# VOL. XXVII.

# MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1876.

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who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875. We have just received from our Agents in England a consignment of SERMONS on VARIOUS SUB-

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#### THE HAPPY HOME.

How happy is he born and taught That serveth not another's will-Whose armour is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are, Whose soul is still prepared for death-Untied unto the worldly care Of public fame or private breath?

Who envies none that chance doth raise, Or vice; who never understood How deepest wounds are given by praise Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from humours freed, Whose conscience is his strong retreat; Whose state can neither flatteries feed,

Nor ruin make accusers great; Who God doth late and early pray More of his grace than gifts to lend;

And entertains the harmless day With a well-chosen book or friend: This man is freed from servile bands

Of hope to rise, or fear to fall-Lord of himself, though not of lands; And, having nothing, yet hath all .- [ Wotton.

### THE LION OF FLANDERS;

THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS. -:-0-:-

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

---:-CHAPTER I.

The east was reddening with the first doubtful mys of the morning sun, still enveloped with the clouds of night as with a garment, at the sametime making a perfect rainbow in each drop of dew; the blue mist bung like an impalpable veil on the tops of the trees, and the flower-cups opened lovingly to the first beams of the new day light. The nightingale had more than once repeated his sweet descant in the glimmering dawn; but now the confused chirping of the inferior songsters overpowered his entrancing melody.

Silently trotted a little band of knights along the plains of West Flanders, near the small town of Rousselare. The clank of their arms and the heavy tread of their horses broke the rest of the peaceful denizeus of the woods; for ever and anon sprang a frightened stag from out the thicket, and fled from the coming danger as on the very wings of the

The dress and arms of these knights were alike costly, as beseemed nobles of the very first rank, and even greater still than they. Each wore a silken surccat, which fell in heavy folds over the body; while a silvered helmet, beplumed with purple and bright blue feathers, decked his head -The steel scalework of their gauntlets, and their gold-inlaid kneepieces, flushed brightly in the beams of the rising sun. The impatient foam besprinkled steeds champed their shining bits, and about h the silver stude and silken tassels which ornamented their trappings glanced and danced right mornily

Though the knights were not armed at all points in full battle harness, yet it was easy to see that they were by no means unprovided against a possible attack; for the sleeves, of their shirts of mail were not hidden by the sleeveless surcoat. Moreover, their long swords hung down at their saddlebows, and each one was attended by his squire, bearing his, ample shield Every knight tle!"
bore his cognisance embroidered upon his Upon this he retreated a few steps, set his back breast, so that at a glance the name and descent of against a tree, stripped up the sleeves of his jerkin burly man-at-arms had dismounted, and was make and the French knights passed on into the castle, breast, so that at a giance the name and descent of against a tree, stripped up the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted, and was max at the renth kings passed on the tree that against a tree, stripped up the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted, and was max at the renth kings passed on the tree that against a tree, stripped up the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted, and was max at the renth kings passed on the tree that against a tree, stripped up the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted, and was max at the renth kings passed on the tree that against a tree, stripped up the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted, and was max at the renth kings passed on the tree that against a tree, stripped up the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted, and was max at the renth kings passed on the tree that against a tree, stripped up the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted, and was max at the renth kings passed on the tree that against a tree, stripped up the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted, and was max at the renth kings passed on the first passed on the passed on the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted, and was max at the renth kings passed on the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted, and was max at the renth kings passed on the sleet passed on the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted by the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted by the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted by the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted by the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted by the sleet passed on the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted by the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted by the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted by the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted by the sleeves of his jetkin burly man-at-rms had dismonted by the slee The species of the property of the property of the second of the second

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upon their eyelids, and it was with the utmost diffi- of an angry lion. culty that they struggled against sleep. All rode

A young man strode along before them in the road. His long waving hair flowed over his broad shoulders; eyes of heaven's own blue glowed and flashed under their brows; and a young curly beard fringed his chin. He wore a woollen jerkin drawn in to his waist with a girdle, in which he bore the broad-bladed, cross-handled knife in its leathern sheath, at once the appropriate weapon and distinguishing ensign of a free Flemish burgher. It might easily be seen from the expression of his countenance, that the company to which he was acting as guide was not to his taste.-Doubtless his heart was full of some secret design; for from time to time he cast upon the knights a look of peculiar meaning. Lofty of stature, and of unusual strength of build, he stepped along so quickly that the horses could hardly keep pace with him at a trot.

