

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. CHAPTER XXII.

The French general had pitched his camp in a broad plain at a short distance from the city of Lille, and the tents of his countless warriors covered a space of more than two miles in extent. The breastwork which surrounded the host might have led a distant spectator to imagine that he saw before him a fortified city, with not the neighing of horses, the cries of soldiers, the smoke ascending from their numerous fires, and the fluttering of a thousand flags, betrayed the presence of a military camp. The part assigned to the nobles and knights was easily distinguished by the splendour and costliness of its standards and embroidered banners; and while the velvet pavilions glowed with every color of the rainbow, the rest of the camp showed only the ordinary tents of canvas, or bits of straw. It might have been matter of wonder that such an enormous host did not perish of hunger, for in those days armies seldom took stores with them; yet they were supplied in such overabundance, that corn was suffered to lie about in the mud, and the most valuable articles of food were everywhere trampled under foot. The French took the best means at once to supply their own wants and to deepen the hatred with which the Flemings regarded them. They scooped the country day by day in large bands, plundering and laying waste on all sides; for the furious soldiers well understood the wishes of their general, Robert d'Artois, and their way was traced by countless deeds of violence and devastation. As a symbol of the sweeping desolation with which they threatened Flanders, they had tied small brooms to the points of their spears, and their conduct amply redeemed their pledge, for in all the southern part of the country there remained not a house, not a church, not a castle, not a monastery, scarcely a tree standing—all were ruthlessly razed and destroyed.

Thus the French commenced their expedition. In the midst of their ferocious course, no fear or apprehension of defeat occurred to them, so confidently did they rely on their overwhelming numbers. Flanders was doomed to a memorable destruction; they had sworn it. On the same morning on which Guy had bestowed on Deconinck and Breydel the meed of their loyal good service, the French general had invited his most illustrious knights to a sumptuous banquet. The tent of the Count d'Artois was of unusual length and breadth, and divided into many compartments; there were rooms for the knights of his suite, rooms for the squires and standard-bearers, rooms for culinary purposes, rooms for all the various personages of his train. In the middle was a spacious saloon, capable of containing a large number of knights, and used alternately for revelry and for the deliberations of the council of war. The silk with which the tent was covered was powdered with fleurs de lis, at the entrance hung the shield of the house of Artois, and outside, on a small eminence, waved the royal standard of France. The saloon was hung with rich tapestry, and rivalled a palace in magnificence.

At the upper end of the table sat Count Robert d'Artois. He was still in the flower and full vigour of life, and a scar which traversed his right cheek, at once gave evidence of his bravery and imparted to his countenance a more forbidding expression. Although his face was disfigured by deep wrinkles and stained with dark spots, yet his eyes gleamed like a fire from under his dark eyelashes with manly ardour and energy. His manner was harsh, and denoted the fierce and unrelenting man of war.

Close to him, on his right hand, sat Sigis, king of Melinde; age had silvered his hair and bowed his head, yet was he eager for the combat. In that company he felt his martial ardour return, and boasted that he would yet perform glorious feats of arms. The countenance of the old man inspired respect; it bore the impress of goodness and gentleness. Certainly the good Sigis would never have taken arms against the Flemings had he known the real state of the case; but he had been persuaded, as many others had been, that they were bad Christians, and worse than Saracens, and that it was a good work in the sight of God to chastise and exterminate them.

On the left hand of the Count sat Balthazar, king of Majorca, an impetuous and daring warrior, the gaze of whose dark eyes it was scarcely possible to endure. A wild gleam lighted up his features, for he hoped now to reconquer his kingdom, which had been seized by the Moors. Near him sat De Chatillon, the late Governor-General of Flanders, the man who, as the tool of Queen Joanna, was the cause of all this disturbance. His was the guilt that so many Frenchmen had been put to death in Bruges and Ghent; and on that tyrant head lay the blood of all that were slain in this quarrel. He remained how disgracedly he had been expelled from Bruges; he craved no petty revenge; and he sat with joy in his heart and smiles on his face, for he held it impossible that the Flemings could oppose the combined might of so many kings, princes, and counts. Next to him, and like him, eagerly thirsting for revenge, was his brother, Guy de St. Pol. There might be distinguished also Thibaud, Duke of Lorraine, between Messires John de Barlas and Renaud de Trie; he had come to the aid of the French with six hundred horse and two thousand archers. On the left side of the table, next to Messire Henry de Ligny, sat Rodolf de Nesle, a brave and noble-hearted knight; on his face were depicted displeasure and sorrow; it was evident that the ferocious threats which the knights were uttering against Flanders were not to his taste. About the middle of the right side, between Louis de Clermont and Count John d'Anmale, sat Godfrey of Brabant, who had brought the French five hundred horse. Near him sat one whose gigan-

tic form might well strike the beholder with astonishment; it was the Zelande, Hugo van Arokel; he raised his head proudly above the surrounding knights, and his powerful frame smilingly indicated how terrible an adversary he must be on the battle field. For many years he had had no other abode than the camp. Everywhere known and renowned for his feats of arms, he had gathered around him a troop of eight hundred intrepid men, well accustomed to war; and with them he roved from place to place wherever there was fighting to be done. Many a time had he decided a battle in favor of the prince whom he was aiding; and he and his men were liberally covered with wounds and scars. War was his element and his life; peace and repose were unendurable to him. Now he had joined the French host, because many of his old companions in arms were there; impelled only by love of fighting, he recked little for whom or in what cause he did battle.

Besides these were present, amongst others, Simon de Piedmont, Louis de Beaujeu, Froid, governor of Douay, Alain de Bretagne. At the farther end of the table, and apart from them, was a group of knights. It was the least honorable place; and as the French would not admit them to their company, they had found themselves obliged to occupy it. And truly the French were in the right; they were contemptible beneath contempt; for while their vassals, as genuine Flemings, were asserting their country's cause, these their feudal lords were banqueting with the foe! What blindness could lead these degenerate traitors to tear, like vipers, the bosom of their mother? They were marching under a hostile banner to shed the blood of their brethren and bosom friends on the soil of their common fatherland; and for what? that the country which gave them birth might be made a land of slaves, and humbled beneath the yoke of the alien. They had time to feel that shame and contempt were their portion, and to feel at their hearts the gnawing worm. The names of these recreants have been handed down to posterity; amongst many others, Henry van Bantershem, Godefroy van Wingham, Arnold van Eyckhove, and his eldest son, Henry van Wilre, William Redinghe, Arnold van Hofstad, William van Cranendonck, and John van Rancel, were the most conspicuous.

The knights ate of silver dishes, and drank the choicest wines from cups of gold. The goblets which were placed before Robert d'Artois and the two kings were larger and more costly than the rest; their coats of arms were cunningly graven upon them, and their rims shone with rare and precious gems. During the meal, a lively conversation went on amongst the knights on the position and prospects of the expedition; and from its tone the fearful doom of Flanders might easily be gathered. "Most undoubtedly," answered the general to a question of De Chatillon, "they must be all exterminated. These cursed Flemings can be tamed only by the sword; and why should we let such wretched boors live? Let us make a thorough end of them, messires, that we may not again have to stain our swords with their plebeian blood."

"Right!" said John van Rancel, the Liliard; "you say right, Messire d'Artois. We must make no terms with the seditious rascals; they are too rich, and would soon give us trouble again. Already they refuse to recognize us, who are sprung from noble blood, as their rightful lords; they seem to think that the wealth which they gain by their industry makes their blood nobler still. They have built houses in Bruges and in Ghent which surpass our castles in magnificence; and is not that an insult to us? Certainly, we will endure it no longer."

Unless we wish to have a fresh outbreak every day," remarked John van Cranendonck, "all the craftsmen must be put to death; for the survivors will never be quiet; and therefore I am of opinion that Messire d'Artois ought not to spare one of them alive."

"And what are we to do when we have slain all our vassals?" asked the burly Hugo van Arokel with a laugh. "By my troth, we shall have to plough our land ourselves; a goodly prospect, truly!"

"It is," answered John van Rancel; "I have a good plan to remedy that. When Flanders shall be cleared of this stiff-necked race, I mean to bring French peasants from Normandy, and establish them on my lands."

"And so we shall make Flanders a genuine province of France; that is a very good notion, and I will mention it to the king, that he may urge the other feudal lords to take the same course. I pledge myself that it will not be at all difficult."

"What mean you?" exclaimed the general. "Is it not true that you wish to spare these seditious traitors? Have they not deserved to die, since they have put to death seven thousand Frenchmen without mercy?"

"Beyond a doubt they have deserved death; and therefore will I avenge on them the honor of the crown of my prince; but they shall find their death only on the battle-field, and with arms in their hands. I appeal to these knights whether they deem it fitting that we should stain our swords by doing the work of executioners on poor unarmed people while they are peacefully ploughing their fields."

"He is right," exclaimed Hugo van Arokel, with loud and angry voice; "we are fighting like the very Moors. The very proposal is a disgrace to us; let us request, messires, that we have to do with Christian men. Besides, Flemish blood flows in my veins, and I will not suffer my brethren to be dealt with like dogs; they off us battle in open and fair field, and we must fight with them according to the laws of honorable warfare."

"Is it possible," replied d'Artois, "that you can defend these base boors? Our good prince has made a trial of all other means to reach them; but they have been in vain. Aye we will allow our soldiers to be butchered, our king to be set at naught and put to shame, and then spare the lives of these dastard rebels? No, that shall never be! I know the commands which I have received, and I will both obey them and cause them to be obeyed."

"Messire d'Artois," interposed Rodolf de Nesle with angry impetuosity. "I know not what commands you have received, but I declare to you that I will not obey them unless they accord with the honor of knighthood; the king himself has no right to stain my sword with dishonor. A dastard, messires, whether I am right or not: this morning early I went out of the camp, and found everywhere the tokens of the most revolting rapine and devastation. The churches are burnt; the dead bodies of young children and of women were lying exposed in the fields to be devoured by ravens. I ask you, is this the work of honorable warriors?"

Having uttered these words, he rose from the table, raised a portion of the hangings of the tent, and continued, pointing to the country. "Look you, messires, turn your eyes in all directions; everywhere you behold the flames of this atrocious devastation; the sky is blackened with smoke; the whole country is in a conflagration. What does such a war as this betoken? It is worse than if the ruthless Northmen had come again, and turned the world into a den of robbers."

Robert d'Artois, who drew a deep sigh, moved himself impatiently in his chair, and cried: "This has lasted too long; I can no longer permit any man to speak thus in my presence. I know well enough what I have to do; Flanders must be swept clean, and it is out of my power to prevent it. This strife of words discomposes me, and I beseech Messire the Constable to speak no more in this tone. Let him keep his sword unsheathed; we will all do the same; for no disgrace can rebound to us from the excesses of our soldiers. Let us now end this angry dispute; and each man see that he does his duty."

