

In the third place it is the duty of every member to take an interest in the work which we have got to do. The trouble to-day is that we have a large number who, while they are proud to be called Knights of Pythias, don't work much at it. Many don't attend, though they think that by sending their dues along they are fulfilling their obligations. Many irregularly attend. Many take no interest in the good of the order, shirk committee work, team work, and thus in the bee hive we have many drones. Workers, not drones, make a lodge successful, and no brother is true either to the spirit of Pythias, or to the obligations which he has taken upon himself, who does not take an active interest in all that concerns the welfare of our beloved order. If we are fighting a battle, and a battle we are fighting, then only as officers and privates do their duty can we hope to win. If we are engaged in a noble and holy work, and such is our work, then it is incumbent upon every man to be in his place, and to do his best to make that work successful. If but our members realized the beauty, the nobility, the sacredness of our work, methinks every man would be more eager than another to do his level best, so that he might receive the encomiums of "well done" from the loyal and true. Brethren, our new term practically begins at a New Year. Many of us, if we are true to ourselves, as we look back, can see wherein we have failed to do our duty; we can see many things we might have done for Pythianism, that we have left undone. The new year suggests new hopes, new aims, new aspirations, and new resolutions. We need these in our castle halls as much as anywhere else. Let each member then get a new view of what Pythias did for Damon, let him get a new view of what Pythianism claims to do for humanity, let him get a new view of his duty to his brother, to his lodge, to his Grand Lodge, and to the Supreme Lodge; then let him with new vigor prove or try to prove himself the noblest Knight of us all.

Who is God's best beloved servant? He who plows

All day the stubborn field, and then at eve
Returning, bathes his heated limbs and brows
And rests where balmy airs the arbour heave?

No so! but he who ceases not alway
To be a-doing; who, when in the sod
He leaves the well worn plow, at close of day,
Still girds himself to serve the world.

O, for the self purged helper, large of heart—
The man who counts not ease, nor need, nor
due,

Who asks not if he has performed his part
But, one task done, takes up a service new.

Why rest? There is no rest from doing good—
No way side seats for sympathy; each deed
Of love, but adds to love's own plentitude
Its deep desire to meet the deeper need.

JAMES BUCKMAN.

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FROM CRUSADER.

To the Editor of the True Knight.

The year just closed was an eventful one in Pythian history in this Province, because in August of 1898 was witnessed the era of Pythian journalism in Vancouver by the issue of the first number of our magazine, of which, as true Knights of Pythias, we are so proud of—The True Knight of B. C.

And now, Mr. Editor, that the year 1898 has run the length of the sand glass of old Father Time, the brethren who have so unselfishly worked for its success will have the gratitude of all our noble order; and, further still, they will have that which is prized by all good, true men the world over, namely, the approval of their own consciences.

The journal shows for itself how persistent and devoted have been the labors of the brethren to ensure its success.

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