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accord on Deconinck, as if seeking counsel of him on whom they had so lately glared in murderous rage. Brey-del himself looked at his friend with an inquiring gaze; but all in vain. Neither to him nor to the rest did the Dean give utterance to a single word : he stood looking on in silence, and with an air of unconcern, as though in po wise personally interested in what

MAY 2, 1908.

was passing around him.

"Well, Deconinck, what is your advice?" asked Breydel, at length.

"That we surrender," calmly replied the Clothworker.

At this the Butchers began to give

signs of another outburst; but a com-manding gesture from their Dean speedily restored them to order and Breydel resumed:

"What, then, do you really feel so sure that, with all our efforts, we can not hold out against the foe—that no not hold out against the loc-that no courage, no resolution can save us? Oh, that I should see this day!"

And as he thus spoke, the deep grief of his heart plainly displayed itself

his features. Even as his eyes had lighted up with ardor for the fight, so now was their fury quenched and

his countenance darkened.

At last Deconinck, raising his voice as to be heard by all around him, addressed them thus

"Bear witness, all of you, that in what I advise I have no other motive than true and honest love to my country. For he sake of my native city, I have exposed myself to your mad fury; for that same sake I am ready to die upon the scaffold that our enemies shall raise for me. I deem it my sacred duty to save this pearl of Flanders; cry me down as a traitor, and heap curses upon my name if you will—no-thing shall turn me aside from my noble purpose. For the last time I re-peat it, our duty now is to surrender.

During this address Breydel's coun-tenance had exhibited, to an attentive observer, an incessant play of passion; wrath, indignation, sadness seemed in turns to move him. The convulsive twitching of his stalwart limbs told plainly of the storm which raged within, and the struggle which it cost him to restrain it; and now, with the word 'surrender' sounding once again in his ear, as though struck by a sentence of death, he stood appalled, motionless, and silent.

The Batchers and the other guilds men turned their eyes upon one and the other of the two leaders, and stood waiting in solemn silence for what

should happen 'Master Breydel," cried Deconinck at length, "as you would not have the destruction of us all upon your soul, consent to my proposal. Y nder comes back the French herald; the time has

already expired.'
Suddenly, as if awakening from a stupor, the chief of the Butchers re plied in a mournful and fattering voice:
"And must it be so, master? Well, let it be, then, as you say-let us sur-

And as he spoke, he grasped the hand of his friend and pressed it with deep emotion, while tears of intense suffering filled his eyes, and a heavy groan burst from his bosom. The two Deans regarded each other with one of those looks in which the soul speaks from its inmost depths. At that moment they fully understood each other, and a close embrace testified to every beholder the sincerity of their reconciliation.

There stood the two greatest men of uges, the representatives respect vely of her wisdom and her valour. clasped in each other's arms, heart against heart beating high with mutual

admiration. "O my valiant brother i" cried Deconinck; "O great and generous soul! Hard, I see, indeed, has been the struggle; but the victory is yours; the greatest of victories, even that over yourself !"

At the sight of this moving spect cle, a cry of joy ran through the ranks and the last spark of angry feeling was xtinguished in the valiant Flemings. At Deconinck's command, the trumpeter of the Cloth-workers called aloud to the French herald:

Does your general grant to our spokesman his safe conduct to come and return?" "He gives full and free safe conduct,

upon his faith and honor, according to the custom of war," was the reply.

Upon this assurance the portcullis was raised, the draw bridge lowered, and two of the citizens issued from the gate. One of them was Deconinck; the other the herald of the guilds. On reaching the French lines, they were mmediately introduced into the tent of De Chatillon, when the Dean of the othworkers advanced towards the general, and with a firm countenance

thus addressed him :
"Messire de Chatillon, the citizens of Buges give you to know, by me their delegate and spokesman, that, in order to avoid useless bloodshed, they have solved to surrender to you the city. evertheless, since it is a noble and opporable feeling that leads them to offer their submission, they can make it only on the following conditions:— first, that the costs of His Majesty's late entry be not levied by a new im post upon the commons; secondly, that the present magistrates be displaced from their offices : and lastly, that no prosecuted or disturbed on count of any part he may have taken in these present troubles, by what name soever the same may be called. Be pleased to inform me whether you as-

sent to these terms."
"What!" exclaimed the governor, his countenance overcast with dis-pleasure: "what manner of talk is pleasure: "what manner of talk is this? How dare you speak to me of conditions, when I have only to bring ap my engines to your walls and batter them down, without hindrance or de-

