

by Philip the Fair and Pope Clement the Fifth, who gave to them the rack and torture; and on the 11th of March, 1313, Jacques de Molay and others were led to the funeral pile, and their bodies slowly consumed by charcoal fires beneath their feet. Yet, Sir Knights, I would have you remember from this terrible lesson of history, that our *fratres* endured the hellish torture with the utmost fortitude, and maintained to the last the innocence and purity of their beloved Order. As if in due vengeance of the Lord, the Pope and the King died within a twelve-month, and history attests that all who were foremost in the persecution of the Templars came to an untimely and miserable death, while the virtues of the Knighthood—"piety, chastity, modesty, courtesy, sobriety, and, above all, an inviolable attachment to truth, and an invincible courage" enriched the generations of all coming time.

Saint Bernard had given to the Templars the example of heroic manhood, and in the hour of trial it was not forgotten.

From Bernard the man and Saint, you, Sir Knights of the Saginaw Valley, derive your title and virtues; while from still another Bernard you may draw an illustration and comparison of grandeur and good deeds.

Away up among the Alps, between the Swiss Valis and the Valley of Aosta, rises a mountain eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. That pinnacle is known to the world as Great Saint Bernard, and upon its ragged brow was built, long before the Abbot of Clairveaux was born, a monastery where its Augustine Monks, up to the revolution of 1847, were ever indefatigable in discharge of their hospitality to the wayfaring stranger, an asylum the most elevated and fixed habitation in Europe, and close upon the limits of perpetual snow. But the mountain, where Bernard de Menthon, a pious Savoyard, had built his hospice in 962, still stands in all its native sublimity. It was by the pass of Great St. Bernard that Hannibal crossed the Alps, and Napoleon led his troops to the Plains of Lombardy and the contest of Marengo. By this pass Charlemagne and Barbarossa also led their armies over the Alps. Need I, *fratres* of the Cross, apply the moral? You have no mountain tipped by the lingering rays of the sun—but you have a valley surpassing any in Switzerland, with an active, teeming, intelligent people, such as never gave echo to the dells of faderland, which can be made as classic as the reputation of him whose honored name you bear.

The recollections of the great past invite men to high and honorable deeds—not the dust of the man nor the rock of the mountain. The devotion of the patriot, the ardor of the warrior, the fidelity of the friend, the loyalty and truth of the man of honor, do not sleep in the graves of the family at Fontaine, nor dwell in the nooks of a mountain. Their incense penetrates the world, and casts its influence over all Knightly hearts. If the romance of chivalry has departed—if the views of the Holy Land are shut out from your natural vision—their hallowed characteristics still remain, and still invite men to noble action. Romance may have given way to a sterner age, and in its silent departure, like the building of the Temple, you may have heard neither the sound of the axe nor hammer, nor seen the debris of workmen, yet the influence of the crusades still lightens up the world, as the watch-tower at Alexandria, built by Philadelphus, sent up its ever burning flames to direct the course of the tempest-tossed mariner on the sea beyond.

The sacred emblem of our Order does, indeed, to all thoughts and all objects—

"Add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

With the organization of the Crusades there sprang up a living principle that can never die—in which the Knight devotes himself to truth,—to maintain the right, to protect the oppressed, to practice courtesy and in every case to vindicate his honor. *Sois chevalier au nom de Dieu*—"be then a Knight in the name of God"—still rings out upon the world's great ear, recognizing an ample field for the manly practice of Knighthood's shining virtues. Though the Knight Templar of to-day goes not to meet the Turk under the shadow of Jerusalem's walls; yet, bearing the Red Cross of the Order, he may do valorous battle in driving the modern "Saracen" from this promised land—the fanatic who will not suffer Christian charity to have a home in the human heart, or permit him to cultivate that conserving power, whose silken bonds lie above the deadly touch of poisoned politics. Let the Republic realize that there is in citizenship something better than the profession of politics—something more elevating than a strife for the spoils of office—something better than mammon—something more glorious than the success of this or that party.

More than ever, in the history of this land, do we need to practice the maxims and virtues of your patron Saint, and the power of that fraternal love which makes us feel that we are one. Write then upon the inner side of your shield, which no corrosion can destroy—GOD AND SAINT BERNARD.—*Sir Knight Hugh McCurdy at Saginaw.*