THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE,

OR THE

PONTIFICAL ZOUAVES.

A TALE OF CASTELFIDARDO.

Translated from the Flemish of the Rev. S Daems Ganon Regular of the Order of Premonstra-tensians. (Abbey of Tongerloc, Belgium.)

CHAPTER VID - CONTINUED.

And you think, asked Morren, that your word would be powerful enough to protect Victor from your friends in Italy ? Doubtless,' was the answer.

Van Dormael stood still for a moment, and whispered into Morren's ear, 'a secret has been entrusted to me which my friendship compels me to impart to you. Listen, Maso - deeply wounded in his love for his country—bas gone to Italy with the full purpose to stab Victor to the beart. There is but one power which can turn bm aside from his purpose; that power is ours.

There is but one means left to fetter Masso's avenging arm, and that is to join the society of Freemasons. Send in your adbesion through me, and your son is saved. 'You are certain,' asked Morren doubtfully,

that Masso would obey the mandate of the Lodge ?'

Perfectly certain, answered Ernest, who flattered bimself he saw a ray of hope.

Mynbeer gazed silently on the ground; painful conflict was visible on his face. It was the conflict between paternal love and convic-

Yet that conviction rested not on Faith; that paternal love was not regulated by the law of God. Poor Morren! will you fail under the trial? Will you suffer yourself to be dragged further down into the gulf of perdition in the hope at least to save your son?

Oh! Heaven forbid! for Victor's sacrifice is too boly to be the means of causing his father a deeper fall. The grace and the power to withstand the temptation, of which the free-thinker is unworthy, perhaps will be granted him for the unpercived. virtue of his son.

Was it on this account that Morren suddenly raised his head, as it his resolution were made? secretly and silently.

'You will not?' answered Ernest. 'Know. then, that you have spoken your son's doom .--

I can do nothing to belp him. But I shall be able to help him,'said Morren, her sponsor at the font. hopefully. 'I will write immediately and warn Victor to avoid Maso, for that the villain is ly

ing in wait for his life." Ernest turned pale with anger, for he saw that his revelation had overturned his own plans, and might perhans defeat Maso's vengeance. But he controlled his wrath, for, on account of many debts with which he was loaded, and for other reasons, there was nothing he feared so much as

to break with Morren. He ventured upon a last word when he reached the station.

"W. ne,' said he; 'you will be too late. We means to reach Maso time enough to stay precaution. Once more, my friend,' said the hypocrite, 'I beseech you give me your word, or all my love will be nowerless to belo you.

Mynheer Morren wrung his hands irresolutely for a moment, and then he raised his eyes to heaven. Was it a prayer? Who knows? But he answered-

'Impossible, Ernest, impossible; this is my last word. And if I can do nothing for my poor child, then may God watch over him.

Indeed, as we have already seen, the Lord had watched over Pio Nono's soldier; but Myn heer Morren wondered himself at the words which had escaped his lips, and, as if they had possessed a secret power to strengthen him, he felt a calmness in his spirit for which he could not have himself accounted. If he had pos sessed the light of Faith be would have known that this feeling is called the working of grace.

Mennwhile, Earnest, lest alone with bis bit terness of heart, sped homeward on the railway, and Morren returned towards Schrambeek.

He went over in his mind all which had hap pened-the proposal of Ernest, the argument of his friend, the danger of his son, passed succes sively in terrible array through his brain, till be lost the tranquility of mind which for a moment had endeavored to enslave, and the fatherly power to save Victor, were carrying on a terrible conflict in his heart. The strife was fear- trat all these things depend upon chance.' fol; yet, amid all the anguish which distracted Well, well, said Morren, half smiling, I

him, he seemed to hear a secret voice hidding knew very well that my niece is as wise as she | City and have been for some time at the camp | To arms I your watchword be in thunder spoken, | For Faith and Pius leave your Fatherland was again tolerably calm.

Still sunk in thought he opened the gate of his sister in law, Mevrouw Van Dael.

