THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

the ashes; and the time will surely arrive, though it is not yet. Let the chains press more sorely still upon our necks, until they become too galling

even for cowards to bear; and our Black Lion shall yet again float aloft, with Brages in the van."

A smile full of confidence flitted over

belied by their dress and general ap-pearance, which in all respects be-spoke the deepest poverty. Slavery and despotism had borne their fruits. The peasant did not labour for himself; all belonged to his feudal lord; and he thought himself fortunate, if, after navment of all exections he could be

A suffer fail of connected fitted over the connected and the basic of Breydel; and as he seized the Dean's hand, he joyfully ex claimed, "You alone, my friend, you alone understand my heart." At some little distance from the At some little distance from the castle was an open space, round which stood a few houses of stone, built some what closer together than the rest; in the middle rose a tail stone pillar, to which was attached a chain with an iron collar, in fact, a kind of pillory, which betokered the criminal jurisdic-tion possessed by the lord. On one side was a small chapel, the wall of its charchyard encroaching a few paces upon the square. Adjoining the chapel stood a tolerably lofty house, the only "But now, Master Jan," proceeded the Clothworker, "to the object of my visit. You have not forgotten our po-mise to keep guard over the Lady Matilds ?" What now !" cried Breydel, hastily his cheeks flashing at once with anxiety and anticipated indignation. "She was seize 1 and carried off by the French last night." The Batcher took a step forwards, upon the square. Adjuining the chapel stood a tolerably lofty house, the only place of public entertainment which the village boasted. A stone image of St. Martin above the door served for a sign; but so rudely chiselled, that its representation of a human figure might by regrated as purple coversition. caught up his axe, and furiously swung it round his head. For a moment he was unable to speak ; then a torrent was unable to speak; then a torrent of incoherent curses burst from his lips; at last he exclaimed: "Deconinck, this is too much, --not a word more | I listen to no put off now, to day I must see blood if I die for it." "Softly, my friend, softly; be rea sonable Your life belongs to your country, and you must by no means risk it melessle." be regarded as purely conventional The whole ground floor was occupied The whole ground hoor was occupied by a single apartment, one end of which was almost entirely taken up by a pro jecting fire-place, so disproportionately wide, that it leit only a recess at either end used as a dryirg-place for herbs and roots. The other walls were white washed and hung all once its retire risk it uselessly." "Not a syllable will I hear! I thank washed, and hung all over with various cooking utenails in wood and pewter : a halbert, and several large knives in leathern sheaths, occupied a place apart. The whole aspect of the place you for your good advice ; but 1 neither can nor will follow it. Spare your words, therefore, for they are all in vain." "But be reasonable, Master Jan," rejoined the Cloth-worker; "you can-not drive the French out all by yourapart. The whole aspect of the place was gloomy in the extreme. The rat-ters overhead were black with smoke, and a perpetual twilight reigned even when, as now, the sun shone brightly without *i* for but few of his rays were admitted by the small panes of the windows, which, moreover, were raised full seven feet above the floor. Some heavy worder sets and cill hearing "What care I for that? My thoughts carry me not so far. Vengeance and death!---The violence of his emotion prevented further speech. After a few instants' pause, however, he continued more calmly :

The hostess ran hither and thither among his fellows.

tily addressing themselves to the flagons, and merry jests and jovial shouts went freely round, another soldier of the garrison entered the room

the face with an expression of mingled doubt and inquiry.

"Yes," he went on ; "to-morrow we set off for France, with the lady that paid us a visit at such an out of the way time last night."

"Not so, Master Jan. Think you that you are your own property, and may risk your life at pleasure? No, no, master; God has given you your great gifts for nobler aims than that. Re-member your high calling, master; think of your country, and of the ser then you may do her. How shall you vice you may do her. How shall you aid and save her if now you fling away

