

nothing pays which does not add to one's self, and counts all sacrifice a loss which does not bring back to one's self money, ease or glory. A broader view sees that nothing pays but serving a good, or a cause that is greater than one's self. It pays to sow a field that thousands may reap with joy, though we never glean ourselves and may suffer in the sowing. It pays, ay, doubly pays, to plant a tree under whose shade the wayfarers of the future may sit. So with Rathbone. From a financial standpoint, it may not have paid him in the early history of this Order, but he planted the tree under whose green foliage and grand sentiment the wayfarers of the future could sit and rest, and give thanks that such a man had lived in his day and time. It has been well said that "he laid the foundation for an organization that, without being a peace society, inculcates brotherly love; without being a loyal league, teaches patriotism; it does not profess to be a religion, yet it is founded upon the Bible. It passes over national lines and gathers its brotherhood in the mystic ties of fraternal sympathy and love on every shore and every mountain side and valley." It also, throughout its work, cherishes the home of its members. It enjoins them to make home—the place where, indeed, "The calm, blue light of fraternal love shall shine brightly in their souls." The rich and the poor alike have their homes and the teachings of our Order are applicable to both. Charles Dickens, the great novelist of England, says: "If household affections and loves are graceful things, then they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to the humble hearth are of true metal and bear the stamp of heaven." Thus we endeavor to impress upon the heart of the individual member of the Order of Knights of Pythias that his home, be it ever so humble, should be the most sacred spot on earth to him.

President McKinley probably gave utterance to no grander thought than a short time ago, when addressing an audience in a Southern State, he said: "Fraternity is the national anthem sung by forty-five states, our territories and across the sea." What a charm there is in that word, fraternity! It binds us together and makes us a potent factor, let us trust, always for good. In the exercise of the meaning of that word we should look upon the weakness of our fellow beings in a spirit of forbearance. We should condole with them and endeavor to the best of our ability to lighten their burdens. Fraternity should abhor selfishness as being against human happiness. It should fill our hearts with love, good will and a thoughtfulness for each other's welfare. The man who, in this life, lives entirely to himself is a being that is to be pitied. This monument of granite and bronze, and its dedication here to-day, is to the memory of a man who did not live for self alone and will, without a doubt, prove a bright page in Pythian history. It can add no lustre, however, to the acts of the dead, but will simply serve to keep in remembrance him who gave to us an institution which challenges the admira-

tion of men wherever our tri-colored banner waves.

When the breath of life first came into this Order, our nation was engaged in the throes of the greatest civil war in the history of the world, and we believe that the broad teachings of friendship and fraternity that are enjoined upon those enlisted under its banner have done as much, probably, as any other agency, in establishing the fact that to-day we are one nation and one people. The North and the South have clasped hands in a bond of union never again to be broken or disturbed; never again will one take up arms against the other. Their wounds unite them; they each see the right and feel the throb of kinship and destiny. Any separating barriers that remained of late years went down when the sons of those who fought under the blue and gray stood side by side in battle array; all the olden time animosity melted from emotion into memory when they charged up the hill at San Juan, or helped to work the guns at Manila under the starry flag of our common country. The fact has been established that the Anglo-Saxon race must and will rule the world, and the Stars and Stripes of this country, the Union Jack of England and, let us fervently hope, the tri-colored banner of Pythian Knighthood will be carried forward to greater victories in the future.

Under the inevitable wear of time this, as well as all other monuments, may crumble and fall; but when we contemplate what our Order stands for in this life, we cannot but think that the man who brought about this splendid result deserves to be remembered with a monument that will never crumble; and those pioneers who joined hands with him in his efforts to start this Order on its way are also deserving of our recognition and earnest thanks. Surely it can, at least, be said of them, that they builded well. Let us hope then, that long may this monument stand undisturbed by man or the elements; may centuries outnumbering those that look down upon the Pyramids roll on and find this memorial still here; may it endure in the years to come that those who see it will be inspired with the knowledge that he in whose honor it has been erected had lived for the betterment of his fellowmen.

Shakespeare says, "The evil that men do lives after them—the good is oft interred with their bones." We of the Pythian faith can bear evidence that in the case of Justus H. Rathbone, founder of the Knights of Pythias, it does not apply. The good he did in his life lives after him, and we hope may contribute to make the world wiser and better.

Good deeds live in memory's bowers,
Like the perfume of rare flowers.
And, though man may pass death's portal,
Noble acts are e'er immortal.
They, like blossoms, ever bloom,
Shedding sunlight in life's gloom.
Brilliant stars—the light they leave
Bids posterity achieve.

But permit me to impress upon you this all-important fact. This Order cannot live on its