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ANGELA

his head, and a lance that plimimered like a star.
He wap paclug qutte noiselfssly up and down the
charrhyara, and he rays that tell from him were charinhyrara, and he rays that tell from him were
so bright I wasquite bewiddered; and I fell down prostrate on the lloor wiere you found me, Mo ther, and brought me home with you.
'Holy Virryin!' renlied Sister 'Hhat does this portend? Some new device on rest $;$ for it is late. You rais sleep here, and w may teape the door ioto the terrace onen; for
once hat chitd is gazing out on the porl, sbe will mot easily come un agnan, and the nity
fine the door were better open all night.; 'But I and takiog your bell, Mother?' said the
' 3 Fo , you are not, my cbild,' repled Sister Francesca; and she. retired into her hitle cham
her ,if tie bole she inbabited might be calied
 wood that served her only couch, was sooc culmsane outsude ; but A sua endeavored long tha same. Staring at every sound, she sat gazing
aight. She terrace, till, to her nuexpressible relief,
rump the she dystiactly sarp the whole party of Cliristana
 Shorth afier iccoults were seen in all directions lookting oul from the pelghboring bills, and a wards the shore. But the galley was under weigb, and spreading her white satisis to the coo uridnght breeze, was soon hovering amnigy the
itar islands that bounded the horizon. Whig was I'that Angela gazed after it as if her whole
hopes of happioess were centred in that beaurful bark:? She fancied it was ithe romance of hav
ing seen for the first tione one of the brave Kuinhts of Sc. Jolin ; but get she lelt there wa an undefived sonethwy toore. So at fast, wea-
ried out with her own thoughts, she taad her head on the parapot of the terrace, and ta that positid!.morinng.
I: was yet early when Angela stord at the doar on fle,palace; and ping of the tshop Quest-roon, mated he arrival of the and, as she kaell for tus olessing, witu more than usual kind aess pressed bis band in benediction on her bead
add looking fult at her, with ont of trose genil yet prercing glances which seemed
very soul of those he conversed
sle rose and-stood betore han, -
Ab, Fathe:', she replied, 'you soout ?
'Ah, Father', she rephes, ' you koow all about
ialready. Sister Francesca has been telling.
But d don't mind,' she contioned, whtle a pece-
 ample.;' and she began relating the history of the evening before.
${ }^{\text {And }}$ what spere you saping, my child, as the Knigh stood beside you in the churchyard of Br
Jolu's?? sald the Bishop at last, as she fuished elating he last words of the Kuight.
Slue colored slightly

- Ah, $\mathbb{E}$ ather, I was again thinking that I was a nameless creature; and I made a voiv to our Lady that I would serre ber, under the protec-
ion of Sc. Jobn, as tbe spouse of her Son that I did but fiod my name and parentage. The Bishop rose, and walked to the mindow scipslys tollowed, and stood beside bum, her attention rivetied on the expression of his counte
nance. His tulvery beard fell majestically orer his worn and slightyly slooping form. Tue mark of the cross graven from his birth on bis forehead, now setimed distiactily to rise snutsand
out like burning rubies from the tlesh around, nd Argela almost fancied sle could see a pate and Angenalmost and bisle the red ring that
ligut lingeriog round nt, kissag of the throat un-
could be partly seea on the ade of could be parily seea on the alde of the throat un-
covered by his beard, and lighting it up till it shone like curbuncles in the rays of the sun.Slowly he racsed his eyes to learen; a hang lently to course down his ayed cleeks, whit
loot of uteartuly ecstacy gathered on his fea'Ahes. Ah, my Jesu!' he murmured at last, spreading abroad bis with red hands; the whte babit of St. Dursmick, which lie always wore, seen-
ing to gleam with the rellection of the hearenly ing to gleam with the renlenditiog his soul, - 'ah my sweet Jesu! the chue is then at last narar
when 1 shall shed my blood for Thee! Oh, hope of iny early years! oh, one longing of nyy sout beu ! arthe, ${ }^{3}$ la. of beng acconplished? Angela, my daughter,
thy prayer is heard. I shatl not see it ; but thy aine and thy kiadred will be restored to thee et a dark cloud of sorrow and trial is gathering cer thee i promise liere, before the gmage of
he Crucifed, that thou vilt confess the name on
'I promixe 11, ,-so help me God', returned the
amestruck girl, clasping ber hands, and gazing
reser
reperently into the ussired. face of the holy
Bishop, froin whom a supernatural strengit seem Bishop, from whom a supernatural strengit seem.
ed to descend at that hour, and fill her soul with ardor that would
He made the stgn of blessing over ber with
the pectoral cross, which was the wonder. workgin ineans of alinoss all his miractes. 'Syouse of Jesu! not here, but on othe
lands, the great St. Joba be thy guard, thy re fuge, aud thy rest.'
aishment and awe-for his words sepmed only the answer to, and an expld
atation of, her thoughis the niubt before, thoug
2 reil of mpstury a Feil of mpstery rested sull orer hen, - sthe
now percetved that Dora Michele had enterul unnouced, and was gazing silentiy, like her, on
the still ecstatie feacures of the Prelate. Mon'Dow Michele,' said he, 'the marriage feast 'Thenost ready.', Monsignore,' said the good priest, thinking he was speakiag of Annetta'
vedding, which wis to take place the Arxt day partiake of it.' 'Nor quite so soon,' returned the