Then raising his goblet, he cried: "Robert d'Artois, by the lance and the extermination of the rebels!"

Rodolf de Nesle repeated, "To the honor of France," and laid a significant emphasis on the words, so that every one might see that he would not drink to the extermination of the Flemings. Hugo van Arokel placed his hand on the goblet which stood before him; but he neither raised it nor drank, and he spoke a word, and all the others repeated the words of the general exactly, and followed his example.

For some little time the countenance of Hugo van Arokel had assumed a peculiar expression; disapprobation and displeasure were depicted on it. At length he looked fixedly at the general, as though he had made up his mind to brave him, and exclaimed: "I should do myself dishonor were I now to drink to the honor of France."

At these words the face of Robert d'Artois glowed with wrath; he struck the table so violently with his goblet, that he made all the drinking-vessels ring, and shouted: "Messire van Arokel, you shall drink to the honor of France; it is my will."

"Messire," replied Hugo with imperturbable coolness, "I drink not to the devastation of a Christian land. Long have I warred, and in many lands; yet never have I found knight who would defile his conscience with such base atrocities."

"You shall do my behest; I will it; I bid you." "And I will not," answered Hugo. "Hearken, Messire d'Artois, you have already said that my soldiers demanded too high pay, and that they cost you too much; well then, you shall pay me no longer, for I will no longer serve in your camp, so our contention is at an end."

But at this moment the old king Sigis von Melinde arose, and waved his hand in token that he wished to speak. The great veneration with which both the combatants regarded him restrained them, and they stood still in silence to hear him. The old man spoke thus: "Messires, let your angry passions subside awhile, and give heed to my counsel. You, Count Robert, are not at this moment master of your life. Were you to fall, the army of your prince would be deprived of its leader, and consequently exposed to disorder and disorganization; you cannot resolve to risk this. And now, Messire van Arokel, I ask you, have you any doubt of the bravery of Messire d'Artois?"

"No, truly," replied van Arokel; "I acknowledge Messire Robert to be a fearless and valiant knight."

"Well, then," continued the king, "you hear, general, that your personal honor is not called in question; there remains to you only the honor of France to save. I counsel you both to postpone the combat to the day after tomorrow. I pray you speak, messires, in my name, and be prudent."

"Unless the general will grant to one of us the favor of taking up the glove in his stead."

"Silence!" exclaimed d'Artois; "I will not hear of it."

"Messire van Arokel, do you agree to this?" "There is no business of mine; I have thrown up my glove, and the general has taken it up; it behooves him to fix the time when he will give it back to me."

"Be it so," said Robert d'Artois; "and if the battle do not last until sunset, I shall come in quest of you that very evening."

"On my spare yourself the trouble," answered Hugo; "I shall be at your side before you are aware of it."

This was followed by threatnings on both sides; but they proceeded no further, for Sigis interposed with the words: "Messires, it is not fitting that we should longer discuss this matter. Let us once more fill our goblets, and forget all bitter animosity. Be seated, Messire van Arokel, and be cheerful."

"No, no," cried Hugo; "I sit here no longer. I leave the camp immediately. Farewell, messires, we shall see one another again on the battle field. Meanwhile, may God have you in His holy keeping."

With these words he left the tent, and called his eight hundred men together; and in a very short time one might have heard the sound of trumpets and the clanging armour of a departing band. The same evening he reached the camp of the Flemings, and we may imagine with what joy he was received by them; for he and his men had the reputation of being invincible, and, indeed, they had deserved it.

The French knights meanwhile had resumed their interrupted banquet, and continued to drink in peace. While they were discoursing of Hugo's temerity, a herald entered the tent, and inclined himself respectfully before the king. His clothes were covered with dust, the sweat ran from his brow, and everything indicated that he had ridden in great haste. The knights looked at him with curiosity, and he drew a parchment from beneath his armour, and said, as he gave it to the general: "Messire, this letter will inform you that I come from Messire van Lens at Courtrai, to report to you the extreme peril we are in."

"Speak, then," cried d'Artois, impatiently; "cannot Messire van Lens hold out the citadel of Courtrai against a handful of foot soldiers?"

"Permit me to say, that you deceive yourself, noble lords," replied the messenger. "The Flemings have no contemptible army in the field; it has sprung up as if by magic; they are more than thirty thousand strong and have cavalry and an abundant supply of provisions. They are constructing tremendous engines, in order to batter the citadel and take it by storm. Our provisions and our arrows are both exhausted, and we have already begun to devour some of our least valuable horses. If your highness shall delay but a day to bring aid to Messire van Lens, every Frenchman in Courtrai will perish; for there are no longer any means of escape. Messires van Lens, De Mortony, and De Rysecourt beseech you urgently to extricate them from this peril."

"Messires," cried Robert d'Artois, "here is a glorious opportunity; we could have wished for nothing better. The Flemings are all gathered together at Courtrai; we will fall upon them where they are, and but few of them shall escape; and the hoofs of our horses shall avenge our wrongs on this vile and despicable people. You, herald, remain in tent; to-morrow you shall return with us to Courtrai. Yet one toast more, messires; then go and get your troops in readiness for departure; we must break up our encampment here with all haste."

All now left the tent to obey the command of the general, and from every part of the camp resounded the flourish of trumpets summoning the dispersed troops, the tramp of horses, and the clash of armour; a few hours later the tents were struck, and the baggage-waggons packed—all was in readiness. Here and there a number of soldiers were occupied in plunder; but in so large a camp this excited no attention. The captains placed themselves at the head of their companies, arranged the cavalry two abreast; and in that order they marched out of the entrenchments.

The first band, which left the camp with banners flying, consisted of three thousand light cavalry, all picked men, armed with huge battle-axes, and carrying long swords hanging from the pommel of their saddles. These were followed by four thousand archers on foot. They marched onward in a dense mass, protecting their faces from the rays of the sun with their large square shields. Their quivers were full of arrows, and a short sword without a scabbard hung at their girdle. They were mostly from the south of France; but many were by nation Spaniards or Lombards. John de Barlas, their cap-

tain, a brave warrior, rode here and there between the ranks to encourage them and keep them in order.

The second band was under the command of Reginald de Trie, and consisted of three thousand two hundred heavy cavalry. They were mounted on horses of unusual height and strength, and carried each a broad and flashing sword on his right shoulder; and their armor of polished iron protected their bodies. Most of them were from Orleans.

Messire the Constable de Nesle led the third band. First came a troop of seven hundred knights, with glittering armour on their bodies, and graceful banderles on their long spears; their plumes fell waving behind their backs as they rode, and their coats of arms were painted in various colours upon their armour. Their horses were covered from head to foot with iron, and more than two hundred embroidered banners fluttered over the troop. It was truly the most brilliant band of knights that could be seen, even in that age. After them came two thousand horsemen, with battle-axes on their shoulders, and long swords hanging at their saddle-bows.

At the head of the fourth band rode Messire Louis de Clermont, an experienced warrior. It was composed of three thousand six hundred horsemen, bearing spears, from the kingdom of Navarre; and it was easy to see that they were picked and choice warriors. In front of the first column rode the banner-bearer, with the great standard of Navarre.

Robert Count d'Artois, general-in-chief of the army, had taken the middle division under his special command. All the knights who had brought with them no soldiers, or had enrolled them in other companies, were with him; and the kings of Majorca and Melinde rode at his side. Amongst the others it was easy to distinguish Talibaut II., duke of Lorraine, by the magnificence of his armour. And then there came the gorgeous banners of Messires John, Count of Tancarville; Angelin de Vimeu, Raoul de Longueval, Farald de Helms, Arnold de Walsmeel, Marchal de Brabant, Robert de Montfort, and a countless number besides, who had formed themselves into a company. This band even surpassed the third in magnificence and splendour; the helms of the knights were covered either with silver or with gold, and their coats of mail were adorned with golden studs, by which their joints were secured. The burning rays of the sun fell on the glittering steel of their armour, and surrounded this peerless band as with a glowing fire. The swords which hung dangling at their saddle-bows fell with a sharp and iron clank on the trappings of their steeds, producing a peculiar martial music. Next to these noble knights followed five thousand other horsemen, with battle-axes and swords; and this picked troop was accompanied by sixteen thousand infantry; drawn up in three divisions. The first consisted of a thousand cross-bowmen; their defensive armour was simply a breastplate of steel and a flat square helmet; small quivers full of iron bolts were suspended at their girdles, and long swords hung at their sides. The second was composed of six thousand men with clubs, studded at the end with horrible steel points. The third was made up of "helm cleavers" with their long axes; and all these men were from Gascony, Languedoc and Auvergne.

Messire James de Chatillon, the governor-general, commanded the sixth band. It consisted of three thousand two hundred horse, on the handkerchiefs of their spears they had painted burning brooms, the emblems of the purification of Flanders; and their horses were the heaviest of the whole army. Then followed the seventh and eighth bands; the former under the command of John Count d'Anmale, the latter under Messire Ferry of Lorraine. Each was composed of two thousand five hundred horse, men of Lorraine, Normandy, and Picardy. These were followed by Godfrey of Brabant with his own vassals, seven hundred horsemen, who formed the ninth band. The tenth and last was entrusted to Guy de St. Pol; he was charged with the protection of the rear end of the baggage. Three thousand four hundred horsemen of all arms rode in advance; then followed a multitude of foot-soldiers with bows and swords, whose number might amount to seven thousand. On every side ran men with blazing torches, in order to set fire to every thing within their reach. Behind came the endless succession of baggage-waggons, with the tents and camp furniture and stores.

The French army, divided into ten bands, and exceeding six thousand strong, marched slowly through the country, and took the road to Courtrai. It is hard to conceive how far this numerous host reached; the van was already far out of sight ere the rear had left the entrenchments. Thousands of banners fluttered in the breeze above the marching host, and the sun was reflected with intolerable brightness from the armor of the valiant bands. The horses neighed and stamped the bit beneath their heavy burdens; from the crash of arms arose a sound like the rolling of a stormy sea upon the strand; but it was too monstrous to break the stillness of the deserted fields. Wherever the troops had passed, the sky was ruddy with flame, and obscured by dense clouds of smoke. Not a habitation escaped destruction; neither man nor beast was spared; as the chronicles of the time bear record. The following day when the flames were spent, and the smoke dispersed, there was neither man nor work or trace of man, to be seen; from Lille to Douay and Courtrai, Flanders was a fearful devastation, that the French vandals might boast with reason they had swept it as with a besom.

