

The True Knight of British Columbia.

"The true Knight does no Man wrong."

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Address all communications to P. O. Box 313.
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Vancouver, B. C.

G. R. MAXWELL,
Editor.

VANCOUVER, DECEMBER, 1899.

THOUGHTS ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

Before this number may be in the hands of our readers, the real or imaginary Christmas bells will have rung once more, but as I through the aid of my imagination, hear them sweetly pealing, I realise that these tones are ushering in one of the most blessed of all the seasons of the year. I can remember the time, when in Scotland there was no special regard for or observance of Christmas. Our Scottish fathers made grave mistake when they blotted out this season as a National holiday, and I rejoice that British Columbia much is made of the day which is fraught with memories one would not willingly let die. Now let me tender a bit of advice to aid my readers to justly appreciate that God in His mercy has enabled us to see the Christmas a joyful day. Christmas is synonymous with joyfulness. It is no time for gloomy faces, nor for growling and grumbling about this thing and that thing, for it is meant

to be and should be a day of real rejoicing. The first Christmas Day that came to the world was a day of gladness, and those who heard the angels sing the "Gloria in Excelsis," and the oration of the other white-winged messenger of God, rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Christmas Day should be a happy day in our lives. It directs us to look away from our own petty cares and troubles, and to fix our mind's eye on the great mercy and love of the Almighty Father, so that the joy of the One above may fill the heart and the life of the one below. Don't be afraid to be happy. Some people think it is almost a crime to be happy. Realize that it is almost a crime to be sad at Christmas. Be joyful. It will do you good, and it will do others good. On this day robe your face with your sweetest smile, sing your joyfullest song, speak your kindest words, and be as merry as ever you possibly can be. Again let it be an unselfish day. I need not remind my readers that selfishness is with us, and clings to us most tenaciously. We all recognise that it is a great curse—perhaps the greatest that we know. It is repulsive and repugnant. It wears a horrible face, and blasts and withers whatever and whomever it touches. The most unsightly and inhuman creature walking this earth to-day is the man of selfishness, who is eating, thinking, scheming, working and struggling for self. May God deliver us all from this vicious monster of iniquity. If we understand the meaning of Christmas aright we shall realise that there should be no room in our hearts for this debasing passion, for as one has truly said, it is a day of unselfishness, and it is pleasing to note how deeply the spirit of this day enters unto all hearts.

Explain it how we will, Christ's Day exerts almost a magical influence over men and women. Perhaps there is no season of the year that business men buy more for, than what is called the Christmas trade. Stores as a rule are crowded by young and old, and if one were to move among them one would find, that the buying is not for self, but for others. It would seem as if some blessed angel had touched them and that in obedience to the touch, selfishness had been throttled, and that their chief desire was to make others happy. Be unselfish on that day. Think of others, and if you can, with a gift, or a kind word, or a warm shake of the hand, or with a loving greeting, make some one to realise that after all there are unselfish hearts in the world, you will do much to banish a pessimism from the heart, which often steals in through the heartless cruelties and tyrannies of the times.

Again remember why we have the day at all. God gave us this day when His Son was born to us. It celebrates the Truth of Christ. We as Knights of Pythias, do not think less of Christ, because we try to emulate Pythias. Our hero