

# **The Jericho Road eBook**

## **The Jericho Road**

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## INTRODUCTORY

On April 26, 1819, Thomas Wildey, the English carriage-spring maker, together with John Welch, John Duncan, John Cheatham and Richard Rushworth, instituted the first lodge of Odd-Fellows at the Seven Stars Tavern in Baltimore, and it was given the name of Washington Lodge No. 1. From this feeble beginning has grown the immense organization of today. The Odd-Fellows claim a venerable antiquity for their order, the most common account of its origin ascribing it to the Jewish legend under Titus, who, it is said, received from that Emperor the first chapter, written on a golden tablet. The earliest mention made of the lodge is in 1745, when one was organized in England. There were at that time several lodges independent of each other, but in a few years they formed a union. Toward the end of the century many of them were broken up by state prosecutions, on suspicion that their purposes were seditious. The name was changed from the Patriotic Order to that of the Union Order of Odd-Fellows. In Manchester, England, in 1813, some of the lodges seceded from the order, and formed the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.

The order's first appearance in America was in 1819. The purposes of the order were so changed by the founders here, that it is said to be almost purely an American organization. It was based on the Manchester Unity, which was really the parent institution. In 1842, this country severed its connection with that of England.

Lodges connected with either those of England or America are established in all parts of the world. The real estate held by the organization exceeds in value \$20,000,000, and there is scarcely a town in the country that has not its Odd-Fellows Building. The total revenue of the order is nearly \$10,000,000 per annum. Yearly relief amounts to nearly \$4,000,000 a year.

### *The Jericho road*

"A traveler passed down the Jericho road,  
He carried of cash a pretty fair load  
(The savings of many a toilsome day),  
On his Jericho home a mortgage to pay.

"At a turn of the road, in a lonely place,  
Two villainous men met him face to face.  
'Hands up!' they cried, and they beat him sore,  
Then off to the desert his money they bore.

"Soon a priest came by who had a fold;  
He sheared his sheep of silver and gold.

He saw the man lie bruised and bare,  
But he passed on by to his place of prayer.

“Then a Levite, temple bound, drew nigh;  
He saw the man, but let him lie,  
And clad in silk, and filled with pride,  
He passed him by on the other side.

“Next on the way a Samaritan came  
(To priest and Levite a hated name);  
The wounded man he would not pass,  
He tenderly placed him on his ass.

“He took him to an inn hard by;  
He dressed his wounds and bathed his eye;  
He paid the landlord his full score;  
If more was needed would pay him more.



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"Ah! many travel the Jericho way,  
And many are robbed and beaten each day;  
And many there be on the way in need,  
Whom Priest or Levite never heed;  
And who to fate would yield, alas!  
If some Samaritan did not pass."

## THE OBJECTS AND PURPOSES OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP

We are taught that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth," and when we say mutual relief and assistance is a leading office in our affiliation, and that Odd-Fellowship is systematically endeavoring to improve and elevate the character of man, to imbue him with a proper conception of his capabilities for good, to enlighten his mind, to enlarge the sphere of his affections and to redeem him from the thralldom of ignorance and prejudice, and teach him to recognize the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men, we have epitomized the objects, purposes and basic principles of our order. Odd-Fellowship is broad and comprehensive. It is founded upon that eternal principle which teaches that all the world is one family and all mankind are brothers. Unheralded and unsung, it was born and went forth, a breath of love, a sweet song that has filled thousands of hearts with joy and gladness. To the rich and the poor, the old and the young, at all times, comes the rich, sweet melody of this song of humanity to comfort and to cheer. For eighty years the light of Odd-Fellowship has burned before the world, a beacon to the lost, a comfort to the wanderer and a protection to the thoughtless. Eighty years of work for humanity's sake; eighty years devoted to teaching men to love mankind; eighty years of earnest labor, consecrated by friendship, cemented with love and beautified by truth. In ancient times men sought glory and renown in gladiatorial combat, though the victor's laurel was wet with human blood. In modern times men seek the plaudits of the world by achievements for human good, and by striving to elevate and ennoble men. Looking back through nineteen centuries we behold a cross, and on it the crucified Christ, with nail-pierced hands, and wounded, bleeding side, but whose heart was so full of love and pity that even in His dying agonies He had compassion upon His persecutors, and cried out, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

That event was the dividing line between the ancient and the modern era; between the rule of "brute force" and the "mild dominion of love and charity." The mission of Odd-Fellowship, like that of the lowly Nazarene, is to replace the rule of might with the gentle influence of love, and to teach a universal fraternity in the family of man. To meet and satisfy and better keep alive the nobler elements of man's nature. Many orders have been instituted, but none can challenge greater admiration from men, or deserve more blessings from heaven, than the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.

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Looking back along the pathway of the century behind us we behold the wrecks of many orders. The morning of their life was beautiful and full of glorious promise, but the evening came and they had perished. Rich costumes, impressive ceremonies, beautiful degrees and magnificent effects, all lie buried and forgotten. It was not because their founders lacked energy or enthusiasm, not because their members were less susceptible to the beauty and poetry of tradition and ceremony, but because success and perpetuity come not from human effort, but are the outgrowth of a life-giving principle. The sculptor fashions from the marble a form of surpassing loveliness, its lines are those of grace and beauty. We stand before it charmed, whispering our admiration, but the impression on the heart is only passing. The poet sings of home, of mother and of love; the meter may be faulty and the words may charm not, but the sentiment is true and touches our hearts. The experience it recites is common to humanity, and wherever its sweet tones are heard it softens men's natures and makes them better, truer and nobler. Who among us would be willing to exchange the influence of the immortal song "Home Sweet Home," or be willing to forget the Christian's "Nearer My God to Thee," for all the inanimate beauty of art? One charms the eye, the other touches and calls to life the best and sweetest emotions of the human heart. So it is with fraternal societies. Flashing swords, glittering helmets, jeweled regalias and beautiful degrees may touch the vanity and excite the admiration, but to win the heart we must satisfy its longings, feed its hopes and lift it above the narrowness and selfishness of its daily experience. Odd-Fellowship strives to touch the heart and better feelings, rather than feed the vanity of man or arouse his admiration for gorgeous displays. Its work is an exemplification of the living, practical Christianity of today. In almost every state in this fair land of ours can be found Odd-Fellows' homes, within whose walls the orphan is no longer motherless. For each and every little one within these homes, one million Odd-Fellows feel a father's love and pledge a parent's care.

Add to all this great work the little deeds of love, the little acts of kindness that make life beautiful; add kind words of cheer and friendly help and tender consolation, and add again the benefit of union, the strength that comes from hearts united in God's work among mankind, and you have caught a glimpse of the life-giving principle that has made Odd-Fellowship one of the grandest fraternal and beneficiary institutions the world has ever known. The work it has done can not be fully estimated until the record is read in the bright light of eternity. In that glad day the tears that have been wiped away will become jewels in somebody's crown, and the sobs that have been hushed will be heard again in hosannas of welcome.

Onward! is the ringing, pregnant watchword of the world. The vast, complicated, ponderous machinery of life is kept in motion by tireless and irresistible forces. The multiform and magnificent affairs of men and of nations are all impelled forward with an energy and a velocity as wonderful as glorious to behold.

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Not retrogressive, but progressive—not enervating, but energizing—not ephemeral, but substantial—not from bad to worse, but from the imperfect to the consummate, are the characteristics by which are so prominently distinguished the tidal waves of the world's progress today.

Activity and achievement came with creation, and constitute an inflexible, irrepealable law of the universe. In stir and push we have light and life, but in idleness, and superstitious clinging to fossilized ideas and bygones, we have demoralization, decay and death.

Fortunately for the world, and agreeably with infinite design, man plods his way in harmony with the law alluded to. Not all men, but the great masses of them, wherever “The true light shineth,” especially when accompanied by rays and helps from one of the noblest and grandest of confraternities our world has known, “The Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.” When the huge planet which we call our world had been tossed into being from the furnace fires of Omnipotence, and the maternal lullaby began to gather force on hill top and in valley, the discovery was naturally enough made that association and co-operation were preferable to isolation and unrelieved dependence; and from that hour forward, this principle has been interwoven into the very framework of human society. The purpose has been the elevation and improvement of mankind. For, though the first product was pronounced “good,” it quickly degenerated; and there came an emphasized demand for reform.

### EARLY ORGANIZATIONS.

Human isolation is an unnatural condition. It antagonizes the highest and best interests of the world. Its influence is never beneficent, but always and necessarily harmful. If the truest well being of the universe, and the supremest glory of Jehovah could have been attained by conditions of solitude, it is not impossible that the good All-Father would have given to every man a continent, and so have made him monarch of all he surveyed.

Physically regarded, there is no limit to Omnipotent power. A continent, and even a world, was therefore within the pale of divine possibilities. Jehovah, however, is not only great, but he is the Greatness of Goodness. High and holy ends were to be accomplished, and happy purposes to be secured, by means of human instrumentalities, and be jointly shared by Creator and creature.

Among the earliest of Deific utterances, therefore, we have this: “It is not good that man should be alone.” I concede that, primarily, the companionship of woman is here intended. But the declaration is not only good in this, but equally so in other regards. A lifetime of solitude with no incentives to action—nothing to draw out, exercise and expand the latent powers of the soul—no interchange of thought—no clashing of

opinion—no towering resolves to stimulate—no difficulties to surmount! What imagination so fertile that it could picture a more hateful or intolerable Hades than would be such a condition of affairs?

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Hence, in the early days of the world's history we discern the principle of association and co-operation, with plans and systems embodying its practical application. Organizations came into being, obedient to the summons of necessity. How well the various organizations have wrought along the pathway of centuries, and how great or small may have been the measure of their success, I am not here to discuss, much less to determine. Each has done its work in its own way, and pockets responsibility for results. Common courtesy and candor suggest that each has been largely animated by highest and worthiest of motives.

### ODD-FELLOWSHIP,

Reared upon the broad catholic principle of brotherhood, extending its helpful hand from nation to nation, and from continent to continent, linking its votaries together with the golden triple chain of Friendship, Love and Truth, can afford to be friendly with each, and have a kindly word for all societies that reach down after and raise up a fallen brother, and if possible make him wiser, better and happier. Should a like courtesy be extended to this order, while it would certainly constitute a new departure, it would prove none the less gratifying. But, from certain sources, the order has been the recipient of a peculiar kind of consideration, so long that "the memory of man scarce runneth to the contrary." Inflamed appeals and bristling denunciations have gone out against it, "while great, swelling words"—swollen with hatred, bigotry, prejudice and superstition—have assailed it relentlessly and almost uninterruptedly. Mainly, these assaults have been met with the terse and pointed invocation, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

That this great and potent brotherhood may not, in all its parts and jurisdictions, have so deported itself, and so carried forward its work, as to be justly free from unfavorable criticism and merited censure, is probably true. As with organizations, there is sometimes too much haste displayed in gathering, and too little discrimination exercised in selecting, the materials that are brought as component parts of the great superstructure of Odd-Fellowship. Too much daubing with untempered mortar—too great a desire for the exhibition of numerical force, and the multiplication of lodges—too much regard for the outward trappings and paraphernalia, and too little regard for the internal qualities of those seeking membership in the fraternity. Such deplorable departures, as well from the primary as the ultimate objects had in view, are not fairly attributable to anything that may be reasonably considered as an outgrowth of the order, but come despite its constant teachings and warnings. Bad work they of course make, and so at times and to a limited extent bring the fraternity under the ban of popular displeasure, but shall the world predicate unfavorable judgment upon a few and unfair tests? If so, and the principle

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logically becomes general, pray who shall be appointed administrator of the effects of other social and moral organizations, and even of the church itself? For in these regards all offend, if offense it be. When the principles of Odd-Fellowship are carefully studied it is apparent to every candid mind that it is founded upon that eternal principle which recognizes man as a constituent of one universal brotherhood, and teaches him that as he came from the hand of a common parent, he is in duty bound to cherish and protect his fellow-man. Viewed in this light, Odd-Fellowship becomes one of the noblest institutions organized by man in the world. If the beauty and grandeur of universal brotherhood could be impressed upon the minds of all the people, how very different from the past would the future history of the world read. What a delightful place this old stone-ribbed earth would be if men would look upon each other as brothers, members of one common family; enjoying the many comforts of one home; trusting to the guidance and protection of one Father—God. We are more nearly related than we think. Running through all humanity there is a link of relationship and a bond of sympathy that can not be exterminated. The principle of brotherly love is so great and broad that all mankind could unite in offices of human benefaction. Brother. Oh, how sacred and how sweet when spoken by a true heart! Whether it be in the home circle, lodge-room, or in some distant land, it sends the same soothing thrill of joy to the heart. Let us pause just a moment to think of the time and place when we first learned to call each other brother. Ah! Methinks no Odd-Fellow will ever forget his first lesson. He will always remember how quickly he was changed from the haughty disposition manifested by that one of old, who, when he prayed, went to the public square, or climbed to the house top, and thanked God that he was not like other men, to the humble attitude of that one who stood afar off and bowed his face in the dust, crying aloud, "O Lord! Be merciful unto me a sinner." How very much like this ancient boaster are thousands of the human family today. Sitting in high places, surrounded by wealth and power, they see nothing beyond the narrow circle in which they move. They are deaf to the low, sad wail of sorrow that comes from some breaking heart. Seated by their own comfortable fireside they give no thought to the lonely widow standing outside in the cold. It distresses them not that the keen, wintry blast sends its icy chill to the already broken heart. No thought, no feeling, for this poor creature that must now fight the fierce battles incident to human life, all alone. How sadly these tender duties to suffering humanity are neglected when left to the cold charity of the world.

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Odd-Fellowship seeks to lessen sorrow and suffering. It supplies temporal wants; gives encouragement; aids and comforts those who are in distress. In sickness we watch by their bedside and administer to their wants. If death calls, Odd-Fellowship forsakes not its follower, but hovers near, listening attentively to the last words and parting instruction of the dying one. Brothers and friends, let me admonish you to do all the good you can while in health and strength, for at most life is short and we know not how soon the Angel of Death will unfold his broad, shadowy wings over our path and call us to give an account of our stewardship; then all that will remain of us on earth will be the good or evil we have done.

Odd-Fellowship is full of sacred teachings and sublime warnings. It teaches us that we are in a world full of temptations, sin and sorrow. We see the emblems of decay all around us. The strong man of today may stand forth, nerved for toil, with all the bloom of health mantling cheek and brow, seemingly as strong and vigorous as the mighty oak, and yet tomorrow he will fade as the autumn leaf. Then he realizes how foolish it is to be vain; thinks of the instability of wealth and power, and the certain decay of all earthly greatness. Odd-Fellowship teaches us that charity springs from the heart, is not puffed up, seeks not its own. It makes us strong, and encourages us to push on through life, even though we are beset on every side with toil, danger and strife. Brothers, let nothing cause you to turn back or away from the principles of our noble order. Cling closer and closer each day to honesty and truth, and bear in mind that be the road ever so rough and untraveled, narrow and dark, if you follow truth you will find light at the end of the journey.

### THE SECRESY OBJECTION.

More common, perhaps, than any other filed against it has been the objection that Odd-Fellowship does its work secretly, this objection being not unfrequently urged by persons of candor and honest impulses. "If," it is demanded, "the aims and purposes of the order be legitimate and praiseworthy, why shroud them in mystery rather than give them the broad sunlight of publicity."

The objection is not new, nor is it urged with any increase of its original force, whatever may be the fact in the matter of vehemence. Answer might be made: The order does not choose to ascend to the house tops for the purpose of heralding its affairs to the world. But that answer would not be satisfactory, nor is any likely to be that may be presented, now or hereafter. It is nevertheless true that there are certain matters pertaining to the order and its works with which the outside world has no sort of concern, even as with those very peculiar secret societies, the individual, the family, the church and the state. If other organizations prefer to resort to the newspapers, the pulpit, the rostrum and other information conduits for the purpose of advertising their wares, their greatness and their goodness, and the vast amount of humanitarian work they are doing and purposing, such is their unquestioned privilege.



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But if the preference of Odd-Fellowship be for quieter and less obtrusive methods, pray who shall fairly contest its right of choice?

And then it should be remembered that there are matters in which the right hand is prohibited the privilege of interfering with the prerogatives of the left, and the left with those of the right. Nor should the fact be forgotten that there is Divine example, if not precept, for the established “modus operandi” of the order. Upon a certain occasion the Great Teacher had performed a very humble service for one of his disciples who was sadly at loss for the why and the wherefore, and the answer, received to his inquiry was: “What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”

And in the grand hereafter, when the films of ignorance and the warpings of prejudice and superstition shall have melted away under the bright sunlight of Eternal Day, it is not impossible that our vexed, inquisitive, worrying opponents may be permitted to look back over the pathway this order has traversed, glance at the work that has been wrought and peradventure discover how unreasonable, as well as fruitless, has been the warfare they have been pleased to wage with such persistent fury. A long time to wait, maybe, but then good things do not come rapidly nor all at once. Meanwhile, to encourage them in their waiting, their watching and their worrying, let them take this lesson from the same Great Teacher: “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.” Ah, no! it will not do, because you can not see and comprehend all of everything, inside as well as outside, to conclude that it must necessarily be bad. Adopt that theory, and you not only fly in the face of reason, but bump your head against almost everything in nature, in art and in science.

Secrets! yes; they are within us and without us, above us and beneath us and all about us, and “what are you going to do about it?” Well might Israel’s old and gifted poet king write: “We are fearfully and wonderfully made,” soul and body, the mortal and the immortal, the material and the immaterial, strangely and mysteriously conjoined! God’s secret, this! Will you denounce Him and withdraw allegiance from Him, for the reason that He fails to make clear to you a clear and satisfying revelation? The same old singer said thousands of years ago, “The Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork.” And those heavens, with that firmament, are charged and surcharged with mightiest and profoundest secrets. We seize the telescope and “plunge into the vast profound overhead, intent upon mastering the secrets of the revolving spheres.”



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We travel from star to star, from system to system, until we reach yon lonely star that appears to be performing the Guardian's task, upon the verge of unmeasured and immeasurable space. We may descry and describe the form and outlines of those heavenly bodies, detect their movements and approximately determine their distances and dimensions. But what more? Little that is satisfying. When they had a beginning, what purposes they subserve in the sublime system of God's stupendous universe, and when they shall have a consummation, we may not certainly know. Secrets, these, and such "Secret things belong unto God." We would like to know these secrets, but must wait; for there, "roll those mighty worlds that gem the distant sky," as distantly and dismally as when Chaldean and Egyptian astronomers and astrologers viewed their movements three thousand years ago, rifled meanwhile of but few of their well kept secrets. He that pencils the lily and paints the rose and gives to every blade of grass its own bright drop of dew, has been pleased to say: "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further." And there is great unwisdom in setting up factious opposition to the fiat of Omnipotence. Possess your souls in patience, O friends! wait, as we must wait, before knowing all, or even knowing much. If you can not be Odd-Fellows, you can at least be *men*, with an effort.

### WHAT IS ODD-FELLOWSHIP?

"But, sir," you demand, "can you tell us something more about Odd-Fellowship, its purposes and its Work?" I can, a little. Come with me, then, and we will look into the lodge. Ah! In the most conspicuous place there stands an altar—upon it the open Bible, the world's great word of Life and Light. Upon the principles enunciated by that Book, largely rests the great superstructure of Odd-Fellowship. The Bible is to the order what the sun is to the material universe—its illuminator and vivifier, even as it also is the, guide to faith and practice. A man may neglect his closet, his church, his Bible, but when he enters the lodge he is bound to listen to the voice of his Maker, as it thunders from His word; and while the lodge does by no means lay claim to the possession of religious attributes, yet has it been the means, by the constant use of the Bible, of turning many from the ways of wrong-doing and sin, into paths of pleasantness and peace; and by a unique system of symbolism and a comprehensive and practical application of its sublime truths, the faith of the believer has been strengthened, enlarged and rendered usefully active.

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Odd-Fellowship's plan of benefaction addresses itself to the physical as well as the moral nature, and, reaching out from its immediate subjects, permeates by natural affinity every sphere in which active sympathy may be invoked. Its mission and its results are not only active and substantial, but often so effective by its consequential or indirect influence as to penetrate entire communities. In this connection I will say Odd-Fellowship is not a religious organization. Our work pertains particularly to this life, educating the heart of man to practical beneficence, alleviating the sufferings of humanity and elevating the character of man. Odd-Fellowship was not organized for the purpose of ridding the world of all its sorrows, but to ameliorate and to soften the suffering to which the human family is heir. It is an association of men who have united themselves for the purpose of smoothing the ragged edge of want, and extending to those who are bound down by the iron bands of misfortune a helping hand. Odd-Fellowship holds no affinity with the classifications or distinctions of society, but dispenses charity to all alike. It does not array itself against the church, nor presume to arrogate its functions, or to supervise its teachings. Its lodges are not the council rooms of enmity to religious, civil, moral or social organizations. Far otherwise; all its oracles and instructions in relation to these grave subjects find their warrant and authority in the divine law, under the inspiration of which it proclaims the Golden Rule as the sublimest illustration of the law of love. Odd-Fellowship keeps a close watch over its subjects, and constantly impresses upon their minds the fact that their hearts must not foster evil, the progenitor of crime, or hatred and vice, whose evil consequences must continue to afflict mankind until the coming of that time to which hope looks forward with ardent joy, when one law shall bind all nations, tongues and kindred of the earth, and that law will be the law of "*Universal Brotherhood*." Odd-Fellowship also teaches us that we are never to judge a man by his outward appearance. A man's form may be clothed with rags, his hands may be rough and hard, his cheeks may be browned by the rays of summer's sun; yet underneath all this there may be an honest heart. If so, we take him by the hand and call him brother. Odd-Fellowship teaches equality; we must meet upon one common level. The brother who lives in the rough log cabin enjoys the same right and privileges as the monarch on his throne. We live, we move and have our being, and are indebted for all things to the One Great Ruler of the Universe—God. All persons are desirous of being happy, and happiness is sought for in various ways. Odd-Fellowship teaches that man is responsible for his own misery. I believe that no mere misfortune can ever call for exceeding bitter sorrow. As long as man preserves himself from contamination of that which is evil and

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foul, he can not reach any very low depth of woe. By his own act, by his own voluntary desertion of the true aim of life, and by that alone, is it possible that a man should drink his cup of misery to the dregs. The want of happiness, so prevalent, is thus the natural consequence of the inherent blindness of men. By it they are led to pursue eagerly the phantom of *wealth, rank, power, etc.*, while neglecting that which alone can satisfy the wants of the soul. If men could really know what is their chief good, we should no longer hear on every hand prayers offered up for those idle accoutrements of life, which may indeed be enjoyed, but often bring only dissatisfaction, and can be dispensed with without inconvenience to mankind.

Many persons say Odd-Fellowship is contrary to the teachings of the Bible. The way such people read their Bible is just like the way that the old monks thought hedgehogs ate grapes. They rolled themselves over and over where the grapes lay on the ground. What fruit stuck to their spines they carried off and ate. So your hedgehoggy readers roll themselves over and over their Bibles and declare that whatever sticks to their spines is Scripture and that nothing else is. But you can only get the skins of the texts that way. If you want their juice you must press them in cluster. Now the clustered texts about the human heart insist as a body, not on any inherent corruption in all hearts, but on the terrific distinction between the bad and the good ones. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good, and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth that which is evil."

"They on the rock are they which, in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, kept it."

"Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. The wicked have bent their bow that they may privily shoot at him that is upright in heart." For all of us, the question is not at all to ascertain how much or how little corruption there is in human nature, but to ascertain whether, out of all the mass of that nature, we are the sheep or the goat breed; whether we are people of upright heart being shot at, or people of crooked heart doing the shooting.

