THE LION OF FLANDERS. BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

2

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII. Behind the village of St. Cross, at mome few bowshots from Bruges, rose a little wood, in summer a favorite Sun-day's resort of the citizens. The trees were so planted as to sflord ample apace between them, and a soft turf covered the ground with its flowery carpet. This was the appointed place of rendezvous; and at 2 o'clock in the morning. Breydel was there. The night was impenetrably dark, the moon was hidden behind dense clouds, a gentle wind sighed among the foliage, and the monotonous rustling of the leaves added a mystic terror to the scene.

In the wood itself, at the first in the wood itself, at the first glance nothing was discernible; but upon more attentive observation nu-merous shadowy figures might be per-ceived, as of mou extended side by side upon the ground, each with a strangely glimmering light close to it making the turf look like a faint reflex of the story heaven above an thickle of the starry heaven above, so thickly was it studded with luminous points ; which, in truth, were narght else but the bright blades of the axes, reflect-ing from their polished steel the few wandering rays which they could gather amid the darkness. More than two thousand butchers lay thus in the stat file on the sath : their rank and file upon the earth ; their hearts beat quick, their blood bounded nearts beat quick, their blood bounded in their veins; for the long yearned-for hour, the hour of vengeance and liberation, was at hard. The deepest silence was maintained by this vast multitude; and all conspired to throw a veil of necromantic horror over the mysterious band. Breydel himself had his place deep

in the interior of the wood ; beside him reclined one of his comrades, whom for his well-tried courage he especially affected; and thus in suppressed whispers, the two discoursed together acy lay : The French dogs little expect the

roasing up they will get this morn-ing." began Breydel; "they sleep well; for they have seared consciences -the villains! I am curious to see the faces they'll make when they wake up and see my axe, and their death upon its edge." "Oh ! my axe cuts like a lancet ; I

whetted it till it took off a hair from my arm; and I mean to blunt it this night, or never to sharpen it again." Things have gone too far, Martin. They treat us like so many dumb beasts, and thick that we shall crouch beneath their tyranny. They fancy we're all like those accursed Lilyards; but they little know us."

but they little know us." "Yes, the villains cry, 'France for ever !" and fawn upon the tyrants ; but they shall bave something for themselves too. I didn't forget them when I took so much pains about sharp onto me are !" ening my are !'

ening my are 1" "Oh, nc, Martin, no; no Fiemish blood must be shed. Deconinck has strictly forbidden it." nd John van Gistel, the cowardly

traitor 1 is he to come (f scot free ?" " John van Gistel is to hang; he must pay for the blood of Deconinck's old friend. But he must be the only "What ! and the other false Fiem

ings are to escape scatheless ? Mas-ter Breydel, Master Breydel, that's much for me ; I cannot away with

"They'll have punishment enough ; disgrace will be their portion ; shame in their hearts, and contempt on the In our nears, and contempt on the lips and countenances of all good man. Were it nothing, think you, that each comer should throw coward and traitor in your face? That's what remains for them."

Faith, master, you make my blood run cold ; a thousand deaths were bet-ter than that. What a hell upon earth for them, if only they had one spark of the true Fleming in their souls !"

They were now silent for a few moments;; listening attentively to a sound as of distant footsteps which caught their cars ; but it soon died away, and then Breydel resumed : "The French savages have murdered my poor aged mother. I saw with my own eyes how the sword had pierced her heart through and through-that heart so full of love for me. They had no pity on her, because she had given birth to a right unbending Fleming; and now I will have no pity on them; so I shall avenge my country and my own blood together."

Thither, accordingly, they all re paired, and grouped themselves round Deconinck to receive instructions, who proceeded thus to address them : "My brothers, this day's sun must shine upon us as freemen or light us to our graves. Arm yourselves, there fore, with all the courage which the fore, with all the courage which the thought of country and liberty can kindle in your bosoms; bethink you that it is for the city in which the bones of our father's rest, for the city in which our own cradles stood, that we are this day in arms. And remem-ber, -- no quarter 1 Kill, is the word; death to every Frenchman who falls into your hands that not a root of for-eign tarces may remain to choke our

into your handsi that not a root of for-eign tares may remain to choke our wheat. We or they must die 1 Is there one among you that can entertain a spark of compassion for those who have so cruelly murdered our brothers, on the gallows and under the hools of their horses ? for the traitorous foes who have imprisoned our lawful Count in foul breach of faith and poisoned his innecent child?"

