ing out his skinny hands upon his shining breeches, "thou hast gone the same fools' track as the rest; even as spy Spickles went, and all precious troopers. Landing of arms at Glenthorne and Lynmouth, wagons escorted across the moor, sounds of metal, and booming noises! Ah! but we managed it cleverly, to cheat even those so near to us. Disaffection at Taunton, signs of insurrection at Dulverton, revolutionary tanner at Dunster. We set it all abroad, right well. And not even you to suspect our work, though we thought at one time that you watched us. Now who, do you suppose, is at the bottom of all this Exmoor insurgency, all this Western rebellion—not that I say there is none, mind—but who is at the bottom of it?"

"Either Mother Meldrum," said I, being now a little angry, "or else old Nick himself."

"Nay, old Uncle Reuben!" Saying this, Master Huckaback cast back his coat and stood up, and make the most of himself.

"Well!" cried I, being now quite come to the limits of my intellect, "then, after all, Captain Stickles was right in calling you a rebel, sir!"

"Of course he was; could so keen a man be wrong about an old fool like me? But come and see our rebellion, John. I will trust you now with everything. I will take no oath from you, only your word to keep silence; and most of all from your mother."

"I will give you my word," I said, although liking not such pledges; which make a man think before he speaks, in ordinary company, against his usual practice. However, I was now so curious, that I thought of nothing else; and scarcely could believe at all that Uncle Ben was quite right in his head.

"Take another glass of wine, my son," he cried, with a cheerful countenance, which made him look more than ten years younger; "you shall come into partnership with me; your strength will save us two horses, and we always fear the horse-work. Come and see our rebellion, my boy; you are a made man from to-night."

"But where am I to come and see it? Where am I to find it, sir?"

"Meet me," he answered, yet closing his hands, and wrinkling with his doubt his forehead; "come alone, of course, and meet me at the Wizard's Slough at 10 to-morrow morning."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TYROLEAN CRUCIFIX

For twenty-four hours it had been raining steadily; and the young people, tired of enforced seclusion, had donned their waterproofs and gone out for a walk. Three months ago they had been strangers; but, with their elders, they had now been travelling together for nine weeks, and felt as though they had known each other for a lifetime.

There were six in the party, the Parkers (Americans), with their only daughter; and the Winstons (English people), with their son. Herbert Winston had been educated at Stonyhurst; his family had been Catholics from time immemorial; and, while their religion was altogether unobtrusive, it was a vital part of their lives. The Parkers, on the contrary, were members of that great company which, for want of a better name, its votaries style the "Broad Church,"—and broad indeed it is.

In the beginning it had never occurred to the Winstons that there was danger in the constant intimacy of their son and Nellie Parker. But of late it had caused the mother some disquietude. Natalie was a beautiful and charming girl, with just enough independence of character to render her very attractive to the somewhat conservative young Englishman, who up to the present time had seemed indifferent to all girls. The elder Winstons would not have objected to an American daughter-in-law, but they had a decided objection to a Protestant wife for their only son. That very morning Herbert had confided to his mother his affection for Natalie and his desire of making her his wife.

"But, Herbert," she had said, "while I like her very much, and acknowledge that she is charming, she is not a Catholic. The Winstons have always married Catholics. To me, the fact of her being a Protestant is an almost insurmountable barrier to a marriage between you."

"Oh, no, mother," rejoined Herbert, confidently. "I can't say, of course, whether she cares for me or not; but if she does, everything else will be easy. She is really not a Protestant—the Parkers do not belong to any church. That gives me a good start. Her mind, free from bias, can be the more readily trained to accept the truths of our religion I really do not anticipate the least difficulty from that quarter. All I fear is that she may not care enough for me to marry me. I wanted to speak to you first; you'll mention it to father for me, and then I'll address myself to Mr. Parker before a word to Natalie."

I am glad you are taking the old-fashioned way about it," said Mrs. Winston. "Nowadays everything is usually settled before the parents are consulted."

"Well, I may be a bit old-fashioned-ed," replied the young man. "I believe, however, it is the best way."

From which it may be inferred by the up-to-date reader that Herbert Winston was something of a prig, which would be far from the truth. In ordinary matters he was a very independent and broad-minded individual; but, true to his tradition and training, he regarded the case in point as something above the ordinary—in which he was right.

