

V@L. XVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1865.

No. 2.

ANGELA;

AN MISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER M. --- A MARTYR'S HORES.

'Let us task these martyrs, these monarchs of the East,

Who are sitting now in heaven at their Saviour's endless feest. To get us faith from Jesus, and hereafter faith's

bright home, And day and night to thank Him for the glorious

faita of 'Rome. - London Oralary Hymns.

Angela pursued her way ratheriless rapidly along the rocky path, now gradually descending, till they stood at the entrance of a ravine, which stretched up before them in picturesque obscurity; for the rays of the moon could not reach its depths.

'Now, Sir Knight,' said she, turning as she reached this point, thus letting the light of the moon tail fuil on ther shaded face, 'go straight on; you caunot miss it now, I think. Hark! you can even hear the gush of the waters.'

God and our Blessed Lady reward your charity to a poor Knight of St. John,' said her companion; "but, by heaven, I will see you back to the outskorts of the town; you cannot return alone so fer.'

"There is no need,' said Angela. 'I shall take a different way, to prevent attracting attention. But what es that noise in the valley below ? she added, as the distinct tramp of men broke the stillness of the night.

'It is only my men.' said the Knight : ' they are fortunately on the right track, and I have only now to join them. One word more before we part. Tellsane your name, maiden, that I may repay you, where alone I can at present do so."

"I am a nameless maiden, Sir Knight,' said the maiden sadly ; ' my only name is Augela. 1 never knew another.'

· Blessed Lady !' said the Knight. ' I thought I heard you mention it in the churchyard, and there is such a likeness-'

. Your men-are approaching, Sir Knight,' said the maiden ; ' it were not becoming that they found us thus alone in the dead of night. Farewell ! God speed you ! A service readered to a Kuight of the Cross is but a duty ;' and, without waiting a reply, she bounded down a path to the light, and the Knight saw her light form reappear at some distance, and then again disappear into the town. Tken, and then only, did he rouse

his head, and a lance that glimmered like a star. He was pacing quite noiselessly up and down the churchyard, and the rays that tell from him were so bright I was quite bewildered ; and I fell down prostrate on the floor where you found me, Mother, and brought me home with you.'

'Holy Virgin !' replied Sister Francesca, what does this portend ? Some new device of the infidels is on foot. But lie down, Sister, and rest ; for it is late. You may sleep here, and we may leave the door into the terrace open; for once that child is gozing out on the port, she will not easily come in again, and the night is so fine the door were better open all night.'

'But I am taking your bed, Mother ?' said the nep.

' No, you are not, my child,' replied Sister Francesca; and she retired into her little chamber, if the hole she inhabited might be called such, and there, laying herself on the pieces of wood that served her only couch, was soon calmly asleep. Sister Battista endeavored to do the same outside; but Angela watched long that ought. Starting at every sound, she sat gazing from the terrace, till, to her mexpressible relief, she distinctly saw the whole party of Christians make their way to the beach, and even perceived the flash of the Knight's armor as he stepped into the brat that was to row them to the galley .-Shortly after, scouts were seen in all directions looking out from the neighboring hills, and a party of armed men were making their way towards the shore. But the galley was under weigh, and spreading her white sails to the cool midnight breeze, was soon hovering among the tair islands that bounded the horizon. Why was it that Angela gazed after it as if her whole hopes of happiness were centred in that beautiful bark? She fancied it was the romance of having seen for the first time one of the brave Knights of St. John ; but yet she left there was an undefined something more. So at lust, wea-

ried out with her own thoughts, she laid her head on the parapet of the terrace, and in that posirico, fanned by the night breeze, slept soundly till morning.

1: was yet early when Angela stood at the door of the, palace; and passing into the women's guest-room, waited the arrival of the Bishop .--He did not keep her long waiting, and, as she knelt for his olessing, with more than usual kind ness pressed his hand in benediction on her head ; and looking full at her, with one of those gentie yet piercing glances which seemed to read the

'I promise it,-so help me God,' returned the ; John last night to find the spring, do not let your | ends. A pique, too, against Angela, who, un reverently into the suspired face of the holy Bishop, from whom a supernatural strength seem. in the cau-e Christ.