'That is very possible," replied Deconinek firmly; "but I tell you, Deconinck firmly; "but I tell you, nevertheless—and do you give heed to my words—that our city ditch shall be filled with the dead bodies of your people, before a single Frenchman shall plant his foot mean one work. people, before a single Frenchman shall plant his foot upon our walls. We, too, are not unprovided with implements of war; and they that have read our added to all her other good qualities

chronicles, have not now to learn that the men of Bruges know how to die for

'Yes, yes, I know well that stiff-necked ob tinacy which is the char acteristic of all your race; but what care I for that? The courage of my men knows no obstacles; your city

must surrender at discretion. To say the truth, the sight of that warlike multitude in armed array upon the walls had filled De Chatilion with serious apprehensions as to the issue of the coming fight. Knowing as he did the indomitable spirit of the men of Bruges, and the probability of a desperate resistance, prudence strongly dictated to him the desirableness of gaining possession of the city, if possible, without a struggle. He was no a little rejoiced, therefore, when the arrival of Deconinck gave him hopes of the peaceful accomplishment of his wishes. On the other hand, the conditions proposed were by no means to his taste. He might, to be sure, at once accept them under a mental res ervation, and afterwards invent some pretext for evading them; but he had a supreme mistrust of the Dean of the ervation. Clothworkers, Deconinck, and greatly doubted whether he could safely rely upon what he had said. He res therefore, to put his words to the test, and see whether it really was true, as he asserted, that the men of Bruges were determined to resist to the death, rather than surrender at discretion; accordingly, in a loud voice he gave the signal for advancing the engines to

the assault. But Deconinck, like a skilful player, had closely watched the counterance of his adversary. It had not escaped his penetration that the resolute air of the French general was merely assumed, and that in reality he would gladly avoid the necessity of putting his threats into execution On vinced of this, he adhered firmly to the conditions he had proposed; while he regarded with apparent indifference hostile preparations which were being made around him.

The cool self possession of the Fiem ng was too much for De Chatillon. He was now convinced that the men of Bruges stood in no fear of him, and that they would defend their city to the very last extremity. Unwilling, therefore, to stake all upon this isolated point of the game, he at last conde-scended to enter into a negotiation; and after some discussion, it was finally agreed that the magistrates should re main in office, while the other two points were conceded to the Flemings. The governor on his part, expressly stipulated for the right of occupying the city with his troops, in whatever numbers he might think fit.

And now, the terms of capitulation having been regularly engrossed, and the instrument mutually executed with all formality, the envoys returned to the to.n. The conditions agreed upon were made known to the citizens by proclamation from street to street, and half-an hour afterwards the French force made their triumphant entry with banners and trumpets; while the guildsmen, with their hearts full at once of sorrow and of wrath, departed each to his home, and the magistrates and Lilyards issued forth from the castle. A few hours more, and to a superficial observer peace reigned

through the whole city. TO BE CONTINUED. ... For THE CATHOLIC RECORD. CLARE.

TRUE STORY OF THE SUNNY SOUTH

The narrative which I am about to relate is true in every particular, but, as some of the relatives of the persons of whom it is written are living, I have suppressed the real names of the persons connected with it, the name of the city in which the events happened, and also the dates on which some of them took place.

