

AN
ADDRESS,

DELIVERED IN

BRIDGEPORT, JUNE 15, 1842,

BEING THE

ANNIVERSARY OF PEQUANOCK LODGE, NO. 4.

BY REV. SAMUEL B. BRITTAN,
N. G. OF SAMARITAN LODGE, NO. 7, OF DANBURY, CONN.

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PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF PEQUANOCK LODGE.  
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A D D R E S S .

BROTHERS OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS :

AGREEABLE to the polite request of your Committee, I rise to address you. But as I look around me upon this large and intelligent auditory, and witness the apparent interest that is manifested upon this occasion, I cannot conceal the apprehension, that in my imperfect remarks I shall come short of your expectations. I am, however, encouraged by the consideration, that I am to address a band of *brothers*, associated in, and laboring for the promotion of a common cause. I am cheered by the pleasing reflection, that I am standing in the midst of those with whom I am united by the sacred ties of "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH;" who have assembled here for a higher, a nobler object, than the mere gratification of the passing moment, and who will readily make every allowance that the present circumstances require, or I have a right to expect. Brethren, I rejoice in being permitted to greet you upon this interesting occasion. It gives me pleasure to meet so many of the friends of our Order, in whose countenances I read the generous emotions which warm their hearts.

It has been observed, by a distinguished member of our fraternity, that "every age has had its IDEA." It is true, also, that every age and nation has its MONUMENTS. To be satisfied of this fact, we have only to glance at the page of history, or to look around us upon the mouldering relics of by-gone days. The classic traveler feasts his imagination upon the thrilling

associations that come up, as he wanders among the melancholy ruins of ancient times. He loves to linger there, to muse on the glory of other days—to study the history, and to learn the character of departed nations, from the monuments they have left behind.

I have already observed, that every age and nation has its *monuments*; and I may add, that from these we may learn much concerning the character of the people. Rome has left the shattered ruins of temples and palaces, of broken arches and crumbling mausoleums, to attest her former greatness. The barren soil of Attica, the land of Miltiades and Pericles, has its monuments, and the great names in Grecian history will long live, the admiration of the world. Egypt is renowned for her magnificent ruins. Thebes could boast of her splendid temples, and Memphis of her lofty pyramids. Chaldea was famous for the walls of Babylon and the stupendous tower of Shinar's plain.

But what are works like these? They are but the monuments which *pride* and *ambition* have reared! They neither evince the *wisdom* or *benevolence* of those who laid their deep foundations. True, there are those who are dazzled by the splendor, and not the merit, of human actions—who are charmed with the magnitude of man's works, instead of their usefulness; those who are captivated by the extent and grandeur of human schemes and projects, instead of their real importance and practical utility—who may point to these as the evidences of national greatness and glory.

But a people truly great, a people distinguished for genuine intelligence, for true intellectual and moral refinement, can have no desire to copy the example and imitate the splendid creations of those whose noblest works furnish evidence of a corrupt taste and a barbarous age. Well may we rejoice, that we live in an age of superior light and intelligence; that ours is a period in the world's history, distinguished for works

of a nobler kind—for monuments of *wisdom*, of *humanity* and *benevolence*—monuments that will outlive the pyramids, and call down upon their founders the benedictions of future generations, when the black night of oblivion shall overshadow the pride and glory of antiquity, and the destroying hand of time shall leave no memorial to tell of the greatness and the glory of the past !

In our day, there are strong hands, enlightened minds, and feeling hearts, engaged in works of righteousness, which have for their object the proper elevation and true dignity of man. Thousands are laboring, faithfully and successfully, to improve the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of our race ; to increase the measure of human happiness, and to relieve the distresses of sorrowing humanity. We rejoice that their labor has not been in vain. Numerous institutions have been established for the benefit of the sick and distressed, the poor and the unfortunate. The widow's wants have been supplied, and the helpless and unprotected orphan has found secure retreat. The *deaf* and the *blind*—those whose eyes are closed to the beauties of this lower world—those who never heard a single note in creation's anthem of praise—have found an asylum at the hands of CHARITY, where their minds have been developed and their understandings improved ; where they have received the elements of a moral and religious education, and been taught to love and reverence the Author of their being. These institutions are founded upon a broad and diffusive benevolence, which seems to be the peculiar characteristic of the present age. They merit, and should receive, the approbation of every good man ; and especially should the *Christian* feel it to be a duty incumbent upon him to countenance and sustain them. They exert an influence for good—an influence that will be *deeply* and *extensively* felt by millions yet to come.