He made the sign of blessing over her with the pectoral cross, which was the wonder working means of almost all his miracles.

Spouse of Jesu! not here, but in other lands, the great St. John be thy guard, thy refuge, and thy rest.'

Filled with astonishment and awe-for his words seemed only the answer to, and an explanation of, her thoughts the night before, though a veil of mystery rested still over them,-she now perceived that Dom Michele had entered unnoticed, and was gazing silently, like her, on the still ecstatic features of the Prelate. Monsignore Carga now turned to him.

"Dom Michele,' said he, ' the marriage feast is almost ready.'

'To-morrow, Monsignore,' said the good priest, thinking he was speaking of Annetta's wedding, which was to take place the next day. I only wish the bridal pair were better fitted to parlake of it.'

'Not quite so soon,' returned the Bishop ; 2 month must pass ere it be celebrated."

"I do not thruk they will consent to wait Monsignore,' replied the priest. 'Francesco Commenos, at least, is in a mighty great hurry." The Bishop smiled.

'l did not moan Francesco Commenos' wedding, but Giovanni Andrea Carga's; but is the bride ready ?'

'Truly, Monsignore,' replied Dom Michele, who began to see into the mystic meaning of his words, . if the bridegroom be Giovanni Audrea Carga, the bride must be poor Done Michele Paleologo; for God do so to me, and more also, if aught but death nart them."

"And even death will not part them, Dom Michele,' replied the Bisbop ; ' that tune will be but the bridal-day, which will unite them together before their King. See you those waters that he so still before us? There, even there, is the scene of our conflict.'

'I am ready, Monsignore,' said the good priest - 'give me but your blessing, that your manile of high courage in y descend upon my poor weak soul;' and he crossed himself devoetly, as the Bishop continued in tones that seemed like the

awe-struck girl, clasping her hands, and gazing charity carry you to do the same to these Neapo itans; for they are the sworn enemies of the Republic of Venice, and are waging an unnatued to descend at that hour, and fill her soul with ral war. Christian against Christian, when all an ardor that would have faced death or torture should be united against our common foe-the infidel. Neither the Pope nor the Knights of

Malta will help them, though repeatedly solicited to do so : so our line must be to follow the course adopted in these matters by the Vicar of Christ, and not to give any unnecessary handle to the Turks to chastise the muocent, by making them fancy we uphold one side a gainst the other."

"That is just what I was trying to convince her of last night,' said Donn Michele. 'I hope you will mind "donsignore's words more than you seein to have done mine, Angela.'

'It is not exacily the same case, Father,' replied Angela playfully ; 'it was simply a matter of precaution not to aid the Knights of St. John. Not to aid the Neapolitans is duty backed by precaution."

. Ah, you arguer,' said the priest, I ughing and shaking his finger at her ; ' you must always have the last word."

"Dom Michele,' said the Bishop, ' send for Dom Antomo, the Grand Vicar, and T will give orders how to act during the time tins fleet is in the harbor. And now, Angela, my child,' he in honor of the warrior-saint the child was imadded, as the priest left the room, '1 will give you something you must keep very carefully, as the only thing that remains whereby the identity of you birth could be discovered.' He pulled forth a steel chain, to which hung appended a reliquary. ' Not being of value, I conclude it was not thought worth while to rob you of it; and I took it from your ueck and preserved it when you fell into my hands. See, there we initials engraved on it, and a relic of the true Cross is eachased within. Take it, and keep it salely; for I may not have another opportunity of giving it to-rou."

"I have a faint recollection now," said Angela, ' of my mother hanging this round my neck and making me kiss it morning and evening, and now, as I look at it, methinks as yesterday I remember my brother's trying one day to take it. away from me in a childish quarrel. But why give it me now? why not keep it as heretofore ?' she added, a strange pang shooting across her heart.

But she had no time for more, as Dom Michele summoned the Bishop away; and tenderly giving her his paring blessing. room.

conscious of his admiration, never even turned to look at him, or listen to him when she could. ignore him no longer, made him the more determined to obain Anneita - and we have seen how wel! he succeeded.

