

PYTHIANISM.

In imagination to-night I see a battle-field. Pythians are there in common with their countrymen. It is an American army. The morning sun has just risen to kiss the Stars and Stripes. There is the sound of martial music, and the tramp of the soldier heroes re-echoes in the stillness of that June morning when nature bends and smiles lovingly and benediction holds her outstretched hands. The fields are waving in the passing breeze, the dews glisten on the petals of the flowers whose bright faces smile upon you, the babbling brook shimmers in the golden sunbeams, and in the peace and quietude you can almost hear the golden harps in that land beyond where dwell those whose crumbled clay and hallowed dust lie in yonder cemetery, where the sweet sleep of immortality adds its halo to that life which is eternal. The command to march is given, and in the smoke of battle, amid the shrieking shot and shell, thousands of Pythians march to their death. Like Spartans of old, they stood faithful and loyal unto death, and thus the sun of the eternal glory lighted with the memory of their noble deeds the firmament of departing years. Then, friends, Pythian friendship will reach beyond the marble door of the silent sepulchre and "we will wet with tears those graves in memory where sleep the joys of other years."

I revere the memory of Justus H. Rathbone. I love the tenets of Pythianism. I gather the inspiration in life's trials from the story so oft told of a sacrifice one brother would have made for another, and thus spring the virtues of Friendship, Charity and Benevolence, the binding qualities that link heart with heart, and hand with hand in a holy emulation. Who can exhaust their significance or fathom their sunless abyss of possibility to make men new by making them better, by making them brothers? When our immortal founder, inspired by love of his country, created this order, with Friendship, Charity and Benevolence as its supporting pillars, it was omnipotent. Friendship breathed forth her tenderest sympathy, Charity shed forth her power and beneficent light, and Benevolence wove her silken bonds.

Around them cluster the brightest joys, the highest hopes and greatest anticipations. A brotherhood of nearly one million has passed its portals, explored its recesses, obtained the keys to the mysteries, worshiped at its sacred shrine. In Pythianism is found the emanation of genius, the music of the poet's lyre, the conceptions of gifted intellect. Within its fold may we not worship with unstained hand and transmit un sullied the eternal truths, unfolded to those who enter within the wall of the Castle and bow as sincere supplicants at the inner altar? Pythianism honors the soldier, admires the patriot, and in every precept is sealed with the stamp of Americanism. Advising the largest charity, teaching love and devotion, it at once becomes a bulwark to the nation, a handmaid of honorable enterprise, the guardian of mortal and social development. Honor is wreathing its brow. Spurred on by a realization of these truths, let us march forward a legion of loyal Knights, doing battle with wrong, succoring the helpless with the unity of purpose to enlarge the prosperity,

garner the glory, increase the intelligence, deepen the patriotism; yes, march forward until we hear the final words, "Pass on, thy crown awaits thee."—H. Laporte, in Pythian Journal.

A PYTHIAN INCIDENT.

It is some years ago, when the writer was in Michigan, that this incident occurred, which goes to show that Pythians can do if they wish. It appears that a lady had come on from the far East (somewhere down in Maine), and was going to Dakota or Montana, I forget which. She had to wait in Detroit and get her ticket from there to her destination, but in the depot somebody picked her pocket and stole all the money she had except sufficient to take her to this town, where there was a junction. She got on board the train feeling very woe-begone and sorrowful, which attracted the attention of the conductor, who was a Knight of Pythias. He inquired the cause of her trouble. Then she told him. He then said he would see what he could do. So when the train arrived at noon at this junction he took her into the hotel where I was stopping, introduced her to the landlord and several other K. of P.'s who happened to be stopping there. He then told the story of her misfortune to the superintendent. He gave her a pass to her destination, and sent her along feeling quite happy. About two or three months afterwards a lady and gentleman stopped over a train and told us at the hotel how the lady had been helped along on her way. The gentleman was a K. of P. and he could not express his gratitude for the manner in which his wife had been helped along in her trouble. He gave the conductor a handsome K. of P. charm, and would have given much more to the various brothers who had assisted in showing the Friendship, but they said they were amply repaid to know that their slight efforts were duly appreciated. That is one of the characteristics of Pythianism.—Pythian, Denver, Col.

"Annabel Brown! What are you doing?" "Only kissing John Henry goodby, ma. He g-goes to-morrow." "But haven't I warned you over and over again against promiscuous kissing?" "But this ain't promiscuous, ma. One more, John Henry."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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