

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, APRIL, 1900.

THE WORD OF PEACE.

This is the vision of one seeing things as in a glass, but withal lit inwardly with a glimmer from the lantern of truth.

War swept the world. From its four corners, north, south, east and west, went up the clang of steel on steel, the bersark cry of the blood-thirsty warrior, and the groan of the hater. Since Alexander led the pride of Persia to worlds to conquer; since Napoleon tramped the map of Europe and left its outlines marked with blood, never had so lurid a sacrifice been paid to the cruel war-god. Look where the dreamer would, his shrinking gaze found yet a new nausea in some more fearful picture of man's inhumanity to man; the stronger crushed down the weaker, while over him already loomed the shadow of the strongest, that should engulf the victim. Ever and ever the gloomy scene returned, painted each recurring time in

hues more hideous, its legend spelt in characters akin to hell-flame. The clouds of death rolled rank and horrid upon the horizon of civilization, blotting out the sun-light of Christian love and charity; illumed only with the glitter of hate's lightning, the fearful shimmer of the Day of Wrath and Mourning. The Rock of Faith lay shattered amid the tossing billows of world-warfare; its arms outstretched in a last appeal, as once those of the Man that awful day on Calvary; Hope's anchor, riven with the blasts of tempest and the strain of storm more terrible than even its God-given strength could bear, failed to succor Mankind in its hour of direst stress: Love was no longer love; Hate held its throne. From the heart of the World primeval to the borders of nations great in arts of peace and prosperity, the cyclone of war swept back and forth, roaring exultant down the paths of trade and commerce; uprooting faiths and creeds of ages; uncovering to trembling shame, forgotten feuds and unholy deeds of ruth. And the night hung heavy and God slept.

Anon the scene changed and though darkness still hung heavy the dreamer felt a newer thrill pass over the face of the universe; while alarms still rang above, below and all around, a new note struck across the discord, like a ray of moonlight on ocean's darkest bed. Faint as the "still small voice" it rose lark-like to heaven; then swelled to sublimer volume and trilling a song of peace and love, hovered above the massed arrays of hostile hordes, seeking, it seemed, a resting-place. But the foul and blood-stained sphere afforded nothing akin to its purity, and again it swept to the zenith, pouring from the lift grand harmonies in which grief and love mingled with a sobbing note of wondrous beauty. And below on the battle-field, men found a moment from the awful work of slaughter, ever and anon to raise their eyes to the still gloomy sky, hearing yet not understanding. And still the song was sung, mingling with the harsh clarion notes of battle; harmonising the neigh of tortured steed, the death-rattle of dying foeman to a new rendering. And as the accord grew, men's arms fell faltering to throbbing sides; the battle light died from flashing eye; sword and shield clashed harmless athwart each other and unconsciously truce reigned over the field of battle.

Then the voice ceased and men listened breathless for what was to come again. And still listening, with muscles strained and nerves taut-strung, there came to each heart a knowledge of things greater than Empire and riches; greater than chariots and horses; an understanding of the truth that passeth all understanding of any but whom God wills; and they knew that love is love while ages last, and usurping hate can reign but a day in the aeons of eternity.

So day dawned, and God awaked.