Deep in the night the army of Messire d'Artois arrived before Courtrai. De Chatillon knew the country very well, for he had long lived in the city; and he was accordingly summoned by the general to select a suitable spot

for encamping. After a short deliberation, they turned a little to the right, and pitched their tents on the Pottelberg and in the adjacent fields. Messire d'Artois, with the two kings, and a few distinguished knights, took possession of a castle called Hoog Moscher, close to the Pottelberg. They placed numerous sentinels on guard, and then betook themselves in peace and without suspicion, to rest; for they were too confident in their numbers to entertain any apprehension of an attack.

And thus the French army lay within a quarter of an hour's march of the camp of the gallant Flemings; the advanced pickets could see one another slowly pacing up and down in the gloom. The Flemings, as soon as they had intelligence of the approach of the foe, had doubled their guard, and issued orders that no man should lie down to rest unarmed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Flemish knights who occupied Courtrai were fast asleep when the tidings of the arrival of the French, passing through the city, and diffusing terror on every side, roused them from their slumbers. Guy commanded the trumpets to sound and the drums to beat; and an hour later all the soldiers lodged within the city were assembled on the walls. A drum was beaten to fear that the Castellan van Lens would make a sortie into the city during the battle the men of Ypre were summoned from the camp to watch the French garrison. At the Steenpoort a numerous guard was appointed to keep the women and children within the town; for they were so terrified that they were bent on fleeing again during the night. Inevitable death seemed to threaten them on all sides. The side the Castellan van Lens with his ruthless soldiers might fall on them at any moment; on the other they saw the small number of their countrymen opposed to the countless hosts of France, and they dared not hope for victory. And truly, but that the heroism and intrepidity of the Flemings blinded them to all thoughts of danger, they had done well to rethink them of a last parting prayer; for not only did the foot soldiers in the French camp outnumber those in their own, but there were moreover the two-and-thirty thousand horsemen to be dealt with.

The Flemish commanders calculated with perfect coolness the chances of the coming battle; great as were their valor and eagerness, they could not conceal from themselves their critical position; heroism does not prevent a man from seeing the dark and threatening side of things, nor does it drive out the inborn dread of death; but it inspires a man with might to vanquish and to brave all depressing and disheartening forebodings;—further than this the soul cannot push its empire over the body. For themselves the Flemings were full of agonizing anxiety for the liberty of their fatherland—a liberty which was set upon this cast. Notwithstanding, however, the small hope which they dared to entertain, they resolved to accept battle, and rather to die as heroes on the bloody field than survive to endure a debasing slavery.

The youthful Matilda and the sister of Adolf, with many other noble ladies, were sent to the Abbey of Groeningen, where they would find a safe asylum, even in the event of the French becoming masters of Courtrai. When this and other preliminary matters had been arranged, the knights returned to the camp.

The French general, Robert d'Artois was a brave and experienced soldier; but like many others of his countrymen, he was too rash and self-confident. He deemed it quite unnecessary to take ordinary precautions in his proceedings against the Flemings, so certain was he that his first attack would throw them into hopeless confusion. This rash confidence was shared by all his soldiers to such extent, that, while the army of Guy was preparing for battle in the twilight, the French were sleeping on as unconcernedly as though they were quarters in a friendly city. Trusting to their numberless cavalry, they thought that nothing could resist them; whereas, had they been a little less thoughtless, they would have first inspected the field of battle, and disposed their van and rear accordingly. They would then have surd that the ground between the two camps was not all fitted for the action of cavalry—but why should they exercise a superfluous caution? Was the Flemish army worth it? Robert d'Artois thought not!

The Flemings were drawn up on the Groeningen Ploce. Behind them, to the north, ran the Lys, a broad river, which rendered any attack on that side impossible; in front flowed the Groeningebroek, which, though now a narrow water-course, was then a broad stream; and its shelving marshy banks opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the French cavalry. Their light wing rested on the portion of the walls of Courtrai near St. Martin's Church, and round the left ran a tributary of the Groeningebroek, so that the Flemings were posted as if, were, on an island; and any attempt to dislodge them must needs be difficult and perilous. The space which separated them from the French army was a succession of meadows, which lay very low, and were watered by the Moscher brook, which converted them into a kind of marsh. Thus the French cavalry were obliged to cross the meadows before they could come into action; and this was a very difficult and tedious operation because the horses' hoofs had no hold on the moist and slippery ground, and at every step the poor animals sank up to their knees in the morass.

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The French general took no account of this; he made his plans as though the field of battle were firm and hard ground, and directed the attack in a manner quite at variance with the rules of strategy. So true is it that excessive confidence renders men blind.

Towards break of day, before the sun had shown his glowing disk above the horizon, the Flemings were drawn up in order of battle on the Greening brook. Gny commanded the left wing in person, and he had about him all the lesser guilds of Ferges. Eastachius Sporky, with the men of Farnes, occupied the centre; the second corps was commanded by John Borlaut, and numbered five thousand men of Ghent; the third, composed of the clothworkers and freemen of Bruges, was led by William van Gulck. The right wing, which extended as far as the city walls, consisted of the butchers, with their Dean Jan Breydel, and the Zealand men-at-arms; and it was commanded by Messire John van Renesse. The remaining Flemish knights had no definite post assigned them, but moved hither and thither wherever they deemed their presence and aid necessary. The eleven hundred horsemen of Namur were stationed in the rear, behind the line of battle; they were not to be brought at once into action, lest they should throw the infantry into disorder.

At length the French army began to prepare for action. A thousand trumpets uttered their shrill voices, the horses neighed and weapons rattled on all sides, with a sound so ominous in the darkness, that the Flemings felt a cold shiver thrill through them. What a cloud of foes was about to burst upon them! But to these valiant men that was nothing—they were going to die, that they knew; but their widowed wives and their children, what would become of them? At that solemn moment their thoughts reverted to those most dear to them. There they thought bitterly of their sons, doomed to iron bondage; sons bewailed in agony their gray-headed fathers, left the helpless prey of tyranny. Within them were two contending emotions—indifference resolution and crushing anguish; and when these meet in men's hearts in presence of a threatening danger, they combine and fuse into a transport of rage and fury. And this effect was now produced on the Flemings; their gazes were fixed and unflinching, their teeth were clenched in fierce resolve, a burning thirst made their mouths dry and parched, and their breath came thick and rapid from their panting breasts. An appalling silence reigned throughout the army; no one expressed his apprehensions or feelings to his comrades; all were plunged in thoughts of painful gloom. They were standing thus drawn up in a long line, when the sun rose above the horizon, and disclosed to them the camp of the French.

The horsemen were so numerous, that their spears stood thick as ears of corn at harvest time. The horses of the advanced columns pawed the ground impatiently, and resprinkled their glittering trappings of steel with flakes of snow-white foam. The trumpets sent their lively tones, like some festal rejoicing, to mingle with the sighing of the trees in the Neerland wood; and the morning breeze played wantonly with the waving folds of the standards, and with the streamers attached to the spears of the cavalry. At intervals the voice of the general was heard above this tumult of war; and the war cry, "Noel! Noel! France! France!" arose from one company; and as it was caught up by each in quick succession, a deafening echo ran through the whole host. The French horsemen were eager, and full of courage; they picked the sides of their war steeds with their spurs; to crowd them into fiercer fury, and then crossed them and talked to them, that they might the better know their master's voice in the thick of the fight. Who shall have the honor of the first blow? was the thought that filled every mind with eager excitement. This was a great point of honor in those days, when every good fortune fell to the lot of a knight in an important battle, he boasted of it all his life long, as a proof and token of his superior valour; and hence each one held his horse in readiness, and his spear in rest, to rush forward at the first word of command, or at the slightest sign from the general.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE YEARS BETWEEN.

A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Teller and Other Poems," Etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE STONE IS LIFTED.

Charles was up with the birds the next morning. He felt refreshed after a good night's rest. The sun was just peeping over the hills and the dew rose between the blades of grass. He could not resist the temptation of everything out of doors. He was impressed with the loveliness of it all. Nature had never shown him so much grandeur before. The birds fairly sang out their little souls in music, and the vagrant gypsy-breezes caught some of the melodies and imprisoned them in their green tents in the tree tops.

Gradually the city streets became noisier, and soon at every corner people were passing on their various errands. Charles, however, thought he was all alone—alone with the beautiful morning—as he wandered along the well-kept garden walk. Flowers there were in abundance, and they made his heart glad. Presently he came upon a bed where roses had lived in the warm summer. The little green leaves were turning brown and he could see nothing but empty stems. At last his eyes came upon a solitary rose, its white leaves were already turning, and no wonder it was dying of loneliness. Eagerly he plucked it, and, when he gazed into its white soul, he noticed that a poor dead bee lay coiled there, so still and cold. The rose had given up her gorgeous leaves and woken for her poor inanimate thing a lovely shroud. The anxious little lover would never again lay his hand on a wreathed arm and taste the honey on her scented lips. And the rose felt sad, and in her eyes the dewy tears

shone like diamonds. Truly, the price of love is Pain—and, as Charles walked out of the garden into the busy street, young as he was, a little lesson came into his heart—and he thought of his mother.

The streets were now filling up with people. Shop girls, laborers with dinner pails, men, women and children, were on their way to begin their work for the daily crust of bread. Whistles, bells, noises of all descriptions smote the air. Now and then crowded cars passed by weighed down with the humanity that must fight to win. It was a busy time—these moments of preparation in the early morning hours for the day's work. Charles was deeply impressed with it all; it was so unlike quiet Stanford, and his heart strings caught a few notes of the song of Toil, and for the moment this great restlessness, this wild uncertainty written upon every face held him spell bound.

When he reached home his mother met him. She had been in his room several times, and, not finding him, was necessarily alarmed.

"Where have you been, child?" she asked, somewhat nervously.

"Just up the street," he answered, boyishly. "I woke quite early. The birds would not let me sleep longer, so I dressed and went out for a walk. But my mother, the coffee smells fine. I'm awfully hungry."

Just then, Mrs. Atherton brushed in pleasantly, and with her there came a goodly amount of sunshine. In an instant Charles' red cheeks were between her warm hands. I dare say they never got such a rubbing before.

"What a fine sprig of a boy he is, Minnie," she exclaimed. "My won't he make the people stand around Sundays when they're late for Mass. I am sure he will have no squealing babies in church, or squeaking voices in the choir either, for that matter, when he'll be Father Mathers. Ha! ha!" and she laughed heartily as the bell in the hall announced that breakfast was ready.

An hour later the three stood at the portal of St. Jerome's. Charles eyes opened widely. He was anxious to see this little world which his mother had pictured to him so often. In a minute the door opened, and a cheerful little priest ushered them in the president's office.

