THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE, OR THE

PONTIFICAL ZOUAVES.

A TALE OF CASTEFIDARDO.

Translated from the Flemish of the Rev. S Daems: Canon Regular of the Order of Premonstra. tensians. (Abbey of Tongerlor, Belgium.)

PREFACE TO THE ENGLI-H TRANSLATION.

The tale, f om which the following pages have been translated, was originally published between the months of December, 1860, and September, 1867, in a periodical called Het Kempenland, (The Campine ')

It was begun under the pressure of the anniety with which the impending withdrawal of the French troops from Rome filled every faithful heart, and before the result of that glorious impulse was seen, by which the old chivalrous and religious spirit of France arose and forced her perplexed and wavering rulers to brave the dagger of the 'carbonaro' and lead her to ber old traditional place in the vanguard of Christen-

It was ended before the victory of Mentana had avenged the no less glorious defeat of Cas-

lelfidardo. The writer's aim was, be tells us in a few pre fatory words. while others are offering blood and life for the cause of God and His Vicar, at least to take up the pen in bonor of the heroes of Christendom, and in defence of their and our beloved, and, alas! persecuted Father.'

The translator's is a yet bumbler task, but it bas been undertaken with the same intention, and in the hope that the growing interest felt in England in a cause which has such assailants and such defenders as are here drawn from the life. standing cut in strong relief from the background will gam it a hearing, through this simple medium, from many who are not Catholics.

To every Catholic heart the name of Castel-Edardo will be a passport. We have now, thank God, English names in the marterology of this new crusade. We have been told by some organ banners' at Monte Rotondo and Mentana 'in

the blood of Italian boys." whom S. Philip's eye rested in wistful tenderthe gibbet and the axe, and to make their blood has to do with my story Well, then, to begin. the seed of a harvest which is now beginning to whiten the fields of our long barren and desolate

Here and there, one by one, they are gather ing still around the standard of the Cross From Highland glens, where the old Faith still lingers where the lamp of the sanctuary has burnt, un quenched by the hand of persecution and undimmed by the breath of heresy, through the three long centuries of a nation's apostacy - and more blessed, and more hopeful still, from homes hallowed by suffering and privation, once prosperous homes, whose inmates have given up all things for Christ - they are gathering around him, who, amid all the charges of these change ful times, has known, and will know, no change, and whose attitude and bearing has wrung a perthemselves.

By all the rules of the wisdom of the nine. disappeared long ago, amid other grotesque creations of the dark ages, and yet, the Old fathers. Man is still saying Mass on the tomb of the Apostles'-his the only voice that falters not, the only eye that is not clouded, the only heart that trembles not at . the things that are coming upon the earth.' They know not why; but we know that he is the representative of Him, who is the same yesterday, to day, and forever.

CHAPTER I .- THE BROTHER AND SISTER:

Antwerp, through a part of the provinces of her cheeks. Antwerp and Brabant. - Translator's Note.)

A lovely village indeed. Picture to yourself on its eastern side a group of sand-bills rearing their naked tops above the evergreen pine woods | heart, and after all the ease is not bopeless.' which surround them. On this side all is bare raises its scanty flowers as if it could scarce find | die. nourishment in the barren soil. Even here the Speak not so, sis er, he answered; 'we industry of the husbandman has of late amelio- must never give up hope. I know not why, but

the bills bave been levelled, the heath ploughed up, and the pine trees cut down. The period may be an'icipated when the last vestiges of the forest will disappear before the hand of cultiva-

A few years ago, as the traveler approached Schramberk on this side, the stillness of those dark pines filled his mind with solema thoughts: the quiet solitude of the place, the silence of which was broken only by the monotonous chirp of the cricket, and the sighing of the wind amid the green boughs, sounding like the voice of a spirit, wrought powerfully on the mind of the wayfarer and plunged him into deep contemplation.

But when he at last emerged from the outskirts of the forest, a lovely landscape broke suddenly upon his sight; the village lay smiling at his feet, with its neat and happy-looking dwellings ranged in a wide circle round the vil lage green. A moment before he was uncon scious of the existence of the paradise pestled close beneath the dark pine wood. The church tower scarcely rises above the roofs of the bouses, as if it feared lest its golden weather cock should betray the neighborhood of the happy village to the traveler, and thus lessen the effect of its sudden revelation. As you leave Schrambeek on the other side, a far different landscape lies before you; meadows and corn-fields seem to vie with each other which shall gleam most brightly in the sunshine. To the northwest the scenery is especially beautiful: the ground rises slowly a d gradually, overlooking a valley of clover and hay-fields, and terminating in a wide plain, smooth as a grassplot, adorned in the summer with a thousand lovely wild flowers, and forming a terrace from which the eye wanders over the whole extent of the country round. In the hollow before you lies Schrambeek, at the foot of the pine wood, the red roofs of its houses of evergreens; and at a little distance from the village, amid its oaks and lime trees, rise the old grey towers and broken moss grown battlements of an ancient feudal castle.

