

it is a part of the Order, one of its branches, managed by and for the membership, and should, therefore, demand our first and loyal support. There is no room for argument on that point—the Endowment Rank is a constituent part of the Pythian Knighthood; is as much a part of the Order as any other part, and, therefore, entitled first to the recognition and support of Pythians. It is especially so because of its character and safety—it's cost too commends it—it furnishes insurance at a price that is less than half that charged by the ordinary life insurance company, and it is just as safe and secure as the best of them.

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A MERRY XMAS.

Before our next issue reaches our many readers Xmas will have come and gone, and it has been deemed necessary, that we should call your attention to this happy, joyous day in our individual and national life. Charles Dickens says: "There seems a magic in the very name of Xmas, and that man must be a misanthrope indeed, in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not aroused, in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened by the recurrence of Xmas." We are all inclined to be happy. You can see more than a passing smile nestling on the faces of the children, for are they not looking forward—how anxiously for the long expected Santa Claus. We also, on whose shoulders rest more or less of the cares of manhood, are inclined not only to mingle in the merriment of the children, but to indulge in joys of our own. It is in most lands the most joyous season of the year. Now as the real or imaginary bells of Xmas ring in our ears, as we look at the faces of cheerful men and women, as we look at the children full of innocent mirth, and as we look into homes, and see joy abounding, we re-echo the sentiments of our popular novelist, when he says: "Would that Xmas lasted the whole year through, as it ought, and that the prejudices and passions which deform our better nature were never called into action among those to whom they should ever be strangers." Man is a strange being, the strangest ever made. You do not always find him in the same mood. He is a very changeable instrument. There are times during the year, when if you were to ask something of him, he would almost hiss the dogs on you; times when he is morose, cold, stiff and unsympathetic; and there are other times when he will receive you with a bland smile and warm shake of hand. God knows when and how to touch the hearts of men. Xmas Day, how it warms and touches all hearts. The Angel of Charity seems to pass over the earth during the night which ushers in this glorious morn, and when we wake, we wake to live in and through a day a writer has beautifully called "the day of unselfishness." Xmas is Charity's day, and all needy ones are drawn to her loving heart. Charity enacts a law, "to annually obliterate human selfishness," and the most selfish of men, strange to say, for twenty-four hours forget themselves. We are all touched. A subtle something inspires us all to say something, and do something of a kind and generous nature. God, through this day clothes the face with a smile, fills the tongue with kind encouraging words, and

makes the hand glow with human affection. We remember others. Brethren, while the giving impulse is on us, remember the widows and the orphans of those who once were with us in our Castle Halls, and who have passed into the unseen. Think of the joy you can give them—think how happy you can make them this Xmas Day—by some tokens, some gift coming from those who were, and are, the friends of those whose absence is sadly felt. Make our Castle Halls at this season of the year places which such will ever lovingly remember as sacred to the memory of loved ones departed, and the habitations of men kind and true.

It is unfortunate that there should be occasions when man withholds the brotherly hand from his brother. We need not enlarge upon these estrangements and quarrels. We all know something about them, but none the less they are deplorable things. Xmas Day is a great binder of human hearts. It makes us forget the jealousies, the bickerings, the misunderstandings of the past. On such a day of peace and good will to men, it makes every man ashamed of strife and hate, and makes him yearn to shake once more the hand of his brother. Hence as he goes out—forgetting the past, with a smile on his face, he says—A Merry Xmas to each and to all whom he meets. That is just what ought to be—not only one day—but every day. Brethren, if you have aught against a brother forget it. If some petty insignificant thing has put you out of brotherly relations with a brother forget it, and on Xmas Day bury the past by taking him by the hand and wishing him heartily, sincerely, and affectionately—A Merry Xmas.

On Xmas Day we should not forget what event inspires all the joy in the land—and that is the birth of Jesus Christ. It is Christ's day—the day on which the Saviour of the world was born. While we are Knights of Pythias, we should not forget that we are Christians, and in sympathy with Christianity. He made this day. Had he never been born, there never would have been a Xmas Day. It is the children's day—because it commemorates the birth of a child. We give on that day, because God gave his best gift to humanity on that day. We are unselfish because Christ taught us to do good, and to make others happy. The divine human Christ is the Alpha and the Omega of this blessed season. Nor should we forget that the incarnation of Christ was for a purpose. He was sent, He came, that He might live, work, and die for us. He was sent to show us—how God so loved the world. He came that He might reveal the heart of our Heavenly Father—that He might show us a pattern life or character, that He might show us how to serve others, and that He might save us from our sins. That is the meaning of Xmas Day. Now we shall be true Knights, if we draw nigh to Him who draws nigh to us, and if in deeds of Charity and

A. M. TYSON 

Central Fish Market

Wholesale and Retail.

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