

may get sick or I may get hurt, and wisdom demands that I should make provision for them. Either the one or the other is bad enough, but to have nothing where with to meet them will make my misfortune worse. I cannot expect to have such a charmed life as to be exempt from these. I will, therefore, save up for a rainy day, Pythianism comes to this man, be he the father of a family or a young man, as so many are in British Columbia, and away from home also, and says; I know what you are exposed to, come join my ranks, pass into my Castle Hall, and once in there, you will be enabled to face the future, and whatever ills may betide you you can meet them without fear and perfect confidence. The value of Pythianism right here is unmistakable, for the brother who counts up what is given out in sick benefits in a single year in one Castle Hall must realize how much our Order does for the benefit of the individual. He is saved from running into debt, he is saved from depending upon the fickle charity of others, and who can tell how much he is saved from gloomy fears, forebodings, anxieties, worries and corroding cares. I know no place where Pythianism is of more value than in British Columbia. Living is higher than in most places, doctors bills are higher, drugs are dearer, attendance more costly, and a man needs just what Pythianism can do, has done, and is always willing to do for him. To the father of a family—who knows not the day when he may be laid upon a bed of sickness, each child is an eloquent appeal for him to take advantage of the benefits of Pythianism, and to the young man, away perhaps thousands of miles from home, sweet, sweet, home, and the loving hearts in it, we know no place where he will meet with more loving hearts and hands than in our Castle Hall. Further, Pythianism has a distinct value in what it can do for us, when our last great foe, death, has overcome us. Death is as certain as sickness. The good old book tells us, "it is appointed unto men once to die," and that grave fact our Order impresses upon us in the most solemn way. As sure as we live, so sure will we die. We may have as Wordsworth teaches, intimations of immortality, but to reach it, we must all pass through the gate of death. The air is full of farewells of the dying. James Montgomery's poem on the Common Lot fully voices our sentiments:

Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and who was he?
—Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembles thee.

Unknown the regions of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and wo,—a smile, a tear!
—Oblivion hides the rest.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—what thou shalt be.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began
Of Him afford no other trace
Than this,—there lived a man.

All this is absolutely true. It is not necessary, however, at this point to notice what Pythianism teaches with regard to the "vast forever," but simply to enforce, that as death is sure, we as wise men should prepare to meet it. One class of men say—let us live—and spend, in death somebody will have to take care of us. These are not wise men, but the reverse. Every man who has a spark of true manhood in him, and who loves to be independent where independence is possible, will joyfully make due provisions for his final exit from the stage of life. Pythianism in the simplest and easiest way possible helps him to lay by from month to month, that which will decently commit him to mother earth, and so leaves those last hours on earth free from all bitterness and care, and thus free to think on such things as will help his soul to soar away triumphantly to mansions in the skies.

But the value of Pythianism to the individual ends not here. In this world as things exist, we are terribly conscious of the bitter struggle between man and man. Men call it the struggle for existence. Our industrial system makes every man not only fight, but makes him fight with his brother man. We talk about the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man, but God's Fatherhood never can be truth fully realized, and there can never be a true brotherhood so long as man has to struggle with his brother for the possession of the lower things. Man feels a desire

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