
Upraising to the sky;
All chaste and fair, with gilding
Like sun-light from on high.

No architectural blunder—
Consistent in each part,
And what to all a wonder
Was that it had a heart.

Illustrious example,
'Twas worthy of such fame,
That 'neath its shelter ample,
The poor and suffering came.

Look on the beauteous building—
'Tis our Order you discry;
Its tastefulness and gilding
Do Love and Truth supply.

A PATRIARCH'S ADVICE.

BY P. G. CRAWFORD.

A Patriarch, gray, who was seventy, or more,
Whose appearance attested the years that he bore,
Was sought for advice—as to how, where, and
when,

Best a fortune to gain—by several young men.
“Is it fortune, you seek?” the old man replies,
“A fickle jade, truly, who often denies
Worthy mortals her smile—instead gives a frown;
Three fortunes have I she cannot put down.

The first one I made not through my merit,
Though it was one that I could not inherit;
Since it was gained, for no price would I lose it,
For the favor was great that allowed me to
choose it;

Draft after draft on this fortune I've made,
Each one was promptly and cheerfully paid.”
“Its name, and its path?” then chorused they all.
“Friendship, its name; path, an Odd Fellow's Hall.

The next was a nugget, the possession of which
Made me, in finding, indescribably rich;
'Twas a nugget that stood the crucible's heat,
But easily melted, and made funds to meet

Every demand when my prospects were worst;
 This fortune I prize quite as high as the first."
 "What is it? Where is it?" chorused they all.
 "Love, it is; where?—in an Odd Fellows' Hall.

I next found a diamond, much rarer than known,
 Though supposed to be common, its loss none
 will own;

This jewel, though rare, when we don't labor
 To find, as we should; content with our neighbor,
 Has one rich and rare—our envies not bitter;
 But, if he lose his—what a terrible twitter."

"The name of this diamond? Its field?" said
 they all.

"Truth, its name; and the field is an Odd Fellows'
 Hall.

'I was young; now I am old,' a wise man once
 said,

'And I've not seen the righteous, or seen begging
 bread;'

Another maxim I'll add, and 'tis no surmise,
 Therefore, I pray you, take heed, and be wise:
 The best guard against life's ills is, forsooth!

In practicing Friendship, Love, and Truth,
 Forget not these fortunes." "We'll not!" said
 they all—

"For the path we have found—'tis an Odd Fellows'
 Hall."

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

T. E. GARRETT.

The golden bands that brothers bind
No hand on earth can sever;
The golden heart of human kind,
Pours out its wealth forever;
The blasts of heartless winter blow,
And beat the world's rough bosom;
Yet 'neath a friendly crest of snow
Live germs of leaf and blossom.

Between the world and want we come,
Like snowflakes o'er the meadow,
To guard stricken wintry home
Of orphan, and of widow;
Beneath its warmth, and love, and life,
While sullen winds are roaring;
The helpless field, 'mid storm and strife,
The golden hearts outpouring.

The bright sun lifts the mass of gloom
And the new-born life discloses;
The spring wakes with shine and bloom,
And strews the earth with roses;
We hedge with Love our garden ground
When howling tempest bluster;
Our golden band enclose it round,
And golden hearts will foster.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

I read a tale some time ago,
As quaint as it was old,
And think it now as good and true
As when it first was told;
So, by your leave, I'll tell the same,
This tale of olden time,
And for the sake of euphony
I'll put it into rhyme.

The scene is laid in other lands,—
The time, the golden age,
When men were true to manhood's name,
Though peasant, king or sage.
Two brothers lived in Arabia;
'Twas called the "blessed land;"
They tilled the soil, day after day,
With an untiring hand.
And Allah blessed their labors, too;
Corn, wheat and fruits were given,
While they, with thankful hearts, gave praise
For all these gifts of heaven.
They shared alike the grain and fruit,
Nor questioned it was right,
For each had toiled with equal skill,
From early morn till night.
Now Ali was a married man;
His children numbered four;

And yet he had enough for all
 And something for the poor.
 They dwelt beneath a spreading palm,
 Sweet love reigned in their cot,
 And Ali was a happy man,
 Contented with his lot.
 But Baba was a single youth,
 With none to share his gain
 Of fruit and wine, of corn and wheat,
 And soothe him when in pain.
 And yet, he seemed to be content,
 As most all bachelors are,
 Who have no one to care for them,
 And none for them to care.
 'Twas summer eve,—the work was done,
 And all had gone to rest;
 The yellow moon shed golden light,
 Low hanging in the West.
 The brothers toiled quite late that day
 Amid the ripened grain,
 And sheaves now stood about the field
 Like sentries on the plain.
 The share of each stood by itself;
 Between them lay a road.
 The sheaves were full, in numbers large,—
 Many a wagon load.

As Ali lay with wakeful rest,
 Upon his humble bed,
 Sweet thoughts came thronging to his mind,
 And lifting up his head,

He woke his wife, and thus he spoke:
 "My brother, noble boy,
 Has no sweet wife and children dear
 To swell his earthly joy;
 So I have mind, if you think best,
 Since we so prospered are,
 To take some sheaves and give to him,
 And so increase his share.
 It is but fair, for if we have
 Such joys, and a full store,
 We'll miss them not, while they will make
 His pleasures all the more."
 So, she assenting, he went forth
 And 'cross the pathway bore,
 Of his own sheaves to Baba's side,
 At least a full round score.
 And as the moon across the fields
 Threw its last lingering beams,
 He sought his couch, and like one blessed,
 Lay down to pleasant dreams.

Then Baba, waking out of sleep,
 Thus to himself did say:
 "'Tis strange that I should dream at night
 Of things I thought by day.
 For I have thought, and think so still,
 And dream that 'tis not fair,
 That I should have all the grain
 With Ali equal share;
 For he has wife and children four,—
 Six mouths to feed in all,

While I have only one to fill,
 And that one's wants are small."
 So out he went, while Ali slept,
 And from his share of grain,
 Took the same score of sheaves and set
 With Ali's sheaves again.
 Then, feeling every duty done,
 He slept the peace of rest,
 As only noble Arabs can,
 Who are by Allah blessed.

When morning came, the brothers went
 To view the transformed scene,
 When lo! they saw each sheaf in place
 Where it before had been.
 With some excuse the brothers left
 The sheaves upon the ground,
 While every night they went the same
 Unwearied, anxious round.
 But every morning 'twas the same,—
 Each sheaf was in its place,
 While wonder might be plainly seen
 Upon each brother's face.
 Then each, at last, resolved to watch
 And see what wrought the spell,
 Which undid all the deeds of love,
 And worked the charm so well.
 By chance, each chose a Sabbath eve,
 And strangely, the same hour,
 At which to watch and wait, till dawn
 Should break the evil power.

So, bending with the weight of sheaves,
Each strove to cross the road,
And met his brother, face to face,
Beneath another load!
The secret each would keep was out;
Each knew the other's heart;
And oh! what joy, till then unfelt,
The knowledge did impart.
The sheaves were dropped upon the ground,
And in the circle, there,
Each brother told his tale of love,
And why he sought to share
With brother, dear, the fruit and grain
Which Allah had him given.
Ah! who shall say that love like this
Partaketh not of heaven?
A monument the place deserved,
So there they built a cot
With room for all; in toil and gain
They shared a common lot.
And when a stranger passed that way,
With weary, way-worn feet,
They gave him shelter through the night
And all he wished to eat;
Then, when the morning sunshine came,
Rejoicing on his way
The stranger went, with rested feet,
And nought had he to pay,
For plenty smiled upon their fields,
And loving so each other,

They felt that they were Allah's sons,
And every man a brother!

Fraternal Love! O, heavenly theme,
Which angels never know,
For 'tis a love which none may feel
But mortals here below.
Is there a man with heart so cold
As not to feel its power?
He cannot be an honest man,
Nor happy, e'en an hour.
If one loves not his fellow men,
He's nothing but a clod;
If he loves his fellows, then
He's not despised of God.
Nowhere on earth can love be found
More pure, more true than this,
And he who loves will not betray
His brother with a kiss.
And nowhere should this love be felt
More warm, approved of God,
Than in the lodge of "Fellows" who
For that should be called "Odd."

EMBLEMS AND MOTTOES OF ODD
FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. JENNIE WRIGHT.

I had a dream the other night,
'Tis in my memory still,
I dreamed I saw a long procession
Coming slowly up the hill;
'Twas a scene of such rare beauty
That I never shall forget;
I beheld such strange devices,
Methinks I see them yet.

One held high a banner,
'Twas covered o'er with dust,
I read as it came nearer,
"Our motto: In God We Trust."
I noticed the prince and peasant,
No matter if young or old,
Wore alike the same bright regalia,
Its collars were crimson and gold.

I noticed an old man carried
The sacred volume of God;
While one had a bow and a quiver,
Another the serpent twined rod;
One had an hour glass, cross bones and skull,
Some had crossed gavels, crossed axes and keys,
Some had pens and scythes and swords,
And one had a bundle of rods from the trees.

I saw another banner,
 At the top were two crooks and the all-seeing eye;
 Underneath I noticed the three links,
 And a dove that looked ready to fly,
 I noticed three arrows, a heart and a hand,
 'Twas carried by a slender youth;
 I read the motto as he passed by,—
 'Twas "Friendship, Love and Truth."

I looked, and lo! I saw a tent,
 It seemed so small to me;
 At the top the bright gilt letters read:
 "We brothers here agree
 To educate the orphan,
 To go at the widow's call,
 To visit the sick, relieve the distressed,
 Our motto: 'Do good to all.'"

But I noticed they stopped at the brow of the hill,
 All weary in body and soul,
 And began to look around, as Adam of old,
 For flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone,
 The women then came to their aid,
 A cup of cold water to give;
 Like Rebekah of old, they passed it around,
 Saying: "Drink, ye weary, and live."

Then they all went to work, like bees in a hive,—
 Each seemed so content with his fate;
 Their errand of love and good deeds they have done
 Are too numerous for me to relate.

Then the seven stars in their order came out,
 The moon reflected its rays from the sun,
 And the dove passed by and it seemed to say:
 "Women have come and the victory's won."

And last, though not least, came a grand old sir;
 His footsteps were feeble and slow;
 He looked as though some strange sad thing
 Had grieved him long ago.
 "God bless the Order," the old man said;
 "When death came into my home,
 The brothers and sisters gathered around,
 With words of cheer from each one.

"God bless the Order, may it flourish and grow,
 Till the gavel be heard in each land,
 To relieve the distressed and bury the dead,—
 May they go under God's command.
 May the truths they learn from their ritual each
 night,
 Guide them nearer and nearer the cross;
 True to our Motto: 'In God we trust,'
 They'll find their toil is not lost."

JOINING THE ODD FELLOWS.

Wall, yas, I've j'ined the Odd Fellows,
To oblige my friend, Mr. Mercer.
When I fust went down I felt purty good,
But when I cum back I was worsor.

I thought it the jolliest thing in the world
To go through a long 'nitiation,
So I talked and gassed all the way to the hall,
And laughed like gol-darned-nation.

But I altered my tune when I got inside,
When they brought out the black goat snorter;
I jumped on his back, away he shot,
Like a bomb shell out o' a mortar.

He capered and pranced, I clung to his horns
As he scampered around the arena;
Mercer stood back, with his hands on his sides,
And laughed like a laughing hyena.

At last I fell off, the goat vamoosed,
Then on a gridiron I was seated,
And bobbed up and down on a red hot stove
Until I was thoroughly heated.

I was cooked to a turn, then taken off
 And hitched to an old wheel-barrow;
 I raced for an hour in a tank of soft soap,
 And was thrown on an upturned harrow.

I climbed a greased pole, walked upon tacks,
 Then like a zebra was painted;
 Old Satan jumped onto my back with a screech,—
 By gum, I actually fainted.

The other degrees were a durned sight wuss,
 But now I'm as tough as a horse;
 You bet if Mercer happens around,
 He'll get full of lead and remorse.

All lodges the same?—I guess, I suppose,
 Just the same as five eighty-nine.
 Now Mercer told me that F., L. and T.
 Is Fools, Liars and Thieves—in your mind.

I'm durn glad I j'ined, for there is a bond
 Of friendship and brotherly love;
 If members will live in true Odd Fellowship,
 We all will meet in the grand lodge above.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY THOMAS BEATTY.

Long years ago, I know not when,
Odd Fellowship started amongst men;
So long ago, I've heard it stated,
That Adam was an Odd Fellow when created
While some do claim Noah this great Order started
Amongst his sons, when from the ark they departed.
Now, I do not think that Noah started all this trouble,
Because all in the ark was mostly double.
While some do claim, and perhaps 'tis true,
That Odd Fellowship was started by a Jew:
It was down in Egypt, in old Pharoah's day,
The Jews were set to making brick with clay,
And, like all laborers of the present day,
They complained of work and struck for higher pay.
Now, this only proves my original intention,
That striking is not modern invention;
So they kicked up a row, and from Pharoah they
departed,
And some say then's when the Order was started.
And again others say that when Rome in its pride,
First landed its legions on fair Britain's side,
The soldiers that carried the eagles on high,
That had come there to conquer or come there
to die,

Had started this Order to help one another,
 And to feel in his heart he had there a brother
 Who would stand by his side till the last drop of
 blood

Had flowed from his veins and mixed with the flood.
 And then they were called Odd Fellows, because
 of their way

Of knowing each other by night or by day.
 Now, brothers, I've told you the legendary lore;
 No doubt it was known to many before,
 And I do not care any more to relate,
 For most of you know I can give the date
 When the Order was brought to the land of the free
 From the old country, away over the sea.

What good do you do? I have heard people say,
 When you meet in your lodge in a secret way.

If you do any good why not let it be known?
 Throw open your doors and let it be shown.

But if it is true, that many do claim,

We know that you will not, you dare not, for shame;
 For you meet in your lodges for nothing but evil,
 And I've heard it said you sometimes raise the devil.

