

# THE IDEAL KNIGHT.

THE following eloquent address was delivered by the Rev. Albert Reinhart, O.P., at a banquet of the Knights of Columbus, at Zanesville, Ohio:

The idea of knighthood contains the idea of championing those that are in distress; it contains the idea of courage and power, of unselfishness and of high purpose. But over and above all, and shining upon all as a consecrating light, it contains the idea of personal purity. In making the analysis of this idea of knighthood, we are struck by the immense requirement needed for its perfect expression, and immediately there comes the question, was there ever a man who united in himself all of these qualifications, these virtues in such degree as to warrant us in holding him forth as the ideal knight?

Looking back upon the great procession of the human family, we see here and there mighty giants standing up like towers upon some far-reaching fortress. They are all splendid figures, full of majesty, of power, and in their day and ever since have shed a quickening influence for all that is good and noble. Even at the mention of their names the eye kindles, the breast swells and there is born in every one worthy of the name of man, a desire and a resolve to live as they lived, to fight as they fought, to suffer as they suffered and to die as they died. We see them armed to the teeth, with buckler and sword and plumed helmet, we see them shorn or every weapon, clad in gowns of coarse wool, their feet unshod, their hands clasped in prayer, but whether they be armed or unarmed, they stand there in their giant strength, eloquent witnesses of the possibilities of human achievement. Human nature was wounded in the fall — ah, yes, woefully so, but since we have had a St. Louis, a Godfrey de Bouillon, a Charles Martel, since we have been blessed with a St. Benedict, a St. Bernard, a St. Dominic, a St. Francis, a St. Ignatius, and in later times with Lacordaire, Montalembert and Ozanam, and the Count de Mun, we know that man, wounded through he be, need not crawl in the dust; he is still the paragon of animals, the image of his Maker. His pinions may be bedraggled, but there is ever the full stream of that all-cleansing grace flowing upon them, and so they become strong and white and he can spread them to soar to the highest heights. How measureless seem the heights to which they have attained who availed themselves, wisely and fully, of that unspeakable help. We are ravished with the beauty of their lives. We feel our souls burning within us when we contemplate the vast range of their achievement. Born of their success there comes to us the resolution to do as they did, and presently we find ourselves shaping our lives to conform to theirs.

Encouraged by their shining example we begin to throw all our energies into the channel that will lead to the attainment of the end for which we were created—the possession of that only perfect happiness which comes with the contemplation of the very essence of the Uncreated Beauty. In each of them we find the elements that go to make up the knightly character. There was in all of them the chivalric spirit that loves to do and dare for those that are in need—those that are weak and defenseless. They were possessed of courage, of dauntless courage and of that strength which is ever begotten by courage. They were unselfish, for personal gain was shut out of view, nor was personal loss allowed to paralyze their efforts. Their purpose was high: "God wills it," was the cry of those who lived even before the days of the Crusades. Their lives were pure, for they knew full well how noxious to their Master were the fumes of uncleanness and so they were knights in the truest sense. For knighthood does not confine itself to the riding in tournaments, to the dextrous wielding of sword and spear, to the wearing upon the crest of mail the embroidered sleeve of some fair lady sighing in the watch-tower and straining her eyes to note the return of her hero with his brows bound with victor's wreaths—all this is very picturesque and beautiful indeed and if

the intention be pure will serve to express one phase of knighthood.

But there have been knightly hearts that never beat beneath a coat of mail; knightly hearts that never poured forth sighs and vows of love to any of the daughters of Eve. There have been knightly hearts that were enlisted in the great warfare which the emissaries of Satan are waging against man; hearts that lived and throbbed and had their being in the one great desire to rid themselves of the inherited dross and to stand between God and the insults which are offered to Him by a sin-ridden world. In their lives do we, indeed, find an approach to the ideal knightly spirit. Yet it was but an approach, for the full realization of this spirit was found only in One, One who came a veritable benediction to the sons of man: One whose every thought, whose every word, whose every deed was pure, perfect, divine; One whose beauty appeared to the prophetic vision of Isaiah when he sang, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this Beautiful One in His robe, walking in the greatness of His strength?" And the answer comes, "I that speak justice and am a Defender to same." One who was all charity, all courage, all power, all unselfishness, all purity, and that one was our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. He, indeed, was the very epitome of all the elements of knighthood—the measure of perfection and the full stature of the greatness of the knightly spirit. All the others, bright and admirable though they were, were but the merest reflection of His splendor. They were like so many fragments of mirror glass reflecting the light of the sun. Whatever was good in them was but a suggestion of His goodness.

