

efforts of the King of France—he alone it was who preserved for his brethren a heavy heart even under the chains of slavery, and thus gradually achieved their deliverance.

The French knew this well—they well they knew him who at every moment chartered the wheels of their triumphal chariot. Gladly would they have rid themselves of this troublesome guardian of his country's weal; but with the cunning he combined perfectly the prudence of the serpent. He had raised up for himself a secure rampart; and defence in the love of his brethren; and the stranger well knew that a dire and bloody revenge would follow any attempt upon him. During the time that the French ruled all Flanders with the rod of tyranny, Deconinck lived in entire freedom amongst his townsmen; and he was indeed the master of his rulers, for they feared him much more than he feared them.

And now seven thousand Frenchmen had on one day atoned with their lives for the oppressions of two long years; not a single foreigner breathed within Bruges, the victorious and free; the city echoed the joyous lays wherewith wandering minstrels celebrated this deliverance, and from the water-tower the white flag displayed the Blue Lion on its waving folds. Fine music, which had once swayed from the battlements of Jerusalem, and commemorated so many proud achievements, filled the hearts of the citizens with lofty courage. On that day it seemed impossible that Flanders should again sigh in the chains of captivity; for on that day the people remembered the blood their fathers had shed in behalf of liberty. Tears rolled down their cheeks—those tears which relieve the heart when it is overfull, when it throbs with too strong and sublime an emotion.

One would have thought that, now his great work was done, the Dean of the Clothworkers would have occupied himself in the reconstruction of his plundered and desolated home. But to do so he thought neither of the dwelling nor of the wealth of which he had been despoiled; the welfare and the peace of his brethren was his first care. He knew that disorganization might soon follow upon inaction, and therefore, on that very day, he placed at the head of each guild, with the concurrence of the people, an old experienced master. He was not chosen to the presidency of this council, no one devoted any duty on him; but he undertook and accomplished all. No one ventured to do anything without him; his judgment was in everything an injunction; and without issuing a single command, his thought was the absolute rule of right to the republic, so transcendent an all-subduing is the sway of genius.

The French host was indeed destroyed; but it was certain that Philip the Fair would send fresh and more numerous troops to Flanders to avenge the insult put upon him. The greater part of the citizens thought little about this terrible certainty; it was enough for them to enjoy the freedom and the gladness of the moment. But Deconinck did not share the common joy; he had almost forgotten the presence in his schemes for averting future disaster. He well knew that the exhilaration and courage of a people vanish at the approach of danger and endeavored by every means in his power to keep alive a warlike spirit in the city. Every guildsmen was provided with a "good day" or "good sword," the command issued that all should be ready for battle at a moment's notice. The guild of masons began to repair and strengthen the fortifications, and the smiths were forbidden to forge any thing but weapons for the people. The tolls were again imposed, and the city dues collected. By these wise regulations, Deconinck made a fleet of the citizens converge to one object and one aim; and so he warded off from his beloved city the manifold evils which a great insurrection, how noble soever its cause, is apt to inflict on a people. All was as orderly as if the new government had existed for years.

Immediately after the victory, and while the people were drinking in every street the wine of gladness, Deconinck sent a messenger to the encampment at Damme, to recall the remaining guildsmen, with the women and children, into the city. Matilda had come with them, and had been offered a magnificent dwelling in the Princes' Court; but she preferred the house of Newland, in which she had passed so many hours of sorrow, and with which all her dreams were associated. She found in the excellent sister of Adolf a tender and affectionate friend, into whose heart she could pour all the love and all the grief which overflowed her own. It is, indeed, a consolation for us, when our hearts are pierced with mortal anguish, to find a soul which can understand our sufferings because itself has suffered; a soul that loves those whom we love, and whose walls are the echo of our own. So two tender sapslings interweave their tendrils, and, supported by this mutual embrace, defy the devastating hurricane which bows their frail heads. To us mourning and sorrow are a hurricane, whose icy breath chills the life and wastes the fire of our souls, and brings down our head untimely to the grave, as though each year of unhappiness were reckoned as two.

