

THE LION OF FLANDERS;

OR,
THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued)

Soon Adolf, raised his eyes to Robert, with a look of intense love and devotion; and said slowly, and with a voice broken by suffering and weakness, "Oh, my lord and count! your presence is to me a sweet consolation. Now I can die in peace. . . . Our fatherland is free! You will occupy the Lion's throne in peaceful and happy days. . . . Gladly do I now quit this earth, now that the future promises so much happiness to you and to your noble daughter. Oh, believe me, in this my hour of death your mischances were more grievous to me, your unworthy servant, than to yourself. Often have I, in the still night, moistened my bed with my tears as I thought of the mournful lot of the noble Matilda and of your captivity. . . ." Then turning his head slightly towards Matilda, he made her tears flow yet more abundantly, as he said:

"Weep not, noble maiden; I merit not this tender compassion. There is another life than this! There it is my hope and trust I shall see my good sister again. Remain on earth, the stay and solace of your father's old age; and sometimes in your prayers think of your brother who must quit you suddenly. He stopped, and looked around him in astonishment.

"Mercifully God!" cried he, turning an inquiring look on the priest; "what means this? I feel a renewed vigour; my blood flows more freely in my veins!"

Matilda arose at these words, and gazed at him in painful expectation. All looked anxiously and inquiringly at the priest, who had been attentively watching Adolf during this scene, and noting his most fleeting expression and emotion. He took Adolf's hand and felt his pulse, while all the bystanders followed his every movement with eager curiosity; and at length they read in the good priest's countenance that he had not abandoned all hope of restoring the wounded knight. The skillful leech opened the eyelids of his patient in silence and attentively examined his eyes; he opened his mouth, and passed his hand over his uncovered breast; and then turning to the knights around the couch he said, in a tone of decided conviction:

"I can assure you, messieurs, that the fever which threatened the life of the youthful knight has subsided: he will not die."

A sensible tremor passed over all present, and one might have thought the priest had uttered a doom of death; but soon this convulsive thrill was succeeded by a bounding joy, which broke forth in words and gestures.

Matilda had answered the assurance of the priest with a piercing cry, and clasped her brother to her breast; while Matilda fell on her knees, raised her hands towards heaven, and cried with a loud voice:

"I thank Thee, O God, all merciful, full of compassion, that Thou hast heard the prayers of Thine unworthy hand-maiden!"

And after this brief thanksgiving she sprang up, and threw herself, tremulous with joy, into her father's arms.

"He will live! he will not die!" she exclaimed, in a transport of gladness. "Oh, now I am happy!" and she rested a moment exhausted on Robert's breast. But soon she turned again eagerly back to Adolf, and exchanged words of joy and gratitude with him.

What appeared a miracle to all present was but a natural result of Adolf's condition. He had received no open or deep wound, but many bruises; the pain which these occasioned him had induced a violent fever, which threatened his life; but the presence of Matilda seemed to have brought the malady to a crisis, and by imparting fresh energy to his soul, gave him strength to battle with it, and, as it were, to cast it off; and thus did she appear as an angel of life to rescue him from the grave, which already yawned to receive him.

Robert de Bethune allowed his daughter, who was beside herself with joy, to remain kneeling by Adolf's side; and advancing towards the knights, he addressed them in these words:

"You, noble sons of Flanders, have this day won a victory, the memory whereof shall live amongst your children's children as a record of your lofty prowess; you have shown the whole world how dearly the alien has expiated his temerity in setting his foot on the soil of the Lion. The love of your fatherland has exalted you into heroes; and your arms, nerved by a most righteous vengeance, have laid the tyrant low. Freedom is a precious thing in the esteem of those who have sealed it with their heart's blood. Henceforth no prince of the south shall enslave us more; you would rather die a thousand deaths, than allow the alien to sing over you a song of triumph. Now this fear exists no longer. Flanders is this day exalted high above all our lands; and this glory she owes to you, most noble knights! And now our will is, that rest and peace should recompense the loyalty of our subjects; our highest joy will be that all should greet us by the name of father, so far as our loving care and unsleeping vigilance can render us worthy of this title. Nevertheless, should the French dare to return, again would we be the Lion of Flanders, and again should our battle-axe lead you on to the conflict. And now let our victory be unstained by further violence; above all, pursue not the Lillards, it behoveth us to protect even their rights. For the present I must leave you; until my return, I pray you obey my brother Guy as your liege lord and count."

