VOL. XXVII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1876.

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SERMONS BY THE LATE REVEREND J. J. MURPHY,

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HE LION OF FLANDERS;

THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER XII.

Months had now gone by since the surrender of Bruges. De Chatillon had appointed Messire de Mortenay governor of the city, and had himself returned to Courtrai; for he knew enough of the true feelings of the men of Bruges not to feel himself ill at ease within their walls. Meanwhile the garrison which he had left behind to ensure submission indulged themselves in deeds of violence of every description,-plundering, insulting, and wantonly annoying the citizens in a thousand ways .-The foreign merchants, disgusted at this state of placed himself as to intercept his passage. things, had mostly betaken themselves elsewhere; the commerce of the city fell off from day to day, and with it the prosperity of the manufacturing and working classes, whose sullen dislike of their new rulers had thus gradually ripened into active hatred, which waited only an opportunity to exhibit itself in open rebellion. The time to attempt this, however, with any hope of success was not yet come. The French garrison was too numerous, and every possible means had been adopted by them in order to secure what they had already won. The city had been dismantled, in a great measure, of its defensive works, and a strong citadel was in course of erection, by which they hoped more effectually to overawe the inhabitants.

To the great surprise of his fellow-citizens, Decorinck allowed all this to proceed without opposition, and, as far as the public could discern, went a useless vengeance?" quietly on his way, as though now only intent upon his own affairs. In the private assemblies of his guild, however, he was all the while encouraging, by his fervent exhortations, the hearts of his fel-lows, and cherishing in their hearts the warmest and noblest aspirations for the deliverance of their country.

As for Breydel, there seemed to be nothing of his former self remaining. Ever darkly musing, with knitted brows and downcast eyes, the gallant butcher went about as it bowed under the weight of years. It was seldom, indeed, that he left his house. Bruges, enthralled and oppressed, was to him but a wider prison, whither the light and air of freedom could no more enter; upon the forehead of each brother-citizen he read only the brand of I have known you too long, and I can see into shame; in the eye of each stranger glanced the insulling taunt, "Slave! slave!" For him there was neither, joy nor comfort more. In this mood he was one day pacing his shop in the early morning, and fitfully continuing the dreams of the past night,-now plunged in gloomy thoughts, now fuming with rage; at one moment grimly smiling procure some intelligence of our unfortunate upon his axe as he poised it in his hand, and at another wrathfully casting it from him as the useless plaything of a slave, -when suddenly the door opened, and to his surprise the Dean of the Clothworkers stood before him

Butcher, "what evil tidings is it that brings you street. Breydel started off without delay, and a

auen unrevenged; and, oh, what bitterness of the harvests, the peasantry should have been rich taking no forther notice of the French party.

Course of the fourth crusade [1204], Constantinople and Philishould I have been spared! But I lost that said prosperous, as supposition; however, which taking no forther notice of the French party.

Chance, and have been spared! But I lost that was taken by the Crusaders, and Baldwin, Count than was strangely belied by their dress and general appearance. chance, and

Calmly, but not unmoved, Deconinck interrupted | pearance, which in all respects bespoke the deepest him:

"Be of good cheer, my noble-hearted friend," said he; "our day shall yet come. The embers still glow under the ashes; and the time will surely arrive, though it is not yet. Let the chains press more sorely still upon our necks, until they become too galling even for cowards to bear; and our Black Lion shall yet again float aloft, with Bruges in the van."

A smile full of confidence flitted over the countenance of Breydel; and as he seized the Dean's hand, he joyfully exclaimed, "You alone, my friend, you alone know how to comfort me; you alone understand my heart."

"But now, Master Jan," proceeded the Clothworker, "to the object of my visit. You have not forgotten our promise to keep guard over the Lady Matilda?"

"What now!" cried Breydel hastily, his cheeks flushing at once with anxiety and anticipated indignation.

"She was seized and carried off by the French last night."

The butcher took a step forwards, caught up his axe, and furiously swung it round his head. For a moment he was unable to speak; then a torrent of incoherent curses burst from his lips; at last he exclaimed:

"Deconinck, this is too much, — not a word more! I listen to no put-off now; to-day I must see blood, if I die for it."

"Softly, my friend, softly; be reasonable. Your life belongs to your country, and you must by no means risk it uselessly."

"Not a syllable will I hear! I thank you for your good advice; but I never can nor will follow it. Spare your words, therefore, they are all in vain."

