

The True Knight of British Columbia.

"The true Knight does no Man wrong."

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In no case will anonymous correspondence be published.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.

Correspondents will please take notice that all communications intended for publication must be mailed so as to reach the Editor not later than the 25th of the month, otherwise they will not be published until the following issue.

Subscribers who do not receive the paper regularly are requested to communicate with us, without delay, when the matter will be rectified.

Address all communications to P. O. Box 313.

J. E. EVANS,

Secretary,

Vancouver, B. C.

G. R. MAXWELL,

Editor.

VANCOUVER, JANUARY, 1899.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

This is a time full of wishes. Each man has a good wish for his friend. We do not merely think, but we speak out the contents of our hearts to each other. How this custom at this season of the year came into existence we cannot say—but it is a good custom. It does one good to wish another good things, and it does a man good to know that another desires the best of things for him. Hand-shaking is brotherly. To take a man by the hand, look in his eyes, and say in kindly tones "A happy New Year to you," is to do something which lessens the coldness of the times, and which inspires good will, good cheer, and human happiness. By the time this number reaches our subscribers 1898 will be a thing of the past, 1899 will have come to our earth like a new born child—full of hopes and possibilities. We know the old—the new has always a mystic charm about it,

the charm of mystery. We know what 1898 has done for us—we can only speculate about 1899. We wish, however, the best. 1898 will always be a memorable year in the history of Pythianism in British Columbia, because it gave us the "True Knight." The birth of our journal has brought us into closer touch with our brothers, and brought us a goodly number of helpful and enthusiastic friends. While we have had a great many discouragements in conducting this journal, we have had a great many encouragements. The outlook is optimistic, not pessimistic. To our many correspondents, numerous subscribers, and to our many advertisers, we wish you one and all the compliment of the season, and that 1899 may be the happiest, the richest, and the best year of your lives.

THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW YEAR.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet:
I asked and paused; he answered soft and low:
God's will to know.
Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year? I cried:
And ere the question into silence died
The answer came: Nay, but remember too,
God's will to do.
Once more I asked: Is there no more to tell?
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
Yes: this one thing all others above,
God's will to love.

BENEVOLENCE.

The world is out of joint. All is not well with a large portion of our common humanity. We hear a great deal about stocks and shares, fortunes and millionaires, but side by side with these vast accumulations, and signs of opulence, there exists a pandemonium of misery. We read much these days of the rivalry betwixt man and man, as to who will eclipse the other in gold and luxurious living, but round this island of vice and Sardanapalian splendor, a sea of poverty is surging in and moving against it. We are growing richer, but in some things we are growing poorer. Oft we sit on the mountain top to descry what is beyond—to luxuriate in visions of the future, and to read the portents of the sky as to the good time coming but let us forget what will be, and think of what is. Look with me at what is around us. Forget all about the fools of fashion, the dainties of the rich man's table, the gorgeousness of the rich man's dress, the sumptuousness of the rich man's dwelling, the abundance of the rich man's possessions—forget that Croesus and Cleopatra live; but see our brethren crushed and oppressed, now by social injustice, now by greed and grab, and now by heartless capital. See them struggling under the yokes of intemperance and poverty, the sport and plaything of every move-