The very quintessence of chivalry is found in the idea of the Incarnation. Fancy the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost assembled in the indescribable splendor of their heavenly home. Rolling in space, swiftly, unerringly, were the countless spheres of the universe, the creation of the Omnipotence of the Godhead. On one of these, one of the smallest, there was a creature fashioned according to the image and likeness of the Creator—a creature with the divine spark, an immortal soul within him. The earth was given to him as his abode. The earth, teeming with vegetation and alive with beasts of every kind. With birds that flashed their brilliant plumage athwart the sky and made the air tremulous with their song; with fishes that swam in the cool depths of brook and stream and sea. Everything was made to minister unto him; everything was his servant. And all this without desert on his part. He was the pampered, petted child of an infinitely loving Father, a Father who placed but one restriction upon him, who asked but one act of obedience as a show of gratitude. And this one act of obedience was refused. It was as if he smote that Father in the face, for he heeded the suggestion of the arch-fiend. He disobeyed his God and the great sin was committed. Then there were born in the world, misery, want, sickness, death, its countless as the stars sprang into being. The passions of man ran riot like wild, unchecked coursers, and he who was fashioned according to the image and likeness of his Creator; he who was the crowning glory of creation, stood before his God defiled, polluted by the mire of sin. The bars of heaven flew out. The end for which he had been created was rendered impossible of accomplishment, and life, while it lasted, was to yield in all fullness a harvest of thorns and thistles. O miserable man! O wretched state!

And now go back to the council of the Trinity. See them there—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Hear the words that fall from the merciful lips of the Son, "Let us not desert him. He is, indeed, the ungrateful creature of our power, but we have fashioned him according to Our image and likeness. I will take upon Myself the form and nature of man; I will assume his guilt; I will become obedient unto death, even unto the death of the Cross." And you know how in the fulness of time "The Word became flesh and dwelt amongst us." You know the story of His birth in the cave, in the chalk hills of Judea; you know of His sweet and gracious life of three and thirty years; you know of His harrowing death on the Cross. Here was the very flower of the spirit of chivalry. Here was the refinement of all that is knightly. Here was the relief of those groaning in misery; here were courage and strength; here were unselfishness and purity undefiled and all, all offered for the highest and noblest aim. No wonder that the world has been recreated by His coming. No wonder that His example has been the stimulus to the highest endeavor. No wonder what

the Cross, once the badge of shame, has become on his escutcheon the symbol of glory.

And so, gentlemen, you will know where to find the type of a perfect knight. I take it you are anxious to do the higher and better things of life. Your membership of this organization is an earnest of that desire. Indeed, the Knights of Columbus exist, to-day, because of the strength and prevalence of that desire. And therefore should you all say with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, "Let us, who are of the day, be sober, having on the breastplate of faith and charity and for a helmet the hope of salvation." And this panoply, go forth in the name of God, following the bleeding feet of Him, Whom even the apostate Renan called "the purest, the holiest, the wisest, the grandest man that ever walked the earth."

Go forth in charity, in courage, in strength, in unselfishness, in purity and you will, surely, scatter benedictions in your way, and the world will be better for your coming.

## A PAROCHIAL CENSUS.

THE Augustinian, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, of St. Augustine's parish, in that township, publishes the following parochial census, which will be read with interest in many other parishes nearer home.

The entire number of families in the parish good, bad and indifferent is 549; the number of souls are 2,420; number of single persons not under the care of their parents, 187; the ages range as follows: From one to six, 283; from six to sixteen, 652; from sixteen to twenty-five, 388; from twenty-five to fifty, 799; over fifty, 259; over seventy, 65; there are 11 grown people in the parish who have not made their First Communion; there are 13 who have not been baptized; there will be 51 candidates for the next confirmation; there are 226 who failed to make their Easter Communion, and there were 33 married outside of the church since the last census.