A low, sullen, terrible murmar fol-lowed, and seemed to hover for a mo-"They shall die!" was the universal

"They shall die!" was the universal "sponse. "Well, then," pursued Deconinck, "this day we shall once more be free. But that is not enough; we shall still need stout hearts to make good our freedow; for the French king will soon have a new army in the field against us; of that doubt not." "So much the better," interrupted Breydel; "there will only be so many more children weeping for their fath ers, as I do now for my poor murdered mother. God rest ber soul!" The interruption had broken the flow of Deconinck s harangue; lest, there-fore, time might fail him, he proceeded at once to give the necessary instruc-tions:

tions : "Well, then," he said, "now hear

"Well, then," he said, "now hear what we have to do. As soon as the clock of St. Cross strikes three, you must get your men upon their feet, and bring them into the road in close order; I shall be on before you under the city walls, with a b.dy of my own people. The gates will almost instantly be opened to us by the Clawards inside; do you then march in as quietly as pos-sible, and each of you take the direc sible, and each of you take the direc tion I shall now give you. Master Breydel, with the butchers, will occupy

the Spey Gate, and then all the street round about Snaggaert's Bridge. Mas ter Lindens, do you take possession of the Catherine Gate, and advance you men into the adjacent streets up to Our Lady's Church. The curriers and shoemskers are to occupy the Ghent Gste, and from thence to the Castle. The other guilds, under the Dean of the masons, will hold the Damme Gate, and all the neighbourhood of St. Donatus'

all the neighbourhood of St. Donatus' Church. 1, with my two thousand men, will proceed to the Bouverie Gate and cut off the whole quarter from thence to the Assos' Gate, including the Great Market place. When once we have surprised all the gates, then each keep your stations as quietly as pos sible; for we must not wake the French up before all is ready. But as scon as

sible; for we must not wave the reflect up before all is ready. But as soon as ever you hear our country's cry—' The Lion for Fianders!' let every man re-neat it, that you may know one another peat it, that you may know one another in the darkness. And then, at them Break open the doors of all the houses

where the French are quartered, and make as short work as you can of them. "Bat, master," remarked one of the ptains, "we shall not know the captains, French from our own townspeople, finding them, as we shall, almost all in

bed and undressed.' Ob, there is an easy way to avoid all mistakes on that score. Whenever you can't make out at the first glance whether it's a Frenchman or a Fieming make him say, "Schild en vriend!" (shield and friend). Whoever cannot

pronounce these words properly has French tongue, and down with him!" At this moment the clock of St. Cross resounded thrice over the wood. "One word more," added Deconinck

Messire de Mortenay's house is under my especial protection, and I charge

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

after a moment of deep thought, he pro-nounced the doom of the French with the words, "The Lion for Flanders ! Whose is French is false; (Wat Walsch is, valsch is) strike home !" This order, the doom of the aller, was echeed by five themsand volces; and it is easy to imagine the fearful criss. the accounting tunnit that fol-

was blockless, and his which frame quaked with fear. Notwithstanding all his efforts, he was unable to conceal his terror, and excited the pity of the Frenchmen-even of De Chatillon, who was in equal peril. They occupied an upper room, overlooking the street; and from time to time they ventured to the window, and gazed with awe on the butchers, who lay in wait about the door, like a pack of wolves lurking for their prey. Occe, as Jan van Gistei showed himself a moment at the window, Jan Breydel caught sight of him, and threatened him with his aze. An angry, impetuous movement arose amongst the butchers; all raised their axes towards the traitor, whose death they had sworn. The heart of the Lilyard throbbed with anguish, as he saw in the gleam cries, the appalling tumult that fol-lowed. The Olawards, thirsting for revenge, rushed into the bed chambers revenge, rushed into the bcd-chambers of the French, and slaughtered all who could not pronounce the fatal words, "Schild en vriend." In many of the houses there were more Frenchmen than could be reached in so short a time, so that many had time to dress themselves housely and time to dress themselves hurriedly, and seize their weapons; and this was the case espe cially in the quarter occupied by De cially in the quarter occupied by De Chatillon and bis numerous guards. In spite of the furious rapidity of Breydel and his comrades, about six hundred Frenchmen had collected in this manner. Maty also, although wounded, contrived to escape from the fray; and the number of the fugitives was thus so much increased, that they resolved to stand, and sell their lives as dearly as they could. They stood The heart of the Lilyard throbbed with anguish, as he saw in the gleam of these thousand axes his doom of death ; and, turning to his companions, he said, in a tone of despair. "We must die, messires ; there is no mercy for us, for they thirst for our blood like famished hounds. You will never leave this place. My God, what shall we do?"