They journeyed on thus for a while, till at last one of the horses stumbled over the stump of a tree, so that it came upon its knees, and had wellnigh fallen over altogether. The knight fell forward, with his chest upon his steed's neck, and was as near as possible measuring his length on the ground.

'How now!" exclaimed he in French; "my horse is gone to sleep under me!"

"Yes, Messire de Chatillon," answered his neighbor, with a smile, "that one of you was asteep is

plain enough." "Rejoice over my mishap, evil jester that you are," retorted De Chatillon; "asleep I was not.—For these two hours past I have had my eyes fixed on those towers yonder, which are certainly bewitched; for the farther on we ride, the farther off they seem to be. But so it is; the gallows will he one's portion ere one hears a good word out of your

While the two knights thus twitted one another, the others laughed right merrily at the accident, and the whole cavalcade woke up out of its somno-

De Chatillon had meanwhile brought his horse upon its legs again; and irritated with the quips and laughter which resounded from every side at his expense, drove his sharp spur (after the manner of the time, he wore but one,) fiercely into the animal's side, which thereupon first reared in fary and then rushed headlong among the trees, where, within the first hundred yards of its wild career, it dashed itself against the stem of a gigantic oak, and sank almost lifeless to the ground.

Well was it for De Chatillon that, as the shock came, he fell or threw himself sideways from the saddle; notwithstanding this, however, he seemed to have had a severe fall, and it was some moments before he moved either hand or foot.

His comrades came round him, dismounted, and

refully raised him from among them who had been the readiest to make merry over his former mishap seemed now of all the most tenderly concerned for him, and bore on

"My dear Chatillon, he sighed out, "I am heartily grieved at this. Forgive me my idla words; believe me, there was no harm meant."

"Leave me in peace," cried the fallen knight, now somewhat recovering himself, and breaking loose from the arms of his companions; "I am not dead this time, my good friends all. Think you, then, that I have escaped the Saracens to die like a dog in a Flemish wood? No; God be praised, I am still alive! See, St. Pol, I swear to you that you should pay on the spot for your ill-timed gibes, were we not too near in blood for such reckoning between us"

hurt; you are bleeding through your coat of mail." | princes in their evil days " De Chatillon drew back the sleeve from his right !

nothing, a mere scratch. But I do believe that Flemish rascal has brought us into these accursed roads on purpose; I will inquire into that matter and if it be so, may I forfeit my name but he shall

hang on this very oak of mischief" The Fleming, who was all the while standing by, looked as if he understood no French, and eyed De

Chatillon firmly and proudly in the face.

nearer, come nearer!" The young man approached slowly,-his eyes fixedly bent on the knight. A peculiar expression hovered over his features, -an expression in which wrath and cunning were strangely united; something so threatening, and at the same time so mys-

shudder. One of the knights present, meanwhile, turned nedded assent. away, and walked off some paces through the trees, with an evident appearance of dissatisfaction at the

terious, that De Chatillon could not repress a slight

whole affair "Tell me, now," said De Chatillon to the guide, why did you not warn me, when you saw the die on the gallows" stump in the way?"

about his mouth, and it might easily be seen that business has that rascal listening?" he was turning the knight into ridicule. "Insolent l" cried De Chatillon; "you laugh-

rascal peasant and hang him up I let him be food for the ravens!"

corners of his mouth twitched yet more violently, and his countenance became alternately pale and red. "Hang a Fleming!" he muttered; "wait a lit-

for conversation. The heavy night-air still weighted arms swelled up, and his features became like these

"Woe to him that touches me!" thundered from onwards in silence, wrapped in a kind of dreamy his lips: "Flemish ravens will never eat me half-slumber.

