

Over the fields and out of sight,
Beside the lonely river's flow,
Lieth the child this bitter night
Ah, no,
The child sleeps under Mary's eyes!

What wandering lamb cries sore distress
Whilst I with fire and comfort go?
Oh, let me warm him in my breast!
Ah, no,
'Tis warm in God's lit nurseries!

THE VALLEY SWEET.

Where the rough road turns there's a valley
sweet—

Where the skies are starred and fair;
We'll forget the thorns and the noonday heat
And rest in the roses there.
And the dark of the dreary, weary night
Will be lost at last in the morning light.

Where the rough road turns there's a haven blest,
Where the ships at anchor ride,
And the sea winds sing sweet songs of rest
Over the dreamless tide.
Where the tempests fade from a silent shore
And the sails are furled forevermore.

O rest in the beautiful valley sweet,
And rest in the haven still.
What though the storms on the brave ships beat—
Through the thorns are keen to kill?
Let us dream that the dark of the dreary night
Will be lost at last in the morning light.
—From the Atlanta Constitution.

ACTION.

The bell never rings itself, unless some one
handles or moves it; it is dumb.

Activity in Pythianism is needed, there needs
be an awakening, a rousing up from the slumber
of lethargy in order to accomplish great results.
Good wishes, counsel and advice are of no avail
without the energetic work to carry out the
plans and projects for a successful culmination of
the work, although the Supreme Domain workers
are needed to uphold the banner of Pythianism,
to spread its teachings of brotherhood and fraternal
love.

None are so humble, none so exalted, but what
their efforts are needed. The lodges have their
work to do, the individual members their duty
to perform, the officials to guide, direct and shape
the work. All must act in harmony to insure the
complete fulfilment of the objects to be attained.

The beauties of the lesson taught have not
changed, nor lost any of their activeness, only the
followers have grown lukewarm and have neglected
to spread the truths of Friendship, Charity and
Benevolence.

The officers of the subordinate lodge have a
great responsibility resting upon them and to a
great extent it lies with them as to the cause of
lack of interest.

Their aim should be towards perfection in the
rendering of ritualistic work, which well per-
formed creates interest, adds enthusiasm, en-

courages visitors, favorably impresses the candi-
date, creating a desire in him to bring his friends
to learn the lessons as taught to him.

It is with pleasure we note increased activity in
all our lodges, both on the part of the officers and
members. We commend them to keep up their
determination towards making this year one of
prosperity to the cause. Let no effort be spared,
no task be considered too great, no service too
onerous for the noble cause we have espoused.
Let action be the watchword, then victory will
crown our efforts, and the year 1898 will speak
to the world that Pythianism is a live reality,
Friendship a fact, Charity a truth and Benevo-
lence a mantle of love.—Mystic Tie.

FRATERNITY.

There is a tie that binds us, man to man, as
surely as a force holds earth to sun and sun to
stars; our senses may be dull and we as little com-
prehend the law of brotherhood as did the men of
pre-Newtonic days the law of gravity, and yet
throughout the earth in every human heart is felt
a force that we have learned to call fraternity.

A man by many years of constant, honest toil,
establishes a business, broad, which vouchsafes to
him a livelihood through life's declining years. But
far beyond aught that vigilance could foresee have
arisen business troubles in which he has no hand,
and that dread enemy of success, bankruptcy,
stares him in the face. Then certain friends in
whose hearts dwell sympathy proffer a loan; nor
ask security beyond a pledge of honor that all
shall be repaid. The business is secured, the old
man saved. No Shylock has been there, the only
bond is one inscribed fraternity.

A young man far from home is seized by sick-
ness, and on feverish wings reason flies and leaves
him helpless as an infant. By stranger hands he
is carried to an inn: by strangers nursed through
many a weary night, until disease is conquered,
and at least, weak but rational, he recognizes those
whose ministries have saved him from the grave.
He speaks, and the first word framed by his falter-
ing lips is fraternity.

In what was yesterday a happy home, the child-
ren's noisy prattle has been hushed, and tender
wife, with tear-stained cheeks and anxious eyes,
watches by his side, whose life cut short by acci-
dent will leave her all alone to battle with the

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