resolved to stand, and self their lives as dearly as they could. They stood in a compact mass in front of the houses, and defended themselves against the butchers with the energy of de-pair. Many of them had cross-bows, with which they shot down some of the Clawards; but the sight of their fallen companions only increased the fary of the survivors. De Chatil-lon's voice was every where heard animating his men to resistance; and Do Mortenay was expecially conspicushall we do?" illon, "to meet one's death at the hands of this rabble; rather would I be slain sword in hand. But so it must The coolness of De Chatilloo disquieted Van Gistel still more. 'So it must be!' repeated he. "O

animating his men to resistance ; and D > Mortenay was especially conspicu-ous, his iong sword gleaming like a lightning flash in the darkness. Breyder raged like a madman, and dealt his blows right and left among the French. S > many of the foe had fallen before him, that he already stood raised some feet above the ground. Blood was flowing in streams between the dead bodies ; and the cry, "The Lion for Flanders ! strike home." mixed its terrible sound with the groans of the dying. Jan van Gistel De Mortenay ; "but do not let yourself be seen, or they will drag you from the was, of course, amongst the French. As he knew that his death was inevit nouse by force. He opened the window, and cried, "Master Breydel, Messire van Gistel able if the Flemings gained the vio

able if the Flemings gained the vic-tory, he shoated incessantly, "France! France!" hoping thus to sustain the courage of his troops. But Jan Breydel recognized his voice. "Conrades," said he, wild with rage, "I must have the sool of this traitor. Forwards I he has lived long enough. Whas loves me let long enough. Whoso loves me, let hin follow me close."

With these words, he threw himself with his axo amongst the French, and soon struck down every foe within reach of his arm. So furious was their onslaught, that they soon drive the enemy back against the walls of the houses; and five hundred of them feil beneath the axes of the butchers. In this moment of extreme peril, of ter-rible agony, De Mortenay remembered

rible agony, De Mortenay remembered the word and promise of Deconinek. Rejoicing that he yet had the power to save the governor general, he cried.-"I am De Mortenay, let me pass." Immediately the Clawards made way for him with every token of respect, and opposed no obstacle to his pass-age. "This way, this way ; follow me, comrades!" cried he to the surviving Frenchmee, hoping thus to rescue them en, hoping thus to rescue then from their fate.

Bat the Flemings closed in again upon them, and dealt their blows piti-lessly around. The number of the fugitives was so small, that, besides De Chatillon, not more than thirly reached De Mortenay's house; the rest lay weltering in their blood. Breydel made his men halt at the door of the house, and forbade them to enter; he invested it on all sides, that no man might escape, and himself

kept guard at the entrance. While this fray was going on, Deco ninck was occupied in hunting out the few remaining Frenchmen in the Stone street, near S. Salvator; and the other guilds were following his example in the quarters assigned to them. The dead were thrown from the houses