French flesh suits their stomachs better!"

"Lay hold of him, you cowards!" cried De Chatillon to his men; "seize him, and up with him! Look at the poltroons! are ye afraid of a knife? Must I defile my hands with a peasant! But no, that must not be, I am noble; and like must to like, so it is your affair! Come, seize him by the

collar!" Some of the knights endeavoured to pacify De Chatillon; but most of them took his part, and would willingly have seen the Fleming swing. And assuredly the men-at-arms, urged on by their master, would have fallen upon the youth, and in the end overpowered him, had not at this moment the same knight drawn near who had walked up and down absorbed in thought. His dress and armour far surpassed those of all the rest in magnificence; the lilies in a blue field embroidered upon his breast showed that he was of royal blood.

"Hold, there !"cried he, with a stern look to the men-at-arms; while he added, turning to De Chatillon: 'You seem to have forgotten that it is to me that my brother and our king Philip has given the land of Flanders in fief. The Fleming is my vassal; it is I that am his lord and judge, and you have no right over his life."

" Am I then to submit to be insulted by a common peasant?" asked De Chatillon, angrily. "By my troth, count, I know not why it is that you always take the common man's part against the noble. Is this Fleming then to escape with the boast of having put to scorn a French knight unpunished? And you, gentlemen, say, has he not richly deserved to die ?"

" Messire de Valois," said St. Pol, "I pray you et my brother have the satisfaction of seeing this Flemish fellow swing. What difference can it make to you whether this pig headed rascal lives or

"Now listen, gentlemen," cried Charles de Valois, thoroughly roused, "this inconsiderate talk is ex-tremely displeasing to me. I would have you know that the life of one of my subjects is no small thing in my eves, and it is my will that this young man go his way unmolested and unburt. To horse, gentlemen: we waste too much time here.

"Come along, Chatillon," muttered St. Pol, turning to his brother, "take the horse of one of your people, and let us start: after all, De Valois is no true man; he holds with the people,"

Meanwhile the men-at-arms had replaced their swords in their scabbards, and were now busied in helping their masters to remount.

'Are you ready, gentlemen?' asked De Valois. 'If so, let us make haste and get on, else we shall be too late for the hunt. And do you, vassal, walk on one side, and tell us when we have to turn. How much farther have we to Wynandael?"

The youth took off his cap, bowed respectfully to his preserver, and answered: "A short hour's works, here we are at Wynaudael at last!" ride, my lord."

"By my soul, I don't trust the fellow," said St. Pol; " I believe he is but a wolf in sheep's cloth-

the most tenderly concerned for man, and solved ling."

his countenance an unmistakable expression of real ling."

That I have long suspected," interposed the chancellor, Peter "lotte; "for he eyes us like a wolf, and listens like a hare."

" Hah! now I know who he is " cried De Chatillon. " Have you never heard of one Peter Deconinck, a weaver of Bruges?"

"You are certainly wrong there," observed Rhoul de Nesle; "I have myself spoken with the noted weaver of Bruges, when I was there; he is a fur deeper one than this fellow, though he has but one eye, while our friend here has two, and those none of the smallest. Without doubt the lad is attached to the old family, and is not over well pleased at our victorious arrival to thrust them out "Come, be reasonable, my dear brother, I pray and take possession—that's all. Surely we may you," replied St. Pol. "But I perceive you are well forgive him his fidelity to his country's

" Enough of this," interrupted De Chatillon ; " let arm, and then noticed that a branch had torn the us speak of something else. Do any of you know skin what it is that our gracious king Philip means to "Ah! look!" said he, quick'y reassured, "this is do with this Flanders? If he kept his treasury as close as his brother De Valois' lips, by mine honour it would be but a poor life at court."

"There you're right," answered Peter Flotte; things of which assuredly you wot not"

Curious to hear what it was he had to tell, the knights drew together about him, and let the Count

Chancellor proceeded: "Listen! Our gracious lord king Philip is at the bottom of his treasure-bags. Enguerrand de Mar-igny has persuaded him that Flanders is a very mine of gold; and in that he is not so far wrong, for here there is more gold and silver than in all our France put together."