And of all the texts bearing on the subject, this, which is a quite simple and practical order, is the one you have chiefly to hold in mind: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

The will of God respecting us is, that we shall live by each others happiness and life; not by each others misery or death.

Men help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow. There is but one way in which man can ever help God—that is, by letting God help him.

A little boy, who had often heard his father pray for the poor, that they might be clothed and fed, interrupted him one day by saying, "Father, if you will give me the key to your corn crib and wheat bin, I will answer some of your prayers."

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Ah! my friends, always keep in mind this truth, “One hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.”

Call not this, then, a Godless institution, rioting in selfishness and infidelity, as it has been denominated by certain super-excellent Christians, who appear to have fully persuaded themselves that no good can possibly come from such a Nazareth. For, with the constant and unvarying light of the Holy Bible, that illuminated lexicon of the sweet Beyond, and of the approaches thereto—that trusty talisman of all hopeful hearts—that competent counselor of the wisest and the best—that inspirer of joy and satisfaction born of no other book—that precious presager of immortal life beyond the river—that divine guide to faith and practice, can by no means fail in the ultimate working out of its sublime purposes.

In the ranks of Odd-Fellowship there are many of the truest, noblest, sharpest and most holy men in the civilized world. None of these have been able to make that “Godless and selfish” discovery. This brilliant achievement is reserved for those favored mortals that never saw the inside of an Odd-Fellow’s lodge, and are entirely ignorant of its character and practical workings. The order has increased largely in wealth, power and influence. Large cities and towns, which formerly paid little or no attention to us, now eagerly welcome us to their hospitalities.

Judges and governors vie with each other in doing us honor, and well may we be proud of the position the order has attained. Just think of it a moment: when you clasp hands with an Odd-Fellow here in your own home, you are really clasping hands with one million men who have obligated themselves to stay with you through every trial and misfortune. Wonder no longer, then, at the growth and stability of this great fraternity, or that its votaries cling to it with such unshaken and unswerving fidelity. Ah! it is no light matter, no small privilege, to be admitted to membership in such an organization—so freeing one’s self from the surgings of self-seeking and selfish considerations—free from the trammels of prevailing prejudice and passion—free from the false educational influences that warp the mind and drive charity from the heart.

Our order’s emblem is the three links,

*Friendship, love and truth.*

Friendship, love, truth—golden links these, that not only bind together their obligated votaries, but that recognize and embrace, because of worthiness and plighted faith, that behind the back as well as face to face, have a defensive, kindly word and a brother’s generous deed; that, amid the upheavals of communities and the crumbling of nations, systems and governments, swerve not from their course, and are corralled by no arbitrary bounds, and that, whatever the dialect, the nationality or the religion of men, read upon humanity’s brow the inscription written by the finger of infinite love—a man and a brother, a woman and a sister.

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A faithful and true friend is a living treasure, estimable in possession and deeply to be lamented when gone. Nothing is more common than to talk of a friend; nothing more difficult than to find one; nothing more rare than to improve by one as we ought.

The only reward of virtue is virtue. The only way to have a friend is to be one. Such is friendship. Next in our golden chain is Love. Love is the stepping stone to heaven. This principle teaches man his capabilities for good, enlightens his mind, enlarges the sphere of his affections and leads him to that true fraternal relation which was designed by the Great Author of his existence. Love teaches us to be self-sacrificing. For a bright instance of this we point you to Moses, the great law-giver of the Jews. He turned his back on the splendors of Pharaoh's court and chose rather to share the wretchedness of his lowly people than serve as a king for their oppressors, finally dying in sight of that inheritance, which, though denied to him, was given to his ungrateful countrymen. How very bright on the pages of history shine such acts of love and sacrifice. This principle belongs to no one organization, party or sect. It can be made to bud and bloom as well under the fierce rays of the torrid zone, midst the icebergs of Greenland, or the everlasting snows of Caucasus. It always carries the same smile, whether in the cabin or in the palace. Following in its footsteps there is such a halo of glory, such a gentle influence, that it gathers within its sacred realm antagonistic natures, controls the elements of discord, stills the storm, soothes the spirit of passion, and directs in harmony all of man's efforts to fraternize the world. In this strangely selfish and uncertain world none are so affluent or favorably circumstanced as not at some time and in some way to become dependent. Oh! there are emphasized essentialities that are not embraced among the commodities of the market, and in order to the realization of which money possesses no purchasing power. To relieve the pungent pinchings of penury with raiment, food and shelter, and so send the sunshine of gladness to the poor and needy, is something—indeed is much. But, ah! the delicate and intricate mechanism of mind is out of gear, a secret sorrow swells and sways the heart, and unitedly they cry: "Who will show us any good? Who remove this rankling sorrow? What good Samaritan competent to the task of affording relief to this dazed brain?" Oh! it is here that the trained votaries of the triple brotherhood bring to bear their wondrous power. If it be true "that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," it is equally true that the ties of brotherhood here would wield their most potent influence, and of the true Odd-Fellow well may it be said, "He hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity."

*Truth!* crown jewel of the radiant sisterhood of queenly graces! She can not be crushed to earth. The eternal years of God being hers, she, no more than her author, can go down. Error may fling widely open his arsenal gates of defilement and deceit, and seek so earnestly and tirelessly the usurpation of her throne; but there she sits, as firmly and gracefully as when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy. Such is truth, the rarest of all human virtues.

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The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world and is sure of the approbation of heaven. While he who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and, much more, of all above him. Such a man may indeed pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit, but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence and exulting alacrity with him who feels at every step that he is in pursuit of honest ends by honest means. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye, which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet courteously, in the face, the healthfully beating heart and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered, he may be deserted by the world, but he has that within him which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

Odd-Fellowship teaches its members to be men of honor. When I say honest, I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, heaven-attesting integrity; in that sense, farther, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier and nobler spirit, one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born not so much for yourselves as for your country and your fellow-creatures, and which will lead you to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously and magnanimously. There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be folly to neglect; a generous expansion, a proud elevation and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course in every situation into which you can be thrown; and it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to aspire. I would not have you to resemble those weak and meagre streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and stop and turn back, and creep around, and search out every channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career; but I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic decision, which in the calmest hour still heaves its



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resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens day and night with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence, and tossing and sporting on its bed with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is this depth and weight and power and purity of character that I would have you resemble; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action. Men are sometimes ruined because they aim not at virtue, but only at the reputation which it brings. Odd-Fellowship teaches its members to be brave, honest and diligent. If we have these attributes, victory must surely crown our efforts. How often in the history of our country have men of humble birth come forth in time of danger, and, nobly risking all, even to death, or disgrace worse than death itself, stood between their country and defeat, and built for themselves a glorious name. Nor, alas! is the opposite case to this unknown. Some of America's proudest sons have, by their own acts, sunk themselves into the inner-most depths of infamy and vice.

"Virtue alone is true nobility.

Oh, give me inborn worth! dare to be just,  
Firm to your word and faithful to your trust."

Knowledge is a mighty rock in a weary land, and to you, brothers, 'tis permitted to smite this rock, and from it gushes fountains of living waters, which form rivers of wisdom, flowing to the uttermost parts of the earth, carrying the proper idea of life to the souls of men. The river of science flows in a deep, straight course, searching out the hidden mysteries, and demonstrating facts, while Truth builds her defenses on its shores, and Love rears her fair palaces and calmly enjoys the result of labor and research. History, with its broad stream bringing knowledge down through the vanished centuries, revealing many a lost art, which avails us much in these later days. Mysteries which magicians have left behind them—secrets for ages undusted—that we may read the records of the past.

Experience builds citadels upon these heights. Flowing parallel to history is the great, turbid stream of politics. Its crimson billows cast wrecks upon the strand, and the moaning waves strangely blend the tones of grand martial music with the discords of despair and disappointment, for it is a treacherous tide. Along its winding shores war builds her forts, and there are fields of carnage and blood, and dark fortresses of envy, from which fly the poisoned shafts of malice, falsehood and revenge, and there are many graves in which lie ambition, glory and renown, with all their brilliant dreams. Opposite to this from the rock of knowledge gush the sweet fountains of poetry and music, singing on their way through fair, secluded dells, where there are moss-covered rocks, clinging vines, fragrant flowers and ferns and singing birds. In their shining waves of light are mirrored the azure sky, golden sunshine and fleecy clouds, while youth, beauty, laughter and joy stray along the verdant shores, keeping time to the music of the merry spray and weaving garlands to crown their radiant brows.



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Not far from the rock of true knowledge flows a deep stream, calm, clear and beautiful. Majestically it sweeps through stately forests, extended plains and lofty mountains; and the fair cities of honesty, temperance and truth are built upon its shores. This wonderful stream is fed by the ever-living fountains of honor, morality, justice, mercy and divine love. The music of its waves sends forth hymns of true patriotism, love of country and of home; and the sweet songs of faith and immortality float upward like strong, white wings, bearing the soul away on pure melody above this world of longing and of hope, until it rises to meet the world of glory and fulfillment. Upon these shores faith, hope, charity and security have reared their white temples, which shall ever represent a living institution, bearing on its banner as a motto these beautiful words:

*Friendship, love and truth.*

The stream which I have just described is the great river of Odd-Fellowship, and flows into the vast ocean of eternal peace, and such is the momentum and indestructibility of Odd-Fellowship, that, like a great river fed from inexhaustible sources, men may come and men may go, but it goes on forever and forever.

Brothers, these are the streams flowing from the smitten rock whose fountains you unseal.

Standing at the mouth of the Columbia River, one can hear the ocean waves moaning, surging, thundering forevermore. You can not stay the rushing tides that come and go, ebb and flow, until time shall be no more; and there the great river of the west, the mighty Columbia, pouring her floods into that vast, boundless sea, so shall Odd-Fellowship pour her deep, exhaustless stream into futurity, and all the combined forces of opposition, ignorance and fear shall have no power to stay the onward rushing, overwhelming flood. Wafted back to us from the unexplored shore across that sea—softly whispering through the rose marine spirit of the mist—intuitive knowledge reveals the throne of the Grand Lodge above, from which flows the pure river of life, on whose shores grow the trees of knowledge and of life immortal, which bear no fruit of sin, but whose leaves are for the healing of poor, suffering humanity. Brothers, build such a character as will cause Christ and the angels to rejoice when they behold it. Then, when life's work is done, when the blessed Master calls, you will not look mournfully into the past, but will look eagerly into the mighty future just opening before you.

And as your life goes out amidst the rustling of an angel's wings—like a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore—you will not regret that you practiced the principles laid down by our noble order,

*Friendship, love and truth.*

## THE HIGHER LIFE

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Manhood, fully developed and symmetrically formed, through the various stages of the world's history, has been the great conservative element of society, and has been in high request. Some ages, however, have seemed to make a larger demand for this element than others, and this age of ours is one which yields to none of its predecessors in its call for manliness of character—for men of the right stamp. The perils of the times are imminent, and the demand for a high grade of intelligence and great strength of moral principle never was stronger. New developments of human genius and activity, are constantly arising, and new dangers to the dearest interests of society are calling for vigilance. This is neither a stagnant nor a tame and quiet age. It is an age of activity, of enterprise, of speculation, of adventure, of philosophizing and of both real and pseudo reforms. The age eminently demands vigorous and mature manhood. Therefore, study, think, investigate, learn. Remember, however, that it is not knowledge stored up as intellectual fat which is of value, but that which is turned into intellectual muscle. Out of dull and selfish seclusion go forth. Regulate with care your basal endowments. Prove thy strength, and render it sure. Deliver thy conceptions from narrowness, thy charity from scrimpsness, thy purposes from smallness. Deny thyself and take up thy cross. Do and dare, love and suffer. So shalt thou build a character that will abide all the tests which future years or ages may bring.

Bear constantly in mind that you are endlessly improvable. "It is for God and for Omnipotency to do mighty things in a moment; but degreeingly to grow to greatness is the course that He hath left for man." To the conscious human self there belong possibilities of such moment that no one can well study them without being either thrillingly impressed or made to experience unusual emotions. The conclusion is, therefore, unavoidable, that every soul can become great. By processes of culture to which it is able to subject itself, it can perpetually increase in wisdom, in strength, and in nobleness.

The soul's chief capabilities may, for the sake of elucidation, be represented as so many different rooms within itself, each of which can be made to have a spaciousness equaled by no material amplitude ever yet ascertained, and each of which, so long as it is kept in the process of growth, is and will be susceptible of fresh furnishing. These apartments of the minor man are too wonderful to admit being depicted either by a writer's pen or by a painter's brush. Their most distinguishing characteristics can, at best, only be indicated. Who can tell how much knowledge can find place in them, or what volumes of feeling they can contain? Who can declare the magnitude of the grandest traits that, in them, can have freedom to thrive and bear fruit? Who can estimate the length and breadth, the height and depth of the loftiest inspirations or the noblest

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joys that, in them, can be experienced? To give a full expression to the utmost intelligence, potency, amiability, purity, meritoriousness and majesty that can reside in the capability—rooms of a human soul—would be equivalent to picturing the imaginable or to portraying the infinite, and to do either the one or the other is impossible. One may be sadly indifferent to the value of his soul's foremost capabilities, may inadequately exercise them, and may secure to them merely a dwarf-like compass; but there is never a time when they can not be made to transcend the limits of development to which they have attained. Their possessor can educate them forever. He can unceasingly add to their roominess and resource. In all time to come he can cause them to continue to exceed breadth after breadth. Oh, who can conceive how great his mental being is able to become? Who can comprehend how elevated a life it is possible for him to live? Who can be liable to overrate the vastness of the destiny for which he was created?

In the language of Hughes, "Our case is like that of a traveler on the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey because it terminates his prospect, but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before." The thought of the soul's improvability is well adapted to quicken torpid virtue and to revive drooping aspirations. It tends to scatter the gloom resulting from disappointed endeavors. Let it but have a star-like clearness in the mind, and there will spring from it an ever-new interest in life and being.

We know that the paths of usefulness and affection must sometimes be strewn with smitten leaves and faded bloom, and that the heart must sometimes be chilled by harsh changes, even as the face of nature is chilled by rude winds. We know that we are doomed to find thorns in roses, and to suffer from "thorns in the flesh." We know that there are for us hours when the sunshine without must be darkened by shadows within; when we must be pierced by trials; when we must be humbled by afflictions. Yet, so we but duly know our mental possibilities, how much there is to animate us and to make us hopeful. Well may we go our way, with a high ambition and with good cheer. Well may we prize, as a stage of action, this old stone-ribbed earth, whereon we can behold the beauty of emerald meadows and of blossoming plants, and can hear the songs of russet-bosomed robins and the prattle of children, the voice of the vernal breeze, and the sound of the summer rain. Oh, who that ever muses on the soul's heirship to the divine, can wish he had never been born? I am grateful for my existence. I rejoice that I have place amid the bright-robed mysteries which surround me. I glory in the shifting scenery of the seasons. No flaw do I find in the sun, the moon, or the stars. No prayer have I to make that the grass which grows at my feet may be

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fairer than it is, or that the mornings and evenings may be more attractive. Let me know as I may, and feel as I should, the truth that I am endlessly improvable, and I am assured that the soul of the universe will somehow sweeten every bitter allotment that falls to me, will “charm my pained steps over the burning marl” which belongs to the course of probationary experience, and will assist me joyfully to approximate the greatness of His own infinite and tranquil character. It is bliss to feel that the soul is an ever-enduring entity. Unlike the clouds and the snow-heaps, the fluids and the liquids, the rocks and the metals—unlike all the generations of living organisms—it neither wastes away nor loses its distinctiveness. Nay, it outlasts every transmuting process, and, as a self-identifying self, is endlessly living.

If we reach the high plane of a perfect manhood, we must climb. “Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter.”—Rev., iv, 1. In this mystical Revelation we behold the seer, John, dreaming at the base of the celestial hill, and in his dream he hears a voice commanding him to rise to the summit of the eternities, where, standing, he shall behold all things that must be. This vision has an infinite significance, in that no small part of the felicity associated with the idea of eternity is the thought that, with ample mind, we shall perfectly understand the mighty plan and enterprise of God, and know with perfect knowledge that which is dark and obscure now. But not only has this truth to us an infinite significance; it has also a temporal one, in that it tells us that there is an immediate relationship between elevation of life, between high thinking, living and doing, and the power to command the future. “Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter.” That is, let us stand high and we see far and wide, let us stand high and we see deep. Elevation grants perspective and yields the possession of those years not only that are, but that are not. Now, so understood, these words have much inspiration, comfort and solace for all of us, for a very large part of man’s life is future. Indeed, the great regulative force of every human spirit is not so much the present and the past—present opportunity and past experience—as future ideality. The architectonic principle of life is not the momentum that sweeps down to us from the years that have been, but the ideal that lies deep in the years that are yet to be. This is the mysterious, occult power that moulds, forms and fashions our stature, and that is determining the greatness or the littleness of our destiny. And not only is the future architectonic, it is also an inspiration and refuge for our anxieties, defeats and inadequacy, his incompetency, how little he has achieved, realizes his inconsequence and insignificance, and he looks forward and sees triumph in tomorrow; he beholds the summit of the hill, and says, “There I shall

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stand victorious some future day.” Today incomplete, tomorrow complete; today imperfect, tomorrow perfect; today bound, tomorrow emancipated; today humiliated, tomorrow crowned. Hence, the future is man’s refuge, hope and strength. And in a yet more profound sense does the future exert a wonderful power over our lives, in that it holds for us the inheritance undefiled and incorruptible, the patrimony of eternity. And who can measure the influence of this belief over human character? Blot it out, and what inspiration have we to struggle on? If we are to perish as the beast of the field, wither like the grass, and vanish like the transient cloud, man has no grand, sublime impulsion in this life. But let him believe that he is the child of God, that there is an immortal soul, not only in him, but an eternal sphere awaiting him—let him believe that here he is but in the bud, that these seventy years are but the seed time, and that infinite eons lie before him for fruition and efflorescence, and you magnify his spirit, enlarge his hope, and inspire him with a zeal to conquer and achieve.

But now there is a popular philosophy that tells us that man can only know two points of time: that point of time through which he has gone—the past, and that point of time in which he is now living—the present. He may know experience and he may grasp opportunity, but he can know nothing of futurity. The future is a riddle, an unexplored continent, a *terra incognita* into which no human eyes have ever pried or ever may pry, sealed as it is by the counsel of God against the curious vision of His children. And to some extent I think we all must admit that this popular notion holds true. There are those to whom the future must be a blank, who peer into it and behold nothing there.

I have noticed that no great poem, no great religion, no great creation of any kind, was ever written or conceived by people who lived in the valleys, cramped by the hills. The hills narrow one’s horizon, make one insular, provincial, limited. And what is true of literature and art is true also of life. The man of low ideals never vaticinates; the man who is living down in the lower ranges of existence never prophesies. The man with a low brow has always a limited perspective; so, also, the man with a low heart or a low conscience. The sordid man can never measure the consequences of his wealth. He may know that tomorrow he will be as rich as he is today, or richer, but he can not prognosticate what his riches will mean to him tomorrow—whether he will find in them more or less felicity, whether they will be a blessing or a burden. Neither has the base man, the immoral man, any clear vision of futurity. He lives in doubts and fears, and is begirt with clouds and confusion. He half fears that there is a law of God, and half doubts it; half believes in retribution, and half doubts it; half believes in moral cause and effect, and half doubts

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it. He sees, with no certain sight, the inevitable penalty awaiting his wrong-doing, else he would not and dare not sin. No man would sin, could he read the future; no man would defy the Infinite, did he unerringly know that God is a just God, and that He shall visit inevitable retribution upon him who transgresses His holy law. The wicked man, like the sordid man living in the low lands, never vaticinates, and can not, not by reason of any want of talent or conscience, but by reason of want of altitude of vision. But St. John does not tell us here that all men shall know all things that must be; that all men have a sense of futurity. What he does say is that there is an intimate and indissoluble relationship between elevation and futurity; that only the man who stands upon the altitudes can command the future; for only there, when he is at his best, and when he is living on the summit of his soul, does he behold the true and perfect action of the forces and the laws of the Eternal. It is not "Stay down there and I will show thee things which must be hereafter," but "Come up hither"—live, aspire, ascend into the altitudes of mind; ascend into the altitudes of feeling; ascend into the altitudes of conscience; live where God means you to live, and then—"I will show thee things which must be hereafter."

And now, if you will consult your own experience or meditate on history, if you will scan the great things thought and the great things done, and the great things wrought and the great things won by man, you will see that they have been always wrought and won and done and thought upon the heights. The Muses live upon Parnassus, the Deities upon Olympus. Jehovah has his abiding place on Zion. David says, "I look unto the hills, whence cometh my help." Not unto the meadows, or the streams, or by the forests, or the cities, or the seas, but "unto the hills, whence cometh my help." He looks high, and his high vision grants him spiritual perspective. And Jesus speaks his great sermon, not by the Jordan, but on the mount. He is transfigured on a mount, crucified on a mount, and ascends to the right hand of His Father from a mount. Everywhere the heights play a great part in the history of human thought, feeling and faith. All great truth comes down; it does not rise up. All great religion comes down; it does not rise up. It is not the wilderness, nor the low lands, nor the level places, but Mount Carmel, Mount Horeb, Mount Zion, the Mount of the Beatitudes and the Mount of Transfiguration that are focal points of righteousness and faith. And when you look at and reflect upon men—the great men, the men who have moulded the world, who have made the massive contributions to humanity, who have dealt the Titan strokes that have redeemed the race from its servitudes and bestialities, who, like Atlas, have upheld and lifted up the world; who, like Prometheus, have brought to man precious gifts from Zeus, and so delivered him from the tyranny and dominion of his ignorance, superstitions, fears and passions—you will always find that they are men who have lived upon the lofty summits of the Spirit, and therefore have been seers of the future and have seen "those things which must be hereafter."



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Every high-minded man has always lived in the future. Take the sovereign prophet of the ancient faith. The world about him is dark and desolate; Israel's powers are at the ebb; the great faith that she has inherited is degraded, sensualized, formalized, buried under a debris of priestcraft, infidelity, idolatry and corruption; and yet this prophet stands upon the hills and dreams—dreams against the present, dreams through all the darkness environing him—and sees the day when the faith of Israel shall be the faith of the world; when the law of Israel shall dominate the conscience of the world; when the Savior of Israel shall be the Savior of the world, and when the Jehovah of Israel shall be the Jehovah of the world. Standing high, his soul soaring, thinking lofty thoughts, he beholds Israel in glorious perspective as the nation that shall lead man from bondage to liberty, from darkness to light. Or think again of the life, the history, the hope of Jesus, and behold in Him a perfect illustration of this truth; this truth that there is an intimate relationship between high living and high thinking, high doing, high willing and the vision of the future. What right had Christ to hope at all? What right had He to think of a Kingdom of God that was going steadily to conquer and take possession of this earth? What right had He to think that His Gospel would come to be the regnant gospel over the minds of men? What right had He to think that His own beautiful spirit would prevail over the perverse and rebellious will of society? What right had he to think that the world would ever come to accept His marvelous beatitudes as truth? What right had He to believe that the cross would ever be a universal symbol of salvation? Judged from the near point of view, by immediate results, by the facts that were right before His eyes, history records no more conspicuous and terrible failure than the life of Jesus. A Savior, and yet disbelieved in by the people; a Savior, and yet scorned by the multitude; a Savior, and yet called a “wine bibber” and a “glutton;” a Savior, and yet humiliated and degraded; a Savior, and yet dying ignominiously upon the cross. Where is there any ample redemption, any glorious assertion of the mind, in these sad, gloomy, hopeless facts? And yet He said, “I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all men unto Me.” How did He dare make such a prophecy as that? How did He dare arrogate to himself such a dominion as that? Why, simply because, living in the altitudes, he had vision of things that must be. He knew that He had righteousness in His heart, and that righteousness must at last be established. He knew that His spirit was a spirit of peace and good will towards men, and that peace and good will towards men must ultimately prevail. He lived on the heights, and He saw those things that were to be. And now, what is true of these great men may be true of every one of us, according to the loftiness of our living. Every one of us may command the future—may, in a measure, prophesy and weigh the consequences, and calculate the issues of our own life; and every one of us can live a far larger, fuller and richer life, in the years that are to be than we can live in the past or in the time that is now.