Not many years ago, there lived in one of the most beautiful of West In-dian cities a family named Arnold. The father was one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the place; the mother a beautiful, refined and charit able lady. They were esteemed and respected by all classes and creeds, not only on account of their respectability, but also on account of the generosity with which they assisted all works undertaken in the name of religion or charity. This charming couple had two daughters, Clare and Rose, and one son, Frederick. The son, who was the eldest, was, at the time this story opens, attending college, whilst the two daughters were attending the Ursuline Convent in that city. I may I may

here remark that the whole family were Protestants.

The mother had long been troubled with serious doubts as to the truth of the religious belief of the communion of which she was a member. At length, after grave consideration, she decided to embrace that religion which has "sub-isted in every age and spread throughout every nation" Her two little girls, who were as deeply impued with piety as their mother, and whose young hearts had learned to love that religion which they saw personified in the good sisters who were their teachers, were delighted at the thought of becoming Catholics. Clare, the elder of the two, was especially delighted, and entered with the greatest zest into the study of the catechism, As this narrative principally concerns her, I must refer to her at greater length.

She was at that time twelve years of age, and was an exceedingly pretty little gir', but one was undecided whether to admire most her beau y, her good sense, or her delightful man She was the idol of her parents, her teachers, her school companions and of everyone who knew her; her bright and cheerful disposition made her loved and admired by everyone e stood at the head of her class; so that I may say she was in every spect par excellence the leader in her small sphere. But none of the qualit les to which I have referred did she possess in so great a degree as she did that of piety. Hers was that strong, firm belief in the Supernatural, hers

constituted a character really charm All who knew her acknowledged she was no ordinary child, and predicted a great future for her. But

With three so eager catechumens we may well imagine that much time had not elapsed before they were fully prepared to enter the fold. Mr. Arnold, with that broadmindedness which bespeaks the perfect gentleman made no demur to his wife's entering the Catholic Church, with her two daughters. He wished, however, that his son should remain a Protestant, and to this Mrs. Arnold was obliged to con-

The happy day at length arrived when our three converts were re over flowing with gratitude to the good lod, they heard progonneed the word-"Eg, te baptize, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti." The joy of the mother, who from her more mature age one would have expected would have the most fully appreciated her position, was entirely overshadowed by that of Clare, whose radiant counten ance the mind instinctively associated with the countenance of an angel enjoying the Beatific Vision.

But here came the second evidence of the designs of Providence on this young girl. With the gift of faith, she had the inestinable privilege of receiving at the same time a vocation to the re ligious life. Nothing could be more acceptable to her than to feel that she would one day be numbered amongst that glorious army of women who de-vote their lives to the glory of God and the service of His creatures. Sh communicated her wish to her mother, who, delighted at the thought that God had chosen her little daughter for His own, readily consented to allow her to enter the convent. She was, however too young to become a nun immediately, so she continued her studies at the Ursuline Convent, as before,

The next noticeable event in the his tory of our heroine is her First Com-munion. Never did Roman general, on the day of his triumph, don with more by his robes of state than did Ctare in that morning array berself in her white First Communion robes, nor never did he feel such exultation when having the crown of laurel placed upon his brow as did she in placing upon her head the wreath of white roses and lilies. And why should she not feel grateful and full of exultation? Was she not to receive on that morning, for the first time, into her pure and inno-cent heart, that God Who had in such an especial manner favored her with His graces? Compared to her feelings, the joy of the victorious Roman general was as nothing. His was merely the satisfaction of an ambitious mind, sated for the time being with glory, the joy of hearing for a few short hours his name upon every tougue, and of seeing himself venerated—almost adored—by slavish populace, ever ready with adulations and applause for the successful but only taunts and insults for those who had failed: hers that joy proceed ing from a heart burning w her Creator—a joy such as it is possible for the good and innocent alone to feel As usual, on their First Communion day the children were given a holiday, which they spent in the garden adjaining the convent. Clare was always the leader in the children's games, but to day she did not seem to enjoy them so much as usual. At length she slipped away, and none knew where she had gone. A search was made, and the girls discovered her in the church, before the high altar, wrapped in fervent prayer. All their entreaties could not drag her away, and so they were obliged to return to their play and leave She thus spent nearly the whole day, and it was only with difficulty that they could persuade her to return home to

her meals. The next three years of our heroine's life passed away uneventfully, and then a great sorrow belell her. Her mother, who up to that time had been enjoying perfect health, suddenly became ex-tremely ill. The doctor was sumand pronounced her grave danger. All his skill could affect no improvement, and in a few days she was dead.

