

for a spot on earth into which he can fly to escape for a brief season from the bitterness of life, and for a union with men of noble purpose. Times there are when a man feels as if he was utterly insufficient for the strain of life, and when he feels the need of comradeship. Man is social, and has social needs. Pythianism comes right to the assistance of all who think this way. It makes a man a member of an Association of men—as true as ever was brought together, of a band as noble as ever was formed, and of a brotherhood as brotherly as any human being could desire. He becomes thus a link in a great chain, a member, a brother. In the Castle Hall he may have all that can be reasonably expected. As he looks round he sees a body of men—all devoted to him in sickness and in death. He can count upon them in any emergency, and even in the direst and saddest of all—when death will remove him—he can pass away without a tear, knowing as he knows, that his wife and children become the especial care of his brethren, while his own name will be kept in living loving remembrance. Surely such inestimable benefits and privileges appeal to the self in man, and surely for his own sake and those dependent upon him, Pythianism just supplies those necessaries—which experience abundantly reveals we all need. We are dwelling on one point, but when we ask a man to join us, and we can lay before him what our Order is willing to do for him, we are placing before him, even from the selfish point of view, just the very things which if he is a true man, he will be willing to possess and enjoy. By doing so we are not pandering to selfishness, but we are trying to make men see what Wordsworth forcibly declares

That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men
Who to themselves are false.

The old Greeks tell us about Prometheus, and Epimetheus. The one means forethought, the other afterwit. A complete man has the first, an incomplete man the second. The one saves man from a sorrow and many a tear, the other is continually making us wail—would that I had been wise—these misfortunes and troubles would not have been mine. There is a wisdom which enables a man to see his duty before; there is another which

comes after. As the phrase runs always wise behind the hand. Pythianism develops forethought by bringing us face to face with things which though seemingly distant are yet sure to come, and rouses us up to prepare wisely for them. Pythianism has no sympathy with afterwit, for then while we see what we ought to have done, we realize that now as sickness and death are on us, it is too late to do anything, and must struggle with them helpless and alone. Forethought enables a man to confidently await the disclosures of the future, afterwit makes a man mourn with an indescribable anguish gnawing at his heart, at what might have been if—if only I had been wise.

VISITING THE BRETHREN.

Without wasting words, let me briefly state, that I found myself the other day in Rossland, called by its many admirers, the Golden City, and without doubt there is a veritable Klondike in these hills which lie up against it. My duties up there were various—but what concerns the readers of the "True Knight" most is the progress of Pythianism, and to that I shall confine myself. My first objective point was Trail—said by some to be seven miles from Rossland, but I think the mile up there is like the Irish one, a mile and bittock. I walked down—a pretty nice stretch for a constitutional—and soon found myself among friends. The time flew quickly, and soon found myself in a neat, clean, commodious Castle Hall. There was one aspirant for the degree of Esquire, and as he did not do what he was told to do, there was fun all round. The visitor was called upon to defend the culprit, and after some gentle words peace and harmony were restored. After the lodge was closed, the brethren invited me to partake of their generous hospitality. The good things being rapidly disposed of, I addressed the brethren on what was common to us all. Trail is prospering. Since the C. P. R. got hold of the smelter, business has been steadily getting better. Money is being spent freely in vast additions to the works. As I stood on the hill—a commanding site—I could not but feel that in the near future thousands of busy energetic people will yet have

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