And when a new candidate applies for admission,
 You take the occasion to teach him a lesson:

That man in his pride is still made of clay,

And the breath in his body must soon pass away,
 And his soul must return from whence it came,

All covered with glory or bowed down by shame;
 And tell him his duty to those who are here,

Till his heart seems to burst with the stillness of
 fear;

You tell him his body in the grave soon shall rot,
Then you bind him with straw and ride him on
the goat.

And if any here don't believe what I've said,
You'll find it is true,—the goat was on parade.
What good do we do? Go ask the poor wife,
Who in her despair seems weary of life;
When her guide and protector in death is laid low,
Who helps her to bear up under the blow?
Go ask the poor orphans all over the land,
Our Order has taken so kindly in hand,
And clothed and protected from hunger and pain—
They shall never know what want is again.
When sorrow or sickness any member assail,
The Brothers are ready, they never do fail;
When duty has called, they always obey
And assist one another, because 'tis their way.
No pen can record, no voices can tell
The work they have done, and they have done it
well.

Our work is done quietly, as the dews fall from
heaven;

It blesses who gives it and him who is given.
When weary of life, breathing reluctant breath,
Leaves no hope sweeter than the hope of death,
When the only joy comes to that weary heart,
Is that which a brother Odd Fellow can impart,
When, with a kindly smile in his face,
He at the bedside takes his place,
And watches, through the silent hours of the night,
A brother's spirit take a heavenward flight;

Nor leaves he there till his eyes are closed,
 And the body taken to its last repose.
 The widow and the orphan heart they cheer,
 And drive away the thoughts of want and fear.
 This is the work Odd Fellows are pledged to do,
 And let us to our obligations still be true,
 And practice Friendship, Truth and Love,
 And meet each other in the lodge above.
 Go, watch the old miser gloat o'er his treasure,
 And tell me, does he have one-half the pleasure
 As when friends meet each other with a grasp of
 the hand,
 And know on each other they can always depend?
 Friendship makes this world a pleasure,
 Friendship makes this world more bright,
 Friendship makes us all more happy,
 Friendship brings us here to-night.
 That God is love, no man will now deny,
 Nor ask the reasons why.
 Love rules as much to-day
 As when Sir Walter Scott did say:
 "In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed;
 In war he mounts the warrior's steed;
 In halls in gay attire is seen;
 In hamlets, dancing on the green;
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below and saints above;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love."
 The truth at all times should be spoken,
 And an Odd Fellow's word should ne'er be broken.
 To speak the truth is at all times the best,—

It makes the conscience more at rest.
Let us, as Odd Fellows, practice what we preach,
So others will believe us when we try to teach
That Friendship, Love and Truth, in any strife,
Are the best safeguards against the ills of life,
And will do more to hasten on the day
When peace on earth will have its sway,
When nations of the earth be one vast brotherhood,
Linked only in the bonds of doing good.



ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Where Northern hills, with starry crowns and
emerald mantles stand;
Where Southern founts bedew the flowers that
fringe their golden sand;
Where Eastern cities proudly lift on high their
sculptured crest;
Where Western woodlands view the sun roll
down Pacific's breast;
Where Hudson swells its waves, and sweeps the
lone Columbia's tide;
Where Warren fell, and Marion fought, and bold
Montgomery died,
'Tis there Odd Fellowship leads forth its armies
brave and strong,
To strive for Truth and Peace and Love, to war
with Hate and Wrong.

Their banners flash with golden gleams along the
purple sky;
Their burnished robes the radiant hues of sunset's
glow outvie;
Their rallying shout is that which once through
Judah's midnight rang:
"Glory to God on high; on earth, good will and
peace to man;"

One holy brother-tie has bound ten thousand
hearts in one,
And valiant deeds from them go forth like bright-
ness from the sun;
And from their willing hearts and hands unbounded
blessings flow,
Sweet as the breath of angel lips, yet still as
falling snow!

All precious memories cluster 'round the Order's
holy shrine,
The deathless things of old renown, of thoughts
and lives sublime;
With Truths, eternal and sublime, the Order's lips
are rife;
Our Father, God; our Brother, man; the soul's
progressive life;
And when our sacred portals ope, all free and
far go forth
The deeds of charity and peace, to bless and
gladden earth,
And strong and true, and guided on with glory
from above,
We move, Earth's noblest Chivalry, the Brother-
hood of Love!

We come, and splendor dawns, and Day lifts high
its crown of light,
And break and fade the clouds that veiled the
throne of ancient Night;
The walls of Sect, the chains of Creed, in shattered
ruins lie,

And free, our Brother, Man, comes forth, with
gladness in his eye.

They crush the old Sectarian spite, the angry
discords cease,

They join our throngs with snowy robes of blessed-
ness and peace,

And seraphs tune their harps of flame to hear the
music rise

From wedded thoughts of truth and love, and
mingled hearts and lives!

We come, and lo! the Widow's heart once more
had learned to sing,

And sudden joys within her breast like living
waters spring.

We come, and see, the Orphan brood in silent
bliss rejoice,—

Find in our care a mother's breast, a father's
gentle voice.

We come; the stricken wanderer, laid upon a
wasting bed,

Sees angels' forms around him bow, and move
with silent tread;

And tearfully, when all is o'er, we gather 'round
the sod,

And bear our Brother's "dust to dust," his spirit
with our God!

Odd Fellowship! 'Tis ever blessed with blessings
from above;

'Tis twined amid the widow's prayer and in the
orphan's love;

The living God hath arched its dome and built
 its bulwarks high;
 It rests beneath a loving light of his unslumbering
 eye.
 So shall its grandeur never wane, its glory never
 fade,
 Its halls arise with Truth and Love and Liberty
 arrayed,
 And in the blessed human heart a sacred treasure
 lie,
 Too great to fail, too sweet to fade, too divine to
 die.



ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY D. M. GILDER.

Beneath the tri-linked banner,
Whose folds are floating free,
Triumphant of the land
And victorious on the sea,
A noble army marches,
Whose ovations ne'er can cease,
For "Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all its paths are peace."

It fights not for the Eagle,
For the Cross, or for the Crown,
It builds up no Napoleons,
It hurls no Hapsburgs down,
It wars against no nation,
It drinks no human gore,
It leaves no skeletons behind,
It sends no plagues before.

It needs no drum or trumpet
To urge its ranks along,—
The soldiers are all heroes
In that majestic throng.
It fights, but not with cannon,
It strikes, but not with steel,
Its only guerdon, glory,
And its goal, the commonweal.

It battles with the sorrows
And the ills of human kind,
And plants its proud gonfalon
On the freedom of the mind;
Attacks the hosts of ignorance,
Charges on the ranks of sin,
Opens wide the door of heaven
And bids all men enter in.

Its foes are nature's enemies,—
Disease, and death, and woe;
In its camps there are no orphans,
No widow's tears can flow.
It soothes the couch of suffering,
The famished feeds with bread,
Protects the friendless, living,
And consecrates the dead.

What power can stay its progress,
Till it marches through the world?
All nations see its triumphs,
And hail its flag unfurled;
Heaven smiles upon its conquests,
And approves the God-like plan,
To link in holy nuptials
The Brotherhood of Man.

WHAT ODD FELLOWSHIP IS.

Friendship is the golden quiver
That holds the arrows that never shiver,
The heart that needs repose.

The sea that heaved in sighs and wept
Beneath the golden locks that slept,
That turned the billows into rolls,
By his two silver words, "be still;"
Then gave his life on Calvary's hill,
That we might all be kept.

Love, the word that saved the world,
Its author was from heaven hurled;
The gold of Ophir ne'er was curled,
Nor starry rainbow ne'er unfurled
In floods as pure as this.

And Truth, the crown of just three links,
That shine like stars, me humbly thinks,
That spreads her hands from zone to zone,
Like the rainbow around the heavenly throne,
This mystic chain that you all see,
That fills you with curiosity.
Come, join the Order ere too old,
And the burning links will turn to gold.

LIFE'S PROMPTINGS.

BY D. GRAY, P. G. P. AND P. G. REP.

Is it noble to inherit
Wealth of those of high degree?
We should find some nobler object,—
Friendship, Love and Truth for me.

Triple links should grow the brighter,
And our promptings ever pure,
To uplift a fallen brother;
Who can form a plan more pure?

He who seeks the lodge's advancement,
Aids the world in aiding mind;
There is labor for the lowly,
Science for the man of mind.

Each one, with his noble promptings,
And the whir of busy wheels,
Gives us music, ever charming,
In what we all should feel.

And as man should work for mankind,
Ever toiling up the hill,
Leaving prints of angel foot-steps,
Up the steep and rugged hill.

For the working up is noble,
For its God's majestic plan,
Man must labor for advancement,
Man must help his fellow man.

Friendship, Love and Truth should guide us,
Linked by Faith, Hope and Love,
And fulfilling all requirements,
We, as brothers, nobly should.



DAVID AND GOLIATH.

BY AN IRISH BARD.

The brightest boy ould Jesse had
Was David—youngest son;
He was a bould and active lad,
Well liked by ivery óne.

Altho' he had to moind the sheep,
To l'arn he was so sharp,
Whin other boys wor' fasht ashleep,
He'd practice on the harp.

'Twould make the birds in heaven hide
Their heads to hear him sing;
He'd murther half the country-side
Wid pebbles and a sling.

And thin the sootherin' ways he knew
To capture young and ould!
The female sex—och, Whillielu!
'Twas there wor his heart bould.

Whin David was some eight years
Of age, or thereabout,
Betune the haythen and Jude-ar
A bloody war broke out.

His brothers 'listed for the war—
 Begorra! they wor daises—
 His father tuk a conthraht for
 To sell the army chaases.

“David,” the ould man said one day,
 “You’d loike to take a little tramp;
 Jist load some chaases on the dhray
 And take ’em down to camp.”

He dhrove to camp and sought straightway
 The Commissary’s tint;
 He got a voucher for his pay,
 Then to his brothers wint.

He found ’em lookin’ mighty blue,
 And in a dreadful fright;
 Retrate was what they wished to do,
 But divil bit of fight.

A big, black bully, tin fut tall,
 Was bluffin’ all the Jews,
 And throops and staff and Gin’ral Saul
 Wor’ quakin’ in their shoes.

Goliath was the craythur’s name—
 A howling Philistine.
 His sword was loike the lightnin’s flame,
 His spear was loike a pine.

He wore on his back and breast
 Tin thousand pounds of brass;
 The shine of him, completely dhressed,
 Would smash a lookin’ glass.

And ivery day the baste would sthrut,
 Inflamed with dhrink and pride,
 And kept all Israel closely shut
 In lines well fortified.

“Come out!” he’d bawl, “Come out of there,
 Beyant yure dhirty works;
 Come, av’ ye dare, and fight me fair,
 Wid sich low trash as shirks!”

This sort of talk was well and good
 Till David j’ined the throop;
 When he the matther understood,
 Bedad, he raised a hoop!

“It is burnin’ sin and shame,”
 He said, “upon me word,
 To hear this haythen hound defame
 The chosen of the Lord.

“And since no other man has felt
 A wish to tan his hide,
 I’ll fight him for the Champion’s belt
 And fifty slugs aside.”

The Corp’ril of the Guards he tould
 The Offsur of the day
 What David said, and he made bould
 To mintion it at tay.

The Edge-du-Camp was of that mess,
 And heerd the whole discoorse,
 So he—he couldn’t do no less—
 Tould Gin’ral Saul, av’ coorse.

The Chafe of Staff writ the High Praste
 To sind peremtuuous orthers
 For David to report in haste
 At Gin'ral Saul's headquarthers.

But whin the son of Jesse kim,
 And Saul beheld the lad,
 So young, so tender-loike and shlim,
 It made him tearin' mad.

"Oh, Houly Moses! look at that!"
 Said Saul. "The boy's consate!
 How can it be that sich a brat
 Can match that heavy weight?"

"Wid the blood-suckin giant thafe
 This baby cannot sthrive;
 The Philistine, it's my belafe,
 Would ate him up alive."

Thin David sphoke: "Me lord, it's throe
 This seems a rash intint;
 Yet while I weigh but nine stun' two,
 I'm full of divilmint.

"A lion and a bear kim down
 The mountain's rugged sides;
 I slew the bastes, then wint to town
 And thraded off their hides.

"And since for roarin' brutes loike thim
 I've found I'm man enough,
 I'm quite convinced that I can thrim
 This blaggard pagan rough."

"Avick," said Saul, "yure full of pluck,
 And wag your little shin
 Like one who ra'ly thrusts his luck
 And manes to thry and win.

"I'll give ye my best coat of mail—
 A new spring suit, jist made—
 Tuck in a thrifle in the tail
 And pad the shoulder blade."

But David did not understhand
 The use of such a thing,
 And only wanted in his hand
 His staff and thrusty sling.

Whin Goliath saw little David approachin',
 after havin' heerd proclamation that a gra-at
 Champion was comin' out to fight him, Musha, he
 laughed fit to splhit his sides; and by reason of
 what passed betune them in the way of talk, I
 dhrap out poethry for a bit. Bekase, while
 poethry is mighty foine for a sintlemental dialogue,
 it's no good at all for a ra-al sthrong, first-class,
 breezy blaggardin' match.

"Oh, Jasus!" said Goliath, wid the wather
 bilin' out of his eyes for laughin', "what sort av
 thing is that? May the devil admire me," he
 says, "if I don't belave it's a monkey escaped
 from an orgin grinder."

"Ye'll find me a mighty bad thing to monkey
 wid," said David, "ye big thafe, wid a pot on yure
 head loike a cupolo on a steam fire engine, and yure
 dirty, black mouth loike the hole of a coal cellar."

"Ye little skinned pole-cat," said Goliath, beginnin' to grow mad whin he diskivered that David's rethoric was superior to his, "do ye think I'm a dog that ye've got a sthick to bate me wid?"

"Bedad," says David, "I wouldn't be afther doin' a dacint dog sich injustice, but it's a dog's mate I'm goin' to make ye."

