

our own individual well-being. According to these would-be "men of light and leading"—friendship neither is nor can be disinterested, and that the alpha and the omega of friendship is selfishness. One wise man says: "Friendship is an affair of self interest entirely." Utility is the first and prevailing motive which induces mankind to enter into particular friendship, and Epicurus, foolishly says, friendship is to be pursued by the wise man only for its usefulness. We cannot endorse these miserable sentiments. That we have a lot of worthless trash, that there is a lot of wretched rubbish, that we have plenty of counterfeits, may be all granted, but to say that all friendships are due to selfishness, that all friends are hypocrites, and that it is the thought of 'myself' which originates and inspires every friendship, is to say what is not true. The experience of mankind undoubtedly proves that there are such things in the world as fair weather friends. Many a man besides Timon has found out, that in prosperity so-called friends are as numerous as falling leaves in Autumn, and that in adversity, such will leave him to sink or swim. All that poets ever wrote about the falseness and the fickleness of some friends may be amply demonstrated, but it is not true to say that such descriptions delineate every friendship and every friend. We have base coins, but even the base coin suggests that which is genuine. We have sham jewellery—but the sham article testifies to the fact of the real. We have false diamonds, but the false proclaims the reality of the true. We have those who prove to be sham friends, but even these prove that somewhere may be found those who are real and true. If there were no true thing or man, there could not be in the very nature of things that which is false. Hence we may pile up cases as high as Mount Baker of friendships mean and contemptible, but even these would remind men that there are those which are constant and unselfish. We subscribe to these lines by Shakespeare:

That sir, which serves for gain
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain
And leave thee in the storm.

But does not Shakespeare suggest that there are those who will not serve for gain, and who will not love us in the storm? Again, if real friendship was a matter of "myself" everytime, why should men fume and fret over deserters, and why should literature ring with bitter denunciations against false friends? If friendship is selfishness,

then what else can or should we expect but desertion in every time of need? When the poet writes:

He that is the friend indeed
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep.

Does he not mean that there may be such a friend for each one of us, and wherever such a friend is found, the theory of selfishness is shattered into pieces. To us, the story of Damon and Pythias knocks the bottom out of this selfishness theory of friendship. Think of it again for a moment. We are all apt to fix the mind on the man prepared and ready to die for his friend, and as he walks forth to die, it is then that most of us feel such a thrill of admiration passing through us that words fail us to describe our rapture and our pleasure. But Pythias gives in our opinion a nobler manifestation of the friend, when he dared to consecrate his voice, his sympathy, and his influence, when he dared to risk his own life when he entered into the presence of the tyrant to plead for the interests of his friend, and when he sacrificed his freedom, enjoyments and pleasures, when he passed into the loathsome dungeon. Unless he had been prepared to do this, he never would have been prepared to die. Greater love hath no man than this, to dedicate his living life—with all its powers, energies and graces to the welfare of the man he loves. Now let us ask in all sincerity, what had Pythias, to gain by all this? What bit of selfishness can there be discovered in all he did, and in all that he was willing to do? What one benefit could he possibly obtain from being and acting as the friend of a man who was helpless and condemned to die? Why this theory of selfishness won't hold water, and it becomes an unjust slander upon all souls so disinterested and unselfish. Wasn't it grand: wasn't it heroic; and wasn't it through the laying of his life down here, that the after became possible? This has its lesson for all Knights to day. It is right for a man to prepare for his own sickness and death, for these are inevitable. It is right for a man to seek the comradeship which may be obtained through a living brotherhood, and the man who enters our Castle Halls only that he may receive benefits is not a true follower of Pythias. Shakespeare tells us that, "we are born to do or give benefits; and what better or proper can we call our own than the riches of our friends. Oh, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes." Yes, we are

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