

While he with sinews young and strong  
Kept watch and guarded it along !  
But O ! Thou noble, valiant youth,  
List now while I shall speak the truth.

And say when I have told you all,  
You fear no danger may befall ;  
And that your strength 's all you need,  
To aid you in your onward speed :

And set at naught fraternal aid,  
And all endowments by them paid.  
Now list, my boy, now list to me,  
While I my tale shall tell to thee.

We had been wed a year or more,  
When Bessie, dear, crept o'er our floor ;  
Now Bessie was our babe, my boy,  
And was to us our hope and joy.

She'd often sit on papa's knee,  
And he would say what wilt thou be,  
My own, my darling little child,  
In this cold world so rough and wild !

O what ! O ! what shall be thy fate  
When thou shall leave thy childhood state  
And launch upon the stormy tide  
Where want and danger doth abide !

And when we knelt in humble prayer  
And prayed for God's eternal care,  
We ne'er would rise until we'd say,  
God keep our darling safe to-day !

O ! how our hearts did fondly beat  
When we looked on our child so sweet.  
But O ! young man there came a day,  
Just as our hearts were light and gay,

Which made my life as black as night,  
And did my hopes forever blight.  
One time when toils of day were o'er  
I heard a step at front room door.

I said to baby lying sweet  
Within her little crib so neat.  
'Tis papa, dear, come home at last.  
But lo ! when I looked up aghast,

The sight I saw did freeze me dumb.  
My baby's papa dear, had come ;  
But in a shroud all cold and dead ;  
The strong right hand the which he said

Would guard me from all care and strife,  
And keep all trouble from my life,  
Lay in a lifeless state of rest  
Upon that broad and massive breast.

But where each noble manly vow ?  
And how was he to guard me now ?  
Who now would care for baby dear  
In this cold world so sad and drear ?

I said I'd work from day to day  
And keep all care from her away.  
But lo ! how fate did mock that speed ;  
And what a lesson it did teach ;

For soon disease upon me came,  
And all my limbs were sore and lame ;  
I lay for weeks upon my bed,  
With body cramped and aching head.

The neighbors came within our cot  
And saw our poor and humble lot ;  
They thought that we had best to go,  
Because our lot was so and so,

To that good house where poor are kept.  
So in that house for nights I slept ;  
For ne'er again my limbs were strong,  
They ne'er my form would bear along.

So all my life you see was spent,  
And all my joys have thus been pent  
Within a house just made for poor,  
Where naught but gloom comes to the door.

My little babe while sleeping there  
Mid all the foul and filthy air,

With scarce a glimpse of sweet spring sky,  
To soft the flash in each bright eye,

Fell sick, and worse she grew from day to day  
And ere a month had passed away  
She lay upon my bosom dead ;  
And with her life my hopes had fled.

So all my life from that dread day,  
When him I loved did pass away,  
Has been a foul and blackened page,  
And now has left me in mine age

Without a hand to help or save.  
'Without a hope this side the grave ;  
But had my husband been a Knight  
They'd cared for me and kept me right.

Or if a Forester he'd been  
I'd felt I had some noble kin ;  
And I should not in anguish sore  
Been kept behind a poor-house door.

And now I say to man with wife,  
If you would guard her all her life,  
Enroll your name while on the band  
Within some good fraternal band.

They always help in time of need,  
Thus friends they are, and friends indeed,  
For when you least expect to die  
The angel Death is passing by.

And when you think success is sure  
A cruel fate will oft allure,  
And you will fall within its snare  
In spite of all your wit and care."

So spoke the one whose cheeks were grey,  
And so she lived from day to day.  
Now men and women here to-night,  
Think you that this is just and right ?

That in our land so bright and fair,  
That some should only reap its care,  
While others live from year to year  
With eyes ne'er moistened with a tear !

O ! no, my friends, this should not be,  
In this our land so rich and free.  
And now I tell you here to-night,  
If we our efforts should unite

And let the bond of friendship rule,  
And send each little child to school,  
And do our duty to a man,  
And always do the best we can,

And each a FORESTER should be,  
The cruel fates which oft we see  
Within our world of toil and troubles,  
Would turn to be but airy bubbles.

O ! FORESTERS with helping hand,  
Long live thy Courts within our land.  
Move on, O Order grand and great,  
For on thee hangs a humane fate.

Humanity with care and fear  
Look up to thee from year to year.  
The child that sits on papa's knee  
Is taught to put its trust in thee.

Let not thy royal banner trail,  
But with old union let them sail.  
Fear not the mocks of this cold world  
Which oft at thee are fiercely hurled.

They ne'er can rend thy royal crest,  
For love and truth reign in thy breast ;  
And God himself from throne on high,  
Will guard thee with a watchful eye.

For on each cause that's just and right,  
He always sheds his holy light.  
Move on, O valiant hearts and brave,  
The poor and needy ones to save.

Do not thy duty e'er forget,  
But with your eyes for ever set  
On right and truth and charity,  
March on, and on, to victory.