

The True Knight of British Columbia.

"The true Knight does no Man wrong."

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VANCOUVER, FEBRUARY, 1900.

THINGS REQUIRED.

We must attend to our habits. Just as a dictionary gives us the meaning of words, and an index gives us the gist of a book, so our habits reveal what is the drift of our life—that is whether it is right or wrong. Is the past distasteful and unsatisfactory? Then depend upon it that our habits have had a great deal to do in shaping and forming the past. At Hampton Court we are told may be seen many large trees strangled to death. The ivy has wound and wound itself round the trees, so that there is no shaking it off; there is no untwining of the evil; and, as a result, the tree has died. Yet there was a time when the power of the ivy was insignificant; when it could easily have been thrust aside, and the tree could easily have been delivered. For whatever reason, that time was allowed to slip

past and the weak thing grew and grew, until the strong life was vanquished. Our habits have a terrific power over us, but there is a period in every life when a bad habit is weak. When it is just beginning to grow, when we can easily lay our moral strength upon it and conquer it, and when our life can be saved from its dreadful power. The trouble is that many never bother themselves about their habits. They suffer themselves to be oblivious to the danger. They will not take the trouble to wrestle and struggle with what every wise man knows to be a most dangerous enemy; and so, the weak time flits past; the weak habit grows stronger and stronger, until at last what might have been a useful and beautiful life, becomes a sad, sad wreck. In harmony with our thoughts, Owen Meredith says:

"Use and Habit are powers
Far stronger than Passion, in this world of ours."

That is true. For your encouragement, read carefully the following poem by John Boyle O'Reilly:

"How shall a habit break?
As you did that habit make;
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.

Thread by thread the strands we twist,
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.
As we builded stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Towards the centre's downward sweep.
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before,

Ah! the precious years we waste
Levelling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone,
Ere content or love be won.
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne thread till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last."

Again we must look after our amusements. What we permit to amuse us must also have an influence over us. We believe in amusement, and that people should enjoy themselves. We need to remind our readers that there are so-called amusements that lead to the Gate of Death, and whose fruits are sorrow, care and