

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER XII. CONTINUED.

A knight, whose dress sufficiently betokened his rank, now approached; and after ordering his men to keep a secure hold upon the prisoner.

"So, seconded!" said he, "we know one another of old; you are the ruffian that, in the forest near Wynandael, killed one of Messire de Chastillon's men at arms, and even went so far in your insolence as to threaten us knights with your knife; and now I find you murdering one of my best soldiers on my own ground! But you shall have your reward; this very day shall you be gibbeted upon the castle wall, that your friends in Bruges may see you dangling, and know what comes of rebellion."

"You belie me foully," exclaimed Breydel; "I have killed my opponent in fair fight and in self-defence; and only give me fair play, and I will show you the same over again."

"You dared to insult the royal banner of France!"

"I spoke up for our own Black Lion, and so I will do while breath is in me. But come, either lift me up, or fling me at once; don't let me lie here like a slaughtered ox."

At a word from St. Pol, the soldiers raised their prisoner from the ground, but without, for a moment, losing their hold, and cautiously led him to the door. Breydel walked slowly and quietly along, two of the strongest of his captors holding him by the arms, and as many closely preceding and following him, so as to render resistance useless and escape impossible; and many a hand had to be laid on the while from the soldiers who guarded him.

"Be easy, my fine fellow! cried one; show us a brisk dance upon nothing to-morrow, and we will keep the ravens from you afterwards."

Breydel answered only by a look of withering scorn.

"If you dare to look at me so, you accused Claward," cried the leader, "I will give it you across the face."

"Coward Frenchman!" retorted Breydel; "that is ever your way—to insult your enemy when he is in your power, base hirelings of a despicable master!"

A blow on the cheek from the soldier next him was the reply. Breydel ceased to speak, and bowed his head upon his chest, as though utterly cast down; but in truth his spirit burned within him, all the more bitterly now that he answered them not a word.

Just at the moment, however, that they were about to step upon the drawbridge, their laughter suddenly ceased, and their faces became pale with terror. Breydel had suddenly collected all his strength, and he cried to his arms from their grasp. Like a panther, he sprang upon the two soldiers who had been the most forward in jering him, and like the wild beast's jaws his iron fingers clutched their throats.

"For you Lion of Flanders, will I die!" he cried; "but not on a gallows, and not an executioner."

And as he spoke, so fiercely did he grasp the throats of his two men, that in a moment they hung senseless in his hands; then dashing their heads together with such violence that the gither re-echoed from the castle walls, with one tremendous throw he cast them from him helpless upon the earth. This feat of strength and energy was the work of less time than it has taken to describe it; and for a moment the surprise so paralyzed the whole party, that Breydel gained time for flight, and was already at some distance from his enemies before they had fully recovered their senses. The soldiers were soon in pursuit of him, however, with shouts and curses; and the chase was vigorously kept up, till at last he succeeded, by a tremendous leap, in putting a wide ditch between himself and his pursuers, of whom only two were bold enough to follow him. On reaching the ditch, and attempting to jump both fell into the water, and the pursuit was thereupon at an end. With-out further molestation, the courageous Butcher returned to the city, and arrived safely at his own home.

On entering the house, Breydel found to his astonishment, that there was within except a young journeyman, who was himself just in the act of going forth.

"What is this? Where are my men?" he cried impatiently.

"Well, master, answered the youth, "they are all gone to our hall; a hasty message came to tell us that we were all to meet there."

"What is going on then?"

"I don't rightly know, master; but this morning the city crier read a proclamation of the magistrates, enjoining all citizens who live by work or trade to pay every Saturday so much of their week's earnings to the tax-gatherers; and we suppose that this is the reason why the Dean of the Cloth-workers has ordered all the trades to assemble at his hall."

"Stay you and shut up the shop," said Breydel, and tell my mother not to be alarmed if I should not come home to-night; most probably I shall not."

He took his axe from where it hung, hid it under his gown, and was soon at the hall of his guild, where his entrance was immediately greeted by a general murmur of satisfaction.