There was no one in the garden, but in the summer house he tound Mary's embroidery, and besides it a book which he mechanically opened. It was the 'Imitation of Christ.'

He turned over the leaves unconsciously, when his eye fell upon the following passages:

Lay it not to heart who is for thee or against thee, but take heed that God be with thee in everything thou dost.

'Have a good conscience and God shall protect thee. 'He whom God will help can no man's wick-

edness binder. "If thou caust suffer and be silent thou shalt

undoubt-dly receive help from God. 'He knows the time and the way to help

thee, therefore leave it all to Him.

'It is God's work to help thee and to deliver thee from all adversity.

Mynheer Morren read the whole section attentively. What a wonderful teaching was this; so tranquilizing and so hopeful that it infused confidence into his heart, in spite of his unbelief. What a wonderful philosophy, so sublime in its simplicity, and by the side of which all his own systems seemed like idle dreams. The free thinker could not explain it to him elf, and yet he had learnt that philosophy long ago, but sophistry bad effaced it from his understanding.

Indeed, he no longer knew, although he could well guess, that it was the teaching of Christianity-the teaching which had once been his own. Then he felt a certain desire to love it once more because it had shed comfort upon his sorrowful heart, and his heart was not altogether hardened.

Yet the philosopher was not yet converted .-His understanding was still enveloped with thick clouds, and his reason was yet too proud to deny to that darkness the name of light which he had so long bestowed on it.

While Mynheer Morren was still deep in thought Mary had come into the summer house

Ah. dear uncle,' said she, laughing, 'you want to frighten me by stealing in like a thief so

answered he, in a determined 'You are not sorry to see me, I hope,' answered Morren kindly.

He had always had an especial affection for Mary; she was so simple and so affectiona'e, and moreover, while yet a believer, he had been

she had come close to bim; 'you seem so pale, who wields no weapons but his blessing and his dear upcle; has anything happened to trouble vou ?

'Ob, no,' said be gently, 'I am only some what tired and weary. Mary continued he after a pause, ' do you not feel uneasy about our poor Zouaves at Rome ?

The unexpected question surprised ber. She knew that Morren would bardly ever hear a word about his son, and he now opened the sub ject bimself.

'I do indeed,' said she, 'and sometimes I alone in our secret communications have the make myself miserable by thinking over the dangers to which they are exposed. Yet, dear his hand. And if Victor should now escape, uncle, I let my imagination rest as little as pos it would be but a respite, for the 'carbonaro's' sible upon the thought. In my anxiety I turn ters, or have said faren dagger strikes home inevitably, and spite of all to the Lord, and I ask of Him to protect Him or long-wedded wife? own soldiers with His mighty arm. Prayer gives me strength and comfort.

that your prayer can belo them.'

Assuredly, uncle; is it not God's work to help and to deliver, and whose wickedness can binder bim whom God will help?"

Menbeer Morren stood amazed. Mary spoke the very same words which he bad just read, and ber countenenance showed plainly enough their blackest ingratitude of degenerate Christians, tranquilizing power. That wonderful teaching with the most disgraceful weakness of faintwas therefore in reality what it was in appear-

How happy you are, Mary,' sighed be, that you can believe so confidently. A sain be was amazed at the words which had of history.

escaped him, and, as if to protest against being overcome, he added-

'The misfortune is that all this Faith is mere fancy while the world is governed by blind chance.

Blind chance?' answered Mary, who saw plainly that her words had made on impression, you do not mean that. If the whole universe, in its unity and heauty, were the work of chance it would be an incredible miracle, far more incomprehensible than its creation by the Alhe had enjoyed; ins proud reason, which men | mighty. But if the origin of all things cannot be the work of chance, neither can their preserlove which bade him use the only means in his vation and direction. No, dearest uncle, I am very sure that you are too learned to believe

her. One would suppose you had studied philosophy. Doubtless,' added he, pointing to the Imitation of Christ,' you have learnt your system out of this book?"