"Hear that!" says Goliath, "arrah now tache yure gran'mother to feed ducks?"

"Dhry up," says David, "bad scran to ye," he says, "ye haven't the since of a cat-fish. By the light that shines, yure bad grammer gives me a cramp in me stummick."

Och! David had a tongue in his head loike a Jew's-harp.

"Tare an' ouns!" says Goliath, "I'll not l'ave enough of yure hide in one piece to patch a shoe."

"Tare and ages!" says David, "I'll give the buzzards a picnic wid yure dirthy karkuss, and sure it 'ull make 'em sick to eat ye."

"Ye're a liar!" says Goliath.

"Ye're another!" says David, "and an ophthalmic ould Cyclops to boot."

Wid that Goliath lost his timper inthirely. He pawed up the groun', and kim at David wid his eyes shut, a-bellowin'. And that bhrings me back to the poethry.

Goliath poised his mighty spear,

'Twas fifty fut in length;

And unto David dhrawin' near

He punched wid all his strength.

But David was surprisin' quick
 And sphry upon his pins;
 So, dodgin' nately, wid his sthick
 He whacked Goliath's shins.

Wid pain the giant howled and grinned,
 And dhrapped both shield and lance
 To rub his legs the lick had skinned.
 Thin David saw his chance:

Takin' a brick from out his scrip,
 He put it in his sling,
 And, whirlin' it 'round head and hip,
 He let it drive full swing.

Right to the mark the dornik flew,
 As straight as to a hod;
 It smote the wretch betune the eyes
 And stretched him on the sod.

Thin David, for to prove him dead,
 In sight of all beholders,
 Cut off his unbelavin'-head
 From his blasphemious shoulders.

Whin the Phenaysean sailors sought,
 Long since, ould Erin's sthrand,
 A prince of David's blood they brought,
 Who settled in the land.

From him the Irish race had birth,
And that's why we delight in,
Beyant all other tribes on earth,
The harp's swate sthrains and fightin'.

That this surmeize is nowise thin,
Can asily be shown,
For harp and sthick have iver been
As Erin's emblims known.

Thin let her inimies beware
How they indulge their hate;
Let England thrimble lest she share
Goliath's dhreadful fate.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

BY WILLIAM W. MORRIS, P. G. M. OF KENTUCKY.

Friendship, Love and Truth is the motto of our Order,—an index to all its teachings, and all that is expected of those who bear the name and wear the badge of Odd Fellowship. It is a sort of epitome of all that is honest and lovely and of good report. In it we find that which brings man in cordial correspondence with his fellows, which draws him into the strongest fraternal relation and places him on the immutable principles of truth. Friendship, Love and Truth,—a motto that comprehends the motive power to all kindly offices and to high moral achievements, through which to develop the higher and better impulses in man; to make him forget that which is sordid and selfish, until it becomes a pleasure to have an open hand for the hungry, to give solace to the afflicted, and the hand of fellowship to the lonely. It has ever been a rainbow of hope upon the shores of trouble and sorrow. The sentiments of David and Jonathan and of the good Samaritan, which are symbolized in the observance of this motto, are the sweetest and most beautiful which romance or inspiration has ever given for the light and guidance of man. If, in our souls, humanity has a dwelling place, we will find as

much satisfaction in the smile which our kindness may bring to the face of some "Tiny Tim," or the thanks of some befriended orphan, or the consolation which our ministrations may have carried into the life of some stricken widow, as ever man received from the wielding of sceptres or the wearing of crowns, while the healing of the wound of some afflicted mother sends a richer thrill to our hearts and touches a deeper and truer fountain in our souls than all the bowing heads and purchased cheers that line the pathway of the mighty.

FRIENDSHIP.

Without Friendship, one of the great designs of the Almighty in making man a social being, would lack fulfillment. It would make earth a social waste; isolation and indifference to the happiness and well-being of others would be the result. By the influence of Friendship man lives in the neighborhood of his fellows; by it we have the cordial greeting and the social gathering. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life. True Friendship anticipates the wants, appreciates the sorrows of the distressed and acts with promptness and cheerfulness. It is open handed, it is typified in the hearty grasp of the full hand—not the fingers—it is manifest in writing "Brother" in full, instead of the abbreviated "Bro."

Some men won't even lend an ear to misfortune, others are so constituted that they can never see the bright side of anything but a dollar. Still others

hear of distress and long to give advice. The friendship of an Odd Fellow is not purchasable; "it is the friend in need who is a friend indeed."

"Friendship is a plant of no hasty growth.
Though planted in esteem's deep, fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection."

LOVE.

Love is a divine principle, a principle that is "sweeter than life and stronger than death." It is the all-pervading spirit of the patriarchs and prophets; it, too, was beautifully illustrated in the lives of David and Jonathan; so pure and exalted were their attachments that no motives of worldly gain nor the wicked hatred of an envious king and father could dampen the ardor of mutual love nor break the covenant, made between them, founded in love. Love is the fundamental principle of life, it is the perennial spring from which we draw all of our happiness. Love is life, it is civilization, it is everything. "Faith, hope, love, these three; the greatest is love."

TRUTH.

Truth is always to be associated with friendship and love, and without which neither of the others could long subsist. Truth in principle and practice is prominent and leading in all that pertains to Odd Fellowship. By its mild and heavenly influence man is guided through the

many bewildering crossways of this world, amid the conflicting and changing opinions and designs of men, to the brightness of unclouded day. Truth is that cardinal virtue which deals with equity, in all the affairs of life. It is the opposite of disguise, prevarication, hypocrisy and concealment, and is a vital principle of every community which is well founded among men. Truth enables us to ascertain what virtue is and guides us into its personal possession. Truth is essentially the only foundation of confidence, and confidence is the only bond of association among the wise, the intelligent and the good.

It mingles its unclouded perceptions of duty with the generous grasp of friendship and the sweet sympathizing voice of love. The man of truth is as true to principle as the needle is to the pole; honest, not because of that miserable old adage, that "honesty is the best policy," but because it is right and characteristic of the just and the true and the noble.

FRIENDSHIP.

"Firm as the Alps, around whose peaks
The storm god oft in thunder speaks
In friendship, which thro' weal or woe,
Warms the heart with genial glow;
Upholds the right, condemns the wrong,
Defends the weak against the strong;
Nor flatters when dark troubles dawn,
And gathers strength as years roll on."

LOVE.

'Like the low and gentle breathing
Of a tender mother's prayers,
Love, with flowers the heart enwreathing,
Banishes each sordid care;
Fills the soul with joy supernal,
Roseate visions crown the night,
Making life a spring eternal,
Ever joyous, ever bright."

TRUTH.

"Through the weary lapse of ages,
Down the corridors of time,
And 'twas taught by holy sages,
Steadfast as the Rock of Ages
Comes truth, eternal and sublime."

LISTLESS LODGE.

'Twas nine by the clock, intermission was o'er,
The Guardians took their places and closed each
door;

The members were seated—the business was done,
The "Good of the Order" an hour had won;
The Warden was spinning an ode card at ease,
The Deputy sat just as prime as you please,
While working in wool, the grim face of a cat,
In comfort curled up on the top of a mat.

The gavel had sounded—the Lodge was quite still;
A song was requested from Sister McQuill;
She rose with a smile, and her long ringlets shook;
"Excuse me," says she, "I've forgotten my book."
A brother was called on—he'd "nothing to say,"
But mentioned the name of Theopolis Day.

Theopolis rose—'twas the story of old—
He'd got what he termed a "very hard cold."
Each brother and sister was heard to decline,
And six and a three out of every nine;
The "Good of the Order" looked meagre and poor,
Said one, "I shall never come here any more."
The members grew tired and listless and dull,
For no one would speak, though the Lodge room
was full;

No brother or sister would sing or recite,—
The hour was thoughtlessly wasted that night.

One brother, I ought to have mentioned, arose—
He looked up at the ceiling and down at his toes;
Says he, "as there's nothing now left us to learn,
I move, Noble Grand, that this Lodge do adjourn."
The singing and prayers in a twinkling were o'er,
Regalias and ode cards were thrown on the floor;
The members brought colds and excuses that night,
To shut the Lodge-room and put out the light.



AN ODD FELLOW'S LEGEND.

BY L. L. MEEKER.

Late rang the hour from Newark's tower,
Above the aged Minstrel's bower
On Yarrow's bank, where twelve friends drank
His health while lords in slumber sank.

And odes were sung till morn was young,
The while the harp in silence hung
Till all were done. The bell chimed one;
Then was the minstrel's chant begun.

A Druid old, wont to unfold
Deep mysteries by wood and wold—
Last of his race—stood face to face
With him who first held harper's place.

"My son," said he, "no more may we
From sea to sea pure Britons be;
Go, sing the name and chant the fame
Of heroes slain when Saxons came.

"As bards and seers, through coming years,
Until the Norman fleet appears,
From shore to shore the Island o'er,
Go, sing the mighty deeds of yore.

“Go, weave the verse, the tale rehearse,
 And know the ancient Druid’s curse,
 The mighty charm, fortell harm
 That human pow’r cannot disarm.

“Thirteen gray men, within one ken,
 Will ne’er see thirteen moons again,
 But from the list shall one be missed—
 For Death fails not to keep his tryst.

“Then take the spell and con it well,
 In ev’ry clan and death foretell;
 Your race must go when many know
 The charm for weal as well as woe!

“The die is cast, our day is past,
 And I of minstrels am the last!
 No more our lays chant heroes’ praise
 In these degenerate modern days!

“Sons of the Bards! No gift retards
 The fate that Father Time awards.
 The force is spent. Ye, of their bent,
 Convival, improvident.

“Ye are thirteen, strong men I wean,
 But on each temple frost is seen.
 Against the day one drops away—
 Let each of you a stipend pay.

“Thus, ’ere I go, thirteen shall know
 The charm for weal instead of woe,
 And know, besides, whate’er betides,
 A Ruling Principle provides

“A time to die, for low and high—
 All under the All-seeing eye!
 When others, too, unite with you,
 See that they know that this is true.

“The Seers of old all men controlled—
 Our grandsires swore by wood and wold,
 But now men look upon the Book
 With eyes of faith that scoff ne'er shook.

“The Book respect, and yet, reflect,
 What to accept or what to reject.
 Let each decide, and none, in pride,
 Presume another to deride.

“Whether at Rome, or here at home,
 Beneath the local chapel's dome,
 Or in each breast, He knoweth best
 Where dwells the power of chief behest.

“Let others, too, unite with you,
 In Loving Friendship, be ye true,
 And all agree in harmony;
 Have Faith and Hope and Charity.

“The world is wide wherein abide
 The woes of life on every side;
 The sorrows cheer, or bear the bier,
 And wipe away the orphan's tear.

“And ere the sun his course has run,
 My earthly labor will be done;
 But, if my sight beholds aright,
 Ye will be blessed,—and now—Good-night!”

THE ODD FELLOWS' CHAIN.

BY MRS. B. E. THOMPSON.

'Tis a chain of three links, yet its strength will endure,
Although enemies missiles have hurled;
These links, linked together so firm and secure,
In time will encircle the world.

The first link is Friendship, and what does it mean?
Is its mission on earth fraught with woe?
Does hatred and malice its footsteps attend,
To follow where'er it shall go?

Is it Friendship that whispers the slanderous word
That sullies the name of another?

Is it Friendship that offers the sparkling cup
That sends down to ruin a brother?

Is it Friendship that turns a deaf ear to the cry
Of a brother whom robbers have wounded,
And quickly goes by on the other side,
Away from the voice as it sounded?

Oh, no! it is Friendship that giveth good cheer
To those who have trouble and sorrow;

It is Friendship that flies to the one far or near,
And does not wait for the morrow.

It is Friendship that turns to the one in distress,
And pours in the wine and the oil,
And binds up the wound and does what is best,—
'Tis in Friendship for others we toil.

The magical link in our chain is Love;
 Love worketh no ill to his neighbor;
 Our nature on earth is to love and be loved,
 And Love sweetens toiling and labor.

Love is a gift from our Father above;
 Its price above rubies we own;
 And, toil as we may, we ne'er can repay
 The love which to us He has shown.

'Twas in love that He gave His only dear Son
 To suffer and die on the tree;
 And thus did He die, the crucified one,
 That we from all sin might be free.

May we heed the command of our Savior and friend:
 Little children, love one another;
 Each day that we live may the duties performed
 Be in friendship and love to each other.

There is one more link in our beautiful chain,—
 The others without it would die;
 These three, linked together, will al'ways remain
 A jewel as pure as the sky.

This link is of infinite value to all,—
 It is precious in old age and youth;
 In the history of Washington we may recall
 What to him was the value of Truth.

This is our motto and may it adorn
 Our members from old age to youth;
 In lodge or in home let it always be worn
 As a chain of Love, Friendship and Truth.

ODD FELLOWS' DAY, SEPTEMBER 25th.

BY C. JENNIE SWAINE.

Come from the beautiful southland,
And the golden summer hours,
Where the tall palmetto shadows
Steal over mazes of flowers;
Come from the emerald valley,
And the mountains, purple and dun,
Where the haze of the Indian summer
Steals the fervid kiss of the sun;
With chaplets enwrought with roses,
And clusters of fruit and vine,
Come at the call fraternal,
And inwreath your festal shrine.

As the phalanx of your armies
Pass in an endless line,
The stars in a legion of banners
In glorious brotherhood shine;
Each hand knows a brother's clasping,
All hearts are beating as one,
Hope's dream has but one fruition,
So all laurels are shared when won.
These are the soldiers whose conquests
Come not from scar or stain,
These are they who gathered glory
From fields that know no slain.

Cluster your pictures of beauty
 In a milky way, dim or bright;
 What the sculptor mind has moulded,
 And the alchemist love made white,
 Shall be the stones of your temple,
 And no fairer shall there be,
 So all the tribes of the people
 Shall its wonderful beauty see.
 They shall say, "the temple is founded
 On Friendship, Truth and Love,
 And its corner-stone was taken
 From our Father's temple above."

