

bars of the death of Colonel Edward McConville, A. D. C. on the staff of the Major-General, who was killed while in command of his battalion in the battle near Manila, Sunday, February 5th, 1899.

At the opening of the Spanish-American War, Colonel McConville accepted a commission as Major in the First Regiment of Idaho. This regiment was one of the first to be sent to Manila, and Major McConville was constantly on duty with his regiment until his death.

Brigadier-General Charles King, a graduate of West Point and a soldier of the war of 1861-'65, who was in command of the brigade at Manila, to which the First Idaho Regiment was attached, in his report of the battle near Manila, February 5th, says:

"Gallant old Major McConville, of the Idahos, got his last order from the lips of the Brigade Commander as together they rode across the Santa Ana bridge, and his death wound was received while he was leading his men into the attack of the crowding masses of Filipinos. The fight was particularly fierce in front of the left wing, where the Insurgents doggedly held on to a redoubt in front of Pandacan, where McConville attacked."

So, surrounded by his comrades, in the discharge of his duty as an American soldier and a patriot, Edward McConville, our Knightly brother, met his death just as victory perched upon the colors of his regiment, borne by his son, who was the color-bearer of the regiment.

In this death, grievous though it is, the Uniform Rank is honored and the Order of Knights of Pythias is glorified. Let the name of Edward McConville, the true Knight, the patriot, the gallant American soldier, be entered upon a page of the records of every company of this Rank with the following record:

Edward McConville, Past Lieutenant-Colonel, First Regiment Idaho U. R. K. P.

Colonel and A. D. C., staff of the Major-General.

Major, First Regiment Idaho, U. S. Volunteers.

Killed in command of his troops in the battle at Manila, February 5th, 1899.

By command of Major-General Carnahan.

GEO. W. POWELL,
Adjutant-General.

:o:
EASTER.

All nature springs anew to life, the trees put on their Summer garb and man rejoices in the warmth felt now by anticipation. And as we thus rejoice, our minds turn, start upward to that sphere to which they have belonged and will belong again. Love fills our hearts and they respond thereto and look on love—the love of the ages—given for man. For what is Easter, but Love's highest sacrifice, or, speaking more correctly, the final victory arising from that sacrifice—showing as it does what Love alone can do? Our beloved Order teaches, puts forth as its greatest object lesson, the love of a man for his friend, whilst that great festival, which at this time so great a part of the world celebrates, is in memory of the love of the One for many fallen, yet still His own, teaching, as it

will ever do, the greatest lesson man can learn. Of the greater truths that Easter holds, I may not speak here; let it suffice to say that there is no greater one therein than this, that one has to die to live.

To become that which all true men long to be, self must die; we must not be ever seeking wealth, fame or glory, but the betterment of mankind; that must be our one ambition. Our own interests as individuals must be sacrificed to the one interest of mankind. We must ever strive and strive, till at last mankind (not we alone) has won that which it now stands deprived of by its folly of the past. The way to attain this end is straight and narrow: "Love God with all thy heart, thy neighbor as thyself"; and as one said to me but a day or two ago: Love thy neighbor as thy second self, even as if he were (and he is too) another production of thy self—a man like unto that thou art"; with a heart like thine to feel and to suffer with; a brain like thine to think with:

"And eyes like thine
That brighter shine
With the love from thine
In his own reflected."

Yes, my brothers, be the Christ God or Man, he still lives and will ever live. His life is with us—let it not stand but as a reproach to the lives we live; nay, rather, as a stimulant to us that shall revive in us the "Soul life" so nearly dead. What greater blot have we as men placed on humanity than this killing of One so good and true? What greater glory can we render to the God who made us than by trying in some small way to grow better, truer, nobler, by drinking into ourselves some of that Love that helped Him to die? Is not Easter a time of, awaking to a new and better life? Why then, should we sleep on and idly let pass another chance to learn that which angels waited thousands of years to see? The world grows better, yes, and Easter will not have been in vain if we awake to live as true Knights should.

REGINALD RIVERS.

:o:
FOUND AT LAST.

Some years ago, when travelling rather aimlessly, perhaps, from place to place, I happened to stop over in a town, of the then future, and not having anything else to do, managed to persuade myself that I would like to be present at an organ recital, being given that same evening at one of the leading churches. It was a rather boresome affair; number succeeded number until the first part was over and the second was about to begin. Only a violin solo, to be played by such an insignificant kind of a fel-

Wm. Ralph...

Dealer in.....

THE FAMOUS STOVES and RANGES:

All Correspondence carefully attended to.

24 Cordova St., Vancouver