

### The Differentials of Masonry and Odd Fellowship

Masonry is not a corporate benevolence. It is individual in its benefactions. Each Mason is obliged to extend to a worthy brother, in necessity, his widow and orphans, such charity as his circumstance will allow. No one has a claim upon the lodge. It dispenses no charity upon any demand as a matter of right. When there is an overplus of funds the lodge may make donations and frequently does—but the object in levying dues is to pay the current expenses and not to provide a charity fund. Nothing in the nature of mutual insurance enters into the constitution of Masonry. It affords relief only by obligating its members never to turn a deserving object of charity away. All other secret orders have benefits. If a member is sick he has claims on the treasury. If he dies he is entitled to funeral benefit and his widow or orphans has certain demands. It is this feature which distinctively differentiates, for instance Odd Fellowship from Masonry. Many erroneously suppose that the principles upon which Masonry and Odd Fellowship are organized is identical—but it will be seen for the foregoing statement that the one in the matter of benevolence rests upon the charitable disposition of its individual members, and the other upon a vested right in a common treasury in case misfortune should visit a brother or his family. Another distinguishing feature between the two orders is that Masonry has an unwritten work which it transmits by oral instructions and the other has a printed ritual. One claims to have descended unimpaired from a remote antiquity, while the other does not deny its modern origin. One is more widely diffused than the other. Both require morality in its members and the recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. There is no conflict between the two and, a person without doing violence to any principle belongs to both. There should be no jealousy between the two. There is an ample field in which both can amicably work. Probably two-thirds of the Odd Fellows are Masons, and are equally attached to both orders. The care of the sick among Masons is voluntary, while the Odd Fellows make regular details for watches, each brother being required to take his turn as it comes round, and either to attend an invalid in person or by acceptable proxy. Masonry relies upon the principle of charity in the breast of its members, and Odd Fellowship incorporates charity as an organic feature of the order, working in its corporate capacity. The aggregate results of the beneficence of Odd Fellowship can be tabulated—that of Masonry can never be known because of its individual character.

MASONRY.—It is always ready to assist down-trodden humanity; it supports every laudable enterprise; it affords inexhaustible aliment from which the famishing mind may receive nourishment; it is a blessing to those who would infuse in its life current the virus of dissension; it is the cement of brotherly love, the bond of friendship, the support of virtue, and an invaluable blessing to all. These principles have given to Masonry its vitality, energy and immutability. Its industry and activity have preserved it against all efforts to break it down and sweep it from existence; and from what it has done in ages past and still doing at the present, we are happy in the belief that it will continue to enlighten and cultivate the human heart, and disseminate useful knowledge among all future generations.

### Terrible Position of an Engineer.

The Alexandria, (Va.) *Sentinel* tells of an accident at Big Bend tunnel, on the Chesapeake and Ohio, railroad, by which the engineer, Mr John Quincy Adams Wilkins, was injured. The "Big Bend" is what is known in railroad parlance as a "dirt tunnel," being very liable to cave in and therefore the engineers are more careful to look out for "danger ahead" in passing through them. It was the exercise of this care that probably saved an immense loss of life, as the train had been brought down to a very slow rate of speed on approaching the tunnel. It seems that an end of one of the large timbers supporting the roof had become detached and fallen on the track a few feet within the tunnel and the pilot of the engine striking it, the jar loosened the other timbers and a large quantity of earth and stones, and the whole mass came tumbling down upon the locomotive, breaking it to pieces. The fireman who was standing close to Mr. Wilkins, was mashed to a jelly and could not have lived a moment, while Mr Wilkins was thrown forward in a standing position, with his throat across the reverse bar, and a large timber fell across the back of his neck, rendering it impossible to move. He had a quid of tobacco in his mouth at the time, and so tightly was he caught that he could not expectorate and could only swallow with difficulty; indeed he could scarcely raise his voice above a whisper. There he remained for six hours in the pitchy darkness, while every second or two small pieces of dirt and gravel from the roof would fall down by his side, conveying the impression momentarily that another mass was about to fall and crush him completely all the time the shouts of those outside could be heard, as with shovel and ax they forced their way to his rescue which, however, seemed to him beyond all hope. When they finally reached him he was more dead than alive, and, being completely exhausted, lost consciousness in a swoon which lasted several hours.

### Female Education.

A writer in Blackwood's says: "The subject of female education has brought out with special force of acclamation the superiority of the present day over the past in the thoroughness of instruction imparted. The slipshod teaching of girls in former days, its miserable pretence and hollowness is an exhaustible theme, and indeed there is not much to be said for it. Compare the school books of the of the past with any paper or teaching addressed to the young women of the present—compare what they are expected to know, the subjects they are to be interested in, the intricacies of grammar and construction, which are to be at their finger-ends, with the ignorance of accidental picking up of knowledge which was once the woman's main chance of acquirement and our expectations are not unreasonably raised. The pupils of the new school ought to be more companionable than their predecessors, they ought to talk better, more correctly, more elegantly, and, as their subjects of interests become more profound, as science and art open their stories to them, their vocabulary should meet the need at once more accurate, more copious. We put it to our world of readers—is it so? Do our young ladies talk better than their mothers? Do they express their meaning with greater nicety? Nay, do they speak better grammar? Moreover, is this an aim? Are they taught to do this by their sex, who profess to portray the girlhood of our day? Is it not an understood

thing that three or four epithets are to do duty for all the definition the female mind has need of, and that solecisms, which would have shocked the ears of an earlier generation, pass unreviewed?"