Then come from the beautiful northland,
 Where the crystal glacier gleams,
 And sit by the side of your brother,
 Of the summer land of your dreams;
 Bring your songs, with his to mingle,
 The song of tempest and calm,—
 As ye soothed the wail of sorrow,
 Shall its notes have power to charm.
 Love and Truth and Friendship,
 Lyre and harp and lute,—
 All the singers shall veil their faces
 And before the players be mute.

AN ELEGY ON FRIENDSHIP.

Stands an altar flower adorned
In an arbor of roses hid,
Violets in sweet profusion
Fragrance shed around it e'er.
Lilies, too, and pansies mild,
Heliotrope all undefiled
Friendship here brings sacrifice,
Worship daily heart and soul—
Sacrifices here her heart blood,
Self-denying, unpresuming.
Daily vows are offered here,
Daily vows are broken, too.
Each day sees some noble deed,
Each day, too, some outrage done
In the name of purest friendship.
Ah, the hearts so nobly offered!
Ah, the blood so freely shed
In the course of truest friendship.
Friendship has by God been granted
To our souls athirst for love,
'Tis the echo most divinely,
Of God's love to mortal men.
'Tis the touchstone of a higher,
Nobler love—the love of God.
Shame upon the selfish soul that
Shuns a friend to seek, and .

Shame upon the haughty soul,
Rejects the friendship brought
By loving heart and clinging arms,
By souls that loathe to part.
And yet, 'tis ever so, for hearts
Will pine, and hearts are proud,
And proud ones ever will reject
The love that others bring,
And hearts that are proud
Will break the hearts that love;
So was it since the world began,
Alas! so will it ever be, until
The ages pass and God our souls receive.



REBEKAHS.

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH.

BY F. W. ENTRIKIN.

Pray, sisters, with due attention wait
Your brother's message from God's book of fate;
Nor will he try imagination's flight,
But humble speak as reason gives him might,
Of things pertaining to the Temporal good
Of every member of our sisterhood.
Nor yet neglect that more important part
That comforts, warms, and yet subdues the heart
With tender love and spiritual grace serene,
The gift of Him since Adam's fall unseen,
Save in the presence of the Lord, whose light
From Calvary shown to illuminate the night
That brooded, dark and dreary, o'er the mind
Of every creature of the human kind.
'Tis written in God's holy book, be ye
From sordid avarice, pride and discord free;
Visit the sick, the naked clothe, and more,
Let not the poor in hunger leave your door.
Out of the store kind Nature's God has given
Lend to the Lord! That is the way to heaven.
Nor yet forget the mystic links which bind
Rebekah's Daughters' kindred mind to mind.
Do, by kind acts, teach hoary age and youth
You prize your motto: "Friendship, Love and
Truth."

Be not too free your sisters' faults to find,
While to your own you would have other's blind;
But, with the starry robes of charity and love,
Wrought by the hand of Him who reigns above,
Shield from the gaze of earth's profane, and save
Your sister, brother, from a dishonored grave.
By precept and example do your part
To kindle holy fire in every heart.
Let the world know—though social station be
Asunder far as East and West—that we,
As sisters, brothers, recognize the plan
God has adopted for his creature man.
Being united in life's toilsome race,
Seeking to see Jehovah face to face,
Turn not aside, but onward press with power,
By grace divine, sufficient for the hour;
Nor fail, each in his proper sphere to run
With that orb of light and heat—the sun.
And each diffuse as God the power has given
Truth's brilliant rays to light the way to heaven.
Remembering your plighted faith, my sister, go
Where sickness sends its agonizing throe
Through sister's fame or infancy's accents wail.
Go there with woman's kindly, nurturing arts,
Go, too, with willing hands and willing hearts;
No hired assistance half such joy could bring
As would gush spontaneous from such a spring
Of sympathy. What though the floors of humble
homes are bare,
Heaven-born emotions, keen sensibilities, loving
hearts are there.

Your hallowing presence, smiling though in tears,
 May soothe the heart and calm the orphan's fears,
 Or chase away dark sorrow from the couches
 Where disconsolate widowhood in anguish
 crouches.

If duty calls to quit the festive hall,
 To others leave the gay and giddy ball.
 Gird on Truth's armor with the shield of right,
 Like Deborahs, in God's name go forth to fight.
 Go smooth death's pillow for the lowliest brother,
 Catch the last accents of the dying mother;
 By a sister's presence cheer her darkest hour,
 Thus teach the world Odd Fellowship has power
 To break the chain of caste, and fashion, too,
 And teach mankind to love the beautiful and true.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

'Tis nothing new, nor nothing strange,
That this is still a world of change,
And as the fleeting years roll round,
Old friends they part, new ones are found,
Like driftwood, drifting on the stream,
We meet, we part, changed is the scene,—
To live is one continued strife
Of toil 'gainst want—friends, such is life.

In youth's bright day with youthful glee
We trifle with reality,
And laugh at good old common sense
Who tells us of Experience.
The world before, so vast, so wide,
Its varied scenes are all untried,
With hope we mingle in the strife
And sail out on the voyage of life.

When out on life's tempestuous sea
Before the wind we sail on free,
But when the mighty tempests lower,
When fierce winds beat and torrents pour,
'Tis then we grasp the outstretched hand,
Which comes at sympathy's command.
'Tis then we feel the need of those
Who will stand by us to the close,
And hand in hand join in the strife
And run with us the race of life.

'Tis here our Order's work comes in,
It makes us each other kin
And carries out the Gospel plan,
The brotherhood of man to man.
'Tis here our Order's sacred rites,
The just, the good, the true unites,
Teaches our old men and our youth
To practice Friendship, Love and Truth.

Our Order stretches forth its hand
To grasp and welcome in its band
All honest men, upright and true,
Who worthy will try and do
The work which, in our Order's plan,
Is that of the Samaritan.

To love our Father and our God,
To tread the path good men have trod,
To live an honest, useful life,
Make harmony instead of strife,
Ourselves in virtue's grasp equip,
This is the true Odd-Fellowship.

AIR—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

BY S. B. SUMNER.

O swift from its birth have the seasons been gliding,
And stronger apace hath our Brotherhood grown;
Relief for the needy benignly providing
From ocean to ocean, from zone unto zone.

And better, far better, the while it has nourished
The hearts of its chosen with manna of love;
So, stronger enforced, as our Order has flourished,
For service at last in encampments above.

And now, as we gather, the past to awaken,
The present to hail, and the future foretell,
New charities germ for the lone and forsaken,
New gladness for households where vacancies
dwell!

So at last, as archangel shall open the volume
Recording sweet mercies from each loving hand,
Never doubt in the van of the welcomest column,
All secrets revealed, shall Odd Fellowship stand!

Then 'tis writ, shall the Master say: "Since ye have
tendered
To least of my brethren your offerings free;

They were deeds unto which even death hath sur-
 rendered,
 For the tributes ye rendered, were rendered to
 Me."

Oh, the deeds done in secret to succor distresses
 In final account shall find open reward;
 And each blessing bestowed on a brother most
 blesses
 The giver himself at the throne of his Lord!



A BROTHER'S HAND.

A stranger trod with weary feet
A distant city's crowded ways;
Along each thronged and busy street
He passed, with anxious, wistful gaze.
No friendly glance returned his own,
No cheerful greeting bade him stand;
Amid the crowd he moved alone,
And longed to grasp a brother's hand.

His face was brown and marked by care;
His hands were rough from honest toil,
The frost of time had bleached his hair,
His feet were stained with country soil,
A shipwrecked sailor, old and poor,
A stranger in a foreign land;
'Twould give him courage to endure,
Could he but grasp a brother's hand.

A strange device this sailor bore—
Three links cut from a golden chain;
A passer marked the badge he wore,
And checked his speed to look again;
Then stopped, advanced, by word and tone
Welcomed the wand'rer as his friend;
The stranger's glance had met his own,
He knew he grasped a brother's hand.

That night within a Lodge room's walls
The shipwrecked sailor told his tale,
And quick response to all his call
He met from friends who seldom fail.
With lightsome heart and purse well stored
He parted from that kindly band;
Blessings and gifts have on him poured
Since first that brother grasped his hand.

Thus brethren of the mystic chain
Can find a friend in every clime
To cheer their hearts and ease their pain,
As did the hero of my rhyme;
Tho' seas be crossed and mountains climbed
To reach some strange and distant land,
Yet even there they oft may find
Some stranger brother grasp their hand.

“CHARMS STRIKE THE SIGHT, BUT
MERIT WINS THE SOUL.”

In good, old-fashioned days of yore,
When names their traits symbols bore,
E'en then, the Bible history doth tell,
Of one, “Rebekah at the well.”

Now, she, with Friendship pure of heart,
Let not the weary traveler depart—
But gave him drink,—and more, withal,
His thirsty flock,—refreshed them all.

And bade him come, partake of rest,
And frugal meal, the very best;
Unknown to whom this welcome due,
Was given with heart so nobly true.

And while to stranger lands she roamed,
From kindred, friends and home she loved,
Her trusting heart, to nature true,
Bade childhood's scenes a long adieu.

Thus, sacred History's pages teem,
And kindly deeds of love unfold,
Of “Daughters fair, like Ruth, I mean,
With wealth of filial love untold.

“Entreat me not thy home to leave!
My faithful care shall ever shelter thee.
Thy home,—my home; thy God,—my friend,—
And naught, save death, part thee and me.”

Naomi, Hannah, Esther Queen,
Whose lives and acts we often read,
Till, to our wondering hearts, they seem
Rare types of womanhood, indeed.

And thus we find, in ages past and gone,
The sterling traits in women were
The levers of the mightiest power,
And sunshine oft,—in the darkest hour.

The mothers of the greatest, noblest men,
Were dames of simple mind,
Whose worthy, pure and virtuous lives
Left brilliant, living marks behind.

In days of early pilgrim faith,
When gray-haired sires and silvered dames
Endured the hardships of their race,
These, too, our reverence claims.

The old log cabin, with its green and mossy roof,
The home and birth-place of our sires,
The great, old-fashioned fire-place,
Where burned the cheerful, crackling fire,

The stately sire, in plainest homespun garb,
The grandame, at her spinning wheel,
The comely maid, with sweet and courtly grace,
Are pictures of the far-off ancient days.

Aesthetic airs and fleeting fashions gay
Have robbed us of the long lost art,
And decked the women of to day
Like butterflies and "cupid darts."

The pretty face, the lofty brow, that nature gave,
 Is hidden half by curl and "kink" and wave;
 The perfect, fair and fragile form,
 With senseless, gaudy ornaments adorn.

Oh, woman, fair, pure and true!
 Let higher, nobler ends in view
 Employ thy thoughts, thy hands, thy heart,
 And nobly act your Christian part.

For she, who in the poor man's lowly home,
 Does truly, loyally her duty
 As wife and mother, ranks above
 A useless, vain and royal beauty.

Be this thy garb,—thy strength be Christian love,
 To lift humanity to God above.
 Such charms will lend a winning grace
 To simple nature's plainest face.

Thy jewels bright be modesty and grace,
 And sweet Benevolence adorn thy face,
 And if, to cultivate and train thy mind,
 These old and truthful precepts bind.

About thy neck, a necklace of much wondrous skill,
 Of many loving links, which will,
 With honest Faith and modest Truth,
 Add charms of loveliness to youth.

Thy words be holy, humble, few,
 Thy soul, a heavenly mirror true,
 Thy will, obedient, ready, kind,
 Reflecting purity and peace of mind.

Thy voice, with cheerful words make glad
The heart that's lonely, aching, sad;
Thy hands, akin to loving works,
Thy heart of purest Christian worth.

"Oh, there's a beauty lies within, a power
Whose pure, effulgent light
Shines through to life's extremest hour,
Unalterably true and bright.

"The good and true bask in the warmth
Its genial rays impart;
Tell me, what outward beauty, then,
Can equal beauty of the heart?"

REJUVENATA.

Tell me not our present numbers
Are all the members we can get;
That the time has come for slumber,—
No, my brothers; no, not yet.

Life is real, but uncertain,
And the grave awaits us all;
On our stage of life the curtain
May at any moment fall.

Not for you alone, my brothers,
Did our Order have its birth;
There are hundreds of all nations
Who must learn to know its worth.

They must know that time is fleeting,
And, though strong in health and brave,
Death there's no such thing as cheating,—
You must travel to the grave.

Trust no future, use the present,—
Work at once and do your best;
We will try to make it pleasant,—
Bid them come and bring the rest.

Let us take no recreation,
Let us work with might and main,
And each bring an application
When our lodges meet again.

REVERIES OF A REBEKAH.

BY HOWARD PERCY.

I would most gladly know,
My sister,—not, indeed, by kinship's tie,
But sistered by another bond more high,—
Why do you trust me so?

Sister by kin of soul,
Because we worship the same God of love,
Who sees and guides us from His throne above,—
Father while ages roll.

Sister by mystic right,
And solemn vows that I shall meet at judgment day,
The lily sheen is not more pure than they,
Nor angel robe more white.

And yet, it seems a dream,
That you do count me worthy, and bestow
All trust and confidence. How do you know
That I am what I seem?

Do you not often speak
To men the inmost thoughts of your pure heart?
And were it so, from you my faith would part,
And wiser natures seek.

When plunged in grief and gloom,
 When friends betray and hope from you has fled,
 And you feel envy of the peaceful dead,
 So quiet in the tomb,

Why do you come to me,
 And open wide the chamber of your soul,
 As if you thought the tides I could control
 On life's tempestuous sea?

There is no earthly gem,
 From Africa's mines or India's sacred streams,
 That hath so bright, to manhood's nature seems,
 Such priceless diadem

As woman's trust, complete,
 In joy's all-radiant morn or sorrow's night.
 It makes him stronger in life's bitter fight,—
 Revives him in defeat.

No hours can ever be,
 I shall not feel, that as I deal with you
 As to the right, I shall be false or true,
 So heaven will deal with me.