These are the noble *monuments* that the present generation

will leave behind ; and as we value the cause of humanity—as we prize that *charity* that “never faileth”—it becomes us to remember the weighty responsibility that rests upon us. Be assured we greatly err, if we imagine that our influence is not to extend beyond the brief period of this transient existence. It is for you, (in a measure,) by your wisdom and energy, to *establish*, and by your prudence, zeal, and fidelity, to *preserve*, those sacred institutions, which shall remain to bless your posterity, and to mould the character of succeeding generations. Then, as you would render a lasting service to the world—as you would promote the cause of God and humanity—as you would have your children wise and useful in their day and generation—*see to it*, that the great principles of benevolence and charity are *early* and *deeply* implanted in their hearts. Then will they strengthen and garnish the works which you have reared, causing them to remain and flourish in all their majesty and beauty, when generations yet unborn shall have passed away, and the accumulated dust of ages shall conceal the last monument of departed greatness.

The time was, when the spirit of charity and good will among men was feebly manifested, or scarcely perceptible, in the intercourse of human society. Men lost sight of their relationship to each other ; they forgot that they were mutually dependent ; they ceased to exercise the feelings of humanity, and neglected the performance of those kind offices which are ever due from man to his fellow-man. Thousands were doomed to feel the iron rod of the persecutor, and to groan in chains and darkness. Oppression seized upon his victim, and there was no strong arm to protect the poor and down-trodden among the children of men. There was none to drop the tear of sympathy, in view of the sufferings of humanity ; no *Good Samaritan*, to bind up the wounds of his neighbor, or to apply the healing balm to the sorrowing spirit. The unfortunate were left to weep over the wreck of their hopes ; the

thoughtless multitude were unmoved by the tears of the mourner, or the sighs of helpless innocence. The lone widow and the offspring of her heart's affections, were left to poverty and wretchedness, with no kind, soothing voice, to speak the words of comfort and consolation, and no earthly hope but the cold charities of an unfeeling world.

But this dark and iron age has passed away, and the combined energies of thousands are now put forth for the alleviation of human suffering. The present is emphatically an age of benevolent feeling. The holy, sanctifying influences of a pure and spiritual religion, are beginning to be more deeply felt, and its sacred duties are more generally practised. There are many who have hearts to feel for others' woes—who are exquisitely alive to the generous emotions of sympathy—who can "rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep." Throughout the civilized world, the friends of humanity are actively employed. In our own country, much has been done. We see and feel the workings of that spirit that has gone forth, in the power of its might, to renovate, to bless, and to save. It has supplied the wants of the destitute, causing the helpless orphan to be glad, and the widow's heart to leap for joy. It has found its way to the abode of cheerless wretchedness, and kindled the fire on the cold and desolate hearth, to warm the shivering sons and daughters of poverty. That spirit has visited the captive in his cell; it has penetrated the deep and loathsome recesses of the prison-house; it has offered the fervent prayer at the bedside of the sick and dying, and carried its gentle sympathies to the despised and friendless.

It is a truth which no one will dispute, that there are certain evils in this world, to which all are exposed. They overtake the wisest and best of men. They will doubtless be the portion of many in this assembly. Should life be spared, the time will soon come when the manly form will be bowed

down, and old age will trace its deep furrows upon the brow. That period will be far more intolerable, if we have no kind friend to sooth and comfort us. This may not be the lot of any individual here: I pray God it may not. Yet we know full well that thousands, when deprived of health and strength, have been reduced to poverty, and, forsaken by the world, have been left to die alone and unmourned. And since it is true, that "what has been may be again," it becomes us to make a proper use of all laudable means, that may tend to secure us against the shocks of fortune. Exposed as man necessarily is to the various commotions which agitate the great ocean of life, it is but natural for him to desire such auxiliaries as may serve to insure his safety, when calamity, with her tempest breath, shall bid the sleeping elements awake! Possessed of a precarious existence—a state of mingled pleasure and pain, and endowed by nature with a physical constitution subject to weakness and infirmity, even common prudence should direct him to seek some friendly shelter from the storms and ills of life. Indeed, it is a duty which every man owes to himself, as well as to those whose interest and happiness are identified with his own, to resort to such alliances as will enable him, by the blessing of God, to stand secure in seasons of misfortune, when the dark clouds of adversity gather thickly around him.