At the same time, in their own apartments, Mrs. Parker was conversing on the same subject with her daughter.

"Natalie, I think Mr. Winston is deeply interested in you. Unless you reciprocate the feeling, you ought to be on your guard. He is too fine a fellow to be treated badly."

"I do not intend to treat him badly, mamma; I like him very much—far better than any one I have ever seen."

"Could you marry him?"

Natalie screwed her pretty eyebrows together.

"I am sure I could," she replied after a moment. "He is as good as he can be, good-looking too, and we are very congenial. I think I could spend my life with him very happily; I don't at all believe I should tire of him. He has stood the test of constant companionship and travel splendidly, and I do not think there is a more exacting test. You know I don't believe much in the nonsense, about passion, and so forth; my education has fitted me for something different, But I am surprised myself at the feeling with which I regard Mr. Winston."

"Co-education unfits women for much than an older generation possessed," said Mrs. Parker. "It makes a girl cold-blooded."

"Yes, I think you are right," answered Natalie. "But it makes her self-reliant also, and that is what the majority of women need."

"The Winstons are Catholics," resumed Mrs. Parker, vaguely, after some moments. "We have not known many Catholics, Natalie. I have always had an idea they were different somehow. But they are not in any way peculiar, are they—I mean the Winstons?"

"Oh, no, mamma, quite broad and very cultured! We don't live in the Middle Ages, you know. We had a Catholic girl in our class at college—a Miss Omdigan. She was extremely clever. One of the girls said her name was really O'Madigan but that she tried to Anglicize it. I don't know about that, of course. She was very liberal—always kind and gentle to everybody."

"I don't believe the Winstons are at all prejudiced, observed Mrs. Parker. "I fancy they are quite strict in some ways. Don't you know how they persisted going down the mountain to their Masses, in the midst of a terrible rain, those two Sundays?"

"The English are like that, whatever their creed," said Natalie. "They never mind the weather."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Parker with a little shiver, laying her hand on the warm, porcelain stove as she glanced out of the window, against which the raindrops were splashing. "He might want you to be a Catholic, Natalie," she said.

But Natalie burst into a merry laugh.

"O mother," she replied, "how ridiculously we are talking! I can't fancy any combination of circumstances which would make me a Roman Catholic."

An hour later the maid had knocked at the door with a little note from Mr. Winston, asking if Miss Parker would accompany him for a walk. Miss Parker hastened to avail herself of the invitation, and in a few moments the two set out together.

They were a comely pair; neither minded the rain, but rather rejoiced in it, and in the exhilaration produced by the fresh atmosphere and keen wind. They were in the Tyrol; and in spite of the weather, everything about them was conducive of the spirit in which both found themselves. As they swung down the narrow pathway, not talking much, but feeling the expressive silence—as do only lovers,—to both of them it seemed a very good thing to be alive. To one at least, that Tyrolean scene and that delightful companionship were the best things in all the world.

Herbert Winston thought the girl beside him the perfection of grace, beauty and sweetness, while Natalie felt herself dominated by a shyness to which she had hitherto been a stranger. For the first time she avoided the gaze of her companion; a soft blush suffused her charming face when he addressed her. If it had not been entirely against the principles and the code in which he had been educated, Herbert Winston would have learned his fate then and there. As it was, we doubt whether he would have had strength to abide by them till the end of the walk had it not been for a circumstance which took place when they were about halfway down the mountain.

At a sudden turn of the road they came upon a crucifix, under its penthouse of carven oak, placed there to mark the falling of an avalanche by which several persons lost their lives. Before it, in the pelting rain, knelt a man, bareheaded and barefooted, his arms extended, his eyes uplifted to the cross. Beside him lay the shepherd's staff and wallet, which marked his occupation.

As they passed the crucifix, Herbert Winston removed his hat and reverently bent his head. The spontaneous act, so simply and piously performed, irritated his companion. After they had passed, she asked in a half-petulant tone:

"Why did you do that? It does not fit in at all with what I know of you."

Winston turned to her in mild surprise.

"I hardly understand you," he said. "You are so sane, so sensible in every way, I can not bear to see you doffing your hat to a wooden figure on the wayside."