## Monsınnore,' replied the will cons

Cornuenos, at leasi, is The Bishop sumled. 'Truly, Monsignore,' replied Dom Whichele Who began to see nto the mystic ineaning of his
words, of the bridegroom be Giovanm Andrea Carga, the bride must be poor Dois Micliel if aught but death'pirt then,.
'And even death will not part them, Don Michele,' replied the Bishop; 'thit thase will be
but the bridal-day, worch will unite therm toue but the bridal-day, warch will unite birm loye
ther belore their King. Sise you those water hat he so suld butiore us
the scent of our coilliat
'I am ready, Monsignore,' said the good priss
 soul;'; and he crossed himoelt deroutly, is the
Bisapp coantinued ta toness that seened hike the ry teho of his haster's on earth:
'I have prayed for thee, that liy strength fail Brecal aganast thee?, for the enemy shall 'The whole town is in a stir this mornng,' ules, duriug whel there was deep situnce, on broken fave by the buby bum of the totrn boruc of Si. George, walking up and down the ehureit sivitly along the streets; a nother on the sea round the hill-side, with his shongg lance,--in
 por:eod some misfortune. I coucladed at hart
that some on brlongug to the Mattere vesse that auchored in our furt last ni, hit had beet but your Lordship's words make ine beyin to pectally as there is no galley in the harbor this morsaliy.
'It left th
plied Angeta
'Ah, you bave been watchung it fill that how returued the gnod priest; ; and you look, 100 as if you thad sot slept all night. Per Bacco!
 What they say, that you
talking to the apparition,
'Aud if I was, Father,' rephed sbe, 'you will Annert, will ister Batista, that I am imitating
long willin sou, my chard?" sadd the Bishop kindly. 'Huw, then, will you keep the promise 'On, iny Father, my Father? replied the now weephy and consputence-stricken girl; 'how
righ ou are! May
me prace to do all His will.2
'Holy Virgin!' Here broke in Dom Michele;
there ure s.uls, in good earnesa! See, see,
Monsgnore, one, :wo, three, out there, turning the headland orer aganst Paros; and there
'It is the Viceroy of Naples' faet,' replied he Bishop, as tranquilly as it were a thing be had expected long. 'They will anchor in the

John last night to find the spring, do not let your
charity carry you to do the snme to these Neapo itans ; for they are the sworn enemes of the
Rupublic of Vence, and are waging an unnaluRepublic of Venice, and are wagng an unvalu
ral wir, Christian agnomst Ctristian, when at shnuld be united agaust our common foe-the
infidtl. Neither the Pope aor tiae Knigbts o Malta will belp then, though repeatedly solicite to do so; so our lime must be to fullow the unurse
adopled in these matlers by the Vicar of Curist nd not to give any mimecessary handle to lile Turks to clastise the innocent, by making, then - That is just what I was trying to convi you will mud 'lonsienore's wods uma than you seem io have done mitue, Angela.'
'It is not exacily the same case, Father,' re

Not to aud the Neapohtaus is duit bucked by
precaution.
 - Din Michele,' satd the Lishop,' send for Don Antomo, the Grand Vtear, aud T will gire the harbor. And now, Ansela, my chuld,' la added, as the priest left the roung, 'i wilt gire
bou somethrog you must keep very carrfully, as the ouly thag that remans whereby the idenaty of you birth could be discovered.' He pulle
frith a steel ctain, to which hulug appended a re liquary. 'Not being of value, Î conclude it wa
wivt thought worit whlle to rob you of it; aud toots it from your ueck and preserved it when
you fell iuto my hands. See, there re imitul, encamanell withn. Take it, aud keep it salel;
'1o-jou.'
ela, of my molter hamisisg this round my met
 way froun ous in a cluldish quarre) bat and yive th me now? why not keep it as hereto
liore? she added, a slranye pany stooting acros

