CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
YoL. XX

THEDOUBLESACRIFICE
pontifioal zodates.
 Belginm.)
preface to the englifh translation.
The tale. fom wh ch the following napes have beeo trenslaten, was originaliv nubhisbed between
the monts of December, $186 G$ and Sentember, the monts of December, 1867 , in a periodical called Flet Kempenland, 1867, in a periodic
("Tbe Campine ')
It mas begun under the pressure of the an
and siety with which frem Rome filled every faith-
the French troops frem fol heart, and before the reatit of that glorinus
jupulie was sern, by which the old chiralrous and relipious spirit of France arose aad forced her perplex ed thad dagger of the 'carboasro" and lead her to ber old traditional place in the vanguard of Christen ended before the rictory of Mentana had arenge
The falory worls. ' while olbers are offering blood and life for the the take in booor of the heroe least to take up be to delence of the
of Christendom, and
belored, and, alas! parsecuted Father. belored, and, alas! parsecuted ralker.
The translator's is a yet bumbler task, but bas bepn undertasen the growins toterest felt in and in the bope that the growing toterest feit
England in a cause which has such assailants and such defenders as are here trawn from the lite. from many who are not Calbolics To every Catholic beart the name of Castelfidardo mill be a passpor. We bave now, ban God, English names in the martsrology of this of the revolution that, 'Pio Navo bathed bis
banpers' at Moote Rotondo and Mentana 'in benpers blood of Ialian bops.'
free. pure were bathed, in good truth, in the iree, pure blocd of our Engish boys, who gave
the flower of their bright and beauliful lives for the defence of the Vicar of Clirist-true and whom S. Pbilip's epe rested in misfal tender ness, when they came to Rome to be traned for The gibbet and tae axe, and to make their blood
the seed of a barsest which is now beginuiog to manten the fields of our long barren and desolate
land.
Here and there, one by one, they aze gather Ing still around the standard of be Cross From Highland gless, where the old Failh still liggers
amid the grey rocks and the wild heather of the amid the grey rocks and the wild heather of the
everlasting bills-from stately English balls, Ftere the lamp of the sanctuary has burnt, us quenched by the hand of persecutinn and undmmed
by the breath of beresy, through the three long by the breath of beresy, throupt the three long blesseld, and more hopeful still, from homes hallowed by suffering and privation, once prosper-
ous bomes, whose iomates have given up all ous bomes, whose iomates have given up all
thicgs for Cbrist - they are gathering around thicps for Christ - they are gatherigg around
bum, who, amid all the charges of these change und whose atulude and beariog has wo change plexed and reluctant homage from his enemies
themselses. Bf all the rules of the wisdom of the oneteenth century, the Pontiff King ougbt to have
disappeared loog ago, amid other grotesque disappeared long ago, amid otber grotesque
creations of the dark ages, and jat, 'the Oid Man is siill sayiog Mass on the tomb of toe
Aposiles'-bis the only voice that falters not the oolf ege that is not clouded, the only heart
that trembles not at 'the things that are coming upon the earth.' They koow not why ; but Tre know that be is. The representative of Him

## Chapter i.-the brother ane sister

 Schrambeek, dear reader, 18 a name whichdoubtless gou have never beard before, It is the name which we shall give to one of the love strelching to the south-east of the City of Anwerp and Brabant. - 'Translator's Note.) tale me must go to seek the heroes of our A lorely village indeed. Picture to yourself their naked tops above the evergrean pine woods Which surround them. On tbis side all is bare and waste, only here and tiere a bunch of heather nounstiment in the barren soil, Even bere the


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$\quad . \quad \mathrm{J}$ ose
ther.
He
He started as from a dream, and stood up
yithout speakiug ; bis countenance was no raim and peaceculul.
His sister looked at him in amargempat. His sister looked at him in anarempat.

- Brother,' she said, $\boldsymbol{r}$ how mighty is the power
of prayer over the human heart. 1 feel mine already far lighter, nond you look to me more full
of hope than when we came hithr, I hope than whrn we came huthr.'
'It is true, Mary, but for whom do you tonk have been praying ?
- For whoma have you


## ck mother, of course.

-Yous sap truly, but I have not been praying
or her alone to the Blessed Virrein and her lear
Son. Oh, mo deareat Mary, I ilink sometimes hat we are too gelfivh in our sorrow tor our mo-
ther's sirkness; for, Mary, we bsve another Monther-our Moiher full of prace, the Holy Church, over whom we have nou cause to sor-
sow. Ah, I tonw well lhis Mother can never die, yet she can endure uncieakable suffrings ; ersnn of ber opnressed Chiies Pastor?