Father Salvini will be in presently he said, as he bowed himself out of the room. Charles was very nervous, and his eyes sought out every corner of the room. It was nicely furnished, plain but artistic. Upon the walls hung a number of choice Italian scenes in oil, and, on the desk in the corner, stood a large marble bust of Shakespeare.

"Mother!" at last broke forth Charles, "isn't Father Salvini a fine looking man? He doesn't seem a bit cross."

"Child, where is he? Do you see his picture anywhere?"

"Why to be sure. Don't you see him? He is there on the desk—thunder-bust I mean. I can see his name on the pedestal from here."

The two women exchanged glances and laughed heartily.

"What are you laughing at, mother?" the boy asked in an injured tone of voice.

"At you, Charles. No—no—that is not Father Salvini, but Shakespeare, the great English dramatist."

"But, mother, his name is there as plain as day."

The child would not be beaten.

Mrs. Mathers walked over to the bust and read the inscription. "See! Charles," she exclaimed, "it reads:—To Father Salvini."

"From his classmates."

"Well, if it isn't him, I'm sure it looks enough like him to fool anybody," the boy declared, stubbornly.

Again a laugh sounded through the room, and Charles did not like the ring of it.

"Look at the face closely now, Charles," spoke Mrs. Atherton. "Perhaps you will change your mind."

"No, I'm sure those eyes are just like Father Salvini's," he said.

"Oh, yes," the boy replied later, as he examined the bust again, "the mustache and beard! I wonder if—"

Just then footsteps sounded in the hall. There was a slight cough and the rattling of beads, and in walked Father Salvini in his neat, black cassock, with a smile that was pleasing. He greeted the three warmly. He was an old friend of the Atherton's and Mrs. Atherton always felt at home in his company.

Father Salvini was a man of thirty, dark, tall and handsome. He had the face we always associate with a Cardinal, clear-cut, distinguished, and his outward bearing was that of a ruler—a king amongst men. Born and educated in Italy, his English had that delightful accent so musical to one's ears. He was very talkative and recalled his early college days. Then he spoke of his young life out amongst the Italian hills, as he toyed carelessly with the little silver snuff box in his lap. He was in his element, and his audience was delighted. He was the son of a Duke. His father's castle stood on one of the historic hills just outside of Rome—the grand city of the Caesars.

"So you have come to stay with us, Charles," he spoke kindly. "We'll well! Classes open to-day, and I will have the master of studies see you and arrange your work for to-morrow. I am sure you will work hard and be a credit to your mother."

Father Salvini turned in his chair and faced the desk. For a few minutes he was busy registering the new student. Then he rose and said: "But come, and I will show you the grounds. They are particularly beautiful at this time of the year. I will introduce Charles to some of the boys."

"Just a minute, Father," interrupted Mrs. Mathers. "I would like to pay this year's tuition."

Father Salvini again turned his back to the women and sat down at his desk. Just then Mrs. Atherton tried to press a roll of bills into her friend's hand. Mrs. Mathers, however, motioned the willing hand away and whispered under her breath: "Not yet! Mae, I beg

of you—not yet!" And from her own purse she paid the first year's tuition for her son.

Charles was soon out amongst the boys. It was the half hour recess, and the college campus was fairly alive with excitement.

Father Salvini showed the two women the college park. It was a beautiful spot, with its well kept flower-beds, massive trees, and the singing river running through it.

Away in the distance a mountain raised its glorious head to the clouds. Presently they entered the woods, which the students were so loath to leave whenever the college gong sounded the call to work. The sunbeams danced gaily through the heavy branches overhead, and the sound of the merry student voices stealing from the college campus, disturbed the brooding peace around.

When they left the woods Father Salvini again turned to take a last look at the scene so dear to his heart. He loved the forest and all its associations. It was such a quiet place, such a cloister for meditation and prayer, and many a silent hour had he spent there in sweet converse with his God. He was a poet as well, and nature always appeals to the singer of songs. The woods were full of oak trees, and on their way home he told them how old some of the trees could possibly be.

"You know something of other," he continued, "whenever I look at those gnarled oaks, tall and majestic, they remind me of the giant intellects that tower above the world's mediocre crowd. Their feet are on the ground, but their heads—all they are sun-kissed and star-crowned."

All that my boy would only become as an oak amongst the trees!" exclaimed Mrs. Mathers. "Father Salvini, I leave him to you. Do with him what you can. He is all I have in this life."

"I will do all I can for him, Mrs. Mathers," the priest answered, gently. "I will try to make a man of him. The world is badly in need of men—men, who have the strength of justice in their hands and the gold of virtue in their hearts; men, whom the lusts of this world have not ruined, whose warning voices sound clear and distinct above the tumult and misery in the street. We want strong men, good men, pure men—men of conviction, with bones in their bodies. Charles is yet a mere boy, but he will develop with the years. Let me hope that the young sapling may thrive and grow into a stalwart oak, and provide shelter and comfort for you, Mrs. Mathers, in your old days!"

Father Salvini spoke entertainingly on the way. He was full of the wisdom of the sages and the poets.

The college campus was still lively with tumultuous boyhood, when the three returned from their walk. Charles, who had been playing ball with a group of boys, espied his mother and ran up to meet her. He could hardly contain himself; he was so delighted with his new surroundings.

"On, mother," he cried out joyfully. "I love this place. The boys are so nice and I know I won't be a bit lonely here. I just met a boy who knows poor Thady, the cripple, at home. Won't Thady be pleased when I write him? Then I met another boy whose father served Mass for poor Father Flynn years ago, among the hills of Donegal, and he told me a lot of the fairy stories of old Ireland. Be sure to tell him when you go back to Stanford, mother."

Mother and son kissed each other good-bye at the old college gate. Tears were shed, but then they were such tears as come with every parting. Father Salvini and the boy entered the college together. That evening in the chapel the priest offered up a special prayer for the widow's son. "Father of heaven!" he prayed, "take into Thy protection and care this fatherless child."

When the two women reached home Mrs. Mathers was in good spirits. "Mae," she said, "I will never shed a tear over that boy again? For some time in the future my boy will be in the hands of a saint. I will worry no more. Mae, I feel like a new woman. My heart is easy now. The heavy stone is lifted."

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT ON THE HORIZON.

From the day on which Charles entered St. Jerome's to the end of his college career, Father Salvini took a deep interest in his welfare. To be sure, there were many boys to keep the watchful eyes of a president busy, but somehow or other he always had a feeling of pity in his heart for the widow's son. For eight years the two had been together, and eight happy years they were for Charles. The kind priest had verily been a father to him. Whenever anything haunted the heart of the boy he sought Father Salvini, and in his wise counsels always found peace.

The last school term of Charles' college career was drawing to a close. The boy had developed into a fine young man, and more than ever before was he the delight of that motherly heart at Stanford. Until now, Mrs. Mathers had not been obliged to call upon the charity of her friend. She had seen her son through college safely, and now her whole thoughts were wrapped up in the forthcoming commencement exercises. The classical and philosophical courses would then be over. Another three or four years at the seminary, and then—then all would be ended—all this ceaseless striving and waiting. Her boy would be a priest, and her cup of happiness would be filled to overflowing.

In the mind of the student however other thoughts were stirring, but he threw a cloak over them and few suspected that so cheerful a face could cover so troubled a heart. But one did suspect. It was his friend, Father Salvini.

One morning the two met in the park. Father Salvini had noticed a great change in the boy for some months past, and this chance meeting afforded him a good opportunity for saying something.

"Charles, my boy," he said sympathetically. "I have always thought kindly of you. You have worked faithfully, and I can safely say that you will carry off quite a number of the medals this year. Your teachers are proud of you. They see for you a bright future. In a short time commencement will be here and then you will leave us. I would like to see you happy and hopeful, my boy. Instead you appear to be worried. The last few months have shown me that something is weighing you down. Charles, you have always trusted me. Trust me again! Tell me just what is the matter and I know you will feel better."

The priest's searching glance was fast upon the student. Charles' eyes were upon the ground. A warm flush crept into his heated face. Yes, he would tell it now—tell all, and then he would feel relieved. He made an effort, but the words fairly paralyzed his tongue. Then his eyes sought the open, honest countenance of the big-hearted man before him; they had a pitiful look in them, but again the words failed him.

For a few moments both walked on in silence—a silence that seemed to Charles to have suddenly lengthened into a year. At last the words came to him. His voice trembled with emotion.

"Father," he began, "I know I should tell you, but I cannot just now. My feelings won't let me. It will not be long—just a little while—and then I will tell you all—yes, everything."

The priest laid his arm upon the boy's shoulder and together they walked back to the college. Neither spoke, but in the mind of Father Salvini a fresh thought had taken life.

For hours afterwards Charles could not forget Father Salvini's words. The afternoon passed quietly, but the boy was restless. Then evening came—a clear blue sky overhead, hundreds of flowers sending their perfumes through the air and birds singing out their very hearts in gladness. Glorious was the music that rushed impetuously through the woodlands. Even the little river, that wound in and out of the college park, caught up the melodies and gurgled on joyfully. It was the last evening in May, and its closing hours stole very near to the hearts of the boys of St. Jerome's, for they marked the ending of a short but sweet holiday.

Already the crimson shadows were creeping over the city, but the campus was still a thrill with life and excitement. In his troubled state of mind Charles wandered through the park, along the banks of the river. Every thing around him was bright, and his heart was heavy. Sinking down on a bench he caught his head in his hands and stared for a long time into the busy waters at his feet.

The old bell in the chapel sent a sweet, clear peal through the air. A few minutes later the campus was deserted and the boys entered the chapel for the closing of the May devotions. The sound of the bell had interrupted Charles in his thoughts; he rose and retraced his steps to the college chapel—a chaste little building, nestling in the shade of the maples.

Out upon the air came the soft notes of the organ, now rising and falling in thrilling accompaniment to a sweet, boyish tenor voice. Charles halted for an instant and listened eagerly. Toni Longo, a rescued, little street Arab, whom one of the Fathers had found in a city concert hall several weeks previous, was in the choir loft. His voice sounded like that of an angel, singing through the open windows of heaven.

When Charles reached the chapel door the song was ended. He bowed his head reverently and attempted to enter, but something pulled him back. Father Salvini was to deliver a discourse on "Vocation." Charles felt he could not sit it out with a heart so restless as his then was. Again the organ played softly, and the Father Salvini's strong voice in prayer stole through the open door. To Charles' ears it was the voice of a friend speaking, and, as he gazed through the open door at the inspiring picture before him—the altar ablaze with lights, the kneeling worshippers—and listened to the prayers, his feelings overpowered him. He slipped into the cozy chapel quietly and stole over unnoticed into a dark corner where human eye could not discover him.