o see it most strictly respected ; lers had disguised tuenserver, hoped o ne set his foot over the thres-four noble foe's dwelling. Now the gates ; but this was of no avail, for the gates ; but this was of no avail, for to your company of the words, sound of their foreign accent, the first sound of their foreign accent, the accent accent accent, the first sound of their foreign accent, the first sound of their foreign accent, the accent accent accent accent, the set accent accent accent, the set accent accent accent. From every quarter of the city resonned the shout, "The Lion for Flanders 1 Whoso is French is false; strike home 1" Here and there a Frenchman flad before a Flexing, but only to meet every one was required to pronounce the words, "Schild en vriend." At the first sound of their foreign accent, fled before a Fieming, but only to meet his death, a few steps farther on, from his death, a few steps interest and the weapon of another foe. This scene of vengeance lasted until the sun stood high in the heavens : it shone on the dead bodies, and dried flowing blood, of five thousand of the French. Yes, in this night five thousand aliens were offered to the shades of the murdered Fiemings; it is a bloody page in the chronicles Flanders, that wherein this number written. B.fore the dwelling of De Mortenay was a strange and appalling sight. A thousand butchers lay spread out on the ground, with their axes in their hands, their threatening, revengefal eyes riveted on the door. Their naked arms and their jerkins were smeared with blood; around them were piled heaps of uncounted slain. But of all this they took no heed. Here and there amongst the butchers passed guildsmen, seeking amongst the slain for the dead bodies of the Filemings, there amongst the butchers passed guildsmen, soeking amongst the slain for the dead bodies of the Flemings, that they might reseive honourable burial. Although their hearts were full of rage, yet no word of reviling escaped the lips of the butchers. The dwelling of De Mortenay was to them sacred, in virtue of their plighted word. They respected Deconinck's pledge, and had, moreover, a great esteem for the governor of the city; so they con-tented themselves with investing the entire quarter, and keeping careful watch. Messire de Chatillon and Jan van Gistel the Lilyard had taken refuge in De Mortenay's house. They were overpowered by an extreme dread; for an inevitable death hovered before

their eyes. De Chatilion was a man of courage, and awaited his fate will cool-ness; but the face of Jan van Gistel was bloodlese, and his whole frame quaked with fear. Notwithstanding The butchers had pursued the flying Frenchmen as far as the gate; but when they saw the enemies they most detested disappear between the trees in the distance, they raged and yelled in baffisd wrath; for now their revenge scened to them unsated. After remaining some moments graing on the spot where DeChatilion had dis-appeared from their view, they left the wall and returned to the Friday Market-hace. Soon another tumuit Market-place. Soon another tumuit arrested their attention. From the arcested their scientish. From the centre of the city arcse a shout of mingled voices, filing the air with pro-longed sounds of rejoicing, as though a prince were making his festal entry. For some time the batchers could not For some time the batchers could not distinguish the triumphant ories, for they came from too great a distance; but by degress the crulting orowd drew nearer and nearer, and the shouts be-came intelligible: "Lo g live the Blue Lion! long live our Dean ! Flanders is free!"

our Dean ! Flanders is free !" An innumerable multitude, consisting of all the inhabitants of Bruges, pourod itself through the streets in dense throngs. The acclamations of the liberated Flemings echoed back from the houses, and filed the city as with the booming of thunder. Women and children ran contuscdly amongst the armed emiddance and the lucans the "It is a disgrace," replied DeChat armed guildsmen ; and the joyous clapping of their hands mingled with and harm mized the uninterrupied shouting "Hail! hall to the Blue Lion!"

From the midst of this crowd rose a white standard; on the waving folds of which was wrought in blue silk, a lion so it must bel' repeated ne. "O my God, what a moment of agony | what torture they will inflict npon us! Bat, Messire de Mortenay, I pray you, for God's sake-you have much in-flaence over them-ask them now if which was wrought in blue slik, a lion rampart. It was the great banner of the city of Bruges, which had for so long a time disappeared before the lilles of France. Once more it came forth from its concealment into the light of day; now it waved over the prostrate bodies of its foes; and the resurrection of this holy standard was greated with ten thousand shouts of rethey will grant us our lives for a heavy ransom. Rather than die by their hands, I would give them whatever they might ask, no matter "I will ask them, indeed," snswered prested with ten thousand shouts of re-joicing. A man of small stature bore the ban-

A man of small stature bore the ban-ner, and with his arms crossed over his breast pressed it to his heart, as though it inspired him with the deep est love. Abundant tears flowed down his checks-tears of love of father-

wishes to ask you whether you will give him safe conduct for a heavy ransom. Ask whatever you please; name the required sum; and do not delay, I pray land mingled with tears of joy and sad ness ; and an nautterable expression of you." "Comrades," shouted the Dean to happiness beamed from his every feature. He who had shed no tear for "they offer us gold! they think they can buy off the revenge of a people with gold ; shall we accept it ?" his greatest personal misfortunes, now wept when he brought back the Lion the ci'y of his fathers-to the altai