A pecular expression flashed across Herbert's countenance.

"It is what that figure represents what the crucifix means; the greatest thing that has ever happened in the world—its redemption."

"It makes me shiver to think of it," she said; "and almost angry to see one of your broad intelligence believing in what it stands for."

"There are hundreds of thousands more intelligent than I who believe it," he answered gravely.

"A hundred years from now those believers will be very few," she said. "The world is moving fast."

"To its own perdition, I fear," remarked Winston mildly. "I am afraid we could never agree on that point, Miss Parker."

She looked up at him bewitchingly, her irritation gone. But his glance was turned thoughtfully down the valley they were approaching. It rested, a little sadly perhaps, on the gilt cross of the village church, where a ray of sunlight—the first of that stormy day—glittered for a moment, and then slowly faded.

"Shall we return?" he asked, after a short silence. You will be tired."

"Yes, let us go back," she replied. "It will soon be lunch time."

When they passed the crucifix again, the man was gone. They saw him toiling up the mountain side, the heavy wallet on his shoulder.

Winston knelt for a moment and made the Sign of the Cross, then bent his head reverently, stifling a sigh. It was the moment of renunciation. When he arose, his face was pale but illumined.

Natalie thought he had never looked so handsome.

But something had gone from the hour, from the scene; though the sun was now shining brightly, and the raindrops sparkled like diamonds on the trees and mountain shrubs around them. Something had departed, too, from the camaraderie and joy of their previous mood. Natalie felt that the auspicious moment had passed; that nothing could ever again be as it had been between them; and naturally quick-witted, she was not slow to guess the reason. Therefore, it was no surprise to her the next day when the Winstons announced that they were leaving. Herbert's mother knew, and Natalie's probably surmised the reason, and both were well pleased.

Ten years later, Herbert Winston sat on the lawn of his house in Devonshire, reading the Times. His wife, a comely young matron, was beside him; two children were playing near them. In the distance, the old people walked in the garden, enjoying the flowers and the summer air.

A smile flitted across the face of the younger man. He laid down the paper; his eyes reflecting for a moment some inward thought or reminiscence. Then they rested lovingly on the face of his wife, on the pretty graceful children. But he said nothing of that face that had captivated him years ago in the Tyrol. His wife would never have expected it; she would have been an extraordinary Englishwoman to have thought it her due. What Winston had read was the following:

"Among the delegates to the Suffragate Convention is the celebrated Woman's Rights lecturer and writer, Miss Natalie Parker, daughter of the well-known banker and capitalist, Pilsbury Parker, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Miss Parker has dedicated her life to the uplifting and regeneration of her sex."

"Thank God!" said Herbert Winston to himself—"thank God for that Tyrolean crucifix. It precipitated what would have been inevitable in any case, but what might have been more and more difficult, for me at least, as the time went on. And so entirely did the circumstances change everything that I scarcely felt a pang. I shall always bless that cross."

After dinner, Winston handed the paper to his mother, pointing out the paragraph that had given him pause for thought. Placidly knitting under the shadow of the lamp, his wife did not raise her head, beautiful with its crown of light brown braids. The husband's eyes rested lovingly upon her. Life had all happiness that he expected or desired. After a moment his mother looked up from the paper and smiled, but she said nothing. In her heart she thanked God for that walk in the Tyrol.—Ave Maria.

THE CORONATION OATH

To the Editor of the Stratford Beacon.

Sir—In the issue of your excellent journal of date June 3rd, there appears a letter from Mr. Robert Larmour concerning the coronation or accession oath, which under the present law of Great Britain must be taken by the King or Queen before exercising the full authority of his or her exalted dignity.

Mr. Larmour declares with very refreshing coolness that he was moved to write on this subject because of the "publication of the proceedings of the Orange Grand Lodge at Brantford," which impudently sent to the Premier of the Imperial Government a protest against the repeal or modification of an oath which was concocted for the express purpose of insulting all the Catholics of the British empire at a time when Catholics were persecuted and priests hunted like wild beasts, under a penal code which rivalled in barbarity and bloodthirstiness the laws of Nero and Diocletian against the early Christians. And forsooth, Mr. Larmour's excuse is that he is following the lead of a certain respectable society which the great Protestant statesman Henry Grattan described as an association of banditti, whose purpose was to plunder and murder their fellow countrymen who differed from them in religion.

