

The True Knight of British Columbia.

"The true Knight does no Man wrong."

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The True Knight.

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Address all communications to P. O. Box 313.
J. E. EVANS,

Secretary,
Vancouver, B. C.

G. R. MAXWELL,
Editor.

VANCOUVER, JUNE, 1899.

LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD.

(Continued from our last number.)

Again, in our brotherhood, we are bound to each other by the holy and endearing ties of Love. There is no need to arouse one over this thing called "Love." It is with us, in us, for us. We are an earnest body of men, engaged in a work demanding the full play of earnestness. As a brotherhood, we seek to face the stern, unbending facts of life—as revealed in human frailty, human weakness, human sorrows—and we seek to proclaim that, only as the brethren are moved, inspired, controlled, and thrilled by love, can we hope to nobly fulfil our duties. The lesson requires to be enforced again and again, that love is the only power that can or will assuage the sorrows, lift the loads and dry the tears of our suffering humanity. Our work is what may be called social Christianity, and may be regarded as

revealing to the Church what may be termed a neglected talent. There is a vast difference between theoretical and practical Christianity, and the trouble has been for long and weary that they who professed to follow Him who is Love, thought they were everything and doing everything that was right, if they had only in their heads certain dogmas. The great weakness in the armour of Christianity has been that the greatest commandment—"Love one another as I have loved you"—has been practically forgotten, and become a dead letter. To a casual observer, the Christianity manifested in many churches, seems to consist in saving oneself. With many that is the be all and end all of their hopes, progress, and labors. All is centred on that wonderful being called Myself. Consequently, we have had a great deal of gush and sentiment about our brother; we have had a lot of fine words and beautiful ideas. We have sung about him until we have grown hoarse, in order to incite us to do something for him; we have read again and again one of the most charming of all the lessons which our Master taught us, that, at the Judgment, it will not be party cries nor shibboleths, nor creeds, nor professions, that will save us, but what we have done in the way of visiting the sick, providing garments for the needy, giving drink to the thirsty, and entering into human prisons with cheer and comfort; and we have so misread and misinterpreted His words, that the practical is swallowed up and lost sight of in what is merely theoretical. We have all followed the man on his way to Jericho: we have seen him robbed and wounded; we have all had our sling at the priest and Levite for their inhumanity and unbrotherly conduct, and we have all praised and commended the good Samaritan, but, somehow or somehow, our modern brother, who is being robbed and wounded to-day, does not inspire us to do much for him. That is what ought not to be, and by a true brotherhood, that is ever under the regal dominance of the noblest and greatest of all passions, such heartless and unsympathetic conduct will be held in complete abhorrence. True love is not selfish. It does not try to catch all for the self in which it dwells, and it does not dam up the channels, so that others may not share its holy and benignant ministries. It is Tennyson who writes:

"Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens, but only love,
That only love were cause enough for praise."

That is beautifully true. After nineteen hundred years of its benign sway, we do not yet realise the munificence and magnificence of its powers, because we have never given it that free and unfettered scope, either in the individual or in the many, which it claims. It is fine to think about love, for the more one