There are many institutions rising up around us, which serve to demonstrate the progress of benevolent principles. But among them I know of none that deservedly holds a more conspicuous rank, than the Institution known as the fraternity of ODD FELLOWS. As this Institution presents its claims to the confidence and approbation of this community, it becomes my duty, on this occasion, to speak of its principles, the moral precepts it inculcates, its leading objects, and the means by which it aims at their accomplishment. To present the subject in all its various ramifications, would far exceed our present limits.

We can only give you a summary and imperfect view of an Institution which, in our judgment, is doing more to mitigate the sufferings of poor humanity, than any of the splendid creations of the age in which we live. I may remark, *generally*, that the principles of Odd Fellowship are *humane* and *charitable*. Its objects are such as Christianity approves, and the means used for their attainment have thus far been crowned with abundant success. It calls for the performance of no duty that is not most solemnly enjoined by the moral precepts of the gospel. It requires no service that is incompatible with the faithful discharge of our duty to ourselves, to our fellow-men, to our country, or our God. It requires every man, as his first and most important duty, to live in obedience to the requisitions of God's law, and never to speak of Him but with that reverence which is due to the Judge of the whole earth. It bids us yield a cheerful submission to the laws of the land in which we live; to respect the rights of every man, whatever may be his rank or station in society; to guard against every species of intemperance and excess; in short, "to do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly:" and whoever does not live in the constant discharge of these duties, fails to come up to the spirit of those principles which he is bound to support.

MUTUAL RELIEF and CHARITY are fundamental principles of our Order—*Charity* in its broadest and most comprehensive sense. The application of the deserving brother is never in vain. He finds a generous sympathy, that looks with melting eye over the wide earth. It stops not at the artificial barriers of sects and nations. It is not chilled in its warm impulses, nor circumscribed in its sphere of operation, by the narrow prejudices that so frequently rear high and impassable walls between man and his fellow.

As members of this fraternity, we have all a *common object* for which we labor. That object is the WELL-BEING OF OUR

RACE, THE WIDE DIFFUSION OF HAPPINESS, AND THE RELIEF OF HUMAN SUFFERING, WHEREVER IT EXISTS. While we are required to do all the good we can to ALL MEN, we are *especially* bound to administer to the wants and relieve the distresses of our own brethren. If a member is sick, he receives from the funds of the Institution a sufficiency for all his wants. If his circumstances require it, his brethren, each in turn, watch over him during the night, to see that his wants are all supplied, and to cheer and comfort him with their presence. If he dies, the Institution is bound to defray the expenses of his burial; his brethren follow him to his final resting-place; and when he has received the last of human attentions, their duty is not done: they must go to the house of mourning, to comfort the lone *widow* in her affliction, and to provide for and educate her *orphan children*.

But it should be remembered, that our Order carries with it a great *moral power*—an influence which has been productive of much good already, and from which we have reason to expect the most important results. The various duties which we owe to ourselves, to our families and friends; those which we owe to mankind at large, and to the land of our birth; the duties we owe to that Being whom we are bound to reverence and adore, are all urged upon our consideration from week to week, in the interesting and impressive charges and lectures of the Order. These tend to cultivate and improve the social faculties, to elevate the moral nature of man, and to strengthen the common bond of union which binds him to his fellow-man. We also claim and exercise the right to watch over the conduct of our members in their intercourse with the world, to admonish them in the spirit of kindness, when they wander from the path of duty, and to withdraw our fellowship from those who wickedly violate the sacred principles of the Order. Thus united by Heaven's own attributes of Friendship, Love, and Truth, every feeling and sentiment which tends to make

men charitable and humane, and to unite them more closely in feeling and purpose, is sedulously cultivated and improved.

Our Order has the effect to level the distinctions of sect and party, and to unite in harmonious union men of the most discordant political and religious opinions. Not that a man is required to sacrifice his principles, or to countenance what his judgment fails to approve. By no means. We have no desire to restrict the mind in the exercise of its freedom. A man may think, and hope, and believe, as he pleases. We ask no one whether he is of *our* party, or whether he bows with us at the same altar. On the contrary, we leave every man in the peaceable possession of his political and religious faith. In these matters men have a *right* to differ.

“ In *faith* and *hope* the world may disagree,
But all mankind's concern is CHARITY.”

Here we can all unite heart and hand. Here we can meet and deliberate, and act in concert with reference to a common object. But, although a man is privileged to entertain any political or religious opinions which may best accord with his own judgment, yet our laws do not admit of the discussion of these subjects, or even the expression of a party sentiment or feeling, in any of our deliberations. When we pass the portals of our temple, we must leave our sectarian animosities behind. There we must meet as friends and brethren—as co-workers in the cause of humanity. And let him who would enter there remember, that “merit is the qualification of an Odd Fellow.” He must be a *good man*. He must reverence God and obey his laws. He must love his fellow-men and do them good.

