

UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO THE MEM-
ORY OF JUSTUS HENRY RATHBONE
AT UTICA, NEW YORK.

On the 26th day of July, 1899.

We have much pleasure in reproducing the magnificent speech delivered on that auspicious occasion by the Supreme Chancellor:

Mr. Chairman, Brethren, Ladies and Gentlemen;

No duty has devolved upon me as Supreme Chancellor, more significant and, at the same time, more pleasant, than that which I now perform, on behalf and in the name of the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias, in officially receiving from the hands of the Committee this splendid emblematic work of art, and to that Committee I desire to express, in the name of the Supreme Lodge and the Order in general, our thanks for their untiring and unselfish efforts in bringing about this magnificent result.

There is a legend among the dwellers by the Rhine, that on one night in every year, when the moon is at the full, the great Imperial Charles emerges from his tomb and again visits the scenes he loved on earth. When the moonbeams fall on the noble river and fling from bank to bank a bridge of light, upon that bridge of moonbeams the monarch walks, calling down a benediction on all the German land. He blesses the earth, the corn fields, the cities, the towns, the hamlets; he blesses the sleeping people of them all, and, his loving mission ended, he softly and silently returns to his resting place in La Chapelle. What a beautiful legend! And, no doubt, the tradition is looked upon as true by many of the devoted people of that country. But if it could be that the dead might again live—if it were possible for those who have passed away to return, even in the spirit, to the scenes that engrossed their attention while in life—we might hope that the spirit of Rathbone, the founder of the Order of Knights of Pythias, is hovering about this assemblage to-day.

Granite and bronze structures are not always necessary, nor do they, to any great extent, perpetuate the memory of those in whose honor they are reared. This monument, however, has significance and value, as showing the sentiment of love and respect of almost a half million of men for the man who first launched this Pythian barque, and in its infancy shaped its course so that it finally rode successfully on the waves of popular appreciation, to prosperity.

The human society of to-day is largely what has come down to us through the influences of the past; we must be, so to speak, the scholars of the past and the teachers of the future. A man dies, but his influence does not die; an entire generation dies, but its influence lives to curse or bless the living generation. Martin Luther died in 1546, but the Reformation inaugurated by him is a living power for good to-day. Robert Raikes has been dead almost a century, but he lives in the Sabbath Schools of the world. Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Garfield, Conkling, Sumner, Grady and Grant are dead, but their example, and what they did, will

live for ages. Rathbone is dead, but the cause he inaugurated 35 years ago, in the establishment of the Knights of Pythias, its marching on, and year by year is gathering more and more strength, and will continue to do so, we hope, for all time.

The founder had disappointments. Do you know of any who have escaped them? They are the common inheritance of the human family. Those, however, who in this life meet disappointments and survive them are the ones who are strong and whose achievements stand out in bold relief as an incentive to those who shall follow; but success or failure cannot diminish the glory that is accorded Rathbone in the hearts of those who to-day are carrying aloft the banner of Pythian knighthood all over the Supreme Domain. Did he err? He would not have been human were it not so. In this life no man is infallible, but I firmly believe that everywhere in the ranks of our brotherhood there will not be found a single individual who will not agree with me in saying, "The grave buries every error, covers every defect, wipes away every resentment, and from its peaceful bosom springs nothing but fond regrets and tender recollections."

Webster tells us that a monument is anything intended to remind; something which remains or stands to keep in remembrance what is past; something to preserve the memory of a person, event or action. When or by whom the first monument was erected is perhaps unknown, but they had their origin very early in the history of the world. The Tower of Babel, built after the flood, was composed of fire-burned bricks, upon each of which was an inscription, and so strongly was it cemented that it was almost impossible to extract a brick whole. Then, when the Lord parted the River Jordan for the Children of Israel to cross over to the Land of Canaan, one man of each tribe was to carry a stone and set it up in the Promised Land, as a memorial, that the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord was mighty. And so, through all the years of time, monuments have been erected by every nation to keep in memory the deeds of the commanders of their armies, prominent men, and notable events that have transpired in the world's history. And in our own fair land we have at Boston the monument to commemorate the Battle of Bunker Hill; in Washington, the monument to the Father of our country; in Baltimore, the monument to Thomas Wilkey, the founder of the L. O. F.; in St. Louis, the monument to Father Upchurch by the A. O. U. W.; in the New York Harbor, Liberty Enlightening the World. In fact, all through the dim and dusty pages of the past down to the bright and joyous present, we find that man has been perpetuating the memory of noble men and deeds in monumental pile. This inclination comes to the mind of our common humanity only as a prompting from and a reflex expression of the great Divine Original Himself. He has ever been and will continue to be a monument builder. Some might ask, did it pay to erect this monument to the founder of this fraternity? I answer, yes. Only a contracted view of what life is, says