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And first, let me say to you that the man that lives upon the altitudes of his spirit beholds with sure vision the issuance of his life in triumph. We speak of life habitually as being a complicated and intricate thing, and no doubt it is, upon its lower ranges. A man is prosperous today, sweeping, with sails full set, before the breeze, his bark leaping gladly, mounting buoyantly upon the waves; but no man can tell what the morrow will bring forth to him. Prosperity is not a matter of certitude, security or permanency. An ill wind comes, and the vessel is swept to disaster; on the shoals or rocks, rushing to destruction against some Scylla or swallowed up by some Charybdis. And what is true of prosperity is true of power. Today a man is the idol of the people, flattered, honored, extolled and crowned by them. They gather round him and intoxicate him with their plaudits. He is the man of the people, the great man of his day, but who can tell how long this will rule enthroned? An unfortunate speech, an error of conduct, a moment of indecision, a failure to appeal to the demagogic instincts of the race, and he is ruthlessly bereaved of his honor and his glory gone. The idols of yesterday are the broken statues of today; the heroes of yesterday are the "have-beens" of today. So capricious, so ephemeral, so mutable, so mercurial, so impermanent are the whims of humanity, and so unstable its idolatries and adorations.

And as the mighty fall, so the obscure rises. Names that were unknown ten years ago are blazoned almost on the skies. The insignificant come up and take the scepter in their hand. The poor man of a little while ago is the rich merchant or the successful lawyer of today. This is his hour, this the moment of his power. Strange, is it not? There seems to be no method, no system in those lower planes of life. The rich become poor and the poor rich, the strong weak and the weak strong; the ruler becomes the ruled and the ruled the ruler; the master becomes the servant and the servant the master. No order, no system, no method anywhere in mundane things, and therefore no power of vision and vaticination.

But now in the higher things there is none of this impermanence and instability. Everything is in order here. When man is living in the fulness of his nature, when he is living on the heaven-kissing pinnacles of his spirit, when his whole being is harmonious with the great and glorious laws of God, his future is assured; it is bound to be a great and beautiful success. No possibility of failure upon the heights; every possibility of failure upon the level; every possibility of disaster down there, but upon the peaks there can be no disaster, no mistake, no accident, no dethronement; there must be inevitable and unconditional achievement. Of course, I do not mean popular achievement—achievement as men usually count achievement, or success as men ordinarily rate success. So measured, every great



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man's life has been a dismal failure. Paul's life was not a popular success, nor was Isaiah's, nor was Augustine's, nor was Savonarola's, nor was Socrates', nor was Christ's life a popular success. Measured by terrestrial standards, measured by the low ideals of humanity, these lives were all ignominious failures, every one of them; but measured by the Divine standard, by the mind and will of God, they are triumphant victories.

And now I say that every man whose point of view is high, who is standing upon the very highest reaches of his own being, seeking sincerely to be true to all that is heroic and great in his heaven-endowed nature, that man is bound to be, by the decree of the Eternal, an ultimately successful man. He is bound, just so surely as God's sun is bound to come tomorrow, he is bound to be crowned, not only with a celestial but with a terrestrial success—success as God measures success. He may feel pain; he may feel the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; he may experience neglect; he may contend against a host of untoward circumstances; he may groan under the pressure and weight of many woes; he may weep bitter, burning, scalding tears of sorrow and grief, but still he must triumph, for God is just and will crown with a perfect equity His faithful children.

And so, my friends, the central truth that I deliver to you is this, that life, life upon the summit of the soul, is the supreme, resplendent luminary. Not argument, not philosophy, not the elaborate, logical processes of the intellect, not the Bible, not the church, but life; this is the great infallible interpreter. Live and ye shall see. "Do my will," says Christ, "and ye shall know." Stand high and firm on the summit of your soul and ye shall see the things that must be hereafter—a victorious righteousness, a triumphant life, and the redeemed hosts swathed and folded in the light of Him who is everlasting, omnipotent and all-loving.

### **PITHY POINTS**

Brethren, be merciful in your judgment of others.

Every temptation promptly resisted strengthens the will.

There is a sad want of thoughtful mercy among us all.

Every step we take on the ladder upwards helps to a higher.

If we are true Odd-Fellows we will put away all bitterness and malice.

Brothers, remember the moral harvest comes to all perfection; not one grain is lost.

As Odd-Fellows there are loads we can help others to carry, and thus learn sympathy.

The test of truthfulness is true dealing with ourselves when we do wrong and true dealing with the brethren when they fall.

It is a serious reflection that even our secret thoughts influence those around us.

The Brotherhood has a Father watching over it, “who is the same yesterday, today and forever.”

Man alone is responsible for the eternal condition of his soul. We make our own heaven or hell, not by the final act of life, but by life itself.

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Truth supplies us with the only true and perfect standard by which to test the value of things, and so corrects the one-sided, materialistic standard of business.

If an Odd-Fellow begins right I can not tell how many tears he may wipe away, how many burdens he may lift, how many orphans he may comfort, how many outcasts he may reclaim.

Love edifies; that is, it builds up perfectly the whole man, secures an entire and harmonious and proportionate development of his nature. It does so by casting out the selfishness in man which always leads to a diseased and one-sided growth of his nature.

No two souls are endowed in an exactly similar way. And for the difference of endowment there is a reason in the Divine mind, for each soul in its generation has its appointed work to do, and is endowed with suitable grace for its performance.

We are not Odd-Fellows in the true sense unless we put away all bitterness, malice and selfishness. Common sense of mankind is quite right when it says a man's religion is not worth much if it does not make him good. Have goodness first—out of goodness good works will come.

Every good work requires every good principle. A man with very prominent and striking characteristics will always be a perfect man. A perfect man has such harmonies that he scarcely has a characteristic. To be fruitful in every good work you must have in your heart the germs and seeds, the springs and sources of all Christian virtue.

We are all greater dupes to our weakness than to the skill of others; and the successes gained over us by the designing are usually nothing more than the prey taken from those very snares we have laid ourselves. One man falls by his ambition, another by his perfidy, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by his lust; what are these but so many nets, watched indeed by the fowler, but woven by the victim?

Sorrow is not an accident—occurring now and then—it is the very woof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow, and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain, has yet to learn what life is. The cross manifested as the necessity of the highest life alone interprets it.

Equity—An eternal rule of right, implanted in the heart. What it asks for itself it is willing to grant to others. It not only forbids us to do wrong to the meanest of God's creatures, but it teaches us to observe the golden rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them." There is no greater injunction—no better rule to practice.

Don't rely on friends—don't rely on the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of help from those whom they called friends, and many thousands have starved because they have rich fathers. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions, and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.

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How little is known of what is in the bosom of those around us! We might explain many a coldness could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity where we hate, love when we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

How a common sorrow or calamity spans the widest social differences and welds all, the rich and poor, in one common bond of sympathy, which, begetting charity and all her train, softens the hardest heart and banishes the sturdiest feeling of superiority! Over the lifeless body of the departed, enemies and friend can weep together, and, burying strife and differences with their common loss, feel a kinship which unites them, and which all humanity shares.

Don't be exacting.—An exacting temper is one against which to guard both one's heart and the nature of those who are under our control and influence. To give and to allow, to suffer and to bear, are the graces more to the purpose of a noble life than cold, exacting selfishness, which must have, let who will go without, which will not yield, let who will break. It is a disastrous quality wherewith to go through the world; for it receives as much pain as it inflicts, and creates the discomfort it deprecates.

Verily, good works constitute a refreshing stream in this world, wherever they are found flowing. It is a pity that they are too often like oriental torrents, "waters that fail" in times of greatest need. When we meet the stream actually flowing and refreshing the land, we trace it upward, in order to discover the fountain whence it springs. Threading our way upward, guided by the river, we have found at length the placid lake from which the river runs. Behind all genuine good works and above them, love will, sooner or later, certainly be found. It is never good alone; uniformly, in fact, and necessarily in the nature of things, we find the two constituents existing as a complex whole, "love and good works," the fountain and the flowing stream.

Never give up old friends for new ones. Make new ones if you like, and when you have learned that you can trust them, love them if you will, but remember the old ones still. Do not forget they have been merry with you in time of pleasure, and when sorrow came to you they sorrowed also. No matter if they have gone down in social scale and you up; no matter if poverty and misfortune have come to them while prosperity came to you; are they any less true for that? Are not their hearts as warm and tender if they do beat beneath homespun instead of velvet? Yes, kind reader, they are as true, loving and tender; don't forget old friends.

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Young men! Let the nobleness of your mind impel you to its improvement; you are too strong to be defeated, save by yourselves. Refuse to live merely to sleep and eat. Brutes can do this; but you are men. Act the part of men. Prepare yourselves to endure toil. Resolve to rise—you have but to resolve. Nothing can hinder your success if you determine to succeed. Do not waste your time by wishing and dreaming, but go earnestly to work. Let nothing discourage you. If you have no books, borrow them; if you have no teachers, teach yourself; if your early education has been neglected, by the greater diligence repair the defect. Let not a craven heart or a love of ease rob you of the inestimable benefit of self-culture.

Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance. Have the courage to leave a convivial party at the proper hour for doing so, however great the sacrifice; and to stay away from one upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is better you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a seedy coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many people take it to be, and the act is worthy of a king. Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact in the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one. Have the courage to adhere to the first resolution when you can not change it for a better, and abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction.

## THE BIBLE IN ODD-FELLOWSHIP

The Bible is a book for the understanding; but much more it is a book for the spirit and for the heart. Many other kinds of learning are found in the Bible. It is a manual of Eastern antiquities, a handbook of political experiences, a collection of moral wisdom as applied to personal conduct, a mine of poetry, a choice field for the study of languages. The Bible is the book of God, and therefore it is the book of the future, the book of hope. It pierces the veil between this and another life, pointing us on to the realms of light. In sorrow, in sin, and in death we may, if we will, find in the Holy Bible patience, consolation and hope. The Bible opens the widest, freest outlook for the mind into the eternal, enlarging a man's range of spiritual sight, and enabling him to judge of all things in both worlds in their true proportion. The Bible gets into life because it first came out of life. It was born of life at its best. Its writers were the tallest white angels literature has known. No other literature has five names equal to these:

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Moses, David, Isaiah, Paul and John. These men and the others wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. The messages of the Bible are the loftiest in the range of human thought. There have been many magnificent periods like the age of Elizabeth, the time of the Renaissance and the age of Victoria, but no other single century has ever done anything equal to the production of the New Testament in the first century. The Bible has a sound psychology. It seeks to influence the whole man. It pours white light into the intellect. It grapples with the great themes upon which thinkers stretch their minds. John Fiske's three subjects are all familiar themes to the readers of the Bible. Its style is incomparable in grandeur and variety. It approaches the intellect with every form of literary style. It is the supreme intellectual force in the life of the common people. It has been teacher and school for the millions. The Puritans, for example, used it as a poem, story book, history, law and philosophy. Out of it New England was born. It has been the chief representative of the English language at its best. Anglo-Saxon life and learning are saturated with it. The literature of England and America is full of the Bible. Shakespeare and Tennyson are specimens. Each of these authors quote from nearly every book in the Bible, and each of them refers to the Bible not less than five hundred times. Herbert Spencer admits that it is the greatest educator. It is winning its place in school and college. No education is complete without a knowledge of this literature. It is the privilege of Odd-Fellowship to enthrone the Bible in the lodge-room, and in the home. It teaches the intellectual life from above and lifts it to the Bible's own level.

Dean Stanley was visiting the great scholar, Ewald, in Dresden, and in the course of the conversation, Ewald snatched up a copy of the New Testament and said, in his impulsive and enthusiastic way, "In this little book is contained all the wisdom of the world." There is a sense in which this statement is not extravagant. The book contains the highest and fullest revelation of truth the world has known. The greatest themes man's mind can ponder are here presented. The most profound problems with which the human intellect has ever grappled are here discussed. We maintain that a mastery of the contents of this book will in itself provide an intellectual discipline no other book can give. Refinement of character, refinement of thought, refinement of speech, all of the essential characteristics of the intellectual as well as of the spiritual life, have been found in our own church from the beginning, among those whose only advantages have been a personal religious experience and the consequent love and continuous study of God's word as well as among those who have had all the advantages of the schools. No man need be afraid of exhausting the truth in the Bible. No man can ever flatter himself that he has got beyond it. Whatever his intellectual attainments may be, the Bible will still have further message for him.

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There was a very suggestive spectacle on the streets of London one day, just after Elizabeth had become England's Queen. As she was riding by the little conduit at the upper end of Cheapside an old man came out of it, carrying a scythe and bearing a pair of wings. He represented Father Time coming out of his dark cave to greet the young Queen. He led by the hand a young girl clad in flowing robes of white silk, and she was his daughter, Truth. Truth held in her hands an English Bible, on which was written "Verbum Veritatis," and which she presented to the Queen. It was a pageant prepared for the occasion but suggestive for this occasion as well. Truth is the daughter of Time. Our backs may be bent and our hair may be gray before we can lead Bible truth forth by the hand. We may be old before we know much; our intellectual life may be matured in fullest measure and we still can know more; we must grow a pair of wings before we know it all—even if we do then.

The Bible is the conquering book. It has already dominated English literature, so that almost the whole of its text from Genesis to Revelation might, if all the copies of the Bible were suddenly lost from the world, be restored in piecemeal fragments gathered out of the books in which the Book has been quoted. Then, besides, there are the Bible thoughts that have indirectly, we might almost say insidiously, permeated the literature of Europe and America. More than that, the Bible has been industriously for years securing its own translation into hundreds of tongues and dialects of the globe. The Koran does not take pains to translate itself, and, indeed, refuses to be translated; but in contradistinction with such apathy of false faiths, the Bible courts transcription into foreign tongues, loses nothing in the process, but thereby gains for itself the homage of multitudes who, on reading it for the first time, cry, "This is the book we long have sought, that finds us out in the deepest recesses of our being and satisfies the profoundest cravings of our souls." The Bible is the comforting book. There is no volume like it for consolation. It is the only sure and steady staff for pilgrim spirits to lean upon, and the only book that is quoted at the bedside of the sick. It is a book to wear next the heart in life, and upon which to pillow the head in death. No other so-called "scriptures" of the world say the things that the Bible says, or supply the hopes that its promises afford. The Bible is not simply a book; it is The Book. It is the best book of any kind that we have. We can not do without it, either here or hereafter. There are many books in the world, but there is only one book. The Bible is unique. It is in a class by itself. It seeks to control everything, but it co-ordinates itself with nothing. It sets forth imitable examples of character, but it is not itself imitable. No one has ever written or ever will write a second Bible. The very phrase



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which every one uses, "The Bible," signifies the uniqueness of this book. It is a whole library in itself, and yet it is more than a simple collection of books. There is a homogeneity and consistency to the whole which lead us to speak of scripture as being a single story, not many revelations. The Bible is the exhaustless book. It may sometimes prove exhausting to its light-minded readers, but it never exhausts itself. "It is the wonder of the Bible," observes Dr. Joseph Parker, who has preached more than twenty-five volumes of sermons upon scriptural subjects, "that you never get through it. You get through all other books, but you never get through the Bible." On the basis of a rationalistic criticism, this quality of exhaustlessness is really inexplicable. And when we come to realize that, after all has been said as to scrolls and tablets and styluses and human factors and copyists, God wrote the Bible, we understand why it is that scripture is so rich in treasures of wisdom. We see that we can not exhaust the Bible because we can not exhaust God. The Bible wields an influence that can not be estimated. The spoken word is powerful, the printed word surpasses it. The one is temporal, the other is eternal; the one is circumscribed, the other is unlimited. The spoken sermon of today is forgotten tomorrow; the written word of thousands of years ago still sways the masses of today.

The whole civilized world bows down with reverence before the book of all books, the Bible. The Roman sword, the Grecian palette and chisel, have indeed rendered noble service to the cause of civilization, yet even their proudest claims dwindle into insignificance when compared with the benefits which the Bible has wrought. It has penetrated into realms where the names of Greece and Rome have never resounded. It has illumined empires and ennobled peoples, which Roman war and Grecian art had left dark and barbarous. Where one man is charmed by the Odyssey, tens and hundreds of thousands are delighted by the Pentateuch; where one man is enthused by the Philippics of Demosthenes, millions are enthused by the orations of Isaiah; where one man is inspired by the valor of Horatius, tens of millions are inspired by the bravery of David; where one man's life is ennobled by the art in the Parthenon, scores of millions of lives are ennobled by the art in the sanctuary: where one man's life is guided by the moral maxims of Marcus Aurelius, hundreds of millions find their law of right and their rule for action in the Bible. It is read in more than two hundred and fifty languages, by four hundred millions of people living in every clime and zone of the globe. It constitutes the only literature, the only code of law and ethics, of many peoples and tribes. For thousands of years it has gone hand in hand with civilization, has led the way towards the moral and intellectual development of human kind, and despite the hatred of its enemies and the still

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more dangerous misinterpretations of its friends, its moral law still maintains its firm hold upon the hearts and minds of the people, its power is still supreme for kindling a love of right and duty, of justice and morality, within the hearts of the overwhelming masses. Were it possible to annihilate the Bible, and with it all the influence it has exercised, the pillars upon which civilization rests would be knocked from under it, and, as if with one thrust of the fatal knife, we would deal the death blow to our morality, to our domestic happiness, to our commercial integrity, to our peaceful relationships, to our educational and church institutions.

There are wives and mothers, who stand with lacerated hearts at the open grave and see the light of their life extinguished beneath the cruel clouds, and yet, they bear up bravely, resting their bent forms and supporting their tottering feet on the staff of hope and trust which the Bible affords. Take that solace from them, and you may soon have occasion to bury the wife next to her husband, and the mother next to her child. There are husbands who, when sitting lonely, dependent, in the circle of their motherless, weeping children, find the good old Book the only comforter; take it from them and you drive them to the madhouse or to suicide. There are maidens grieving, pining, their hearts broken, their lives blighted, their career irretrievably blasted; take the solace from them which this book breathes into their withered hearts, the solace that suffering innocence will be recompensed, that a God of justice rules, take that solace from them and you have taken all that makes life bearable. There are millions of people pining in bondage, toiling in obscurity, suffering physically and mentally for no crime of their own, sick and hungry, friendless and hopeless; take the book from them that teaches them the lesson of patient endurance, and you may write the word *Finis*, and close the records of civilization forevermore. It is the one book that has a balm for every wound, a comfort for every tear, a ray of light for every darkness.

Its language all people can understand, its spirit all minds can grasp, its moral laws all people can obey, its truths appeal not only to the lowly and simple, but also to the highest intellect, they win the spontaneous approval, not only of the pious, but also of the most skeptical. At a literary gathering at the house of the Baron von Holbach, where the most celebrated atheists of the age used to assemble, the gentlemen present were one day commenting on the absurd and foolish things with which the Bible abounds. The French encyclopedist, Diderot, a materialist himself, startled his friends by his little speech: "But it is wonderful, gentlemen, it is wonderful. I know of no man who can speak or write with such ability. I do not believe that any of you could compose such narratives, or could have laid down such sublime moral laws, so simple, yet so elevating, exerting

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so wide an influence for good, and awakening such deep and such reverential feelings, as does the Bible.” Diderat spoke the truth. Place the most celebrated systems of philosophies or the most famous code of ethics, into the hands of the masses, and see whether the subtleties of their learning, the elegance of their diction will touch their hearts as deeply as does the Bible. All the genius and learning of the ancient world, all the penetration of the profoundest philosophers, have never been able to produce a book that was as widely read, as voluminously commented on, as dearly loved, as this book, neither have all the law-givers of all the lands, and of all ages, been able to produce a code of law and ethics that was universally and as implicitly followed as that of the law-giver, Moses.

The Bible is an emblem of Odd-Fellowship, because it is the Odd-Fellows’ text-book. Here we get our doctrines for faith and our rules for practice in all the relations of life. As Odd-Fellows, we believe the Bible is the word of God, because in their enmity humanity has never been able to destroy it or rob it of its power; nor have any who reject it given us a book to take its place. The intellect and culture of our day can not improve the teachings of Christ, nor set before us a nobler ideal life. As Odd-Fellows, we believe in this beautiful emblem, because our hearts attest its truth. We need not be told that the landscape is beautiful, or that the song of birds is sweet. When we see the one and hear the other, we know it. As the eye discerns the beautiful, and the ear discerns sweet sounds, so the heart of man discerns the divineness of the Bible teachings and sets its seal to their truth. As Odd-Fellows, we believe in the scriptures, because the experiences of all true believers, of whatever name, or age, or country, prove it to be the “bread of life” and the “water of life” to a needy and suffering world. Age by age the evidence of experience is accumulating, and growing stronger, and for a soul to distrust the revelations made unto it, and the divine leading of the human race, is as though the eye should disbelieve in the sun shining at mid-day. We recognize the Bible as a precious boon to man, the gift of the Great Father above. It is a “light to our feet and a lamp to our path.” It is a compass whose never-failing needle directs us safely across the desert sands of life, and through the dark labyrinths of an evil world, and its precious promises gives us comfort while we bear the burdens and endure the sorrows, pain and anguish incident to human life.

Since our organization is founded on the Bible, we should, as Odd-Fellows, become more conversant with it. Many evils creep into our lodges that could be avoided if we used the Bible more in our talks for the good of the order. Intemperance is an evil that does us much harm. What does the Bible say in regard to it? Proverbs, xx, 1, says: “Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and

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whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.” Proverbs, xxi, 17: “He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.” Ah me! what dead courage, what piles of bleached bones that was once the concentration of all that was great and lofty and true. What aspirations, ambitions, enterprise and resolutions—what genius, integrity and all that belongs to true manhood—have been swept from the tablets of time into oblivion by King Alcohol and his horrid half brothers, the gambling hell and the brothel.

A few years ago a noted wild-beast tamer gave a performance with his pets in one of the leading theatres. He put his lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas through their part of the entertainment, awing the audience by his awful nerve and his control over them. As a closing act to the performance, he was to introduce an enormous boa-constrictor, thirty feet long. He had bought it when it was only two days old, and for twenty years he handled it daily, so that it was considered perfectly harmless and completely under his control. He had seen it grow from a tiny reptile, which he often carried in his bosom, into a fearful monster. The curtain rose upon an Indian woodland scene. The wild, weird strains of an oriental band steal through the trees. A rustling noise is heard, and a huge serpent is seen winding its way through the undergrowth. It stops. Its head is erect. Its bright eyes sparkle. Its whole body seems animated. A man emerges from the heavy foliage. Their eyes meet. The serpent quails before the man—man is victor. The serpent is under control of a master. Under his guidance and direction it performs a series of fearful feats. At a signal from the man it slowly approaches him and begins to coil its heavy folds around him. Higher and higher do they rise, until man and serpent seem blended into one. Its hideous head is reared above the mass. The man gives a little scream, and the audience unite in a thunderous burst of applause, but it freezes upon their lips. The trainer’s scream was a wail of death agony. Those cold, slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. They crushed the life out of him, and the horror-stricken audience heard bone after bone crack as those powerful folds tightened upon him. Man’s playful thing had become his master. His slave for twenty years had now enslaved him.