Such are the leading principles and objects of the fraternity of Odd Fellows. As an extensive and effective plan of real benevolence, it *merits* and should *receive* the encouragement of every philanthropist and Christian. As a system of *mutual re-*

lief, there is perhaps no institution on earth that provides so *surely*, and at the same time so *effectually*, against many of the common misfortunes to which all are liable in this uncertain state. It affords a refuge for the unfortunate, and the stranger finds a home with us. He may come up from among the busy multitude that move upon our Atlantic border, or from the deep solitudes along the shores of the Western Sea; he may come to us from the far North, where the pale Laplander drives o'er drifting snows, or from the sunny South, beyond the reach of wintry winds, where the Nile rolls its fertilizing waters, and the dark Nubian finds a shelter from the scorching rays, beneath the spreading palm-tree: in all cases he will find those who will receive and treat him as a friend and brother—those who will watch over him in sickness, and administer to all his wants—who will smooth his dying pillow in a land of strangers, or drop the tear of sorrow upon the green sod that shields his breast. Ah! how dear to the stranger is that Friendship that can stand the test of the darkest hour! How sweet to the unfortunate is the voice of Kindness and the gentle breathings of Sympathy, whose tender tones quiet the troubled spirit and dry up the falling tear! To the weary wanderer on the shores of time, they impart new life and vigor, and spread beauty and cheerfulness along his rugged way. They speak to the aged *Sire* bending under the weight of years, and his trembling voice assumes the firm, deep tone of manhood, and for a moment he forgets his sorrows. The down-trodden and oppressed listen to their mild accents, and hope again revives. They pour their soft music on the ear of woe. The mourner forgets to weep, and the radiant smile is seen, like the sun when the storm subsides, pouring his splendors through the dark drapery that veils the sky! Such is the power of Sympathy—such the influence of Kindness and Love! They are angels of light, sent to cheer and to bless. Without their holy ministries, the moral world would be

dark and cheerless—little better than a howling wilderness or barren desert, with no bright oasis where the poor traveler could find sustenance and repose.

But there is a misconception relative to the circumstances which gave birth to our Order, which should be noticed upon the present occasion. The opinion seems to prevail extensively, that the Society of Odd Fellows dates its origin within a few years past, which has led many to conclude that it took its rise upon the *decline* of another ancient institution. Let no one apprehend, that in this allusion to the *Masonic Fraternity*, I design to step aside from my duty, to indulge in invidious remarks concerning others. I trust I am not of the number of those who love to speak evil of the things they understand not, and who are wont to condemn without knowledge and without mercy. For one, as I know little or nothing of the institution in question, I have nothing to say, but simply make the allusion in order to correct the false impressions which exist in the minds of many, in regard to our own Order. For the sake of truth and justice, I would have the people understand the facts in the case; and I am confident that every member of that ancient brotherhood will agree with me, that the truth should be spoken in reference to this matter. We need not bring up the records of past ages, or go to foreign lands and search for evidences of our antiquity, to satisfy every ingenuous mind that our Order is not founded upon the "*ruins of Masonry*," as many seem to suppose. To settle this point, it is only necessary to observe, that at the time it was instituted in *this country*, (which was in the year 1819,) Free Masonry was quite as popular in the United States as at any other period of its history. And besides, it is a well known fact, that it continued to prosper for some years after the introduction and establishment of our own Fraternity. I may further remark, that there is no connection between the two institutions—that they are and have ever been entirely indepen-

dent of each other. But I shall perhaps be told, that, although this *may not* be "Free Masonry in the disguise of another name," it is nevertheless a "*secret society*," and is therefore "opposed to the genius of our republican institutions, and dangerous in its tendency." As this is the most prominent objection that will be likely to arise, it may be well to examine it for a moment. And is there any thing so terrible in the idea of secrecy, that men are startled at the thought? Dost thou deem it a crime to keep the secrets of thy friend? And can you expect to find all that is valuable entirely exposed to the public view? *Vain hope!* The flower that loads the breeze and feasts the sense with its rich perfume, is often quite *concealed*; and the radiant gem that decorates a monarch's crown, was taken from its *secret* hiding-place far down in the bowels of the earth. Does not even virtue often find its halloved sanctuary far from the haunts of busy life, in the cottage or the cell? And is not the pure offering that Heaven requires, to be made in *secret*, in the retirement of the closet? But in what respect (permit me to ask) is ours a secret Institution? Certainly not in the sense usually understood by those who raise the objection. Not only have we endeavored at this time to make you acquainted with its principles and objects, by presenting it in the light of truth before you; but our articles of compact, and all the rules and regulations of the Order, are made public, and may be examined by all who have any interest in the matter. So far, then, there is evidently no secrecy—all is made known. We have, moreover, numerous periodicals devoted to the exposition of our principles; and if, with these facilities for acquiring information, men are still unacquainted with the Institution, we can only say, that the fault is not ours.

