

DID IT EVER STRIKE YOU?

That those social lodge reunions are good things and that our presence there is as much wanted there as anybody else's.

That when you let another brother know that you are sure to be at lodge that he is apt to be there too for the sake of having your company home. This may seem a trifling matter, but just think back and see if the fact that you might have a long walk home alone has not kept you away some nights.

That an honestly administered rebuke is often a something to be thankful for than resented.

That if a rebuke that you have administered has offended a brother that it is your duty to go even the length of an apology rather than that he should leave off attending. There will be plenty of chances of reasoning with him after the first heat of the matter has cooled off.

That there are some good readable pointers that you might have contributed to the "True Knight" if you had not allowed old Mr. Procrastination to get his work in.

That there are members of the Order in the City who are far away from their mother lodges, who would be benefitted by fraternity with local lodges. A kindly worded invitation might start them attending. They would not forget their home lodge through being made to feel that they can feel that they can be put as much at home in a Vancouver castle hall as in "their good old home so far away." This, by the way, applies to every city, as well as to Vancouver.

That a few moments now and then burnishing up on the ritual would hurt nobody—not even those who hold full marks for perfection.

That many a time when a brother in lodge seems irritable, he is really only completely tired out, and consequently his nerves are out of order. Then is the time when he wants sympathy, and perhaps that's what he came to the lodge expecting to get.

If you had known

An oasis might arise at your command,  
In the drear desert of one's daily life;  
Make warm the heart, and energize the hand,  
So weary with the long, unequalled strife.  
Would you be still?

If you had known

That from your life so small a rift,  
A gleam, a beam, a light, a glance, could bring  
Peace, joy and comfort, with its own uplift,  
To a lone heart, and make the sad one sing  
Would you be still?

That you will be sorry some day if another brother is able to say:

I leave it all with God. He surely knows  
How oft my bosom to the storm is bared,  
He knows it made the wildest storm that blows  
More desolate, for knowing no one cared,  
And you were still.

That brother W. A. Forrest was pleased to find that though he had been four years away he had not been forgotten.

That it is a pleasure to hear from brother Pentreath, and that we would like to hear from the Worthy Venerable Archdeacon oftener.

That somehow you are not giving the "True Knight" the support that you should.

That getting back to lodge after being away for a long time is like getting back home after a prolonged absence. I've tried it, and if this should strike the eye of one who has wandered away from the fold, my advice is to get back. They just didn't kill the good fat veal the night I returned, but I happened to drop in on the night that Arthur Crook gave the boys a bit of a supper, and that answered just as well. You cannot tell, but what you may have just as good luck.

That talking audibly when a somewhat nervous brother is trying to express his views to the lodge is as bad form as it is cruel. That slurring over some little points called for by ritual often leads to greater digressions, and will make you feel cheap some night when you have prominent visitors present.

That you have had about enough of this for one week.

That it is time I got a few notes from some of you.

Yours in  
Eff, See and Bee,

TIDINGS.

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We would call the attention of our readers to those merchants who favor us with their advertisements, and urge upon the brothers to give to them their support, and preference when in need of anything in their line. These gentlemen are assisting us in supporting this paper, and it is only just that we do all in our power to see that they are benefitted by their advertisement in the "True Knight." Many of the advertisers are members of the Order and should have a claim on the brethren, everything else being equal. Go out of your way to assist those that assist you, and you cannot go astray.

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"The True Knight," published monthly by T. A. Spink, at Vancouver B. C., is a knew and welcome comer to our exchange table. Prosperity be with you.—"Pythian Age."

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