The following is a will left by a drunkard of Oswego, New York State: “I leave to society a ruined character and a wretched example. I leave to my parents as much sorrow as they can, in their feeble state, bear. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much shame and mortification as I could bring on them. I leave to my wife, a broken heart—a life of shame. I leave to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, a low character, and the remembrance that their father filled a drunkard’s grave.” It behooves us as Odd-Fellows to ponder well the lessons

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taught by our order. Unless the principles that are laid down are fully carried out, we can never be Odd-Fellows in spirit and in truth. Today is our opportunity; act now. Have you ever seen those marble statues fashioned into a fountain, with the clear water flowing out from the marble lips or the hand, on and on forever? The marble stands there, passive, cold, making no effort to arrest the gliding water. So it is that time flows through the hands of men, swift, never pausing until it has run itself out, and the man seems petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is that is passing away forever. And the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself before they realize it slipping away from them, aimless, useless, until it is too late. "Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man were such as you, and every life a life like yours, this earth would be God's Paradise."

Remember that no good the humblest of us has wrought ever dies. There is one long, unerring memory in the universe, out of which nothing dies. A chill autumn wind, blowing over a sterile plain, bore within its arms a little seed, torn with ruthless force from its matrix on a lofty tree, and dropped the seed upon the sand to perish. A bright winged beetle, weary with flight and languid with the chilly air, rested for a moment on the arid plain. The little seed dropped Aeolus served to satisfy the hunger of the beetle, which presently winged its flight to the margin of a swift running stream that had sprung from the mountain side, and cleaving a bed through rocks of granite, went gaily laughing upon its cheery way down to the ever rolling sea. Sipping a drop of the crystal flood, the beetle crawled within a protecting ledge, and, folding its wings, lay down to pleasant dreams. The Ice King passed along and touched the insect in its sleep. Its mission was fulfilled; but the conflict of the seasons continued until the white destroyer melted in the breath of balmy spring. And then a sunbeam sped to the chink wherein the body of the insect lay, and searching for the little seed entombed, but not destroyed, invited it to "join the Jubilee of returning life and hope." Under the soft wooing of the peopled ray, the little seed began to swell with joy, tiny rootlets were developed within the body of the protecting beetle, a minute stem shot out of its gaping mouth, and lo! a mighty tree had been carried from the desert, saved from the frosts of winter, nurtured and started upon its mission of life and usefulness by an humble insect that had perished with the flowers. The agent had passed away, but, building better than he knew, the wide-spreading tree remained by the margin of the life-giving stream, a shelter and a rest to the weary traveler upon life's great highway through many fretful centuries.

A child abandoned by its mother to perish in an Egyptian marsh may become the instrument to deliver a nation from bondage, and an unostentatious man, unknown to fortune and to fame, may become the agent of a mighty work destined to benefit the human race as long as it may last upon the earth. George Eliot says, "Our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life, both in and out of our consciousness."

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No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind. The different degrees of consciousness are really what make the different degrees of greatness in men.

While Odd-Fellowship does not claim to be a religious institution, yet so closely is it allied to Christianity that we deem it proper to discuss these questions. I quote from Dr. Lyman Abbott's lecture on "Christianity and Orientalism," as follows: "Religion as a thought has four questions to answer: First, What is God? Second, What is man? Third, What is the relation between God and man? Fourth, What is the life which man is to live when he understands and enters into that relation? There is no other question; there is nothing left. What is God? What is man? And how are men to live when they have entered into that relationship? Now, Christianity has its answer to each one of those four questions. God—one true, righteous, loving, helpful Father of the whole human race. God—love. And love, what is that? Such a life as Jesus Christ lived on the earth. What is man? Man is in the image of God. If he is not, if he fails in that, he fails being a man. He is in the image of God, and not until he has come to be in the image, of God will he be a man. What is a statue? I can see a nose, a mouth, appearing out of the marble block. No, it is not a statue, it is a half-done statue. Wait until the sculptor is through, then you will see the statue. Not till God is done will you see a man, and you never saw one except as you saw him in Jesus of Nazareth. And what is the relation between this God and this man? It is the relationship of the most intimate fellowship that the human soul can conceive; one life dwelling in the other life, and filling the other life full of His own fullness. You can not get any closer relationship to God than that. When this fullness has been realized, when you and I have the fullness of God in us, when God has finished, the man life will result. Just such a life as Christ lived, with all the splendor of self-sacrifice, with all the glory of service, with all the magnificent heroism, with all the enduring patience."

### **BROTHER UNDERWOOD'S DREAM.**

Being invited some time since to deliver an address before a benevolent institution, and being pressed amid the daily business cares which surrounded, I was fearful I should not be able to command sufficient time for preparation of the task. Returning home, I retired to my bed, my thoughts still keeping themselves in active motion in their endeavor to "think out" what I should say. In this state of mind I fell asleep, and soon was in dreamland. I dreamed that death had taken place, and as I approached the gates of the unseen world, I was met by an angel, who kindly tendered his services in escorting me through



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the realms of Heaven. Being a stranger there, I gladly and gracefully accepted his kind invitation. Proceeding along the pearly streets, enraptured with the beauties which surrounded me, I saw a multitude of people, the number of whom figures fail to compute; but I noticed there were dividing lines, and they were gathered in companies. Observing a beautiful body of water in the distance, and a gathering of one company by its banks, I inquired of my escort who they were. He replied they were Baptists, and said "they always keep near the water's edge." Just beyond was another company, which my faithful attendant informed me was a Presbyterian band, and that their infant baptism views still clinging to them was one of the causes of their "corralling" together. Just then we heard loud and prolonged shouting and singing of the hymn "Shall we gather at the river," and, pointing to the spot from whence it came, near a beautiful stream not far off, the angel said: "Those are the Methodists. They never cease shouting, and so loud are they at times that they annoy the Episcopalians, whom you see on the opposite side of the stream, in their discussion of the doctrine of apostolic succession." Seeing still other gatherings farther on, I was anxious to go thither and mingle with them; but my guide remonstrated, saying: "You can see from this standpoint the representatives of all churches. There, said he, are the Catholics and the Jews, the Universalists and the Congregationalists, the Unitarians and the Moravians, all with their varied 'creeds,' and if you go that way you will be surrounded by them, each trying to prove that you got to Heaven through their peculiar doctrine or faith."

Turning to the right, we moved on, only to pass to more gorgeous and beautiful apartments, where the streets were golden. Here I observed another multitude, but it was one body. "This," said the angel, "is the gathering of the various priests and pastors, rectors and rabbis, and the ministers and the elders who are trying to unite on some common ground upon which their congregations (which we had passed) might stand, where there would be but 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.'" Gal., iv, 5. For, said the angel, until then, they go not up with their churches and creeds to higher seats above, for "neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision." Gal., v, 6.

Proceeding on our way we approached a magnificent archway, over the lintels of which was inscribed, "The Christian's Home in Glory." The grandeur of this new apartment exceeded all the rest, a description of which lies beyond the power of words, "For eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." I Cor., ii, 9. This I found to be the abode of the apostles, martyrs and Christians of all ages. Here was Paul and Peter, and the prophets, the thief on the cross and Bunyan, Lazarus

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and Baxter, Stephen and Father Abraham, Martha and Mary and the widow who gave her two mites. Pausing, I beheld, with banners above, an innumerable number "marching on," with Lincoln and Lovejoy, Lyman, Beecher and John Brown in the advance, and on the banners was inscribed, "These are they which came out of great tribulation." Rev., viii, 14. The angel said: "That is the multitude of poor slaves from the cotton fields of earth, doing homage to their deliverers." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat." Rev., vii, 16. Here I also found Watts and Wesley singing, while Bliss (who had but lately been translated from earth to heaven by way of Ashtabula bridge), catching the inspiration, was setting the songs of Heaven to the music of earth. Gazing on the many thrones and crowns, there were some of peculiar brightness. I looked on one, and what was the inscription? Was it, I was a Methodist? No. I was immersed? No. I was a Jew? No. But rather this: "Because I delivered the poor that cried and fatherless, and him that had none to help him, the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing with joy." Job, xxix, 12, 14. And this was the crown of Job. And there was another just beyond, and I read the inscription. Was it, I was a Presbyterian? No. I prayed by quantity? No. I was a Universalist? No. But "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James, i, 27. And while the memory and name of Peabody, the philanthropist, is and shall be honored and loved for ages to come in two hemispheres, his crown of glory in heaven is second to none. But there was still another. It was worn by one of queenly beauty, and she sat upon her throne; the splendor of her robe and the brilliancy of her apparel dimmed my vision. I read her inscription, set, as it was, in Heaven's choicest diamonds. Was it, I was an Episcopalian? No. I was baptized? No. I was a Catholic? No. But thus: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Matt., xxv, 35, 36. And before her throne stood thousands who had come up from the battle fields of the Crimea, and the widows and orphans, the lame and the halt, the blind and the deaf from the streets and alleys of London, and as they shouted their hallelujahs before her, they carried banners on which were emblazoned these words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt., xxv, 40. And the crown of Florence Nightingale glistens brightly in Heaven. Passing on, and observing a large number of vacant thrones and crowns, I naturally asked, for whom are these? The angel replied: "For the Christians of earth; the managers of the 'homes' for the friendless, the widows and the orphans, and those who, regardless of their respective church creeds and doctrines, like their Master when he was on earth, go about doing good." The angel vanished, and I awoke.



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*Moral.*—Brethren, in our tenacity for church creeds, let us not fail in the practice of a little daily Christianity. “Finally, brethren, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.” Gal., iv, 8.

### THE IMPERIAL VIRTUE

Though sophists may argue, or philosophers prate,  
The evils of lying they can not mitigate.  
Our God's law is truth! Who then dares justify  
A falsehood? Remember, a lie is a lie!  
Let this be our motto, in old age or youth:  
“All lying is sinful, so, stick to the truth!”

“Truth we accept as a cardinal virtue, and require its practice on the part of all the votaries of Odd-Fellowship while traveling the rugged journey of life in search of reward and rest.” Truth is above all things else, and every Odd-Fellow knows full well that his obligation binds him to speak the truth. Remember a lie is never justifiable. It does the person more harm than that he seeks to avoid by telling a falsehood would do. “What is truth?” This question of Pilate is in the air today. It is repeated on every side and in every department of intellectual pursuit. It always pays to tell the truth under all circumstances. Abraham came near bringing a whole nation into trouble in lying about his wife. Be it said to the honor of President Grant, that once a visitor called at the White House wishing to see him. The door-keeper told the servant to tell the visitor the president was not in. General Grant, who was very busy, heard what was said. He called out, “Say no such thing. I don't lie myself, and won't allow anyone to lie for me.” Tell the truth always. “I said in my haste all men are liars.” Psalms, cxvi, 2.

It was a very sweeping assertion that the Psalmist made, and one that incriminates us all. He probably did not mean that all men were liars in the sense that everybody always spoke untruthfully, but that the great majority of people would, under certain stress of circumstances, equivocate to suit the conditions of the occasion. If that was what he meant, he uttered a sage truth when he said very hastily one day: “All men are liars.” Though a hasty utterance, facts seem to prove its truthfulness. The greatest mischief-maker in the world today is the liar. I honestly believe that lying causes more real anguish and suffering than any other evil. It would be effort wasted to spend much time in proof of this assertion of David's, so we will attempt to classify briefly, that each of us may know where he belongs. First, there is the deliberate lie. This species needs no particular definition. All are acquainted with it, all have met it, some have uttered it. You all know it when you see it; it is barefaced and shameless; it reeks with the mire of falsity and is foul with the slime of the pit infernal. This lie contains not an atom of truth, is tinctured not with a grain of fact, but is a full-blooded, thoroughbred, out and out lie. Then we have the campaign lie. A large, open-faced fellow, loud-voiced and blatant; bold, daring and sweeping; it claims everything, asserts everything, denies anything.

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During the campaign this lie is a factor. Men buy papers to read it, and go miles to hear it. The campaign lie is the greatest worker in the canvass for votes. He pats the workman on the back and promises to fill his pail with sirloin steak and fresh salmon, when, if the other man is elected, he will have to carry liver and codfish. He grasps the merchant strongly by the hand and promises him larger sales and better profits in case his party gets into power; he enters the magnate's office and promises him increased dividends and no strikes; he promises everything till after election, when he has no more promises to make.

There is the polite lie, too. A very gentle affair this. A very proper lie, clothed with the attire of an elegant etiquette and of graceful form. It is never harsh and never rude, but smooth as oil, as gentle as a zephyr. The number of polite lies that are told every day are legion. It would be useless to attempt to classify them, worse than useless to try to enumerate them. They are of all sizes, colors, descriptions and shapes. They have much in common, but differ widely in particular. No locality is destitute of this venerable and classic falsehood. The ancients used it, the moderns still cling to it; the poor find it handy, the rich could not keep house without it; it abounds in every clime and thrives in every latitude. The polite hostess says to the departing guest: "We have been delighted by your visit; do us the favor to come again," when she sincerely hopes that most any catastrophe may overtake her rather than another visit from this same personage. There are the every-day expressions, 'Not at home,' which the housemaid is instructed to give the caller; and a score of other social lies which in truth deceive nobody, nine times out of ten. Society would lose little and gain much if the polite lie could be banished, and every man say what he thought and speak as he felt.

Another lie I will notice is the business lie. The business lie is a very matter of fact lie. It sounds well. There are some genuine bankrupt sales, of course; there are a few bona fide smoke, fire and water mark-downs undoubtedly, but there are more advertised in a week than there are failures and fires in a year. Good, staple merchandise will usually bring its value, and he who advertises an unheard of bargain has generally set a trap for the unwary. One class of goods in the window marked a certain price, an inferior class on the bargain counter at the same figure. You bargain for a piece of furniture at a surprisingly low figure; when it is delivered you have every reason to suppose that it is like what you bought in appearance alone. A roll of cloth marked "all wool," it is half cotton, and the rest shoddy. The business lie, though found so often, is never the friend of merchant or purchaser. It is the foe of all honest transactions. Office, salesroom and storehouse would be better without it; proprietor, clerk and purchaser would thrive better if rid of it.

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The lie of gossip. If by some power, human or divine, the gossiping tongue could be silenced and the tattling mouth effectually closed, half of the evil of this world would already be stopped, and the other would commence to languish for want of patronage. The lie of gossip is the blackest of them all. The blackest of all the black horde, the very worst of the whole evil troop; insinuating, sly and crafty, it creeps around with a serpent's stealth, and carries beneath its tongue the deadly poison of ten thousand adders. The venom can be extracted from the cobra's fangs, but no power on earth can tame the tongue of an unprincipled gossip. Some lies you can kill, but the lie of gossip is imperishable. You may clip its wings, but its flight is unhindered; you may cut off its head, but two will grow out in its place; you may crush it to earth beneath the heel of denial. Let it alone and possibly the dirty, contemptible, infamous thing will die; touch it not and it may droop and languish; do not chase it and it may grow weak for want of exercise.

Oh, my dear reader, above all things, don't have your life a lie, your career a falsehood. Be no hypocrite, live no lie, and the God of all truth will see something in you to admire if you live truthfully and honestly before all men. Truth is a sure pledge not impaired, a shield never pierced, a flower that never dieth, a state that feareth no fortune, and a port that yields no danger. We can not build a manly character unless we are in possession of the imperial virtue, truth. Ah! truth is the diamond for which the candid mind ever seeks. It is the sanction of every appeal that is made for the good and the right. It may be crushed to earth, it may be long in achieving victory, but it is omnipotent and must triumph at last. Christ brought truth into the world. Truth, then, is a personal, experimental and practical thing. It is a thing of the heart, and not mere outward forms; a living principle in the soul, influencing the mind, employing the affections, guiding the will, and directing as well as enlightening the conscience. It is a supreme, not a subordinate matter, demanding and obtaining the throne of the soul-giving law to the whole character, and requiring the whole man and all his conduct to be in subordination. Truth blends with every occupation. It is noble and lofty, not abject, servile and groveling; it communes with God, with holiness, with Heaven, with eternity and infinity. Truth is a happy, and not a melancholy thing, giving a peace that passeth understanding, and a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. And it is durable, not a transient thing, passing with us through life, lying down with us on the pillow of death, rising with us at the last day, and dwelling in our souls in Heaven as the very element of eternal life. Such is truth, the sublimest thing in our world, sent down to be our comforter and ministering angel on earth.

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It is plainly God's intention, as in nature and in history, that our human life should grow better and more joyous as it advances, and that the best shall not be at the first, but shall wait until we are ready for it. The highest and largest blessings can come to men only when the men are fitted to hold and to use them. If you are going to give a man a purse or a diamond you can thrust it into his hand in his youth, or on the street, even when he is asleep; but if you would give to him a great truth or virtue, if you would make him a noble character, you must wait upon the man's growth, and be content if after many years you see only a flash of what you would give him appearing. Step by step, through all the gradations, we travel, and if faithful to truth, Christ will make in us a perfect manhood, and of us a perfect society. His gift is so great, vital and complex, that He can not bestow it all in the beginning. He would make our life an increasingly joyous life, and give us the best of its wine at the last of its feast. Christ would have us always increasingly hopeful and joyous, and never of sad countenance. All our faculties were designed to minister to our joy. All the great world of life below is a happy world. The children of the air and the water are all baptized into joy. Even the solitary creatures that carry their narrow houses with them have their joys, which are well known to their intimate acquaintances. So in the world of adult man we find the joy of life disproportionate to condition and faculty. In the faces of the men we meet on the streets we see many scars and dark lines of storm and care; only seldom do the faces we meet there wear the rainbow. Men are without joy because they have violated the laws of nature, they have subordinated their manly powers, reason and conscience to their animal instincts; they have lived by wrong theories and wrong methods, and for unmanly ends, and thus have exhausted the joy of life's banquet.

A man can have deep and continuous joy only if his life is continuously rational and progressively manly. He must put away childish things and live for truth and right, for love and immortal virtue. If our hearts sadden as our years increase and our thoughts widen, it is because there has been a defect in our vision and a sophistry in the logic of our conduct. If the growing corn comes only to the blade and to the ear, and not to the full golden corn in the ear, we may be sure it is because there has been something wrong in our gardening. Christ comes into our wasting life to give us a new, a higher and a better joy; to give us new truth, new faith, new arguments, new motives, new impulses and new joys. Christ gives us the Heavenly Father, and thus lifts us into the dignity and beatitude of a divine nature, relationship and destiny. Man is a child of the skies, and can not find rest complete and joy abiding in anything less or lower. Bearing now the image of the earthly, we must go on to bear the image of the heavenly. To have our manly joy ever increasing we must keep the heavenly in sight and take our way from it.

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Christ brings us into the living alliance with forces and personalities that are spiritual, and thus makes us strong to resist all animal temptations and those impulses toward greed and wrong which, if indulged, drain our life of its manly felicities. He would have us lift our manly cups to God, and make their rims to touch the heavens. Christ would have us to live for other's welfare and to know the joy of duty and of sacrifice. It is the man who is living for wife, and child, and neighbor, who has flung himself with all his might into the carrying forward of some great cause that blesses his fellow-men, who knows the true and increasing joy of the manly life. The happiest woman in the world is the mother who is living for her child. It is in working out the salvation of other people that we find the true joy of our own. It is this joy that carries the martyr through his fiery tasks with a song and a shout. To be able at the end of our days to look up to God and say, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do," is to have the best wine at the last of our feast. We must have joy; it is indispensable. It makes us healthy and strong and enables us to be of some use in the world. It is so necessary to our best becoming and doing that we must put away everything that increases it. We must have the joy of truth and virtue, of duty and sacrifice, of hope and love, which is the joy of the eternal life. Christ thus holds out to us a joy that lasts, and one that satisfies forever.

Jesus was no cynic, no ascetic, and no fanatic. He loved the great outward world, and was the friend of all men. He was hated only by the Pharisees, if to these He spoke sharply, His words to the children were sweet as a mother's, and in His words about the birds and the flowers you hear the tones of a lover. He loved the lakes of sweet Galilee, her hills, her fields and her olive groves; and among them often took His disciples apart to rest awhile. Adopt Christ's views of God; of the future; Christianize your opinions, your character and your conduct, and you will have manly joy even in the midst of sorrow. Christ lived much in communion with God. He lived much out of doors, in the fields and among trees, the birds and the flowers.

We must come back to nature. Happy the man who owns a piece of ground in the country and lives on it betimes, where he can hear the robins singing their hymns and the winds chanting their litanies; where he can see the sun rise and feel the hush of the hills; where the spirit that is in the beautiful world can touch and bless him as it did the blessed Christ.

Brothers, I wish you great joy. Live in the constant sense of the Heavenly Father's loving presence, and of nature's veracity and friendly intention. Distrust all doctrines, all opinions and all ways of living that destroy manly joyousness. Never lose sight of the fact that a noble life is a truthful life. Truth is a trust. He who has discovered any portion of useful truth has something in trust for mankind. God is the author of truth, and when man seeks this imperial virtue and acquires it, he is in possession of great power.

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This brings us to the final practical thought. This power must be appropriated. The cable car that is unattached to the cable will make no progress and stand still forever, even though the engines in the power house glow with heat, and the cable, gliding along in the center of the track not two feet away, is laden down with power. The cable car must close its grappling iron and grip the cable before progress can be made. It must come in contact with the power. An electric lamp will swing dark and unlighted while all the other lamps about it send forth enlightening rays, and all the dynamos in the world may be revolving in the engine house, sending a surging current within a few inches of the isolated lamp, and all in vain unless it come in contact with the power. You must turn the switch and let the current flow in, and then the lamp will itself shine and will illumine its surroundings like the rest. So, in like manner, if we are to make progress in this life, we must lay hold of the cable. We must come in contact with the Divine. If we do not, the power of God is of no avail to us. If we would be lights in the world, we must come in contact with the Divine spirit, we must unbar the doors to our hearts and let the current of divine power and love flow into our lives and illumine them.

The great design of Odd-Fellowship is to improve the morals and manners of men, to promote their interest, well being and happiness. Great prudence is demanded in our daily life and conversation. We should be actuated by a realizing sense of our position, and by example, action and generous thought, recommend our cause to the consideration of others. We should persevere for the attainment of every commendable virtue, to raise the mind from the degrading haunts of intemperance and folly; we should be distinguished for usefulness to society and the community at large. A good Odd-Fellow must necessarily be an upright and useful member of the community. The precepts inculcated are calculated to stimulate to the faithful performance of every moral and relative duty; and an individual who holds a standing with us, and is careless and negligent of these things, is a reproach to the Order—they wear the livery, and bow before the same shrine, but in the heart and practice they belie their profession. Profanity, intemperance and every species of immorality are rigidly discountenanced. We have pledged ourselves to aid in diffusing the principles of brotherly love throughout the world. We have assumed the office of guarding the holy flame which burns on the altar of benevolence, and we are bound to cherish its principles. That brother is recreant to every honorable feeling who can trifle with the solemn pledge he has taken.



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A duty we owe to the community is to cultivate the principle of virtue, to lend holy serenity to the mind, and shed around a halo of light and glory to direct the steps of others in virtue, to happiness and greatness. The man who treads only in virtue's ways, when every act is honest, acquires the confidence and friendship of others, thus benefiting others, and thus benefiting the community, which, also, the center of another circle, continues this influence to those that surround it, purifying the thought, emboldening the idea and elevating the man. How grand is the position Odd-Fellowship now occupies—a world of honesty in a world of deceit, with a character strictly virtuous and solely dependent upon its members for the perpetuity of that character.