" Is that so, indeed ?" asked Leronz. " Nothing more certain ; Messire de St. Pol has sent me to desire you to be always a bringer of bac news." "Why, what now ? are you not then glad of the news ? and don't you want to get back to France again ?" "No, not a bit of it! Here we are

payment of all exactions, he could, by unremitting exertion, secure for him-solf even the barest maintenance. enjoying the fruits of victory, and for my part I don't want to leave the feast "Well, you needn't be so put out about it ; 'tis only for a few days ; we shall soon be back." so early. shall soon be back." Just as Leroux was about to reply the door opened, and a Fleming en-tered, who, with a bold and careless glance at the French soldiers, sat down at a table by himself, and called out; "Now, host 1 a stoup of beer. Quick, I'm in haste!" "Anon anon I'm coming Master "Anon, anon i I'm coming, Master Breydel !" He's a fine fellow, that Fleming !" whipered to Leroux the soldier who was sitting next him. "He's not so tall as you; but what a build I and what a voice too! He's no peasant that !" "He is a fine follow, indeed," an-swered Leroux : "he has eyes like a lion. I like him." "Host !" cried Breydel again, ris ing, "what are you about all this while? my throat is as dry as a smoked herring !" ssked Leroux ; "Tell me, Fleming," asked Leroux ;

addressing French ?" The Fleming took the proffered cup with a motion of thanks, saying, as he raised it to his mouth : "Health and long life to you !" heavy wooden seats and still heavier chairs completed the furnishing of the coom.

hastily waiting upon her guests, who, at the time, happened to be unusually numerous. Flagons and breakers went their round incessanily, and the merri-ment of the revellers blended into one gust. confused hubbab of voices, in which not one intelligible word could be dis-tinguished. It was easy enough, however, to perceive that the result was not perfectly homogeneous, and that two distinct and different tongues combined together to produce it. From about the fire place might be heard the manly and vigorous tones of the Fiem ish, while in the more polished and softer accents which sounded from the body of the apartment might be recog-nized the language of France. Among those who spoke in the foreign tongue and belonged to the garrison of the castle, the principal leader was one Leroux, at least such he seemed to be, by the authoritative tone in which he spoke, and the air of superiority which he assumed. He was, however, but a simple man at arms, like the rest it was only his extraordinary strength and lofty stature, and his readiness to profit by those advantages, which had procared him this kind of pre-eminence While the Frenchmen were thus lus

but he remembered his promise and held his peace, listening, however, the At this, every man was instantly on the alert, and looked the new-comer in

MAY 16, 1908.

in readiness." "I do not doubt you for you are always a bringer of bad news."

her time very pleasantly in France, depend upon it i" Jan, meanwhile, felt that if he was to hold his peace he must had some vent for his feelings; accordingly he rose from his seat, and paced up and down at the farther end of the apartment, homming over in a low voice a Flemiah humming over in a low voice a Flemist popular song of the day :

The sable Lion ! Mark him ramping So proudly on his golden field ! Mark well his claws, his glant weapons, That tear the foce spike mail and shield ! Behold his excs. for battle flashing ! Behold his name, how wild it flice; That Lion is our Flemish L'on. That crouching still the foce defice, '

The French soldiers looked at one reactionishment. "Hark !" another in astonishment. "Hark!" said one of them; "that is one of the Claward songs; and the insolent Fiem-ing dares to sirg it in our presence!" These words Jan Breydel heard plainly enough; but he took no notice of them, and went on with his the bit plainly enough ; but he took no notice of them, and went on with his tune. He even raised his voice somewhat, as though in defiance of the Frenchmen :

"He showed his claws in Eastern regions, And trembling fi d the Eastern heat 1 Before his keen eye paled the Creesent. The Saracen forgot his boas!" Returning to the West, his children He guerdoned for their deeds of fame ; He gave to Godfrey. gave to Baldwin, A royal and imperial name."

A royal and imperial name." ""Tell me, what is the meaning of that song they always have in their mouths?" inquired Leroux of a Flem-ing belonging to the castle, who was sitting by him. "Well, the meaning of it is, that the Black Lion clawed the Saracens and their Crescent right handsomely, and

him "can you speak their Crescent right handsomely, and made Count Baldwin Emperor of Con-I'm sorry to say I can," answered stantinople.'

"Well, then, as I see that you're impatient and thirsty, accept a drink and good luck to you !"" See that you're impatient and thirsty, accept a drink and good luck to you !"" See that you're to Breydel, "you must acknowledge that your terrible black lion has had to turn tail befors King Philip's lilies; and now, I suspect, he's dead for each and now, I suspect, he's dead, for good and all."