"But be reasonable, Master Jan," rejoined the Clothworker; "you cannot drive the French out all

by yourself."
"What care I for that? My thoughts carry me

not so far. Vengeance and death! -The violence of his emotion prevented further speech. After a few instants' pause, however, he continued more calmly:

"Well, Master Deconinck, after all, I will be cool, as you tell me. What more, then, do you know about this matter?"

"Not much. This morning, before daylight, I was disturbed by an urgent message from Sir Adolf of Nieuwland's house, to the effect that the Lady

Matilda had been carried off in the night by the French, and that it was the traitor Brakels who had acted as their guide."
"Brakels! There is another for my axe! He

Castle of Male; for the servant who brought me the message had heard this name mentioned more than once among the soldiers. You see well. Breydel, that it will be better to wait for some further information than to take any step hastile especially as there is a simple man-at-arms, like the rest; it was only his extraordinary strength and lofty stature, and his readiness to profit by those advantages, which had procured him this kind of pre-emitence among his fellows.

While the Frenchmen were the respectable of the control of especially as there is every probability that the counters is by this time already in France. It seems that the only course is to stay at home and bide our time."

"You preach to the deaf, my friend," replied the butcher; "at all events, I must and will go out .-Forgive me if I now leave you."

And with these words, concealing his axe under his garment, he moved towards the door. by a sudden side movement, however, Deconinck so

"Have done with this childish impatience," said the Clothworker, while Breydel looked round as though seeking some other exit, and in default of that seemed ready to spring throug the window; "forth with that are you shall not go. — You are by far too dear a friend to me, and to valuable too our cause, that I should let you thus rush upon destruction."

"Let me pass, Master Peter. I pray you, let me

go out; you keep me on the rack." "Not so, Master Jav. Think you that you are your own property, and may risk your life at pleasure? No, no, master; God has given you your great gifts for nobler ends than that. Remember your only for a few days; we shall soon be back." high calling, master; think of your country, and of the services you may do her. How shall you aid and save her if now you fling away your life upon

While Deconinck was speaking, Breydel had gradually cooled down, and now answered in a

calmer tone : "You are right, my friend," he said; "I am too easily carried away. There, now, see my axe is hurg up in its place again. You can let me out now; for to-day I must go to Thourout to buy

" Well, I will keep you no longer; though I know well enough that it is not to Thourout you

are going to day."
"Indeed, what I tell you is true, master; I haven't a hoof left, and must provide myself a fresh supply this very day."
"You cannot pass that off upon me, Master Jan.

your soul through your eyes; you are going to Male."

"You are certainly a conjuror, Master Peter; I believe you know my thoughts better than I do myself. Yes, I am going te Male; but I give you my word it is only to reconnoitre, and if possible to princess. I promise you to put off the reckoning till a more convenient season; but I warrant you they shall pay with interest when they do pay, or my name is not Jan Breydel."

The two deans now went out together, and rapid walk of half-an-hour brought him to the to me thus early?" answered Deconinck, "I ask village of Male, which at this time consisted of "My friend, Jan," answered Deconinck, "I ask village of Male, which at this time consisted of "My friend, Jan," answered here and some thirty thatched cottages, scattered here and not why you are sad; the thought of slavery—
some thirty thatched cottages, scattered here and there in the immediate neighborhood of the castle.
Word; the very walls of my house seem to resected all around stretched away impenetable forests. it around me in a thousand tones of insult. Oh, amidst which the industry of the villagers had my friend would that I had died that day upon the cleared an open space of cultivated fields. To tamparts of our city! I should not then have juge by the fertility of the soil and abundance of lallent unrevenged; and, oh, what bitterness of the harvests, the peasantry should have been rich.

poverty. Slavery and despotism had borne their fruits. The peasant did not labor for himself; all belonged to his feudal lord; and he thought himself fortunate if, after payment of all exactions, he could, by unremitting exertion, secure for himself even the barest maintenance.