It depends upon the brethren to be virtuous, upright, honest and benevolent, thus sustaining in its purity the noble reputation it now enjoys, which will continue a bright and shining star in the constellation until time shall be no more, when it will be perpetuated in the glorious light of eternity. Amid the wrecks of institutions and powerful interests that were a short time since thought to be impregnable against all assaults, the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows still maintains its vantage ground, and bears its banners proudly up. With its doors thrown so widely open to applicants for admission, composed as it is of nearly every shade of thought or educational influence, whether of sect or party, with all the infirmities incident to human nature, modifying by their weakness its true purposes, or retarding its advancement, its unity and moral force, its stability and progress are truly wonderful. Its bond of cohesion, so frail and yet so potent, is seemingly inexplicable. It is the recognition of the principles of brotherhood and fraternity, and the practice of their resultant virtues. To appreciate and practice is to attain strength. We are weak and frail. Odd-Fellowship is strong, and its principles are as eternal as the stars. The history of the past is little but a record of the domination of physical force. The law of might was the law of right. Violence and strife, outrages and wrong, have been for ages the common heritage of the race. Man has been the sport and victim of human passions, and notwithstanding the culture and the progress of the race, the earth yet resounds with the tread of armed combatants. Weary, sad-eyed toilers groan under the burden of war, countless millions are squandered upon the maintenance of non-producing, destructive hosts.

Widows and orphans, nay, the very angels in heaven, if they are permitted to look down upon us from their bright abodes in bliss, must mourn over the sad result of man's semi-barbarism, and his worship of the world's materialism. Long ere this mind should have been the controlling force in all nations claiming to be civilized. Pure intellect and its struggles, its aspirations for light and truth,

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should have relegated to the regions of barbarism and darkness mere animal contests. Not only so, but intellectual supremacy should have been in its turn subordinated, or crowned by true spiritual life. "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Man would occupy a higher and happier position than he at present fills if he had earnestly co-operated with good agencies for the unfolding and development of his better nature.

The special mission of Odd-Fellowship is to incite and stimulate the dormant moral energies to action, to rouse the lethargic, encourage the timid, and to strengthen the aspirations for a nobler and a better life. Reaching out its helpful hand to the needy and distressed upon the one hand, and with the other battling with selfishness, intolerance and vice—with all that dwarfs man's moral nature—it appeals to something within us, to be earnest advocates of its principles, by making them a living faith and illustrating its beneficent purposes. If we make one man purer and better, and that man one's own self, we have done something toward the betterment of the world. The voices of the past and of the present all speak to us today. Men and brethren, let us hearken unto them, and putting our trust in God, let us march onward, side by side together, until the standards of our order are planted upon the highest summit of achievement, and as their glorious folds are illuminated by the Sun of Righteousness, may the simple yet the sublime legend emblazoned thereon be seen and acknowledged by the nations, as with uplifted eyes and reverent hearts they read, "God is our Father, and we are all brothers."

### QUIET HOUR THOUGHTS.

Genuine love and sympathy are what wins the hearts of our fellows.

A Christian ought always to wake up in the morning in a good humor.

Remember that sorrow and pain soften the heart and sweeten the temper.

The young man who sees no beauty in a flower will make a mean husband.

If you love young people's work you will prove it by laboring and sacrificing for it.

Begin active work in your society at once, and do not fail to see that each one has something to do.

The fact that God gives any consideration to mere mites of humanity scattered about the surface of this little world of ours is conclusive proof of His infinity.

What a blessing it is that we can not always do what we wish to do, or have everything our own way.



Many words are no more an indication of depth of feeling and heart than are boiling bubbles in a frying pan.

There are some people who would scorn to keep bad company, but who think the worst kind of thoughts by the hour.

Do not wait for somebody else to put your society on the roll of honor. If you want a thing well done, do it yourself.

If the very hairs of our head are numbered, then why should we not consult the Father in regard to all our temporal affairs?

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How the heart of God must yearn for the record of lives devoted to humanity. He asks no higher service of man than this.

The truly great man is that one who is satisfied if he is doing to the utmost limit of his capacity the thing which he has at hand.

God would never make the mistake of helping any young man or young woman who did not make every possible effort to help himself.

Do not make the mistake of thinking you are the biggest man in your society. Bigger men than you have died and have not been missed after forty-eight hours.

The girl who is caught by gold-headed canes, carried by heads with no brains on the inside and only pasted hair on the outside, has a pitiable future before her.

No pain, no privation, no sacrifice endured for Christ is a loss, but is rather a gain. Christ will not forget those who suffered for Him when He comes to make up His jewels.

Sunday manners are just like Sunday clothes; everybody can tell that you put them on for the occasion only, and know that you are not used to wearing them through the week.

The devil led the Prodigal Son away from a good home into the gay society of the world, and amused him with the pleasures of sin till he got him down, then he fed him on husks. That is the way he works.

A good many church members do not like to have it known how much they give for missions. They remind us of the man who said, when asked about the amount he gave, "What I give is nothing to nobody."

The reason why some people do not want the preacher to preach on personal sins, is because they are afraid he might say something against them.

When we see a man going to get water at his neighbor's well, we naturally suppose his own is dry. So when we see a Christian seeking the pleasures of the world, we suppose he no longer finds pleasure in religion.

To know which way a stream of water is flowing, you must not look at the little eddy, but at the main current, and to know which way a life is tending, you must not look at a single act, but at the whole trend of the life.

Satan likes to discourage people, to hinder them in the performance of their Christian duties, but remember that Christ has said, "My grace is sufficient for you." Go steadily forward in the line of duty and success will crown your efforts.

The light of a candle can not be seen very far in the light of a noon-day sun, but at night it may be seen for a long distance and may be a guiding star to some poor wanderer. And so, God sometimes darkens our way that we may shine.

The man who prays for the conversion of the heathen, and then spends a great deal more for tobacco than he gives to missions, is certainly not very consistent in his praying and giving.

Thomas Hood once wrote to his wife: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail."

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"I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that with the same powers of mind the poor student is limited to a narrower circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses before he can acquire more."—*Walter Scott*.

Christians should not forget that God uses human agency in the work of salvation. The only reason that there are not more saved, is because the people of God do not put themselves at his disposal for the work. The Lord wants all to be saved, but they will not be saved until the people of God are willing to let the Lord use them to bring the lost unto Himself.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

The judges of the election can not tell the difference, when they are counting the votes, between the one cast by the minister of the gospel and the one cast by the saloon-keeper, when it has been cast for the same party. Vote for principle rather than for party.

"Let every man," said Sydney Smith, "be occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best." If the highest employment is not to be found in our avocations, let us seek it in our leisure.

Beware of anger of the tongue; control the tongue. Beware of anger of the mind; control the mind. Practice virtue with thy tongue and with thy mind. By reflection, by restraint and control, a wise man can make himself an island which no floods can overwhelm. He who conquers himself is greater than he who in battle conquers a thousand men. He who is tolerant with the intolerant, mild with the fault-finders, and free from passion with the passionate, him I call indeed a wise man.

Brothers, keep posted in what your lodge is doing; knowing who is sick; inquire if there is not some widow in need of help; some poor orphan that should be clothed and provided with a home and sent to school. Remember that the widow was your brother's wife, and the children your brother's. Be a brother to the widow, and a kind uncle to your brother's children. There is plenty of work for you, and you agreed to do it. Cheer up the care-worn traveler on his pilgrimage—help the weak and weary, the lonely and sad ones. Time is passing by, and we have none too much of it in which to do our work. Remember that if we expect to complete our labor, now is the time; soon all will be over with us, and then all that we shall leave behind, by which to be remembered, will be the good or evil we have done. If we have done good it will be emblazoned on many hearts, and our names will be spoken of with reverence and love; but if we have done evil, our names will be blotted out of the memory of the good and true, and we despised.

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"How is't the sons of men are sad,  
Oppressed with grief and care?  
How is't that some of this world's goods,  
Have such a scanty share?  
Why should the orphan's piercing cry,  
Assail so oft our ear,  
And thousands find the world to be  
All desolate and drear?"

"We do not solve the mystery  
Of woes, the lot of man,  
But in the lodge we all unite  
To do the good we can.  
'Tis there we learn the pleasing task  
To soothe the troubled breast,  
To educate the orphan child,  
And succor the distressed.

"Our motto—Friendship, Love and Truth—  
These e'er shall be our guide,  
Our aim shall be, of misery  
To stop the running tide."

We ask not what's a brother's faith,  
What country gave him birth;  
But open the door to every creed  
And nation of the earth.

Hail, Charity! Odd-Fellows all  
Bow down before thy shrine;  
They raise no altar, make no vow,  
That is not wholly thine.

## LOVE SUPREME.

Love is the key to the human heart. If we want to have power with God and man, we must cultivate love. It is love that burns truth into the hearts of people. A man may be a good lawyer without love. There may be a good surgeon without love. A man may be a good merchant without love. But a man can not be a good Odd-Fellow or Christian without love. I would rather have my heart full of love than be even a prophet. If a man is full of love, Paul says, "he is greater than a prophet." A wife would rather live in a cabin with the love of her husband, than to live in a palace without it. If I love a man I will not cheat him or slander him or envy him. I pity people who are constantly looking



out for slights. It is better to look on the bright side rather than the dark side of life. Love will lead us to look on the bright side. Some persons are always magnifying the faults of others. They use a magnifying glass in this business. If you want power with persons, speak as well as you can of them. Self-control is a great thing. This comes and stays through love. How many dwarfs there are in God's church now. They have not grown one inch spiritually in twenty years. If our hearts are full of love, we are bound to grow. Many other graces pass away, but love is eternal. The most selfish man is the most miserable man. A man may be miserly with his money, but no man can be miserly with love. Love creates love. The more we love, the more we will be loved. Love must show itself. Love demonstrates its presence by action. Our lives, after all, are mere echoes. I speak harsh to a man, and he will speak harsh to me. If a man has bad neighbors it is his own fault. If a woman has bad servants it is her own fault. If we make others happy we will be happy ourselves. If you are not happy,

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go and buy all the poor people near you a turkey for Christmas. "He that noticeth others shall be noticed also himself." If you want to get your own soul above its own troubles, go and do good to some unhappy soul. If we do this work, I believe we will have to do it in this world. There will be no tears to wipe away, or sorrows to assuage, or afflictions to remedy in the other world. This work is for this world. It is a blessed work. It is the best investment a man can make. It pays an hundred fold. Labors of love demonstrate better than the church membership that we are in the Master's service. This is the Master's business. Though my way through life has often been through graveyards and through glooms, I have loved and I have been loved, and I know that life is worth living. Love is the fulfilling of the law; the end of the gospel commandment; the bond of perfectness. Without it, whatever be our attainments, professions or sacrifices, we are nothing. Love obliterates the differences in education, wealth, station, religion, politics and nationality. It is a promoter of peace and harmony; it cultivates the social graces; it makes friends of strangers and brothers of acquaintances; it softens the asperities of life; it worships at the shrine of piety, and recognizes the omnipotence of God and the immortality of man. It is religious not sectarian, patriotic but not partisan. It glows by the fireside, radiant with perpetual joy. It glorifies God in worship and in song. It blesses humanity in genial mirth and human sympathies. It is a perennial fountain at which the old may drink and grow strong. It is a daily benediction to its devotees, and, like "a thing of beauty, is a joy forever." It stands like the statue of liberty, a beacon light to the tempest-tossed and wayfaring mariner and brother, pointing him the way to the haven of refuge, to the right living and right doing.

Oh love, thou mightiest gift of God; thou white-winged trust in Him who doeth all things well; thou one light over His darkest providences, lingering to cheer when all else has passed away, thy whisper upon the dull ear of night. But alas! this world was made to break hearts in, while love was sent from heaven to heal them. The precious balm, though, is so scarce that many must die for want of it. Oh, the might-have-been! What human soul has not sung that dirge? Verily, the winds come, howling it by like an invisible band of mourners from the grave of all things. Alas! is anything in this life real, or are we indeed shadows, and this world altogether a shadowy land, while the blackened skies above give us only glimpses of a far-off better home, better friends and better love? Alas! Heaven's loudest complaint to mortals is ever for lack of love. Even He who sitteth upon the throne of thrones knoweth what it is to stretch out His arms in utter desertion of no one to love Him, no one to seek Him, and no one to fear Him—"no, not one."

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Then as we may best show our love to Him by loving one another, is it not well that we commence loving those around us at once? Ah! yes, and like the ambitious vine, do thou reach out all thy tendril thoughts to what is nearest, the while aspiring to the oak or the pine of the loftier trust, even the faith of Abraham that was accounted unto him for righteousness. Would I had some new phrase for love, some new figure for hope! How lonely and weary must that life be without love, how tasteless all its joys, and how vacant every scene. If we have the spirit of love we will live for others. Auguste Comte inscribed on the first page of his work, "Politique Positive," wherein he depicted in systematic form, life that had been forming itself throughout human history, these words: "Order and progress—live for others." The force of this thought is, in accord with Odd-Fellowship, which teaches love of our kind, love of right, zeal for the good.

Man's happiness consists in living as a social being, living for self in order to more truly live for others. This is summed up in the word humanity. But affection, as the true motor force of life, must have a foundation, must stir us not only to the right things, but to the right means; in other words, action must be guided by knowledge. Improvement must be the aim of social life, as it is the incentive to individual effort. It is not enough to desire the good, or to know how to achieve it, we must labor for it. Associated effort gives the opportunity for gaining grander results than centuries of divided activity. The conception of humanity has grown nobler. The good of the vast human whole is now acknowledged as the end of all social union. Humanity embodies love; the object of our activity; the source of what we have; the ruler of the life under whose span we work, and suffer and enjoy.

All religions, all social systems worthy of the name, have sought to regulate human nature and perfect the organization of society by proclaiming as their principles the cultivation of some grand social sentiments. Philosophers, moralists, preachers have united in saying: "Base your life upon a noble feeling, if you are to live aright; base the state upon a generous devotion of its members to some great ideal, if it is to prosper and be strong." All have agreed that the difference of life could only be harmonized by placing action under the stimulus of high unselfish passion. Odd-Fellowship has grown strong under this governing law. The banner it bears aloft proclaims sentiments that are attractive to all the nations of the earth. We are strong in as far as we truly interpret, for the good of humanity, this elevated aim, this devotion to fraternal ends.



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Compte defines religion as consisting of three parts—a belief, a worship, and a rule of life—of which all three are equal, and each as necessary as any other. As is truly said, “Society can not be touched without knowledge; and the knowledge of social organization of humanity is a vast and perplexing science. The race, like every one of us, is dependent on the laws of life, and the study of life is a mighty field to master.” Enthusiasm of humanity would be but shallow did it not impel us to efforts to learn how to serve—demanding the best of conduct, brain and heart. The power of Odd-Fellowship lies in its fraternity. It goes forward with irresistible magnetism when its fraternal principles are truly interpreted. It furnishes to men a strong union, where general intelligence, by attrition, is increased; it provides a high moral standard; its objective action is such as touches the common heart of humanity; and by its grand co-operative system it gives the finest means of securing those advantages that tend to the securement of material comfort and mental and spiritual peace and happiness.

Drummond says: “Love is the greatest thing in the world.” Read what Paul says about it in I Cor., xiii: “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up: Doth not behave itself unseemly; Seeketh not her own. Is not easily provoked. Thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love.”

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The more I study Odd-Fellowship, the more I become convinced that I have just crossed the threshold, and that new truths and sublime lessons await me, of which I never dreamed. Brothers, there is hidden treasure in our order for which we must dig. It must be brought to the surface. We must know more of the beauties of this great organization of ours. "The greatest thing," says some one, "a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children." "I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered. How super-abundantly it pays itself back—for there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable, as love. Love is success. Love is happiness. Love is life." "Where love is, God is. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God. God is love. Therefore love." "Without distinction, without calculation, without procrastination, love. Lavish it upon the poor, where it is very easy; especially upon the rich, who often need it most; most of all upon our equals, where it is very difficult, and for whom perhaps we each do least of all. There is a difference between trying to please and giving pleasure. Give pleasure. Lose no chance of giving pleasure. For that is the ceaseless and anonymous triumph of a truly loving spirit. I shall pass through this world but once. Any good things that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. We can be Odd-Fellows only while we act like honest men."

Every Odd-Fellow ought to be a "gentleman." Do you know the meaning of the word "gentleman"? "It means a gentleman—a man who does things gently, with love. And that is the whole art and mystery of it. The gentleman can not in the nature of things do an ungentle, an ungentlemanly thing." "Love doth not behave itself unseemly." Life is full of opportunities for learning love. Every man and woman every day has a thousand of them. There is an eternal lesson for us all, "how better we can love." What makes a good artist, a good sculptor, a good musician? Practice. What makes a man a good man, a man of love? Practice. Nothing else. If a man does not exercise his arm he develops no biceps muscle; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul, no strength of character, no vigor of moral fibre, nor beauty of spiritual growth. Love is not a thing of enthusiastic emotion. It is a rich, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole round Christian character—the Christ-like nature in its fullest development. And the constituents of this great character are only to be built up by ceaseless practice. To love abundantly is to live abundantly, and to love forever is to live forever. We want to live forever for the same reason that we want to live tomorrow.

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Why do you want to live tomorrow? It is because there is some one who loves you, and whom you want to see tomorrow, and be with, and love back. There is no other reason why we should live on than that we love and are beloved. It is when a man has no one to love him that he commits suicide. The reason why, in the nature of things, love should be the supreme thing—because it is going to last; because in the nature of things it is an eternal life. It is a thing that we are living now, not that we get when we die; that we shall have a poor chance of getting when we die unless we are living now.

No worse fate can befall a man in this world than to live and grow old alone, unloving and unloved. At any cost cultivate a loving nature. Then you will find as you look back upon your life that the moments when you have really lived are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love. As memory scans the past, above and beyond all the transitory pleasures of life, there leap forward those supreme hours when you have been enabled to do unnoticed kindnesses to those around about you, things too trifling to speak about, but which you feel have entered into your eternal life. I have seen almost all the beautiful things God has made; I have enjoyed almost every pleasure that He has planned for man; and yet as I look back I see standing out above all the life that has gone, four or five short experiences when the love of God reflected itself in some poor imitation, some small act of love of mine, and these seem to be the things which alone of all one's life abide. Everything else in all our lives is transitory. Every other good is visionary. But the acts of love which no man knows about, or can ever know about—they fail not.

Odd-Fellowship ought to grow. The kinship of the human race—how beautiful a thought! Without mutual aid the race would perish. Think of it. Throughout life you are dependent upon your fellow-man. Who can live without a friend? When you have no money and no home, where, brothers, will you find food and shelter? When low with fever, the tongue parched, the brain wandering, who will give you water, bathe your throbbing temples, and watch over you lest you die? See the old man. The frosts of seventy winters have whitened his head; his eye is dim; his limbs tremble; reason and memory fail; he is an infant again. He goes down to the valley of the shadow of death. Who shall lead him and comfort his weary soul? Who lay his body gently and reverently in the grave, and sod it over with green grass? So with us all. A man alone in the world, without a human being who cares whether he live or die! Not a hand to touch, nor a voice to hear, nor a smile to receive! Human affections forever sealed to him; no fireside; no home with father, mother, brothers, sisters; no little children, no son to be proud of; no daughters to caress; no “good night;” no “good morning.” Who could bear it? The sun could not warm such a man. The brightest days and the greenest fields could not give him pleasure. Better chain him on a rock in mid-ocean and leave him to the vultures, than thus rob him of his kinship with the human race.

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This world is beautiful, and it is full of priceless sympathies. All creation is glorious with melody. The morning stars, saith the Bible, sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy when it was made. The universe of stars, and suns, and planets and globes, swing harmoniously through space. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father's notice; not a soul yearns, or sorrows, or rejoices, but He knoweth it. He hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell together on the face of the earth. We are bound to each other by indissoluble ties. It is a law of nature that we must all work for each other. Though ten thousand miles apart; though oceans roll between us and continents divide us, we labor not for ourselves alone. You plow the furrow in California and sow the wheat for your brother in Louisiana, while he plants the cane and cotton for you. The good Siberian is this day roaming over snows and ice, hunting the otter and gathering furs, that you may be warm. Men are diving in the Persian gulf for pearls to grace your wives and daughters. The silkworm of India and China may have spun the threads of your dress, the Frenchman may have woven it; the hardy mariner braved the seas to bring it here. Truly, we are brothers. A common Father brought us all into this world, and to a common Father we all go. Let us, then, help one another, in money (if need be), in education, in sympathy.

There is one feature of the order we desire to emphasize, and that is its full sympathy with those that labor and toil. No reference would do justice to the order that did not emphasize this fact. It is its pride and glory. It is from this class its membership is chiefly drawn. It was with this class it originated, the first lodge in the United States having been organized by half a dozen humble mechanics; Thomas Wildey, their leader, was a blacksmith. You see it had no aristocratic origin, and its broad and catholic sympathy, its popularity with this class is explained. They know its value, and have seen its active charity and experienced its beneficence. A man who has no sympathy with the humble and the lowly, a man of mean and narrow heart, will find no congenial dwelling place in our lodges. The true Odd-Fellow is a man of heart; his hand is open to every worthy appeal of the needy, and he is honest and upright in his life. It enforces no religious or political tests; in these every member is free; but it does teach and urge its members to be grateful to their Creator and loyal to their country. In conclusion, let me urge upon the living, fidelity to the teachings of Odd-Fellowship. If these are respected it will make you better citizens, better husbands, better fathers, better men. It is a cultivation of the heart and the better feelings, and expands our humanity. If you are poor, it will come to you, or your family, sometimes as a benefaction. If you are rich, you can afford to give, and with a good Odd-Fellow that is more blessed than to receive.

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I want to say here what I have often said in the lodge-room. I love Odd-Fellowship, above all, for the heart there is in it. For its display on the street and its pageantry I care but little. I shrink from it rather than follow it. But its benevolence, its active charity, and its mission of good will, I admire. When death's unwelcome presence rests within our portals, and obedient to his call a loved one has gone hence, we should give the mortal remains of the departed brother a decent sepulture; fondly cherish the remembrance of his virtues, and bury his frailties "beneath the clods which rest upon his bosom." We should then direct our thoughts and cares to the desolate home, where the widow, clad in the robes of grief, her heart cords broken and bleeding, is weeping over earth's only idol, now lost to earth forever. Then, too, should we extend the helping hand to the fatherless children, and endeavor to so direct their steps that their paths may be paths of usefulness and honor. These are the imperative duties. But our ministrations of charity and benevolence should by no means be confined exclusively within the pale of the order. This crowded world, with its eager millions, maddened with ambition's unquenchable fires, trampling under foot and well-nigh smothering each other in the great rush of competitive strife, is full of poor unfortunates, daily appealing for generous sympathy and assistance.

Though not members, it may be, of our peculiar family, yet the poorest, the humblest, the most wretched, is a human being—"the master-piece of His handiwork"—and, as such, demands our aid and comfort as far as practicable. Life has been compared to a river. Aye, and beneath its murky waters lurk countless reefs and shoals. Many a beautiful bark, sailing, seemingly, under the very star of hope, dashes upon them, and is lost. All along its shores are scattered the wrecks of stranded vessels, once laden with joyous hopes and brilliant prospects. Odd-Fellowship renders the passage of this river safe by a bridge of mystic form,

"On one side is friendship planted—  
Truth upon the other shore;  
Love, the arch that spans the current,  
Bears each brother safely o'er."

