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THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE, OR THE PONTIFICAL ZOUAVES. A TALE OF CASTELFIDARDO.

Translated from the Flemish of the Rev. S. Daems Canon Regular of the Order of Premonstratensians. (Abbeys of Tongerlo, Belgium.)

CHAPTER VII.—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—has gone to Italy with the full purpose to stab Victor to the heart. There is but one power which can turn him aside from his purpose; that power is ours. There is but one means left to fetter Maso's avenging arm, and that is to join the society of Freemasons. Send in your adhesion through me, and your son is saved.'

him, he seemed to hear a secret voice bidding him hope, and when he reached the village he was again tolerably calm. Still sunk in thought he opened the gate of his sister in law, Merrouw Van Dael. There was no one in the garden, but in the summer house he found Mary's embroidery, and besides it a book which he mechanically opened. It was the 'Imitation of Christ.'

City and have been for some time at the camp near Terni and Collescipoli. The young men had devoted themselves with great zeal to learning the practice of the art of war, and endured, with a joyful spirit, all the hardships inseparable from the rough life of a camp. It was all child's play to Martin, whose gigantic 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 prosperity.

To arms! your watchword be in thunder spoken, For Faith and Pius leave your Fatherland To arms! to arms! each fearless heart is flying, Prepared alike for victory or for death. No victor's wreath, perchance, shall crown the dying, Yet Holy Church receives his parting breath. Though unbelief displays her flag infernal, And triumph's loudly in her evil mood, Faith shall achieve her victory eternal, Though at the cost of our hearts' dearest blood.

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 of danger to the defence of a feeble old man who wields no weapons but his blessing and his 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, finched not as it pressed nearer and nearer to his ancient throne.