CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

yol. XX.

THEDOUBLESACRIFICE

ontifigal zotaves

a tale of castelfidardo.

Trasalated from the Flemieh o! the Rer. S. Daem teneiane. (Abboy of Tongerloo,

Chapter xill-CONTinued.
Come, come,' was the cool answer ; 'this is all childish noosense, which he will be ashamed of when he geis better. Has he not often desired us never to give beed to such a reques sbould be make it from weak

Bat be expresaly wills it
Aud I will it not; and one day he will thank me for relusing it

A priest! a priest!' mplored Ernest, mrith A pis bad

## The physician tried to give him something

 drink.A priest, a priest !'
Morren, who was looking in horror on a sce hich bad driven bis own sorrow from bis me mory, turned to Ernesl's sister.
'Mejufrroum,' sald be, 'mill you bave the ruelty to refuse pour brother's last request ?' - Wre know no priests,' sighed the unhappy girl. $\qquad$ reet will drect you io

- He will nat come with me into the house free-thanker, as they call us.
-Can you thak so? Go, unless you qould lay an everlastrg burden upon your beart.
A priest! a priest!' screeched Ernest again, a tone so terrible that bis sister fled from lhe room to fulfil his desire.
'He shall not come in,'
mer as she left be ron.
Meanwhale, Morren drew nearer to the bed
What ails you, Ernest?" assed he kindly. Ab, my friend,' sighed the sicts man, ' the
morning I was perfectly well, and suddenly, in a moment, Jeath seized upon me, my whole body was convulsed. Morren, Morren, it is a punishment. A few days ago 1 also acted as tle devil's watchman by the death-bed of a free thiaker. He, also-he asked for a priest, and I refused him. I mercilessly closed the door ganast the servant of the Lord; fiend like and cold-bbooded, I let my companion die like a helpless beast. Ab!' cried he, goashiog bus teeth in despair,' A priest; he will not come, for they'-and be ponted to his three friends-are watchong round my bed to keep hum away Iave deserved it, Morren, I have deserved hices, bad already moved towards the door.
'To die,' meaned the sick man, 'so young and so full of life, to die like a perishing beast. Woe is me, and what will follow alter dealh? Morren, do you know what will follow after death?


## fire from Hearen.

 d fearfully drawn together.'He will not come,' be howled agan. 'The priests-I bave persecuted them, slandered them, poured forth all my gall upon them, and they know me - they know the free-thinker, they know their enemy, and they will not belp meIf they would, what will it avall me? It is too late, there is no lorgiveness for me now. I lave mocked at everything.'
And he tore his hair in despar
The door of the room opened, the sister of the sack man bad returned with a priest.

## This way reverend sir,' said she as s

 tered the room.She was followed by an ecclesiastic, a tali, venerable old man. But belore be could set pale and threatening before him.
' Begone, thundered the bro
man, ' you shall not set foot in thas room.
The priest seemed startled for a moment, but
soon recovered his composure.
'Mynheer,' answered be, ' the ald of my boly nintry was asked for a sick man.
No ove bere wants your help.'
'But the poor dying man pooder!' and he ointed to Eruest.
'A priest! belp! belp !' cried he.
Out of my house, bypocrite,' stormed the But I mas sent for?
No ane could send
thonty bere but mpself.'

- Your victim, then, bas no right to my assistence? no right to bis freedom, of which in Gendish a mavner you will rob him.
'Begone,' answered Ersest's brotber, 'aud quickly, too, or I wll call my servants to turn you out lise dog.
The priest drew himself up to his full beight, -Well !' said he ' 'do do sour
Well !' said he, 'do your worst, but be a sured that I am not to be minimidated. This is a serious matter, Mynheer, and in tiee name of the freedum of conscience which you so bighly extol, and which you are now so grievously oppressing, I defy you to pretent my access to the dying man.'
' Enough,' ioterrupted the elder Van Dormael, friousl's snatching a pistol from the wall, and ointing it at the priest's bead, 'out of the hous I I will send a bullet tbrough your braio. Morren kad thrown himself between the speakers, and dashed the fatal weapo
the free-thinker was beside himself.