"Here is Breydel! here is the Dean," he echoed by all present, while the provisional president immediately made place for him in the chair of honor. Breydel, however, instead of occupying it as usual, seated himself upon a stool, and looking round with a grim smile upon his comrades, he exclaimed:

"Brothers, lend me your ears; for I have need of you. To-day a dishonor has been put upon me, and in me, upon our whole guild, such as we have never before had to endure."

Masters and journeymen alike pressed eagerly around their Dean. Never before had they seen him so violent and excited; all eyes were so cordially fixed upon him as he continued:

"You, like myself, are true born citizens of Bruges; you, like myself, have too long been suffering under the disgrace and burden of bondage; but all that is nothing to what I have had to endure to-day. By heaven I hardly know how to tell it for very shame."

The bronzed cheeks of the butchers already glowing with wrath, though as yet they knew not the cause of offence; every fist was clenched, and muttered curses rose to the lips of all.

"Listen, my brothers," pursued Breydel, "and bear the shame as you best can; listen attentively, for you will scarcely believe your ears: a French dog has smitten your dean upon the face—yes, on this very cheek!"

If the butchers had been wroth before, they were furious beyond all measure on hearing these words. Cries of rage re-echoed from the vaulted roof, and fearful oaths of vengeance burst out on every side.

"How," continued Breydel, "can such a blot be washed away?"

"With blood!" was the unanimous response.

"I see you understand me, brothers," said the Dean; "yes, that is the only way. Now, you must know that it is the duty of the guild to avenge the insult that I have thus been handed. Will you not say, with me, that when to-morrow's sun rises upon Male, he shall find no castle there?"

A unanimous cry of assent followed this appeal.

"Come, then," pursued Breydel, "let us go! Every one to his home. Let each take his keenest axe, and any other arms he can provide; we shall want, too, what may serve for scaling ladders. At eleven o'clock to-night we assemble in the altar-ticket behind St. Cross."

After a few special instructions to the Ancients, the assembly broke up. That night, a little before the appointed hour, might be seen in the moonlight, upon the divers paths in the neighborhood of St. Cross, a multitude of figures, all wending their way in one direction, and finally disappearing in the altar thicket. Some of them carried crossbows, others clubs; the most of them, however, were without any visible weapon. Already in the thickest of the little wood stood Jan Breydel, taking counsel with his fellow-leaders as to the side on which they should attack the castle.

At last it was unanimously determined to make the attempt from the side of the drawbridge, first falling in a portion of the ditch, and then endeavoring to scale the walls. A number of the young journeymen had been busily at work cutting brushwood and small trees, and binding fascines; and everything needful for the escalade being in readiness, the Dean gave the order to set forward.

The chronicles tell us, that the men forming this expedition were seven hundred in number; nevertheless, so intent were they on effecting their purpose, that the most perfect silence prevailed amongst them; not a sound was heard but the wary tread of the foot on the dragging of the branches along the earth, and the baying of the dogs, disturbed by the unwonted noise. At a bowshot from the castle they made halt, and Breydel, with a small party, advanced to reconnoitre. The sentinel, meanwhile, from his station above the gate, had caught the sound of their approach, though yet uncertain of its import, and now came forward upon the wall the better to pursue his observations.

"Wait a moment," cried one of the butchers; "I will quickly rid you of this listening dog."

And as he spoke a bolt from his crossbow rapidly winged its way towards the sentinel. The aim, indeed, was good, but the missile shivered itself upon the tempered steel of the sentinel's breast-plate, and at the same instant the alarm was given.

"Forward! Forward!" shouted Breydel. "Forward! Here with the fascines!"

No sooner was it said than done. The ditch was bridged, the ladders planted, and a scaling-party stood upon the walls before any effective resistance could be opposed to them. Within, meanwhile, the garrison was hurrying to arms, and in a few moments more than fifty of them were in readiness to oppose the assailants. For an instant Jan Breydel and his followers had the worst of the fray; there were hardly more than thirty of them yet within the castle, and without helm or mail as they were, the French arrows rained fearfully upon them. But this did not last long; in a short time all the Flemings had made good their entrance.