In common with this association, Mr. Larmour affects to be moved by a superlatively intense loyalty to join in the Orange hue-and-cry. Loyalty in sooth! It is well within the memory of many still living that this super-loyal organization with which Mr. Larmour identifies himself endeavored in 1836 to place a usurper the Duke of Cumberland, on the throne, instead of the lawful heiress, our late gracious Queen Victoria. Truly, as our great poet says of hypocrisy:

"There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts."

So clearly were these facts proven that the British Parliament on motion of Lord John Russell, the Premier, decreed the suppression of the Orange societies, which decree the grand master promised should be obeyed—another piece of hypocrisy, as there was no intention of obedience to it. As easily accessible authorities on this page of history I may refer to Webster's and the Imperial dictionaries and to Brande's and other encyclopaedias.

As additional manifestations of the loyalty of Mr. Larmount's brethren, I may mention that the public insults offered to her late Majesty's representative, Lord Elgin, and his estimable lady, and to Edward VII, himself, as Prince of Wales, in 1860 by the Orange body in Brockville, Kingston, Belleville and Toronto, under the personal leadership of the Grand Masters Ogle R. Gowan and John Hilliard Cameron, are not forgotten by those who know aught of recent history of Canada. We remember also how Grand Master Johnston of Ballykilbeg, Ireland, proclaimed both in Ireland and Canada that the last man of his followers would die in the last ditch resisting the authority of Queen, lords, and Commons, rather than that the Catholics and even the Protestant non-Conformists of Ireland should be relieved from the incubus of a state church of a small minority of the people or that the people of Ireland should govern themselves.

Major Larmour is evidently much changed from the polished gentleman who, as his friends thought, had not in his make-up a particle of religious fanaticism. He now thinks it quite the correct thing that our sovereigns on succeeding to the throne should not merely assert their staunch Protestantism, but that out of all the forms of religion existing in the British empire, which are by far more numerous than the divers species of quarry gathered by ex-President Roosevelt in the jungles of Africa, they should select the church of nineteen centuries, which has been and is still by divine appointment, governed on earth by St. Peter's undeniable successor, as the object of slander and insult.

In the so-called coronation or accession oath, the "invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or of any other saint as now used in the Church of Rome" is declared to be "superstitious and idolatrous."

Over and over again St Paul invokes the saints of the various portions of Christ's Church to whom he writes to pray for himself "by all prayer and supplication . . . in the spirit . . . for all the saints." And he declares that those whom he thus invokes are "the saints who are at Ephesus," etc. and he, also a saint of God, pray for them. (Eph. 1:1; 6; 18-23 24.) And he honors the saints of God: "Glory and honor and peace to every one that worketh good." The Catholic Church does not adore the Blessed Virgin nor the saints of God, but honors them as St. Paul did, and this is what the law obliges the King to denounce by oath as superstition and idolatry. This the law which Mr. Larmour and the Grand Lodge declare ought to be retained. Also Catholics cannot believe it to be sinful, superstitious and idolatrous to honor above all the saints the mother of God whom God has so highly honored that she can say truly: "He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name. And behold; from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." (St. Luke 1: 47-48.)

But the gallant major will probably say: "There is this difference in the two cases, that St. Paul prayed for, honored and invoked living saints, whereas, the Catholic Church honors and invokes those who are dead." What talk is this? It is in direct contradiction of the words of Christ. (St. Matt. 19; 29.) the just "shall possess everlasting life," and again; God said, "I am the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. He is not the God of the dead, but of the living." The accession oath is therefore not only slanderous and insulting; it is blasphemous because it is aimed against God's own special friends and servants, those of whom the Holy Scripture says: "Thy friends, O God, are made exceedingly honorable." (Psalms 138; 17. Protestant Bible Psalm 139.) The souls of the saints enjoy life everlasting, and therefore do not die.

There are millions upon millions of Mahomedans, Buddhists, Fire and Sun and Fetish worshippers in the British empire, as well as Shintoists, followers of Johanan Southcote and other really superstitious and idolatrous modernisms, but against none are these insults levelled, being reserved for the Christian faith of our ancestors for more than thirteen centuries before Protestantism was dreamed of in England or elsewhere.

