



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

ANGELA;

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER III.—A MARTYR'S HOPE.

'Let us ask those martyrs, those monarchs of the East, Who are sitting now in heaven at their Saviour's endless feast, To get us faith from Jesus, and hereafter faith's bright home, And day and night to thank Him for the glorious faith of Rome. — London Oratory Hymns.

Angela pursued her way rather less 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.

'I promise it,—so help me God,' returned the awe-struck girl, clasping her hands, and gazing reverently into the inspired face of the holy Bishop, from whom a supernatural strength seemed to descend at that hour, and fill her soul with an ardor that would have faced death or torture in the cause of Christ.

John last night to find the spring, do not let your charity carry you to do the same to these Neapolitans; for they are the sworn enemies of the Republic of Venice, and are waging an unnatural war, Christian against Christian, when all should be united against our common foe—the infidel.

ends. A pique, too, against Angela, who, unconscious 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 obtain Annetta—and we have seen how well he succeeded.