"What say you of leaving?" cried the sceptical John Broulant; "you are surely not going back to France? They will avenge their defeat on you noble count."

"Messieurs," said Robert, "let me ask you, who is there amongst you who would, from fear of death, break his word of honour and stain his knightly loyalty?"

All at once hung their heads, and uttered not a word. They saw with sorrow that they dared not oppose their count's return. He continued:

"Messire Deconinck, your lofty wisdom has been of essential service to us, and we hope to task it still further; you are now a member of our council, and I require you to live with us in our castle. Messire Breydel, your valour and fidelity merit great reward; I appoint you commander-in-chief of all our fellow-citizens who may be able to assist us in time of war; I know how well this office becomes you. Moreover, you henceforth belong to our court, and will dwell there whenever it pleases you. And you, Adolf,—you, my friend, deserve a yet richer recompense. We have all been witnesses of your prowess; you have approved yourself worthy of the noble name of your forefathers. I have not forgotten your self-devotion; I know with what care, with what love, you have protected and consoled my unhappy child; I know the pure, the profound feeling that has taken root and sprang up, unconsciously to yourselves, in the hearts of you both; and shall I allow you to outstrip me in noble generosity? Let the illustrious blood of the Counts of Flanders mingle its stream with that of the noble lords of Nieuwland, and let the Black Lion add its glories to your shield. I give you my beloved child, my Matilda, to wife."

From Matilda's heart burst one only word—the name of Adolf. Trembling violently, she seized his hand, and looked steadfastly into his eyes; then she wept precious tears, tears of joy, joy impetuous and overwhelming. The youthful knight uttered not a word; his bliss was too great, too profound, too sacred to be expressed in words. He raised his eyes, beaming with love, on Matilda; then turned them, full of gratitude, to Robert; and then upwards in adoration to God.

For some little time a noise had been heard in the court-yard of the monastery; and it seemed as though a large crowd of people were gathered there. The tumult waxed greater and greater, and at intervals was heard a mighty shout of joy. A nun brought the tidings that a great multitude stood at the abbey-gate, and demanded, with repeated cries, to see the golden knight. As the door of the hall was opened, Robert caught distinctly the cry:

"Flanders! the Lion! hall to our deliverer! hall! hall!"

Robert turned to the nun, and said:

"Tell them that the golden knight, whom they demand to see, will appear among them in a few moments."

Then he approached the sick knight, seized his yet feeble hand, and said:

"Adolf van Nieuwland, my beloved Matilda will be your wife. May the blessing of the Almighty rest upon your heads, and give to your children the valour of their father and the virtues of their mother! You have merited yet more than this; but I have no more precious gift to bestow on you than the child who might have been the solace and the stay of my declining age."

While words of heartfelt gratitude flowed from Adolf's lips, Robert hastily approached Guy, and said:

"My dear brother, it is my wish that the marriage should take place as soon as possible, with all fitting magnificence, and with the customary religious ceremonies. Messieurs, I am about to leave you, with a hope that I shall soon return to you, free and unshackled, to labour for the happiness of my faithful subjects."

After these words, he again drew near to Adolf, and kissed him on the cheek:

"Farewell, my son," he said.

And pressing Matilda to his heart:

"Farewell, my darling Matilda. Weep no more for me; I am happy now that our fatherland is avenged; and I shall soon return again."

He then embraced his brother Guy, William van Gulick, and some other knights, his especial friends. He pressed with deep emotion the hands of all the others, and exclaimed as he took his departure:

"Farewell, farewell all, noble sons of Flanders, my true brothers-in-arms!"

In the courtyard he mounted his horse and resumed his armour; then he lowered his visor, and rode through the gateway. A countless multitude was there assembled; and as soon as they caught sight of the golden knight, they drew back on both sides to make way for him, and greeted him with exulting acclamations.

"Hail to the golden knight! victory! victory! Hall to our deliverer!"

