

The True Knight of British Columbia.

"The true Knight does no Man wrong."

Entered at the Vancouver Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

VOL. II. No. 6.

VANCOUVER, B.C., January, 1899.

[PUBLISHED
MONTHLY.]



The True Knight.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Subscription Rate, 75 cents per year, 10 cents per copy.

T. A. SPINK, Publisher.

In no case will anonymous correspondence be published.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.

Correspondents will please take notice that all communications intended for publication must be mailed so as to reach the Editor not later than the 20th of the month, otherwise they will not be published until the following issue.

Subscribers who do not receive the paper regularly are requested to communicate with us, without delay, when the matter will be rectified.

Address all communications to P. O. Box 313.

J. E. EVANS,

Secretary,

Vancouver, B. C.

G. R. MAXWELL,

Editor.

VANCOUVER, JANUARY, 1900.

THE NEW YEAR.

The phrase, "turning over a new leaf," has almost become proverbial at this stage. It implies an earnest longing for a new life, and a new effort towards higher and better things. This expression is oftentimes laughed at as if it were impossible, but that one is but poorly acquainted with himself who feels not the need of such a change as this expression indicates. In the life of Dr. Judson, we are told that a woman once came to him to tell him that she was about to engage in something which he considered detrimental to her highest good. He urged her to give it up. "Look here," he said, eagerly snatching up a ruler from the table and tracing a not very straight line upon the floor, "here is where you have been walking, a little crooked to be sure, out of the right path half the time, but then you have kept near to it,

and now"—bringing down the ruler with emphasis—"here you stand. You know where this path leads; you know what is before you. But along the air floats rather a tempting bubble. You do not mean to leave the right path, you only want to step aside to catch the bubble, and you think you will come back again; but you never will. Woman, think." The old year with its precious freight has passed away, and there are few who think upon the life lived, the deeds done, the thoughts thought during the past year, but what feel that the course travelled has been a little zig-zag, that the right way has not always been chosen, and the right thing has not always been done. Here we stand by the coming of 1900. Two ways invite us—the straight and the crooked, the right and the left, the good and the bad; two lines loom out before us—and, as the result, two destinies become possible. We sympathise with the earnest soul which stands face to face with the past, which seeks with the open unbiassed eye to discover the general bent of a life which, while it nominally has passed into eternity, yet really lives in us and through us, which seeks to know whether his life has been worthy or unworthy of him, whether what has been done, what has been indulged in, what has been coveted, what has been pursued, what has been fought and struggled for will stand the test of heaven's balances, and who abashed at the imperfections, the follies, the weakness, the errors and wrongs revealed, desires and determines to turn over a new leaf, to begin a new life, to make the future days more glorious and more honorable by making them in harmony with the laws of Him Who is ever both the real and the ideal. Here we stand. A New Year means much to the human race. It is at its opening big with possibilities. To most it comes like a new born child, bringing with it new joys, new comforts, new prospects, new opportunities, new privileges and new blessings. It is a creature of hope and inspires hope in almost every breast, and while we look to it somehow to bring us material blessings, we would be untrue to ourselves did we not make it the messenger which will lead us to greater gifts, so that we may live a purer life and rise to a nobler mission in life. God pity the man who is contented with himself, who sets himself before himself as an image to worship and adore as the embodiment of human perfection, or who moves hither and thither among men, seeking adulation and ever thirsting for flattery, and ever thrusting himself forward as a paragon for men to imitate. When such a spectacle is seen heaven weeps, for it forebodes a star pursuing erratic courses, ultimately to pass out into the blackness of an eternal night. No true man is content with himself, or is satisfied with his attainments. He feels that he is not what