## la van did Victor's father tsy to bring him to

 reasor, in pand did bis sister fall at his feet and implore his mercy; be thrust them both aside.Menawbile, the phgsician and his companion took the priest by the arm, lorced buo out 'Mpoleer, sad the ' dellan then.
Mynbeer, sad the will here to our proceedings, and you winh hare to answe for them before a court of justice unless you
leave this house without delay.? The por pe winort dela,
The poor priest, hopeless of being able to do y good, descended the stars with tears in his
He had bardly reached the bottom when the door of the sick room was once more opened, and this time it was the brother of the miserable he stairs.

Harrible ! horrible!' cried be. ' My friends will murder me.'
He was followed by his two companions, who, not knowing what bad bappened during their bsence from the sick bed, thought be was light eaded, and tried to hold bim back.
' He is turned into a deril,' cried Ernest' rother. ' $\mathrm{Fl} / \mathrm{y}$, fy ! he will tear us to pieces.' The room, indeed, was now a fearful scene, The room, indeed, was now a fearful scene,
The tree thinker lay on the ground strugfling escape from the bands of bis sister and $M_{j n}$ eer Morren.
'Let me go,' screamed he, 'I will follow hem. The monsters! They will deliver me over to the devil. Where are they? I will tear every one of them to pieces. They called a a priest to mack me-to laugh at my suffer ags. Ah, ah! I am a free-thinter ; I wall have priests.'
Poor miserable wretch. His face was now covered with purple spots, his glassy ejes stared wildy out of his head, and a white fram stood
pon bis tught-fressed lips.
CWhere are they ?' scceeched tie again, 'the priests and the free thinkers? I will make an end of them all together. Ha, ba! with a laugi
that puercell the bearers' socils. 'Ha, ba! the cowards. Let them but sbow themeelres, they dare.'
enough to make the hair stand on a enu wita borror to witness this struggle between two who tried to calm him and bring bim back to his bed.
At last his strength was exbausted, and Morren succeeded in lutiong him by force from the ground and laying him on his bed.
Morren then placed himself pith the suster The

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## ape.

A conrulsive shadder, which now aid then till visible.
His mouth stood wide open, Cus cheeks were fearfully drawa in, his lips whte as a sheet; his eges glowed like fire; bis face changed from purple to black, from black agan to purple.
Morren, with hus arms crossed on his breas mourodully and silent, lept his eyes fixed withour moment's intermission upon the dyıng man.
He sam death makıng rapid strides, add be ould fann bave given some comfort to the un happy sufferer; but alas! he found not in his conflict of bis friend. He was forced to leave eath, the terrible enemy of all evil doers, to deal alone, tremendous and urresistible, with bis miserable vicim.
The patiosopher was no longer conscious of what wss passing around him ; it seemed as if he buself lay outstretched there upon that bed of anguish wrestling with death, and with the power
of a just and awful Judge; bis heart shrank of a just and awful Judge; his heart shrank ir, as if be were in danger of suffocation.
The free thinker's sister sat sobbing with be dead against the pillow; she dared no longer look upon the ghastly sight of the brother's face hose errors she had shared, and who mas teach ing ber bow free thulkers die.
The stck man sbuddered painfally
The phllosopter stood plonged in painful ought.
The aster rung ber bands in despar Io a room below, the derily
No one prased in that accursed bouse
So passed a few momeats ta anxious expecta10n, when at last the free-thater drem a deep atling breath.
His sister rassed her bead and looked at him nith mouraful ansiety; bis expression, less wild that before, seemed to signify that his conscious
was returnang
Ernest,' sadid she, 'slall l call the pries
'The priest,' cried be, as if the word bad es cited all his fury, 'no, no, away with him.-
Have I not told pou be cas do no good for me? Have I not told pou be can do no good for me?
that there 15 now no forgiveness for me? that I tbat the:
Morren tried to calm hin.
'Ab! Morren,' sald be, with a borrible laugh it is all over. Tais is the hour which your ephew foretold to wre. Do you remenber it when you will belleve; an hour when you will call in despair for tbe belp of a priest, and who knows whether God will thea hear you? Yes es ; that hour has come. Ifeel it in my heart Here, and be pressed his arms strongly one ove he other: 'luere, it rages bere, it buins in my omost heart. There is alreads the fire of bell which in a fen moments will swallom m there is a God, MIOrren; you do not believe it. Well, I tell you-I, the free-thnker-there is all and there is a God.'
He turned himself again in bis bed, and the old sweat of leath stood upon bis brow.
Sudden!y, as if some horrible vision were be ore him, he opened bis eyes, and with a howl o arror stretched out both bis arms.
'Look, look!' cried be, 'lonk yonder-there hey are. I know sor, you come to murder me One, two three-Van Dael, the old beggar-wo man, and Maso, and another still. Ab $/ 1$ know him, too, Victor Morrea with Maso's dagger th is breast, and I sbarpesed that dagger-l se Maso on to murder Victor. Ab! the serpente there gou are; come, then, fall upon me. Ob they are trampling me to pleces,' and the miserble man stretched out both his arms and breathpainsully; and ibere was a garging na bis breast.
At that moment the door opened, and the
Atchers of hell again entered the room.
The
hem.