We have used our feeble efforts to enlighten the public mind upon this subject, and so far from wishing to *conceal* our principles, we indulge the pleasing hope, that the time will come

when they will be universally known and practised—when every good man will be willing to unite his influence with ours, to mitigate the sufferings of humanity, to dry up the widow's and the orphan's tear, and to carry joy and gladness to the abodes of wretchedness and despair. It is indeed true, that we have certain well known *signs* and *tokens*, which are understood by the members of the Order throughout the civilized world. And will some one be kind enough to tell us what iniquity there is in this? Have these secrets proved an injury to a single individual of the human race? If so, let the fact be made to appear. But if, on the contrary, the fruits of the Institution have been only good, by what authority is it condemned, as corrupt in its nature and dangerous in its influences? Would you pronounce that tree a corrupt one, the fruit of which you had found to be sweet and pleasant to the taste? Think you that the fountain is filthy and unclean, whose pure waters impart health and strength and life to all who drink of its crystal streams? Such a judgment, from such premises, would better become a pagan than a Christian!

But to return: Our secrets are simply such as are absolutely essential to the prosperity and usefulness of the Order. Indeed, you can hardly fail to discover, that if we would advance the benevolent principles of which we have spoken, and render our system of mutual relief altogether effectual, we must be able to distinguish our brethren of every nation and tongue—we must have some *infallible test*, which will enable us at all times to recognize a worthy brother, or to detect imposture. It is also true, that we sit with closed doors. So do your literary and scientific institutions, and yet their motives are never called in question. The guardians of the public rights are willing to trust them alone, and no one fears that his liberties are in danger. In fact, even an *itinerant conjurer* or a company of *stage players*, whose influence is scarcely better than a moral pestilence, and whose vulgarity constitutes

the very charm that draws around them the lowest class of human society, may exercise the right to close *their* doors, and to prescribe the terms of admission to others, and yet there are no fears expressed. But if a number of men think proper to meet together for charitable purposes—to devise means for the relief of the sick and the unfortunate of their fellow-men, there are those who seem to be greatly *alarmed*, and affect to think there must be *treason* wherever there is *secrecy* !

But we must bring our remarks to a close. While many have been engaged in unworthy efforts to dissolve our social compact, and to bring reproach upon our Order, we have been constantly progressing in numbers and influence, and the Institution has been actively employed in the great work of "**HUMAN MELIORATION.**" A vast amount of happiness has already been diffused and enjoyed through its benign agency. It has fed the hungry and clothed the naked ; it has visited the sick and the prisoner, and furnished a home for the stranger ; it has educated the fatherless child ; it has softened the widow's grief, and wiped away the orphan's tear ; it has delivered many a child of sorrow from the misery of blighted hopes ; it has saved thousands from pauperism, and thus spared community at large the expense of their support. Whether such an Institution is subversive of your rights, and calculated to place your best interests in jeopardy, is left for decision to an enlightened public.

But I must not forget to observe, that the branch of our Order in this city is in a highly prosperous condition. One year has just elapsed since its organization, and it now numbers *one hundred and ten members*. During the last six months, more than one hundred dollars have been expended for the relief of sick and distressed brothers, and there is now remaining in the hands of the Treasurer an ample amount for benevolent and charitable purposes. These facts, together with the moral worth and influence of those who compose the Institu-

tion in this place, give flattering promise of its future prosperity and usefulness.

To the public generally, and especially to the *ladies*, we return our sincere thanks for the honor of their presence on this occasion. We have presented our claims to your confidence and approbation. We humbly trust you will consider them impartially, and then give or withhold your influence as reason and conscience shall dictate.