We have in the parish 185 mixed marriages. There are 897 children of the city attending the Catholic school; there are 68 children within the city limits attending the public school and 42 outside the city attending the district schools. Only 273 families rent pews, (such only can be considered as practical Catholics), contributing their regular share towards the support of the church. The number of families and single persons, contributing towards the monthly collection is 355, or in other words there are 174 families and 154 single persons in the parish who contribute nothing whatever, towards the support of the church or school. There are 158 Catholics in the insane asylum, 385 families have Bibles, nearly all of these families have a greater or less number of Catholic books and several have Catholic libraries.

There are 125 families who take Catholic papers, and periodicals in the parish, aside from the Augustinian. During the past year only two delinquent subscribers have paid back dues. There is a membership of over 1,000 in the different church societies. This does not include the Scapular, or Rosary Society, these societies numbering nearly the entire parish, 59 persons report themselves as members of the C.M.R.A.; 45 as C.K.L. of A. and 2 L.C.B.A.; 51 members reported themselves as members of the German Aid Society. We regret to learn of so many of our people belonging to quasi-secret societies, which, although not condemned outright by the church, may be, any day. They are as follows: Maccabees 54, Woodmen, 32; Royal Arcanum, 4; Elks, 8; Forerunners, 1; Ben Hur, 1; other societies, 28. The number of nominal Catholics belonging to condemned secret societies, 10. Number of G. A. R. men in the parish, 4. More than three-fourths of our people have homes of their own. About one-half of the parish live in the first and second wards. There are 56 families of farmers outside of Kalamazoo township. There are 19 families that use the German language in their homes; 1 French; 4 Italian; 6 Hollanders, thus showing that nearly the entire parish are Americans, and seldom use other languages but English.

From the above statistics will be seen the exact statement of the parish at the beginning of this month. It is the result of the arduous work of the priests engaged with this duty during the past few months.

## IRISH CATHOLIC GENEROSITY.

ARDINAL Moran, of Sydney, recently laid the cornerstone for a new chapel at Callan, Ireland, and in the course of his address spoke of the devotion and generosity of the Irish Catholics of Ireland. He said, among other things:

"We see the whole people quickened by a fervent spirit which, with difficulty, could anywhere be surpassed. It is true, genuine, solid Catholic devotion, extending to all parts of the country, and, in full accordance with it, the people are earnest in prayer, abounding in charity, and keeping faithfully the Divine commandments. Then, we see the whole country studded with beautiful cathedrals and churches. Need I recall to mind the sad condition of the sacred edifices at the beginning of the century? Many of the penal laws regarding the churches were still in force. No Catholic Church could have a steeple, no chapel even could have a bell attached to it. It was only in the back lanes and other out of the way places the chapels of Catholic worship were to be sought for. Now every diocese has its stately cathedral, and many of these religious edifices are such architectural monuments and occupy such magnificent sites that they would adorn the most prominent seas in Christendom.

"Take, for instance, the Armagh Cathedral, which has cost £250,000, the Queenstown Cathedral, a gem of ecclesiastical art, and so on of Letterkenny and Longford, of Carlow, Kilkenny and Monaghan, and the other cathedral churches, each having its distinctive motifs, and all of them erected within the century. What shall I say of the two thousand parochial churches and the churches of the various religious orders? Many of these sacred edifices rival the cathedrals in stateliness and grandeur, and many in their equipment and ornamentation could with difficulty be surpassed. It is no exaggeration to say that all these have been built within the century, and all are the outcome of the boundless generosity of the faithful people of Erin.

"And the countless schools with which the whole country is studded are no less remarkable than the churches. It was in the hedge schools that our grandfathers had to receive their lessons. In penal times there was a price on the head of a Catholic schoolmaster. It was penal for a Catholic to teach in a school, penal for a Catholic parent to send his child for instruction to a Catholic teacher. Now, under the national system alone, there are almost six thousand fully equipped schools throughout the various dioceses under Catholic teachers and Catholic management."