I know, if I betray,
 If faith reposed in me is basely broken,
 If secrets told, by me are lightly spoken,
 Rue I the judgment day.

But did your spirit look
 Into my nature's depth, and read aright
 What there you saw, below the range of sight,
 As from an open book?

Men sometimes deftly try
To win regard for selfish ends, or pride;
When self is served they cast friendship aside.
Why, sister, should not I?

And so, ofttimes, I muse,
And ask again, and asking, look on high
For help I daily need to sanctify
Friendship, and not abuse.

THE PITCHER.

So Rebekah, her pitcher uplifting,
And pouring the water so clear,
Stands out 'gainst a background of darkness,
A vision of beauty so fair
That we linger and watch every motion,
And catch every gleam of her hair.
And the water she pours for the guest
Is the type of the life of our quest,
And the gift, freely given,
Like the bounty of heaven.

THE WOOING OF REBEKAH.

BY N. C. MORGAN.

-Abraham, being old and having had some peculiar matrimonial trials and tribulations, sendeth his old servant to hunt a proper wife for Isaac.

Do you mind when good El'ezar,
At the bidding of his master,
Mounted on a hump-backed camel,
Started forth to find a maiden
Who was anxious to be married
And was willing to be carried
On a shuffling dromedary,
Far away?

How he jolted o'er the desert,
Up and down the rugged hillside,
Clinging to the reeling saddle
Of the brute that onward bore him!
There were lots of maids unmarried,
Who were willing to be carried
On a camel, or to hoof it,

Any day.

The old servant soliloquizeth and layeth his plans as he journeyeth on.

Thus thought faithful old El'ezar,
And his toothless jaws did chatter
As the big beast sprawled and stumbled,

And the sun grew hotter and hotter:

“How in time am I to know who
Of the maids I meet will best do
For the mother of the nations
Yet unborn?

I will linger by the well-side,
Where the damsels come for water
And of future hopes to chatter;
There I'll listen to their gabble,—
Sure I'll easy pick some daisy,
Who for wedded life is crazy,
That in single blessedness is
Still forlorn.”

He proposeth an extreme test, which only the
most amiable of women would accede to.

“I will beg a drink of water—
Which I wish I had this minute,
For the wine is hot as Tophet
And the sacks begin to sizzle.
If she says to me, ‘Drink hearty,—
Camels, dogs and all your party,’
I will know she has been chosen
Bride for Ike.”

Then they jogged along to Nahor,
In the land of Mes'potamia,
As the sun was getting weary
With the hard work it had done.
There they helped him down from humpy,
For he felt all sore and dumpy,
And so would any man that
Rode the like.

The radiant Rebekah came forth to draw water. Her appearance pleaseth the venerable ambassador.

Soon a blithsome maid came singing,
 With a churn upon her shoulder,
 And her bare feet wet and rosy,
 As she well-ward took her way.
 Then El'ezar cleared his throat out,
 Straightened arms and legs and gown out,
 And proceeded to interrogate

The maid.

"Prythee! damsel, will you please to
 Give me just a sip of water,—
 Just a quart or two of water,
 For my throat is full of mud?"
 "Surely, stranger, I will fill you,
 If you think the stuff won't kill you,
 And the hump-backed things that bore you."

'Twas a trade.

The old Envoy Extraordinary practiceth his arts of diplomacy upon her with some success.

Then the old man tapped his grip-sack,
 Brought forth divers golden gew gaws,
 And the maiden richly earned them
 Filling up the hollow brutes;
 For a camel drinks forever,
 And in all the earth there never
 Was a jolly maiden cursed with
 Such a task.

Then El'ezar talked of supper,
Talked of fodder for his camels
And a place wherein to lodge them,
For the night was coming on.
Then the maiden, wet and trembling,
But her inmost thoughts dissembling,
Said, "You'd better come to our house—
Since you ask."

Rebekah and El'ezar "put up" a surprise party
on Bethuel. The street parade was formed.

Then the old man and the young men
And the water-laden camels,—
Camels to the muzzle loaded
With the water from the well,
Started quick to find the stable,
And the supper laden table,
While Rebekah, with her churn,
Led the van.

Then came forth the maiden's brother,
Seeking tidings of Rebekah,
Knowing not that she had taken
Such a contract at the well.
On the way he chanced to meet them,
Flew with eager joy to greet them;
Then, to get all things in order,
Homeward ran.

Bethuel, in excellent good humor, receives
them and listens to the old man's story, while the
servants are preparing the veal and goat flesh.

Now came forth the aged Bethuel,—
Came to look upon the circus,—
On the water-logged and bloated
Dromedaries that they rode.
Then down clambered old El'ezar,—
Not too quick, for, gracious Cæsar!
It's a ticklish thing to do, this
Climbing down.

At the supper table seated
The old servant told his errand;
Told them he was out a gunning
Under orders from his master;
That he found Rebekah very
Handy 'round a dromedary,
And at housework he'd no doubt she'd
Do it brown.

Rebekah is not consulted, but the match is
made just the same.

"Take the damsel," said the mother;
Said the father, "Take the maiden;"
And her brother, Laban, shouted,
"You are welcome to the maid."
So they ate and drank and gabbled,
Of great wealth El'ezar babbled,
And when full as ticks they wabbled
To their bunks.

On the morrow ten huge camels,
Like a range of barren mountains,
Stood and chewed their cuds in silence
At Bethuel's open door.

While within, with rush and bustle,
Things were packed; and, with a hustle,
'Bekah gulloped down her fodder
 In great hunks.

Having secured the prize, the caravan jour-
neyeth homeward. Isaac and Rebekah meet.

Through the door-way then they had led her,
Forth forever from her childhood home,
From her father and her mother,
And the scenes of her sweet girlhood;—
Flown forever happy childhood,
Free from care as birds in wild wood;
Life's stern duties lay before her
 Aught but merry.

Happy was the faithful servant
As he led them back to Canaan;
Back across the plains and hill-tops
To the land of his kind master.
Isaac in the field was roaming,—
In the early evening gloaming
Comes El'ezar with Rebekah—
 Whoa! Dromedary.

HOW I CAME TO BE A "REBEKY."

BY CINTHY LEWIS.

Cume inter the sittin' rume fire, Ma'am.
An' so you're distributin' trax
Agin secret societys, an' Odd Fellars,
An' Rebekys, too, may I ax?
Well, yes, I am a Rebeky,
An' have bin fer ni thirty yere,
Tho' I uste be awful agin 'em,
An' uste git mad when I'de here
Mi Moses a-talkin' about 'em;
But now, I'm rite free tu confess,
It were jealousy and misunderstandin'
That made me so bitter, I guess.
Fur I own up I fit an' oposed 'em
With all o' the strength I could raze,
An' made it 'xeedingly plezent
Fur Moses along in them days.
Well, that's when we lived to the este'ard,
In Ohio, 'bout fifty-nine;
We kep' hous fur father and mother,
An' things went on swimmingly fine.
An' if one of us had any sickness,
An' the children got crupy at nite,
Mother was there with the goose-grease,
An' doctorin' an' all wuz sune rite.
But we sold our farm in Ohio,

An' Moses an' me an' our boys—
Fer then we had two rozy darlins—
Moved out here to South Illinois.
But Illinoy ain't what it then were;
When Moses and me fust cume here
These farms was all brush and perary,
An' the bottoms as wild as a deer.
Lizy Nelson, our nighest dore nabur,
Lived over nine miles awa,
An' to go there on a errant
Took up ni the half ov the da.
Well, as I wer agoin' tu tell yu,
We arriv here along about May,
An' Moses jist wurkt like a nigger,
A-choppin' an' clearin' away,
So as he mite git his crop in
Before it got late in the fall;
As the boys was tu little tu help him,
He didn't have no help at all.
An' so he wurkt harder'n he orter,
And 'xposin himself in the rane
Fetched on an attack ov numony
With its terrible sufferin' and pane.
"Deth" recht fer him then, I kin tel yu;
I kin scasely tel how he did live,
'Xcept fer a strong constitushun,
And nursin', the kind as was giv.
You see, jist over 't the crossin',
A dozen or two Odd Fellows lived,
An' had formed a lodge ov the Order
The summer before we arriv;

An' Moses had visited their meetings
A time or two 'long in the fall,
So, as sune as they heerd ov his sickness,
There was two ov 'em there all
The time, a-nussin' an' watin' upon him,
But "luck" was agin us, you see;
The eperdemick was all thru the kentry,
An' it struck my two darlins an' me.
My life seemed tu hang by a thred,
An' when I cum to my senses,
An' heerd my two darlins was ded,
It was then that a darkness much deeper
An' glumier than blackest dye,
Settled down depe ore my bein',
An' obscured all the lite o' mi sky.
But the quietest, sweetest voiced wimen,
Like angels o' mercy an' lite,
Went flittin' 'round hither an' thither,
'Twixt me and the darkness o' night.
An' I said tu myself, haf unkonshus,
"God bless 'em, whoever they be,
Fer if they wa'nt angels from heaven,
Why, then they was strangers to me."
But to make a long story the shortest,
They nursed me and keered fer me thru
That long, tejus spell ov the fever,
Like sisters, devoted an' true.
Then I prade that I, too, mite be like 'em,
As gentle, as kind an' as good,
With no hier thing writ on my tumestun
Then that "She hath done what she could."

Now, it's always ben my way o' thinking,
Ef you want God to do as yu pray,
Jist remember yu always kin help 'im
By metin' yore anser haf way.
So, as much as I wished to be like 'em,
I thought the best thing for me
Was to jine 'em, an' therefore I did so,
An' tuck the Rebeky Degree.
O, yes, I am a Rebeky,—
You've heerd how the matter was dun,
An' may God give me strength and devoshun
To do my whole duty as one.



THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is cunning—sometimes witty,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young, and not too old;
Half inviting, half repellent,
Now advancing, and now shy;
There is mischief in her laughter,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in every art,
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of the heart!
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow,—all the while.

Are you sad? Oh, then how serious
Will her pretty face become!
Are you angry? She is wretched,
Saddened, friendless, tearful, dumb.
Are you mirthful? How the laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out!
She can lure, and catch, and play you,
As an angler does a trout.

Ah! "Old fossils," nearly fifty,
Who are plotting, deep and wise;
Ye "Adonises," of twenty,
With the love-light in your eyes!
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who can win and fool you all!



REBEKAH.

Who's at you night and day to "jine,"
And clings, as to the oak the vine,
And captures you, ten cases out of nine?
REBEKAH.

Who, when she's caught you, treats you straight,
And helps ice cream upon your plate,
Regardless of your stomach's fate?
REBEKAH.

Who, on the cheerless wintry night,
Doth make the lodge-room a delight,
And put Subordinates out of sight,
REBEKAH.

Who, when Grand Officers appear,
Doth load the table with good cheer,
And beg permission to be near?
REBEKAH.

Who murmurs not at any slight,
And gets by favor what's a right,
And sweetly bids them all good night?
REBEKAH.

THE JINERS.

Scene.—Enter Sam, throwing a package into his wife's lap.

Samantha—Now, Sam Smith, what is this? I did not send by you for nothin'.

Sam—I know that, Samantha, but can't a man get a new dress for his wife if she don't send for it?

Samantha—Yes, I suppose some men can, but you ain't that kind of a man, Sam Smith; least-wise you never did, unless you wanted to jine something; and what's more, I don't think you ever will. Now, Sam Smith, what is it? Let's hear at once; what is it you want to jine now?

Sam—Oh, Samantha, can't you be reasonable and look at your new dress? Ain't it pretty? and I paid twenty-five cents a yard for it; now just untie it, Samantha, and see how it shines. Taint every man that gets such a dress as that for his wife, I can tell you that, Samantha.

Samantha—And you wouldn't if you didn't want to jine something.

Sam—Look here, now, Samantha, I ain't never going to jine anything more unless my wife can jine with me, and that's why I got the dress, for I mean when we do jine you shall look as smart as any of them town folks.

Samantha—There, Sam, didn't I tell you so; I knew you wanted to jine something, and now you

want me to jine; that's a new dodge, Sam—I know you.

Sam—It's no dodge at all, Samantha; but I will tell you all about it. I want to jine the Odd Fellers, and they have a lodge for women, but no women but Odd Fellers' wives and gals can jine 'em.

Samantha—*Me* jine the Odd Fellers, Sam; I'd like to know who's going to take care of the young ones if I go to jining!

Sam—Why, they don't meet but once a week and Sally Ann can take care of them just as well as she can when you go to town.

Samantha (looking at her new dress approvingly)—It is pretty, Sam, that's a fact.

Sam—Yes, I knew you would like it, and now hurry and get it made, and have it made stylish, cause you are to wear it among the town folks and I want my wife to look as smart as any of them, and I know she is a tarnel sight smarter than the most of them. (Samantha shakes out the goods and looks approvingly.) You had better get Miss Dodkins to make it; she will make you look stunin'.

Samantha—Who said I was going to jine anything? I hain't, Sam Smith, but if you will go jining everything, I can't help it.

Sam—Samantha, can't we have supper now? I want to go to town early and find out all about this wimen's lodge.

Samantha—No, we can't have supper now, and I don't want to know anything about wimen's

lodges nuther. (Sam gets up and looks out of the window. Samantha slyly sets a plate of doughnuts and some pie on the table and leaves the room. Sam turns around, eats the pie, puts the doughnuts in his pocket and goes out. Samantha enters with the dress on her arm.)

Samantha—Well, he's gone to jine something more. Will that man ever get through jining? But never mind, this time I'll jine, and if I don't make it hot for them then my name ain't Samantha Smith. Now I'll get this dress made jest as soon as I can; guess I'll go over and see Miss Dodkins to-night (holding up the goods before her and looking in the glass). It is pretty, and I guess I'll look as smart as any of 'em. But jest let them have any of their carryings on after I jine 'em; I know how they act, and I'll expose them to the end of the arth; my time has now come and I'll use it, too. I'll make 'em wish they'd never jined no wimen's lodge before they get through with me. (She rolls up the goods.) Now, I'll make this dress cost Sam something; I'll just make it stylish. I'll go to town to-morrow and I won't get a bit less than ten yards of white lace, and I won't have nothin' less than fifteen cent lace, nuther, and I'll make Sam Smith pay for it, too. (She puts on her bonnet and shawl and starts for the dress makers.)