### California Children.

It was only twenty-five years ago—in 1850—that the following incident occurred at Downieville, in Sierra county: The country was full of men engaged in mining, and Downieville was, to use the phrase of the times, a busy camp. There had been built for public uses a large building, sometimes used as a theatre and sometimes for the purpose of a public hall. The surrounding gulches were filled with men rude of manners, but full of tender memories, and there was then a score of women in the country, and not a baby, so far as was generally known in the circuit of a hundred miles. It was the Fourth of July, and Downieville celebrated. The Stars and Stripes floated from a peeled and lofty pine, and the chorus of the anvil had re-echoed through the hills. The house was crowded with miners; poet, reader and orator had performed their parts, and the recently organized brass band was giving in boisterous resonance some popular national anthem, when suddenly there burst out the feeble wail of an infant—first low, then swelling out in all the defiant strength of baby lungs. The band put forth its loudest strains; the baby incited to renewed exertion, re-doubled its vigor. It was nip and tuck between band and baby. The young mother did her best to divert the child and hush him, when from the audience there arose a brawny miner, and shaking his fist at the music cried, "Hush that infernal band and give the baby a chance!" The band stopped its playing and never did stalwart men listen to sweeter music than those exiles from home and women as they drank in the tones of the wailing child. There were tears in many an eye. The child was hushed upon its mother's breast, and at the word there went up three cheers for the first baby of the Northern Sierras. Looking over the figures of the school census we find that there are now 280,000 children in California under fifteen years of age, and the Downieville baby is only twenty-five years old. This is a good showing for a young State. Give the ladies a chance, and we can get on without any further Eastern emigration. Even if Europe withholds her people and the citizens of our Atlantic States should prefer their ungenial climate and ungenerous soil, let them stay at home, our future is secure. And such a race of children was never seen elsewhere—such limbs and lungs and physical development, such heads and brains and precocious intellects! Of course unless restrained and tutored and disciplined, they become hoodlums; but when brought under proper restraint, educated and kept in obedience, they are the best specimens of young America which the continent has yet produced. We commend to our philosophers and wise men the careful consideration of this new phase of the old problem, how to manage our boys and girls; we mean such boys and girls as those in this peculiar climate, and with such surroundings.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Why, Ichabod I thought you got married more'n a year ago?" "Well Aunt Jerush, it was talked of, but I found out that the girl and all her folks were opposed to it, and so I jist gave 'em all the mitten, and let the thing drop."

### The Family Hammer.

There is one thing no family pretends to do without. That is a hammer. And yet there is nothing that goes to make up the equipment of a domestic establishment that causes one-half as much agony and profanity as a hammer. It is always an old hammer, with a handle that is inclined to sliver and always bound to slip. The face is as round as a full moon and as smooth as glass. When it strikes a nail full and square, which it has been known to do, the act will be found to result from a combination of pure accidents.

The family hammer is one of those rare articles we never profit by. When it glides off a nail head, and mashes down a couple of fingers, we unhesitatingly deposit it in the yard, and observe that we will never use it again.—But the blood has hardly dried on the rag before we are out doors in search of that hammer and ready to make another trial. The result rarely varies, but we never profit by it. The awful weapon goes on knocking off our nails, and mashing whole joints, and slipping off the handle to the confusion of mantle ornaments, and cutting up an assortment of astounding and unfortunate antics without let or hindrance. And yet we put up with it, and put the handle on again, and lay it away where it won't get lost, and do up mutilated and smarting fingers, and yet, if the outrageous thing should happen to get lost, we kick up a regular hullabuloo until it is found again.—Talk about the tyrannizing influence of a bad habit! It is not to be compared to the family hammer.

### Newspaper Bores.

There is not a more intolerable nuisance upon earth than the newspaper bore. He carries off your exchanges; insists upon reading your proof sheets and then goes out and tells what will be in your paper; smokes your pipe, upsets your pastepot, and worse than all obtrudes his advice upon you. He listens keenly to any private conversation you may be having about something that don't concern him in the least. Turn him loose in the composing room and he is worse than a bull in a china shop. We remember of hearing of one a newly married bore, who, as all newly married men do, thought he knew everything, and took his fresh victim to explain to her the mysteries of the printing office. Coming up to the devil's case about half full of type, he said to his bride: "This, my dear, is where they keep the types," (pointing to the lower case,) "and this, (laying his hand upon the cap case,) is the lid they have to cover 'em up at night to keep the rats and mice out." Suiting the action to the word he pulled down the "lid" to show how it worked. Was anybody mad?—Oh, no!—*Ex.*

### "Modern Thought."

"Forever learning and never coming to the truth," is the motto of the worst rather than the best of men. I saw in Rome a statue of a boy extracting a thorn from his foot; I went my way, and returned in a year's time, and there sat the self-same boy, extracting the intruder still. Is this to be our model? "I shape my creed every week," was the confession of one of these divines to me. Whereunto shall I liken such unsettled ones? Are they not like those birds which frequent the Golden Horn, and are to be seen near Constantinople, of which it is said that they are always on the wing, and never rest? No one ever saw them alight on the water or on the land, they are for ever poised in mid air. The natives call them "lost souls," seeking rest and finding none. And, methinks, men who have no personal rest in the truth, if they are not unsaved themselves, are, at least, very unlikely to save others. He who has no assured truth to tell must not wonder if his hearers set small store by him. We must know the truth, understand it, and hold it with firm grip, or we cannot be of service among the sons of men. Brethren, I charge you, seek to know, and, knowing, to discriminate: having discriminated, I charge you, "hold fast that which is good."

SPURGEON.

Edgar Poe said: "To vilify a great man is the readiest way in which a little man can himself attain greatness. The crab might never have become a constellation but for the courage it evinced in nibbling Hercules on the heel."