They clapped their hands, they gathered the earth he trod, and kept it as a sacred relic; for in their simplicity they believed that St. George, who had been invoked during the battle in every church of Courtrai, had come to their aid in this majestic form. The slow measured tread of the knight, and his deep silence, confirmed them in their belief; and many fell on their knees as he passed by them. They followed him for more than a league into the country, and it seemed as if their gaze of veneration could never be satiated; for the longer they gazed, the more wonderful did the golden knight appear in their eyes. Their fancy lent him the form and features wherewith the saints are wont to be depicted; one sign from Robert would have laid them in the dust prostrate and adoring.

At length he gave his horse the spur, and vanished like an arrow into the wood. The people strove long to catch the gleam of his golden armour between the trees,—but in vain; his charger had borne him far beyond the range of their vision; and then they looked sadly on each other and said with a sigh:

"He has gone back to heaven again!"

HISTORICAL CONTINUATION.

Of the sixty thousand men whom Philip the Fair had sent to lay waste Flanders, only seven thousand succeeded in returning to France. Guy de St. Pol had gathered five thousand men at Lille, and hoped to march them safely to France; but a division of the Flemish army fell on them, and after an obstinate conflict nearly all who had fled from Courtrai were overcome and slain. The "excellent Chronicle" tells us—

"And the number of those who fled and escaped may have been in all about three thousand men, sole remains of the enormous host which had gone forth to plunder and lay waste Flanders; and these had a tale to tell at home which was far from being edifying or joyous."

All the most illustrious nobles and bravest knights were slain at Courtrai. There was scarcely a castle of France where there was not wailing and lamentation for the death of a husband, a father, or a brother. The Flemish general took care that the fallen kings and knights should receive honourable burial in the abbey of Groeningen, as appears from an ancient painting still to be seen in St. Michael's Church at Courtrai. There is also in the Museum of Messire Goethals-Vercurysen at Courtrai, a stone which once lay on the grave of King Sigis; it bears his arms, and the following inscription:

"In the year of our Lord mcccxi, on St. Benedict's day, was fought the battle of Courtrai. Under this stone lies buried King Sigis. Pray God for his soul! Amen."

Besides the vessels of gold, costly stuffs, and rich armour, there were found on the battle-field more than seven hundred golden spurs, which knights alone had the privilege of wearing; these were suspended with the captured banners from the vault of our Lady's church at Courtrai, and thence this battle acquired the name of "The Battle of the Golden Spurs." Several thousand horses also fell into the hands of the Flemings, who used them with great effect in subsequent battles. In front of the gate of Courtrai which opens towards Ghent, in the centre of the battle-field, there was in the year 1831 a chapel of our Lady of Groeningen; on its altar were to be deciphered the names of the French knights who had fallen in the fight, and one of the genuine old spurs of gold was still suspended from the vault. In Courtrai the anniversary of the battle was kept as a day of public rejoicing, and its memory still lingers in a Kermis, which is called the Vergaderdag or day of gathering. Every year, in the month of July, the poor of Courtrai go from house to house begging for old clothes, which they sell in commemoration of the sale of the rich booty of 1302. Then, accompanied by a player on the violin, they betake themselves to the Pottelberg, the old camp of the French, and drink and dance until evening.

a far more trustworthy description of the odious disposition of Queen Joanna. The magistrates of Ghent, who were all Lillards, and thought that King Philip would send a fresh expedition into Flanders with all haste, closed their gates, intending to hold out their city as long as possible for France. But they met their punishment at the hands of the men of Ghent themselves. The people rushed to arms, the magistrates and every other Lillard were put to death, and Guy received the keys of the city, and with them a pledge of everlasting fidelity, from the hand of the principal citizens.

Meanwhile Count John of Namur, brother of Robert de Bethune, returned to Flanders and assumed the government; he collected in haste a new and far larger army, to resist any further attempt on the part of the French, and restored order every where. Without allowing his troops any repose, he marched to Lille, where some disturbances had broken out; thence he proceeded to Douay, which he captured, taking the garrison prisoners; and Cassel yielded after a very brief resistance. After taking some other garrisons of lesser note, he was obliged to return; for not an enemy remained on the soil of Flanders; and as he deemed a small band of picked soldiers sufficient for all purpose of defence, he disbanded his army.