Act II.—Enter Samantha, with dress on her arm.

Samantha—Look here, Sam Dodkins has jest brought my dress home, and ain't it a beauty?

It cost a big pile of money, though. Only think, you paid twenty-five cents a yard, and there's ten yards of it, and I paid fifteen cents a yard for this lace, and there's ten yards, and she put it all on to it, every speck on't, and then I paid a dollar and a half for the making, and sewed the lace onto it myself. But I don't care, I guess I'll look as smart as any of 'em.

Sam—Yes, it is pretty, Samantha, and the wimen that beats you has got to get up early.

Samantha—Say, Sam, have you found out yet how I can jine that wimen's lodge? I'm ready now.

Sam—Y-a-s, leastwise I've jined it and handed your name in. (Sam hitches uneasily in his chair.)

Samantha—And what did they say when you handed it to 'em, Sam?

Sam—Why, they voted on it, Samantha.

Samantha—They voted on my name? That's pretty doings, Sam Smith. Voted on my name!

Sam—Why, Samantha, they alus have to vote on everybody that jines.

Samantha—And if they don't want them they blackball 'em, and that's what they've done on me, Sam Smith. You need not deny it; I see it in your eyes.

Sam—Well, well, Samantha, we'll try it again. I guess there's some of 'em that didn't like you, but we'll have you in yet; lots of 'em said so.

Samantha—*Have me in yet?* No they won't. You did it yourself, Sam, I know you did. *Have me in?* I guess not much, but I'll have a divorce.

I'm done with pesky jiners. Yes, I'll have a divorce this very day. (Throws her dress on the floor and leaves the room. Sam, with his head between his hands, in tears.)

Curtain falls.

She walked into a lawyer's office in the west and requested a private interview; and having obtained it, and satisfied herself that the law students were not listening at the key-hole, said, slowly, solemnly, and impressively: "I want a divorce."

"What for? I supposed you had one of the best of husbands," said the lawyer.

"I s'pose that's what everybody thinks; but if they knew what I've suffered in ten years, they'd wonder I hadn't scalded him long ago. I ought to, but for the sake of the young ones I've borne it and said nothing. I've told him, though, what he might depend on, and now the time has come. I won't stand it, young ones or no young ones. I'll have a divorce, and if the neighbors want to blab themselves hoarse about it, they can, for I won't stand it another day."

"But what is the matter? Don't your husband provide for you? Don't he treat you kindly?" said the lawyer.

"Well, if you must know, he's one of them plaguey jiners."

"A what?"

"A jiner; one of them pesky fools that's always jining something. There can't be nothing

come along that's dark and sly and hidden, but he will jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in; and if he had to pay for it he'd go all the suddener. We hadn't been married more'n two months before he jined the Know Nothin's. We lived on a farm then, and every Saturday night he'd come tearin' before supper, grab a fistful of nut cakes and go off gnawin' 'em, and that's the last I'd see of him till morning. And every other night he'd roll and tumble in his bed and holler in his sleep, 'Put none but Americans on guard—George Washington.' And rainy days he would go out in the corn barn and jab at a picture of the Pope with an old bagnet that was there. I ought to have put my foot down then, but he fooled me so with his lies about the Pope's coming to make all the Yankee girls marry Irishmen, and to eat up all the babies that warn't born with a cross on their foreheads, that I let him go on and encouraged him in it.

"Then he jined the Masons. P'raps you know what them be, but I don't, 'cept they think they are the same kind of critter that built Solomon's Temple. And of all the darned nonsense and gab about worshipful masters and squares and compasses and sich like, that we had in the house for the next six months, you never see the beat. And he's never outgrewed it, nuther. What do you think of a man, squire, that'll dress himself in a white apron, 'bout big enough for a monkey's

bib, and go marching up and down, and making motions, and talking the foolishest lingo at a picture of George Washington in a green jacket and a truss on his stomach? Ain't he a loonytick? Well, that's my Sam, and I've stood it as long as I'm going to.

"The next lunge the fool made was into the Odd Fellows. I made it warm for him when he came home and told me he'd jined them, but he kinder pacified me by telling me they had a sort of branch show that took in wimen, and he'd get me in as soon as he found out how to do it. Well, one night he come home and said I had been proposed and somebody black-balled me. Did it hisself, of course. Didn't want me around knowing of his goings on. Of course he didn't, and I told him so.

"Then he joined the Sons of Malter. Didn't say nothing to me about it, but sneaked off one night, pretendin' he'd got to sit up with a sick Odd Fellow; and I'd never found it out, only he come home lookin' like a man that had been through a thrashing machine, and I wouldn't do a thing for him till he owned up. And so it's gone from bad to wus, and from wus to wusser, jinin' this and that and t'other, till he's Worship Minister of the Masons, and the Goddess of Hope of the Odd Fellows, and Sword Swallower of the Finnegans, and Virgin Cerrsus of the Grange, and Grand Mogul of the Sons of Indolence, and Two-edged Tomahawk of the United Order of Black

Men, and Tale-bearer of the Merciful Manikins, and Skipper of the Guild Caratine Columbus, and Big Wizard of the Arabian Knights, and Big Pledge-passer of the Reform Club, and Chief Bulger of the Irish Machinists, and Purse-keeper of the Order of the Canadian Conscience, and Double-barreled Director of the Knights of the Brass Circles, and Standard-bearer of the Royal Archangels, and Sublime Porte of Union League, and Chambermaid of the Cherubs, and Puissant Potentate of the Petrified Pig-stickers, and the Lord only knows what else. I've borne it and borne it, hoping he'd get 'em all jined after a while, but 'taint no use; and when he got in a new one, and be made Grand Guide of the Knight of Horror, I told him I'd quit, and I will."

Here the lawyer interrupted, saying, "Well, your husband is pretty well initiated, that's a fact; but the court will hardly call that a good cause for a divorce. The most of the societies you mention are composed of honorable men, and have excellent reputations. Many of them, though called lodges, are relief associations and mutual insurance companies, which, if your husband should die, would take care of you and would not see you suffer if you were sick."

"See me suffer when I'm sick! Take care of me when he's dead! Well, I guess not! I can take care of myself when he's dead; and if I can not, I can get another; there's plenty of them. And they needn't bother themselves when I'm

sick, either. If I want to be sick and suffer, it's none of their business; especially after all the suffering I've had when I ain't sick, because of their carryings on. And you needn't try and make me believe it's all right, either. I know what it is to live with a man that jines so many lodges that he don't never lodge at home, and signs his name, yours truly, Sam Smith, M. M., I. O. O. F., K. O. B., K. of P., P. of H., R. A. H., I. I. P., K. of X., N. C., L. E. T., H. E. R., R. I. P., X. Y. Z., etc."

"Oh, that's harmless amusements."

She looked him square in the eye.

"I believe you are a jiner yourself."

He admitted that he was to a certain extent, and she arose and said:

"I wouldn't never have thought it. A man like you, chairman of a Sabbath-school, and a superintendent of the Republicans! It's enough to make a woman take pisen. But I don't want anything of you. I want a lawyer that don't belong to nobody or nothin'." And she bolted out of the office after another adviser.

REBEKAH AT THE WELL.

BY L. W. COLLINS.

Rebekah stood at the wayside well;
The water was cool and clear;
Dripping ferns on the mossy stones fell;
No curb or sweep was near.
Long, wavy tresses of golden hair
Strayed o'er the shoulders white;
Beneath the brow, undimmed by care,
Shone blue eyes, sparkling bright.

With graceful form and lovely face,
A model of beauty rare;
The type of a patriarchal race,
The fairest of the fair.
The pitcher was brimming in her hand,—
Why she lingered none could tell,
When a stranger from a distant land
Approached the wayside well.

Weary, thirsty and travel-stained,
He took from her the crystal water;
When rest and confidence he had gained,
"Who art thou?" he asked, "Bethuel's
daughter?"

He placed rare jewels on her face,
And bracelets on her hand,—
Rich ornaments to beauty and grace,
Brought from Bersheba's land.

Her sparkling eyes and flushing cheek
Adding luster to the same,
He said, "I've a word with you to speak;
For my master's sake I came
To find a wife his son to bless,
And it is God's decree
That you, true type of nobleness,
Should journey home with me."

At once, in some mysterious way,
She knew his rank and name;
"Your master's wish I will obey,
Since 'tis for that you came."
She bade adieu to home and friends,
And Haran's youthful band,—
The journey of life to end
Far in a distant land.

And safe arrived at even-tide,
They met Isaac near the well,
And he took Rebekah for his bride,
In his mother's tent to dwell.
Though Sarah's home was sadly grieved,
And each heart was filled with gloom,
Her cheering presence soon relieved
The sorrows of the tomb.

And when by Lahairoi's water
Abraham met his son of old,
With Mesopotamia's daughter,
Richest blessings o'er them rolled.
A long and happy life they led,—
A noble life all through;
Of her the patriarchs have said,
"Heroic, lovely, true."



THE REBEKAH SISTERS.

We come, with smiling faces,
On this, a festal night,
With other kindred graces,
To add to your delight;
Our dainty gifts we proffer,
The board to decorate,
And our assistance offer,
The feast to celebrate.

We come, with footsteps willing,
To follow where you lead,
Life's ministry fulfilling,
Of high and noble deed;
You'll find us ever ready
To answer duty's call,
And faithful, firm and steady,—
We'll neither faint nor fall.

We promise to the Order
The "Secrets" to revere,
To mind the "Grand Recorder,"—
The "Goat" we do not fear;
Like lambs, you'll find us gentle,
And, as the serpent, wise;
Also, in times of trial,
That strength within us lies.

With fingers, apt and skillful,
We'll weave our mystic webs,
And if we find you willful,
We'll set you down as "Rebs;"
Sharpshooters, too, you'll find us;
We seldom miss our aim;
Our little, piercing arrows
Are sure to fetch their game.

We're advocates of "Union,"
Both of heart and hand,
But hold that, in communion,
Together we should stand.
A great mistake now righted,
With age, and sunny youth,
We'll journey on, united
In "Friendship, Love and Truth."

We'll keep the watch-fires burning
Of "Faith, Hope, Charity,"
The erring feet returning
In paths of purity;
With sisterly affection
O'er each the "mantle" throw,
Whose folds shall give protection
From much of earthly woe.

Beside a "stranger's" coffin
We'll drop the silent tear,
And to the lonely "orphan"
We'll whisper words of cheer;

The "widow's" way, all tearful,
We'll strew with flowers bright,
Whose bloom will make it cheerful
And minister delight.

Ready to help each other
The weary load to bear,
To see in each a brother
Needing a tender care;
We pledge our hands in friendship,
Our hearts aglow with love,
Till we shall meet to worship
In the "Grand Lodge" above.



DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH.

BY REV. D. K. LEE.

“Man is the glory of the Lord,
And woman is man’s glory”—
Said one who spoke the heavenly word
And told the heavenly story.
The glory of His glory, then,
Most holy, whilst most human,
The crowning light of God and man,—
The fairest life is woman.

Woman is heaven’s warm heart below;
This glory we accord her;
To her, with honors bright, shall go
The welcome of our Order.
While woman found a bolted door
At Athens, Rome, and Mecca,
Our temple gates unbar before
The Daughters of Rebekah.

Their prayers shall bring sweet blessings down,
Their hymns sound our thanksgiving,
Their hands our work of mercy crown,
Their lives exalt our living.
O, God, bless woman with Thy love,—
With fairest honors deck her,
And clothe with beauty from above
The Daughters of Rebekah.

REBEKAH'S OFF FOR THE CONVENTION.

“American Rebekah Lodge!”
We glory in that name,
And, though we are not very old,
We get there, “All the same.”

Our craft is manned, and womaned, too,
With hearts true as the sun,
And anyone that beats us now,
Will have to work, like fun.

We are not bold, but all agree
That in a kindly way,
Our sisters, and our brothers, too,
Can have their little say.

Our goat is harmless as a dove;
His coat is very sleek;
And, though he's dyed fast in the wool,
Don't take him for a sheep!

He's bound for the “Convention;”
Please do not think us rash;
You'll find him by the “Pink and green,”
With the compliments of the Wabash.

NO NAME.

BY NICK G. DAVIDSON.

Once, upon a Friday night,
The "Beckies" had a candidate in sight;
When, o'er the rocky road,
They hustles him till he was pigeon-toed;
Then, at the side of the room
They stood him, as if he were but a broom;
When lo! and behold, to him
Came a sight of beauty. Was it a dream?

A dream! Well, I should say no!
Should you but ask him, he will tell you so.
And yet the brotherhood will flinch,
Because he knows the "Beckies" have the clinch
On all the lodge work degrees,—
And this, by quietly sitting, he sees.
For, as the work moves along,
The Rebekahs sing their beautiful song.

Father Abraham,—says he,
"Bring a wife, for my son Isaac, unto me;
From the people of my own
Bring me a maiden with hair that's brown."
Then forth goes a servant and
His guards, afar into a distant land;
There secure a maiden fair,
And returning, bring with every care.

Before they reached her new home
 A fine looking man through the field had come.
 "Who's that man?" the maiden cried.
 "Isaac, for whom thou art to be a bride."
 Quietly they march apace,
 When Isaac and Rebekah come face to face.
 They stand, with admiration,—
 Gaze on each other in consternation.

"Master Ike," the servant cried,
 "I have brought you, of your people, a bride.
 This is a Rebekah, daughter
 Of the Bethual, near well of water
 Beside which lived her people;
 In a country where there is no steeple,
 Church, school-house, nor meeting place,—
 So we brought her here, to meet you face to face."