That castle many long years ago had its history, which the villagers of Schrambeek can tell of the revolution that, 'Pio Novo bathed bis you; for it was formerly the stronghold of a noble race, whose name was once famous in Flemish annals; it had its warriors, who in They 'were' bathed, in good truth, in the clden times had won for themselves a great re free, pure blood of our English boss, who gave nown in war. And so the shepherd, who is the flower of their bright and beautiful lives for watching his sheep vonder beneath its wall, will the defence of the Vicar of Christ-true and | tell you; for example, how-But whither am I worthy successors of the 'flores martyrum' on wandering? for I am not going to relate the history of the castle, and the impatient reader ness, when they came to Rome to be trained for has perhaps already asked himself what all this

But no, I have torgotten something else; there, in the middle of the green plain, stands a chapel dedicated to the Immaculate Mother Maiden. Look through the iron grating in the themiddle of the door. Is it not sim ple and beautiful? Kneel for a moment on the amid the grey rocks and the wild heather of the half worn wooden beach, and raise your eyes to everlasting hills-from stately English balls, the white stone in the gable, which bears this inscrption:

> OUR DEAR LADY OF COMFORT. 1615.

Hither it is that the sorrow-laden of Schram beek come to lay down their burthen. Hither do they come to ask the Mother of Sorrows for mother. help and comfort, and if you cone hither early in the morning and late in evening, you will not plexed and reluctant homage from his enemies fail to find a woman and not seldom a man, kneeling in earnest prayer upon the beach; for the people of Schrambeek bave not yet learned teenth century, the Pontiff King ought to have to be ashamed of God's service and God's fear; to play upon them. they hold fast still to the Faith of their fore-

story. May, of the year 1860. Tue last rays of the farewell greeting to their Mother, before they sun were already fading behind the western hills leave their labor to go to rest and gather new of Schrambeek. On the footpath which leads strength for their morning's work. from the village to Our Lady's Chapel, two persons, a maiden and a youth, were walking stlent- punish ly and sorrowfully. They seemed to be in deep God. Schrambeek, dear reader, is a name which grief; ever and anon a heavy sigh seemed to doubtless you have never heard before. It is burst involuntarily from the young man's heart and if you could have looked under the hood the land from weeds and to prepare it to bring crutch to the Troostkapel (the Chapel of Comliest villages of the Campine, (A sandy tract which the young girl had drewn over her face forth good fruit, other laborers are at work in fort.) as the good people of Schrambeek call it, stretching to the south-east of the City of you would have seen the big tears trickling down the world — the laborers of hell — on another to add the prayer of gratitude to the prayer of

whither we must go to seek the heroes of our flood, and forced the young man to break great Master-Laborer in Heaven - He who silence.

Oh, Mary,' said he gently, 'why do you rest and to suffer the work of hell to prosper. weep so despairingly? Your sorrow pierces my

'No, brother,' was the sad reply, 'let me and waste, only here and there a bunch of heather weep; for all hope is gone; our mother will

rated the nature of the soil: in different places | there is so nething in my heart, which bids me | interrupted Mary's prayer, for no sooner had the b of good comfort.

> 'Of good comfort, Joseph? Hope, brother. How can that possibly be. Are not the jaws of death already opened for our mother. Her thin hands, her colorless cheeks, the burning fever-do not all these speak plainly enough .-AL, the doctor might well say that it will be a wonder if she lives three days longer.'

And the words seemed to choke the poor girl, and her anguish again found vent in a flood of tears.

Oh, tears, precions gift of the Creator! Most unbappy is the sufferer, whose grief finds no rehef in tears.

The young man wept also, yet strove hard to master his emotion lest it should aggravate his ister's sorrow.

'It is true,' continued he after a short pause, our mother is very ill. Think not that I do no share your sorrow yet I cannot but still bope. Then the Holy unction of the Church which our mother received yesterday; above all the Almighty and All Good, who has been pleased to visit her on her sick bed to day-do you think that all this can do nothing for her?"

Assuredly, Josepil; you are not presumptu ous enough to expect a miracle? And, accord ing to what the doctor said her recovery would be a miracle.'

'Sister, we are close to her chapel who is of the Sorrowful; let us address one tervent prayer to ber, and were it even to cost a miracle it would not be the first which has been granted to fi ial love. Or say that we need no miracle. yet let us offer one fervent prayer of faith and rust, for, I say again, it is my inmost belief that we shall be heard. Is it not God who brings down to the brink of the grave and raises up again, according to his good pleasure?