"Now, comrades, to work!" cried Breydel.

And, like a ploughshare through the earth, he opened a way through the enemy's ranks. Every stroke of his axe cost a foeman's life, and his garments were speedily drenched with the blood of the slain. His comrades advanced with no less fury, and drowned the death cries of their victims with their shouts of triumph.

While the conflict was thus raging upon the ramparts and in the court-yard, the castellan, Messire de St. Pol, seeing that there was no longer any hope of defending the fortress, ordered some of his men at arms to go to horse with all possible speed. A few moments after, a female figure was led, weeping and trembling, from an inner chamber, and placed before one of the mounted soldiers. The salty port was then opened, the little body of horsemen issued from the walls, and swimming the ditch, soon disappeared amid the surrounding woods.

Surprised and outnumbered as they were, the garrison defended themselves with courage and obstinacy. All resistance, however, was vain, and an hour later not a Frenchman remained alive within the castle. All that had

not fallen under the terrible axes of the butchers had made their escape by the postern.

Breydel's wounded honour was now avenged; but his end was only half-attained, for the Lady Matilda had not yet been found. After a long and fruitless search in every corner and crevice of the castle, from its loftiest turrets to its deepest dungeons, under the guild-hall, and in the tower of the clock, no one knew it well, he was obliged to conclude that she had been carried off. And now, to make his vengeance complete, he set fire to the four corners of the building. Soon the flames mounted high into the heavens. The walls cracked and fell, the infernal assailants bowed down the gates, the bridge, the posts, and hurled them into the burning pile. Long before morning nothing was left of the magnificent castle of Male than the faint scent of smoke and the devouring fire could lay waste.

Round about the fire bell resounded from village to village, and the peasants, as in duty bound, hurried up to help at the call; but they arrived only to be spectators of the scene of destruction, which, to say the truth, did not greatly displease them.

"There!" shouted Breydel, with a voice as clear and clear, as the last turret fell in, "now let us know the sun look down upon the place where the castle of Male once was!"

And the butchers marched off in a body to Bruges, singing in chorus as they went the song of the Lion.

CHAPTER XIII.

At the time of the conquest of West Flanders by the French, in the year 1296, the castle of Nieuwenhove had offered them an especially obstinate resistance. A great number of Flemish knights had shut themselves up within it under Robert de Bethune, fully resolved to listen to no proposal of surrender so long as a single man remained in a condition to defend himself. But their valor was in vain against the overpowering force of their assailants; most of them perished, fighting desperately on the ramparts. The French, on entering through the breach effected by their engines, found not a living soul within the walls; and the only living beings upon whom to wreak their vengeance, they fired the castle, and afterwards deliberately battered down what the flames had spared, and filled up the moat with the rubbish.

The ruins of the castle of Nieuwenhove lay some few miles from Bruges, in a place preceding along it as a rapid pace, and who, by their accompaniments, appeared to be French. They were without lances, though otherwise armed at all points, and one carried before him upon the saddle a female, whose wild and terrified air, irrespective of the exclamations of distress which occasionally burst from her lips, sufficiently indicated that she was an unwilling captive in their hands. With levelled spear the black knight awaited them. The Frenchmen no sooner beheld this unlooked for opponent, than they reined in their horses, and regarded the stranger with looks of wonder not unmixed with fear; while that seemed to have the command of the escort advanced to the front, and called out in a loud voice:

"Out of the way, sir knight, or we ride over you!"

"Stand, false and dishonorable knight!" was the answer, "stand and let go this lady, or you will have me to deal with!"

"Forward! down with him!" cried the leader to his men.