## er beart

Bat she land no time for more, as Dom Mihele summened the Bishop avay; and tender$y$ giving her his paring blessing, he left the
room.
There she stond, watchng those proud galley Wat evenug, as they beat their way tuio the
ort ; lur a strong north wind had arnen, whicl almoss forbade their ver rance, and they bore up
agninst 4 , daslang the foam from therr hundred gars, aud looknig, to her egres, tike benatifut sea monsters phountung their way along the deep
white, on the other hami, hes lesitive song close Before daytheht the Annetla's marriage. ding procession had pasped upy to the parisin no partikngy of the Blessed Sacrament could
lake place, as Francesco, even in the tosi dran part of the s rvice, refused to kneel, and eined, by his scorntul manner and contemplu-
 flyon; but erea amad lbe marriage festivilies Francesio was on be seetn eagerly anking after
any news of the Nrapmolit. nhy glances and words of secret tuphort with his to the wedding-drniter
A carouse long into the night, and a dane Which was kefft up till milniglit, ended the enter-
tiinnent ; and then Annetra was borne to he busbant's honse, plast the dar where gond can restran fiter tears, as stive thougtt of ter woo once inad promised so fair, and longed His Son, being given up so for to the deosires Ger own beart as to have her fate indissolubl bound up with that of ato alien from the fold of Corist. Nay, more; Francesco was the well Whelh some of the scliss:natic Greerks liad plos
bepa tryug to concoct ayanst the Pastor of the a opposing aog Catbolic furnislung them with materials for hise construction or reparation of oons bsis zeal and boly life had eftected annous bein.
Per
Persons may wonder at Francesco's insistung an narrying Annetia; but she was decidedly, the ny persuaded the pretty postulant of Sanot John's have him, and the certancty he lelt of being abe to carsy out his glan of pervering her from
her fult after he had nade awas with the bishop blame you for belping the brave Kingat of St, induced bion to consent lo ang thang to gain his
ends. A pique, too, agunst Angrla, who, no-
conscious of hins a almaration, uever even turned
and noore him no longer, made him the more could yn nore him no longer, made hitin the more deter-
mined to chan Anueita - and we have seen how wel! he succeeded.

## per iv. - a sketch of the misijpos

## " ITis words like gentlest dema distiJ

His thece as callm na sumnicr'e eve,
His look can tame the wildest will,
The Venerable Giovanni Andrea Carga, was
in the year of our Lord 1560 , in the cuty Vnice. His Mother Modesta, while on a pist to her relations, brought into the world the
marvellous child, who even before bis brith bad eve, we mhy well inagime, a source of spirimal rengure what sanctily riod had in store for this
 ceived on the brow of the new- burn babe
 rokpll the bind of martyrdom the was one day Pindure. It was the 11h of Novenber, and medately baptized Marlin, and brought up by on her care to be returued to God, than mothas ften do. And soon the chld gave all whose
arirks of sanctuy which God is nleased to sthow lorith in those whorn he is calling to emuen of his age, the little Martin spent his the peiber he Blessed Sucrament, or the fapacte picture of a Madonna that hung in one of the his unearthy beaviy and angehc modesty, jonned ruck will a secret awe nother
i $W$.

Wrat an one, think you, shall thes child be ? Creon, not, as ustual, with that swoet and corm masd peace that usually develt on his inlantune fea ures (though lie had then only attained the age
of ten yeary), but the tears rapidly clasing one other down lisis cheeky, and bis whole exterio tok nigg intense grief,

- What is the matter
what are these tears long wrong? for the jealousty hid from beer
precious charge the adea sle entertainec of his fure sanctity, by assuuning sometume a cold and Nothing,' replied the sobbing child; 'I am Madonoa weep.' ururd Mordesta ; 'and if the Midonnas weeps, 'No, no,' said the chidd; ' I have done nothing could mot hely it what been making me cry, nd see if it is not true ;' and leading bis. Come stlect mother to the painting, she saw indeed the le clietks of the Molber of Mercy.
And why did Marg weep? Was it seeing the then impenting fearful slaughter of her chil:-
drin in the island of Cyprus, when the scosiog whidel stiz $\sim d$ upon the true defender of Earmaosia; and the beroic Bragadino, the flower of Hulutian chivalry. amid the tortures of being unshatsen, in those untold agonies, the calm enwuh hiss last breath he thurmured, like Him, hey do ?? Or Ore them ; for they know not what heresy then spreading far and wor the plague of art he heart of the fairest kingdom of Europe Knights of St. Jonn suppression of the brave Naughter of the 8th Henry? Or, wiss it, as some say, for the fearful pestilence that in a few years was to decimale the fair 'aride of the sea,
tud count anong its victims the litle Martin's nwn father and brothers and sister? And the oner, the pious and chaste Modesta - she lived orn, to guard the treasure committed to her till Ar the age of elghteen, they bad relgious life.bat once wept so sadly smile ioyiously-a new hen went to rest ; for Modesta's Sires one. The great St. Dominic bad received her child spoless and ained from her ir.in- - be Thite habit be had adopted well befilting the inouling the rirtues of too Aposiles फhase seen himes e toot-the loving gentloness and tendergeision ogiog for suffering that adorned the great ardent fine Cross, St. Andrew,. He Hent througb,