Mary paused a moment before she answered; she breathed a prayer to God to direct her reply, and then she said -

'That precious book assuredly contains these and many other consoling truths; yet I need not go so far to find them. Do we not read daily in Our Father 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,' and 'Deliver us from evil.' Ah, dear uncle,' continued she, 'I am perhaps too bold, but pardon my I ve, I have a petition to make to you which I hope you will not refuse to your Godchild.'

'And what is the petition?' asked Morren, with some curiosity. 'If it be within my power, be assured that I will grant it."

'Ob, it is but a trifle,' said she with a smile. It is only that you will say every day an 'Our Father' and a ' Hall Mary' for my intention, and for the safety of our Pontifical Volunteers.' Morren's countenance darkened.

'Impossible,' answered he ; 'it is superstition.' 'It is not impossible, uncle, it is not superstition, and you have given me your word. You

would not have it to be believed that you are afraid of the magic of a prayer!' ' Nonsense,' said Morren, laughing; 'what harm could the prayer do me?"

'Well,' answered she, 'why then should you refuse ?'

Well, well, then, little witch,' answered he, balf impatiently and half laughing; ' how can I refuse you? Well, then, I will do it.'

'Upon your word of honor?' 'Upon my word of houor.'

Mary directed another look of thankinlness to Heaven.

When Morren that evening looked back upon the occurrences of the day, be felt a peace long unknown to him. Painful anxiety, an account of the danger to which Victor was exposed, ever and anon pierced his heart; yet he heard still the soothing voice of that wonderful book- Whom God will help can no man's wickedness hinder.'

Two spirits had striven that day for the possession of the philosopher's heart-the spirit of evil; the latter had not, assuredly, gained the victory, but the free-thinker was not yet converted.

CHAPTER IX .- THE CAMP.

It was a glorious sight to see in 1860 a multitude of brave youths from Belgium, France. and other lands, hastening to Rome in the hour But what is the matter?' said Mary, when of danger to the defence of a feeble old man prayers, and yet beheld with a calm and steadfast eye the threatening approach of the monster of revolution, and, resting upon the might of a kingdom not of this world, flinched not as it pressed nearer and nearer to his ancient throne.

It was a glorious sight, and it is to be seen even at this moment.

The ranks of the Pontifical Zouaves are swell ing day by day; not a week passes without tidings of a new reinforcement. And amidst all those brave hearts, how many have bid farewell to a home of earthly bappiness, how many have sacrificed the brightest prospects of life, have torn themselves from the arms of parents or sisters, or have said farewell to betrothed maiden

The revolution may shed their blood on the battle field, the murderous dagger of the secret 'So that you really think,' asked Morren, society may strike them in the dark, but the ranks of Christian chivalry are filled up as each champion falls, and the blood of the Papal Yolunteers, like the blood of the first martyrs, is the seed of new soldiers of Christ.

The history of our days will be a remarkable and a glorious one. Side by side with the hearted princes, with the vilest wickedness of godless spoilers, the fervent love of the true sons of the Church, their heroic courage, and subline self devotion will shine forth on the page

Yet how many evil deeds and how many heroic actions will remain hidden from the eyes of men until the day when the book of God's remembrance shall be opened?

For it is but a small portion of men's good or evil deeds which is written down for posterity. But the God of Hosts, whose unerring eye

rests continually upon His creatures, and marks with especial love the sufferings of His Church and of per Head, counts every deed of virtue or of crime to requite them at his appointed hour, and the little that is known to us of both is a token to us of what his secret book contains.

A few weeks have elapsed since the occurrences in our last chapter.

Victor and his companions, after a last visit to Stelano and his sister, have left the Eternal

The young men had devoted themselves with great zeal to learning the practice of the art of

HRONICLE

It was all child's play to Martin, whose gigan tic frame had been reared in a school of privation, as his hearty laugh betokened after a day of exceeding fatigue; but his brightness and cheerfulness did not exceed that of Joseph and Victor, who had been brought up in the lap of

hardships inseparable from the rough life of a

They made their friends at Schrambeek, as far as possible, acquainted with the life they were leading, and it was often a real recreation to them in the evening, after a day of bard labor to spend a few minutes in simple and affectionate intercourse with their neighbors at home.