But the black knight gave them no time to make their onset; stooping upon his charger's neck, he dashed in full career upon the astonished Frenchmen, and in an instant one of them fell mortally wounded from his saddle. The second, meanwhile, had fallen upon him from all sides with their drawn swords, and St. Pol, the leader of the band, had already with a tremendous blow cut away one of the sable champion's shoulder-plates. Seeing himself thus beset, the knight dropped his spear, and drew his giant sword, and with both hands, he speedily cleared a space around him; for after a short experience of his prowess, no one of his opponents dared to venture within its sweep. St. Pol, whose horse, irritated by a wound, was no longer fully at his command, perceiving now that the issue of the conflict was less certain, at all events, than he had anticipated, made a sign to the soldier on whose horse the prisoner rode to make his escape with his charge. But the black knight was as vigilant as he was valiant. By a sudden movement he barred the way, and, dexterously parrying the blows which rained upon him, "For your life, set her down!" he cried in a voice of thunder; and, as the soldier turned off on the road, and sought to slip by him on one side, the mighty sword descended quickly upon his head, and cleft him to the teeth. In two red streams the blood gushed from the unhappy man, and crimsoning the white drapery of the young girl, and bedabbling her fair locks. For a moment the arms of the dying man convulsively retained their hold, and then both sank together to the ground. The consciousness of the young maiden had failed her under the alternate agonies of hope and terror, and she lay beside the corpse of the soldier motionless and senseless.

Meanwhile the black knight had already laid prostrate another of his foes, of whom now only three remained. But these seemed rather exasperated than intimidated by the fall of their companions, and the fight continued with increased fury. The horses tore up the ground, and seemed themselves to take part in the conflict; wonder, it was that the unconscious maiden was lying beneath their iron-shod hoofs. The combatants, though panting with fatigue, weak with loss of blood or severe contusions, seemed to have no idea of anything but fighting to the death. And now the black knight suddenly reined his horse back a few paces, while the Frenchmen's hearts leaped with exultation as they thought that he was at length to retreat. But they did not long enjoy this pleasing illusion, for

ordinary vivacity of his eyes testified of the fire which still glowed within his breast. For some moments he remained lost in thought, gazing fixedly upon the ruins; then, with a sudden start, he raised his head, and head went flying across the road. This dexterous feat completed the discomfiture of the foreigners; for, astonished and terrified, St. Pol and his one remaining companion instantly turned rein and fled, in the full conviction that it was no mortal adversary they had encountered.

These events, which have taken so many words to describe, were crowded into a few rapid moments. The sun had not yet risen above the horizon, the fields still lay in dim twilight; but the veil of mist was already lifting itself from the woods, and the tops of trees were beginning to show a brighter green.

The black knight, now finding himself master of the field, with no more enemies in view, made haste to dismount, bound his horse to a tree, and proceeded to bestow his care upon the lady he had rescued, and who still lay senseless, under the corpse of the soldier which had fallen upon her, and, as it were, probably, she in a great measure owed her escape from the hoofs of the horses. Her face covered with mire and blood, her long hair trampled in the mud, her features were totally indistinguishable; nor, indeed, did he deliver her from the present need to examine them more closely, his first care being to convey her to some place of greater security. With this object he raised her carefully from the ground, and carried her in his arms within the ruins of Nieuwenhove. Having laid her gently down upon the herbage in the court-yard, he proceeded to investigate the yet remaining portions of the building, if perchance some place of shelter should be found. At last he discovered one chamber of which the vaulting had not fallen in, and which might, in default of better, serve for a place of temporary refuge. The windows were gone, but otherwise the shelter was complete; there were even some tattered remnants of tapestry hanging from the walls, and pieces of broken furniture scattered about the floor, from portions of which he succeeded in putting together a kind of couch, which, rude as it was, was at least better than the cold and damp ground.

Well pleased at the result of his search, he returned to his charge, and, sensible charge, and carried her to the temporary bed he had prepared for her. Here, with anxious care he laid her down, pillowing her head with a bundle of the tapestry rolled together. This done, he first cautiously satisfied himself that she was still alive and uninjured, and that the blood with which she was covered was not her own; then, returning to the scene of combat, he filled one of the helmets with water at a neighbouring spring, and led his horse back with the ruins. His next care was to cleanse the lady's hair, face, and hands, from mud and gore, as completely as the means at his disposal and the gloom of the vaulted chamber would allow—a gloom, indeed, which still rendered her features wholly indistinct, even though the hideous mask which had concealed them was removed. Having now done all for her that the circumstances in which they were placed rendered possible, he left her for a while, in the hopes that rest and nature might gradually restore her.