The land was still and at rest; trade and commerce flourished with renewed vigour; the wasted fields were sown with better hope of a bounteous harvest, and it seemed as though Flanders had acquired new life and new strength. Men thought with reason that the lesson France had received was sufficient. Philip the Fair himself had, in fact, little desire to renew the strife; but the reproaches which burst from all France, the lamentations of the knights whose brothers had fallen at Courtrai, and above all, the instigations of Joanna, who thirsted for revenge, compelled him at length to declare war. He collected a force of eighty thousand men, amongst whom were twenty thousand cavalry; but it was far inferior to the former army, inasmuch as it consisted chiefly of mercenaries, of recruits levied by force. The command was intrusted to Louis King of Navarre; he was instructed, before venturing on a general action, to take Douay and other French frontier towns from the Flemings; and with this commission, he pitched his camp in a plain near Vitry, a few miles from Douay.

No sooner did the Flemings hear that a fresh army was being assembled in France, than the cry "To arms!" resounded through the length and breadth of the land. Never was so universal and so intense an enthusiasm known; from every village the inhabitants poured forth with weapons of all kinds; on they came, singing and shouting in such numbers, that John of Namur was obliged to send many of them back to their abodes, fearing that it would be impossible to provide for so enormous a host. Those who had formerly been Lillards longed now to wipe out the stain, and implored, with tears in their eyes, to be allowed a part in the conflict; and this was readily granted them. Besides John of Namur, most of the knights who had shared the glories of Courtrai repaired to the army. Guy, William van Gulick, John van Renesse, John Broulant, Peter Deconinck, Jan Breydel, and many others, were amongst them. Adolf van Nieuwland had not yet recovered from his wounds, and could not therefore accompany them.

The Flemings marched against the enemy in two divisions, and at first took up a position about three leagues from the French camp; but they soon advanced to the Scarpe, a small river near Flines. The Flemings daily challenged the French; but as the generals on both sides wished to avoid an action, day after day passed on without any result. The cause of this pacific attitude was, that John of Namur had sent ambassadors to France to treat with the king for the liberation of the old Count and of Robert, and to conclude, if possible, a treaty of peace. But the French court could not agree on the terms to be proposed or accepted, and the answer was unfavourable.

The Flemings meanwhile began to murmur, and longed to fall on the French, in spite of the prohibition of their general; and the discontent became at last so alarming, that John of Namur was compelled to cross the Scarpe and attack the enemy. A bridge of five boats was thrown across the stream and the Flemish army passed over, singing and shouting with joy that they were at length going to fight; but an ambiguous message from France kept them still for some days longer on the further side of the river. At length the army would be no longer restrained, and the murmurs threatened to become serious. Every thing was ready for the attack, and the army was put in motion; when the French, not daring to meet it, hastily broke up their camp, and retreated in confusion. The Flemings put themselves in pursuit, and slew a great number of them; they possessed themselves besides of the castle of Harze, where the King of Navarre had taken up his quarters. Their stores, tents, and everything the French army had brought with them, fell into the hands of the Flemings; and after a few insignificant skirmishes, the French were driven back into France overwhelmed with disgrace.

When the Flemish generals saw that no enemy remained in the open field, they disbanded a part of their force, and retained only as many soldiers as were necessary to keep the French frontier garrisons in check and to prevent their plundering expeditions.

Philip, one of the sons of the old Count of Flanders, had inherited the territories of Yvetta and Loreto in Italy. As soon as he heard of the French levy, he hastened to Flanders with his troops, and was appointed by his brothers to the chief command of the army. He assembled about fifty thousand men, and marched on St. Omer to await the French assault.

The two armies soon met; for two days there were only some lesser actions, in one of which, however, Peter de Coutrenel, one of the French generals, fell, with his sons and many of his soldiers. Louis dared not stake all on a decisive battle; in the night he decamped, and marched on Utrecht; and this so quietly, that the Flemings knew nothing of his departure, until they opened their eyes with astonishment in the morning on a vacant encampment. Philip then took by storm several French towns, and the army returned laden with spoil.

The King of France saw at length that it was impossible to subjugate Flanders by force of arms, and sent Amadeus of Savoy to Philip with proposals of peace. The children of the captive Count were eager for the liberation of their father and brother, and inclined gladly to peace; they therefore smoothed all difficulties, and a truce was proclaimed which was to last until a treaty of peace should be signed by both parties.

