

cannot be soothed. I once saw a man lying upon a sick bed, and the physician came to him and told him that the event of his sickness was very doubtful, and that he was as like to die as to live. There was not even a shadow of pain that crossed this man's face, but in sweetest resignation he said, "whether I live or whether I die, I belong to the Lord."

Worldly physicians are good at the sick-bed—but there is nothing like the Great Physician. That man belonged to a higher Order than the Order of the Foresters. He belonged to an Order that takes better care of its sick than any Order of man.

The third and last reason which I shall specify is, that reason that is given why one should join the Order represented here to-day. That one may have an assurance that when he is gone his family will not come to want. How many times that question comes in to disturb the quiet of the life of a man who has those that he loves dependent upon him. When he wakes up in the night there comes the thought, "what will my dear ones do when I am gone," and the best thought of a good man's life is given to the preparation of some provision for the caring of those who are dependent upon him. A serious question to every man of sense and justice is: "If I should die, who would take care of my family?" and the question is, "what is the wisest provision which can be made for them." Some would say, leave them a large amount of property; leave them so that they will be beyond want of worldly things. To accomplish that object men and women toil and slave and sacrifice and grow prematurely old. It is well to lay up worldly property, for money will help over many an obstacle, and will make many a rough place smooth, but it is not the wisest provision. It is only a few who can accumulate money. By the great advantages offered by a Society like this, with a comparatively small outlay, a comfortable sum may be secured for those who are to be left, and a man may have the satisfaction of knowing that want will not come to those whom he leaves. The man who thus lays up something for a day when no man can work is a wise man. And how any man in this age of the world when he can, by the laying aside of a few cents every week, secure to those who are left when he is gone, one or two thousand dollars by connecting himself with a body like the Foresters—how he can neglect to do so, and run the risk of leaving his family in want, is more than I can understand. It seems to me that such a man is guilty of gross carelessness,

and he is dealing very unkindly by those who may any day be left wholly alone. On his dying bed he will bitterly reproach himself for his neglect. But money is not the best thing that a man can leave to those who are dependent upon him. Money may at any time take to itself wings and fly away. Money, unless there be something else to go with it, is but a snare, and has often been a curse rather than a blessing. The man who neglects to provide money may be unkind and negligent, but his unkindness is very trifling in comparison with the unkindness of a man who neglects to do all in his power to place those loved ones in the keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ. If I put the question to you, "what provision have you made for your wife and children in case you shall die?" your reply to me is, "I have got a little laid by for a rainy day, and I have got a policy in the Foresters for \$2,000, and this will leave them pretty well off." But I put the farther question, "have you made any provision about their immortal souls? have you put them in the keeping of that friend, 'who sticketh closer than a brother?'" You hang your head in silence, and your answer is, "no." What! I ask—can it be possible that you, who are wise and careful and prudent about other things; you who love your family better than you love your life, have only been careful to provide for them just a little while, and have made no effort to save them from eternal misery? Take your little one on your knee and look into the sweet face that looks so trustingly and confidently up to you, and then tell me are you a true man unless you do all in your power, by precept and by example, to bring that little one to the gate of heaven. The story is told of a Forester that was traveling in a strange land. By misfortune his money had become exhausted, his courage was gone and he was sick and he knew not what to do. In an aimless way he wandered into a court room where several hundred persons were assembled. Every face was strange to him, and toward him there was not one sympathizing look. He thought of the dear ones in his own home, of his brethren in the Order, and almost unconsciously he gave the Foresters' sign of distress. The Judge upon the bench saw him, and motioning an officer of the court to come to him; in a low tone he directed the officer's attention to the place where the stranger sat and said: "Just as soon as the court adjourns bring that man to me, for he is my brother."

Brethren of the Order, I am thinking now of a time that is to come to each and to all.