orer His Brule, and will he ont sive her, even
at the cost of some might miracle?
'Diubtless God's eye is open 10 the sufforings His Church. When ance his hour of ren-
eance comps, He will give her victory at all costs nerer her enemies; but il is also His will
hat His creatures should co-0prate with and He viuchsafes oo niracle ws hout necerssitp,'
'Qune true, Joseph, yet why suffer poursell in
$\qquad$ - Nathing but by our prajers. Ot, sister,
whar, then, are those hrave men doing who hastening to Rome from our father lanid, from France, Irelatd, and many a land besides, full of the Fanthful? To They do not common thather of prager is
 We into the balance for, the Pope, and will de
jorfullp to save him; for if therr little companp should be crusted by the overpowering number
of the enemg, they tnow well that the earit


will not leave our sick mother? Yuu will no
'I say not that, Marv, but pet I coofess I
eapy the fate of those brave hearts
not from the martyr's death; I feel mo heary
huras to follow their noble eximple. No, Pro videnc-", I brliere, has appointed me mp place beld by the sweet duty of filial love, I say no
but I muld fiy to the defence of my other Mo


## Charch of Gad.'

Mary made no answer; she seemed to be lost ath of the way by has sister's side. Schrambeek.
Teresa, the old crippled beggar-woman, grief, could not resist the opportunity, when sh hem a hearty good
Ther stood sill

## 'How is your mother?

## Do iot farget her is

 - Cat you doubt, Joseph, that I shall rememhave to thank that I dud not persish from cold an hunger last winter. No, no; the old cripple is
## or good mothe

And the old woman hobbled along twith he
crutch to the Troosikapel (the Chapel of Com orl.) as the good people of Schrambeek call: to adiut be prayer of gratuoue to the prager It bad been a very bot day. The eveniog was lovely, and many of the Iohabitaits of
Schrambeek were gathered togelber in th street to breathe the fresh air, and at the same time to hasten to the news, whinch were retaile to them by the old Piquet. He went daily to great request among the peasanis, who questroned
him about all the erents whith had taten place in the wide world.
group of villagers thes received kiodly greetings from all. Every one was anxious to inquire for
the invalid. But Joseph and Mary, alter an. swerirg their inquiries in a few words, hastened mother. On the ibreshold of their home, Rikr, the
maid, stood weeping bitterly. Chahter 15:-the vow.
Mevrous Van Dael, the mother of Joceph and Mary, was the widnu of a gond and hovorable man who had leng filled the cffice of notory at
Si brambeek. A' the moment of which we are Writting he had been dead about ten years, har-
ing left his willowno no great wealth beside ing left has millow no great wealth besides tie
love and ruspect of ber neighbors, with sufficient wortuly means to enable ber to pass her daps in The widow Ven Dapl lived in retirement, re ering the visits of only a fem intimate friends, aring and careful trainum of her two children Her labors had been greatly blessed, for her were accounted by very joy of her heart, and nodels for ynung people. Thus had many years passed by in swept and domertic peacp, and the onlp cloud which somentues cast a dark shadow brance of the hushand who bad been 100 early aken rom ber. Yet even kere the plet, Whic her sneedy comfort and relief, ard a glance at
the grave where rasted the mortal remann of her amented husband was ever followed by an uy; mard
doubted not, watched over herself and her chil-
Only a fem meekg ago soirnm had fallen once more upon this mous househald. Merrouw Van
Diel had fallon suddenlr ill; her Diel haif allon sudientr ill; her illness had beane much more serions in the last fer deys,
and the poor safferer seemelt to have n strengit struggle longer wit
The physician. a friend of the family, and a hop and upright min, had, it is true, helu out ourage to make known to ille wdow'a sorrowag chiliten that he was even now momentarily onssible hope of recovery, threatened the most Wmanent danger of death.
nconselar heard that the brolher and sister, pav therr accustomes frisit to the Troosikapel, ge to make known the whole trutb, and he
The zoud pastor of the village, who was aly waps to oe found where the doty of his offire he stick wnmin. Rika, the old servant, seeing loor to gire free vent to her tears, and to watch

No snoner did they notice ber tears, than their wo, which had been dried by prayer, began to ' Risa!' they cried both together, as they - 0 , mp Coad!' she sobbed, "I fear she cannot mucth worse han she 1s. Oh! mp good mis-
eepss, mp poor children, what will become of
Oh! would that i, On! would that I might die msstead of
With the speed of lightning Joseph fizw into 'Mother! motlier!' cried be, grasprag her
 ' My child! wh dearest clild!' replied she
ih a feeble voice, ' who told you that I am wh a reeble voice, 'mho told you that I am
ging to die? And it it must be so, Joseph, the will of God be done
Mary had seized her moiher's other hand, and
he children covered both hands with kisseg and
The pastor weat from sympathy. Even the octor brushed away witt the back of bis band 'Joseph! Mary!? sald be, 'be colmi; all is
ot lost, I assure you. Be celm; crying. does no gand, and the sight of your grief will but inHe satt these last tords in a whisper, lest they hould bo heard by the invalid, Jed to the physician to follorm hain to and bectide of ibe room. : ' Doctor,' he whaspered, ' do not decelife me: pect, therefore speak npenly.
There is still hope, Jneph
There is still hope, Jnseph,' mas the' answer
apkzen still lower than the quitestion: 'Therei is spoken still lower than the question: "There:is
stull bope, but th as elight, I expect: $R$ /fearful and decisive crisis to-nght. If sour mother lives till moraing if will abmer for terrecovery,
Thats ansier; slight as was the encourajement