This was framed at the French court, and contained many articles much to the disadvantage of the Flemings; but Philip the Fair hoped to obtain its acceptance by cunning. He liberated the old Count of Flanders, and allowed him to depart, on his word of honour that he would return to his prison in the following May, if he did not obtain the recognition of the treaty in all its articles.

Count Guy was received in Flanders with the utmost rejoicing, and returned to Wynandael. But when he read the treaty to the assembled states, it was rejected; and the old Count saw himself obliged to return, like another Regulus, to France in the following April. During the truce, Philip the Fair had made exertion to collect a mighty army. Mercenaries were every where enlisted, and heavy taxes imposed to meet the expenses of the war. The king himself

marched with the army to the Flemish frontier towards the end of June. Besides the land forces a large fleet, commanded by Renier Grimaldi of Genoa, sailed along the coast of Flanders, to attack the young Guy and John van Renesse in Zealand.

Philip of Flanders had meanwhile sent forth his proclamation through the land, and gathered a valiant army around his standard; and with these he marched to give battle to the enemy. On the first day there was a partial engagement, in which one of the French generals was slain, with many of his men. The next day the Flemings stood drawn up eager for the fight and prepared for an impetuous attack; but the French were again panic-stricken, and fled to Utrecht, leaving their camp a prey to the Flemings. Then Philip a second time stormed Basse, and burnt the suburbs of the city of Lens.

The king next resolved to attack Flanders on the side of Henegauw, and marched towards Doornyk; but the very first day the Flemings had overtaken him. He was the less willing to accept battle, that he had received no tidings of his fleet; and in order to avoid an engagement, he broke up his camp in the night, and fled from place to place, closely pursued by the Flemings.

The action between the two fleets was fought on the 10th of August 1304; it lasted two whole days from morning to night. The first day the Flemings had the advantage, and would certainly have gained a total victory, had not some of their ships been driven on a sand-bank in the night. This gave the French a great superiority of force, so that they gained the battle with little difficulty, burnt all the ships, and even took the young Guy prisoner. John van Renesse, the valiant Zeelander, who was in garrison at Utrecht, wishing to leave the city, attempted to cross the river in a small barge. The barge was unhappily overlaid; it sank in the middle of the stream, and the noble warrior was drowned.

When the news of the happy issue of the sea-fight reached the French camp, it was posted near Lille, on the Peuvrelberg. Advantageous as the position was, Philip quitted it; and it was immediately taken possession of by the Flemings. The latter would no longer delay the action; the generals found it impossible to restrain their ardour, and so they drew them up in order for an attack. Philip the Fair no sooner saw this, than he sent a herald with conditions of peace; but the Flemings would not hear of peace, and struck the herald dead. They then fell with wild shouts on the French army, which fled in astonishment and terror. The Flemings fought with even more intense bitterness of hatred than at Courtrai, and their commanding position helped them much. Philip of Flanders and William van Gulick pierced through the enemy's ranks, and reached the king himself who was for a moment in extreme peril. His bodyguards were struck down at his side; and he would certainly have been taken, had not those who stood by removed his mantle and other insignia of royalty. He was thus enabled to escape unnoticed, with a slight wound inflicted by an arrow. The Flemings gained a complete victory; the oriflamme itself was seized and torn in pieces. This battle was fought on the 15th August 1304.

William van Gulick the priest lost his life in this action. The Flemings were busy until evening pillaging the king's tent, and amassing incredible spoil. They then returned to the Peuvrelberg to refresh themselves; and finding nothing there, marched on to Lille. The day after they resumed their march homewards.

Fourteen days after this, Philip the Fair came again with a large army, and laid siege to Lille. The citizens closed their shops, and seized their weapons; and Philip of Flanders collected the men of Courtrai, and marched them to Lille in a few days. When the king saw their numbers, he exclaimed:

"Methinks Flanders must spawn or rain soldiers."

He risked no further defeat; but, after some attempts at evasion, proposed a peace, and meanwhile proclaimed a truce. It was long before both sides could agree upon the terms of the treaty. While it was pending, the old Count died in prison at Compiègne, and was soon followed by Joanna of Navarre.

Not long after the peace was concluded, and the treaty signed by Philip the Fair and Philip of Flanders, Robert de Bethune, with his two brothers William and Guy, and all the captive knights, were set at liberty, and returned to Flanders. The people, however, were not content with the articles of the treaty, and called it the "Treaty of Unrighteousness," but their dissatisfaction had no further consequence at the time.