The sun was rising in glowing splendor for the fourth time over the free city of Bruges. Matilda was sitting in the same room of Adolf von Newland's house which she had formerly occupied. Her faithful bird, the beloved falcon, accompanied her no more—it was dead. Sickness and sorrow had spread their paleness over the soft features of the maiden; her eyes were dimmed, her cheek had lost its fulness, and her whole appearance showed that a deep grief lay, like a gnawing worm, in her heart.

Those who are visited with long and bitter suffering take pleasure in sad and gloomy dreams; and, as if the reality were not painful enough, fashion to themselves phantoms which appal them yet more; and thus it was with the hapless maiden. She fancied that the secret of her father's liberation had been discovered; she saw in imagination

the warder, bribed by Queen Joanna, mingling poison with his scanty food; and then she would shudder convulsively, and tears of agony would stream down her cheeks. Adolf was dead to her: he had exhaled, with his life, his love and his magnanimity. These heart-rending fancies passed ever anew before Matilda's soul, and ceaselessly tortured the poor maiden.

At this moment her friend Maria entered her room. The smile which passed over Matilda's features as she greeted her friend was like the smile which, after a death of anguish, lingers while on the face of the departed; it expressed more of pain and profound sorrow than the bitterest wailing could have done. She looked at Adolf's sister, and said:

"O! give me some comfort, some alleviation of my suffering!" Maria drew near to the unhappy girl, and pressed her hand in tender sympathy. Her voice took its softest tone, and sank like music into the soul of the sufferer, as she said:

"Your tears flow in stillness, your heart is breaking with anguish and despair; and there is nothing, nothing to lighten your heavy burden! Alas! you are indeed unhappy."

"Unhappy! say you, my friend? Oh, yes! There is a feeling in my heart which fills it to bursting. Can you imagine what hideous fancies are ever floating before my eyes? and can you understand why my tears unceasingly flow? I have seen my father die of poison; I have heard the voice of one dying—a voice that said, 'Farewell, my child; thou whom I have loved.' 'I pray you, maiden,' interposed Maria, 'banish these gloomy shadows of your fancy. You read my heart with sorrow. Your father is yet alive. You sin grievously in abandoning yourself thus to despair. Forgive me these words of severity.'"

Matilda seized Maria's hand and pressed it gently, as though she would express to her what comfort these words had given her. Nevertheless, she continued her desponding discourse, and seemed even to find a kind of comfort therein. For the wailings of an oppressed soul are, as it were, tears which lighten the burden of the heart. She continued:

"I have seen yet more than this, Maria: I saw the headman of the Inhuman Jauma of France—he swung his axe over the head of your brother, and I saw that head fall on the dungeon floor!"

"O God!" cried Maria, "what horrible fancies!" She trembled, and her eyes glistened with tears.

"And I heard his voice,—a voice that said, 'Farewell! farewell!'"

Overpowered by these hideous thoughts, Maria threw herself into Matilda's arms; her tears fell fast on the heaving breast of her unhappy friend, and the deep sobbing of the two maidens filled the room. After they had held each other in a long and motionless embrace, Matilda asked:

"Do you understand my sufferings now, Maria? Do you understand now why I am slowly wasting away?"

"O, yes," answered Maria, in an accent of despair, "yes, I understand and feel your sufferings. O, my poor brother!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE AMETHYST CROSS.

The sound of the monastery bell ringing through the long corridors brought Pere Antoine suddenly to his feet.

The little cell fronted on the street, and the jingling of sleigh bells from below tempted him to the window. It was the King-ley sleigh and Mr. Kingsley himself was in the rear seat. Pere Antoine hastened down to hear the news which he had expected all day.

He was needed at Hotel Dieu. Reverend Mother had telephoned that the doctor had grave fears for Esther, and wished her father to see her before night. She had been unconscious at times during the day, but had rallied sufficiently to ask that her father bring Father Anthony to the hospital.

The sun was just setting in the late cold afternoon as the sleigh flew over the deep snow, accumulated during a long Quebec winter. Neither of the men spoke for a while, but at length the priest broke the silence.

"There may be hope yet," he said. "Doctors do not always know." "No, no," was the reply. "She can not stay with us much longer. What shall we all do? She was too beautiful, too good to remain here long. The Lord is going to take her, and leave her mother and myself to pine away in our desolate old age."