Presently Father Salvini rose, and, turning, faced the boys and began his little heart-sermon. It was always customary with him to give the students a quiet talk on vocation once a year, shortly before the close of the school term. The most interested listener in his audience on this particular evening was Charles Mathers.

The time was near at hand in which he was to give his decision as to what path in life he was going to follow. Now he stood at the very cross roads. No wonder that his young, untired heart quivered with fear. The future lay before him, bright if it is true, but the dark fields were undiscovered and lay afar off, shrouded in purple mist.

When the discourse was over the boys fled out reverently. Then followed Father Salvini wrapped in deep thought. Charles had passed unnoticed. A few minutes later all was quiet in the little chapel. Presently the trusty old sexton ascended the altar steps to extinguish the burning candles. The next moment he took a severe coughing spell—he was subject to them often—and it almost prostrated him. Charles ran forward from his hiding place and caught the old man in his strong arm. Just as he was about to fall before the altar.

"I am all right now, Charles, thank you!" he said feebly, ten minutes later. "You need not accompany me. I can walk. I shall find my room without assistance, thank you! But please put out the other lights, won't you like a good boy?"

Thereupon the humble, hump-backed sexton stumbled out of the house of prayer.

When all was dark again Charles wandered over to the Sacred Mother before the side altar, fragrant with rich lily and rose perfume. Unconsciously

almost he sank upon his knees and pleadingly extended his arms to the Mother of his dark hour. All the counsel in his dark hour. All the evening his eyes had rested upon the gentle Mother. Did not the smile on her saintly face remind him of his own mother, back there in Stanford? Die he not clinging tenderly to that anxious mother-heart at home?

Presently loud sobs filled the quiet chapel. Charles Mathers was shedding bitter tears—the first in all the eight long years at St. Jerome's.

Ten minutes later there was a gentle rap at the president's door. Father Salvini turned good naturedly from his desk and cried out carelessly:

"Come in!"

The door opened slowly, and there stood Charles. On his way to his room from the chapel he had not the heart to pass his friend's door—little dream what the next half hour might bring forth.

"Sit down, Charles, my boy, and don't waste your strength standing! Why, I thought you would be in bed by this time. It is 10 by the clock, and the vergor has already been on his rounds. He reported only a few minutes ago that you had not yet put in an appearance. Where have you been? Why, Charles, you are sick? Your eyes look red and—" A look of surprise stole into the priest's face.

"No, Father. There is nothing the matter with me except that I am heart sick. I just came from the chapel a few moments ago."

"Some little affair of conscience again, I presume?" the good priest questioned with a smile.

"Not altogether, Father. But I must come to my story. My college year is nigh at an end, and I must decide what future course I will take in life. I am afraid poor mother will be disappointed." He continued, displaying deep emotion. "For years she has looked forward to my coming home to her as one of God's anointed. It has been her highest ambition in life to see me a priest some day, but Father, I must tell you—O! I cannot. The thought of it nearly drives me mad and I am afraid it will kill poor mother."

"Father—Father—I cannot—become a priest. I feel that it is not my vocation. I have prayed, I have done everything, and yet that strange something within me whispers: 'Child! that is not thy vocation. There is other work for thee to do!' For months and months this has been ringing in my ears. I tried to fight the thoughts that rose up within me, but louder and stronger grew the strange voice within in. I often felt like telling mother, but I could not summon up courage to do so. Poor mother!"

Charles could go no farther. His feelings overpowered him.

Father Salvini looked pityingly into the young man's face.

"Do not worry, my boy!" he said sympathetically. "The present trial seems crushing to you, but God will give you the strength you need for the necessary strength. If you think and feel that you should not become a priest, then give up the idea at once and be happy. Better this than to enter the priesthood for your mother's sake and be miserable all your days. Your mother will be disappointed, of course, but God will give her the necessary grace to overcome the bitterness of it all."

"Yes, she will be disappointed, but then I intend to return to Stanford to live with her and make her comfortable for the remainder of her days. I am strong, and I feel these arms of mine should help to earn the means to keep her in comfort."

"Don't think of such a thing at present, Charles," Father Salvini interrupted quickly. "It would be the bitterest disappointment for her to know that you had given up your studies. Charles, my boy, your mother told me long ago that she would like to see you among men, as an oak among the trees. Do not go back to her a weeping."

"But, Father," said Charles, sorrowfully, "my ambitions soar higher than you think, but I dare not entertain such thoughts. In the end I should find them impossible anyway."

"What would be impossible?" asked the priest kindly.

"I would like to become a doctor."

"Medicine holds for me many attractions, and I would be happy to espouse her cause, now

There is something in diverting ourselves from ourselves when we are in grief, which has a peculiar effect of enlarging the heart and swelling the dimensions of the whole character, and something also so particularly pleasing to God that when it is done from a supernatural motive and in imitation of Our Lord He seems to recompense it instantly by the most magnificent graces.—Father Faber.

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that I feel I am not worthy to labor in the Lord's vineyard, as mediator between God and man. But I dare not think of it. The university course, would entail a great expense and I have no funds. Perhaps mother is in straitened circumstances now. Father, I feel I should work—"

"Never mind, Charles," the priest interrupted. "Do not worry. In the times comes all the little difficulties will be straightened out. The world is badly in need of men—honest, conscientious souls—and I rejoice with you to know that you are thinking of taking your place out there—somewhere—in the lonely by-ways to soothe the cries of agony in the Valleys of Pain."

To leave the boy to his own thoughts for a few minutes, Father Salvini rose and approached the window and looked out into the empty grounds. The passing moon threw pleasant shadows over the grass, and in the distance the little river sparkled like a sheet of molten glass. When he turned and faced Charles again, he noticed that his eyes had a different look in them.

"By the way, Charles," he began, "it just occurred to me that perhaps a friend might become interested in your future and help you along over the rocky road."

"But where might such a one be found?"

"Right in this city, but a few blocks away, we have a woman of means who devotes much money annually to works of charity. She is wealthy and very generous."

"Who is she?" asked Charles, excitedly.

"A Mrs. Atherton," was the reply. "We are good friends, and I see her frequently. By the way, she's the great friend of your mother. To be sure, you know her, Charles. You go there quite often."

"Mrs. Atherton? Ah, yes. We are so near together, and yet she was farthest away in my mind when you spoke, Father."

"What do you say about going to see her to-morrow, Charles?" asked the priest. "If necessary, I will bring all my influence to bear upon the matter."

"Oh, I would so like to call and see her!" said the young man, in those precious moments of newly found happiness.

"You may go then?"

"Thank you, Father. You have made me feel very happy," Charles added gratefully as he rose to leave the room. And over his darkened horizon a new light suddenly dawned.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 19th, 1908. Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir, - Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper...

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1908.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

Returning to the subject of Christian Science we propose to examine one of their fundamental theories. This theory is not categorically stated, though it practically assumes the denial of all matter...

universe about which the same physical senses have so completely deceived us. Our senses tell us that there is a material world outside of us, real as the senses themselves, made up of parts like the organs through which the senses work...

ROMeward MOVEMENT OF ANGLICANS.

The unsatisfactory position of Anglicanism is impressing itself with greater force upon American Episcopalians every week. It is natural that when abroad this so-called "branch" should find difficulty in taking root or producing much fruit...

Anglicanism is abroad, either visiting foreign churches, or in the United States, trying to cultivate a small ranch of its own. Episcopacy seems odd where parietal evangelicalism prevails. The "branch" is lonely in the land of the stranger...

THE SAME EVERYWHERE.

It is to be regretted that in this our day there is to be found, both in the United States and Canada, a class of people who, in the ordinary vocations of life, desire to be known, and are known, as possessing a fair share of sanity in life's pursuits...

bers. Those who still cling to the organization, and try to keep the life in it, have no characters to lose, and endeavor to make a dishonest living on the credulity of the ignorant...

A TEMPERANCE CRUSADE NEEDED.

From some parts of the Dominion comes to us the unpleasant intelligence that the drinking habit is very much in evidence amongst a section of the industrial class. This is a condition of things which bodes ill for the future welfare of the Dominion...

AN EXCELLENT CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

We have in existence a number of Catholic associations connected with which are mutual benefit schemes which have done and are doing a very large amount of good practical work amongst our people...

the country the well disposed but careless they would initiate a temperance movement they would find their pastors heart and soul with them...

From the Sacred Heart Review, of Boston, we take the following extract, which gives an index of what is being done in that great city in the cause of total abstinence...

"Temperance Sunday" has evidently come to stay. The parade last Sunday of the Junior Division of the Holy Family Temperance League excelled in point of numbers and appearance the parade of last year...

THE ASCENDANCY PARTY IN IRELAND.

In many regards it would appear as if the Catholics of Ireland were brought into existence to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for their non-Catholic neighbors...

AN INTERESTING STORY OF CONVERSION.

The Rev. Robert J. Pratt is pastor of St. Bernard church, Wabash, Ind., and both church and pastor have a strange history. Father Pratt was born in Johnstown, O., in 1854...

AN EXCELLENT CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

We have in existence a number of Catholic associations connected with which are mutual benefit schemes which have done and are doing a very large amount of good practical work amongst our people...

the benefit societies have been increasing their assets to such a degree as will allow them to make large expenditures. This, after all, is the only true method of doing business...

CONVERSIONS IN WINNIPEG.

It frequently gives us pleasure to chronicle accessions to the Church in the Archdiocese of St. Boniface. The Central Catholic and North West Review of Winnipeg of June 27, states that on Trinity Sunday, June 14, Rev. John McDonald, S. J., received into the Church four converts...

The ceremony took place in the large chapel of St. Boniface college in the presence of the faculty and the students, at the hour of Vespers.

On June 23, in the small chapel of St. Boniface college, Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J., received into the Church, and baptized conditionally, James Slater, of Brander, formerly an Anglican.

AN INTERESTING STORY OF CONVERSION.

The Rev. Robert J. Pratt is pastor of St. Bernard church, Wabash, Ind., and both church and pastor have a strange history. Father Pratt was born in Johnstown, O., in 1854...

AN EXCELLENT CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOOD READING.

"Converse in fear during the time of your journey here." (1 St. Peter, 1:17). Printing as an art has been of such great value to the human race that it may seem to some like an attack upon the liberty of men to say anything against the use of it.

So many books have been written, so much knowledge has been spread abroad by means of them, so many evils and abuses exposed, and so many thousands, indeed hundreds of thousands, of lives made happier because of the printing-press that it deserves a place among the greatest of God's blessings to men.

