

those days—nearly forty years ago—that the Rev. Father Colomb, a zealous and devoted pioneer priest, lost his life in endeavoring to cross Nelson Creek, on his way to Totara Flat, whither duty called him. On his return homeward he was drowned in attempting to re-cross the creek, and his body was found some days after on the sea beach north of Greymouth, where a suitable monument marks his last resting place. During the last thirty years no fewer than twenty priests have, in succession, served the parish. The registers record the following:—Rev. Fathers Rolland, S.M., Fitzpatrick, Pertuis, S.M., O'Donnell, O'Hallahan, Laverty, Walshe, Bowers, Hyland, McManus, Servajean, S.M., Gallais, S.M., King, McDonnell, Leen, Creed, Nougoux, M.S.H., Goodman, M.S.H., McGrath, M.S.H., and Gilbert, M.S.H.

(To be continued.)

HEROES AND HEROINES

(III). GODFREY OF BOUILLON

'He loved chivalrye,
Trouthe and honor, fredom and curteisye.'

—Chaucer.

Dieu le volt and *Dieu lo volt*, cried the listening thousands, when, at the termination of the Council of Clermont, Pope Urban II. told them of its decision. It is indeed the will of God,' he answered. ' . . . His Cross is the symbol of your salvation; wear it, a red, bloody cross, as an external mark on your breasts or shoulders, as a pledge of your sacred and irrevocable engagement.'

At these words, the fire already burning in each heart, a fire enkindled by the glowing words of the renowned monk of Amiens, Peter the Hermit, burst into flame. None sought to quench it, and a hundred times more sacred than any ever tended by the purest vestal virgins, it spread throughout the whole of Europe. If asked to go forth on expeditions similar to those undertaken by the old Crusaders, most of us would shrug our shoulders and decline. Why? Oh, well, for one thing, I suppose, we would say it was a dreadful waste of time, and—well—after all, would the actual result compensate for the labor entailed? Unlike us, however, the men of the eleventh century saw glory in the rescue of the tomb of their Redeemer, and longed to fight beneath the banner of the Cross. True enough, it was an age of chivalry, a time when all men loved adventure; yet, no other cause could have brought forth a multitude so great. Those were indeed

'The true old times
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.'

Of all these knights, perhaps Godfrey de Bouillon was the most heroic. The legends that surround his name are proof of the great love the people bore him. He was the son of Eustace II. of Boulogne and Ida, a supposed descendant of Charles the Great. While still a boy, his Dukedom of Lorraine was conferred upon him by the Emperor Henry IV. His mother used to relate how it had long been his ambition to go at the head of a large army to the Holy Land, but there is no doubt that his early manhood was spent in the pursuit of war and politics. Perhaps, when ill of fever at Rome, 'consideration like an angel came,' and, as in the case of St. Ignatius, unaccustomed thoughts may have dwelt within his mind.

So high was his personal character, that thousands came to march beneath his banners, and, in the next century, men interred not good but evil, and loved to speak of him as one purified, exalted from infancy. Around Godfrey's banner alone, 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse soldiers gathered. Even in Europe difficulties beset these ardent Crusaders. At the cry of *Deus vult!* all were not ready like Bohemond to tear a costly cloak into badges of the Cross, and, on the borders of Hungary, Godfrey found his way barred.

At length, the irate Caloman having been pacified, a peace had to be patched up with the Greek Emperor Alexis.

When the great host of Crusaders arrived in Asia Minor—that is, the Crusaders proper, not the multitudes led by Peter the Hermit and Walter, his lieutenant—there were at least 100,000 mail-clad horsemen. The first victory was that of Nicaea, followed by Bohemond's triumph at Dorylaeum.

On Wednesday, October 21, 1097, they pitched their tents before the walls of Antioch. This city would be taken easily, they thought, but the Seljukian governor, Baghasian, was determined not to surrender. At last, on a wild, stormy night in June, 1098, aided by the treacherous Pirouz, Bohemond the Norman surprised the city. Now came a time of horror, pestilence, and famine, and the Crusaders, though masters of the city, were almost in despair. A curious thing happened. Peter Barthelemy, chaplain of Raymond of Toulouse, told of a revelation made to him by St. Andrew, concerning the famous Holy Lance. The discovery of this spearhead, wrapped in cloth of silk and gold, filled the weary host with hope, and, led by Godfrey, they drove the besiegers back and marched towards Jerusalem.

Only a few hundred cavalry, and about 20,000 infantry were left, desertion, famine, war, disease, having made havoc of their numbers. Along the shore of Syria, between Mount Lebanon and the sea, on they went, through Sidon, Tyre, Acre, and Caesarea, and then inland for Jerusalem. What cries of joy must have arisen when those weary heroes of the Cross at last beheld it—Jerusalem of old, sanctified for all eternity. On the lower slope of Calvary, Godfrey raised his standard, and the siege continued forty days. The walls of the city were still unbroken, and the Christians thought of withdrawing their engines, when, it is asserted, the apparition of a knight waving his shield in triumph, appeared upon the Mount of Olives. 'The archers in the turret cleared the rampart of the foe, the drawbridge was let down, and on a Friday afternoon at three o'clock, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls.'

The city, together with the territory to the north and south of it, was called the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem, and Godfrey was elected the first sovereign. They offered a golden crown, but, putting it aside, he said, 'God forbid that I should wear a crown of gold in a city where the King of Kings was crowned with thorns!'

This greatest of Crusaders died at Jerusalem on July 18, 1100, three days after the anniversary of the capture of the Holy City. In history, we can find no ruler who exhibits such extraordinary religious and knightly traits of character. Prudence tempered all his actions; justice, but not severity, was evident in his commands; sincerity and piety ennobled his strong nature.

'Full worthy was he in his Lordes werre.'

ANGELA HASTINGS.

The Bishop of Wilcannia has conferred the following honors in connection with his jubilee:—Very Rev. Father W. H. Connelly, who for many years was administrator of the Broken Hill parish, and is now on the retired list, has been raised to the dignity of an archdeacon; Very Rev. Father Killian, B.A., present administrator of the Broken Hill parish, has been elevated to the position of Dean of the Diocese and V.F.; Rev. Father Hughes, of Cobar, has also been made Dean of the Diocese and V.F. Archdeacon Connelly is a well-known figure on the Barrier, and his popularity with all classes is unbounded. With the exception of a single year spent in Bourke, he has been with Bishop Dunne at Broken Hill for the past 23 years, and may be said to have been his right hand since he succeeded the Very Rev. T. O'Connell, now of Albury, who was the first administrator. He was born in India some 67 years ago, and was educated by the Jesuits. He saw service in India as a military chaplain after his ordination, and came to Australia to take service with Bishop Dunne in the new diocese of Wilcannia.