It should be the most pleasing duty of Odd-Fellows to point our fellow-travelers to this beautiful and stately arch; to lead thitherward their weary steps. Such would be assistance more permanent than can be rendered by silver or gold. The time is certain to come when every young man is thrown back upon himself—must leave the tranquil security of the parental home, and seek a refuge among strangers. When beyond the reach of family influence—beyond the reach of that tender providence which so carefully guarded him from vice, and soothed his griefs and sympathized with all his youthful aspirations and pleasures—when this influence ceases to surround him, what will continue its ministry of love? What will be to him father, mother, brother, sister—home?

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Will society? No! Society to its deepest core is selfish, corrupt, unnatural and unloving? Society will not, and can not. He is in the great world—allurements and temptations are rife around him—he is sick and in distress, and must suffer alone, with no one to console him with a word of comfort, sympathy, or love; he has no attention but such as money will purchase—he dies, and the cold eyes of strangers only look upon the grave, if, indeed, a grave he has. This is a life picture, and it is at this point the beauty and utility of Odd-Fellowship is seen, for the order is a vast family circle, spread throughout the community; always powerful and efficient to preserve those who are brought within the sphere of its influence. He who is a member of this fraternity may go where his father's counsel and his mother's care can not reach him, but he can not go beyond the reach of that larger family to which he belongs! Silently and invisibly, yet with unslumbering assiduity, Odd-Fellowship watches over him, and by its wise counsels, its tender sympathies and rational restraints, saves him from the ways of vice.

Mythic story tells us that the ancient gods invisibly and secretly followed their favorites in all their wanderings, and when exposed to danger, or threatened with destruction, would unveil themselves in their awful beauty and power, and stand forth to preserve them from harm or to avenge their wrongs. Odd-Fellowship realizes this myth of the pagan gods; she surrounds all her children with her preserving presence, and reveals herself always in the hour of peril, sickness or distress. Nowhere in our country can a true Odd-Fellow feel himself alone, friendless or forsaken. The invisible, but helpful arms of our order surround him wherever he may be. And should he be overtaken by illness or misfortune, be he in any part of the country, and never so poor, he will, if he makes his wants known, receive as a right the necessary assistance, and friends to watch over him with fraternal solicitude. And should he fall a victim to disease, the brothers of charity will be there to close his eyes, and with solemn, yet hopeful, heaven-born rites, consign his body to the repose of the silent tomb. Odd-Fellowship is an embodiment of family love and affection, and is the only substitute for home influence, and the only green spot in the dreary waste of life which binds these brothers to the tender practice of every virtue—guides in prosperity and health, and as a ministering angel bends over them with tenderest pity in their chamber of suffering. True, there are sorrows which it can not reach—there are griefs which it can not remove; notwithstanding, it still pursues its way, imparts its healthful influence, and accomplishes its beautiful and holy ministry of benevolence and charity. If it can not heal the wounds of misfortune, it administers the balm of sympathy, friendship and love. My dear reader, learn to give encouragement to those around you.



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Everybody feels the need of encouragement, from the humblest artisan to the king on his throne. We hear of the choice spirits who have been the world's idols, how they came up through terrible trials alone and almost unaided, setting aside obstacles that would have crushed others, and fighting their way to the very pinnacle of fame. Aye! but great as they were, they needed and received encouragement. In some part of their poor home they saw the smile that spoke the hearty appreciation of the genius, though, perhaps, the lips said nothing. Even West left on record, "my mother's smile made me a painter." The encouragement of a little child will send the blood more warmly to the heart, and even the appreciation of a poor dumb brute is worth its gaining. Give encouragement. Everybody needs it—men, women and even children. Oh! how many a dear little heart has been chilled into ice when the coarse laugh has greeted its rude hieroglyphics in the first attempt to portray its ideal. The child sees warm visions of sunlight and beauty in those uncouth angles. Whole minds of thought lie concealed under those strange shapes. To the young mind's eye they are wonders, and the tiny fingers have built monuments that deserve not to be thrown down so rudely, when a smile that costs nothing would have left them standing to be finished into finer shape and more classical proportions in the years that are to come. You do a positive injury to the dullest child when you reward his little efforts with contempt. It is a wrong that can never be repaired, for the disheartment that strikes the happy spirit, flushed with the consciousness of having achieved something new and great, comes up in after time with the very same vividness at every trivial disappointment. Give encouragement. You men of business, who know so well what a good, hearty "go ahead," coupled with a frank, merry face, will do in your own case—give encouragement to the young beginner, who starts nervously at the bottom of the race, and who, though he may put a bold outside on, quakes at the center of his being with the dread that among so many competitors he shall always be left in the rear. Hold out your hand to him as if you thought the world was really large enough for two, and bid him God-speed. Tell him to come to you if he feels the need of a friend to advise with him. Don't emulate your sign in overshadowing him. Out upon these mean, cringing souls who would grudge God's sunlight if it shone upon a piece of merchandise as good as their own. They are poor, barren wretches, who plow furrows only in their own cheeks, and plant wrinkles on their brows. Above all things, if you have any tenderness or compassion, encourage your pastor, your physician, and your editor. Suppose, once in a while, they do, in expressing their own honest views, say something that conflicts a little with your own starved or plethoric notions. Suppose they do dare to tell you the truth sometimes in a way that makes you cringe, and you say to yourself, "he has no business to be personal," when the poor man never thought that his homely coats would fit; don't grow cold, and cast sheep's eyes, and nudge somebody's elbow in a corner, and whisper all around, and say complacently, "Yes, Brother A. is a good man—but—"

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Those “buts” and “ifs” ought to be christened intellectual revolvers, for they kill more reputations than any other two words in the English language. We have known instances where pastors and editors and others have felt weary of living, from having to encounter the spirit of discouragement among their brethren; and oh! how many wives, husbands and children, are dying deaths daily from this same prolific source of suffering. Give encouragement, then, wherever and whenever you can, and you will find that you have not lived in vain. If God blesses those who offer but a cup of cold water in charity, how much more will He regard the kind heart that has refreshed a weary spirit fainting by the way. Death quickens recollections painfully. The grave can not hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and the green mound are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife’s or mother’s grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then, and he sees as never before what it is to love and to be loved; what it is to injure the feelings of the loved.

Let us deal gently with those around us. Remember every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home; a breach made in some happy circle; a jewel stolen from some treasury of love; each day from summer fields of life some harvester disappears—yea, every hour some sentinel falls from his post and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity. Even as I write, the funeral of one who died yesterday winds like a winter shadow along some silent street. Daily, when we rise from the bivouac to stand at our posts, we miss some brother soldier whose cheering cry in the sieges and struggles of the past has been as fire from heaven upon our hearts. Each day some pearl drops from the jeweled thread of friendship—some harp to which we have listened has been hushed forever. Love, however, annihilates death even; blots away all record of time and creates the world it lives in; conjures back arms to embrace, lips to kiss, and eyes to smile, whispers its own praises and breathes its own names of endearment. Thus, love maketh the light to our dreams and planteth hope in the midst of our sorrow. In darkness and in danger, too, love cometh to us ever, ever, now warning, now chiding, now blessing, and always safely guarding. Love lightens labor, shortens distance and quickens time. Love teaches us to forgive, helps us to forget and whitens the memory of all things. Love paints every hope, brightens every scene and maketh beautiful whatsoever it shines on. Love is wisdom. Love is high. Love is holy. Love is God. Love gloweth in the hearts of the angels, wreathes the smiles on their brows and melts the kisses on their lips. Love is the light of the beautiful beyond.

## GEMS OF BEAUTY



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More hopeful than all wisdom is one draught of human pity that will not forsake us.

Laughing is one of the products of civilization. In the uncivilized tribes laughter is entirely unknown.

Let him who neglects to raise the fallen fear lest, when he falls, no one will stretch out his hand to lift him up.

Time is a species of wealth which it is impossible for us to hoard, but which we may spend to good advantage.

Character is the eternal temple that each one begins to rear, yet death can only complete it. The finer the architecture, the more fit for the indwelling of angels.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two can not be separated with impunity.—*John Ruskin*.

Don't moralize to a man who is on his back. Help him up, set him firmly on his feet, and then give him advice and means.

There is a pleasure in contemplating good; there is a greater pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure of all is in doing good, which comprehends the rest.

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to navigate a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without observation of the heavenly bodies.

Most people keep too strong a hold of their personality to be able to forget themselves in their subject; they carry an unacknowledged self-consciousness along with them. If to be single-minded is to have an undivided interest in things, they are not single-minded.

Real affection is independent. A woman may passionately love a man who does not care for her, and men have gone mad for the sake of women who were indifferent to them. That affection which survives coldness or even contempt on the part of the subject is a stronger proof of its strength than jealousy, however well founded.

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals, and to have a deference for others governs our manners.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people pay you, and what people think of you.

One great impediment to the rapid dissemination of new truths is that a knowledge of them would convict many sage professors of having long promulgated error.

The leaves that give out the sweetest fragrance are those that are the most cruelly crushed; so the hearts of those who have suffered most can feel for others' woes.

Each of us can so believe in humanity in general as to contribute to that pressure which constantly levers up the race; can surround ourselves with an atmosphere optimistic rather than the contrary.—*Selected*.

He who has more knowledge than good works is like a tree with many branches and few roots, which the first wind throws on its face; while he who does more than he says is like a tree with strong roots and few branches, which all the winds can not uproot.—*Talmud*.

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If we waited until it was perfectly convenient, half of the good actions of life would never be accomplished, and very few of its successes.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track, but one inch between wreck and smooth rolling prosperity.

Prayer is the key of day and lock of the night; and we should every day begin and end, bid ourselves good morrow and good night, with prayer.

In order to love mankind, expect but little from them; in order to view their faults without bitterness, pardon them. The wisest men have always been the most indulgent.

There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers, but ere the pure and fresh buds can open they are trodden in the dust of the earth, and lie soiled and crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof.

Many of the men we calmly set down as failures may have been doing as much as those who have made ten times as much noise in the world. A great deal of the best work in the world is anonymous, if we do not confine the term to writing.

To a man of brave sentiments midnight is as bright as noonday, for the illumination is within.

That man who lives in vain lives worse than vain. He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.—*Nevins*.

Labor is the law of the world, and he who lives by other men's means is of less value to the world than the buzzing, busy insect.

Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but pride runneth deeper; it is coiled as a poisonous worm about the foundation of the soul.—*Tupper*.

The integrity of the heart, when it is strengthened by reason, is the principal source of justice and wit; an honest man thinks nearly always justly.

Be firm, but be not too hasty to decide; weigh well before you act, but, having weighed, act promptly, and abide the result. This is the test of judgment.

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Success never did, never will come to that young man who knows everything—in his own opinion.

In love, as in everything else, truth is the strongest of all things, and frankness is but another name for truth.

Frequent disappointment teaches us to mistrust our own inclination, and shrink even from vows our hearts may prompt.

For children there is no leave-taking, for they acknowledge no past, only the present, that to them is full of the future.

To love, in order to be loved in return, is man, but to love for the pure sake of loving, is almost the characteristic of an angel.

Fond as a man is of sight-seeing, life is the great show for every man—the show always wonderful and new to the thoughtful.

The sweetest book in all the world, if properly read, is the Bible. Its leaves are as fragrant as a bed of violets in full bloom.

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Pity gilds mortality with rays of immortal light, and through faith enables its possessor to triumph over sin, sorrow, tribulation and death.

If we can not live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness.—  
*Fichte.*

Little by little fortunes are accumulated; little by little knowledge is gained; little by little character and reputation are achieved.

Don't rely for success upon empty praise. The swimmer upon the stream of life must be able to keep afloat without the aid of bladders.

Industry—In seeking a situation, remember that the right kind of men are always in demand, and that industry and capacity rarely go empty-handed.

Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do what is right.

To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if a man should put off eating from one day to another till he is starved.

A man loved by a beautiful and virtuous woman carries a talisman that renders him invulnerable; every one feels that such a one's life has a higher value than that of others.

The great beauty of charity is privacy; there is a sweet force, even in an anonymous penny.

Every heart has its secret sorrows, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he was only sad.

A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care; it should be made with the heart and kept with the head.

"The mind of a young creature," says Berkely, "can not remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to use even that which is bad."

We all see at sunset the beautiful colors streaming all over the western sky, but no eyes can behold the hand that overturns the urns whence these streams are poured.

We often live under a cloud, and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts. We want shade and rain to cool and refresh them.



Poverty is very terrible to you, and kills the soul in you sometimes; but it is the north wind that lashed men into vikings; it is the soft, luscious south wind that lulls to lotus dreams.

There is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

It has been justly said nothing in man is so Godlike as doing good to our fellows.—  
*Selected.*

Contentment swells a mite into a talent, and makes even the poor richer than the Indies.  
—*Addison.*

Never was a sincere word utterly lost, never a magnanimity fell to the ground; there is some heart always to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

There are people who often talk of the humbleness of their origin, when they are really ashamed of it, though vain of the talent which enabled them to emerge from it.

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A witty old deacon put it thus: "Now, brethren, let us get up a supper and eat ourselves rich. Buy your food, then give it to the church; then go and buy it back again; then eat it up, and your church debt is paid."

Self-sacrifice is the essential mark of the Christian, and the absence of it is sufficient at once to condemn the man who calls himself by that name and yet has it not, and to declare that he has no right to it.—*Bolton*.

There are many comfortable people in the world, but to call any man perfectly happy is an insult.

Women often make light of ruin. Give them but the beloved objects, and poverty is but a trifling sorrow to bear.—*Thackeray*,

Independence is a name for what no man possesses; nothing in the animate or inanimate world is more dependent than man.

Wealth is to be used only as an instrument of action, not as the representative of civil honors and moral excellence.—*Jane Porter*.

There is nothing purer, nothing warmer than our first friendship, our first love, our first striving after truth, our first feeling for nature.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

Shakespeare is as much out of the category of eminent authors as he is out of the crowd. He is inconceivably wise; the others conceivably.—*Representative Men*.

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify a man for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

It is not work that hurts men. It is the corrosion of uncertainty; it is the anticipation of trouble; it is living in a state of painful apprehension. Therefore we should endeavor to rise out of the atmosphere of gloomy forebodings. The man who is lifted above fear and its whole brood of mischief can go through twice as much trouble as a man who is subject to its influence.

He that looks out upon life from a sour or severe disposition, with hard and stringent notions, is ill prepared to meet the experiences of the world; but he who has the sweetness of hope, he who has an imagination lit up with cheerfulness, he who has the sense of humor which softens all things—he who has this atmosphere of the mind—has made himself superior to accident. As the angel described by Milton, who was smitten by the sword, and whose wounds healed as soon as the sword was withdrawn, so ought man to be; and when he receives a spear thrust in life, no sooner should the spear be withdrawn than his flesh ought to "close and be itself again."

A married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, although all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is monarch.



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### HUSBAND AND FATHER

Miss Frances Power Cobb is right, and she is wrong, when she says: "It is a woman, and only a woman—a woman all by herself, if she likes, and without any man to help her—who can turn a house into a home." She is unquestionably right in her judgment, that it is a woman who can, if she will, turn a house into a home, but she is much in the wrong in her assertion that it is a woman all by herself, without any man to help her, who can effect such a beneficial transformation. Woman possesses magical powers in the way of building up a home; but home naturally implies the presence and protection of man—and it is man himself, if he likes, and without any woman to help him, who can give that home a semblance of that place where, as some people believe, the wicked suffer after they have "shuffled off this mortal coil." The husband can never make the home, but he can succeed most admirably, if so he choose, to unmake it, to banish its happiness and comfort, to exile from it its ministering angels of peace and content, to shatter woman's sweet and blessed work to its very foundation. Let the wife concentrate, all day long, all her care and ingenuity and love upon building up her little paradise at home, let her hands be ever so busy in strewing fresh flowers around the domestic hearth, let her heart be ever so happy throughout the day in the discharge of her domestic duties, let her countenance be ever so beaming in her sweet anticipation of the happy smile of appreciation, of the kind word of sympathy and encouragement, which shall be her reward when her husband returns; and then see this star in her domestic firmament enter, sulking and surly, blind to all that her busy hands have so lovingly prepared, grim and gruff to her and the little ones, who have been fitted up in their neatest and cleanest, in which to welcome their father's return, and then see whether you can agree with Miss Cobb's assertion "that it is a woman, and only a woman—a woman all by herself, if she likes, and without any man to help her—who can turn a house into a home." See how her heart sinks, how her voice, full of mirth and glee and music before his coming, dies in her throat, how the little ones, full of merriment all day long, tremblingly hide in the corner, or withdraw from the room; see how the intrusion of this grim spectre of malcontent shuts the door upon domestic peace and happiness, and withers every pious resolve to make home the dearest, sweetest, most contented and most sacred spot on earth, and then calculate how long, under such disheartening surroundings, woman will be able all by herself, and without any man to help her, to prevent her house from becoming anything and everything except a home.

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While studying language, I observed that most of my mistakes in grammar occurred in the feminine gender, and thinking over the cause of it, it dawned upon me that, belonging to the masculine sex, I was in the habit of thinking in that gender, and that my teachers were men, and that my text-books and grammars had been written by men, and that the masculine gender predominated so strongly in the exercises, that it was but natural for me to make the greatest number of mistakes in the gender to which the least attention had been given. When dealing with the social and domestic question, the unbiased among us can not but observe a similar failing. Many a serious mistake has been made by man when speaking or writing concerning women, because our speakers and writers and preachers and teachers belonged from the very beginning of civilization, almost exclusively to the masculine sex, a sex which has never tired in exalting itself at the expense of the weaker sex, in emphasizing woman's inferiority to man, in asserting its rights, and in complaining about its wrongs, and as woman did not write or speak for herself, we have heard but little of her side of the story, know next to nothing of her just rights and of her grievous wrongs, seldom dream that she, too, has rights that must be respected, and suffers wrongs that must be corrected.

The universities, colleges and all great institutions of learning of this and other lands refused, until quite recently, to recognize woman as a human being possessing a mind in need of training, and therefore excluded her from their privileges, and the order of Odd-Fellows partook of the same spirit and excluded the better half of the human race from its lodge-rooms. Man had ever been a selfish, conceited, cowardly tyrant from the day in which our father Adam disgraced his sex by taking without question the forbidden fruit; and, after eating it, crying with selfish, pusillanimous cowardice: "The woman thou gavest to be with me gave me of the tree and I did eat," and he has always sought to make and keep woman an inferior, dependent, submissive slave. To this end he has striven to keep her in ignorance, exclude her from all the avenues of knowledge, and then, because she did not possess the knowledge that he had forbidden her, proclaimed throughout the world that she was mentally inferior to man, and in consequence unfit to be admitted to the various institutions and associations in which men sought to improve their minds.

The object of Odd-Fellowship is to improve and elevate the character of man, to enlighten his mind and enlarge the sphere of his affections, and of course woman, as being mentally weak and naturally inferior to man, was excluded from its sacred precincts. Now, however, things are changed; nearly all educational institutions worthy of mention admit women, and the Rebekah of today, emulating the Rebekah of old, will be hand in hand with her brothers in all good works. She will accompany him on his errands of mercy, watch beside the bedside of anguish, foregoing pleasure to follow in the path of duty.

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I would have every man know—who has a wife—that “mutual benefit from harmonious partnership work” is an axiom in as full a sense as “in union there is strength.”

There are two sides to every question, and in this article I shall deal with the woman's side. I want to present especially the wife's side of the question to every Odd-Fellow, hoping that it will be of lasting benefit in many ways. I know full well that only one accustomed to deal with high and holy things, one whose glance is ever at sacred things, one who, as it were, administers the treasures of the kingdom of God, can fittingly touch this subject. It would be easy for me to be a cheap wit, to rake up the old scandal of Mother Eve, to even declaim with windy volubility that a woman betrayed the capital, that a woman lost Mark Anthony the world and left old Troy in ashes. But far be it from me! Rather would I assume a loftier mood; rather would I strike a loftier note, and, with blind Homer, beg for an unwearied tongue to chant the praise of woman. It is true Eve lost us Eden, but in that garden of monotonous delight, had we been born there, we would never have truly known what woman is. O, Felix Culpa! O, happy fault! that has shown the world the mines of rich affection of woman's heart, that else would never have been discovered. O, happy fault, that has shown the world a wealth of woman's nature, her capability for love, the radiance of her tenderness, her infinite pity, her unswerving devotion, the solace of her presence in sickness and sorrow, the depth and sweetness of her mercy.

A river of pure delight flowed through paradise, but blind Adam never saw it, never dreamed of it until the flaming sword cut him off forever; but he has since drank of it, and so has every man who has ever tasted the sacramental wine of woman's true affection. The seamy side of life has been laid bare to me. Its sorrows and its anguishes have I often witnessed, but into that pool of Bethesida of the world's anguish, with healing do I see ever come an angel, a pitying woman. The influence of wife and mother is ever near me; their faces are the most lovely; their hearts the most tender of all in this world—my mother and my wife. And for their sake, and for the sake of all the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, whom I daily meet doing good, I long and I earnestly yearn for the eloquence and grace to half express the thoughts that rise within me of what the world owes woman.

To me every good woman is the fair fulfillment of dreamed delight. She is the first at the cross and the last at the grave. All that is highest and best in the world is nurtured and fed by the milk of her nobility. The Christ of all greatness and hope was born of a woman. The noble women of the world! O, would that the days of chivalry were not past, that I might unsheath a lance in their name, for their glory! But in our more prosaic days, what can I do but let the will suffice for the

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deed, and say to the woman, "God bless you." I propose to let her speak for herself today. I propose to accept her invitation to accompany her through the various spheres of her domestic life, and see whether she alone is responsible for that vice and crime and misfortune which moralists and superintendents of penal and charity institutes trace back to neglects at home; whether it is always the wife and mother that is responsible for unhappiness in marriage and for the increase of divorces; whether the husbands and fathers are always the saints and martyrs, or whether they are not very, very often the root of the whole evil themselves.

We retrace our steps and begin with our observations of the husband and father a few months prior to that solemn day, on which he plighted his vows of protection and faithfulness, on which he took into his care and trust a woman's life and happiness, on which he sacredly promised, in the name of God, and in the presence of witnesses, to love her, to honor and cherish her, to provide for her, to be faithful to her in all his obligations as husband, in youth and in old age, in sunshine and in darkness, in prosperity and in adversity. We make first his acquaintance in the happy days of his courtship. He is burning with love. He is the facsimile of Shakespeare's lover, "sighing like a furnace." Her praises are on his lips always. He avows himself her slave and worships her as a goddess. It is in her company alone that he can find happiness. Whether at home or in society, he is always at her side. Life is dreary where she is not. He wonders how he could have lived so long, or how he could continue existence, without her. How regular and how punctual he is in his calls, and how he scowls at the clock for running away with time so fast! Not a wish does she express, no matter how unreasonable and extravagant, but he eagerly gratifies it. How numerous his little attentions and his kind remembrances! How thoughtful of her birthday, and how lavish in floral tributes and costly presents! How numerous and how lengthy his letters when separated! How sweet their moonlight walks and talks! How bright her future, which he maps out! How many the pledges which he breathes forth between his ardent kisses; never a harsh word shall break on her ear, never a wish of hers shall be ungratified, never a trouble shall mar her happiness; such a love as his has never been before, and will never be again; he only lives for her happiness; his affection will never cool, he will be a lover all his life; their whole wedded life will be one never-waning honeymoon.

In the drama the plot usually ends with marriage. At the instant when it is reached, when all obstacles are removed, the curtain falls, and the young people have no further existence for us. But in the practical world the play goes on. The curtain rises again, the same personages reappear, only they frequently play different parts, and what was before a comedy or a melo-drama often changes into a tragedy. Sad and tearful scenes are often enacted by them. The misery and pain are no longer inflicted by their former enemy, but by their own hands. He, who prior to marriage overcame almost insurmountable obstacles to make his lady fair his happy wife, now moves heaven and earth to make that wife as miserable as possible.

