

The True Knight of British Columbia.

"The true Knight does no man wrong."

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Subscribers who do not receive the paper regularly are requested to communicate with us, without delay, when the matter will be rectified.

Address all communications to P. O. Box 313.
J. E. EVANS,

Secretary,
Vancouver, B. C.

G. R. MAXWELL,
Editor.

VANCOUVER, SEPTEMBER, 1898.

THE EDITOR GOING TO ROSSLAND.

The brethren of Rossland will please take notice that the Editor of "True Knight" will be in their enterprising city about the second of September. He will be pleased to meet any of the brethren, and will have the pleasure of meeting with them in their Castle Hall. He hopes to be able to do something in the interest of the "True Knight," and we trust that a hearty response will be given to the appeals made.

:o:

FRIENDSHIP.

My friend! my friend! who is my friend?
He that would borrow, or he that would lend?
He that is high or low in degree
He that has wealth or poverty?
No! men are many, but friends are rare,

Friends are few in the world's great fair;
But what care I what their fortune be,
He is my friend who is true to me.

He that comes to my open door,
Be I rich or be I poor:
He that asks not of my board
Belit for peasant or for lord!
He that stands by my side always,
Nor waits to see what the world will say,
Caring not what my fortune be.
He is my friend, the friend for me.

He that loves and guards my name
Spotless as his own fair fame,
Chides my faults what e'er they be,
Praises, but not flatters me;
Never fails me in my needs,
Spurs me on to noble deeds,
With his life would mine defend:
That is he, he is my friend.

I have put these lines at the beginning of our thoughts this month for a purpose, and that purpose is to broaden your conception of what friendship is. Last month we showed the friend ready and willing to die in the place of the man whom he claims as his friend. That is one view of this important relationship, but it does not exhaust the duties of a friend. Let me now show you that a friend will lay down his living life as a sacrifice for his friends. Dr. Abbott illustrates this idea well when he says: "To die for a friend is not the greatest manifestation of love; to live for him by consecrating the whole life to him is greater," and so it is. To die for a friend is the work of a moment, but to live for him is the work of a life of days, weeks, and years. The former when done is quickly done, the latter is the fruit of consummate patience, endurance, resignation, love and courage. This view then broadens and deepens our conception of friendship, and makes every thought, word, and deed of a friend deeply significant. It invests life with a new meaning, and a fuller meaning, and robes this bond of sacred fellowship with a beauty that is positively bewitching. It sweetens, purifies, and sublimates life; it gives men something to live for, and makes life worth living, and wherever you see men zealously and perseveringly trying to live up to this glorious ideal, the very effort transfigures the giver and receiver into the noblest of characters, and transforms the very ground on which they walk into a perfect oasis of unsurpassed loveliness. There are those, however, who say that such a friendship as this cannot exist. We are told again and again, that there is no love which is not self love, no sympathy which is not a feeling for myself, no pity which is not a provision of our own possible misfortunes, and that there is no emotion whatever that is not reducible to the reflex motive of a desire for