Surely Mr. Buckingham is right in saying that the coronation oath is a mischiel-making enactment. He is a gentleman and a scholar, who believes that a law enacted hundred of years ago to exclude the Stuart family from the throne is out of date and should be as dead now as are the Stuart claims to the English throne. He says also truly that this law is harmful in stirring up evil passions; but this is just the mischief which the Orange Grand Lodges desire to perpetuate, as is evident from their proceedings from year to year.

I do not mean to assert that all Orangemen accept the gospel of hate which the grand lodges aim to perpetuate. I have known many persons of the Orange order who are really of honest and honorable character, and cultivate friendly feelings with their Catholic neighbors, but experience teaches us that the members of the grand lodges for the most part allow themselves to be led by the nose by hungry politicians like Dr. Sproule and Samuel Hughes, who imagine that they will be better able to sharpen their own political axes by securing a following from among the fanatics of the Orange Order.

Mr. Larmour tries to make it appear that the Catholics who demand a change in the oath are the stirrers up of strife and a religious animosity. How can Catholics be blamed for demanding that the sovereigns who profit by their loyalty should be exempted from the obligation of grossly insulting over twelve million loyal subjects?

Queen Victoria publicly thanked the Irish and French-Canadian soldiers who during the South African war aided in actually preserving the British empire, which was by that war admitted to be in danger of destruction. If the British nation persists in maintaining the immortal accession oath, Catholics will have very little reason for loyalty hereafter.

Furthermore; Protestantism boasts that it upholds civil and religious liberty. It has always maintained that every man should be himself the sole judge of what faith he should believe in. Why then should not the King be free to embrace whatever religion he sees fit? Is there any reason why he should be deprived of that liberty which according to the Protestant theory is the birthright of all men?

Another doctrine of the Catholic Church which the King is obliged to repudiate is transubstantiation. And why should this be called superstitious and idolatrous? It is founded on the belief that Christ is God and is as able to change bread and wine into His own Body and Blood, as He was to create the great universe out of nothing, or to change water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana. That it was His will to do this is evident from the earnestness with which He inculcates this doctrine in the 6th chapter of St. John's Gospel and at His last supper as detailed by the other three evangelists and by St. Paul in the 10th and 11th chapters of 1 Corinthians. Nay, even this doctrine is maintained by nearly one-half of the Protestants of the Church of England, and Luther himself held it to the day of his death, as being undeniably the teaching of Holy Scripture, though his teaching was in a modified form, as he maintained consubstantiation, meaning that by the consecration the Body of Christ is in the Eucharist truly, with the bread and wine of the sacrament. Many thousands of the Anglican clergy hold either transubstantiation or consubstantiation. This is proved by their reiterated utterances to this effect. Thus Bishop George F. Seymour, of Springfield, Mass., through the columns of the New York Tribune, wrote in 1900:

"The advanced Catholic party of the English Church teaches the doctrine of of the Real Presence in the sacrament of the altar," but "not transubstantiation." Thus really this advanced party as well as all Lutherans should feel as much insulted by the accession oath as Catholics.

Mr. Larmour finds three reasons why the accession oath should not be changed.

1. Because the Jesuits "in England, in Ireland, in South Africa and even Canada stir up strife, class hatred and rebellion . . . to overturn Protestantism."

This is simply unmitigated bosh. There are Jesuits in many cities and towns of Canada—as Montreal, Guelph throughout North Ontario, etc., and how are they engaged? They are men of profound learning and piety employed in doing parish duty like other priests, in the conducting of colleges, and in civilizing and christianizing the Indian tribes. There is no stirring up of strife and everywhere they are loyal and industrious workers for the public good. It is the same in all the localities mentioned by Mr. Larmour.

2. Because Catholic Bishops swear "to prosecute and combat all heretics and rebels to Our Lord the Pope."

Other wonder-dealers translate persequar, "I will persecute." This is the translation many times given to the word by Mr. Samuel Blake. It means only, "I will pursue or refute" heretics by moral suasion, and only persons ignorant of Latin interpret it as a promise to persecute by physical torture. It is used in the Vulgate (Latin Bible) in Psalms 33: 15. Seek peace and pursue it; also in Gen. 44: 4, where no enmity is implied when Joseph sends messengers to pursue or to follow his brethren.

