CATHOLIC CHRONTCLE
$\overline{\text { VOL. XX }}$
THEDOUBLESACRIFICE

povtifioal zodaves

Tranglistad from the Fleuieh of the Rev. S. Daem
Ostoo Rearalar of the Order of Premonstra-
noo Regalar
tengiang. (tibser of
Belgirm.
'1 go to Rnm", mother? Bur I have never earned my letters."
'S.llo bor, you
0 to Rome to fight.'
${ }^{\prime}$ To fight, mot
was a boy that I must never fight.
' To fight in :he steepts or with yuur compan
ions. like a good for on,thing bog-certaing not ut this is quite another matter. You must a and fight tor the Pope,' What are they golng

- What for, mothrr? 0 do to him?
'To take a way his land; to dive him out o
Rome; who knows? perbaps to murder him Rome; who knows? perbaps to murder him
that's what they are going to to to tum. Mar that's what bnow what I taught sou when you were we must love bim as our Father, and therefor 3 you would have belped your dead father whe he mas alive, so you must now go and hetp You sard so Just now. Bur
ope do with me alone to belp him? Foolish tellow, you are a cortag alone. Rome; many are already gone from our ow land. Well, why do you stanu there hesitating
You are going, I hope ? - Going! surelp; for the Pope is the Pope nd We are bis children. But-
: What's the use of but? There are no but's wapted bere.?
'Only bor to find the mapy,' hesilated Martin 'Bah!' said Teresa, ' men get to Rome by askige I ought to bave told you at the begianing Josepb Van Dael is going to Rome, and you shall go with him. Mind, roung man, that you
tale care of him, for I trust him in your hands. You know very well whom vour mother bas to laank tor her life. Now, Martun, I can neve.
Nat debt. and if ever you sep Joseph in danger, spare ot your life to save him.'
' Enougb sad, mother; I will go. Why ? What yot', be hesitated.
'What now then?' astred Teresa a little impatientily.
' When I am gon
gon ' Come, come, good youth; I am but a poor
old woman, but I shall manage to get along so
long as 1 live ; and when I die, there will be long as 1 live; and when the found to lay the old cripple un der ground. Trouble not yourselt about such It is all setted, mother. Wh

II amgoing at once to Joseph to fiod tha out, and $I$ will come and tell you to morrow. Now go and !ell the farmer that
to leave bim.'
The mother and son parted,

- He is a good youth; multerod Teresa, he wended ber way back, 'but only just let me have beard him say ' no'?
crutch with a threatenigg air
At about the same tume that Teresa was on her way to Laarboeven to find a companton for Ooseph, a bear-rending scene toots phace
Mynheer Morren's library. The old entleman beld in his hands the fragments of the lette which he had found on bis table. Before him lood Victor, like a criminal before his judge. 'What bas come over you, Victor?' said Morren. ' Can this be a letter from you which
I bave torn to pieces? I can bardly believe It is from me, father. Forgire me for mak ing known my resolution by letter. I bad no II cro well belien word of mouth. ond well believe 1 ; but I do not under siand how you could bave the pre,
mete on such unreasonable folly.? 'Folly, father? So vou called Joseph's de termination; but you added that it was an beron folly. Would you ackaomifedge this in the per
'Folly ! unreasonable folly!' muttered Mar en to bumself, while be paced the room back tons of a suck branp
He atood still before Victor

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1870.

- And you ask my consent to carry out thich

> Assuredly, father, as an obedient child. - As an obedsent child! Mnckery! As a renomous serpent which stings the bosmon that bas loslered it! What did I read in your let-
ter ? Did you not write to me that you had Ler \& Dud you not write to me that you had
heard the voice of the Lord bidding pou so leave

' What say you, child? I cannot believe it It would be the finst tume you ever did such a 'Yet, so it is, mother ; and I do not repent it - Ah

Ah, it will not be so bad, Victor, as you
thonk. Come with me into the summer-bouse and tell me wib me inro the summer-bouse be to set it all to rights.
Thep went into the arbor, and sat down to
gether on the bench. Merroum Morren took

## ber snn's had

' Now, Victor,' sald she, in that tone of ten tor a mother's heart, 'lay op:n vour trouble to ne, your motier, your best friend.

