

was Christ-like in becoming a true friend in offering up his life, and in being charitable in his thoughts and words. What he did Christ would have done, nay more, what Christ did for the one, we know Christ did for us all, but the one love inspired both. The birthday of our great men is a great day, but how much greater should that day be in our thoughts, that brought us the Friend that sticketh closer than any brother, that brought us the Man Who went about continually doing good, and that brought us the Saviour Who died upon the Cross to save us from our worst enemy. His birthday ought therefore to be to us a great day, and we should try and celebrate it in the worthiest manner possible.

With these thoughts we bid you adieu for the month. We cannot take you all by the hand, much as we would like to do so, but metaphorically we stretch out both hands to all the brethren, and wish you one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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TO THE BRETHERN.

It is a great pleasure to me to be able once more to contribute my quota to the pages of the "True Knight." Though unable during the past two months to do anything, yet when able to do a little reading, among the first things read were copies of our journal, and I cannot help saying that we have got a paper of which every Knight should be proud. Among the things which touched me tenderly were the kind words of sympathy of the brethren with regard to my serious illness, and the fervent solicitations for my recovery. As these loving expressions came to me from almost every part of our domain, I felt as I have never done before the beauty of these lines:

"We share our mutual joys
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear."

I felt I had friends—nay not only friends, but brethren in the truest sense of the word. For all your kindness expressed in words and in deeds, allow me to return my sincere thanks, both on behalf of myself and family. I cannot go over all that the brethren have done, but I have risen from a sick bed thanking God again and again for making it possible that I should associate with such a body of men, and praying that he would prosper our Castle Halls, and fill them with Knights, devoted to the service of Friendship, Love and Benevolence. May God bless you all in the earnest wish of the Editor.

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"HOW LONG?"

If the torch of battle still flares lurid across South Africa, tinging the veldt a blood-red hue premonitory of the coming change of color in the map of the future new Dominion, no blame

can be thrown on British arms for lack of our in the field and onward sweeping. The resistance that has been met has been unexpected as vigorous, but neither unexpectantly brilliant musketry fire on the part of enemy, nor his ubiquitous mobility of formation and march, has daunted the strong heart and Soldier of the Queen—serve he as a hun Tommy Atkins in the ranks, or as aide or officer, a surer billet for the Boer bullet, with his decorations, gold-lace and trappings.

In our last utterance, we had hoped it before the next issue of the "True Knight" itself the speaking symbol of Charity, Fraternity and Benevolence, peace would once more be paramount, with British sovereignty, over that vast domain that stretches from the Zambesi to Table Bay, girt east and west with Indian and Atlantic oceans. If our statesmen in their administrative wisdom, our soldiers their executive capability, have failed as to achieve the much longed-for desideratum, a cause may be found in a foeman at least worthy of their steel of brain and hand. Stubborn it may be dubbed by the ultra-patriotic, but us remember that these farmer-soldiers believe—as devoutly as you and I believe them to be taken—that they are fighting in a cause as noble as that of the Israelites of old and blessed the same Jehovah that led the captains of hosts on to victory. The freedom of its cause is dear to every people, and that is what the bucolic Boer thinks is now at stake. He looks through the abbreviated end of a telescope the selfish, egoistic point of view—the broader fuller application of which shows us Britain that no greater boon has yet fallen or will ever fall on South Africa, than the consolidation of those trouble-tossed states as one harmonious member of the British Empire. Trade and commerce will flow to and from their ports, as has to those of far less rich and likely lands taken under the kindly aegis of the Great Mother Land; development and industry will build and advance great cities along their inland water-ways; their countless hidden treasures of field and forest and mine will reveal themselves to the golden eye of capital right and intelligently applied; their peoples, now a people, will live the lives of men in place of beasts; will cultivate to themselves the arts and sciences which are the glory and the crown of civilized life; will enact their own laws, administer their own territories, guided only—impatiently and gently, as with a mother's hand—by the time-given skill and experience-taught intuition of the Home Government.

All this will the Transvaaler and the Free Stater see in the allotted time, and if the way to that Mecca is strewn, as is the dreary desert with blood and tears, the means will surely in this case, justify the end. The road to Calcutta was sown with blood more precious than rubies with tears beyond the price of diamonds, with sweat of anguish priceless beyond pearls, but the uplifted Cross with its aureole of light, blotted out with heavenly brilliance the dark Via Dolorosa, and with arms outstretched, cried, Lay up and bury up, away from the sadness of earth and the sin of the world, up to the Perfect Peace.