## A CRY FOR HELP.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

Amongst many pitiful stories, which are told from time to time is that of a poor missionary in the North-West, the Rev. F. Broeck, O. M. I., at St. Patrick's Orphanage, in the far North-West. This good priest has a considerable number of orphans entrusted to him and absolutely no means of supporting them. The diocese of Prince Albert is poor, remote and the people who compose its population, miserably poor. Last Christmas Eve, the good Father told me on the occasion of a visit to Montreal, twelve sturdy boys arrived begging to be taken in. There were absolutely no beds, provisions were at a very low ebb, but the boys had just arrived in the country, and said they would be frozen and die by the way, if he could not

give them shelter. So there they remained for the rest of the winter. The cold in that region may be imagined—and the scanty store of provisions had to be shared with them. A repulsive disease sometimes incidental to the climate, broke out amongst the boys and the missionary with the one lay brother, had to personally care for them. He wrote thousands of letters, appealing for ever so little help. Almost all remained unanswered.

He undertook a journey across the ocean to his native Germany, his expenses being paid by his aged parents, hoping to collect funds. But the government regulations absolutely forbid collecting for foreign purposes. While there he learned that floods had destroyed his little bit of farm, and he wrote to the present writer with "tear dimmed eyes and bleeding heart." He has now returned to his post to find a gloomy prospect, indeed, his crops destroyed, no means of support at hand, and he is expected to take in 60 to 100 orphans more this coming spring.

It is, moreover, becoming urgently necessary to have a separate house for the girls, as they are growing too big to remain in the house with the boys, and where they can be cared for by the sisters. A small dwelling for them and the purchase of some farm land to support both institutions and keep the boys busy is Father Broeck's brightest ambition, but all this would cost \$5,000. Meantime, even the most trifling amounts are of the greatest help to him, in feeding the helpless ones and protecting them against the rigors of the climate. "Oh," he said, "if the rich only knew how every little helps us, I know, they are persecuted on all sides, by those needing help, but if only some would come to our aid."

I thought as I sat and listened to his simple account of almost incredible hardships endured, minimizing his own share in it all, and cheerful, smiling as a boy, only anxious to get back to his arduous post in those bleak wilds, how little it would be to unloose purse strings and give this brave soldier of Christ, out of the abundance what would enable him to do so much more for those helpless children, either white or half-breeds, entrusted to his care. Calls in every direction are many and pressing. In our very midst, the needs are urgent, but if any who read, can spare anything, let them send it, in the name of Him who promises to reward a cup of cold water, to Rev. Father Broeck, O. M. I., St. Patrick's Orphanage, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, N.W.T.

## THE LAST SACRAMENTS IN THE SANCTUARY.

Dr. G.—n was one of the old school of medical practitioners, and he had an extensive practice in the country districts of one of the States of the Middle South. He was devoted to his profession as a priest is to the welfare of souls. His services were at the command of the poor at any time during the day or night, and frequently when called to a home of the very poor he would stop at the grocer's and the butcher's on the way in order to carry to the sick bed the nourishment which he knew was more necessary than the remedies from his medicine chest. He was well known over a wide stretch of country, and when he drove into a farm-yard his coming was hailed as an angel's visit.

The good doctor had been brought up a Protestant, but had never associated himself with any of the sects; and why should he? for, as he argued, none of them have any claim to be of God, but are mere human societies among which there is no choice and no authority. Protestantism did not appeal to him at all, and as there were no Catholics in his town or in the country, or in fact in any of the neighboring counties, he knew but little of the Church of God. In time he came to doubt even the existence of God and the immortality of his soul; for if there were a God, he argued, why did not he reveal himself to his creatures? Manifestly none of these sects was divine. Sometimes he thought of the Catholic Church, of which in his few leisure moments he had read, and more it was impressed upon him that if there was any real religion it was that, and the Catholic religion.

gion became his argument for the existence of God.

But he was a busy man with his poor sick, whom he served faithfully, and time went on until the doctor himself fell sick, and then a still, small voice within told him he must settle the affairs of his soul. It occurred to him to send for a priest. This special grace was probably the answer to the prayers of the poor who had so frequently said "God bless him!"