The villagers at Schrambeek, on their side, were alwars eager for news of the Zonaves. Peerjan, the old Picquet, regularly inquired of

Mary after Mass if she had heard any new tidings of them, and passed on whatever he gathered to bis usual audience.

Sus, the smith, who was but half satisfied with Peerjan's abridgments, at last suggested the idea of asking Mary for any of Joseph's letters which bangonne ? might contain nothing private.

Peerjan had at first objected, but the idea suggested by the smith had excited his own curiosity, so that at last one morning after Mass he summoned courage-amid a flow of . That's to say,' and ' That's the thing,' his usual phrases, -to prefer the request to Joseph's sister.

She made no difficulty and placed several letters in his hands, and the following Sunday, after the High Mass. Peerian accosted a number of the people of Schramberk with the welcome intelligence. 'Halt! great news from the Zouaves,' while he triumphantly held out a roll of letters.

The smith immediately took his place beside

idvice?

Bravo, Peerjan. Did I not give you good Peerjan, as if absorbed in his great work. made no answer, but took his spectacles out of his pocket, wiped his glasses with his coat sleeve, placed the important instrument upon his nose,

and unfolded the first sheet. 'Look here,' said he, 'Joseph gives a short account of their march to the camp:'--

"I shall not say much about our ma Terni. We left Rome in the night and halted at daybreak. One, two, three, wood and water Every one takes out his basin; the breakfast is soon finished, and we on our way again, with bag small for his great shoulders. and baggage. The atmosphere is intensely hot; the perspiration bursts from every pore; we are all covered with dust; our feet swell; our tongues cleave to our palate: but what does it signify? All the pleasanter does the captain's voice sound in our ears when it cries 'Halt,' in some shady place.'

. Well done,' interrupted the carpenter .-They are true soldiers, and no mistake.'

'And then,' the Picquet read on, ' We have music; the clarion sounds, and that gives us no little encouragement. And when the music st ps, then we begin to sing on the march till the air rines again in Plemish as well as in French. for we had many Flemings with us on the march

· Once (it was on the evening of the first day, when we were approaching Civita-Castellana) we were all tired to death, so that our merri ment was for a time bushed. But Martin, who is no friend to sadness, and does not know what fatigue means, suddenly burst forth in a tremen dous voice with the ' Klass en trouvot sijn leven. niet.' Our whole company burst out laughing, and all our Flemish comrades joined heartily in the chorus.

But the song which we sing with greatest spirit is our Belgian patriotic song. Victor, who sometimes finds rhymes in his pocket, has turned it into a fort of Brabanconne, if I may so call it, and our dear country's song rings daily through the Italian sky. These are the words, and I doubt not our friends will, in remembrance of us, often sing it in our fatherland.

FOR PETER'S CHAIR.

SONG OF THE BELGIAN PONTIFICAL VOLUNTEERS. For Peter's Chair we face the hour of danger, For Peter's Chair our swelling hearts beat high. In Pius' cause we'll quell the faithless stranger, For Pine' cause full gladly will we die.
To arms! to arms! the fetters burst asunder,

Which unbelief has forged with implous band, Selgians, to arms! through all the land in thunder Peals your old watchword, 'Faith and Father

Jand.' For Faith and Fatherland'-that watchword ers. ing, Each Belgian true cusheathes his trusty sword;

For Fatherland at rest and prace is lying, Needs not his sid, but claims is for his Lo. d. Against the Jross of Jesus love the token,
Rage thousand foes with armed and impieus

To arms! to arms! each fearless heart is flying. Prepared alike for victory or for death. war, and endured, with a joyful spirit, all the No victor's wreath, perchance, shall crown the dya

ing, Yet Haly Church receives his parting breath, Though unbelief displays her flug infernal, And triumph's loudly in her evil mood. Faith shall achieve her victory eternal, Though at the cost of our hearts' dearest blood.