Master Jan smiled contemptnonsly, "There's another verse to the song," he said ; " listen : "

But hardly had a few drops of its contents passed his lips, when he hastily set it down again upon the table with an ill-suppressed look of dis-He slumbers now : the Gallic Philip Can his free limbs with chaine oppress, While robber-bands of foreign hirelings The Lion's fatherland possess But when he wakes—0, then, ye robbers, Then shall ye feel the Lion's claw ! Then shall in mud and blood your Lily Lie low beneath his mighty paw !

"What's that? why the noble liquor frightens you! Ah! you Fiemings are not used to it," cried Leroux, There! now ask what that means! "

The sense of the verse was explained to Leroux, who immediately rose, thrust his seat hastily back, filled his drivking cup to the brim, and erclaimed:

"Call me a coward my life long, if I don't break your neck, if you speak another word !" "What, you think I am to be silenced

by you?" answered Breydel, with a scornful laugh. "Not by all the like of you unhung ; and to show you to the Black Lion ! and a fig for the French !"

"Comrades !" cried Leroux, trembling with rage, "leave this Flemish dog to me! he shall die by my hand!" And advancing towards Breydel, he shouted at him: "You lie! the Lily forever!"

forever !" retorted Breydel. "Come on !" pursued the Frenchman.

"You are strong enough: but I will show you that it is another Lion than yours that must tread down the Lily!

"With all my heart, and the sooner the better. It s a real pleasure to me to have to do with a brave enemy; it's worth all the trouble !"

No sooner were the words attered than they left the house, and straight way proceeded to seek out a convenient

with the others they've got safe hold amazement the soldiers who were stard-of there. Yes, yes! shell not spend ing by. Leroux, too, threw from him

FEEL

'Let him come," was the unhesitatan opportunity to exhibit itself in on Messire de Cressines had followed closely upon his messenger, and now made his appearance. He bowed re spectfully to the ladies; and his compassionate looks sufficiently testified his distaste for the commission with which he was charged. I get the same "Noble countess," he commenced, "bear with me it I call upon you to accompany me without further delay. I assure you I have already allowed you all the time that it is possible for me to grant." nore effectually to overawe the in habitants. To the great surprise of his fellow I will follow you, Messire, on the

instant," answered Matilda ; " but I trust that I may rely on your knightly honor to secure me against any unworthy treatment." swear to yeu, lady," replied De Cressines, deeply moved by her resignation, "that so long as you are by his fervent exhortations, the hearts of his fellows, and cherishing in their in my charge, you shall meet with no-

try.

"The order was given to me by Messire de Chatilion ; but it is by no means impossible that it may have, in the first instance, proceeded from a still higher anthority; for Complégne is the place of your destination." "Ah, so I might have imagined ! It is Joanna of Navarre from whom this blow come. It was not enough At Maria's first touch the maide started from her sleep in alarm, opened wide her eyes, and regarded her friend with mingled doubt and terror. "Is it you, Maria ?" she exclaimed, this blow comes. It was not enough that she should imprison in her dun-geons my father and all my kindred : her yengeance was not complete mbile hastily passing her hand over her eye-lids ; " what brings you to me at this "" My poor friend !" cried Maria, bursting into tears, "you must get up and let me dress you. Nove yourself as best you can, and above all make haste. A great misfortune has befallen won."

geons my father and all my kindred : her vengeance was not complete while I remained. Oh, Messire, you have an evil woman for your queen 1" "'A man should not dare say that in my presence with impunity, lady ; nevertheless, it is true, that our queen deals hardly with the Flemings, and especially with the house of Dampierre. From my heart I griave for Messire From my heart I grieve for Messire Robert; still I may not hear my princess blamed."

In her bewilderment Alatida rose from her bed, faring a look of anxious inquiry upon Maria, who immediately began dressing her, sobbing bitterly the while, and making no answer to the terrified girl's repeated questions, till, at the moment of handing her a long idland dues mith a rainful offart sho