At some little distance from the castle was an open space, round which stood a few houses of stone, built somewhat closer together than the rest; in the middle rose a tall stone pillar, to which was attached a chain with an iron collar, in fact, a kind of pillory, which betokened the criminal jurisdiction possessed by the lord. On one side was the small chapel, the wall of its churchyard encroaching a few paces upon the square. Adjoining the chapel stood a lofty house, the only place of public entertainment which the village boasted. A stone image of St. Martin above for a sign; but so rudely chiselled that its representation of a human figure might be regarded as purely conventional. The whole ground floor was occupied by a single apartment, one end of which was almost entirely taken up by a projecting are-place, so disproportionately wide, that it left only a re-cess at either end used as a drying-place for herbs and roots. The other walls were whitewashed, and hung all over with various cooking-utensils in wood and pewter: a halberd, and several large knives in leathern sheaths, occupied a place apart. The whole aspect of the place was gloomy in the extreme. The rafters overhead were black with smoke, and a perpetual twilight reigned even when, as now, the sun shone brightly without; for but few of his rays were admitted by the small panes of the windows, which, moreover, were raised full seven feet above the floor. Some heavy wooden seats and still heavier chairs completed the furnish-

ing of the room. The hostess ran hither and thither hastily waiting upon her guests, who, at the time, happened to be unusually numerous. Flagons and beakers went their round incessantly, and the merriment of the revellers blended into one confused hubbub of voices in which not one intelligible word could be distinguished. It was easy enough, however, to perceive that the result was not perfectly homogeneous, and that two distinct and different tongues combined together to produce it. From about the fire-place might be heard the manly and vigorous tones of the Flemish, while in the more polished and softer accents which sounded from the body of the apartment might be recognised the language of France. Among those who spoke in the foreign tongue, and belonged to the garrison of the castle, the principal leader was one Leroux, at least such he seemed to be, by the authoritative tone in which he spoke,

jovial shouts went freely round, another soldier of the garrison entered the room.

Good news, comrades!" said he : " we shall soon be out of this cursed Flanders. I trust before tomorrow is over we shall see our own pleasant land

of France again!" At this, every man was instantly on the alert, and looked the new-comer in the face with an expres-

sion of mingled doubt and inquiry. "Yes," he went on; "to-morrow we set off for France, with the lady that paid us a visit at such

an out-of the way time last night."
"Is that so, indeed?" asked Leroux. "Nothing more certain; Messire de St. Pol has sent me to desire you to be in readiness."

"I do not doubt you, for you are always a bringer

"Why, what now? are you not then glad of the news? and don't you want to get back to France ngain ?"

"No, not a bit of it! Here we are enjoying the fruits of victory, and for my part I don't want to leave the feast so early,"

"Well, you needn't be so put out about it: 'tis Just as Leroux was about to reply the door open-

ed, and a Fleming entered, who, with a bold and careless glance at the French soldiers, sat down at a table by himself, and called out: " Now, host! a stoup of beer. Quick, I'm in

haste!" " Anon, anon! I'm coming, Master Breydel!" "He's a fine fellow, that Fleming!" whispered to Leroux the soldier who was sitting next him. " He's

not so tall as you; but a what a build! and what a voice too! He's no peasant, that!" "He is a fine fellow, indeed," answered Leroux;

he has eyes like a lion. I like him."
Host!" cried Breydel again, rising, "what are you about all this while? my throat is as dry as a

smoked herring!" "Tell me, Fleming," asked Leroux, addressing him. "can you speak French?"

"I'm sorry to say I can," answered Breydel in that lar guage. Well, then, as I see that you're impatient and

thirsty, accept a drink from me, till your own comes. Here, and good luck to you!' The Fleming took the proffered cup with a motion of thanks, saying, as he raised it to his mouth: "Health, and long life to you!"

But hardly had a few drops of its contents passed his lips, when he hastily set it down again upon the table with an ill-suppressed look of disgust. "What's that? why the noble liquor frightens you! Ah! you Flemings are not used to it," cried

Leroux, laughing. "A good morning to you, master," said the parted, after exchanging a few more words, in the "" answered Breydel, with careless indifference, as though his aversion had been a

mere natural distoste. The soldiers looked at one another, and a movement of displeasure contracted Leroux's brow. Nevertheless, Breydel's manner and countenance gave so little appearance of intention to his words, that nothing was said, and the Fleming returned dulet ly to his table, where the beer he had called to stood ready waiting for him, and resumed his seat, taking no further notice of the French party

with dry throats; here's to the health of this Flemish fair one, and may the devil fly away with her!" At this toast Jan had some trouble to contain himself; but with an effort succeeded, and Lerona went on: "If only by good luck all keeps quiet while we're

gone! These rascally citizens are getting more than half-disposed to rebel, and there may be an outbreak any day. A pretty take-in it would be for us, if the others are at the plundering at Bruges while we are out of the way! We should have to

Again Breydel's blood becan to boil; but he remembered his promise and held his peace, listening however, the more attentively as the Frenchman resumed:

"I should like to know who she is. I suppose she's the wife of one of the rebel nobles, and going to make one with the others they've got safe hold of there. Yes, yes! she'll not spend her time very pleasantly in France, depend upon it!"