Clare, being the elder daughter, had now to take her mother's place at the head of the family. This she did, not without many a secret pang, for nothing could be more distasteful to her than to be forced to leave the con vent school with its quiet seclusion to enter the world which she despised so heartily—that world where she could hear nothing but insincere compliments and gress flatteries : that world in which one was considered as having attained the acme of perfection if one knew thoroughly the art of gliding gracefully through the intricate mazes of a waltz, or of winning most of the stakes at a bridge party. She, how ever, accepted the situation in a spirit of resignation, as her love for her father and her deep sense of duty told ever. She went home shortly after that in doing her father's will she Benediction, and retired at her usua was doing the will of her heavenly father, and that everything would fa-ally shape itself in such a way that she and sister she seemed as well as usual. would once more be able to return to the convent, this time to spend the remainder of her life within its peaceful walls.

Of all that season's debutantes, there was not one who excited more nequali fled admiration than Clare. Only in her seventeenth year; sprung from one of the best families in that vicinity; endowed with riches, beauty and talent, and above all, possessed of a most charming disposition, she captivated all who came in contact with her Suitors thronged around her from all directions, and attentions and flatter ies enough were bestowed upon her to turn the head of a less sensible person than Clare. In short, like Gerald Griffia s Sister of Charity :

Bright glowed on her features the roses of Her vesture was blended or purposed gold.
And her motion shook perfume from every fold.

And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride, And light was her step in the mirth sound-

The next three years of Clare's life wore a continual round of festivities. Dances, balls, "At Homes," sociables, followed one another in unending sucession. Though she would much have preferred the solitude of her former ife, her love for her father caused her do her utmost to be a success in ciety. And she was a success; no siety fete was complete without her : and it generally happened that when the entered a ball room the male poron of the dancers gravitated to her part of the room, leaving practically unattended those beauties, who, before her advent, had had all the attenion bestowed upon them. For clare possessed more than beauty: a charming conversationalist, witty, sym-pathetic, and good natured, she was the life of every company. It is all or rarely that such an assemblage of odd qualities is to be found in the one rson, in fact, only the heroines of a ertain class of novels seem to possess iem; out this is not a novelette—it is he true story of a real girl, who ived, moved, and had her being at the ginning of the twentieth century. nen, however, all these delightful ualifications are to be found combined in the one person, we may be sure that that fortunate and enviable lady is at all times and in every place facile princeps This accounts to some ex

ent for the popularity of Miss Clare. Clare was now in her twentieth year, ad her beauty was in its zeaith. During the three years she had spent in ociety her success had continued in adminished measure. It would have en an extremely easy matter for her to have contracted marriage with any of the guilded youth who formed por on of her set. Wealth, title, honor, all lay before her to be had merely by saying the simple word "Yes;" for we nay be sure that she was not without ceiving offers of marriage from many them, but she refused them all one by one. Her relations, either not knowing or not appreciating her motives, urged her, "for the honor of the family," to accept this or that scion of a noble house," but their ntreaties were utterly unavailing lare answered them all with a smile, old them that she would settle down before very long, and with this rather vague assurance they had perforce to

emain conteat. Being now nearly twenty years of ge, our heroine began to consider that t was about time to begin that life wards which she felt such an attrac in. Before Mrs. Arnold died, she ad made her husband promise that when Clare desired to enter the conent no obstacle should be placed in er way, so that she had no difficulty obtaining permission from her father do as she desired. Rose, her sister, vas now old enough to make her début to that Mr. Arnoid had had no serious objections to make to the proposal. was extremely sorry to lose her, for come enamoured of society life, and that she would not persist in her former design. Seeing, however, that she was even more anxious than before to enter the convent, he accepted the inevitable with resignation, and wished