CHAPER IV. - A SKETCH OF THE BISHJP'S LIFE.

" His words like gentlest dews distil, His face as calm as summer's eve, His look can tame the wildest will,

And make the stoutest heart to grieve." London Oratory Hymns:

The Venerable Giovanni Andrea Carga, wasa born in the year of our Lord 1560, in the city of Venice. His Mother Modesta, while on a visit to her relations, brought into the world the marvellous child, who even before his birth bad been, we may well imagine, a source of spiritual joy and consolation instead of sorrow, as if toprengure what sanctity God had in store for this favored child of hers; and how very great was the wondering awe of the attendants when they perceived on the brow of the new-born babe a red mark in the form of a cross, and round his neck an excrescence, as if formed by nature to betoken the kind of martyrdom he was one day to endure. It was the 11th of November, and mediately baptized Martin, and brought up by his pious mother more like a treasure committed. to her care to be returned to God, than mothers. often do. And soon the child gave all those marks of sanctity which God is pleased to show forth in those whom he is calling to emment holmess. Grave, silent, uninclined to the sports of his age, the little Martin spent his time either before the Blessed Sucrament, or the favoritepicture of a Madonna that hung in one of the rooms of the palace ; and those who locked upon his unearthly beauty and angelic modesty, joined to all the graceful simplicity of a child, often struck with a secret awe, said to the wondering nother :

"What an one, think you, shall this child be ?" One day she met him coming out of his favor ite room, not, as usual, with that sweet and composed peace that usually dwelt on his infantine features (though he had then only attained the age of ten years), but the tears rapidly chasing one another down his cheeks, and his whole exterior. betokening intense grief.

" What is the matter ? what are these tears about ?' said the mother, ' what have you been doing wrong ?' for the jealously hid from her precious charge the idea she entertained of his future sanctity, by assuming sometime a cold and slero manner. "Nothing," replied the sobbing child; "I am. crying because I could not bear to see the Madooba weep.' ' You have been doing something wrong,' again returned Modesta ; ' and if the Madonna weeps, it is only because you are naughty." ' No, no,' said the child ; ' I have done nothing wrong. 'Ine Madonna has been making me cry, I could not help it when I saw her tears. Come: and see if it is not true ;' and leading his astonished mother to the painting, she saw indeed the miraculous tears change each other down the pale cheeks of the Mother of Mercy. And why did Mary weep? Was it seeing the then impending fearful slaughter of her children in the island of Cyprus, when the scoffing" mlidel seized upon the true defender of Farmavosta ; and the heroic Bragadino, the flower of Venetian chivalry, amid the tortures of being flived alive by his barbarous captors, preserved unshaken, in those untold agonies, the calm endurance, the merk forgivingness of his Lord, as with his last breath he inurmured, like Him. Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do ?' Or did Mary weep for the plague of heresy then spreading far and wide, and cating out the heart of the fairest kingdom of Europe, and the martyrdom and suppression of the brave Knights of St. John in England, under thedaughter of the 8th Henry? Or, was it, as some say, for the fearful pestilence that in a few years was to decimate the fair ' bride of the sea" and count among its victims the little Martin's own father and brothers and sister ? And the nother, the pious and chaste Modesta-she hved brough the dreadful malady with her youngestborn, to guard the treasure committed to her till safe within the sanctuary of the religious life .--At the age of eighteen, they had seen the face that once wept so sadly smile ioyously-a new. miracle-on his consecration to God. Sue, two, then went to rest; for Modesta's work was child spotless and unstained from her truns - her white habit he had adopted well befitting the innocence of his pure soul ; and she had seen him 'It is the Viceroy of Naples' first,' replied ing persuaded the pretty postulant of Saint John's he took—the loving gentleness and tenderness of the Bishop, as tranquilly as it were a thing he to have him, and the certainty he felt of being the beloved disciple, St. John ; and the ardent blame you for helping the brave Knight of St. induced him to consent to any thing to gain his his novittate with the humility and fervor to be

himself so far as to rejoin quietly his companions. and lead them to the spring indicated to him .--They found a without further difficulty, filled their vessels, and returned to their, galley without molestation.