The knight's attention was next bestowed on his horse and armour; a considerable time was spent in collecting a heap of forage for the one, and in cleaning the other from the marks of the combat. When this occupation was completed, and the sun stood high in the heavens, and the face of nature showed in all its varied colors, the sun beams fell upon the window which lighted the chamber where the maiden lay; and thither the knight now returned, to avail himself of the increased light for making further acquaintance with his charge. He entered; and she was sitting up upon her couch, surveying with an astonished air the bare and blackened walls of her apartment; but there was a wildness and fixity in her gaze, which spoke of deeper disturbance than mere astonishment. No sooner had the knight looked upon her, than suddenly he turned as pale as a cold shudder ran over all his limbs, his blood seemed to turn to ice in his veins, and when he essayed to speak, he could only utter incoherent ejaculations; then, as suddenly, he rushed forward, and clasped the maiden in his arms, exclaiming in tones of mingled love and anguish:

"My own child! my poor Matilda! Have I then lost my prison only to find you thus in the arms of death?"

But the maiden pushed him back from her with a look and gesture of passion and aversion.

"Traitor!" she exclaimed, "how dare you deal thus insolently with a daughter of the House of Flanders? Ah, you think that I am helpless now! Neither fear nor shame restrain you! But I have still a protector—God, who watches over me. There is lightning yet in store for you;—yes, your punishment is at hand! Hark, wretch! hear you how the thunder growls?"

In an agony of grief and terror, Robert de Bethune tore the helmet from his brow. "O my own Matilda!" he cried, "you do not know me: I am your father, whom you love so much, and for whose sorrows you have wept so many bitter tears. Heavens! she thrusts me from her!"

A smile of triumph curled Matilda's lip as she exclaimed:

"Now you tremble, now fear seizes upon your base and coward heart! But there is no mercy for you. The Lion, my father, will avenge me; and not with impunity shall you have put affront upon the blood of the Counts of Flanders. Hark! I hear the Lion's roar; I hear his tread; my father comes! To me he brings his dear embrace, and death to you."

Not one of these words but pierced the father's heart like a venomous arrow, and filled it with untold anguish. Burning tears ran down his furrowed cheeks; in despair he smote his breast.

"But, my poor child," he cried, "do you not know me? Laugh not so bitterly; you strike my soul with death."

An instant after he rode at them at full speed; and so well had he calculated his blow, that, even as he reached the nearest of them, helmet and head went flying across the road. This dexterous feat completed the discomfiture of the foreigners; for, astonished and terrified, St. Pol and his one remaining companion instantly turned rein and fled, in the full conviction that it was no mortal adversary they had encountered.

These events, which have taken so many words to describe, were crowded into a few rapid moments. The sun had not yet risen above the horizon, the fields still lay in dim twilight; but the veil of mist was already lifting itself from the woods, and the tops of trees were beginning to show a brighter green.

The black knight, now finding himself master of the field, with no more enemies in view, made haste to dismount, bound his horse to a tree, and proceeded to bestow his care upon the lady he had rescued, and who still lay senseless, under the corpse of the soldier which had fallen upon her, and, as it were, probably, she in a great measure owed her escape from the hoofs of the horses. Her face covered with mire and blood, her long hair trampled in the mud, her features were totally indistinguishable; nor, indeed, did he deliver her from the present need to examine them more closely, his first care being to convey her to some place of greater security. With this object he raised her carefully from the ground, and carried her in his arms within the ruins of Nieuwenhove. Having laid her gently down upon the herbage in the court-yard, he proceeded to investigate the yet remaining portions of the building, if perchance some place of shelter should be found. At last he discovered one chamber of which the vaulting had not fallen in, and which might, in default of better, serve for a place of temporary refuge. The windows were gone, but otherwise the shelter was complete; there were even some tattered remnants of tapestry hanging from the walls, and pieces of broken furniture scattered about the floor, from portions of which he succeeded in putting together a kind of couch, which, rude as it was, was at least better than the cold and damp ground.