"Forgive me, Messire; you speak like a true knight, and your fidelity demands my esteem. I will vent no more reproaches against your queen, and will even deem myself fortunate that in my calamity I have fallen into the hands of one (who has the heart of a true and honourable knight." "I should have rejoiced, noble lady, could I have been your conductor throughout the entire journey; but that is a pleasure which is denied me. It is but for some short quarter of an hour more that I shall have you under my charge; you will then proceed under other escort. That circum stance, however, can make no change said, "You are about to take a journey, "George prodear Matilda ! May St. George pro-tect and keep you !" ans this, my Maria ? Ah, now I see what lot awaits me! My sad dream, then, was a true one ; for, even as you woke me, methought I was being as you work me, methodght i was being carried off to France, to Joanna of Navarre. Now is all hope gone from me i never again shall I behold my beloved Flanders! And you, my father, never again, in this world, shall stance, however, can make no change for the worse in your condition ; no you embrace your child 1" Overcome with grief, Maria had sunk

what is due to your sex, your rank, and your misfortunes." "True, Messire, the nobles of France into a chair : her voice inarticulat with sobs, was unable to offer a word of

have ever borne themselves courteous-ly and honourably towards us; but what assurance have I that I shall al-ways be escorted in such wise as becomfort, when she leit ner nove and circled by Matilda's arms, and heard her tender accents sounding in her ns one of my noble father's race ?

"You need be under no apprehension "You need be under no apprehension on that score, lady. I am now con-ducting you to the Castle of Male, where I am to deliver you over to the custody of the castellan, Messire de St. Pol. So far only does my mission avtend". extend."

The conversation continued till they

the fortress.

peace." "O hapless, yet ever noble girl!" Maria at last found words to say ; "you know not that the French sol diers who are to carry you hence al found themselves in front of the castle which for the present was their jour ready guard the house !" At these words Matilda turned pale, ney's end. The warder announced and an evident shudder passed over her frame. "Soldiers !" she exclaimed,

their arrival from his station above; the gates opened, and prisoner and escort passed on into the interior of

CHAPTER XII.

Months had now gone by since the surrender of Bruges. De Chatillon had appointed Messire de Mortenay governor of the city, and had himsel returned to Courtrai; for he knew enough of the true feelings of the men of Bruges not to feel himself ill at ease within their walls. Meanwhile the garrison which he had left behind to insure submission indulged them elves in deeds of violence of every description,-plundering, insulting and wan-tonly annoying the citizens in a thou-sand ways. The foreign merchants, disgusted at this state of things, had mostly betaken themselves elsewhere; the commerce of this city fell off from day to day, and with it the prosperity of the manufacturing and working classes, whose sullen dislike of their new rulers had thus gradually ripened into active hatred, which waited only rebellion. The time to attempt this, however, with any hope of success was not yet come. The French garrison was too numerous, and every possible means had been adopted by them in order to secure what they had already won. The city had been dismantled, in a great measure, of its defensive works, and a strong citadel was in pro-gress of erection, by which they hoped

citizens, Deconinck allowed all this to rack. proceed without opposition, and, as far as the public could discern, went quietly on his way, as though now only intent upon his own affairs. In the private assemblies of his guild, how over, he was all the while encouraging,

"Well, Master Deconinck, after all, I will be cool, as you tell me. What more, then, do you know about this matter ? ' Not much. This morning, before daylight, I was disturbed by an urgent message from Sir Adolf of Nieuwland's house, to the effect that the Lady Matilda had been carried off in the night by the French, and that it was the traitor Brakels who had acted as their guide. "Brakels! There is another for my axe! He shall not play the spy for the French much longer.

"Whither they have taken her I know not," continued Deconinck; "but I suspect it may be to the Castle of Male; for the servant who brought me the message had heard this name mentioned more than once among the sol diers. You see well, Breydel, that it will be better to wa't for some further information than to take any step hastily, especially as there is every protability that the countess is by this time already in France. It seems that the only course is to stay at home and bide our time."

"You preach to the deaf, my friend," replied the Butcher; "at all events, I must and will go out. Forgive me if I now leave you.

Aud with these words, concealing his axe under his garment, he moved towards the door. By a sudden side movement, however, Deconinck so movement, however, Deconinck so placed himself as to intercept his pass-

age. "Have done with this childish impatience," said the Clothworkers, while Breydel looked round as though seeking some other exit, and in default of that seemed ready to spring through the window; "forth with that axe you shall not go. You are by far too dear a friend to me, and too valuable to our cause, that I should let you thus rush upon destruction."