- Motber,' said Victor with a sigh, 'it will b a great pata to me, for I sball grieve you to the
heart ; but unless I make my trouble known to viu, I have no one else to whom I can impart it Rome, 1 also would offer blood and life lor the Church's conuse. I seerred to see the old herne Maurice, and so many other detenders of our
Holy Fath, who sluank no more from the martrres death than from the soldier's on the baltle find. 1 sepmed to see the mighty warriors who of the Sariour's Tomb. They seemed to
beckon me to follow them in the glorious path which they had trodilen before me, and to war the palm of victory belore my eyes which a wail ed them at its end; and, litg them, I cried en
kindled with the same boly fire- God wills it. Ah, mother, yes, God wills it, hut ong father Alls it not. I had made my dectsion known to him in writing, umploring bis consent. He the
sent for me; I tried every means to move him Alas ! reasoning, entrenties, tears, all were in vain. He loaded me wisb reproaches, as on un
graleful child, called me a snake that wound the breast which fostered It. Ab! motber, this is hard. No, oh, no! ! bare nerer been un-
gratefal. 'God wills ti,' Meorouw Morrea pressed ber weeping son to Poor bay!' said she sofily. 'Uugrateful voa who have never glven us the slighlest pann
Oh, put the cruel thruglty out of your haad pour ford which pscaped hum in the exciltement his feelones and for which be is already sorry.-
Do not gire way to unreasonable sorror ove a basty word.'
- But mp resolution, mothir? to the fulfilmen of which my father places an unsurmoutable ob
stacle.' Your reoolution, my son? Ah, God know, heart to let you go; yet not for a moninent woult I venture to stand in the will of the nifering
which the Lord bas required of you. I woult not be less generous than mp sister at Schram-
beek, and. Wictor, it the worst were to come, I hould account mpself happy to bo the molher of a martyr. Yet, my child, pour father will
not con-ent; he does not see the duty which hes upan rou. Be at rest, then, in the assurance
thal Gail will not call sou to an account tor ils non tolfiment, and that he is satsfied wilh pour
en the punstshment will fall upon mp $f a$
me:' $\mathrm{My}_{\mathrm{y}}$ son, we will pray for your father je more fervently than we have bitherto done, at God will at last reward our tears by his conver
sion. So, Victor, be tranquil, and do not lose sion. So,
pour neace.'


## The foung man was silent for a while as if

 absorbed in his griel.- Mother, mother;' cried be suddenly, 'I must go? How, my son. You must go. But your father forbsds it.
sent.'
'No, mother ; but I must bave it, cost what 'No, molher,
it mar. Yes calls me ; I must go.'
' But, Victor, dear Victor, bavt Inot shown sou that God is sariffied with po
'If I could but explain it to you, mother. But no; it is a secret tha will die with me.'
Merrouw Morren looked at her son wit mazement. He rested his bead upon both his hands, and big tears forced themselves througb his fingers
hitel, Victor,' sald she, 'you bave secret which even your mother is not to koow. Victor, this is not well. I am your mother, then,
oo longer. Come, my child, entrust me witit
- Well?' sald the poung man, raising his head
if pou mill have it, I must not keep it frcm you. Listen.
And be whispered a few words ia her ear, so

A light beamed upon the mother's facp, an
a glanee shot from ber knoding eges, which as suredly plerced to the throne of the Almighty. God given me in vou. Go, my son; the Lord ball gn, cost what it will.
Aod she pressed her son to lier heart, and im. arinted a biss of the fondest mother's love on bis rebead.

N, mother,' sad Viclor, bopelessly, 'my
'Well my chasd, we will pray, we pray till
Le gives his consent. And leare it to mee, your
notber, to speak to bim on the subject.
Lord, I am assured, will do the rest. Now go
o your roon, Victor, and be of goo
we must and shall conquer.
' What secret could Victor have entrusted to his mother, which had so suddenlp dutermined
her, at all costs, to help him to carry out his re
solution?
lt was a secret between them; and it must
It was a secret between them; and it must
thave been a welobity one, for Meprouw Morren, after having left her husband's anger to cool a
little, began the very same dap to make an at-
tempt anon his obstioacy. But she seemed to
have rectsoned too much upon her infuence.-
Mraheer Morren remanaed lard agaiant every
entreaty, manoveable by any argument, obstin ately bent upon, persevering in his decision.-
-I have sad $n$,' was invariably his cold and and short answer. 'I will never consent,
nerer.'
Victor visbly pined away. The brigh,
Victor visbly pined away. The brigh,
cheerful pouth liad been replaced by a mouroful sufferer, for whom the grave seemed alread
The change could not escape his father's eye.
He shuddpred, and yel he would not give way-
'My consent? Never, neve:!'

- How, indeed, should an unbelteriog father the Fath!
chapter $\mathbf{r}$.-the departure.
Hare you ever, dear reader, on your return Hom some citg in Hollaud, looked frnm the
derk of the steamboat, on a summer's dap, upon e Scheldt below Antwerp?
If so, I am sure yon will agree with me that is a lair and pleasant sight. The brond river nor aud then a light vind plays unon tts surface and breaks it up in a housaod tung ripples., -
Here and there a sand bank lifis its head above we water; or you come unawares upon an is land, whicll, with its towers, trees, and houses, leam; wille on the horizon, in tie far distance he pre rests unoo a green strip of land, when
divides the azure of the sty from the azure of

But see; that water, which just now lay so
right and calm, except where it foamed round
strred by an invistble band.
lis whole surface is now ploughed by deep,
broad furrows. From the seanard side, the waves roil ou, and foam, and rush, and roar, and
Aing themselves upon each other, as of at strife mich should outroar and outride the other; the husy stir of life now relgns where, but a few
momests before, a mas calm with the very stilless of death.