"Uplift the veil that hides
 Her face from every expectant gaze; besides,
 The escorts you will remove,
 For now I will myself a gallant prove.
 Flower of the verdant lea,
 Like some beautiful dream thou comest to me;
 Your eyes like the sun doth shine,—
 I twig you come to be my Valentine."

Then to father "Abe" they went,
 His blessings received, and were content.
 And then, as two lovers should,
 Built them a nice home as soon as they could.

And there many years they dwelled;
 To be sure "Becky" the reins always held,
 O'er their troubles they did float;
 And their "kid" grew to be a large sized goat.

And thus the finest degree
 Of Odd Fellowship the brother did see.
 He no credit had given,
 But many is the nail he had driven
 Into the "Beckies" casket,
 As he supposed, for he could not grasp it
 That the women folks had brains
 Enough to run the lodge "and hold the reins."

But now, let me tell you,
 He straightway for your petition will sue;
 He was more than satisfied,
 And now his conscience will not rest inside;
 He hops on the new victim
 Of the Subordinate, until to him
 Has his petition given
 To join the Rebekahs and be driven.

Driven! Moses and Aaron!
 They'll drive you till your head hasn't a hair on,
 And then they will holler and yell
 Till you will think you have gone—well,
 The fact is you do not know,
 They have hustled and "bustled" you so.
 Good brothers, try this degree,
 And if not satisfied, lay it to me.

AN IDEAL REBEKAH.

BY HOWARD PERCY.

Where has the lost one gone?
Embodiment of virtues high and rare,
The sunshine of her presence lightened care
And warmed all hearts by love-inspiring rays;
Sad eyes grew brighter with her cheering gaze,
Like mountain top at dawn.

Friendship most firm and pure,
And love for beings in God's image made,
And love to God complete, which could not fade,
And truth, and charity, like heaven's own,
All blended in her life, were daily shown,—
Naught did their light obscure.

Her duties in her home, [commune,
Or in the sacred courts where men with God
And put discordant hearts with His in tune,
Or at the couch, where sick and dying lay,
Though wearied oft, she would not put away
Till sickness dire had come.

Unselfish, faithful, true,
To duty's stubborn call, come when it might,
With face illumed as by supernal light,
She gave glad heed, obeyed with cheerful mien;
No saint to martyr's fate walked more serene
Than she, with right in view.

Always she saw the best
 In erring souls, and gave a helping hand
 To lift the fallen, help the stumbling stand.
 She showed to them the rising star of hope,
 That souls despondent might with evil cope,
 Nor fail in life's contest.

The Christ-love in her heart
 Waked sleeping virtues, love and gentleness
 In many bosoms, hard and cold, did bless
 The selfish, and the sorrowing quickly cheer.
 She made the stern forget to be austere;
 All gloom she bade depart.

The Easter lily's sheen
 Was no jot whiter than her radiant soul,
 Nor purer than her thoughts, which did control
 Evil, ashamed, rebuked, shrank from her face,
 And in its look, grew high desires apace,
 Vanished all feelings mean.

Earth will look lovelier now,
 To some sad hearts, which look in vain for cheer,
 When sorrow's clouds, so cold and black, are near.
 The memory of each word and generous deed
 Will upwards draw, to her,—she hath her meed;
 A halo wreathes her brow.

HAIL! DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH.

BY L. M. WISE.

Hail! Daughters of Rebekah, hail!
Ye loving ones of earth—
As patient at the dying bed,
As joyous in your mirth.

This world would be a wilderness,
Its woes without a balm,
But for the face of womankind,
So gentle, mild and calm.

Our mysterious order would grow lax
And feeble in our land;
'Twould droop like autumn's frosted leaves
Without her helping hand.

A lodge without this good degree,
One cannot but suppose,
Would be quite like a damask bush
Without its blushing rose.

Their mission is a glorious one,
As lasting as all time;
Their bond a bond of unity,
Eternal and sublime.

To give the thirsty traveler drink,
 To aid the poor their vow,
 To watch beside the dying bed,
 To fan the fevered brow.

To gently chide the erring ones,
 To comfort the distressed,
 To cast the chain of Friendship 'round
 The weary and oppressed.

To work with patience and with zeal,
 To let their virtues shine,
 To practice what they teach, and prove
 Their tenets all divine.

In erring souls they oft may drop
 The true, the righteous leaven,
 And rescue from the paths of sin
 Some angel form for heaven.

“God Speed” I bid them in their work;
 May all their actions prove
 That they perform the peerless deeds
 Of Friendship, Truth and Love.

A SISTER REBEKAH.

She has no dazzling charms, no classic grace,
Nothing, you think, to win men's heart about her;
Yet, looking at her sweet and gentle face,
I wonder what our lives would be without her!

She has no wish in this great world to shine,
For work outside a woman's sphere no yearning;
But, on the altar of home's sacred shrine,
She keeps the fire of pure affection burning.

We tell our griefs into her patient ear; [dreary;
She whispers "Hope" when ways are dark and
The little children like to have her near,
And run into her arms when weary.

Her steps fall lightly by the sufferer's bed;
Where poverty and care abounds she lingers;
And many a weary heart and aching head
Finds gift of healing in her tender fingers.

She holds a helping hand to those who fall,
Which gently guides them back to paths of duty;
Her kindly eyes, with kindly looks for all,
See in uncomliest souls some hidden beauty.

Her charity would every need embrace;
The shy and timid fear not to address her;
With loving tact she rightly fills her place,
While all who know her pray that heaven may
bless her.

SOMETIMES.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here had
spurned,

The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some one we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach the face,
O, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you will shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God gives His friend;
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart;
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land,
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we will clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say: "God knew the best."

ONE CHRISTMAS.

BY L. G. WILSON.

On a South Dakota prairie, one cold November
day,
A widow and her children were bringing home
the hay
That must furnish food and shelter for the horses
and the cow,
And must also be the fuel for the little household
now.

For the husband and protector lay beneath the
prairie sod,
While the mother and her children, trusting only
now in God,
Were struggling almost helpless, yet with earnest
might and main,
To brave the coming winter and secure their
homestead "claim."

The scanty supper ended—their evening prayers
were o'er;
A stranger, guided by the light, rapped at the
outer door;
In answer to a welcome, he stood within the
room,
And asked, "Until the morning can I share your
humble home?"

“I am lost upon the prairie, and the storm is
 coming fast;
 Will you give to me, a stranger, shelter from the
 raging blast?”
 She pointed to a picture that hung upon the
 wall,
 And said, “’Twould not be right, sir, to refuse a
 sufferer’s call.”

He understood the picture, but questioned of the
 same;
 She answered thus—“My husband was a member,
 ere we came
 To the prairies of Dakota, of a lodge of Brothers
 true,
 And said to me, ‘Preserve it; it may bring relief
 to you.’”

He asked if she held papers, and was handed then
 a card,
 Showing that he was a member and held in high
 regard
 By a lodge of worthy Brothers, bound by Friend-
 ship, Truth and Love,
 In the state from whence they journeyed ere he
 joined the lodge above.

He shared their humble shelter, and when the
 morning came,
 Their kindness he rewarded and started o’er the
 plain;

While the little household hastened to complete
their heavy task
Of guarding, in their humble way, against the
stormy blast.

In earnest came the winter, and with children
thinly clad,
This widow's hands were weary and her mother's
heart was sad,
For her purse was almost empty and their larder
smaller grew;
How they could reach the spring-time only God
and Angels knew.

The days and weeks drag wearily, the time is very
near
When many lay aside their cares and joined in
Christmas cheer;
But for these Dakota children there was little yet
in store,
Tho' the mother planned and trusted, praying
God would send them more.

Christmas eve came 'round at last; the children
eager now
That "Santa" find their distant home, but largely
wonder how,
With roads all drifted over and no fences by the
way,
The good old man could reach them before the
coming day.

Small stockings hung around the stove and earnest
prayers were said;

These weary little ones at last were sound asleep
in bed;
But the mother prayed and waited, nor was her
vigil vain,
For Santa had remembered them and here he was
again.

For a team was quickly halted, a rap heard at the
door,
And thick and fast the parcels big were piled
upon the floor.
Boxes, and barrels, too, 'tis said, were in the cellar
rolled,
And a heavy purse was given "for her Christmas"
she was told.

With streaming eyes this widow then asked eagerly
the name
Of him who with such bounty to their relief now
came;
He pointed to the picture still hanging on the
wall:
"'Tis from a lodge of Odd Fellows, and that
explains it all."

Words cannot very well portray this home that
Christmas day,
So to your imagination I will "grant the right of
way."
Oh, Brothers, Christmas' coming, and by our
fraternal ties,
I pray you heed the Master's charge, "Go thou
and do likewise."

THESE LINKS OF GOLD.

BY LEMUEL G. WILSON.

You ask me why we're wearing
These "Little Links of Gold;"
If they symbolize some daring
In the lives of men of old;
Do they represent some magic
Only favored ones behold;
Is there really any virtue
In these "Little Links of Gold?"

Thus question after question
Is propounded every day,
And some real peculiar people
Are disposed hard things to say.
Of mean or noble, Prince or Priest,
This statement's just as true;
The very ones who know the least
Will tell it all to you.

If you'll listen I will tell you
Of the mystery you would know,
Of charms that gather 'round the hall
Where these Odd Fellows go,
Who falter not in summer's heat,
Or winter's piercing cold,
But doing deeds of mercy,
Wearing always—Links of Gold.

Long years ago the Master heard
The piteous cries of woe,
As they come from hill and valley,
From both high degree and low,
So he came down on a mission
Of Fraternity and Love,
And taught by His example
How the Grand Lodge works above.

Some essential truths He taught us
Were of Friendship, Love and Truth,—
Three Golden Links from heaven
For the aged and the youth.
Pure religion as He taught it
When he walked Gennesaret's shore;
Fatherless and widow visit
And relieve the worthy poor.

He visited the sick while here,
And the hungry ones he fed;
"The poor ye have always with you"
Were the earnest words he said.
"As ye ministered to one of these,
Ye did it unto me,"
Are words we'll hear at the wicket
In that Lodge of Eternity.

He told how Priest and Levite
Passed the wounded stranger by,
While the "hated old Samaritan"
Answered prompt the sufferer's cry.

Thus he taught His beloved disciples
That if heaven they would gain,
They must lift a fallen brother,
Give him raiment, ease his pain.

We know they met in secret,
In the Garden—on the Mount;
They withdrew from crowd and tumult
Their experience to recount.
Or in upper chamber gathered,
Brother Peter calling late;
And we know there were Rebekahs,
For a damsel kept the gate.

So, in our peculiar manner,
We are striving to obey
The teachings of the Master
As He went His weary way.
And we know there is a harvest
Gathered in from far and near,
That will meet his warm approval
When we've closed our labors here.

If more than this you wish to know,
Or, with us our work divide,
The way is open—there is room,
We pray you—come inside.
Yes, we'll wear three Golden Links, Brothers,
Till the Master's gavel falls;
Then, open in that Grand degree,
In the Lodge with Jasper walls.

REBEKAH.

BY VERE V. HUNT.

She stood by the well in the hush of the evening, as
the daylight was kissing the soft lips of night,
And the stately old palm trees ne'er gazed on a
fairer, or lovelier, holier, more sanctified sight,
As she rested one ivory arm on the pitcher, and
gazed with dark orbs down that deep ancient
well;

Then she rose up erect, for the voice of a stranger
broke the silence that settled o'er plain and
o'er dell.

He was old, was the stranger, and long, snowy locks
hung in graceful neglect down his sun-burned
neck,

But his garments proclaimed him no vagabond
traveler, nor the jewels his hands did so gayly
bedeck.

'Neath the shade of the trees stood his sand-
covered camels, tired out from a long, weary
march o'er the sand,

With a load of strange trappings and paraphernalia,
that seldom were seen in her own quiet land.

Said the stranger, "Fair maiden, may I from that
pitcher quench the thirst that now parches
my dust-begrimed lips?"

"Drink, my lord," said the maiden, and smiled
with enjoyment as eager the cool, crystal
water he sips.

“I will draw for thy camels the beverage also,” and she does, and invites the tired traveler home, Where her father receives him with true eastern welcome, and begs he will not be in haste thence to roam.

In the morn the traveler tells the fair maiden the mission that brought him, and asks her to go To the land of a stranger, to the arms of a husband she never has seen and she never did know.

But she pauses not, falters not; on o'er the desert she speeds with the stranger, till far, far away She discerns a figure; she climbs from her camel and down at the lord's feet in beauty she lay. And she made him a wife,—none was wiser and better; from their loins sprang God's people, his own chosen race.

In her daughters, for ages, have stood forth those features that marked her as queen both of beauty and grace.

So too you, dear sisters, when asked for to join us, knew naught of these secrets our silence well hid,

But you came trusting, hoping that Love, Truth and Friendship to woman's kind heart would a true welcome bid.

And I doubt not you found it, and know that in ages to come, when we long have slow crumbled to dust,

That the daughters Rebekah has left them behind her, in Odd Fellow's teachings most loyally trust.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LODGE HYMN.

BY HENRY S. BAKER, PH. D.

Again, in friendship's name,
Our hearts with love aflame,
 We gather here,
To make some sad heart light,
Some care-worn face more bright,
To work for God and right,
 To spread warm cheer.

Let each resolve to be
Type of fidelity
 To vows most high;
And guard each brother's weal
With never tiring zeal,
And make him ever feel
 True friends are nigh.

May all our actions be
Outgrowth of purity
 And truest love;
May selfishness not come
Within this sacred home,
Type of the heavenly dome,
 Our rest above.

May all be true as steel,
Our hearts be quick to feel
 For other's grief;
And our brief lives all be
Filled full of charity,
Helps to humanity,—
 Woe's swift relief.



FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

There's beauty in the lowlands,
There's grandeur in the heights;
There's glory for an Order
That goes for human rights.
Then keep alive the motto
We cherished in our youth,
And bear aloft the banner
"Of Friendship, Love and Truth."