Brethren of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows:—Ere I conclude, I must congratulate you on your past success and present prosperity. Our increase has been (both in numbers and moral influence) far more rapid than we had reason to expect. We have but to remain true to ourselves and to each other, and the time will soon come when the benevolent principles of our Order will triumph over the selfishness of human nature. Our Fraternity has passed through the furnace of opposition. It has braved the fury of the storm. We have now become great and prosperous, and our sky is radiant and clear. Yet I warn you against the false notion, that we are no longer exposed to danger. That period will not arrive till man shall cease to err. Remember that we are safe no longer than we practice what we profess—that we are strong *only* in the eternal principles of *Virtue*. Then, as you love the Institution—as you value the sacred principles upon which it is founded—let me exhort you to be faithful in the discharge of your duty. Let the cry of the poor and the unfortunate come up in remembrance before you. Forget not to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to visit the sick: and “the blessing of Him that was ready to perish” shall be yours, and the widow and the fatherless will plead your cause at the altar of the Majesty on high.

Brethren:—My closing admonition shall be in behalf of our beloved Order. *See to it*, that you preserve its moral purity—that you watch over its dearest interests with a vigilance that never slumbers.

ODES,

SUNG AT

THE CELEBRATION OF PEQUANOCK LODGE, NO. 4,

BRIDGEPORT, JUNE 15, 1842.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Auld Lang Syne.

OH! who are they who ever stand
Along life's rugged way,
With pitying heart and gentle hand,
Misfortune's tear to stay?
Who from the pleadings 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 graybeard to the youth,
Have sworn, they side by side will stand,
In Friendship, Love, and Truth!

See, stretched on yonder bed of death,
A widowed mother lies;
"My orphan babes!" with struggling breath
And faltering voice, she cries:
"Oh! who your young and tender forms
From sorrow's grasp will save?
Or shield you from life's crushing storms,
When I am in my grave?"
Peace, dying mother! friends are nigh,
Who'll guard their tender youth,
And round them twine the hallowed tie
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth!

See, lone and friendless, on our shore,
An exiled wanderer stand:
Oh! where are they who came of yore
To meet his eager hand?
Far—where he bends his streaming eyes
Across the ocean's foam,

Till his sick heart within him dies,
 With yearnings for his home !
 But, lo ! with warm and sudden clasp,
 A friend is near, to soothe
 And cheer him with the well known grasp
 Of 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 you stand,
 The graybeard and the youth,
 Shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand,
 In Friendship, Love, and Truth !

BENEVOLENCE.

BY BR. P. DONALDSON, NEW YORK.

FAIR, lovely daughter of the skies !
 Bless'd attribute of Deity !
 To thee our cheerful thoughts arise,
 And fain would *rest* awhile on thee !
 Thy deeds oft dwell upon our tongues,
 And find a place in our glad songs.

Within thy smiles fair FRIENDSHIP lives,
 Sweet LOVE exists where thou art known,
 TRUTH to thy cause her blessing gives,
 And KINDNESS dwells beneath thy throne :
 And peaceful HARMONY is found
 Where'er thy voice is heard to sound.

In lowly cot, or palace hall—
 On land or sea—in desert place—
 Where'er thy gladsome footsteps fall—
 Thy bland address, thy smiling face,
 Cheers up the drooping mourner's heart,
 And bids his fears and cares depart.

Thy gifts are scattered wide and far ;
 Where'er we tread, thy deeds we trace ;
 Thy bounteous, kindly hand of care,
 Is stretched o'er man's afflicted race,
 To cheer him in his rugged road,
 And lead him safe to heaven and God.

Oh ! let thy light beam on him still,
 Still may he heed thy gentle voice,
 Till the whole world is freed from ill,
 And all mankind in Love rejoice ;
 Till the dark reign of woe is o'er,
 And pain and grief are felt no more.

BY A MEMBER OF MERCANTILE LODGE, N. Y.

God Save America.

FATHER ! supreme above !
 Thou God of Truth and Love !
 Smile on us here :
 Bless this our natal land,
 Cherish our social band,
 Grant us thy aid, to stand
 Firm and sincere.

Friendship we pledge to all ;
 On whom misfortunes fall,
 Those we assist :
 This shall our motto be,
 " Truth, Love, and Charity,"
 Till our fraternity
 Cease to exist.

Cheer we the wounded heart,
 Bid pining grief depart,
 Touched by our wand.
 Widow and Orphan's tear
 Dry—there is naught to fear,
 Brothers and friends are near,
 Help is at hand.

Now the loud chorus roll,
 Spread it from pole to pole,
 Wide earth around :
 Sing how the " GOLDEN CHAIN"
 Bindeth in Love, again,
 Friendship and Truth shall reign
 Where man is found.