"No; we will have the Lilyard!" cried the butchers ; "he must die : the traitor-the dastard, degenerate Fiem. man; and the cries, "Long live Dy coninck! Hail to the Blue Lion!"

were echoed and re cchoed ever louder and louder. As the Deap of the Cloth ing !" This exclamation echoed hideously workers drew near to the Friday Market place holding aloft the stand in Van Gistel's ears, and it seemed to him as though he already felt the sharp edge of the axe upon his neck. De ard, an inexpressible joy filled the hearts of the butchers; they, too swelled the exulting shout of victory, Mortenay allowed the stormy cries for vengeance to pass away, and then again called out: "You promised me that my house

and clapped their hands with an impet uous outburst of love. Breydel rushed why, then, do you wiolate the pledge you have given?" "We will not violate your dwelling," eagerly to meet the banner, and stretched

his impatient hands towards the Lion. Deconinck resigned it to him and said : "There, my friend, this hast thou this day woo, - the palladiam of our freedom." Breydel answered nothing answered Breydel; "bat I swear to you that neither De Chatilion nor Van Gistel shall leave the city alive; their blood -his heart was too fall. Tremblin with emotion, he embraced the drapery of the standard and the Blue Lion. He must atone for the blood of our brothers. and we will not leave this spot until our axes have given them the deathhid his face in the folds of silk, and blow.

"And may I leave the city without molestation ?'

"You, Messire de Mortenay, are at liberty to go whithersoever you please, with your personal retinue; and no one shall touch a hair of your head. But ceased not their shouts; foud exhiring ories poured from the lips of all, and their quick and impassioned gestures attested the rapturous gladness of their hearts. The Friday Market place do not attempt to deceive us; for we are too well acquainted with those of whom we are in quest."

their hearts. The Friday Market place was too small to contain the thronging "I give you notice, then, that in an hour from this time I shall take my departure for Courtrai." citizens. In the Stone street far away to S. Salvator's, were clustering swarms of men; the Sniths, street and

"May God protect you !" "And have you no compassion for un-

Bonverie street were crowded women and with children. armed hnights ?" "They had no compassion on our brethren, and their blood must be shed. erected still stand in they themselves De Mortenay closed the window, and said to the knights, "I commiserate you, messires; they insist on shedding your blood. You are in very great peril; but I hope that JUNE 20, 1908.

effor it w. lion' slav thei

T

the: shat chas there of l fend the blow the rod time and time the rod time the rod

had for

not Bri

cit; wo! live wh

its have

ma

ag thi ch thi fat Te

st

th

groom sank with his horse, and was drowned. The butchers had pursued the flying the footprints of the aliens. But all the footprints of the aliens. But all our encomies are not yet overcome; France will send us yet more armed hirelings, for blood demands blood. That, indeed, is of small moment, for henceforth we are invincible; but, nevertheless, think not that you may sleep after the victory achieved. Keep your hearts firm, bold, quiet; never let the noble fire which at this mo-ment clows in your breasts wave colet the node are which at this mo-ment glows in your breasts waver or wane. Let each betake himself now to his abode, and rejoice with his family in the victory of this day. Exult, and drink the wine of gladness; for this is the fairest day of your lives. Those citizets who have no wine may go to the hall; there a measure shall be distributed to each." The shouts, which gradually became

The shonts, which gradually became louder and louder, did not permit Deconinck to say more; he made a sign to the surrounding Deans, and went with them up to the Stone street. The crowds reverently made way for him, and on him, above all, were bestowed the gladsome greetings of the happy citizens. Every one now pressed to-wards the standard which reared itself up by the side of the gallows; each in succession gazed with cestasy on the Bige Lion, as on a friend who had again returned amongst his brethren after long journeyings in strange lands. They stretched out their hands towards it; and were to overpowered with joy,

the joyful lidings that a measure of wine would be distributed to each. An hour later every citizen had his winc-glass in his hand. And so ended the eventful day, without confusion and without strife; one and the same feel ing quickened every heart-the feeling which fills the heart of the captive when he once more beholds the light of the sun and the wide world is his only prison.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Two years had gone by since the foreigner had set foot in Fianders, and cried; "Bow your heads, ye Fiemings! ye sons of the north, yield to the cril-dran of the south, or diel" Little thought they that there had been born in Bruges a man endowed with large sagacity and inspired with heroi courage; a man who shone forth as a bright light amongst his contemporaries of freedom. All eyes were turned towards this and to whom, as to His servant Moses; God had said: "Go and deliver thy brethren, the children of Israel, from

the thraid of of the soil of his father-land, and darkened the horizon with the dust of their march, & secret voice spoke in Deconinck's soul, and said : " Take heed, these are in quest of slaves I"

