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JUST RECEIVED, A MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK. Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Manning, 12 mo., 300 pages. \$1.00

Table listing agents for the Dominion Catholic Periodicals, including New York Tablet, Freeman's Journal, Boston Pilot, etc., with prices per annum.

JUST RECEIVED, SERMONS BY THE LATE REVEREND J. J. MURPHY, who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875.

THE LION OF FLANDERS; OR, THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

A heavy blow resounded upon either breast, as if hammer upon anvil, and both reeled backwards from the shock, which, however, did but inflame their rage the more. A short deep growl mingled with their heavy breathing, and with their arms they seized each other round the body as in a vice of steel.

four pair of powerful hands, and roughly thrown upon the ground, while in a moment after the room was filled by armed soldiers. For some time he maintained a fruitless struggle against numbers; but at last, exhausted with this new conflict, he ceased to resist, and lay still, regarding the Frenchmen with one of those terrible looks that precede a death-blow given or received.

him so violently excited; all eyes were accordingly fixed upon him as he continued: "You, like myself, are true-born citizens of Bruges; you, like myself, have too long been suffering under the disgrace and burden of bondage; but all that is nothing to what I had to endure today. By Heaven! I hardly know how to tell you of it for very shame."

nothing was left of the magnificent castle of Male that the fury of the butchers and the devouring fire could lay waste. Round about the fire-bell resounded from village to village, and the peasants, as in duty bound, hurried up to help at the call; but they arrived only to be spectators of the scene of destruction, which, to say the truth, did not greatly displease them.

from view. He had not long occupied his post, however, when other sounds fell upon his ear along with those which it had already caught; through the clank of armour and the rapid tramp of the horses, he could now distinctly hear the lamentations of a female voice. At this his cheeks grew pale under his helmet, not with fear,—for that was a thing his heart knew not,—but his honor as a knight, his feeling as a man, urged him to succor the helpless, and above all to protect a woman, while at the same time a high mission and a solemn vow forbade him to expose himself to recognition.