Robert de Bethune was received on his return to Flanders with surpassing magnificence, and publicly recognised as Count. He lived seventeen years after his liberation, upheld the honour and the renown of Flanders, and fell asleep in the Lord on the 18th September 1322.

LECTURE AND CONCERT IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, PORT HOPE.

The lecture and concert in St. Mary's Church, on Tuesday evening, the 23rd ult., turned out a complete success. Long before the commencement of the proceedings the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The choir was under the leadership of Mr. Gilmore, the talented organist of St. John's Church, while Miss Maggie Lydon, organist of St. Mary's Church, presided at the organ. Miss Lydon is an excellent musician, and her rendering of the melody of "National Airs" on the organ was much admired. The choir acquitted themselves creditably in the various choruses assigned them, while the solos of Miss Aggie Wilson were very nicely sung. But the feature of the evening was the lecture of Rev. H. Brettagh, of Trenton, on the subject "The Catholic Idea of Saint Worship; Is it Idolatry?" The lecture was a master-piece of oratory, and the subject was handled with ability.

The Rev. lecturer introduced his remarks by alluding to the fact that perhaps there was no doctrine of the Catholic Church more frequently assailed by its opponents than this one of veneration of and belief in the intercession of saints. At the time of the Reformation, Calvin perpetrated a rude joke at its expense, which "as an uncouth as it was uncalled for," that the saints must needs have long ears to hear our prayers; nor were modern critics one jot behind Calvin in their ridicule of this doctrine. Saint worship was nicknamed by them idolatry. With the permission of his hearers he would examine the subject and see what was the true idea of the Catholic Church in this particular, and how far the charges brought against it would hold good before an intelligent and impartial audience. If Catholics were wrong in their veneration of the saints, it was from an excess of devotion rather than a lack of it. They adored saints—if they did adore them—from too great a love of God, rather than a want of it, from too much religion rather than too little. Between them and Protestants, one or the other must be wrong. If Catholics were wrong, their crime was superstition, and if Protestants were wrong, theirs was infidelity. The one looks to God, and beyond Him, the other turns his back to God and looks away from him,—one, has too much faith, the other, too little. As far as he himself was concerned, he would rather be accused of superstition than infidelity any day, of too much religion than of too little. In dealing with his subject the reverend gentleman said he would use the word adoration, rather than the Catholic term veneration, because that was the term principally applied to this doctrine of their Church by their opponents, and used as a bugbear against it. The object was to brand it with a wrong or bad name and thus endeavor to overthrow it. The idea was that of getting up a party cry. If you get a good one you carry the world before you. Nothing was so true as this. We had an example of it in the two, fresh in the memories of all, one the "Pacific Scandal," and the other the "Big Push." He would ask if any one supposed that these great cries meant one half what they were intended to mean by those who used them; yet the one had destroyed a government, and the other ruined a statesman. Because Catholics chose to give some degree of honor to saints, they were accused of worshipping them. This might do to satisfy the ignorant, but it would not carry any great amount of weight with the intelligent mind. Catholics were not idolaters, and no rational man would ever accuse them of being such. It might do for the ignorant to use such a term, or it might do for outcast priests who have been thrown over the wall of the Pope's well trimmed garden,—men of loose morals, and looser logic,—it might do for such as these to resort to such a term in order to gain a few dimes to keep the wolf from the door, but no man of intelligence would dare to use or sanction the use of such an accusation, idolaters, forsooth. It must first be proved that when Catholics honored saints, they honored them as God, before they could be accused of idolatry,—it must first be proved that when they prayed to saints they expected and believed they had the same power as God, before the accusation could be made good. When the Israelites first bowed down to worship God, and then the king, they were not considered idolaters. When they worshipped God it was as the Supreme Ruler of the universe, and when they worshipped the king, it was as the servant of God. Although they bowed down to both, the intention was far different. So it was with Catholics in their adoration of God and the saints. The outward act might be the same in both instances yet internally it was far different. When they adored God it was as that Supreme Being whose name was regarded as so holy among the Hebrews that it was never uttered by them, and its pronunciation has become lost; when they adored saints it was as mortal men, yet men chosen from among thousands; when their homage was offered to God, it was to Him who was higher than heaven,—the ruler of all the earth; when offered saints it was as to the created of God, yet men whose election had