Well pleased at the result of his search, he returned to his charge, and, sensible charge, and carried her to the temporary bed he had prepared for her. Here, with anxious care he laid her down, pillowing her head with a bundle of the tapestry rolled together. This done, he first cautiously satisfied himself that she was still alive and uninjured, and that the blood with which she was covered was not her own; then, returning to the scene of combat, he filled one of the helmets with water at a neighbouring spring, and led his horse back with the ruins. His next care was to cleanse the lady's hair, face, and hands, from mud and gore, as completely as the means at his disposal and the gloom of the vaulted chamber would allow—a gloom, indeed, which still rendered her features wholly indistinct, even though the hideous mask which had concealed them was removed. Having now done all for her that the circumstances in which they were placed rendered possible, he left her for a while, in the hopes that rest and nature might gradually restore her.

The knight's attention was next bestowed on his horse and armour; a considerable time was spent in collecting a heap of forage for the one, and in cleaning the other from the marks of the combat. When this occupation was completed, and the sun stood high in the heavens, and the face of nature showed in all its varied colors, the sun beams fell upon the window which lighted the chamber where the maiden lay; and thither the knight now returned, to avail himself of the increased light for making further acquaintance with his charge. He entered; and she was sitting up upon her couch, surveying with an astonished air the bare and blackened walls of her apartment; but there was a wildness and fixity in her gaze, which spoke of deeper disturbance than mere astonishment. No sooner had the knight looked upon her, than suddenly he turned as pale as a cold shudder ran over all his limbs, his blood seemed to turn to ice in his veins, and when he essayed to speak, he could only utter incoherent ejaculations; then, as suddenly, he rushed forward, and clasped the maiden in his arms, exclaiming in tones of mingled love and anguish:

"My own child! my poor Matilda! Have I then lost my prison only to find you thus in the arms of death?"

But the maiden pushed him back from her with a look and gesture of passion and aversion.

"Traitor!" she exclaimed, "how dare you deal thus insolently with a daughter of the House of Flanders? Ah, you think that I am helpless now! Neither fear nor shame restrain you! But I have still a protector—God, who watches over me. There is lightning yet in store for you;—yes, your punishment is at hand! Hark, wretch! hear you how the thunder growls?"

In an agony of grief and terror, Robert de Bethune tore the helmet from his brow. "O my own Matilda!" he cried, "you do not know me: I am your father, whom you love so much, and for whose sorrows you have wept so many bitter tears. Heavens! she thrusts me from her!"

A smile of triumph curled Matilda's lip as she exclaimed:

"Now you tremble, now fear seizes upon your base and coward heart! But there is no mercy for you. The Lion, my father, will avenge me; and not with impunity shall you have put affront upon the blood of the Counts of Flanders. Hark! I hear the Lion's roar; I hear his tread; my father comes! To me he brings his dear embrace, and death to you."

Not one of these words but pierced the father's heart like a venomous arrow, and filled it with untold anguish. Burning tears ran down his furrowed cheeks; in despair he smote his breast.

"But, my poor child," he cried, "do you not know me? Laugh not so bitterly; you strike my soul with death."

I am your father—I am the Lion—whom you love, whom you call to help you. "You the Lion!" she replied in accents of contempt; "I am the Lion—say rather, liar! Is it not the tongue of the Queen Joanna that I hear you speak with—the tongue that flatters to betray? The Lion, too, went with them. They said, 'Come! and what found he? A dun-geon! and soon, perhaps, poison and a grave!'"

In a transport of grief the knight pressed her in his arms. "But do you not hear, my child," he cried, "that it is the speech of our fathers that is upon my lips? What unheard-of sufferings have thus unhinged your mind? Do you not remember, that our friend Sir Adolf of Nieuwland has procured my liberty? Oh, talk not thus; your words wring my very heart!"