Not so easily fared Angela. As she turned into the town by another entrance, she saw standng in the shade the form of a man, evidently at tempting concealment, and yet eyeing eagerly the valley from which she had come. She had almost reached the spot where he stood before she perceived dum, and then at a glance nade sure it was no other than Francesco Commenos the last person in the world ske could wish to have seen her. In conscious embocence, however, she passed rapidly on, commending berself to God, not however, before she heard him mutter to hunself:

'It is she herself, the Frank dogs, adopted daughter !?

The door of the house was open as she reached it; and hastily hurrging in, she met the hor crified looks of Sister Francesca and another .nun, who were standing in close coasultation to gether.

"My child," said the good Sister, 'what is this ? Where have you keen ? We were just going to seek for you.'

"Surely you are not going to follow Annetta's example,' chuned in the other.

Augela cast a look, we must confess, of rather proud contempt at the latter speaker; and burrying up to Sister Francesca, took both her hands, and stooping down kissed them, saying, as she looked earnestly into her face,

"Mether, I have done nothing wrong. Will you trust me, and to-morrow morning I will go myself and tell Monsignore all that has happened ?" So saying, she passed out on the terrace to

avoid any more questions.

The two Sisters stood for a moment in silence. There was a manner about Angela that removed suspicion, and her mention of the Bishop's name silenced them at once.

Francesca. ' that it was not imaginary ?'

in the picture in the Cathedral, with a helmet on | Christ, if needs be, unto death."

very soul of those he conversed she rose and stood before hun,-

" Where was my child last night so late?" "Ab, Father,' she replied, 'you know all about it already. Sister Francesca has been telling. But I don't mind,' she continued, while a pecu-liar-scale crossed the Bishop's face, ' though they did make out that I was following Annetta's example.;' and she began relating the history of the evening before.

"And what were you saying, my child, as the Knight stood beside you in the churchyard of St. John's A' said the Bishop at last, as she finished relating the last words of the Kuight.

She colored slightly.

'Ah, Eather, I was again thinking that I was nameless creature; and I made a vow to our Ludy that I would serve ber, under the protection of St. John, as the spouse of her Son, so that I did but find my name and parentage."

The Bishop rose, and walked to the window overlooking the port ; and Angela almost unconscieusly tollowed, and stood beside lum, her attention rivetied on the expression of his countenance. His silvery beard fell majestically over his worn and slightly stooping form. The mark

of the cross graven from his birth on his fore-

head, now seemed distinctly to rise and stand out like burning rubies from the flesh around, which assumed a lue of anearthly whiteness :--and Angela almost fancied she could see a pale light lingering round it, kissing the red ring that could be partly seen on the side of the throat uncovered by his beard, and lighting it up till it

shone like carbuncles in the rays of the sun .--Slowly he raised his eyes to heaven ; and Angela involuntarily knelt in awe, as the tears began silently to course down his aged cheeks, while a look of unearthly ecstacy gathered on his fealures.

"Ah, my Jesu !" he murmured at last, spreading abroad his with red hands; the white habit of St. Dominick, which he always wore, seeming to gleam with the reflection of the heavenly " Mother,' said Sister Battista at last, " let me | consolations that were mundating his soul,-" ah, stay here with you to night. I am so stariled, I my sweet Jesu! the time is then at last near could not sleep alone; and that child looks when I shall shed my blood for Thee! Oh, hope just as if she had seen St. George as well as 1.? of my early years! oh, one longing of my soul through hife ! art thou, then, indeed on the eve the headland over against Paros; and there of being accomplished? Angela, my daughter, comes another, as I am speaking. Why, it is a But are you sure, my Sister, replied Sister through life ! art thou, then, indeed on the eve Quite sure, Mother,' replied the nun. 'I thy prayer is heard. I shall not see it ; but thy had risen from my place to go home, and had name and thy kindred will be restored to thee; just jurned from the Altar and advanced towards yet a dark cloud of sorrow and trial is gathering

very teho of his Master's on earth:

'I have prayed for thee, that thy strength fail not. Be of good courage, for the enemy shall not prevail against thee !'