Jan, meanwhile, felt that if he was to hold his

peace he must find some vent for his feelings; accordingly he rose from his scat, and paced up and at the farther end of the apartment, humming over in a low voice a Flemish popular song of the day

"The sable Lion! Mark him ramping" So proudly on his golden field! Mark well his claws, his giant weapons, That tear the foe spite mail and shield! Behold his eyes, for battle flashing ! Behold his mane, how wild it flies? That Lion is our Flemish Lion, That crouching still the foe defies."

The French soldiers looked at one another in astonishment. "Hark!" said one of them; "that is one of the Claward sougs; and the insolent Fleming dates to sing it in our presence!"

These words Jan Breydel heard plainly enough but he took no notice of them, and went on with his tune. He even raised his voice somewhat in defiance of the Frenchman:

"He showed his claws in Eastern regions, And trembling fled the Eastern host! Before his keen eye paled the Crescent, The Saracen forgot his boast! Returning to the West, his children He guerdoned for their deeds of fame He gave to Godfrey, gave to Baldwin, A royal and imperial name."

"Tell me, what is the meaning of that song they always have in their mouths?" enquired Leroux of a Fleming belonging to the castle, who was sitting

" Well, the meaning of it is, that the Black Lion clawed the Saracens and their Crescent right handsomely, and made Count Baldwin Emperor of Constantinople."

vou must acknowled lion has had to turn tail before King Philip's lilies; and now, I suspect, he's dead, for good and all." Master Jan smiled contemptuously. "There's another verse to the song," he said; "listen:

He slumbers now; the Gallic Philip Can his free limbs with chains oppress, While robber-bands of foreign hirelings The lion's fatherland possess. But when he wakes,-O, then, ye robbers, Then shall ye feel the Lion's claw! Then shall in mud and blood your Lily Lie low beneath his mighty paw!

There! now ask what that means!"

The sense of the verse was explained to Leroux, who immediately rose, thrust his seat hastily back filled his drinking-cup to the brim, and exclaimed

"Call me a coward my life long, if I don't break your neck if you speak another word!" "What, you think I am to be silenced by you?" answered Breydel, with a scornful laugh. "Not by

all the like of you unhung! and to show you— here's to the Black Lion! and a fig for the French!" "Comrades!" cried Loroux, trembling with rage, leave this Flemish dog to me! he shall die by my band!"

And, advancing towards Breydel, he shouted at him: "You lied the Lily for ever!"

"Liar yourself! and the Black Lion for ever!" retorted Breydel.

"Come on!" pursued the Frenchman. "You are strong enough; but I will show you that it is another Lion than yours that must tread down the

Lily! Come on, and to the death!"

With all my heart, and the sooner the better.-It's a real pleasure to me to have to do with a brave enemy; it's worth all the trouble!"

No sooner were the words uttered than they left the house, and straightway proceeded to seek out a convenient place for the encounter. This was soon found, and stepping a few paces apart, the two adversaries made their preparations for the fight. Breydel first took his knife from his girdle and threw it from him, then stripped up his sleeves to the shoulders, laying bare his sinewy arms, the sight of which struck with amazement the suldiers who were standing by. Leroux, too, threw from him his sword and dagger, and so remained totally unarmed; then turning to his comrades, he said:

"Mind, come what will, let there be fair play! he's a brave fellow, this Fleming !"

Are you ready?" cried Breydel.

"Ready!" was the answer. The word was given, and the combatants advanced upon one another, their heads thrown back, their eyes flashing, their brows knit, their lips and teeth forcibly pressed together; like two furious bulls they rushed upon each other.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

The author mentions that the song is by his friend, the Flemish poet, J. A. De Lact. The metre and arrangement of the rhymes is the same as in the original as the set of the set

Godfrey of Bouillon became King of Jerusalem by the event of the first crusade, 1099. In the

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

What She Has Done for Temperance.

LECTURE BY THE REV. H. BRETTARGH, OF MEXALITY TRENTON, ONT.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE DELEGATES TO THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION CONVENTION, HELD AT Belleville, October 10th and 11th, 1875.