her God speed. When Clare's relations heard of the endeavored with all their power to endeavored with all their power to disuade her from following out her designs. They pictured the gay life which she would have in the world, and that she would one day be numbered amongst that great army of virgins who "follow the Lamb whithersoever the coeth"? treaties were in vain: Clare had had experience of the world, and had learned to heartily despise it; she had had no personal experience of conven-tual life, but she had, while attending school, seen enough of the lives of the Sisters to convince her that this was the life above all others in which hap piness—and real and true happiness—was to be gained. Once having de finitely decided, her ear was deaf to all their entreaties, and nothing could

shake her resolution. Clare now began in real earnest her preparations for the final step. The time which was to elapse before her entrance seemed to her, in her eagerness, to be much too long; she counted the weeks, the days, almost the hours, as they slowly but surely joined the "chain of vanished days." She would say to herself: "Six weeks more." "Five weeks more. Oh, how shall I wait all that time? I shall die of waiting!" So it went, until but two weeks more She would say to weeks more." "Five remained to be spent outside the pale of religion, and then once again proved the truth of the proverb: "Man

proposes, but God disposes." Oa the 28th February she attended B nediction for the Children of Mary. In expellent spirits, in the full enjoy ment of health and as usual, seemi absorbed in the contemplation of the thought that she was so soon to become a religious, she seemed to all present to be happier and more beautiful than hour. She did not feel in the slightes

About 2 o'clock on Friday morn ng Rose was alarmed to hear hery: "Oh, Rose, I am dying! ing to investigate, she found that Clare was very ill. She immediately called her father, and to his credit be it said the Protestant gentleman himself went for the priest, despatching a servant for the doctor. When the physician arrived, and felt her pulse he shook his head and declared her in grave danger. What the cause of her illness was, however, he could not discover. steadily became worse, and at 3 o'clock her life was despaired of.

When the priest arrived, she was very low. Upon seeing him she became much more animated, and she wel-coned him warmly. He remained with her until nearly 6 o'clock. At 5 o'clock he gave her the Holy Viaticum, which she received with the most edifying plety. He then gave her Extreme Unction, and she was fully prepared for the call of the Angel of Death. When the priest was leaving, she said to him: "I suppose you are wondering what is the matter with me? I will

tell you. I am dying with the desire to become a religious." She then shoot hands with him and bade him farewell telling him that they would never again meet on earth.

As soon as the priest had gone, she as soon as the priest had gone, she called for a prayer book. Upon one being brought, she found the prayers for the dying, and handed the book to the person who was to read the pray-She answered the responses in clear voice, and as soon as the prayers were concluded she sang those beauti-ful little hymns—"Oh, Paradise!" and "Mother of Mercy," and then some parts of the Office of the Immaculate Conception. Her father, fearing was tiring herself, approached the bed side, and said : any more, but rest." She looked as him with a sweet smile, and answered "Oh, father, I am not going to until 3 o'clook, the hour Our Lord died." The remainder of the day she spent

in silent prayer. She did not seem to suffer much pain, but she was very weak. As the day advanced, she sank slowiy, but about 2.30 p. m. she rallied. Mr. Arnold, Frederick and Rose watched beside her bedside the whole day. She did not seem at all sorry t die, in fact, she seemed rather glad that she was leaving the world so soon. She asked Rose to pray for her, and told her father that when she reached heaven she would pray for his and Frederick's conversion. The hands of the clock stole slowly around until they reached five minutes to three Her joy and eagerness increased with the minutes. "In five minutes," she the minutes. "In five minutes," said, "I shall see God and our Ble Lady?" Then it seemed to the behold Lady? Then it seemed to the beholders as if she were enjoying some glorious vision. As the hand of the clock neared three, she turned to those around her, and said: "Goodbye, and pray for me !" Then she up; a look of the most ineffable joy transfigured her countenance: "I am coming, dear Jesus," she cried, "I am coming to Thee! Eternal Redeemer, receive my soul !'