been made sure. With regard to the important question, who the Catholics regarded as saints, he would say just those whom the Scripture regarded as such. But the Scripture term included all good men and women; the Catholic Church went further; it waited until all had been said for and against the departed, and until it was found that after everything had been said his virtues far exceeded his defects before it constituted him a saint. But the question might be and is often asked, how is it known that any particular saint prayed to is in heaven? The rev. gentleman did not think it made such difference. If the particular one prayed to was not there it could not be denied that there were some there, at all events, and God, who could read the hearts of all, knew the intention of the worshipper. Their Protestant friends could not understand this, simply because they could not grasp the Catholic idea of the veneration of saints. The one whom they adored was God, and not the saint,—or in other words they adored God through his saints. All the opponents of the Catholic doctrine of saint worship knew what it was to adore God in His works, to adore him in the rolling thunder, the flashing lightning, or the terrific hurricane, as well as the wisdom displayed in the intricate mechanism of the smallest insect. This was as it should be. But the moment it comes to adoring God in the virtues of his saints, then it was going astray,—it was Popish superstition and idolatry. He, himself would rather acknowledge God in his saints, than in his works; he would rather acknowledge him in the thundering eloquence of Peter, than in a world of created organisms. Both were the handiwork of God. Great was God's might and power as far as his physical works were concerned, but greater far was that power as displayed in the creation of man's soul. So must it be understood that Catholics in adoring saints are adoring God, as in his other works, but in a far higher sense.—God manifested himself in the saints in their lives, their virtues, their souls. Jacob adored God, in his angels, when in his vision he saw those messengers ascending to, and descending from the throne of God. The place where these were seen by him he held in holy reverence, and called it the gate of heaven. The honor which Catholics accorded to God and his saints had its counterpart in that which is given to the Queen and her magistrate. We honor the Queen in her civil power as having supreme authority,—we honor the magistrate in an inferior sense, as the Queen's servant, or representative. So Catholics honored saints as God's servants. The magistrate was not honored because of any power or authority he possessed in himself, but because of the Queen's power vested in him; so with the saints,—they were not adored because of any excellency in themselves, but because of God's grace which he bestowed upon them. Thus in honoring the saints they honored God through them. Could this be called idolatry. There was a quaint old English proverb which illustrated the whole Catholic idea of saint worship, "Love me, love my dog." This was a homely saying, it was true, but what did it mean? Simply this: The man who loved any one would love everything belonging to that one. So with the Catholic in his adoration of saints. It is because they love God, they love those whom God loves, and whom he has honored, as if he had said to them: Love me, love my saints. Those who loved God, would love his saints also, for his sake. The rev. gentleman said he would here give a word of warning to those who opposed the doctrine of saint worship. It would be well for them to pause and ask themselves why they opposed this doctrine? Was it because it was a Catholic doctrine? Surely not; that would be bigotry. He would ask them to take care that it sprung not from a want of those holy virtues which those men possessed. Take care that you love not the blessed mother of God, because you love not the Divine Son of that holy mother,—that you love not the saints because you love not the virtues which characterized them. But some of his hearers would perhaps say, you think then that the saints are very powerful with God? Most assuredly he did. God loved virtue, and he could no more cease to love it, than he could to be God. He must love it wherever he finds it. When he beheld it in the saints around his throne, he must love it. Then, as he loves the saints in their virtues, when the saints make any request of him, he is enabled by his love for them to consider their request. Could it not be seen then how saints were powerful with God. But the question will undoubtedly be put, then you Catholics think that the saints and angels will intercede with God for what you ask? They did, and believed more so. They believed the saints and angels would pray for them, even without their asking. But again it would be said, you have no example of prayer to saints in the Scripture. They had no example of prayers to saints in Scripture because there were no saints previous to the Scripture to whom to pray. Saint Stephen was the first martyr, he being stoned to death for acknowledging Christ, after the Gospels had been written. The epistles were only written to particular people, on particular points, of which other portions of the church were not particularly interested, the Acts of the Apostles were written as an account of the travels of some of the Apostles, and establishment of certain churches, and the first