We have great pleasure in publishing in full the following lecture delivered by the Rev. Father Brettargh, in the new hall of the Temperance Society of the Holy Cross, Robertson's Block, Belleville, on the evening of the 10th October. The Rev.

gentleman said :-As there is a disposition occasionally manifested to accuse the Catholic Church of want of zeal in the cause of Temperance, I propose to-night to consider the action of the Church in this regard; and I hope to prove to you that from the earliest ages of Christianity she has been the most curnest, the most consistent, and the most successful advocate of Temperance which the world's history affords.

And here at the very onset let me point out to you the nature of the enemies she has had to contend against in her battle for Temperance; and let me draw a contrast (not indeed with any invidious feeling) between her enemies and yours. For upwards of 1,800 years she has been fighting this battle against Intemperance, and for the most part during that time, she has had pagans and barbar-ians to contend against. You in your efforts for Temperance have a Christianized and highly intelligent people to operate upon. She has had the most degraded of payans and the most brutal of barbarians. The Pagan Roman had even Darran drunkenness; and with an intellect and culture which few nations can equal, none hope to surpass, he was yet so degraded as to his morals, that his orgies and debauches were exalted into religious ceremonies; and he had I'rlests and Priestesses dedicated to Bacchus -his abominable God of Drunkenness. Can you, gentlemen of the modern movement, point ont enemies as difficult to overcome as these? Can you show obstacles as difficult to surmount?

Gentlemen, I cannot unfold this branch of my subject as fully as I could wish. I can only indicate it; it is for you in your leisure moments to follow it out. If you would consider it in all its bearings, go back in your history to the times when the Catholic Church was evangelizing Pagan Rome. See her overturning the alters of Bacchus and rearing in their stead the altars of the True God of wine antinople."
"But I say, Fleming," cried Leroux to Breydel, be turned into His adorable Blood, but which man as turned into a means of deviltry and debauch : listen to her exhorting Roman Patricians and Roman matrons and Roman slaves to the practice of abstinence and the exercise of temperance :- watch her course in Africa when the philosophic schools of Alexandria were stamping their impress upon the rarest intellect of the day. But above all, go view her in her

INTERCOURSE WITH BARBAROUS NATIONS.

with the savage Huns and Goths-with the naked and woad-dyed Briton-with the destroying Danewith the vengeful Norseman. Look at these menstudy their habits and their thoughts-enter their hovels-and then ask yourself whether your enemies are as formidable as these? whether your victories-(glorious as they undoubtedly are)-can, for one moment, be compared with hers?

THE TEMPERANCE SHE TAUGHT.

And then consider what was the Temperance which she taught? Excuse me! I am not depreciating your efforts; I am extolling hers. All honor to the modern cause of Temperance and all success! -but at the same time let us not forget to commemorate what the Catholic Church has done, and commemorating it, let us give her all due honor and all due praise.

What then was the Temperance which she fought for, and which she won-so nobly that to this day the most Catholic nations are the most temperate in the world?

It was the broad principle of self-mortificationuniversal temperance—temperance in all things. Temperance—not only from drink—but temperance in eating—temperance from impurity—temperance in words and actions—temperance even in thoughts -nay, it was even more than all this, it was selfdenial of lawful things as an expiation for sin-this was the temperance she taught the savage mind; this was the temperance she so succeeded in establishing, that it has left its impress on the world (in her institutions) for ever. Gentlemen, depend upon it, the modern Temperance movement lest its keen-est and most efficient weapon in its battle against Intemperance the moment the world was taught to ineer at Catholic monasticism and Catholic asceticism. Why did St. Jerome fly. into the desert and hide himself there for so many years? In order that flying the pleasures of the table and the taste of the wine, he might be the more pure and the more hely to read and study the Sacred Scriptures. It was in the cause of Temperance he fled-and in the holiest and noblest end of that self-Temperance-and in the widest and broadest view of that cause-temperance not only from wine, but from all that intoxicates the mind-from vain thoughts and frivolous amusements and distracting cares. Surely this is the highest and noblest end of Temperance, and one most worthy of Christian Templars. And what was the result of this flight of the holy man? What was the result of his temperance? Behold his incomparable commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures! And yet!-this is the asceticism-this is the temperance which the modern world is taught to despise and to ridicule and to try to ignore. Again, I ask you what peopled the deserts of Egypt and Libya; with Catholic anchorites and hermits-men living day after day upon a few berries and a draught of water? It was the lessons of temperance, which they had heard taught from the pulpits of their

churches, and in the secret tribunal of penance.