

himself; the others contained news such as a young man usually receives from home. The other Bill, from his night's adventure and excitement of the following day, had forgotten to open, but on the day following the festivities he carefully open and read it. It was about as usual, except that it mentioned Nell's engagement to Jack DeWitt, but stating just underneath that she thought Nell had been persuaded into it; also saying that Nell had confidentially told her that she did not care for Jack DeWitt, but was going to marry him as her parents wished her to, and as Bill's letters had gradually fallen off she thought that he didn't care much for her, but she loved Bill and wished it was him she was going to marry instead. His sister also advised him, if he wished to win Nell, that she did not think it too late yet, but that he had better come home immediately.

At first Bill was so put about that he hardly knew what course to decide on, but after a little consideration he finally decided to pack up and go home, leaving his two chums to attend to his business while absent. So the next day found him busily packing his large portmanteau and making preparations for the start.

On Christmas day Mr. Biscome had been well entertained, and in the afternoon of that day, holding a tee-a-tee with the postmaster's daughter and trying to invent some kind of conversation by which he could put the question that he so much desired to ask, he finally, by referring to a little cottage that had been built, put the question and was accepted, and a happier man than he it was hard to find that day.

A month or so later the boys received a letter from Bill, and it stated that his Nell had thrown over Jack DeWitt, as they had found out that he gambled and led a fast life. Nell had accepted him and they were to be married within a year. His father had taken him into his business as junior partner, and informed the boys that he did not think he would return, as the outlook was brighter at home. He also added that he had turned over a new leaf, and was then thinking of joining a society called the K. of P's.

A. T. C.

o:
SUPREME LODGE.

A recent letter from Bro. Ogden H. Fethers contains very gratifying and encouraging news for the order and our membership here. Regard-

ing this journal, his expressions are the best, and he considers it not only a duty, but a pleasure to help our enterprise. We trust that in future issues of this journal we may be able to furnish our readers with letters on matters of interest from the different Supreme Lodge officers, and those who are permanently connected with the order, believing that much good will result from the perusal of same.

o:
COURAGE.

Among the many essential qualities necessary to the making up of a True Knight there is not any more powerful than courage. 'Tis true that noble deeds come from noble hearts: still those noble deeds need courage to carry them through.

There is more than one kind of courage, for courage changes with time, adapting itself to the age in which it lives. Not so many hundred years ago, what was the height of man's ambition but to be "Le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche"—a truly noble sentiment, and one very high for the days on which it fell: but time in its flight has changed the field of action, leaving, however, that nobility of character which must ever live in lives which are without fear and without reproach.

Man's fate to fight: 'twill ever be, so long as he is only man. Starting in by fighting among themselves, as men's eyes become opened they will change worldly weapons for spiritual ones, change their strife to a warfare noble in very truth: in which man's higher nature and more God-like part shall strive for and win the victory over the evil now living in his heart.

This being true what other conclusion can we come to but this: "That even as our field of action changes, even so must the motive power of courage change also—change from what was but "brute courage" to something of finer sort. I mean "moral courage"—that which will enable one to stand alone, bearing scoff and jeer of erstwhile friends, not for the glory to be gained for standing thus, for there is not any glory therein—'tis but a duty, only another little duty—but for this reason alone: To call a "halt" on our brothers who are hurrying through life chasing but bubbles.

Did it ever strike you, brother, how often, you have been a coward? When you had the chance by some little action to do a good deed or prevent an evil action, and you could have done the lat-

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