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THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE, OR THE PONTIFICAL ZOUAVES.

A TALE OF CASTELFIDARDO.

Translated from the Flemish of the Rev. S. Daems Canon Regular of the Order of Premonstratensians. (Abbot of Tongerlo, Belgium.)

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

'I go to Rome, mother? But I have never learned my letters.' 'Silly boy, you want no learning; you must go to Rome to fight.' 'To fight, mother. You always told me when I was a boy that I must never fight.' 'To fight in the streets or with your companions, like a good for nothing boy—certainly not; but this is quite another matter. You must go and fight for the Pope.'

'And you ask my consent to carry out this mad resolution of yours?' 'Assuredly, father, as an obedient child.' 'As an obedient child! Mockery! As a venomous serpent which stings the bosom that has fostered it! What did I read in your letter? Did you not write to me that you had heard the voice of the Lord bidding you to leave your father and your fatherland, to fight for the holiest cause, and that you feared to be untrue to that voice? Does not that mean that, in your fanaticism, you will make no account of my consent, but will follow your visionary fancies at all costs.'

'Oh! mother!' said he, with a sigh, 'I am very unhappy. I have grievously displeased my father.' 'What say you, child? I cannot believe it: it would be the first time you ever did such a thing.' 'Yet, so it is, mother; and I do not repent it. I have done my duty.'

low that it seemed as if he feared that the birds in the green boughs might hear them. A light beamed upon the mother's face, and a glance shot from her kindling eyes, which assuredly pierced to the throne of the Almighty. 'Oh, Victor, dearest son, what a treasure has God given me in you. Go, my son; the Lord is with you! Victor,' continued she, 'you shall go, cost what it will.'

The trees with which the market place is planted were adorned with the Belgian tri color, or with banners bearing the Papal arms embazoned with the triple crown and the keys of S. Peter. Several houses were bedecked with mottoes wishing victory to the Papal volunteers.—Schrambeek, it was plainly to be seen, would send her sons forth in festal array.