This we admit, and gladly and heartily thank the Lord for the benefits He has been pleased to bestow upon us through the press. We know it has had, and still has a noble office, and has done a noble work. It has uprooted evil and righted wrong; it has advanced knowledge and has given joy to many a heart.

For all these reasons its influence and power are deservedly great, so great that to lightly estimate them or overlook them would be to ignore great factors in human affairs. Nor do we wish, nor do we seek to lessen this influence as long as it is exerted in the cause of what is right; but the press, like many another thing good in itself, has been misused.

It has been made to pander to the grossest vices of man. It has been made to lie, to steal, to be impure. It has been made to teach false religion, false politics, and false morality. At times it has been the worst enemy of mankind; filling men's minds with theories entirely impracticable, or such as, put into effect, would destroy their happiness.

Nor have men hesitated to prostitute its high calling for the sake of furthering personal gain and ambition, or even revenge. The trust and confidence of the public have not infrequently been abused, and error commingled with truth so subtly, and right with wrong, that the public sentiment has been arrayed against truth and justice; for there is an almost unaccountable impression given many people that what they find printed is of necessity true unless it is absolutely proved to be false.

Our care must be, in the light of the facts before us, to distinguish between the good and the bad press. We must beware of the evil sent flying, as it were, upon the air, and hold ourselves aloof from the crowd, when it is being hurried along to ruin by bad advice and by bad principles.

Good books and good papers are doing God's work in the world—as apostles in their way; but those that are bad are working in the interest of the "prince of darkness."

A good press sheds a bright light over the earth—the light of truth; a bad press is like a heavy cloud obscuring the sun. We can have nothing to do with evil; we should hate evil. Let us have nothing to do with bad books and bad papers. Let us neither read them ourselves, nor permit others to read them, when we have authority to prevent them. Let us banish them from our houses; that at least we can do, for there we are supreme. Let us strive also to have them banished from the shops where we deal and from the land wherein we live.

LIKE THE CURSE OF BALAAM. As a general rule Catholics are more amused than edified by the sensational epithets hurled by such preachers as Sam Jones and Sam Small and men of that class. Clergymen of the kind are on a par with those other gossippers who blow cornets or whistle grand operas or beat bass drums in the pulpit. More and more, nowadays, we realize that our friends must draw a crowd, even if a preacher has to shoot off the hair of his bald-headed parishioners with a revolver.

The Rev. William Sunday, baseball expert, is pretty well known hereabout as a singer of fearful English. They are beginning to know him in Pittsburg, likewise. He has been saying things, and now they're afraid he'll say more. Last week he assailed his brother preachers, and then they declared him unfair because he did not attack the Catholic Church. Probably they hoped he would. If so, like Balaam, who fetched Balaam a long way for the purpose of having him curse Israel, they were grievously disappointed. The Rev. Sunday rose and dropped the following remarks:

"Somebody asked me why I did not attack the Catholic. Not much while we have so much filth and dirt in our own dooryards. It keeps me busy with a muckrake in the yards of the Baptists and the Methodists and the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists. The best friends I have on earth are in the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church has said High Mass over the rotting remains of Unitarianism in the last few years. The Roman Catholic Church is the Church of God and will stand for ages, notwithstanding that the Unitarian church has Harvard College back of it. No sir, you will never see a word against the Roman Catholic Church from me. I will rebuke the sins of its members, but you will not hear a word from me against any church that stands for the word of God and the truth of Jesus Christ. I want you to be Christians. That is all I ask. Go to the priest and confess if you wish. Tell him how mean you have been, and that you will do better. If you are converted at these meetings I will send your name to the priest if you want to join that church."

We fear the Rev. William will have some names to send, but he's an amusing specimen—very. Evidently he knows the difference between a tomahawk and a tom-tit.—Chicago News World.

PROTESTANT COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHURCH.

Thinking Catholics and especially those who are much in contact with Protestants, should remember some of the compliments that have been paid to the Catholic Church on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the foundation of the diocese of New York by those who have not been accustomed in the past to realize her merits. Not one of the great secular newspapers of New York but uttered hearty words of congratulation on that occasion. Very few of them failed to point out that the Church was doing much not only for herself and for her own members, but also, and indeed in a very striking way, for our country and the liberties of our people. It is not so surprising that the secular press supposedly at least unbiased, though we have not always found it so in the past, should have been so ready with its recognition of what the Catholic Church has accomplished. It can scarcely fail to be a surprise, however, when such papers as the Evening Post and the Nation put aside their old-time prejudices in order to pay congratulatory compliments to the Church. When the avowedly Protestant journals, however, as the Independent and the Outlook, papers that in the past have always been very bitter and still persistently misrepresent Catholicism, find themselves compelled, for surely otherwise they would not have printed them, to utter words of praise of the Catholic Church, then it behooves Catholics to note what has been said as a definite recognition of what the Church in over-coming prejudice where even a minimal amount of good will is shown to us.

The Outlook (New York), the week after the celebration, when the full significance of it had been brought home to the editors, expressed itself in a striking way with regard to the present position of the Church in America. In this very editorial the Outlook declares that "it may not be improperly termed a Protestant journal, or if the word Protestant appears to be polemical a modernist journal." It is curious how all the thinking Protestants want to be modernists. They would like to think themselves Catholics. For them there is only one Church. They were getting ready to slip in under the banner of the Church, but now the encyclical on modernism has barred them for the time. In the meantime they cannot refrain from expressing their admiration for that Church toward which they are ready to confess that they are so constantly drifting. Here is what the Outlook said:

But America to-day stands in peculiar need of that contribution which the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to furnish. For the chief peril to America is from disorganizing forces and a lawless spirit; not from excessive organization, but from disorder and disorganization. One of the chief lessons Americans need to learn is reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience to law. This lesson the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to teach. And within the reach of its influence are those who most need to be taught. That Church is a vast spiritual police force, a protection of society from the reckless apostles of self-will. But it is far more. Wherever it goes it teaches submission to control; and that is the first step toward the habit of self-control in the individual, which is an indispensable condition of self government in the community. Standing as it does on the authority of the individual conscience and the direct relation of every man with God which is the essence of Protestantism, the Outlook congratulates America upon the evidences of spiritual prosperity in the Roman Catholic Church in this country, and it gratefully appreciates the service which that Church is rendering to the community by inculcating the spirit of reverence for law and lawful authority which is the foundation of civil and religious liberty.

Words not to be forgotten, these! —Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

"The Dream of Gerontius," by Cardinal Newman, is the Christian poet's study of death and afterwards. Not argumentative, for in the pale shadow of death arguments fall, but filled with the genius of a faith that is stronger than death. The eminent singer follows the soul in its flight from the couch of pain, gives it words to answer the angel greeting, and songs for the choir to sing, as through space the soul of Gerontius sweeps onward to the great white throne for judgment and mercy.

In this very beautiful poem it is Gerontius, the youth of saintly life, lying there on his death bed, feels at last the summons has come—he may not remain—that terrible inward sinking, these pains and that sense of dissolution—falling—falling. "Oh, Jesus, have mercy on me. Mary pray for me." Then the assistants there around begin their litany of the dying. After that the chant goes on, the prayers of the attendants and the soliloquies of the dying—Gerontius would make his profession of faith, and scarcely is it ended before the shadows deepen, and doubts and strange fears begin to assail him. He begs those around him to pray for light to guide him—for strength to endure and to resist—the chief continues: "From all evil good Lord deliver him." "From all evil good Lord deliver him."

"From the perils of dying: From any complicity With sin, or denying Thyself, or denying Onself. At last Thy servant deliver For once and forever."

And now, worn out with struggle, Gerontius faintly would rest, would sleep. And the priest as the face pales, and the pulse throbs dies, and the eyes grow fixed in death, bids, in the language of the ritual, the spirit depart.

"Depart, Christian soul, in the name of the Father, in the name of the Son Who redeemed thee; in the name of the Holy Spirit Who dwells in thee. May thy place be in peace and dwelling with the holy ones of Zion." And now the work is over: the day is done.

Gerontius sleeps; but that sleep for him is short lived. He awakes refreshed; there is light and freedom all around him; a strange freedom. He would cry out, but can not. He hears the whispers, "He is gone," and so he wonders: "Am I alive or dead?" Not dead, surely; for still there is within him the power of thought continuous. Yet it is not the life that was; but somehow a life where all is changed save in its inward essence.

WORLD BEGINS TO REVEAL. The world, he finds begins to recede from him, and the strange rushing motion, as if with wings of light. Light and life and music fill the air and angel voices are heard by him calling him home.

The angel that guarded his life sings for him. Of the work that is over, and the task that is for home returning the crown is won.

Henceforth it is the soul of Gerontius listening to the angel's recital of man's first disobedience, and through Christ of his redemption with its consequent duties and hopes.

And here occurs the interesting plea of the soul: "Why wait so long? It appears as if years had elapsed, and yet we have not reached the Father." But the angel reminds him he has scarcely started yet; the prayer of the priest is not yet ended. If he would but listen he still may hear the whisper of those who, down there, lament his departure.

So onward through choir angelic the soul is borne, while each greets him with celestial music, until at last the home judgment is reached.

Now the angel sings of the soul's approaching agony, toils of the period of purification; how the soul, as it is ushered into the Great Presence, will see how the stains of sin become magnified in the wonderful light that there will be set in contrast. And onward, beyond door and lintel, into the presence of the divinity.

Here the angel again recites the soul's endeavor to come to the blessed Saviour—the momentary delay, the longing and yet the necessity of waiting until it would be purified from all stain of sin.

Then the chant of the souls in purgatory, whither the soul has gone, and the tender parting of the angel: Farewell but not forever, brother dear; do brave and patient, my bid of sorrow. Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here. And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

SYMPHONY OF CELESTIAL SONG. Cardinal Newman gives us in this poem a symphony of celestial song, wherein are blended the voices of men made holy, the voices of men made sad, whose refrain is taken up by the angels of God and by them borne beyond the stars.

It is a psalm of life's setting and the soul's awaiting to that other life which is endless.

It is a golden rosary of prayer, binding man in his life's last struggle in all his weakness to the throne of power and mercy and peace.

It is the song of the harvest home of eternity, where the sower of infinite seed gathers in his harvest of souls.

It tears from death its victory and gives it glory to him who for himself and for all his children has conquered death and the grave and gives us life forevermore.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CARDINAL'S FAREWELL.