The knights laughed, while one and the other

" Hear farther," proceeded Peter Flotte : " our queen Joanna is deeply embittered against the Flemings; she hates this high and haughty people more than words can express. I myself have heard why you have brought us by such a road? and her say that she would like to see the last Fleming

"That is what I call speaking like a queen," "Sir," answered the Fleming, in bad French, "I cried De Chatillon; "and if ever I have the rule know of no other way to Castle Wynaudael; and there, as my gracious neice has promised me I shall, I was not aware that your honor was pleased to be I will take care to fill her coffers, and send Master Peter Deconinck with all his trumpery of guilds And with these words a scornful smile played and city companies to the right about. But what

Their Flemish guide had, in fact, drawn near unobserved, and was drinking in every word that you make jest of me? Here, my men! take this passed with attentive ears. As soon as he saw that rescal passent and have him up ! let him be food he was noticed, he darted off with a strange burst The youth laughed yet more contemptuously, the distance, and unsheathed his knife.

" Messire de Chatillon!" he cried in a threatning tone," look well at this knife, that you may know it again when you feel it under the fifth rib!"

Is there none of my servants, then, that will

up again into its sheath, and awaited his adversary with no other aims than those two sinewy ones with which nature had provided him. " Die thou shilt, accursed Fleming! cried the

man-at arms, with uplifted sword.

The youth answered not, but fixed his large piercing eyes on the soldier, who suddenly stood still with amszed look, as though all courage had

at once forsaken him. "On ! stab him ! kill him !" cried De Chatillon, But the Fleming did not wait for his foe to come on. With a dexterous side-spring he threw himself

within the sword's point, caught the man-at-arms

with his powerful grasp about the waist, and dashed him so mercilessly head foremost against a tree, that he fell to the ground without sign of life. A last shrick of despair resounded through the wood, and the Frenchman closed his eyes forever, while a final spasm convulsed his limbs. With a frightful laugh the Fleming placed his mouth and the dead

man's ear, and said in a tone of bitter scorn: "Now go and tell thy lord and master that Jan Breydel's flesh is no food for ravens;—a French carcass is fitter meat for them." And with this he sprang into the thicket, and disappeared in the depths of the forest.

The knights, who had meanwhile halted, and become anxious spectators of the scene, had not had time to exchange so much as a word with one another; but, as soon as they were recovered a lit-

tle from their first astonishment, St. Pol exclaimed: "In very truth, my brother, I believe that you have to do with a magician; for, as God is my

helper, this is not according to nature."
"The place is indeed enchanted," replied De Chatillon, with a disconsolate air; "first my poor horse breaks his neck, and now I fear here is a faithful follower's life gone;—a most unlucky day! My men, take up your comrade, and carry him as well as you can to the nearest village, that there he may be cared for or buried, as his need may be. I pray you, gentlemen all, let the Count de Valois hear nought of this matter."

"Of course not!" was Peter Flotte's ready answer But let us now spur on a little; for I perceive Messire de Valois just at this moment disappearing

among the trees."

Thereupon they gave their horses the reins, and soon overtook the count, who had meanwhile trotted steadily on, and did not now notice their approach. His head, with its silvered helmet, drooped in thought upon his breast; his gauntlet, keeping mechanically its hold of the reins, rested carelessly on his horse's mane; his other hand clasped the hilt of the long sword that hung down beside the saddle.

As he thus rode, immersed in thought, and the other knights by signs to one another jested at his displeased air, Castle Wynandael, with its massive ramparts and lofty towers, was slowly rising before them.

" Hurrah!" cried Raoul de Nesle, joyfully; "there is our journey's end. Spite of the devil and all his

"Would that I could see it on fire!" muttered De Chatillon; "the journey has cost me a good horse and a faithful servant."