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A number of years have passed since last we observed the lover. He is husband and father now, but what a change these few years have wrought in him! Forgotten are the lover's vows. She that once his goddess was, is now his slave. The fulsome flatterer of former times has degenerated into a chronic fault-finder. With the change of her name has begun his change of treatment of her. Cast aside are the many courtesies and expressions of endearment that marked his conduct to her prior to marriage, and which were the thousand golden threads that day by day throughout their courtship wove their hearts closely into one. No bouquets and no costly gifts any more. The anniversary of her birth and of their wedding day passes by unnoticed by him. His former efforts to entertain her, to make himself agreeable to her, have altogether ceased. Rarer, and ever rarer, become his parting and his coming kiss, his "good-bye, dear," and his "good evening, darling." Fewer and fewer become his words of praise. Irksome becomes the task of staying at home. He, who once upon a time found life dreary where she was not, who vowed that in her company alone he found happiness, who could not await the evening that would bring him to her, who declared that his affection would never cool, and their whole wedded life would be one continuous honeymoon, now finds her company tedious, her home unattractive. He looks upon his home as his boarding and lodging-house, upon his wife as the kitchen scullion, or as the nurse of his children, for which services he generally allows her so many dollars a week. At the breakfast table his face is buried in the morning paper. He rises without interchanging a word with wife and child. Absent from home all day long, he is absent still, even when home in the evening. No sooner has he swallowed his meal, when he buries himself in the newspaper for the rest of the evening, or dozes on the sofa till bedtime, or he has an important business engagement down town, or some meeting to attend, or an important engagement brings other husbands to his house, where they transact any amount of business in the exchange of diamonds for hearts, and clubs for spades.

All day long she has been toiling hard in her home, toiling with hand and brain. She has been preacher and teacher, physician and druggist, provider and manager, cook and laundress. The children had to be attended to, purchases had to be made, the meals had to be provided, the servants to be looked after, the house to be gotten in order; there was mending and sewing and baking and cleaning and scrubbing and scouring, which had to be done; there were the children's lessons, and practicings that had to be looked after; there were the children's ailments that had to be cured, and there were the hundred other things the husband never dreams of, and which tax a woman's nerves and strength as much, and often more, than his occupation taxes him. But not a word of

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appreciation, not a look of sympathy and encouragement from him, who never tired to sing her praises before they were married, who vowed that never a harsh word should remotely break on her ear, never a trouble should mar her happiness. On the contrary, he has no end of faults to find, and she is doomed to listen to the same old harangue on economy and saving. She has been saving and stinting until she can save and stint no more. She has patched and mended and turned and altered until she could patch and mend and alter no more, and still the same complaints; the table costs too much, the dry goods store bills are too long, the seamstress comes into the house too often, the physician is consulted too much, and of such as these many more. Not a word does he say about the expensive cigars he smokes, the wines he drinks; about his frequent visits to the sample-room, and about the liberality with which he treats his friends there; about the sumptuous dinners he takes at noon in the down-town restaurant, while wife and children content themselves at home with a frugal lunch; about the money he loses at the card table, or in his bets on the games and races and politics. And of the children he takes but little notice. He has not seen them all day long, and he is too tired to be bothered with them in the evening. He must have his rest and quiet. The mother worried with them all day long, she may worry with them in the evening, too. It is enough for him to supply her with the means wherewith to care for their wants, further obligations he has none; these are a mother's duties, but not a father's.

They tell a story of a learned preacher who had isolated himself from his children on account of his dislike to their noise. One day, while taking a walk, he was attracted by the beauty and wonderful intelligence of a little boy. Inquiring of the nurse whose child it was, she answered, much astonished: "Your own, reverend sir, your own." Judging from the attention that some fathers bestow on their children, I am inclined to believe that this learned preacher has many an imitator among his sex, for whom not even the inexcusable excuse of absorption in studies can be set up. I have read of a business man, who one day thanked God that a commercial crisis had thrown him into bankruptcy. He said it afforded him an opportunity to stay at home for awhile, and get acquainted with his own family, and that for the first time he learned to know the true worth of his wife, and that he found his children the sweetest and dearest creatures that ever lived, and not for all the business of the world would he again deprive himself of their sweet association. Prior to his misfortune, or rather good fortune, his business had so absorbed him that he had altogether forgotten that there were sacred claims at home that demanded his interest and his service.



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Not all our orphaned children are in our orphan asylums, or under the supervision of "The Orphans' Guardians." There are more of them at home with their fathers and mothers, and especially among our well-to-do families. There are children growing up who scarcely know anything else of their father except that he is referred to during the day by their mother when they are bad, as that dread personage who would inflict a severe chastisement on them when he returns, or whose presence silences their fun and makes their own absence agreeable. He makes no effort to entertain them, takes no interest in their pleasures, in their progress at school. He is simply their punisher, but not their friend, and it is not at all surprising to see children growing up with a conception of their father such as that little boy had, who, when told by a minister of heaven, and of the meeting of the departed there, asked: "And will father be there?" On being told that "of course he would be there," he at once replied, "Then I don't want to go." Occasionally wife and husband spend an evening out, or they entertain company at home, and oh, what a transformation she observes in him. In other people's homes, or when other people are present, his stock of material for conversation is unlimited. Then and there he is full of fun, bright and cheerful; when alone with his wife he has scarcely a word to say; he moves about the house with the lofty indifference of a lord, and with a heartless disregard of every member of the household. At home he is cold and cross and boorish, in other women's parlors he is polite and considerate and engaging. He has a smile and a compliment for other women, none for his wife. If they attend an evening reception, he brings his wife there, and he takes her home; during the interval she has little, if any, of his company. She may be shy, she may be a stranger, she may not be much accustomed to society life, she may feel herself out of place in the gay assemblage, she may be unentertained or bored or annoyed, it matters not to him as long as he is having a good time with the boys, or is encircled by the ladies fair, who unanimously think him the most gallant of men, unrivaled in his wit and wisdom and conversational powers, and who secretly sigh if but their husbands were like him.

To such an extent is this wife-neglect carried on that a lady not long ago made a wager that, in nine cases out of ten, she would distinguish between married and unmarried couples. She won the wager. When asked to explain her method of discrimination, she said: "When you see a gentleman and a lady walking in silence side by side, it is a married couple; when their conversation is continuous and animated, and smile-and-laugh-provoking, they are single. When a gentleman sits next to a lady in the theatre, and never keeps his opera glass away from the boxes and galleries and stage, he is her husband; when his eyes rest more on her than on the stage, it is her lover. When a lady, who sits at the side of a gentleman, drops her glove, and she stoops to hunt it, it is a married couple; if he stoops quickly to pick it up it is an unmarried couple. When a lady plays, and a gentleman stands near her, and does not turn for her the pages of the music book, it is her husband; when you see his fingers in eager readiness to turn the leaf, it is not her husband."

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There is in every true woman a spark of divinity, which glows in her heart, and blazes into a most luminous light when a husband's love and respect and sympathy and appreciation and encouragement fan that spark into activity. But woe to the home where cruel hands quench that flame. The sun is the heater and illuminator of our whole solar system. The vast supplies which it sends forth daily must be compensated, or else it would soon expend itself, and our world would go to ruin. Nature, therefore, hurls millions of meteors every second into the sun's fiery furnace to keep up the supply of heat and light. The wife is the sun of the household. Her womanly attributes give the light and warmth and happiness of the home to all who cluster around her. But a wife's love and self-sacrifice for her home are not infinite. They soon exhaust themselves, where love is unreturned, where a husband is a tyrant, where self-sacrifice is unappreciated, where faithful and prudent industry is accepted as a labor of duty, and not as a labor of love, where she is simply regarded as his housekeeper, and not as his devoted helpmate, where his presence alone is sufficient to cast gloom and fear over the entire household. Woman was made to bless mankind, but also to be blessed in return; to make society better for forming a part thereof, but also to receive some recognition for her work.

Endurance is woman's prerogative. Suffering is her heirloom. Disasters, which would crush the spirit of man, often turn her heart to steel, and she performs deeds grand and heroic. Disheartened by continuous neglect, she will make heroic efforts to throw her influence all the more affectionately over her home. Wounded deeper and ever deeper, she will toil on, hiding from the world the pangs of wounded affection, "as the wounded dove will clasp its wings to its side and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals." But the shafts of continuous neglect will pierce her heart at last—a husband's continuous neglect extinguish, at last, the sacred flame upon the domestic hearth. She, too, finds home irksome. She, too, learns to find more pleasure abroad than in her home. She, too, thinks light of liberties and indiscretions. The grown children learn to emulate their parents' example, and seek their pleasures also abroad. The little children are left to servants to finish the corruption begun by parents. And so the home, the very spot designed by God to become the chief school of human virtue, the seminary of social affections, the keystone of the whole fabric of society, the germ-cell of civilization, becomes a hotbed of corruption, and almost as often on account of a husband's neglect and sins, as on account of a wife's ignorance or frailties or failings. Our stock of advice to wives and mothers seems inexhaustible. Almost every one of the stronger sex has his fling at woman, and his remedy to offer, which, if immediately followed, will at once eradicate unhappiness in marriage, decrease the number of divorces, and lessen vice and crime in society.



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Might not a little advice be also profitable to man? Is there not room for improvement in the stronger sex as well as in the weaker? Reform in the one sex will be of little benefit unless there is reform in the other sex as well. Our husbands and our fathers, too, need reforming, and that reform must begin very early in their lives, before yet they enter into marriage, before yet they enter upon the days of their courtship. Our young men need curbing. Youthful precocity must be checked. "*Cito maturum cito putridum*" says the Latin, "soon ripe, soon rotten." We allow our young men, some of them exceedingly young, too many liberties. We allow them to sow too many wild oats. If their intention is some day to take unto their care and keeping a woman's life and happiness, to pluck from out a comfortable and contented home, and from the embrace of devoted parents, a pure and happy and trusting young woman, who has never felt the wrench and shock of life's storms, nor the cold shoulder of neglect, nor the gnawing tooth of want, then let them see to it in time that they may bring to her a heart as pure and mind as uncorrupted, and character as unpolluted as they expect from her.

The law of heredity, of transmission of ancestral poison, is as operative in the male sex as in the female. A pure and healthy offspring must be preceded by a pure and healthy parentage. A rotting tree never produces luscious fruit. "Like begets like." An enfeebled father means not only feebleness in the next generation, but also perpetuated misery and vice and crime. Marriage is sacred and necessary and obligatory, but not all marriages are so. There are some marriages from which woman should recoil as much as she would from death itself. Rather that death would woo her than a man—if I may be permitted to honor him with that name—whose constitution is undermined, whose strength is sapped, and whose marrow and blood are poisoned. Rather an old maid than a profligate's nurse. Rather a life of single blessedness than the housekeeper of a wreck of a husband. Rather single and happy and stainless and conscience-free than a mother of an unfortunate offspring, that have the sins of their father visited upon them, and that shall one day curse their parents for having given existence to them. Another remedy for unhappy marriages will be found in the cessation, of the anxiety on the part of so many parents *to get their daughters married off*. It is but natural that this constant anxiety should make the daughter feel that she would like to lessen her parents' dread, and cease being a trouble to them, especially when there are younger sisters crowding fast upon her, and so she says "Yes," even when the word almost chokes in her throat, even though she knows in her heart that he is not her ideal, nor the man that will make her happy. It is not true that any husband, who can support a wife, is better than no husband. Marriage means more to a sensible woman than an alliance with a husband for the sake of being clothed and fed and housed. She has a heart and soul and mind that have their wants, and if they be starved, unhappy marriage, if nothing worse, is the result.

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Mothers and fathers! Have you watched over your daughter from the day of her birth; have you guarded her from infancy to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood; have you suffered for her sake; have you surrendered comforts and sacrificed pleasures for her sake; have you toiled and stinted and saved for her sake; have you afforded her the best education and all the pleasures and opportunities that your means will allow, and all to wish yourselves rid of her; to think that any husband, who can support your daughter—sometimes not even so much is expected from him—no matter how old, how uncultured, how unsuitable to her tastes and wants, is better than no husband? A father's personal attention to the training of his children will in time reduce materially unhappy marriages, and greatly lessen the miseries and vices of society. He owes his children more than support and chastisement. Society holds him responsible for their character. The duties of training devolve upon the father as much as on the mother. A father's wider experience and worldly wisdom prove valuable contributions to the mother's simpler knowledge in the raising of their children. A father's continuous absence, or neglects, or severity, or unkindness, or heartlessness, has made more reprobates and scamps and criminals in this world than all the failings of women combined. Think less of your dignity and more of your duty. Rather that your child should love you than fear you. You can maintain your authority and dignity by love and gentleness as well as by frowns and threats and chastisements. You may walk and talk and study and play with them, and yet have their full respect. The great and warlike Agesilaus did not think it beneath him to entertain his children during his leisure hours, to join them in all their merry sports, and permit himself to crawl on his fours with his little child upon his back. If you would raise good children let your example at home be accordingly. As you will teach them so they will act. If you are a devil they will scarcely be angels. Children are keen observers. An old proverb says that a father is a looking-glass by which children dress themselves. See to it, fathers, that the glass be clean, so that your children's morals may be pure.

A little more memory on the part of the husband will prove a powerful remedy for the eradication of unhappy marriages and for the lessening of divorces. She is the same woman after marriage that she was during the days of your courtship, and a good deal better. Why so forgetful of all the sacred vows and solemn pledges which you plighted then? Why so constant then and so inconstant now? Why so affable and faithful and loving and attentive then, and why so inattentive and bitter and sullen and neglectful now? Why such a profuseness then in your courtesies and smiles and flowers and gifts and kisses, and why such a lack of them now? Is it because of wrinkles? Is it because of her faded beauty? She has

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lost it in your service. She has come honestly by her wrinkles. She got them in the sick-bed, in the kitchen, in the nursery, by the bed of your sick children, by the grave of your child, by painful night-watches and overtaxing day toils, by your harsh words, and by your heartless treatment. This is all she has in return for her beauty and youth and cheerful mind and happy disposition, which she laid at your feet when you asked her to join her destiny with yours. A little courtesy, a kind attention, a bouquet of flowers, a small token, a word of appreciation and of encouragement is not much to you, but it is a world to your wife. Your smile is all the reward she craves. Her heart thirsts for it, and when given, its effect upon her soul is as the refreshing dew upon the withered grass. It is a mistake to believe that she can draw in her married life on your love-deposits during courtship. If love is to prosper, the supply must be ever fresh. The love of the past will never satisfy the need of the present. Love constantly and carefully cultivated will increase its blessings as fruit trees double their bearing under the hand of the gardener. It will be killed, as will the fruit tree, if the gardener's hand grows neglectful and noxious influences are permitted to impede its growth. Let your wife be your helpmate and not your housekeeper. She shares your sorrows, your defeats, let her also share your thoughts and plans. Unbosom your thoughts to her. Lay open to her your heart and soul. Trust her with your confidence, she trusts you with hers. The men who succeed are those who make confidants of their wives. The marriages that are happy are those where husbands and wives have no thoughts apart. The children that are well raised are those that have had the example of loving and confiding parents before them. Proud of your confidence, she will labor to deserve it. She will study to please you. In your prosperity she will be your delight; your stay and comfort in your adversity. She will return your confidence and affection in full measure. Gloom will vanish from the hearth, and happiness will hold dominion within the home. "Her children will rise up before her and call her happy; and her husband will sing aloud her praises."

Marriage is, perhaps, the only game of chance ever invented at which it is possible for both players to lose. Too often, after many sugar-coated words, and several premeditated misdeals on both sides, one draws a blank and the other a booby. After patiently angling in the matrimonial pool, one draws a sunfish and the other a minnow. One expects to capture a demigod, who hits the earth only in high places, but when she has thoroughly analyzed him, she finds nothing genuine, only a wilted chrysanthemum and a pair of patent leather shoes, while he in return expected to wed a wingless angel who would make his Edenic bower one long drawn out sigh of aesthetic bliss. The result is very often that he is tied

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to a slattern, who slouches around the house with her hair in tins, a dime novel in her hand, with a temper like aqua fortis and a voice like a cat fight—a voice that would make a cub wolf climb a tree; a fashionable butterfly, whose heart is in her finery and her feathers; who neglects her home to train with a lot of intellectual birds; whose glory is small talk; who saves her sweetest smiles for society and her ill temper for her family altar. If I were tied to such a female as that, do you know what I would do? You don't, eh? Well, neither do I. There was a time, we are told, when to be a Roman was to be greater than to be a king; yet there came a time when to be a Roman was to be a vassal or a slave. Change is the order of the universe, and nothing stands. We must go forward, or we must go backward. We must press on to grander heights, to greater glory, or see the laurels already won turned to ashes upon our brow. We may sometimes slip; shadows may obscure our paths; the boulders may bruise our feet; there may be months of mourning and days of agony; but however dark the night, hope, a poising eagle, will ever burn above the unrisen tomorrow. Trials we may have, and tribulations sore, but I say unto you, O, brothers mine, that while God reigns and the human family endures, this nation, born of our father's blood, and sanctified by our mother's tears, shall not pass away, and under heaven, for this great boon, this great blessing, we'll be indebted to the women of America—God bless them. Finally, brethren, be serious while I impart this concluding lesson: “She—was—a—good—wife—to—me. A good wife, God bless her!” The words were spoken in trembling accents over a coffin-lid. The woman asleep there had borne the heat and burden of life's long day, and no one had ever heard her murmur; her hand was quick to reach out in helping grasp to those who fell by the wayside, and her feet were swift on errands of mercy; the heart of her husband had trusted in her; he had left her to long hours of solitude, while he amused himself in scenes in which she had no part. When boon companions deserted him, when fickle affection selfishly departed, when pleasure palled, he went home and found her waiting for him.

“Come from your long, long roving,  
On life's sea so bleak and rough;  
Come to me tender and loving,  
And I shall be blest enough.”

That hath been her long song, always on her lips or in her heart. Children had been born to them. She had reared them almost alone—they were gone! Her hand had led them to the uttermost edge of the morning that has no noon. Then she had comforted him, and sent him out strong and whole-hearted while she stayed at home and—cried. What can a woman do but cry and trust? Well, she is at rest now. But she could not die until he had promised to “bear up,” not fret, but to remember how happy they had been. They? Yes, it was even so.

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It was an equal partnership, after all. “She—was—a—good—wife—to—me.” Oh, man! man! Why not have told her so when her ears were not dulled by death? Why wait to say these words over a coffin wherein lies a wasted, weary, gray-haired woman, whose eyes have so long held that pathetic story of loss and suffering and patient yearning, which so many women’s eyes reveal to those who weep? Why not have made the wilderness in her heart blossom like the rose with the prodigality of your love? Now you would give worlds, were they yours to give, to see the tears of joy your words would have once caused, bejeweling the closed windows of her soul. It is too late.

“We have careful thoughts for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest,  
But oft for own,  
The bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the best.”

## ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND THE FUTURE

There is infinite and perennial fascination in the contemplation of the future. The past is a fixed province, the finished result of an ever-moving present. The future is the province of the poet, the prophet and the seer. The past is adamant, the future is plastic clay. The past is with God alone; the future is with God and man. We toil for it; dream of it; look to it; and all seek so to

\* \* \* “Forecast the years,  
As find in loss a gain to match,  
Or reach a hand through time to catch  
The far-off interest of tears.”

Let us consider the future as a field and Odd-Fellowship as a force. The future is a field, billowing with the ripening harvest of golden possibilities. It is as wide as the world, for the world is the field. It comprises every zone and clime; every nation and tribe; every island of the seas. Wherever we find one of our fellow-men in darkness and in chains, there is our field. It is as long as from now to the coming of Christ. A moment’s survey of the field will convince us that the greatest conquests are yet to be made. There is battle ahead, great interests to be gained, great incentives to heroic effort. The times call for men—broad-browed, clear-eyed, strong-hearted, swift-footed men. Odd-Fellows, not behind you but before you, not in the past but in the future, lies the widest and richest field of Odd-Fellowship’s possibility. Turn your faces, not toward the waning light of yesterday, but toward the growing radiance of a better morning. The force is commensurate with the field. The cry of every true Odd-Fellow ought to be the cry that leaped from the heart of Isaiah when his lips were touched with the coal from off the altar: “Here am I, Lord, send me.” Our order is no longer a puny and helpless infant, but a lusty giant, panoplied in the armor of truth and clad in the strength of

perpetual youth. We have riches untold. We have institutions for the care of the old, and the orphan, the equal of any of which the world can

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boast. We have a grasp on the sympathy and confidence of the masses which is immeasurable. We stand for principles that are the incarnation of God's infinite thought and throbbing love. We are equipped for conquest. What answer shall the force make to the cry from the field? As loyal Odd-Fellows, let us take our answer from the Great Commander. What answer did He make to a dying world? What did he come to do? He came to lift fallen humanity. He came to bind up the wounds of those who were bruised and bleeding. He came to speak words of cheer and sympathy to hearts bowed in sorrow. He came to break the chains of bondage and restore mankind to its former beauty and greatness. Our mission is identical with His. Our work is identical with His work. We are His representatives. Our highest destiny is the working out of His purposes. The world with all its boasted progress has not advanced beyond the need of a Savior. It is the same at heart now as it was when the blessed feet of Christ trod its hills and valleys. Men change, but man changes not. The same problems are confronting us as confronted them. It may be trite, but it is tremendously true, that our primary and ever-present duty is to seek and save the lost. We are to win them to faith in high and noble ends, and having won them to faith in our mission is not enough. They are to be instructed, cultured, enlarged, inspired, ennobled, until man looking in the face of man shall see the face of Christ shining through. He is to be the accepted Lord and law-giver in every realm of human thought and activity. He is to rule in the family. He is to rule in business. He is to rule until the demon of hate, malice and injustice has been throttled. He must rule in the affairs of state. He must rule in society, until the watchers at the gate shall announce to Him who sitteth upon the throne: "Thy kingdom has come and thy will is done in earth as it is in heaven." Christ is the solution of man's most difficult problems. He came to save men. How did He go about the task? He gave himself. We can accomplish our task only as in burning earnestness we give ourselves. What depth of humiliation, what self-devotion, what unmeasured sacrifices, what unspeakable suffering, what unfathomable anguish, what toil and anxiety, what love and pity, what loneliness and sorrow, are crowded into those three words, "He gave himself."

If we as an order would give ourselves to the principles taught by our institution, we could win the world in the next half century. If we are to be truest to the future, we must stand by the side of the Great Teacher and proclaim a complete and perfect truth. Our platform should be neither broader nor narrower than His. If there is one truth in revelation that we can not give its proper setting and due emphasis, then we are not the keepers of God's truth. To my thinking, there are no organizations formed by man that can appeal more confidently to the Word



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of God for confirmation than the Odd-Fellows. We appeal to sane reason and common sense. No organization can hold up a higher ideal of individual freedom and worth. But there is a danger that we become narrow, that we violate the maxims of sane reason and common sense, that we lose the balance between individual prerogative and the claims of a united brotherhood. We can not accomplish the aims of our order by onesidedness. We are to become "all things to all men." We are not to be prisms breaking up the rays of light and declaring that this or that color is the most important. We as Odd-Fellows are to be lenses, converging the rays and bringing them to a focus upon the hearts of men as the white light of God's eternal truth.

