

The True Knight of British Columbia.

"The true Knight does no Man wrong."

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The True Knight.

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Vancouver, B. C.

G. R. MAXWELL,

Editor.

VANCOUVER, SEPTEMBER, 1899.

CHARITY.

(Continued from August Number.)

We must be examples in doing deeds of charity. We know that this is one of the cardinal elements in our Pythian creed. The past record of our Order is largely a record of good deeds. That never shall grow old, but shall through all ages burn and shine with soft effulgence. These deeds are written in characters of gold both in the hearts of those who have been helped, and in the archives of Heaven. We live as Pythians in doing these deeds. In the past the sick one has been visited; you have stood by his side as a friend and brother by day, and by night till their genial health came back, or till the hand of death closed the weary eyes in sleep; you have provided for him and his in sickness and death; you have given cheerfully gold, flowers, and food; you have ministered freely and unflinchingly; and we should never forget that

it is such deeds which glorify us in the eyes of others. If the time should ever come, when we should fail in these things, then our days of usefulness would be over; our ritual would be a mockery, our pretensions shams, and our glory would be departed. What has characterized us in the past should continue both now and in the future. As Colton says, if there is a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy and which they might also envy a man the possession of, it is power of relieving distress; if there is a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection, that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill. Never a man has yet lived or died happy, who has not learned the luxury of doing good. Men may talk about the luxuries of the table, but this is the only luxury worth coveting and possessing. The more we have, the more we give, and the more we do for others, the more we enrich ourselves. Let a man riot in these other luxuries, and he dances swiftly to death, but let one abound in doing good, and he grows up bit by bit towards a fuller and nobler life. Be not afraid of excess in doing good. Bacon says, by aspiring to be like God in power, the angels transgressed and fell; by aspiring to be like God in knowledge man transgressed and fell; but by aspiring to be like God in goodness or love, neither man nor angel ever did or shall transgress, for unto that imitation we are called. We need not remind you know worthy of us is that imitation. The poem tells us to scatter seeds of kindness, and what seeds which a good man can sow, will be more prolific in giving and bringing joy, peace and comfort, both to the sower and the reaper, than seeds of kindness. For our own sakes let us be examples in good deeds—for as we sow so shall we also reap. We are strong and healthy to-day, but who can say for how long? We aid to-day; we shall require aid to-morrow. We watch to-day; in turn we shall need the watcher. We mutter our words of good cheer over some brother cast down; our turn is coming. We are heirs to all that afflicts humanity.

"Fainting upon the great highway

A suffering soul doth lie.

Go, staunch his wounds and quench his thirst,

Nor pass him idly by;

God will not brook the swift excuse,

The thoughtless, vain pretext;

A fellow-mortal bites the dust—

It may be your turn next."

And as it may be your turn next, all the more reason why we should nobly do our duty. We would further press this thought—for the sake of others do deeds of charity. Some one needs