## It is the adrancing tide.

Is that roaring flood the tranquil stream of pestereven: 1 l is the self same water, but it
aas felt the mastery of a bigher power, under hose hand it heaves, and seethes, and swells, smooih and as tranquil as before
So, for many yeara, had the peaceful bomefe of these youths, fowed on under the calm hat of their mother's eye, whose hearts were oow suddenig fired by a mysterious, electric
ouch, sending the blood burning through their ins, to defend the insulted majesty of God. enkiodled that sacred flame.
These beroes, the crusaders of our day, glow. g with fath and chrvalrous ardor and self.de orion, and burnang with eagernass for the day of battle, could scarce be recogn zed trom the
gentle bops, who had dwelt in their fathers bouse docile as lambs, and peaceful and loving A angels. $\begin{gathered}\text { it was with Joseph. } \\ \text { And }\end{gathered}$
From the moment when his decision was trengthened by his mother's consent, he seemed altered beiag; bis bearing was firm and is eyes flashed will enthusiasm when he spoke
of his approaching journey.
The day of departure broke at last. It was ar shone.
All SchretrThe trees with which the market place is phnated ere adorned wilh the Belgan tri color. or witio with the triple crown and the keps of S. Peter. Several houses were bedeckrd with mittoes wishung rictory to the Papal volunteers.--
Schrambeek, it was planly to be seen, would Schrambeek, it was planly to
send ber sons forth io festal array.
Some of the villagers were still putting a last touch to the decoratmons; others, and among
them some of our old acquaintances, sto ing near the church.
' What are thep waiting so long for 3' said
the bost of the • Cross Bow? 'Snould lher be coming out nown? Bow.' Snould they 'Tuat's to say,' sail Peerjan, 'I belipve we hall not bave long to wail. I saw Martín, to Merrouw Van Dilel's house,' - Was 'Teresa with him?' asked the bake 'You may be sure of thar,' eald Sus, the
mi'h. 'That Teresa is a wonderful ald 'A pood soul,' assented Wouter. ‘Do yoc oostone unturned till they got Teresa takers to the hospice. The poor roman is aor sure
'The Vac Maels are excellent people,' saic he smith. 'If I can do aoythin, for Merrourr There is nothing that I nould not do to belf 'It is a great pity,' interrupted the Piquet
that Victor Morrea is not pouth, would have given his eves to go, bett ol
Morre Morrea will not hear of it, ot berwise he woul hare come here yesterday: but Joseph teld tue
that he bad a letter foom him by which it ap. pears the old man is obstuate as ever What $?$ ' enquired the baker. 'Victor Marfit for war; he is so gool natured that yous ma sharnen a vine-stake on bis lead without mak ${ }^{10 g}$ hum angry.

- Just sn,' sad the smolth; ' but you must not think to mucb of that. Look at Joseph nom so gentle as be is, and now he looks for aht the
world like o soldier.? 'Thar's just It', said Peerjan ; 'and MIorrec
not so sott as vou perhaps think. Be eurre will have plenty of courage when it comes to 'There they are! There they are!' cried And Mevrours Van Dael approached witt her lwo children, one on each side of her. She was followed by Teresa and Martin.
The widow was calm, but pale. Mary spem to have bean crying, but was now calm. Joseph walked wil head erect, and witl: ali ex -
pression of mogled jop and sorrow. Matug ooked as if he was doing the most ordinary
hing in the world; and Teress fixed her eje Wih great complacency upon her son.
if villagers, they were greeted with greas Perraing, shouting and ellapping of hands inremost rank, made an indescribable
${ }^{\text {© Bravo, Joseph, bravo! Martın you are an }}$ Young Van Dael seemed somewhat taken hands beartily with the Piquettion. He ahook ions, saying: erve so much honor.
'That's to say,' snswered Peerjan, ' you de. Napoleon a great deal more. I have served under would be far prouder to serve under the Pope
 ' Well. freends,' answered Van Dael, 'mbile ware fighting, you will all pray for the Pope rorking for the same gnod cause. When I get
to Rome, I shall ask the Pope to send his bless. tog to his loving children at Schrambeek.' A
bearty burrah was the rep
Within the church the solemp tones of the ike a victorious war. 300 g , mingled wibl lowl prayer. Now the tirilling accents of the 'vot from heaven; then the migher and strengt rumpet seemed to treaten ibe enemy with ren geance and death, and the rolling sound of the rombone spoke like the thunder of the offende Ithe $P$
Ihe Papal Volunteers, with their relations,
Joseph and Martin knelt side by ende befor
he altar, and the renerable parsh nriest goon
He slowly approached the altar, and, 4kneelnge