He requested his wife and daughter to ask Father D.—n to pay him a visit, but they, thinking that he wanted to become a Catholic, flatly refused to do so, and even mocked him, for they were ashamed of what the world would say.

The rumor reached the priest, however, that Dr. G.—n wanted to see him, and putting everything else aside he made a journey of 130 miles to see him, only to be refused admittance. Day after day the doctor begged his wife and daughter with tears running down his cheeks, but it was always a refusal.

The priest, thinking of the old man who could not come to him and whom he was not permitted to see, was prompted to write to the daughter a very strong letter telling her of her duty. The letter was found offensive and insulting, so that she sent it to her brother, a physician in one of our large cities. The brother, however, viewed it in a different light. He visited his father, and there was a scene in the family. The son, in his larger experience, believed that the last wishes of his father should be gratified. He took matters in his own hands, and in order that his father should see the priest in peace, he picked him up as he was in his rolling chair, placed all in the baggage car and started off to the nearest church.

It was a joyful procession when the town was reached where there was a church, and the old man was wheeled along the street crying out along his thanks to God and telling those who had charge of him to hurry. Passers-by thought it a strange sight, and it was strange. When the old gentleman reached the church where the chair was rolled into the sanctuary, there the doctor made his profession of faith, received his First Communion as Viaticum.

And such a profession of faith as he made when he again was wheeled up the street! He spoke it out loud to every one he met, to the Protestants who knew him and stopped to shake hands with him, to the strangers to whom he was pointed out. His face was radiant with happiness as he called upon all to witness that now he was a Catholic and had the one and only Faith.

Though this happened six weeks ago the good old doctor is not dead yet, and a few days ago, as the wife had so far relented as to admit the priest again, the fervent convert had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion.

He has not long to live, however, and the good son has promised him that when he dies he shall have Catholic burial.

The son is not a Catholic, but God will surely reward him as he has rewarded the father for his good deeds.—The Missionary.

## A UNIQUE ROSARY.

Some years ago, on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Cummins, St. Mary's Church, Syracuse, was wired for electric chandeliers, installed through the generosity of Mr. Cummins. A second, an unique and elaborate gift, has now been made St. Mary's by Mr. Cummins. It is an electric rosary nine feet high.

The rosary is a beautiful adornment to the church. It hangs above the altar of the Blessed Virgin on the right side of the chancel. It is a heart outlined with white lights, interrupted at each ten by a red light. From the apex, through the centre of the heart, is a string of lights, supporting a smaller heart and a cross. The medal and crucifix are in green lights, and the connecting chain in red, with every tenth light in the larger heart of red. The rosary was lighted for the first time at the service held in honor of Our Lady, and the effect was much admired, and the donor's ingenuity and generosity generally commented upon.

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The first Mass said by Farley after his receipt of brief announcing his nomination as Archbishop of New York St. Peter's Church, New York. It was in this church years ago that he said his first Mass, and during

He was eight did not look the uniform made him a child, in the continent the time gaze way out of seemed to nee of the passer so, but as th only to embel let him alone He had been months-six m him like a h it was all o home, or rat Magdala Ba southern Ca ther and mot tage for the When his n good-bye at at the Point wrapped up dreams, which duction dress of a comm But they did dreams. The day, until he spair—and no in disgrace. Cadet Franc ed "sick leav pending action was a matter knew it. He tary academy whole world i it seemed s gers on the o have some in ductor, the P rough people stations where seemed to ha song sent u rails as the t the Pacific he an accusing v derision, "Cov And still he thought was could not und thing must be with hint or more he thoug the past six zied he was. had lived in a at the injust down in his h was not a cov The one co was in the th would underst —who had bee who had show than once on proved of his that he woul ashamed. As yet he h rents anything did not know which he had per-class me everything in But now he y he had to-ma He intended to challenge which an upper-class in consequence been shunned, claimed a cow ets. It had taken courage to rel per-class man. unprompted—t reason why C a battle with against whom and to whom slightest offens refused to fight ance, they had but still he d challenge; and gan which end academy. He hopelessly und ardice, trying with the fortit but the end o nights of wor health, he felt