LEAVES A MESSAGE IN WHICH HE ISSUES WORDS OF WARNING. Cardinal Logue, who spent five of the most eventful weeks of his life in this world, sailed Saturday for Ireland. Before he went on board he gave out a farewell address to the American people in which he pointed out what he considered the two greatest perils in the United States, overprosperity and divorce. This is what the Cardinal wrote:

In saying farewell to America, I desire to express my deepest sense of gratitude to the people of this mighty nation for the magnificent reception I have received everywhere and from everybody I had the pleasure of meeting, not only from those of my own race and faith, but also from representatives of nearly every nationality and many different religious beliefs. I am leaving your hospitable shores with impressions that will never fade from my memory. My admiration and my affection for this country are not of yesterday; I have always entertained the highest conception of the lofty purposes of the American people; but my experiences here during some weeks have afforded me an opportunity to come in touch with the reality.

States is a great and crying evil, full of danger. The greatness of any country must be measured by the strength and purity of the home. Divorce disrupts the home and desecrates its sanctity. I feel that the American people appreciate the beneficent influence of the Catholic Church in its fight for the home, in which the first lessons of respect for authority and the necessity of obedience must be learned; and these lessons cannot be instilled into the mind of the child if the home be not what it ought to be.

Among the mementoes of my visit I am taking back with me a beautiful American flag presented to me some few evenings ago. I prize it most highly, both for its intrinsic beauty and for what it has represented and does represent to the people of my race and faith. They found under its starry folds sanctuary from oppression and advantages of happiness denied them at home. May the stars and stripes be true to its past glorious history and never be unfurled in an unjust cause, but ever remain the flag without a stain.—Buffalo Union and Times.

THE ANGELUS.

A traveller in Europe writes thus: I know nothing that saddens me more than to return to our own country after having been a little while in Belgium or Tyrol. There the poor people seem to wonderfully live in the presence of God.

If you were to go through a Tyrolean village at 6 o'clock in the evening you would hear from every cottage a hum like that of a hive of bees; every one, father, mother, children and servants, saying their prayers. It is much the same at noon, only then many of the people are out of doors, in the fields or in their gardens. The church bell rings at 12, and the mothers put down their saythes, and take off their caps, and fold their hands in prayer for about a minute, and then go on with their work.

One market day at Innsbruck I was dining, and there were a party of farmers at another table having their dinner. The church bell rang the Angelus. They all rose up and standing reverently, the eldest man in the party began the prayer and the rest responded. And the women shopping were standing still in the market, and those at the booths selling, stood also with folded hands, and the men had their hats off, and instead of the buzz of bargaining, rose the murmur of prayer from all that great throng.—St. Anthony's Monthly.

BLESSES INDIAN CHIEF AND TRIBE.

His Holiness Pope Pius X. has recently imparted through Very Rev. Joseph Soutergath of Columbus, the Apostolic Benediction to the Chief and members of an Indian tribe in British Columbia. A mission has been established among the Indians at Nootka, B. C. and Rev. Father Stern, a former pupil and graduate of the Josephinum, is in charge of it.

On the occasion of the Peter's Pence collection by the Walsensford, the Indians of this mission, voluntarily made a subscription among themselves and gave it to their beloved pastor, Father Stern, with the request that it will be forwarded with the rest to the Holy Father at Rome. Dr Soentgen on the occasion of his recent audience with the Pope, made a special presentation of this small offering from the faithful red men of far away British Columbia. The Holy Father expressed his pleasure at this proof of their generosity and then imparted in his own handwriting to the Indian chief and his tribe, the Apostolic Benediction.

Father Stern's mission in British Columbia is an arduous labor, but he is meeting with much success, and this welcome incident will give him and his charges renewed encouragement and inspiration.—Catholic Columbian.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

A kind word, an encouraging word is not much, but it means a great deal. It has saved many a soul from defeat. It has strengthened many a heart made weak by long vigil and constant striving. Let us not be negligently with the encouraging word to those who, we know, are doing their best in God's service. Their place may be humble and obscure; all the more reason why they may grow discouraged and disheartened, all the more reason why they need cheer and appreciation will be grateful to them. It is for the good of the cause that such cheer be given.

It is God's interests that are served by such words of encouragement. The Rev. John Talbot Smith, L.H. D. in a recent sermon said something in this connection the truth of which is apparent. He said:

LOOK FOR THE LINKS Only The Genuine "1900 Gravity" Washer Has Them. Examine the Links in the illustration, then you have the REASON WHY the "1900 Gravity" Washer is the easiest running Washer on the Market. Now no other machine can have these Links as they are fully protected by my own patent, nor is there any other device as efficient. Just a little power from your hand to give the machine a start and the links do the rest.

The "1900 Gravity" washes a tubful of clothes in six minutes. YOU CAN TRY IT FREE. I will send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer to your home ABSOLUTELY FREE—not only that, but will pay the freight also. Write me at once—to-day—for full particulars of this remarkable offer. Cut out this Coupon and Mail Today.

C. R. M. Bach, Manager, "1900" Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto. Please send me full particulars of your free trial offer.

Name..... Address..... 1014 Date.....

A Few Facts Worth Considering: You are getting older every day and a Policy of Life Insurance will cost you less now than at any future time. The policy which you "Intend to take later on" is not protecting your family now, and death often comes when least expected. Life does not improve with age, you may be insurable now, but may not be so next week. The financial position of the North American Life is unexcelled, affording the best security for policy-holders. It will be to your advantage to procure a policy at once from The North American Life Assurance Company "Solid as the Continent" HOME OFFICE - - - TORONTO

Standard Catholic Literature Father Sheehan's Works Geoffrey Austin \$ 1.25 Triumph of Failure 1.50 My New Curate 1.50 Luke Delmege 1.50 Glenanaar 1.50 Father John Talbot Smith's Works Brother Aarais \$ 1.25 A Woman of Culture 1.25 Saranac 1.25 His Honor the Mayor 1.25 The Art of Disappearing 1.25 Catholic Record, London, Canada

One Year's Growth The strength of a bank is tested by its ability to successfully weather financial storms. The strength of a Life Company is tested by its ability to grow in "hard times." Last year the New Business of

The Mutual Life OF CANADA. amounted to \$7,081,402—a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855 bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,818—a gain over 1906 of \$4,170,140, and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year. The Company also made substantial gains over 1906—in Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves, \$906,221; in Income \$171,147 and in surplus \$300,341. Agencies in all the principal towns and cities in Canada. Head Office - WATERLOO, ONT.

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The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA MENEELY & CO. WATERLOO, ONT. (West Trust) The Old Reliable CHURCH, MENEELY, Foundry, CHIME, SCHOOL BELL'S Established nearly 100 years ago. & OTHER

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Chats and Discords.

It is related that a certain eastern king was so disturbed by any mistake which came to him that he was powerless to look beyond it to any possible pleasure or good fortune...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

What Happened to Jimmy.

Rain or shine Jimmy the carrier of the evening paper took it to Mr. Dalton's door all through the long winter. A bright little fellow he was, raised on the streets, but he could remember just a little of how once he wasn't just a little street boy carrying papers...

And how he longed to go back! But there seemed no way now, since he had no father and mother. As the birds began to sing in the city parks and the flowers to bloom, it made him wish to go all the more.

And Jimmy showed up! His face was shining, his clothes neatly brushed. Only to think he was going to the country with Mr. Dalton to fish, to hunt and sleep in a tent!

A glorious time it was, for he was at Mr. Dalton's heels, digging worms, carrying the poles, and often fishing himself all day long. But he loved best of all to see Mr. Dalton in his fishing clothes, taking the shining fish off the line, one after another, to be fried for supper in real camp fashion.

He forgot the noisy city, with the jangling street cars and heavy wagons, and would not let himself think of the time when fishing and hunting would be over and he would be yelling "papers" along the streets.

At last the two weeks were over and he helped pack up with a heavy heart; yet it had been such a happy two weeks. "I've been wanting to tell you of a plan of mine, Jimmy. Mr. J. mes is a farmer friend of mine here, and he wants a boy to live with him. I've thought perhaps you'd like to stay rather than go back to the city. There would be cows to milk, stock to water, wood to bring in, but there would be fishing too, and wading in the creek! A faithful boy like you can fish with me every summer if he wants to."

For an answer Jimmy gave him a great bear-hug. And that was how Jimmy Norton came to be Farmer James' little boy and worked and played in the beautiful country.—Sacred Heart Review.

Others' Eyes are on You. "There! I guess that will do," said John, as he took a shovelful of ashes out of the stove. "The pan isn't empty, but it's near enough; nobody will see it. If I can get the stove swept in about five minutes, I can finish that story I'm at before anyone comes."

The stove was swept very much as the stove had been cleaned. The open spaces presented a good appearance, but out-of-the-way corners and the places underneath boxes and barrels told a different story. However, John said it was "good enough." The story was finished and the paper hidden out of sight before the clerks arrived. Then Mr. Willis, the proprietor, came in, bade them all "good morning, glanced around the store, and went into his private office. Presently he called John. "Take these letters to the office as soon as you can. They will be just in time for the 9 o'clock mail. Come right back."

John hurried to the office as he had been bidden, but, having deposited the letters safely, saw no reason for haste. Indeed, he even indulged in a game of marbles before returning to his work. When he entered the store again, Mr. Willis made no comment on his tardiness, but remarked, "Well, John, I've almost learned my lesson."

John stared. "What lesson, sir?" "Why, the one you've been teaching me." John was more puzzled than ever, and all day long he wondered what lesson he could possibly teach Mr. Willis. The next morning John's work was done as speedily and no better than the day before. Mr. Willis came before the clerks, and sent John out on an errand. While he was gone, the gentleman, with a quiet smile, began to investigate the corners that John thought "nobody would see," when he returned, Mr. Willis said: "John, I did you yesterday I had almost learned my lesson. To day I know it thoroughly. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, sir." "You have been teaching me how well I can get along without you. I thought the stove needed cleaning and store sweeping every morning, but they seem to do it. So I shall not need you any longer than this week."—Ex.

One Thing I Desire.

At Bath, England, Jenny Lind threw the people into raptures with her songs, as she did, indeed, everywhere. Even those who did not hear her, were enthusiastic in their praise and reverence of her. During the day following her singing at Bath, she took a walk, passing by the city almshouse. There, before the house, was a very old and feeble lady. Miss Lind entered into conversation with her, and the old lady, not knowing her, said: "I have lived a long time in the world and now I have but one desire before I die, that is to hear Jenny Lind sing." And the world it make you happy?" asked the sweet singer. "Aye, that it would, but sure folks as I cannot go to the hall

and so I shall never hear her!" "Don't be so sure of that," said the singer. "Let us go in the house!" They went in and the old lady was seated. "Now, listen," said the singer, "and I will sing to you!" She sang and the old lady was melted to tears, an invincible effect from the singing of the great lady. Now you have heard Jennie Lind! said the sweet singer, as she took her leave. Many a time did she, in this way gratify the poor in their own homes. No soul of earth, in human mould, ever had a greater desire to bless the people with his gifts than did Jennie Lind. No soul ever carried sweeter, richer blessing to the people.