He had told Esther all about her and then whenever he saw Babette he would tell her about Esther, who was soon to be released from her sufferings. He told her too about the wonderful golden hair that looked like a crown, and the daily visits of the heart-broken French officer. Always upon leaving Babette he had said to himself: "Babette will live, but Esther will die." So with the Franciscan as a mutual friend a bond of sympathy had been formed between the two girls, although they had never met.

"She improves slowly, slowly, poor little Babette," said the priest, in answer to Esther's question.

"Give her this," whispered the girl, when she saw that her father was engaged in conversation with the nurse, and she drew a small jewel-box from beneath her pillow. "Tell her that when she is well she must bring it to a good jeweller and sell it. It is valuable. With the money she will get for it perhaps she can do much for the old grandmother."

Tears came into Father Anthony's eyes as he stored away the little box in his deep pocket.

The Kingsley's sleigh drew up to the entrance of their home on Grand Allee just as the Angelus was ringing clear and sweet over the snow clad roofs.

A few days later, the same bell tolled at solemn intervals while the funeral procession of Esther Kingsley wound its way down the quiet streets.

Next morning a flurry of snowflakes was whirling against the window-pane in one of the poorer dwellings in Lower Town, and whiter even than the snowflakes was the little face that peered out at the storm.

Babette was so small and frail that she seemed to be only a child, though she was nearly twenty. "It is the day for Father Anthony's visit," she told her mother, "but he will not come in the storm."

Her grandmother was vainly trying to make the fire burn more brightly in the old-fashioned stove and did not hear.

In the midst of the roaring of the wind outside Babette thought she heard a knock at the door. She listened, and heard it distinctly no.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the old lady at the prospect of a visitor on such a stormy morning, and hurrying to the door she found Father Anthony on the step, shaking the snow from his big coat.

"And how is it with Babette?" he asked kindly, as he took the thin hand. "You are better, I see my child."

"I was afraid you would not come," said the girl. "Surely, you have not been to the Hotel Dieu to day?"

"No, ah no! I have not been there to-day for Esther is no longer there. They have taken her away—where she will need us no longer."

"She is dead!" exclaimed Babette, the tears springing in her brown eyes.

"Yes, and you must pray for her," said the old priest, gently, "see, she wished me to give you this," and he drew out a jewelled cross from the case, and gave her the rest of Esther's message, that it was to be sold to procure some assistance for her grandmother and herself.

"You are kind," she murmured, "but I tell you once and for all that I will not sell it. I wish to keep the cross that Esther gave me, and unless grandmother and I are driven to beg I will not part with it."

The officer urged her no farther, but told her where she might find him if she ever changed her mind and wished to dispose of her treasure. On certain nights of the week he was on sentinel duty at the citadel and for a few hours of the day also, but these days were uncertain. She might get word to him in some way, he explained. As he rose to go, Babette tried to imagine how he would look in his scarlet uniform, and thought to herself that he must look very grand indeed.

When the last traces of snow had melted from the remotest corners and alleys and the long Quebec winter had yielded at last to spring, the little French maiden found herself restored to health, but she was unable to find any work to do. Her grandmother had been ill for several days, and the doctor told her that unless she could have better nourishment and care she might never be well. So Babette was sadly worried.

The girl would go daily to the furrier who had employed her, but as the busy season was over she could work a few hours now and then. She began to think how selfish she had been not to sell the cross at any price long ago, rather than have her good grandmother want for anything during her illness.

So one evening after she had finished her scanty meal, having seen with dismay that her grandmother seemed weaker ever since morning, she dressed hastily, and that no one might recognize her, threw a black shawl over her head. With the box containing the cross and chain in her pocket she started up the steep hill towards the grass-grown fortifications that crowned the summit. It was a long journey through the steep and crooked streets, and she had to stop many times to get her breath.

The moon was well up in the sky by the time she neared the top of the hill and a chill spring breeze was blowing her dark hair vigorously from beneath the shawl and tingling her cheeks with the tint of a rose.

It was no wonder that many looked after her for she was indeed an attractive picture.