This is a practical age, and if we are to win we must demonstrate the superiority of our faith and practice over that of other claimants, not only in terms of the Written Word, but also in terms of manhood. Odd-Fellowship is standing upon the golden dawn of a new morning. It is to be a day of battle and conquest. It is truth blazoned upon the page of history, that if we as Odd-Fellows are true to our standard, to our possibilities and to our Maker, he will lay the suffering of a throbbing world in our arms that we may lay it at the feet of Him who died to redeem it. Let us cherish high hopes, noble aims, and lofty ideals. Never since the world was peopled has mankind stood in such anxious expectancy, awaiting the outcome of the immediate future, as in these closing years of the nineteenth century. Men are wistfully trying to peer through the portals of the year nineteen hundred—marveling, as the effects and forces of applied science is unfolded to our comprehension, and discovery moves on, each invention leading in another, in stately procession; we, all the while rapt in wonder, are straining in hope and fear to catch the coming word, and to comprehend its import. Never was speculation so rife, never was the field of human observation so unobstructed and expanded, nor the ascertainment and sifting of facts so facile. Never were opinions more diverse, nor was it ever so obviously important to detect and assert the philosophical principle, in recognition and obedience to which the laws of human government may be preserved and kept in view, and the retrocession of mankind prevented. At no stage of history was it more important to call to mind the great principle that government is a means, and not an end, and is instituted to maintain those general liberties which are essential for human happiness and progress. At this time, Odd-Fellowship looks toward the future with longing eyes, and its followers lift high their banner, on which is inscribed that beautiful motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth."



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After all, what lives in this world? Is it thought pulsations alone or deeds done? If thought alone, then the lowest thought coordinated in the brain of man would live. Something must be combined with thought in order to have a lasting effect. There must be thought and deeds and sentiment. Sentiment must go to the very existence of the race. On these forces may be built up structures that live and breathe a benediction on all mankind. I ask you to cast your eye over the world and note the permanency of such institutions as have come down to us, and are alive, and such as we say will live. I venture your first question will be: "What is the foundation on which they rest? Why, through the slow, revolving years have these institutions lived and thrived and grown? Have they lived on greed, or a desire for pelf or power, or out of human desire for adulation and praise? Or have they lived because of man's needs, and out of human wants?" If we probe to the bottom we will find this the corner-stone of all laudable ambitions, because man needs man, and needs help into a higher plane of usefulness and activities.

We find institutions coming down to us from a date which the memory of man runs not to the contrary; indeed, some so old that the musty volumes of the long ago reveal not their origin. But simply the need of man for man would not entirely account for the duration of society in its ancient form. There must be still other underlying principles. There must be love and the acknowledgment of the brotherhood of man all along the way of life, or the family would go to ruin, society would dissolve, citizenship would not exist, states and principalities, kingdoms and powers would exist only as an idea in the brain. There would be no command to be our brother's keeper, no plighted vow that "The Lord be between thee and me, and between my seed and thy seed forever." Man would, as an individual, stand absolutely alone, like an atom dropped from the abyssmal depths onto this earth of ours. The little wild flower struggles through leafy mold, endures the tempestuous blast of winter, that when spring comes it may bloom to gladden the earth and scatter sweet incense all around. But without the cementing influence that runs like a thread all through society, man would not, could not, cast a sweet odor even on his own life, and dying would leave no benediction on the lives of others. And here the command comes, "Gather into thy quiver the lives and aspirations of others, that fitted to thy bow they may go forth scattering blessings by your help and by your kindly influence." So all great achievements have been based on great fundamental principles, and each principle has for its object the betterment of the conditions of mankind.

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Truth is said to be eternal. It was just as true at the dawn of creation that the square described on the hypotenuse of a right-angle triangle is equal to the square described on the other two sides, as it was when Pythagoras enunciated the theorem. "Thou shall not kill," is a law written by the Divine hand amid tempest and fire, but it stands. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," rings from the portals of heaven through the gates of humanity and its command will not go unheeded. They are all great fundamental truths. Do you observe that they live? Give heed also to the fact that they stand for a better condition among men, for more helpfulness and higher elevations. Truths enunciated, whether old or new, that live, only have one tendency, viz., to raise man to better conditions. Since the dawn of creation there has been a constant tendency to arise from a lower to a higher estate. Self-preservation, self-helps, self-culture have been the trend of thought and action. And this has not been altogether an effort in the individual for his own personal advancement, but for the advancement of the race. Men have undergone sacrifices, humbled and almost debased themselves, that the succeeding generation might live on a higher plane, physically, morally and spiritually, than they themselves enjoyed. I do not know of any act of humanity that calls forth louder praise than to so act and speak and do as that humanity shall not only catch the inspiration, but shall make material progress on a better understanding of surrounding conditions. Odd-Fellowship, in its essence, is no new institution. Its principles, practices and precepts have existed from the beginning of the race.

When Abraham stood with the churlish Lot on the line dividing the plains and highlands and said, "I pray thee let there be no contention between thee and me, if thou goest to the right hand I will go to the left, or, if thou goest to the left hand I will go to the right," he breathed the pure essence of unselfish devotion to the founder of a race. The acts of kindness shown by the traveler as the caravan plods its tortuous way across the sands of the desert; the mission of the wise men from the east in search of a Redeemer, all show forth that trait that you and I, my brother, try to emphasize while vowing devotion to the triple links. I said a moment ago that Odd-Fellowship, in its essence, was no new institution, and so it is not. As we know it in reality we have simply crystalized its workings. Instead of humanity, by its individual exertion, seeking to perform the task, we, as an organized band, have taken up the subject. What was paramount with individuals has become a living force with the multitude. What was before an invitation to duty has now become a command.

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In seeking after friendship we do not court the beasts of the fields and the fowls of the air as the hermit does, but we seek man; not man, but men; not this little society or faction, but embrace all mankind in the issue. If we seek for love it is not love for pelf or power, but love for man and God. In truth we do not depend on the right conduct of individuals, but accept truth as it is written in nature's open book, emblazoned on the sky of hope that bends over us, and speaks in all the higher attributes of life. Time was when the inclination of men was to withdraw into clans. Ishmael stood in the desert by himself with his hand against every man. His true descendant, the Arabian sheik, draws his mantle about him, and surrounded by his little band withdraws within his own circle, and woe betide him who attempts to break through. But in this came no advancement, no progress. The Ishmaelite of old is the same today. Wherever progress and advancement has shown itself it is found that true regard for all mankind has been the cardinal doctrine. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Soon a broad catholicity of ideas seizes the multitude and man no more lives for himself than he lives for others. He who lives closest to the true heart of humanity lives nearest to God. Show me a man who lives for himself alone, and you will present almost a social outcast. Society tolerates him no more. In all the plans and calculations of life he is not numbered.

For two thousand years the command has come stronger and stronger for a closer unity on social lines and fraternal regard. Not to segregate but to crystalize and raise the status. The conditions of our social life are such that we can not live entirely to ourselves. The monk may withdraw himself from the gaze of the world, the anchorite may seek a hiding place in caves and dens, but they ignore entirely the demands of society upon them. If I were the only person in the world there would be no social problem. I would commune with myself and God and nature about me, without reference to my surroundings. There would be no social environment; no one to please, no one to whom I am indebted by nature or acquired obligation, and so I would remain. But we do not find the conditions to so exist. We must look squarely in the face the facts as they are. On all sides we are surrounded by a multitude who rightly make demands of us and which we can not ignore. If I were alone, I would do as the patriarchs of old did, erect a little altar of stone, rude and unsightly, and bow myself down before it and commune with Deity. But here we find that different types of men have different religious views, and different spiritual aspirations, and so churches must be erected; and while all tend to the same end, each hopes to reach it by a different route. I must respect all these views. Only one can be my view, but my social surroundings are such that all have rights which I am bound to yield some obedience to.

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Again, if I were alone there would be no need of law, because both good and bad would be represented in my personality. There could be no murder, no crime, no punishment; but with all the manifold people with different tendencies, there must be law, or the social fabric would go to pieces by the strong trampling on the weak. Hence I must stand with reference to the law on the right side or the wrong side, and all humanity regardless of each other's rights must line up on one side or the other. In addition to our churchly ties and duties, we have family duties, and there begins the first of duty, first of government, first of obligations as citizens. And so I say we live in relation to those who surround us, and we can not live unmindful of them. We are touched by humanity everywhere, and walk elbow to elbow down the vale of life, supporting or destroying, and whether our pilgrimage be long or short we can not destroy the facts as they exist.

It must be seen with only a hasty glance that with the varying conditions of men, with their different mental dispositions, moral ideas and social status, that a crying demand comes all the time for some organization where men can unite on a common level—some place where a divergence of political or moral views do not bar an entrance, where the family ties remain sacred, and more sacred because of the organization. It seems that men groped about for just such an organization, and men's wants are necessities, and social and civil status might be brought to a common level with all who might be brought into the assembly. It is believed by Odd-Fellows that our organization furnishes just this want. All the life that a man wants outside of his spiritual life has its food here, and society and family and man's relations to man have been helped by it. I state it without fear of contradiction, that no order has been more potent for good than ours. It has been the hand-maiden of civilization wherever it has established itself; it has smoothed out the asperities of life for many, many individuals; it has defended character, protected life and limb, and stood as champion of all good between man and man and between God and man.

Every agency by which men are advanced, socially and morally, is an agency that guides government and state and individual up to a higher plane of development. Odd-Fellowship and Christianity go hand in hand. There is not a tenet of the order in any department that is repugnant to the highest development of Christianity. Indeed, it could not be so, for any lesson that is drawn from the three pillars of our order, Faith Hope and Charity, is a lesson pointing to the better life here and hereafter.

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In the eighty years, last past, who can estimate the benign influence of the lives and actions of men, yea, on their eternal destinies, of the oft-repeated utterances pointing to the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—a sermon that has been painted on the bow of God's eternal promise since Paul stood on the Mars Hill and preached this everlasting, unchangeable doctrine to the heathen world. When I think that since 1830 there has been expended for the relief of the members of this order and their families millions of dollars, in all right undertakings, and know that many hearts have ceased to ache, many cold feet covered, many a tear dried up, many a naked person clothed and many a hungry mouth fed, it rejoices my heart. I know also that such love could not spring from the hearts that were kindled by no spark of the Divine, but the lesson comes to you and to me, my brother and my sister, that he who opens not only the granary of earthly substance, but opens also the portals of the heart, and lets the Divine spark kindle into a blaze, will be thrice blessed in that day when the jewels of the eternity are made up. I do not desire to convey the impression that all our civilization is the outgrowth of Odd-Fellowship. We are too much inclined on such occasions as these to become mutual admiration societies and think that all the good things that we enjoy could not have been possible if our particular order had not existed. I do not wish to convey that impression. I only desire it to be understood that this order has been helpful in all right undertakings, and constantly endeavors to espouse the right and discard the wrong. It does not take the place of the church or the Sunday school or the prayer-meeting. It does not invade the pulpit, but only stands as an auxiliary to all these institutions that touch the better side of our natures. It inveighs against no religion or creed, and has no religious belief other than that we are brothers; nor does it encroach upon the domain of the politician. If Odd-Fellowship had more in it than the social and restraining influence one meets and is subjected to in the lodge-room, it would be sufficient inducement to organize and perpetuate lodges. No true Odd-Fellow crosses the threshold of his lodge-room but he feels he is treading on more sacred ground than the busy marts of trade, or in the office or counting house; he feels that he is coming home where dwells the purest principles of humanity—friendship, love and truth.

But there is more in the workings of this order than the social. Its object is to touch humanity in all its phases. To rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep. It sustains the living with friendship; causes man to stand firm in his integrity by the truth it teaches, and embrace the whole world with charity. The three links of friendship, love and truth mark the fuller and better development of this life, reaches beyond the grave,

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reaches beyond the vision, extends into the portals of the other and the better life. We may profess friendship, but that is an empty profession; our membership in a lodge is fruitless and our meetings produce no good results unless we have charity. It is but a small part that we should perform our mystic rights, typifying friendship, love and truth, but that we should so live them and act them that the touch of a member is the touch of a brother whose words sweeten the asperities of life and whose last offering is a tribute at the grave. We may be rudely brought back to the world with its pomp and show, its pageantry and vanity, by an emblem of mortality presented to us, but should we not ever have the spectre of mortality before our eyes? In the mad rush through life we forget the kinship of man to man. We are too often forgetful that the hand of a brother is reaching upward for succor. We forget that we are mortal, and the heart grows cold; our sympathies extend only to those around and nearest to us, forgetful that all mankind is our brother, and that he is especially our brother and friend who has mercy. But in this mad rush in life we are suddenly and almost rudely brought back to a full realization of our mortality, our helplessness, our emptiness, our nothingness, when we stand at the grave of our departed brother and reflect that here lies one who was born and had ambitions and died as we must die. His ambitions and hopes all went in the grave with him. The little grassy mound and the little marble slab is all that remains visible to tell us that he was our brother. Life would hardly be worth living; its struggles would be disastrous, its triumphs vain, empty bubbles, if the clods that fall upon the coffin and the sprig of evergreen tell the whole story of an Odd-Fellow. No, the very fact that we bury our departed brother teaches us that the grave is not the end of all. Though our brother dies he shall live in our hearts, in the flowers that we cast, in the precious memories that forever cluster around the links, the heart and the hand, the altar and the hour glass. When the supreme moment comes and the brother gathers his arrows into his quiver and fades from sight into the grave, we know that he has passed the portal into the land of the eternal, but the quiver and the arrows will ever stand as the badge of friendship. The heart may cease to beat, and the hand fall listless in death, yet the heart and hand will ever be emblems of love, and denote that when the hand of an Odd-Fellow is extended his heart goes with it.

The good Odd-Fellow has constantly before his mind the book of books. His first sight into a lodge-room catches sight of that divine missive to man. It is his solace in life, and its precepts his consolation in death. It ever stands to him as an exhaustless fountain of truth. On these three cardinal principles he lives and dies, and in the constancy of that life we venerate his memory and do him kindly offices.

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It is the nature of a man to be communistic. It is only the anchorite that withdraws himself from the societies of man and communes with himself and his God. All right-thinking men desire and enjoy the society of their kind and kindred spirits. You had as well lock the sane man in the felon's cell as to doom him to live without the society of his fellows. The family is the first and best society. Perhaps the church is next, which is only the human family on a larger scale, fitting and preparing the members for a community in that house not made by hands. Next to my church I prize the secret organization to which I belong, where the cardinal principles of our holy Christianity are taught. The deathless friendship of David and Jonathan teaches me that though I may live in the king's palace, be clothed in purple and fine linen every day, be in the line of regal succession, yet I do not live to myself.

I would herald broadcast that tenet of our order, "that we do for others as we would have others do for us, and that if I find my brother in distress, I must bind up his wounds, lift him from the quagmire of despond and set him on his feet." If any lesson stands out boldly before the mind of the Odd-Fellow it is truth. He finds it on his banner wherever he goes. Friendship is ephemeral. It lasts only through life. It may die, it will die. The grave ends it all. The silent messenger that comes to king and peasant alike, and causes the scepter of the monarch to be laid by the crook of the shepherd, ends our friendship. Love comes from God. God is love. It touches us at every point of our lives. From the cradle to the grave, every moment of our lives we are the objects of love to some one, and we love in turn. But human love must end. After life's fitful dream, the cares and vanities, the vexations and pleasures of life have no terror or concern for us, the love that thrilled our whole being will return to the source from whence it came. But truth will never die. It is the "imperial virtue." The heart may fail; it will fail, and the hand fall listless by the side. The arrow will fall after being shot into the air and never return, and the bow will be broken; the altar will be thrown down; the sand, grain by grain, run through the hour-glass, and the glass be shattered; the eye grow dim; the world roll up as a scroll and pass away; the hills may crumble and the pyramids melt with fervent heat; all the friendships will die and the love return to the Father that begat it, but truth will stand. It is indeed the imperial and the imperishable virtue. There, above the chaos and the confusion of time, it will stand to warn men from the wrong, and beckon them to do right.



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Despite the glamor of the world that secret societies propagate a secrecy of men's actions at the expense of truth and justice, it can not obtain in a lodge of this order. No man ever took upon himself the vows and studied the underlying motives, and practiced the lessons of the order, but he becomes a better citizen. If he has become a good husband and father, he becomes better in his domestic relations. If he has been charitable before, he becomes more so now. Men's weaknesses he looks upon as human frailties, until time and sense teach him that frailties have degenerated into positive perversity of character and baseness of heart. He will condemn falsehood and hypocrisy wherever found.

The object of religious organizations is to make men better and fit them for the life immortal. The object of government and its laws is to make and protect good citizens and repress vice. The object of this secret organization is to bind men more firmly together for mutual protection, for help and sustenance, to look after their families, and to be in a broad sense our brother's keeper. I would not be understood as placing a secret organization in place of the church, or in the place of a political government. By no means. Each has its own proper and particular sphere of action. No one in its actions and endeavors is inimical to the actions of the others. Each rests on its own peculiar foundation, but all dovetail together, and all make a harmonious whole. The man who is a good Christian is better by being a good Odd-Fellow. If both a good Christian and a good Odd-Fellow, he comes nearer being the typical citizen. If man reveres the law of this order, he will have more devotion to his church, his home, his flag and his country. I have no fault to find with those who do not believe in uniting with a secret organization, but I do object to any man inveighing against the objects and purposes, the ends and aims, of our order when he knows nothing about it. I do not expect every man to belong to my church, for men in their constitution and mental make-up can not see alike theologically. But I do accord to every member of every church the hope of getting to heaven if he lives up to the teachings of this particular sect. I believe in justification by faith and good works, but I have no use for a man who decries this doctrine when he never exercised a particle of faith nor did a good deed in his life. And so I would say to any one who thinks he stands on some lofty pinnacle and scents danger to the family tie, or church, or state, or society, because of the existence of secret orders, that he thinks and talks of something he knows nothing about. If I should desire to draw comparisons, I could say truthfully that during the last year this order gave more in charity and benefits to its members in Illinois than any religious denomination in the state. Look around your own community and see if it be not so. Think of the widow with tear-stained cheek, from



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whose door the wolf has been kept, because the charitable hand of our order was upon her. Count the orphan children of members of our order who have had shoes put on their feet, clothes put on their backs and food in their mouths. Enumerate the sufferers on beds of anguish, racked with pain and scorched with fever, who have had the nightly vigil of Odd-Fellows to smooth their pillows, dampen their parched lips and moisten their feverish brows. Watch the funeral pageant with its long train of mourners, brothers, dropping the evergreen in the grave, and doing the last sad offices, and then croak no more that secret societies are baneful to our civilization. He who thus sustains and soothes and encourages will be reckoned as twice blessed in that day when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed, and men are rewarded according to the deeds done in the body.

“[\*]Some years ago I stood out on the great plains this side of Denver. To the north, the south and the east was one vast stretch of plains, the eye interrupted only by the horizon. I turned and looked to the west, and clearly outlined in the distance was the chain of the Rocky Mountains—the backbone of the continent. There I saw Long’s Peak, Pike’s Peak, and the Spanish Peaks, as mighty sentinels—watch towers—that had served as landmarks to many a weary traveler on the Santa Fe trail. They stood as the manifestation of the might of an Omnipotent Power. So I turn to the record made by this order in the last eighty years, and find colossal sums of money—not hoarded, but collected to relieve humanity, to educate the orphan, to bury the dead and to befriend the widow. I see arising, as if by magic, asylums for our needy. I see a great host, one million strong, advancing, shoulder to shoulder, elbow touching elbow, all bent on deeds of mercy and acts of love. Are not these also mighty sentinels erected amid this surging, striving throng of humanity to serve to guide man in the road to a higher and better life? These peaks of the Rockies may crumble and pass away, but a force for good once set in motion never loses its force. It is eternal. To beautify, to strengthen, to adorn and to expand our order and more fully present its magnificence to the world, we have the department of Patriarchs Militant. It depicts as gallant a band as ever marched to the sound of martial music or deployed for battle. As the knights under Richard Couer de Leon or Peter the Hermit marched forth to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the hand of the infidel and guard its sacred entablatures, so will our chevaliers as bravely guard our ritual, our mystic rights, our honor, the honor of our mothers wives and sisters, as a sacred trust.

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“And so our order moves forward to greater conquests. In the past it has worked marvels for humanity. May we not, for the future, predict better and more highly wrought out achievements? Humanity has been taken as it is and in the progress of refinement has been raised to a higher standard. It is the hand-maiden of civilization that works under even yoke for the best sides of humanity. While it does not displace or attempt to displace the church, it aids. It has friendship, love and truth as the three human graces, and clings to faith, hope and charity as the Christian virtues. It is now like the city that is set upon the hill. It can not be hid. Out upon a rocky point of the ocean’s shore at Minot’s ledge is a great light-house, erected by the fostering care of the government to protect the mariners on the high seas. Its great light swings around, now flashing on the land and now sending its rays far out across the billowy ocean. It is a grateful act of a great government. Many a bewildered seaman has caught its rays and sheared the prow of his ship further out to sea to avoid the dangerous shoals.

“So we, imitating the kind of example of the generous government, and measuring our acts by the example of the blessed Master, have erected a light-house here for the protection of humanity from its ills. Now it shines on us as mortals hastening to a final consummation of things; again it throws its beams out across the illimitable sea of hope, where sooner or later we all may ride, and by the light here given we may steer our bark into a haven of final rest. Today we are on the tempestuous ocean of life. We who feel that we are on the deck, let us throw the life-line and the life-preservers to him who is about to sink. Let us make this order even a greater light-house than our fathers ever dreamed of. It can be done, because it is so ordained. What God in his good providence orders can be, will be accomplished. With thankful hearts we have passed over more than three quarters of a century of existence as an organization. We are speeding onward to the century mark, and whether we remain to see its wonderful processes or not, humanity will be here demanding just what we have done in the past. Let us lay the work strong today and transmit it in higher forms, so that the end of the century of our existence as an order shall see better life, better hope and higher aspirations. Let the Subordinates, Patriarchs, Rebekahs and Chevaliers all form a cordon around the altar of our beloved order, where the fires shall never be extinguished while friendship, love and truth endures, and faith, hope and charity are necessities.

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“Grand as has been the record of Odd-Fellowship from 1819 to the present, it is but the sunbeams from the birth of the day that will develop grandly into a magnificence that shall combine all the charms of the morning, the glare of the noontide, and the blaze of a sunset splendor in an endless panorama of glory and grandeur. And if, with such a picture before our eyes, painted by a faith founded upon the achievements of eighty years, and our intimate knowledge of the vast practical benevolence that begins at the cradle and ends only at the gate of heaven, the Odd-Fellow is not dazzled by the sublimity of Odd-Fellowship and awed into a reverence for its work and character, there is a lamentable defect in his appreciation of the beautiful, and an utter failure to read the joys and dignity and influence of a properly developed and appreciative Odd-Fellow. Let it never be forgotten that there is nothing groveling in Odd-Fellowship. Mutual relief, it is true, is a leading office in our affiliation, but Odd-Fellowship seeks to elevate the character of man, make him what God intended him to be; and while such a helpful influence is extended to each one of us who have chosen to come within its holy power, may we endeavor to lift ourselves up to the high standard of the order of which we are a part, faithfully discharging our duties to ourselves and to the world; shedding its benign influence and hallowed inspiration alike in the palace with its draped windows and velvet laden floors and in the cottage nestling among the flowers of the humble dooryard; glowing with the same peerless luster in halls of learning and in workshop and factory; kissing with the same tender, holy touch the rough hand that guides the implement of industry, and the soft hand that guides the pen; making character the test of merit and the heart the bond of friendship, and recognizing the equality and holy influence of noble womanhood. Odd-Fellowship is the unerring, resplendent guiding star to that grand development of human nature to which hope looks forward with such ardent joy, when one law shall bind all nations, tongues and kindred, and that law will be the law of universal brotherhood.”

[\*]Extract from address delivered by Hon. E. G. Hogate.