At its sound, the noble citizens quivered with anguisn and wrath :

"Slaves ! we slaves !" groaned he ; "forbid it, O Lord our God ! The blood of our free-born fathers hath flowed in of our free-born fathers hath flowed in defence of Toine altars; they have died on the sands of Arabia with Thy Holy Name on their lips. O, suffer not their sons to bear the debasing fetters of the alien; --suffer not the temple which they have raised unto Thee to have bondsmen for wor-shinners 1" wept; for a few moments le remained motionless; then the banner fell from shippers !" Deconick had breathed this prayer his grasp, and he sank exhausted by his transport on Deconinck's breast. While the two Deans held each other

Decontck had breathed this prayer from his deepest soul, and all his heart lay open to his Creator. He found therein all the noble courage and energy wherewith He had endowed the Fleming; and He sent down an answer-ing ray of trust and hope. Instantly filled with a secret strength, Decon-ick felt as though all his capacities of thought and actions were doubled in energy; and, impelled by a true inspiration, he cried : "Yes, Lord, I have felt Thy strong

and Thy strengthening hand; yes, I shall ward off this degradation from my fatherland ; the graves of Thy servants, my fathers, shall never be trodden down by the foot of the alien. Bless are Thou, O my God, Who bast called me to this !" From that moment one only feeling, one only deep yearning lived in Decon-ick's heart; his every thought, his every faculty, all were consecrated to the great word-my fatherland 1 Basiness, family, repose, all were banished from his ample heart, which held but ness, tamity, repose, and the held but from his ample heart, which held but one, one only affection—his love for the native soil of the Lion. And what man more traly noble than this Fleming, who a hundr d times risked life and liberty itself for the freedom of Flan-down 2 what man was ever endowed ders ? what man was ever endowed with more ample sagacity ? Alone and unaided, in spite of recreants and Lilyards, who would have sold their country's freedom, he it was who bafiled the

it; and were to overpowered with joy, that they would have seemed to the cool and dispussionate observer to have lost their senses. Soon came guildsmen with full cans back to the market-place, and spread the joyful tidings that a measure of the joyful tidings that a measure of

Shall we give quarter, master ?

"Shall we give quarter, master? Shall we make prisoners?" = "May I prish, if I make a single prisoner, or grant one single man bis life! Do they give quarter? No, they murder for murder's sake, and ple the corpses of our brethren under their horse's hoofs. And think you, Martin, that I, who have the bloody shade of my dear mother ever before my eyes, can so much as look upon a frenchman without breaking into a fit of downright madness? Oh i I should tear them with my teeth, were my axe to break with the multi-tude of its victims! But that can never be ; my good axe is the long-tried friend and faithful partner of my

life." "Listen, master, again there's a noise in the direction of Damme. Wait

He put his car to the ground, then raised his head again : "Master, the weavers are not far

of," he said ; may be some four bow-Come, then, let us up ! Do you

pass quietly along the ranks, and take care that the men lie still. I will go and meet Deconinck, that he may know what part of the wood is left open for his people."

In a few moments four thousand weavers advanced from different sides of the wood, and immediately lay down upon the ground in silence, according to the orders they had received. The stillness was but little broken by their arrival, and all was scon perfectly quiet again. A new men only might have been seen to pass from company to company, bearing the order to the captains to meet at the eastern end of the wood.

hold of our noble foe's dweiling. Now to your companies with al the speed you can; give your men the necessary

moderate distance of the city walls. He himself approached still nearer, and endeavored with his eye to penetrate the darkness; a burning portfire, the end of which he concealed in the hollow ond of which he conceated in the hollow of his band, shed its red glow from 'e-tween his fingers. So he walked on, keeping a sharp lock out, till at last he espied a head peering over the wal; it was that of the clothworker Gerard, whom he had visited the evening be fore. The Dean now produced a bundle of flax from under his garment,

laid it upon the ground, and blew vig-orously upon the port fire. Soon a clear flame shot up, and gleamed over the plain, and the head of the cloth-worker disappeared from the wall. A moment more, and the sentinel who was posted on the rampart fell heavily forward, with a single sharp cry, and lay dead at its foot. Then followed a confused noise behind the gate,—the clash of arms minuted with raise of the clash of arms mingled with cries of the dying; and then all was still,-still as the grave.