She fell back, a sweet smile played over her features, her pure soul had fled its terrestrial mansion to enter the abode of bliss. She had lived her life : the whole of it had been one of virtue the last three years had been spent is the practice of that noblest of virtue - holy obedience. In obedience to her father she had entered society; to please him she had done her come a success, but the fact of being a belle did not make her vain; and now, just on the threshold of the con-God had decided that her probation had been long enough. She had done her duty throughout, and now she was called to receive the reward which the faithful steward merits.

People asked each other: "What did she die of?" Some said rapid consumption, others that she had con tracted a sudden chill, but He, Who alone has power to give life and take it away, He He Virgin Mother, and His heavenly court know the true answer. And are we too presumptious if we make bold enough to hazard an answer? Do not you, gentle reader, agree with me when I say that, conreligious, she died of joy — joy at the thought of the great favors which she with Him in lives of parity and had received the great favors which she with Him in lives of parity and had received the great favors which she with Him in lives of parity and had received the great favors which she with Him in lives of parity and had received the great favors which she with Him in lives of parity and had received the great favors which she with Him in lives of parity and had received the great favors which she with Him in lives of parity and had received the great favors which she with the great favors which she will be a second to th

Gentle reader, my task is accomplished. I have told you the life-story of my heroine, a flower too fair for the gardens of earth. Nothing re-mains for me but to bid you farewell, which I do with the hope that we may all have the pleasure of one ding Clare Arnold in Paradise. of one day meet-

J. P. F.

Remember to retire occasionally into the solitude of your heart while you are outwardly engaged in business or mental solitude can not be prevented by the multitude of those who surround you; for, as they are not about your heart, but your body, your heart may remain in presence of God alone. And indeed our occupations are seldom so serious as to prevent us from withdrawing our heart occasionally from them, in order to retire into this divine solitude.

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MARY, OUR LOVELY MAY QUEEN,

Again the season of flowers has come. and with it thoughts of her whom we love to crown, Mary, Queen of May. We bring her spotless lilies in honor of her purity, and lovely roses to tell her of our love. We illumine her shrine with numerous lights to be peak the devotion we feel toward her, and to testify the faith we have in the power of her prayers. Let us contemplate our Blessed Mother — lairest of earth's creatures in soul and body. She was the worthiest to give God, made man to the world. Born to beget the King of heaven and earth, she became the Mother of God and Queen of the universe. The whole human race was lifted up in the honor and glory she re-ceived. We are her children by virtue of our Lord's having taken our numanity, and as we recognize that His perfections are to be imitated in our lives, we must acknowledge with even still greater reason that her perfections are to be copied by us. Our Lord's divinity makes us feel how far He is away from us even in His human-ity; but our Blessed Virgin Mother, though full of grace, is very much nearer to us, aye, infinitely nearer, that it gives us courage, and we striv to imitate her humility, her purity, her edience, her gentleness and sweetness, and all the virtues of her perfect and lovable life. It was grace made all she was, since, as preclaimed by the angel Gabriel, she was full of grace, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," and grace will make us tend more and more to perfection if we will only be faithful to it. How beautito seek after higher and noble things.
What brightness and real joy experience the pure and good! "Blessed are the clean of heart, said our Lord in His sermon on the mount. are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." Aye, they already see with Him in lives of purity and holi-ness. We have our Blessed Lady's prayers to help us in being pure and good, for she is Virgin of Virgins, Mother most pure, Mother most chaste, and sinless and immaculate would she have all her children be, and to reach this end will be her loving care through the graces she will obtain for especially if we ask these graces her hands. With purity founded in humility, all the other virtues will cluster around and form a fitting frame-work. Let us honor, then, our spotless May Queen. Let the lily and the rose bespeak our virtues, and that -Bishop we are her worthy children.—Bish Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

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