

The True Knight of British Columbia.

"The true Knight does no Man wrong."

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J. E. EVANS,

Secretary,

Vancouver, B. C.

G. R. MAXWELL,

Editor.

VANCOUVER, MARCH, 1900.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

The first faint glimmer of the dawn of peace already breaks through the lurid darkness of war-swept Southern Africa. Across the dark canvas of the battle picture, red with the blood of carnage in the foreground, ghastly grey from the brush of famine and disease in the background, a kinder tone is spreading, as the hands of Britain's great generals, cruel to be kind, ruthlessly wipe off the dark, foul coloring that slavery and bigotry have spawned. The end was inevitable; if slow, none the less sure; sure in its utter accomplishment of the great end in view: sure in its vindication, the jealous borders of hostile Europe, of Great Britain's greatness, which was, and is and is to be; sure in its tale of filial obedience of Colony to Mother Country, of loving guardianship by England for her younger sons. The Empire, like a giant refreshed, rises from the battlefield, in more than

pristine greatness, and, throwing down the blood-dimmed sword, shakes aloft the torch of peace and freedom.

Great lessons have been taught by the war. England has learned the lesson of possibility of failure—temporary at least—for even as great as she, and will lean hereafter more firmly on the Divine power which goes before her hosts, and less on her chariots and horsemen, be they countless as the sands of the sea. She will remember in time that once Rome ruled the world; she was deemed invincible; the mistress of her fate. But Rome fell, and is now but as a lightning-blasted monarch of the forest, great still in her pathetic grandeur of a past, but no longer an empire to sway worlds. Other nations have risen and fallen before and since; powers that men were wont to say were imperishable as the graven rock on which they built their palaces and their treasure-houses—but alas! what remains but those graven rocks as a memorial of their supremacy? Within our ken, France has, though not irretrievably, taken a lower seat than formerly in the councils of nations, and Spain, the pride of Castile, has been shattered by the hand of a nation, young and lusty, and vibrant with that vigor that comes from Anglo-Saxon stock. So might England fall, as these have done, were it not that she never denies, if sometimes forgets, the Power that rules behind the Throne; has never permitted vice and decadence to take the place of the sterling attributes that are hers by long lines of kings and men. So shall she stand for ever as the Chosen Nation.

Europe has learned her lesson. The Bear of Russia, the Eagle of France, have watched the conflict like craven carrion from afar, waiting but the opportunity to strike a coward's blow at the Lion of England in his expected hour of dire extremity. But that hour is not yet; nor ever will be. The Lion has crushed his open enemy, brave if barbarian, and turned on these shrinking foes, who ever bite in the dark, and already their tone changes from the hoarse mutter of hostility to the whining snarl of perforce apology. This lesson the great Powers of Europe will not unlearn hurriedly, and if some weaker nation were perchance fooling herself with the dream of opportunity, the lust of spoil, she has had grace given her which will stand as forewarning in future critical hours, when heart searches heart, and each man is enemy to his neighbor.

Greater Britain has learned a lesson which needed little teaching. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, and the many younger sons of England, have ever been true to the flag, and if defection has risen once in a while it has been quickly quelled more by good sense and kindly affection than by resort to legislation or arms. The morals pointed to adorn the tale of the war