The prous children had reached the chapel of the Immaculate Virgin, and knelt together on the bench before the door, praying in silence They prayed for their sick mother, and they prayed to the best of mothers, to the Mother of God and of men. How should such a prayer fail to be heard? The prayer of loving chil dren for their parents is always heard; but sometimes the Lord gives more than they ask; who is the Father of the Orphan.

only eighteen, and the girl scarce sixteen years. They were already half orphans, for they had The voice of that blood, shed for the holiest lost an excellent father while yet too young to cause, shall be their prayer, greater in its vicunderstand their loss. Yet God. Who never tails to apply balm upon the wounds which He inflicts, had left them a pious mother, under the shelter of whose watchful love they had grown up in His fear and service, and had scarcely felt will not leave our sick mother? You will not their return. the loss of their father.

And now this mother, their only stay on earth. to whom they had ever been a crown of joy, lay sick to death upon her bed, and it seemed as if not from the martyr's death; I feel my heart God were about to take from them their only burns to follow their noble example. No, Pro support, and to leave them alone in their weakness on the wide, wide world.

Fervently had their praises risen daily before the chapel of the Sweet Mother of Heaven, and but I would fly to the defence of my other Mo- own, which had been dried by prayer, began to with redoubled confidence and love had they ther. When I was at college, I used to read daily invoked her since the beginning of her own sweet month. Evening was now drawing on. but their filial love kept them still kneeling there to offer a last petition for the recovery of their

Long, very long did they pray, inwardly and rest of the way by his sister's side. silently. The brother especially seemed as if unconscious of all around him; his eyes were fixed upon the white stone in the gable, his lips had ceased to move, and a gentle smile seemed

began to spread its shadows over the country .-And now, dear reader, we will begin our The clear sound of the Angelus bell from the low church tower was heard, calling the laborers It was a beautiful evening in the month of in the field to bow their knees in their evening

While the laborers of the soil, as were most of the inhabitants of Schrambeek, toil to free ground—the heart of man—busy in rooting out filial love. Those tears burst forth at last in a sudden the good seed and planting the cockle. And the alone labors and is not wearied-He seems to

He accomplishes His work by a fiat.

will destroy their work and restore His own. Therefore He seems to rest.

By another fiat, in His own good time, He

last stroke sounded in the evening air, than the thus roused her brother from his reverie:

'Joseph, it is time; let us go back to our mother.' He started as from a dream, and stood up without speaking; his countenance was now

calm and peaceful. His sister looked at him in amazement. 'Brother,' she said, ' how mighty is the power of prayer over the human heart. I feel mine

already far lighter, and you look to me more full of hope than when we came hither.' 'It is true, Mary, but for whom do you think

I have been praying 1' ' For whom have you been praying ? For our sick mother, of course."

'You say truly, but I have not been praying for her alone to the Blessed Virgin and her dear Son. Oh, my dearest Mary, I think sometimes that we are too selfish in our sorrow for our mother's sickness; for, Mary, we have another Mother-our Mother fell of grace, the Holy Church, over whom we have good cause to sorrow. Ah. I know well this Mother can never die, yet she can endure unspeakable sufferings; and to what dangers is she now exposed in the person of her oppressed Chief Pastor?'

' Most true, Joseph, but what can we poor weak creatures, do for her, but sorrow and pray at the cost of some mighty miracle?

'Doubtless God's eye is open to the sufferings of His Church. When once His hour of vengeance comes, He will give her victory at all costs over her enemies; but it is also His will that His creatures should co-operate with Him. and He vouchsafes no miracle without necessity. dren.

" Quite true, Joseph, yet why suffer yourself to be so overpowered with sorrow, when we can do nothing to help her but by our prayers?'

' Nothing but by our prayers. Oh, sister, what, then, are those brave men doing who are hastening to Rome from our father land, from France, Ireland, and many a land besides, full of beroic ardor, to defend the common Father of the Faithful? They do not think that prayer is shall not be fruitlessly watered by their blood. imminent danger of death. torious power than any triumph of arms."

'Joseph, these are beautiful words, but they in your mind to eater the Pope's service. You leave your sister to weep alone over her grave?'

I say not that, Mary, but yet I confess I by our mother's sickbed; yet were I not with- for the young people's return. held by the sweet duty of filial love, I say not that 'it is sweet to die for our country;' a thou sand times sweeter must it be to die for the drew near the door, 'is mother worse?' Church of God.'

Mary made no answer: she seemed to be lost

They now drew near to the first houses of | you! Schrambeek.

Teresa, the old crippled beggar-woman, as she passed them, though nowilling to disturb their grief, could not resist the opportunity, when she Meanwhile evening had closed in, and night received an alms from Joseph's hand, to wish them a hearty good evening.

They stood still. ' How is your mother ?'

'Ill, very ill, Teresa. Do not forget her in your prayers.'