"Let me pass, Master Peter. I pray you, let me go out; you keep me on the "Not so, Master Jan. Think you

Are Due to the Thin, Watery Condition of the Blood and Conse-

laughing. "It's French wine!" answered Brey del, with careless indifference, as though his aversion had been a mere natural distaste. The soldiers looked at one another. and a movement of displeasure con-tracted Leroux's brow. Nevertheless, Breydel's manner and countenance gave so little appearance of intention

ords, that nothing was said, and the Fleming returned quietly to his table, where the beer he had called for stood ready for him, and resumed his seat, taking no further not co of the French

party. "New, comrades," cried Leroux, raising his beaker, "one draught more, that we may not go away with dry throats : here's to the health of this

Flemish fair one, and may the devil fly away with her !" "Liar yourself! and the Black Lion At this toast Jan had some trouble

Come on, and to the death !!

place for the encounter. This was soon found, and stepping a few paces spart, the two adversaries made their prepar-ations for the fight. Breydel first took his knife from his girdle and threw it "I should like to know who she is. from him, then stripped up his sleeve I suppose she's the wife of one of the to his shoulders. laying bare his sinewy rebel nobles, and going to wake one arms, the sight of which struck will with the others they've got safe hold amazement the soldiers who were stard

to contain himself; but with an effort succeeded, and Leroux went on : If only by good luck all keeps quiet while we're gone ! These rascally citi-zens are getting more than half disposed to rebel, and there may be an outbreak any day. A pretty take in it would be for us, if the others are at "Good news, comrades !" said he; "we shall soon be out of this cursed the plundering of Bruges while we are out of the way! We should have to thank this jade for it !"

Fianders. I trust before to-morrow is over we shall see our own pleasant land of France again !"

more attentively as the Frenchman resumed :

" I should like to know who she is.

TIRED SPRING

2 THE LION OF FLANDERS. BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. CHAPTER XI. CONTINUED.

you." In her bewilderment Matilda rose

riding dress, with a painful effort she

"Weep not for me, sweet friend.

Sorrow upon sorrow is nothing new to my sad heart : and for the house of

Flanders there is left no joy, not even

"am I then to be exposed to the in-solence of reflan hirelings? Save me, my Maria! O God! that I might

know not what insults are offered to your blood !"

their leader is a good knight and a noble gentleman."

must leave you, Maria; and the wicked

Joanna, will cast me, too, into a dun-geon. Be it so; there is a Judge in heaven, and He will not forget me !"

"Quick, now, and put on the riding-dres; for I hear the soldiers approach.

ing." While Matilda was fastening her dress

waiting maid entered.

ing answer.

to grant.'

about her, the door opened, and the

"Madam," she said, addressing her-self to Maria, "the French knight

desires to know whether the Lady Matilda is yet ready, and whether it is

permitted him to present himself before

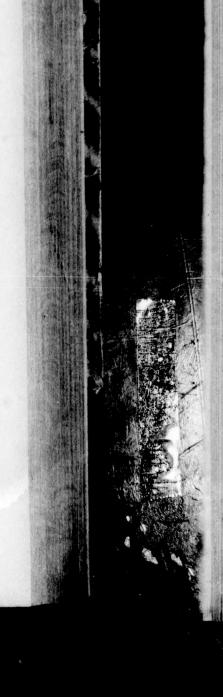
" Be not thus terrified, my Matilda;

a fated hour, then, is come.

now die ! My father ! my father !

What me

-



"But your soldiers, Messire ?" "As for my soldiers, lady, not a man among them, I assure you, shall address one word to you. Let us now be going."

and downcast eyes, the gallant Butcher went about as if bowed under the weight of years. It was seldom, indeed that he left his house. Bruges, en-thralled and oppressed, was to him but a wider prison, whither the light and air of freeder. Anxiously and tenderly the two friends embraced one another, while tears trickled down their cheeks. Often was the bitter word "farewell" repeated, and the last embrace given, only to be commenced anew. At length they left the room, and began air of freedom could no more enter; upon the forehead of each brotherto descend the stairs.

citizen he read only the brand of shame; in the eye of each stranger glanced the insulting taunt, "Slave! "Messire," said Maria, earnestly, "tell me, I entreat you, whither are you conducting my unhappy friend?" "To France," he replied; and then turning to his soldiers. slave 1" For him there was neither joy nor comfort more. In this mood he

"Mark my words well," he said, in a

voice of stern command : "let no un volce of stern command : "let no un seemly word pass the lips of any of you in this lady's presence. It is my will that she be treated in every respect as becomes her noble rank; bear this well in mind, or — : you know me. Now let the horses be brought round." The horses came; the last word, the last embrage

door opened, and to his surprise the Dean of the Clothworkers stood before last embrace were exchanged amid him.

sobs and tears; Matilda was lifted upon her palfrey; Master Brakels and the two servants were released; the party hastened away through the streets of Bruges, and were soon far beyond its walls. beyond its walls.

