

From morning till night they could be seen on their beautiful chargers. They rode often alone, and often two by two, and sometimes in bands over the fields and through the forests.

Wherever they found poor and needy people they helped them; wherever they found sadness or sorrow they tried to drive it away. They always thought of others first and of themselves last. Do you wonder that the people loved them, and ran to the doors to see them pass?

The little children were their friends, for they were always friends to the children. It was not strange that in each child's heart there grew the desire to be a knight like the Knights of the Round Table. When the blasts from the bugle horns of the knights fell on the ears of the children, they would call to each other, "The Knights are coming! The Knights are coming!" Then they would run to the roadside and watch them as they passed by. The tall knights in their beautiful armor was to them the most beautiful sight in the world. And how the little hearts would beat with joy when the knights would