And now the knight with the lilies on his breast turned to the others and spoke:

"This castle, gentlemen, is the abode of the unhappy Count Guy of Flanders-of a father whose child has been taken from him, a prince, who has lost his land by the fortune of war, which has favoured us:—I pray you let him not feel that we come as conquerors, and be careful not to embitter his sufferings by any words of affront."

"Think you, Count de Valois," snappishly interposed De Chatillon, "that we know not the rules of knightly good breeding? Think you that I am ignorant that a French knight should be generous in victory?'

"You know it, as I hear," replied De Valois, with strong emphasis; "I pray you, therefore, let me see you practise it. It is not in empty words that honour lies, Messire de Chatillon. What avails it that the precepts of knightly bearing come trippingly from the tongue, if they are not at the same time graven in the heart? He that is not generous in his dealings with those beneath him, can never be really so with his equals. You understand me, Messire de Chatillon."

This rebuke excited the object of it to the most "but he is not so close with ever one. Keep your furious rage, which would certainly have broken horses back a little, and I will tell you out into words of violence but for the interposition ot his brother, St Pol, who held him back, and at the same time whispered in his ear:

"Hush, Chatillon, hush; the count is right. It "Gentlemen," said the knight; "only look at the de Valois get somewhat in advance. As soon as he is but due to our honour, that we add no suffering peasant, how he stares at me! Come here, rascal! was for enough not to hear what was said, the enough!

"What! The faithless vassal has made war upon our king, and so offended our niece, Joanna of Navarre, that she has well nigh been irritated into sickness; and now he is to be spared, forsooth!"

"Gentlemen," repeated De Valois, "you have heard my request; I do not believe that you will be wanting in generosity. And now, forwards! I already hear the dogs; our approach too has been observed, for the bridge falls, and the portcullis is

The Castle of Wynandael (its ruins may still be seen near Thourout, in West Flanders, hard by the village of the same name), built by the noble Count Guy of Flanders, was one of the fairest and strong-est existing at that day. From the broad most which compassed it rose high and massive walls, above which again, on every side, a multitude of watch-towers were conspicuous. Through the numerous loopholes might be seen glancing the keen eyes of the bowmen and the sharp steel of their arrows. Surrounded by the ramparts rose the pointed roofs of the lord's dwelling, with their gilded weather-cocks glittering in the sun . At the angles of the walls and in the forecourt stood six round towers which served for hurling missiles of all kinds upon the foe, to keep him aloof from the body of the building. A single drawbridge crossed the most, and made a way from the island fortress to the surrounding woods and vales.

As the knights drow near, the sentinel gave the sign to the guard within, and immediately the heavy gates creaked upon their hinges. The tread Before the words were well out of his mouth, a of the horses was already sounding upon the bridge,

of the morning the travellers were little inclined | knife from its sheath; the mighty muscles of his | far from defending himself with his weapon, put it | in arms to receive them. The gates closed, the portcullis fell, and the drawbridge slowly rose behind them.

#### CHAPTER II.

The heaven was coloured with so pure a blue, that the eye failed when it sought to measure the skyey depths; the sun rose radiant above the horizon; the loving turtle dove was sipping the last dewdrops from the verdant foliage.

Castle Wynandael resounded with one continual ery of hounds; while the neighing of the horses mingled with the cheery tones of the horns. But the drawbridge was raised, and the passing countryman could only conjecture what was going on within. Numerous sentinels with shield and crossbow paced the outmost ramparts, and through the loopholes might be discerned a mighty running hither and thither of a multitude of armed retainers.

At last some of the guardians of the walls made their appearance on the upper platform of the gateway, and let the drawbridge down; and at the same moment the gates opened wide, to give egress to the hunting-party which now rode slowly over the

bridge. A magnificent cavalcade it was, and of right high and mighty lords and ladies. First rode the old Count Guy of Flanders on a brown steed. His features bore the expression of quiet resignation and unuttered grief. Bowed down by his eighty years and his hard lot, his head hung heavily forward upon his bosom; his cheeks were furrowed over with deep wrinkles A purple surcont flowed from his shoulders upon the saddle; his snowy hair wound about with a kerchief of yellow silk, was like a silver vase booped with gold. Upon his breast, on a heart-shaped shield, might be seen the black lion of Flanders, rampant in his golden field.