But Babette saw no one; her eyes were strained towards the enclosure, from whence she heard the measured footfall of the guard passing up and down.

The place was deserted now and the moon threw queer shadows across the sidewalk. She crept towards the embankment that rose like a green wall above the white strip of pavement.

It was his night on duty she was sure, unless, of course, the moon shifted their hours, as was frequently done.

As she drew nearer, to see if she could recognize the sentinel, there was a halt in his step and "Who goes there?" rang out on the clear air. The girl was too frightened to move. Would he shoot her perhaps if she didn't answer? She stood as if turned to stone. The officer seeing that she was frightened came near. O, cest la done, Mlle Babette Vatel!" was his salutation.

She was too delighted to answer and simply drew out the jewel box. "It is the cross," she whispered. "I have decided to sell it." He pushed it towards her with a swift gesture, as he saw another figure turning the opposite corner. Babette understood and with a whispered promise that he would call the next day the sentry resumed his military pace, and the girl vanished in the darkness as she had come.

Their interview had lasted only a few moments, but long enough for the soldier to notice that Babette looked bewitching in the black shawl, with the breeze blowing the color into her cheeks; and long enough also for the girl, though filled with anxiety for her grandmother, to remark to herself upon the corporal's fine appearance in his smart uniform.

The next day the cross passed into its new owner's hands; and Babette's grief at parting with it was fully compensated by her satisfaction in feeling that she had made this sacrifice for the poor old grandmother.

The French soldier and Babette met often until they finally discovered that there was no place to enjoy a summer evening like the promenade around Dufrain Terrace, where music floated from the direction of Chateau Frontenac. Here they would sit, when he was not on duty, watching the lights from Levis opposite twinkling out from darkness and throwing long rays across the St. Lawrence far below.

When the maple trees along the broad avenues were beginning to take on their autumn colors Babette's grandmother went to her long rest and it was then that a great wave of pity rose in the heart of the soldier at the sight of the girl's desolation.

PROTESTANT REVERENCE FOR PLACES OF WORSHIP.

At times our non-Catholic brethren grow curiously bold enough to visit a Catholic Church during some service. No matter what the occasion, this first visit is usually a strange revelation to them. And the thing which seems to impress them most is the deep reverence which the worshippers display in the home of God.

This is not surprising when one understands the woeful lack of reverence which obtains in their own places of worship. Not long ago a non-Catholic editor in a secular weekly made the matter a subject of criticism. Contrasting the conduct of the Catholic and non-Catholic congregations he severely censured the latter, calling for a halt in its gun chewing, note passing, quiet tittering and continuous undertone talking, which made of the place and of religion a mockery.

The picture he draws quite forcibly suggests one of the potent causes which is producing the disintegration of Protestantism spoken of so much lately in the Protestant pulpits and secular magazine. But the editor above referred to merely complains of a condition. He does not seek the actual cause. He demands the observance of a greater reverence, but fails to indicate what that center of reverence is to be. Religious reverence is not installed by pulpits and pews and preachers alone. That is induced by a strong belief that God is there present in some especial manner. Where this belief is not reverence will not be.

During the past week the daily press gave us two good examples of up-to-date Protestant reverence for the house of the Lord. The first instance was furnished by St. Joseph, Mo. To quote from the dispatch: "Three live, blooded * * * hogs started in crates * * * into the Congregational Church at the annual meeting of the State Association of Congregational Churches created a sensation. * * * The 'porkers' * * * were the gifts of the seventy-five Congregational Churches of Missouri to Rev. Dr. A. K. Wray, * * * Superintendent of the State Home Missionary Society * * * who has decided to retire from active religious work * * * to his farm in Southwest Missouri. At the psychological moment the doors of the church were opened, and down the aisle came men with the three hogs, the animals and their crates both gayly decorated. Dr. Wray was very proud of his gifts, and in his address of acceptance, said: 'To whom it may concern: I now announce that I am established in business.'"

All this in the "House of the Lord." Is there any need of comment upon this display of reverence for such a place?

The second instance was supplied by St. Louis the day following. Again quoting from the local press report: "Arranged in the economical style of his native land, an ebony cannibal, in a costume which would not exhaust the society editor's vocabulary, was led by a chain into the Cote Brillante Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Ralph Alexander, pastor of the Second Christian Church."