3. We are told that in 1890 there was published in England a memorial of a reformation in England, recommended by the Jesuit Father Clark," whereby it is decreed that Catholic property must be taken from the English and restored to the Catholic Church a Catholic Parliament should be established, all heretics suppressed by a Catholic military order, and laws enacted against all heresies and heretics, with more stuff of the same kind. It is needless to say that this is a mere tissue of falsehoods and absurdities. Mr. Larmour should be more specific if he hopes to be believed. We may add that in the catalogue of Jesuits in England as near we can ascertain to the date mentioned, the name of Father Clark does not appear. We do not think it worth the trouble to seek further for a similar catalogue, as even if the statement were true, the Church could not be held responsible for any one man's dreams; but we know a priori that no Catholic priest would endorse such absurdities.

A word here on what has been several times published by the Orange organs as the Jesuit oath to exterminate Protestants. This is a mere forgery, not worth the paper it is printed on. The Jesuits have no special oath. They make vows of poverty and chastity and obedience to their superiors in all things lawful; no more than this. The pretended persecuting oath is merely the invention of some fanatical brain who wished to bring odium on a religious order which has been so uniformly successful in propagating the Catholic faith.

A CATHOLIC READER

Stratford, June 9th, 1910.

OUR LADY IN THE CREED

A Protestant minister, as delegate for some society, was visiting various parts of the country. In each place he was hospitably entertained by one or other of the flock to which he was sent.

During one of these visits the mistress of the house told him that a young Catholic girl was under their roof, and asked him to speak to her for her soul's good and try to lead her from the darkness of error in which she had been trained, to the light of truth in the Protestant religion. "We call her Susan," she added, "for fear that hearing her own name might constantly remind her of the Roman Catholic religion now that she has the inestimable privilege of forming part of a Protestant household."

After family prayers in the evening the minister asked that the young maid be sent to speak to him.

She entered the study where he sat, making at the door an old-fashioned curtesy.

"What is your name, my dear?" he asked.

Encouraged by his kindly manner, she replied:

"I am Bridget in Ireland, but here, sir, only Susan."

"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

Bridget recited it correctly, then quite naturally began: "Hail Mary full of grace . . . ."

"Stop, stop," said the minister, "we do not mention her in our prayers for that would be exceedingly wrong, and I hope you will always remember my words when you may be tempted to sin by naming her in this manner."

"Now go on to the symbol of our faith, the Apostles' Creed."

Bridget proceeded to say it without hesitation until she came to the words "Born of the Virgin . . ." when she stopped short, and, with an imploring look at the minister, said:

"Oh, sir, there she is again, what *are* we to do with her?"

What, indeed, if it were not to enshrine in the heart the Holy Mother of God, and to bear His Blessed Name on the lips!

The poor man could make no reply, and dismissed the faithful child, but the arrow had gone home!

The words of the holy gospel came to his mind with a force he had never before experienced: "Out of the mouth of infants and suckling, Thou has perfected praise."

He took time to reflect, and a few months later was received into the holy Catholic Church.—Exchange.

The Once Pere Hyacinth

Once the name of Pere Hyacinth was held in reverence and admiration wherever Catholic piety and brilliant oratorical talent were known and appreciated, says Catholic Standard and Times. Now it is as low in the dust as to call for the tears of the angels. He is in his old age, nearly alone in the world now, for the woman for whose sake he has forsworn has died, and he has only a son to fall back on—and if the son follows the father's example the ex-priest will have but a broken reed to lean on. The woman was buried recently. Among those who joined Hyacinth and his son in the sad procession to the American Protestant cemetery, where the interment took place, were some hapless ones who were wrecked on the rocks of fidelity—ex-Abbe Loisy, Madame Zola, ex-Abbe Houtin and some Jewish friends, while Lutheran deaconesses were the pall-bearers. Everything therefore, was in keeping with the close of the drama of perfidy to God. The chief actor in that saddening drama has been spared for a little while longer. We ought to pray that he may turn that mercy to good account in repairing the awful scandal of high talents turned to the worse service, in giving scandal to the Church before God and man.

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