

fair, play, and fair play is the love of what is right, and the doing of what is right.

Now, we have been dealing with some of those elements which together enable us to say of a man who possesses them, that he is a man of honor. These elements are inestimably precious and important to all noble living, and hence it is not difficult to imagine why true men have loved and prized this honor. A man's honor—what a depth of meaning lies in these words. Try to pierce his honor, and you touch his heart, and try to purchase his honor, and he will scorn the impious bribe. A man like Falstaff might say, "Honor is a mere escutcheon, and so ends my catechism!" but that is all which we can expect from a man who is not honorable. A man, however, who knows the worth of honor, and for his honor would sacrifice life itself, we expect and we receive from him no words disparaging honor.

When the Duke of Norfolk is accused falsely by King Richard II, he declares:

"Mine honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take honor from me, and my life is done.
Then dear, my liege, mine honor let me try,
In that I live, and for that I will die."

And another of the great men whom Shakespeare has immortalized in deathless story and language, when urged not to do what he had vowed to do, exclaims:

"Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honor far more precious dear than life."

In other walks of life than those already mentioned, we meet with the same love of and pride in honor. We gladly turn to the life of the great Burke, one of the greatest Irishmen that ever lived. He was a man of principle, and his honor was worth more to him than Government preferment, for he told the Premier of his day: "I know the map of England as well as the Noble Lord, or any other person, and I know that the way I take is not the road to preferment." That is a magnificent utterance, for we have in it the revelation of an incorruptible statesman. Brother Knights, is our honor less in our estimation than it was in theirs? Are we willing to trail ours in the dust? Is our hold of it so loose; is our love of it so lukewarm, and is our admiration of it so cold that we can and will permit it to be soiled by ignoble actions? God forbid! We have our tempters and temptations to-day as all men have had. One thing and another appeal to us to throw our honor to the dogs, and gain by dishonor. Forbid the thought; crush the vain desire, and resist man-

fully what would wreck and otherwise ruin noble manhood. We sometimes hear the expression, "Honor among thieves," but we want to-day honor among men who profess to be honest, truthful, and just men. We want and need a race of men to-day, that, when each says: "Upon my honor," it will be the synonym of sterling uprightness and justice, so that the very sight of such heavenly excellences, will drive into the haunts of reptilian broods, all who will not be men. Be loyal to your honor. Build it up; strengthen it in every way you possibly can; add to it day by day, by thinking and doing noble things, until your companions will be constrained to say: "There goes a man." That is good advice which Schiller gives us:

"Do what is good, and humanity's godlike plant
thou wilt nourish;
Plan what is fair, and thou'lt strew seeds of the
godlike around."

We rejoice in the fact that Pythianism enforces the need of possessing, using and manifesting this virtue called honor. We demand that among the brethren, among Knights, there shall be nothing dishonorable. In the tragedy of "The Fatal Falsehood," by Hannah More, when Orlando and Rivers have drawn their swords, and are about to engage in a bloody conflict, Emmelius steps in between them, and pleads with each not to use his arms against a brother. Rivers exclaims, "Is honor nothing?" and there comes this beautiful reply:

"Honor! O, yes, I know him. 'Tis a phantom;
A shadowy figure wanting bulk and life,
Who, having nothing solid in himself,
Wraps his thin form in virtue's plunder'd robe,
And steals her title. Honor! 'tis the fiend
Who feeds on orphans' tears and widows'
groans,
And slakes his impious thirst in brother's
blood.

Honor! Why, 'tis the primal law of hell;
The grand device to people the dark realms
With noble spirits, who, but for the curst honor
Had been at peace on earth, or bless'd in heaven.

With this false honor, Christians have no commerce,
Religion disavows, and truth disowns it."

And so does Pythian Knighthood. This false honor, thank God, is largely a thing of the past. You feed not on the tears of the orphans, but you dry them and make their faces radiant

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