SAINT STEALING.

Rev. Dr. MacArthur in his address to the current events class of Calvary Baptist church, New York, last Sunday is reported to have shattered some time honored beliefs about St. Patrick. Of late years Protestant divines have taken a great interest in the Apostle of Ireland and not a few attempts have been made to kidnap him as an ornament for some sect that originated in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The New York preacher is not original in his claim, but he is interesting and amusing. Dr. MacArthur finds that St. Patrick was a good Baptist and made the Irish people Baptists! It would be interesting no doubt, to hear Dr. MacArthur's explanation of how they afterwards became good Catholics!

Fancy St. Patrick a Protestant! St. Patrick, who, when exhorting his disciples, cried out: "As you are Christians, so also be Romans." (Book of Armagh, fol. 9). St. Patrick who made no fewer than four pilgrimages to Rome, where his mission was blessed by Popes Celestine and Sixtus III., where he rendered to St. Leo in 414 an account of his work, and where in 455 he received from St. Leo the Great the pallium.

Really, this harking of modern Protestant for Catholic saints is very pitiful. They have none of their own and naturally they feel the want of them. We sympathize with them in their destitution, but we really must refuse to allow them to appropriate Catholic saints who lived a thousand years before Protestantism was ever heard of. It is nothing short of grand larceny.—True Voice.

PROTESTANT PAPERS CORRECT A PROTESTANT BISHOP.

When Bishop Gailor (Protestant Episcopalian) of Tennessee declared the other day, that there were in Chicago 200,000 "lapsed" Roman Catholics preaching and practicing "atheism and anarchy, the statement seemed so absurd on the face of it that we did not imagine any one would attempt either to contradict it or corroborate it. Since then, however, we have seen it quoted by Protestant speakers and writers, as if the good Bishop were a statistical expert who had made a complete study of conditions before he spoke. In the Protestant Episcopal Living Church (April 18) a Chicago correspondent takes courteous issue with Bishop Gailor and declares that the anarchists of Chicago do not claim anything like 200,000 altogether. The anarchists in Chicago number at the most only 15,000, and this includes lapsed Catholics, lapsed Protestants and lapsed members of every other church on earth, for Chicago's population includes peoples of forty-five different languages. Bishop Gailor is more successful as an advocate than as a statistician. We hope that the Congressional (April 18) which quotes Bishop Gailor's words as if they were final will take note of the correction in the Living Church, as also of the following in the Churchman, another organ of Bishop Gailor's own communion:

"What Christian people need today," says Bishop Gailor, "is to know each other better and so get rid of antiquated and ignorant prejudices." Yet just after opening this hopeful prospect of reconciliation he gives a striking example of those "very antiquated and ignorant prejudices," by contrasting "two hundred thousand lapsed Roman Catholics preaching and practicing atheism," in Chicago with the aggressive forces of reform in America, which he implies are largely represented by members of Protestant churches. There is just as much as in the case of all of this true of them in Chicago with Roman Catholics as for connecting the ownership of

slums in New York and London with Anglicans.—Sacred Heart Review.

"NEWS IS SIN."

Some one said not long since that what we need at the present time is a set of new definitions for the changes that have taken place in recent years in many of the old things, which make the old definitions unusable for them. At a banquet of the Associated Press the truth of this expressive was illustrated by a new definition for "news," suggested by no less a person than the manager of the A. P. He said in effect that news is a rather elusive thing to define briefly, but probably the best and most complete definition that could be given of what is thought news at the present day, meaning by that the happening which are likely to interest men and women because of some striking quality in their novelty, and which therefore, news bureaus must select and distribute to their customers, could be best summed in the single word sin. "News is sin," he said. If you will take the front page of a paper and note what are the items that are considered worthy of a place there, and very often of large headlines and display type, you will find that they are practically all violations of the ten commandments. Go over them with a pencil and note at the head of each the violation of what commandment they tell about and you will realize this very thoroughly.

To most people this will be quite startling. Almost needless to say, however, it will not be for those who have been thinking seriously about what is presented in the newspapers. The principal source of interest for newspaper writers is, of course, always the murder cases. It is the most serious sin, and, therefore, rightly demands most interest and is given most prominent place and the most space. The more of the bloody details that can be obtained, the more does it suit some people. It is essentially barbaric to like to see or read about hideous bloody details of death, but apparently civilized people do not realize this and are constantly committing themselves to the exercise of their barbaric instincts. The next subject of most interest to newspapers is violations of the six commandment. This most frequently leads to murder and awful unappetizing, and therefore, properly is given the second place in prominence in the newspapers. After that comes theft and cheating of various kinds and covetousness and dishonor of father and mother, and blasphemy and impiety. They are all there. It is easy to find them. Children are being taught all about the seven deadly sins by the reading of the newspapers and there is no need any more of the necessity for explaining to them what signify the curious words that used to be so unmeaning to the young scarcely more than a generation ago.

The question now is how long will people who are seriously intent on preserving themselves and their children from the snare of sin keep on permitting such defilement to come into the house. There is no excuse that if people do not read the news papers they will be sadly deficient in the knowledge of the history of their own times. The newspapers represent only the history of crime and of sin and not any of the things that really do and their way into serious history. Serious men read the newspapers very little. Indeed, most people who read them now do so only because for the moment they have nothing else to do. It has become a habit with them, and they crave the stimulation of the exciting scenes to satisfy an almost morbid craving. No one can handle pitch without defilement and most of all is this true of young people. It is time that those who are seriously Christian in spirit should exclude altogether from their homes the vile newspapers that are now hawked on our streets and do everything in their power to prevent the harm they are working. Each one can do very little, but if every right-minded person did that little we soon should have a decided reform in this important matter.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

It costs more to be cowardly than to be brave. If we are sad in serving God it is because we hesitate—we stand shivering, counting the cost over and over again, and giving perhaps by halves at last. But, with good courage, we give and it is done and our hearts are happy.—Father Diguan, S. J.

Protestants Should Understand

The truth is (and Protestant editors, who study the matter with an open mind and in good faith, will discover it sooner or later) that Pope Pius X is defending the basic principles of Christianity—old-fashioned Christianity we mean, not the kind of cult that believes Christ to be a mere man and still calls itself Christianity. Protestants who believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ should understand that Pope Pius X is defending their belief as well as the belief of the Catholic Church. * * * We are not surprised to see the Christian Register, a Unitarian paper, defend any man who tries to undermine the faith of the world in Christ as God, but it does seem inconsistent for orthodox Protestant sheets to be abusing the Pope because His Holiness condemns a heresy which seems to overturn not some dogma peculiar to Catholicity, but the very foundation stone of Christianity.—Sacred Heart Review.

An Irish Judge.

The sellers of indecent post cards would all speedily be put out of the business if the methods pursued by an Irish judge were to be universally employed. During a trial of persons arrested in Dublin, through the efforts of the A. O. H. for such sales, the judge gave sentence for thirty days imprisonment. When petitioned to inflict a fine instead, he refused, saying it was an intolerable scandal that such a thing should happen in the city, and the public must be protected. On the attorney's pleading that the prisoner had no one to mind his shop the judge replied, "So much the better."

Three men are my friends; he that loves me, he that hates me, and he that is indifferent to me. Who loves me teaches me tenderness; who hates me caution; who is indifferent to me teaches me self reliance.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement with image of a tin and text: "THERE ARE MANY BAKING POWDERS BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE MAGIC BAKING POWDER. It is Pure, Wholesome and Economical SOLD IN ALL SIZES. E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT."

O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt advertisement with image of a bottle and text: "Canadian Barley Malt is made from selected barley in such a way as to change all the constituents of the grain into easily digested nutrient; adding hops to this product gives the properties of a nerve tonic, inducing sound and refreshing sleep. O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is made solely from the above and is the best made. W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, General Agent."

Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason advertisement with text: "A New Book by Father Lambert Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cents. The Catholic Record London, Canada."

The Roman Missal advertisement with text: "Translated into the English language for the use of the Laity. A new and revised edition with the Imprimatur of Most Rev. John M. Farley, D. D. 5 1/2 x 3 1/2—782 pages—only 1/4 of an inch thick. No. 12—Black silk cloth 80 cents No. 13—French Morocco, limp, gold title and monogram, round corners, gold edges \$1 00 No. 14—Alaska seal, limp, gold title and monogram, round corners, red under gold edges \$1 50 No. 19—Turkey Morocco, limp, gold title and monogram on side, gold roll inside, round corners, red under gold edges \$2 75 The Catholic Record, London, Canada"

PROFESSIONAL DR. STEVENSON, 80 DUNDAS STREET advertisement with text: "JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—House, 273; Factory, 548. W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS 113 Dundas Street OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. PHONE 688."

D. A. STEWART advertisement with text: "Successor to John T. Stephenson Funeral Director and Embalmer Charges moderate Open day and night. Residence on premises. 104 Dundas St. Phone 459. GEO. E. LOGAN, Ass. Manager."

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA Books Prayer Books Beads Pictures Scapulars Crucifixes

Write For Catalogue NEW BOOKS

Modernism—What it is and why it is condemned. By C. S. B. Price, 15 Cents. Saint Patrick—A Monograph in paragraphs. By HUBERT M. SKINNER, Ph. D. Introduction by Rev. FRANCIS CASSILLY, S. J. Price, 25 Cents. Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland. By DOM. ODO. BLUNDELL, O. S. B. Introduction by Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL SCOTT, of Abbotsford. Price \$1.25.

The Lord of the World. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON Price \$1.50

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

Reduction in Price. For one month we will sell post-paid: Catholic Home Annual and Little Folks' Annual for 25 cents. Regular price, 35c.

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

Rosa Mulholland's New Book. The Return of Mary O'Murrough. Price, \$1.25. In Treaty with Honor. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Price, \$1.25. The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

THE KELSEY Warm Air Generator advertisement with image of a heater and text: "It Heats All the rooms! All the time! All alike! A continuous current of evenly warmed air is distributed to all parts, or any particular parts, of the building. This done with amount of coal which would be wholly inadequate with any other heater. There is the economy of Coal, the even distribution of the heat, perfect ventilation, absence of dust, gas and smoke and no waste of heat in the basement. Write for booklet and learn for your own advantage all the facts of the Kelsey system."

He that loveth God with his whole heart feareth neither death nor punishment, nor judgment, nor hell; for perfect love giveth secure access to God.—A. Kempis.