At the name of Adolf, the convulsive strain of the features somewhat relaxed, and a soft smile replaced their painful expression, while she answered more gently, and this time without repelling her deliverer:

"Adolf, say you? Adolf is gone to fetch the Lion. Have you seen him? He told you of the poor Matilda, did he not? Oh, yes! he is my brother. He has composed a new song for me. Listen! I hear the tones of his harp. How sweet are those sounds! But what is that? Ah, my father comes! I see a ray of light, a blessed beam of hope! Begone, out!"

Her words died away into inarticulate sounds, while her countenance was overshadowed with an expression of the deepest melancholy.

Hall distracted with alarm and grief, the knight left his heart sink within him, and he knew not what to do. Silently he took the maiden's hand within his own, and bathed it with his tears; but almost instantly she snatched it back, exclaiming:

"No! this has done for a Frenchman! A false knight may not touch it. Go, your tears defile it; but the Lion will wash out the stain with blood. Look! there is blood upon my garment too—French blood! She has killed it!"

Again the knight endeavored to make his wandering child comprehend who he was; again he took her in his arms, and would have pressed her to his bosom; but she violently pushed him from her, while in piercing tones she exclaimed:

"Begone! away with those arms! They coil around me like venomous serpents; their very touch is dishonor. Release me, villain! Help! help!"

With a sudden and desperate effort she disengaged herself from her deliverer, and sprang shrieking from the couch, the knight hastily pursuing her to prevent her egress from the chamber. A heart-rending scene here ensued. Beside himself with grief and alarm, he caught the unhappy maiden in his arms, and strove to carry her back to the couch; while she, nervous by the energy of delirium and despair, resisted his utmost endeavors. Great as was the strength of the knight, she seemed for a while making a match for him; but at last, making a gigantic effort, he succeeded in bearing her back to the couch. She now ceased from all further resistance; her mood appeared suddenly to change. She sat still; and looking reproachfully on the knight, said with bitter tears:

"It well becoms you to set your strength against that of a maiden, false knight. But God has placed death between us; a yawning grave divides us. Therefore do you weep, because I die. The unhappy father was too much overcome by his grief to catch the last words of the maiden. Fall of despair, he had seated himself upon a stone, and was gazing upon her with eyes moist with tears, unconscious of aught but a sensation of unutterable anguish.

Presently Matilda's eyes closed, and she appeared to sleep. As he perceived this, a beam of hope lighted up the heart of the ill-fated father. Sleep might restore her; and finding in this thought support and consolation, he sat noiselessly by her side watching with tenderness and anxiety every breath she drew.

TO BE CONTINUED.

None feared to approach our Lord; all found Him leisureed, considerate, gentle, helpful. And yet a slight headache or annoyance, a little press of work, enough to make me preoccupied, indisposed and charily to all around me. Lord make my heart like unto Thine!

We must study our Lord's faithfulness to His friends. His loveableness. Not for us only, but for all our brethren, for all our fellow servants, for every soul on the wide earth, Christ died.

Appendicitis Prevented

In Seven Out of Ten Cases by Avoiding Constipation with an Occasional Dose of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Appendicitis is the direct result of constipation, or a cold settling in the abdomen, starting inflammation of the appendix. Of these 75 per cent are the result of constipation. Besides abdominal soreness, and the colicky pains which finally center in a persistent localized pain in the right abdomen, the patient may be subject to vomiting, stomach upset, and occasionally chilly sensation.

Operations are dangerous and expensive, so, naturally, it is important to avoid these symptoms. Banish constipation and you are safe. There is no preparation that has the confidence of the people for a constipation cure as does Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Besides loosening the bowels they put the liver and kidneys in a healthy condition. It is the combined action of this medicine on the liver and kidneys that makes these filtering organs effective in eliminating poisons from the system.

Ask your neighbor about them. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers of Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Write for Dr. Chase's 1908 Calendar Almanac.