'Can you doubt, Joseph, that I shall remember ber! Oh! I have not forgotten whom I For work is a blessing of Gid as well as a have to thank that I did not perish from cold and doctor brushed away with the back of his hand punishment on sin. But all work is not blest by hunger last winter. No, no; the old cripple is the tears which started unbidden to his eye: not ungrateful. God reward you, children, and your good mother."

It had been a very hot day. The evening was lovely, and many of the inhabitants of Schrambeek were gathered together in the time to listen to the news, which were retailed expect, therefore speak openly. By a hat He has let the laborers of hell finish) to them by the old Piquet. He went daily to in the wide world.

The sound of the Angelus bell had apparently ! When the brother and sister approached the This answer, slight as was the encouragement

group of villagers they received kindly greetings from all. Every one was anxious to inquire for the invalid. But Joseph and Mary, after answering their inquiries in a few words, hastened onwards, for their bearts yearned after their

On the threshold of their home, Rika, the maid, stood weeping bitterly.

CHAHTER IL-THE VOW.

Mevrouw Van Dael, the mother of Joseph and Mary, was the widow of a good and honorable man who had long filled the office of notary at Schrambeek. At the moment of which we are writing he had been dead about ten years, having left his widow no great wealth besides the love and respect of ber neighbors, with sufficient worldly means to enable her to pass her days in peace and independence.

The widow Van Dael lived in retirement, receiving the visits of only a few intimate friends, and employed hersell in her quiet home in the loving and careful training of her two children. Her labors had been greatly blessed, for her children were the very joy of her heart, and were accounted by all Schrambeek to be the models for young people. Thus had many years passed by in sweet and domestic peace, and the only cloud which sometimes cast a dark shadow over her sunny path was the sorrowful rememfor her? Besides, does not the Lord watch | brance of the husband who had been too early the 'Health of the Sick,' and the 'Conforter over His Brule, and will He not save her, even taken from her. Yet even here the piety, which was the life of the good widow's soul, brought her speedy comfort and relief, and a glance at the grave where rested the mortal remains of her famented husband was ever followed by an unward look to Heaven, whence his spirit, she doubted not, watched over herself and her chil-

> Only a few weeks ago sorrow had fallen once more upon this pious household. Mevrouw Van Duel had fallen suddenly ill; her illness had become much more serious in the last few days, and the poor sufferer seemed to have no strength to struggle longer with the disease which was undermining her life.

The physician, a friend of the family, and a worthy and upright man, had, it is true, held out their only weapon. They have cast blood and a hope of her recovery; yet he had not the life into the balance for the Pope, and will die courage to make known to the widow's sorrowthey are sometimes more than answered by Him Joyfully to save him; for if their little company ing children that he was even now momentarily should be crushed by the overpowering number expecting a last crisis, which, with the slightest Pious children! The youth had numbered of the enemy, they know well that the earth possible hope of recovery, threatened the most

> When he heard that the brother and sister, unconscious of her pressing danger, had gone to nay their accustomed frisit to the Troosikapel, his heart reproached him with his want of courmake my heart ache; for you speak as if it were lage to make known the whole truth, and he hastened to the sick ed to take their place until

> The good pastor of the village, who was always to be found where the duty of his office envy the fare of those brave hearts who shrink | called bim, remained also to comfort and support the sick woman. Rika, the old servant, seeing her mistress in such good hands, had gone to the vidence. I believe, has appointed me my place door to give free vent to her tears, and to watch

> > No sooner did they notice her tears, than their stream again.

· Rika!' they cried both together, as they

O, my God !' she sobbed, 'I fear she cannot be much worse than she is. Oh! my good misin thought; J seph also walked silently for the treess, my poor children, what will become of u.? Oh! would that I might die instead of

> With the speed of lightning Joseph flew into his mother's room, and kaelt by her bedside.

> 'Mother! mother!' cried he, grasping her emaciated hand, 'you are not going to die?' "My child! my dearest child!" replied she

> with a feeble voice, who told you that I am going to die? And if it must be so, Joseph, the holy will of God be done!'

Mary bad seized her mother's other hand, and the children covered both hands with kisses and

The pastor west from sympathy. Even the

'Joseph! Mary!' said be, 'be celm; all is not lost, I assure you. Be celm; crying does And the old woman hobbled along with her no good, and the sight of your grief will but increase your mother's sickness."

He said these last words in a whisper, lest they should be heard by the invalid.

Joseph dropped his mother's hand, and beckoned to the physician to follow him to the other side of the room.

Doctor, he whispered, do not deceive me. street to breathe the fresh air, and at the same Only tell me the truth, it cannot be worse than I

There is still hope, Joseph,' was the answer the 'Eagle' to read the newspaper, and was in spoken still lower than the question. There is great request among the peasants, who questioned still bope, but it is slight, I expect a fearful him about all the events which had taken place and decisive crisis to-night. If your mother lives till morning, I will answer for her recovery."

Hal lore.