Tho' o'er life's desert dreary,
Like pilgrims still we stray,
We'll aid our brother weary,
And cheer him on his way.
Then, if he fall beside us,
When kindness fails to save,—
The evergreen of Friendship
We'll strew upon his grave.

Our mission's one of mercy,
Our purposes are high;
We heed the moan of sorrow
And the needy when they cry.
We help the lonely widow,
And orphans in their youth,
And they shall bless the Order
Of "Friendship, Love and Truth.

4 POEMS—ODD FELLOWS AND REBEKAHS.

We love our noble Order,
And all its members, too,
Who heed their obligation—
To all their vows are true.
We love a good Rebekah,
Naomi or a Ruth,
And treat them all like honest Boaz,
With "Friendship, Love and Truth."

Then push ahead the Order,
Until its truths are sent
From regions of the North
To the Caffre in his tent.
And keep alive the motto
We cherished in our youth,
And bear aloft the banner
Of "Friendship, Love and Truth."

THE ODD FELLOWS.

Odd Fellows, when together met,
Are not, perhaps, so odd a set
 As many people say;
Unless, indeed, it odd may be
That they should meet for charity,
 With conscience clear for pay.

When the pale sufferer, seized by death,
But faintly draws his short'ning breath,
 They cool his fevered tongue
And gently bathe his throbbing brow,
While scenes of earth, swift fleeing now,
 By single hair seems hung.

Or, when the spirit's self is gone
To that far land, to us unknown,
 To dwell in tents of clay,
The fixed and glassy eyes they close,
The pain-distorted limbs compose,
 And to the tomb convey.

Odd Fellows!—surely odd they are!
The sick, the naked have their care;
 The hungry, too, are fed;
So odd that they without reproof
The houseless stranger give a roof
 And where to lay his head.

SELFISHNESS.

BY HENRY S. BAKER, PH. D.

I can't afford it. Why should I
Show friendship when the fates do frown
On one I knew in days gone by,
Now adverse luck has cast him down?

I hardly think that he can rise
And fortune make in honest trade;
For him life seems to hold no prize,
By helping him can naught be made.

Loan him some money? How absurd,
He might pay slow, or not at all.
Business, not charity, my word,
When needy men for money call.

He moves no more within my set;
At banks no value has his name;
If ever favors I would get,
He cannot give me gold nor fame.

Do I feel sorry? Yes, somewhat,
But yet, wherein should I have blame?
My brother's keeper I am not,—
I need not save his life nor name.

ODD FELLOW'S SONG.

BY M. P. SATTERLEE.

Tune—Bring Back my Bonnie.

An emblem I wear on my bosom,
Composed of tiny links three,
For by them I learned the grand lesson
By us called Fraternity.

CHORUS:—

Friendship, Love and Truth,
This, our motto, so dear to me;
Friendship, Love and Truth,
Bonds of Fraternity.

The first link betokens a Friendship
As deathless as brother's or kin,
Protects us in every hardship,
Withholds us from sorrow and sin.

CHORUS:—

The second link, Love for each other,
Will aid us in life's deepest woe,
And care for the Orphans and Mothers,
When death at the last lays us low.

CHORUS:—

The third link of Truth, a reminder
Of all that is noble and true,
Guides safely 'midst storm-bursts of passion;
'Twill aid us to *be* and to *do*.

CHORUS:—

So this, our grand motto fraternal,
With wisdom is blessed and sweet;
Links mortals unto the supernal,
And each brother thus we will greet,

CHORUS:—

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

BY C. C. HASSLER.

When the shades of evening gathered
 'Round the humble cottage door,
And the dark blue vault of heaven
 Soon with stars was covered o'er,
There within, with hearts uplifted,
 Voices sweetly rose and fell,
Asking God to bless the Order
 -“Papa always loved so well.”

Asking not for wealth or treasure,
 Nor for honor linked with fame,
But with faith that none can measure,
 Calling on His holy name;
Thus from the lips of orphan children,
 Whose bereavement few can tell,
Asking God to bless the Order
 “Papa always loved so well.”

Oh, the sacred work and labor,
 How it should our efforts cheer!
Closer bind each friend and neighbor,
 When the orphan's prayer we hear.
Not for self, but in the future,
 Grateful hearts with love will swell,
Asking God to bless the Order
 “Papa always loved so well.”

WHO ARE THE ODD FELLOWS?

O, who are they who ever stand
 Along life's rugged way,
With fighting heart and gentle hand
 Misfortune's tear to stay;
Who from the pleading of the poor
 Ne'er turn their ear aside,
Whose footsteps often seek the door
 Where woe and want abide?
'Tis the generous band who, hand in hand,
 From gray beard to the youth,
Have sworn they side to side will stand
 In Friendship, Love and Truth.

Speed on, ye faithful brothers, speed!
 And blessings with you go;
Still aid the widow in her need,
 And soothe the orphan's woe;
Still by the heart-sick stranger's side
 With words of kindness stay,
And bid the deep and troubled tide
 Of sorrow pass away.
Ye generous band, long may ye stand—
 The gray beard and the youth—
Shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand,
 In Friendship, Love and Truth.

THE THREE LINKS.

FRIENDSHIP is not an empty sound,
Nor does it grow where frauds are found;
From heart to heart its tendrils are
Firm bonds between the near and far;
Its warmth is felt in touch of hand,
When brothers true together stand;
To all the world, like light, it brings
Some smile of God to smallest things.

LOVE, with a glory all its own,
Reaps grain where foolish tares were sown,
Flings smiles on sorrow's sobbing breast,
And soothes the anguished heart to rest.
In every clime beneath the sky,
The falling tear its touch can dry;
The tempest-tossed finds it an ark
With rainbows bending o'er the bark.

And TRUTH is God's own attribute,
From His own self a worthy shoot;
The rock on which all good is based,
The column whereon love is traced,
The throne where FRIENDSHIP reigns in state,
The balance which gives even weight
To every deed. Odd Fellows, we
Are linked together by these three!

FORGET THEM.

Don't bring into the lodge room
Anger spite and pride;
Drop at the gate of the temple
The strife of the world outside.
Forget all your cares and trials,
Forget every selfish sorrow;
Remember the cause you meet for,
And haste ye the glad to-morrow.

Drop at the gate of the temple
Envy, spite and gloom;
Don't bring personal quarrels
And discord into the room;
Forget the slights of a sister,
Forget the wrongs of a brother;
Remember the new commandment,
That ye all love one another.

WHEN ADAM WAS A KID.

There ain't much fun in livin' now,
For little kids like me,
'Cause ev'rybody's down on us,
An' folks won't let us be.
It didn't use to be that way,
When Adam was a kid;—
He wasn't bullyragged and jawed
For everything he did.

He didn't have to go to church,
An' Sunday school an' such,
Nor wash himself, nor brush his hair,
Nor sit up straight—not much!
He done whatever he'd a mind—
For nuthin' was forbid;—
You bet that boys had jolly times
When Adam was a kid.

If he went through a melon patch—
As kids most always do—
He didn't have no dad to take
An' lick him black an' blue;
An' when he heard his mother's voice,
He never run an' hid;—
Boys didn't have no pa an' ma
When Adam was a kid.

The world, folks say, is wiser now,
An' better, too, than then,
But I can't see that latter times
Turns out much better men.
May be we've got more books an' schools,
Than what the ancients did,
But people had more common sense
When Adam was a kid

I wish them times would come ag'in
To little kids, once more,
An' let the world wag on ag'in,
Jus' like it done before.
Who wouldn't like to be a boy
If he could live amid
Such bully, bully times as them
When Adam was a kid?

THE ODD FELLOWS' ORPHANS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Orphans are ye, ye lovely ones—
Orphans, and yet so bless'd?
Your brows are tranquil and serene,
As when on Beauty's breast
You lay, the loved of plighted vows.
Breathed in the moon's pale light,
When parents o'er you fondly hung,
And revelled in the sight.

O! if from happier realms above
Departed spirits look,
How sweet to them the loveliness
Engraven in this book!
How must their glowing hearts expand
With pure, ecstatic bliss,
Wandering amid the spirit-land,
To gaze on scenes like this!—

To see their children's sunny brows
No trace of suffering wear,
Their laughing eyes, sparkling and bright,
Undimm'd by sorrow's tear,
In childhood's pleasing task engaged,
Dressing their flowing hair;
Like little angels, side by side,
So beautiful and fair!

O! early left and early doomed,
 And early sought and found,
 When all you loved the earth entombed,
 An arm embraced you 'round;
 An arm of holy Fellowship,
 Whereon the weary rest,
 Which ever proves in time of need
 A refuge for the oppress'd;

Designed by heaven for hoary age,
 For childhood, and for youth,
 Whose motto, on the "Offering's" page,
 Is Friendship, Love and Truth.
 Smile on, ye little, blessed ones,
 Smile in your infant glee;
 No happier moments wait for you
 Than those which now you see.

Upon your cherub faces gaze,
 As in the glass you meet;
 Wreath the fresh roses 'round your brows,
 So stainless and so sweet;
 When in your artlessness array'd,
 Go, with your smiles divine,
 And 'round the neck of him you love
 Your fairy arms intwine.

Go, cling to that beloved friend
 Whose meed of virtuous praise
 Is worthy of a monument
 Higher than man can raise.

Forever cling ye, precious ones—
 Yea, cling till death you part,—
 And may the sigh that rends his soul
 Be first to wring your heart!

THE FLOWER OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Faith, Hope and Charity agreed
 To enter Eden's lonely bowers,
 Root up each vile and noxious weed,
 And there transplant immortal flowers.

Among the plants which 'round them grew,
 Was one of origin divine;
 Its leaves were bright cerulean blue,
 The loveliest one on nature's shrine.

So sweet and fragrant was its breath,
 All sparkling with the dew of youth,
 Odd Fellows formed it in a wreath,
 And called it Friendship, Love and Truth.

THE WORLD WOULD BE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battlefield and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate and abhor it;
If more relied on love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If love's work had more willing hands,
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If yours and mine would once combine it,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheath its knife,
Till good became more universal;
If customs, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talents shown in truths alone---
The world would be the better for it.

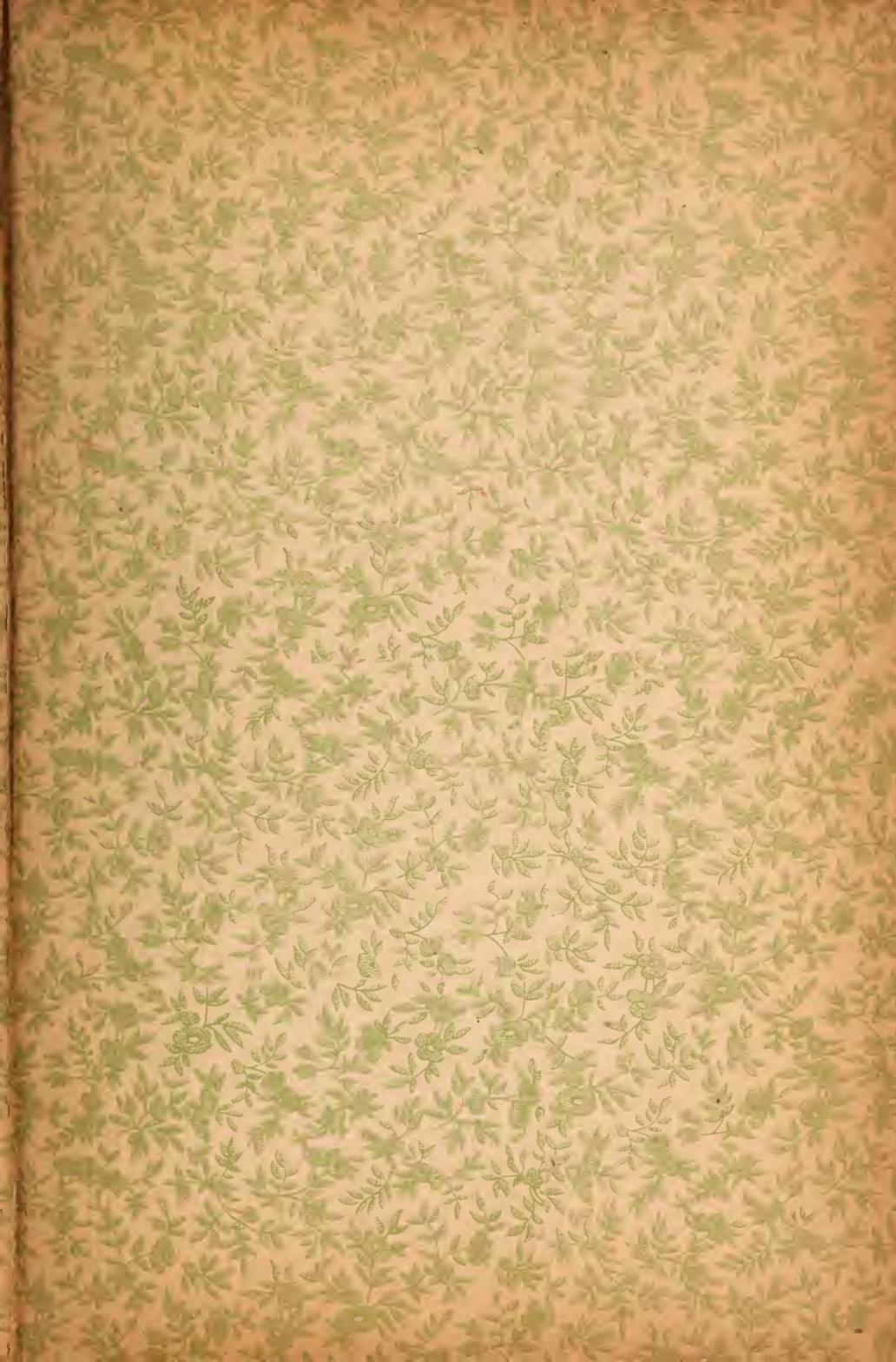
If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings,
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If right made might in every fight—
The world would be the better for it.











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