The night was dark, and all nature thought of slaveryseemed to slumber in solemn stillness. Messire de Cressines rode at Matilda's "Silence, Deconinck ! I pray you, speak not that word ; the very walls of my house seem to re-echo it around side, scrupulously refraining, however, from intruding upon her grief by any me in a thousand tones of insult. attempt at conversation ; so that prob-ably the entire journey would have passed without the interchange of a my friend, would that I had died that day upon the ramparts of our city ! I word, had she not herself broken should not then have fallen unrevenged and, oh, what bitterness of spirit should silence by asking : I have been spared ! But I lost that chance, and--''

"Is it in your power, Messire, to give me any information as to the fate Calmly, but not unmoved, Deconinck which awaits me? And may I inquire by whose command I am thus forcibly interrupted him :

removed from the residence I had friend."

hearts the warmest and noblest aspira-tions for the deliverance of their counyour life upon a useless vengeance?"

While Deconinck was speaking, As for Breydel, there seemed to be While Deconlock was speaking, Breydel had gradually cooled down, and bow answered in a calmer tone : "You are right, my friend," he said; "I am too easily carried away. There, nothing of his former self remaining. Ever darkly musing, with knitted brows

now, see my axe is hung up in its place again. You can let me out now; for to-d.y I must to Thourout to buy cattle.

Well, I will keep you no longer though i know well enough that it is not to Thourout you are going to day." "Indeed, what I tell you is true, master; I haven't a hoof left, and I must provide myself a fresh stpply this very day. "You cannot pass that off upon me,

was one day pacing his shop in the early morning, and fitfully continuing the dreams of the past night, -now Master Jan. I have known you too long, and I can see into your soul through your eyes : you are going to plunged in gloomy thoughts, now fum-ing with rage; at one moment grinly smiling upon his are as he poised it in Male.

"You are certainly a conjurer, Mas ter Peter; I believe you know my thoughts better than I domyself. Yes, his hand, and at another wrathfully casting it from him as the useless play I am going to Male; but I give you my word it is only to reconnoitre, and if possible to procure some intelligence of our unfortunate princess I promise thing of a slave, -- when suddenly the

our unfortunate principal of the second state of the second secon do pay, or my name is not Jan Brey-

The two deans now went out together, The two deans now went out together, and parted, after exchanging a few more words, in the street. Breydel started off without delay, and a rapid walk of half an hour brought him to the village of Male, which at this time con-sisted of some thirty thatched cottages conterned here and there in the immed Oh scattered here and there in the immed iate neighbourhood of the castle. All around stretched away impenetrable forests, amidst which the industry of

the villagers had cleared an open space of cultivated fields. To judge by the fertility of the soil and abundance of

"Be of good cheer, my noble hearted friend," said he; "our day shall yet come. The embers still glow under position, however, which was strangely

quent Lack of Nerve Force, Vigor and Energy.

Again Breydel's blood began to boil ;

To overcome that tired feeling toward the close of winter and the beginning of spring you must create good, red blood.

Everything depends on the quality of the blood in the human system. In the spring the blood is almost sure to be thin and watery. The result is a starved condition of the nervous system and derangement of the vital organs of the body.

Weak heart action, impaired di-gestion, irregular filtering pro-cess of liver and kidneys, headaches, sleeplessness and irritability and depressed spirits, with tired, languid feelings of spring,

are the prominent symptoms.

To overcome this run-down and worn-out condition of body and mind restorative treatment such as is found in DR. CHASE'S NERVE Food is absolutely necessary.

In the spring the very air is filled with germs, which lurk in myriads wherever winter refuse has been left to thaw and ferment, and the only resistance against disease germs is good, red blood.

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is, above all else, a builder of good, red blood, and hence a restorative of the very highest class. Gradually and certainly it forms new, firm flesh and tissue, puts new vigor and energy into the nervous system, improves digestion and restores health and strength-Note your increase in weight while using this great food cure.