The reason of the alien's visit was to demonstrate the greater need of foreign than home missions in a debate between the young people at the Second Christian Church and those of the Hammet Place Church. The former were for the foreign missions and brought the cannibal along as evidence. A member of the Second Church impersonated the "cannibal."

What shameful exhibitions these, in the face of the dictionary reminder that a church is a building for Christian worship. What wonder that Protestantism is showing unmistakable signs of disintegration. And yet if we draw a valuable lesson from the examples of up-to-date Protestant reverence for the "house of the Lord."—Church Progress.

ACKNOWLEDGES NEED OF THE PRESS.

Religious France is coming to see that in her neglect of her press she lent a hand to her enemies, and in a recent letter the Archbishop of Toulouse appeals to the Catholics to build it up.

The lamentable conditions into which we have now been plunged for some years, he says, proceeds directly from the monstrous error of so many Catholics among us, who go to Mass and make their Easter duty, and yet vote without scruple for men who are notoriously enemies of religion, thus trying to reconcile what is most irreconcilable, the Church and the lodges, light and darkness, Belial and the Eternal God. They go to Mass, they plunge themselves on being on good terms with their pastor, they would consider it an insult if they were to be called anti-clerical or Masonic; but, for some material advantages which they reap in hope for, some favors which are as ephemeral as they are also ephemeral, these men vote and try to make others vote for councillors, mayors, deputies, who are ruining France by destroying religion.

Surely there are among these men hypocrites and traitors, but there are also victims and dupes. It is necessary to unmask the one and to instruct the other; to make both these false brethren and these timid ones understand that a man can not make of himself two men; that the Catholic and the citizen can not, in the same individual, be in opposition; that conscience is one; and that the duty, sacred for the Christian, of remaining steadfast to his Faith and of serving the Church, if he desires to save his soul, imposes on him, even though his material interests should suffer thereby, the obligation of refusing his vote to the enemies of religion and to those harmful men who, despite their fine promises, are the authors of all those iniquitous laws of the Catholics are the victims. It is necessary to proclaim aloud his duty; it is necessary to make these truths clearly known to the rank and file of the people; our salvation is to be bought at this price.

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But, in order to accomplish all this, what means shall we take that will be truly efficacious? Shall we proclaim these things from the pulpit? Certainly not; we should be reproached for making personal remarks; we should be accused of putting politics in the place of religion. Some would not understand us; others would take advantage of the situation to represent us as men of a party, priests devoid of prudence and of charity.

How then shall the people be enlightened and instructed as to their duties? By the press, by the good newspaper. . . . Let us recall the words of Pius X. our beloved Pontiff, when employing all his resources to support his journal, the Difesa, at Venice. "If the funds should fail me," he said, "I would sell my pastoral cross rather than allow this necessary work to come to naught."

In connection with this appeal of the Archbishop, the Sacred Heart Review recalls a recent occurrence, which indicates an awakening on the part of our French co-religionists. The proprietor of La Croix, finding himself menaced by one of those iniquitous spoliation, and on the point of being deprived of his property, called upon his readers to come to the rescue and help him to continue his apostolic work.

He asked for 2,000,000 francs as necessary to meet the coming storm. To many of his doubting friends a request for such a dubious sum seemed folly; nevertheless, within the brief period of a fortnight, the Catholics of France sent him 3,500,000 francs! The money came pouring in in such volume that it became necessary to arrest the subscription, as sufficient had been gathered to redeem the property. This incident is a striking proof of living, active faith, and an evidence that justifies hope in a speedy regeneration of the people, and the final triumph of the Church in that much troubled land.

Is not this gratifying circumstance an object lesson from which we in this country may draw a valuable lesson? Do we Catholic Americans support the Catholic press with such absolute devotion, with such magnificent generosity? Were the most influential and deserving Catholic newspapers in the country to fall into financial difficulties, and make an appeal to its constituency to assist it in tiding over the adverse situation, and to enable it to carry on its sacred mission, would the resulting fund reach such a princely sum as \$600,000, even though the limit were extended to a year, instead of a fortnight?—Catholic Telegraph.

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