"The whole town is in a stir this morning," said Doin Michele, after a pause of several minutes, during which there was deep silence, unbroken save by the busy hum of the town borne up to the windows, 'about a supposed apparition of St. George, walking up and down the church ward of St. John. One has seen him passing swiftly along the streets; another on the seashore, majestically waving his sword ; another round the hill-side, with his shining lance,-in fact the tales are numberless, and spread from mouth to mouth like wildfire, carrying a panic along with them; for these apparations always portend some misfortune. I concluded at last that some one belonging to the Maltese vessel that auchored in our port last night had been wandering about the town in knightly armor ;--but your Lordship's words make me begin to think there is some truth in the reports, es pecially as there is no galley in the harbor this morning.'

'It left this morning, about two o'clock,' replied Angela.

'Ah, you have been watching it till that hour,' returned the good priest; 'and you look, too, as if you had not slent all night. Per Bacco !' continued he, seeing her changing color and con scious face; • but I shall begin to think it is frue what they say, that you were seen at midnight talking to the apparition.?

'Aud if I was, Father,' replied she, 'you will not say, like Sister Battista, that I am imitating Annetta, will you ?'

"Dues a word said for your good rankle so long within you, my child ?' said the Bishop kindly. . How, then, will you keep the promise you have just made to your Lord?'

'On, my Father, my Father,' replied the now weeping and conscience-stricken girl; 'how right you are! May G d forgive me, and give me grace to do all His will."

'Holy Virgin !' here broke in Dom Michele; there are suls, in good earnest! See, see, Monsignore, one, two, three, out there, turning whole squadron.'

just turned from the Altar and advanced towards yet a dark cloud of sorrow and that is gathering the bashop, as trangent is a bashop, as trangent is bashop, as transfer is bashop, as moonlight, cased in silver armor, just like he is the Crucified, that thou wilt confess the name of port; and, Angela, my child, though I do not her faith after he had made away with the bishop of the Cross; St. Andrew. He went through

There she stood, watching those proud galleys that evening, as they beat their way into the port ; for a strong north wind had are-en, which almost forbade their entrance, and they bore up against it, dashing the foam from their hundred oars, and looking, to her eyes, like beautiful sea monsters ploughing their way along the deep; while, on the other hand, the festive song close by announced the eve of Annetta's marriage.

Before daylight the next morning, the wedding procession had passed up to the parish church, the numbral Miss had been said,-though no partaking of the Blessed Sacrament could take place, as Francesco, even in the most solemn part of the s rvice, refused to kneel, and seemed, by his scornful manner and contemptuous smile, to be verifying Dom Michele's prediction of a few evenings before. Gaily went round the jest and the song, the wine-cup and the fligon ; but even amid the marriage festivities Francesco was to be seen eagerly asking after any news of the N-apolitin vessels, and exchangmg glances and words of secret import with his Greek friends, who composed all his invitations to the wedding-dinner.

A carouse long into the night, and a dance which was kept up till midnight, ended the entertainment; and then Annetta was borne to her busbaud's house, past the door where her aunt wastill kneeling in prayer for her; nor could the good nun restrain her tears, as she thought of her who once had promised so fair, and longed to dedicate herself to God, as the pure spouse of His Son, being given up so far to the desires of her own heart as to have her fate indissolubly bound up with that of an alien from the fold of Christ. Nay, more; Francesco was the well known machinator of all the calumnies and plots which some of the schismatic Greeks had long been trying to concoct against the Pastor of the island, in revenge for the firmness he had shown in opposing any Catholic furnishing them with materials for the construction or reparation of their churches, and the numerous conversions his zeal and holy life had effected among done. The great St. Dominic had received her them.

Persons may wonder at Francesco's insisting on marrying Annetta; but she was decidedly, the prettiest girl in the town, and the very boast of hav- uniting the virtues of two Apostles whose n imes.