This unfortunate prince found himself now, at the end of his days, when rest and peace would have been the fitting meed for his long toils and strug-les, thrust from his high estate and robbed of all. His children, too, deprived of their inheritance by the fate of war, had only a life of poverty and obscurity in prospect,—they who should have been the wealthiest among Europe's princes. But though beset with enemies flushed with recent victory, and sorely tried by fortune, the brave old count vielded not to despair one inch of ground in his heart,

Beside him, and deep in discourse with him, rode Charles de Valois, brother to the king of France, who beemed desirous of impressing on the old count some views of his own into which the latter did not very readily enter. The battle-sword at the French chief's side had meanwhile given place to another of less formidable proportions, and the kneepieces, too, were no longer to be seen.

Behind Charles trotted a knight of haughty air and gloomy aspect His eyes rolled and flamed within their sockets; and if perchance they fell upon one of the French knights, he compressed his lips, and ground his teeth so violently, that an attentive ear might have caught the sound. Hard upon fifty years old, but still in the fullest vigour of life, with broad chest and powerful limbs, he might well pass for one of the stoutest knights of his day. The horse, too, on which he rode was much taller than any of the rest, so that he showed a full head above any of his companions. A glittering helmet, with blue and yellow plume, a heavy coat of mail, and a curved sword, were all his arms. defensive: his surcont, which covered his horse's croup with its long skirt, was distinguished by the Flemish lion. There were few knights of that day who would not at once have recognised this proud champion among a thousand others as Robert de Bethune, the old Count Guy's eldest son,

For some years past his aged father had committed to his charge the internal administration of the land In every campaign it was he that had led the Flemish armies, and he had carned himself a glorious name, far and near. In the Sicilian war, in which he, with his soldiers, had formed a part of the Freuch host, he had performed such wondrous feats of arms, that ever since he was hardly spoken of otherwise than as the Lion of Flanders. people, which ever cherishes with love and admiration the name of a hero, sang many a lay of the Lion's deeds of valour, and was proud of him who was one day to wear the Flemish coronet. As Guy, from his great age, rarely left his home at Wynandael, and was, moreover, not very popular with the Plemings, the title of Count was equally given by them to his son Robert, who was regarded throughout the land as their lord and master, and met with joyful obedience from all.

On his right rode William, his youngest brother, whose pale cheeks and troubled air contrasted like the face of a delicate girl with the bronzed features of Robert. His equipment in no way differed from that of his brother, except by the crooked sword, which Robert alone wore.

Then followed many other lords and gentlemen, both Flemings and foreigners. Among the former were especially noticeable Walter Lord of Malde-gem, Charles Lord of Knesselare, Sir Roger of Akxpoele, Sir Jan of Gavern, Rase Mulaert, Diederik

die Vos (the fox), and Gerard die Moor.
The French knights, Jacques de Chatillon, Gui de St. Pol, Raoul de Nesle, and their comrades, rode among the Flemish nobles, and each engaged in courteous conversation with such of them as hap-

pened to come in his way.

Last of all came Adolf of Nieuwland, a young knight of one of the noblest houses of the wealthy city of Bruges. His face was not one of those that attract by their esseminate beauty; he was none of the carpet heroes, with rosy cheeks and smiling lips, who want nothing but a bodice to transform. them into young ladies. Nature had made no such mistake with him His cheeks, slightly sun-burnt gave him a look of seriousness beyond his years; bis forehead was already marked with the two signt: ficant furrows which early thought rarely fails to imprint. His features were striking and manly his eyes, half-hidden under their brows, indicated a soul at once ardent and reserved. Although in rank and position inferior to none of the knights in whose company he now was, he held back behind the rest. More than once had others made room to allow him to come forward; but their civility had hitherto been quite thrown away upon him, in fact, he seemed altogether lost in thought.