The gate was opened : in deepest sll ence the guildsmen defiled into the city; and each captain drew off his comcity; and each captain drew off his com-pany to the station assigned him by Deconinck. A quarter of an hour later all the sentinels on duty at the gates had bean surprised and cut off, each guild had taken up its position, and at the door of every house occupied by a Frenchman stood eight Clawards, ready to force an entrance with here ready to force an entrance with ham mers and axes. Not a single street was unoccupied; each division of the city swarmed with Clawards, eagerly awaiting the signal of attack.

Deconinck was standing in the middle of the Friday market-place :

in very great peril ; but I hope that, by God's assistance, I shall yet be able to rescue you. There is an outlet behind the court yard, through which you may be fortunate enough to escape from may be fortunate enough to escape from your blood-thirsty enemies. Disguise yourselves, and mount your horses; then i and my servants will leave the house by the principal entrance; and while I thus draw off the attention of the butchers on myself,

you may be able to make your escape aloog the walls. At the Smiths' Gate there is a breach through which it will not be difficult for you to gain the open

not be dimenit for you to gain the open country, and your horses will secure you from being overtaken." DeChatillon and Van Gistel joyfally embraced this last hope. The governor-general put on the clothes of his castellan, and Van Gistel those of one of the meaner servants; the thirty remaining Frenchmen led their horses from the stables and made their norses in order that they might fly with their ommander.

When all were mounted, DeMortenay and his servants issued forth into the street, in which the butchers lay, as it were encamped. The latter, having no suspicion of deceit, stood up, and re-garded with careful scrutiny all those who accompanied the governor general.

in this warm embrace, the people ceased not their shouts; loud exulting

sations. The boates of the Fiemings who had been haves'd had been already taken down and buried; but the eight ropes had been purposely left dangling in the air as signs and memorials of the tyranny which had put them to death. The standard with the Lion of Bruges was planted close to the apparence of was planted close to the apparatus of murder, and greeted airesh with cries for the second s hands.

When one throws a stone into still water, the movement spreads in trenn lous circles over the entire surface, and awakens the ripples of the whole lake; so the thrught and the act of Deconinck communicated themselves to the crowd of citizens, although but

few could positively see him. First, those who were immediately near to him knelt silently down; then the movement extended itself further and movement extended itself further and further amongst the more distant, until every head was bowed in prayer; the voices of those in the centre of the vast circle were first hushed, and so further and further spread the silence, until it pervaded the whole multitude. Eight thousand knees touched the

Eight thousand knees touched the yet bloody earth, eight thousand heads humbled themselves be fore the God who had created men for freedom. What a harmony must have swelled up to the Throne of the Most High in that moment! How weathed to Him must have been that grateful to Him must have been that solemn prayer, which, like a cloud of fragrance, was waited upwards to His Footstool !

After a short time Deconinck arose, and availed himself of the unbroken stillness to address the following words to his assembled fellow citizens: "Brothers I this day the sun shines on us with fairer splendour, the breezo of heaven is purer and more exhilarat ing in our city; the breath of the haughty Frenchmen deemed that we were their slaves forever; but they have learned, at the price of their lives, that our Lion may indeed alum-ber awhile—die it never can. Again After a short time Deconinck arose,

Neuralgia In the Face Long standing case completely cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Headache and Neuralgia. What hosts of people seek for cure of these ailments

And in vain.

Because they are misled by going after medicines which only relieve. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is not a

nere relief for headaches and neuralgia bu is a thorough cure in the only way these troubles can ever be really cured—by restorng the nervous system. MRS. JAMES CLANCY, 714 Water St., Peter-

boro, Ont., states: "I was troubled more or less with severe headaches and neuralgia for