

mains, but, no man has any security as to the length of his days. Life is uncertain. It does not require an insurance company to convince us of that fact. Well Pythianism bids a man think in this connection of others. It says to him, you may die, you will die. In one way or another the grim Reaper may cut you down suddenly. You have those dear and near to you. Suppose you were taken off, what would happen to them? Are they provided for? Would they fall into the miserable slough of poverty? Would they be exposed to want and hunger? If so, then my brother think about them, insure your life, so that if death should come, you may die contented, knowing that your loved ones will be placed beyond the reach of want. Still you see harping on others. Yet there is one way more that Pythianism enjoins upon us to think of others, and that is by thinking of or remembering our dead. We watch over our sick, we bury them may be, but that is not the end. Longfellow has these beautiful lines:

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door:  
The beloved, the true-hearted  
Come to visit me once more.

He the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road side fell and perished,  
Wearied with the march of life.

They the holy ones, and weakly  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spoke with us on earth no more.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my pears are laid aside  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.

There is no if about our remembrance. Pythianism has created its memorial day—when our dead—the absent are remembered again. We pass out to where their sacred duty is lying, and loving

hands redecorate their graves, while within our Castle Halls loving voices speak of their worth. All the way Pythianism bids us think of others, that we consider is a higher part of our Pythian life than the one considered before. Let us live up to our privileges. Let us seize our opportunities for doing good. We may make no fuss in the world, but all the same, those whom we comfort, visit, and help, will ever think of us, as the noblest and the kindest of men. That is how true Knights are evolved, how they are made and perfected. May we all aspire to the highest rank, the rank which is ever reached through unselfish devotion to others.

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#### THE SUPREME LODGE.

Last month we devoted a large portion of our space to the report of our worthy representative to the Supreme Lodge. Perhaps nothing could more thoroughly convince our brethren both of the need and utility of our Journal than being permitted to read such an able report of the proceedings of the Supreme Lodge. A true Knight is ever anxious about the welfare of his own Grand Lodge, for that means growth or otherwise in his own domain, but the Supreme Lodge, the font of all subordinate and Grand lodges, in it his chief interest lies. Now what a treat it must be to every lover of Pythianism in British Columbia to have presented to him in such a readable form the record of proceedings, which take it all in all, is a record of work done, that must be pleasing to every Pythian heart. We hope our brethren have appreciated our efforts in this direction. Not to have had that report in every Lodge, and in the hands of every member, would have been a great loss. We must stir up our interest in the work of Pythianism all over. We must get acquainted with the noble men who are leading on our great Pythian army to deeds heroic. We must become enthused over Pythianism at home, and the only way the mass of our members can be touched is through the columns of the "True Knight." The brother who does not take it, and does not read it in doing himself and the

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