No Belgian beart shall at the death-shot quiver, The flashing stee appal no Belgian eye;

Firm at our post, to die or to deliver,

Boldly we fling the bannered Gross on bigh. Then forward ! forward ! ever onward pressing, Who fights for God must triumph even in death, And if we fall, then shall his Vicar's blessing -Pledge of his own-hallow our latest breath.

O Lord of Hosts, Almighty and all loving, Who still doth watch Thy children f om on high, Firm at Thy Cross we'll take our stand unmov-

ing, Till dawns our Father's hour of victory. If to our blood that victory be given, Right thankfully and gladly will we die, So by our death Thy Church's chains be riven,
'For Peter's Chair, shall be our latest cry.'

'Well done!' said Wouter, the carpenter, and will that song go to the tune of the Bra-

'Certainly,' answered the landlord of the Cross Bow. 'Didn't you understand what Peerjan said ? It is a Papal Brabangonne. Eb, Peerjan ?

'That's the thing,' answered the old Picquet. What do you think, good people? Shall we learn to sing it, to the accompaniment of the band? Shall we practice it?

'Yes, yes, certainly,' cried they all. 'We will write it out to day.'

'Come or,' said the smith, 'we'll begin at once.'

'That's to say,' growled Peerjan, 'you would ike to bear the rest first, I suppose ? Listen, and he unfolded another letter, ' Listen to what Joseph says of the life in the camp.

'Our camp lies at a short distance from Terni. the head quarters of the army. We sleep under tenis, and our first employment after our arrival was to learn to pitch them. Having accomplished this point, we now spend our time in other occupations. After the drill, the rest of the day is employed in carrying wood, purchasing victuals, and carrying water. The last, especially, keeps us fully employed, for you must know we have to bring it from a great distance; we have to fetch it from Colles ipoli, a village which stands on a high bill at about three miles are ready, the fire lighted and the coffee clear. distance from our camp. We bring the water in great buckets, but Martin fieds them too

> 'Have you nothing else to give me?' asked he, laughing, 'but these half-pints, which carry nothing ??

'And our captain gave bim a pail as big as a hoat, and it is great fun to see how our companions flock around him on his return, so thirsty are they for the wealth he carries.

'Then tollows the cleaning of our belts and polishing of our arms, and a thousand other little occupations of camp life, and you will see that our day is well filled up, and we have no reason to fear for lack of occupation.

"And yet, notwithstanding our long and fatiguing military exercise, and all the labor of the soldier's daily work, we have never been so happy, never so contented as now. We would out change our rough camp life for all the pleasure of the great world. Are we not laboring and suffering for the Church of Christ? and is not that one thought enough to make all privation light and all suffering sweet?

'Ou! what cannot man do when he works for God and with God. The Pontifical Volunteers are for the most part children of good houses, brought up in prosperity, tender plants which might be expected to bend before the slightest breath. After a long drill, after leaping, springing, climbing, for six or seven hours under a burning eky, they return to the camp tired out. covered with dust and perspiration, with open mouth, swollen eyes, burning lips, laboring breath: yet after a snort sleep, a few moments rest, in less than half an hour they are full again of lite and spirits.

I think sometimes that it is just like a wood after a storm-the lightning flashes, the thunder growls, the rain stream down on the thirsty earth, and so long as the burricane rages, the music of the feathered inhabitants of the wood is silent : not a single little bird chirps, not a sound is beard among the green bows. Even for some time after the storm is over, a deep solemn stillness reigns over the wood. At last one little voice is heard and then a second, then another and another, and soon the whole chorus chimes forth sweeter and stronger than ever, as if rejoicing in the redoubled joy and in the balmy breath of purified nature

'So it is with us. As soon as we have rested

and the one begins to sing, another to play the