- Woe, woe,' burst from him in a sufled voice 'there you are, derils from the boltomless pit
to carry me away.'
As it to fly from lis approachng doom, b As it to fly from lis approaching doom, be
sprang from bis bed with the strength of frenz and desparr.
It was all over: his body fell with a heary sound upon the floor. The free-lbunker was dead!
Mapnbeer Morren fled with all possible speed rom the accursed house.
What a lesson for tie proud philosopher! 'See,' thus spoke a vorce within bis heart see whither erring reason leads. See bow a ee-thioker dies. See the fate mbich awaits yhe worship of your youtl.'.
' But Ernest,' whispered the sprit of evil in ear, 'but Ernest was a bad man. Do not his ear,
desparing revelations show it? Did be not declare in his dehrium that he set the Italian upon Victor? What wonder then if the roice of bit onscience awoke at the hour of death and re roached him with his crimes? But an upright ree-ltunker, who sas uot acted aganst the dic'Bu: death,' resumog to fear.
' Bu: death,' resumed the voice of the good spirit, ‘ puts an end to all, the testimony of conscience is but a mere chunera, frightening those who will escape all punishment ; but if, after this life, a righteous judgineat awats us, death must be as terrible to hum who has denied and blasphened the Tulge as to him who has follow. ed the dictates ol his passions."
Agatn there mas a strife between the spirit of good and the spi
These thoughts chased each ot
bain as he pursued bas was home.
The terrible miture of the free-thioker's deat ras still before bis eges.
The fiendsh barbarity of Van Dormsel's bro her and freends filled hima wall miense madgna ion ; the desparing death-strugale and terrible raving of the miserable man seemed to freeze
the blond to his veios, and bis gbastly corpse, dethe blood in lis reios, and his gbast/p corpse, de-
formed and blackened by death, seemed to haunt shadderag sgit.
Meanwhile anxiety rerced this beart like a flaming sword. Had not Ernest spoken of Maso's dagger piercing
Victor's breast? Had the carbonaro indeed accomplsted lins revenge?
The uniappy father turned leadly pale, and urst not purse the fearful thought.
But when he reached bis house another sorowful scene a araited lim.
He lad hardly set foot in the room when a cry scaped bim, bis wife lay weeping in the arms of er sister and her niece.
'What is this?' cried he, hastily
As ber only answer, Merrouw Morren gave bim, with a trembling had, a letter witb the Roman post-mark.
No sooner had the unhappy lather cast hasty glance on its contents than, with a plercing rr, be sank as if crushed upon a seat.

Good morniog Nin
'Good morning, Carlotta: where do you

## me from

These were two of the young girls with whom made acquintapce at the fountan of 'Acqua Paolo.'
ring her fol see $i^{\prime \prime}$ continued Nina, withou wite red, as if you had been crying.
'Indeed,' answered Carlotta, ' and if you had beea with me, I am sure pou would bare cried too. I am just come from Nuoziata's house, where I have been to pistt that dear sick Zouave. Ob, Nina, he is an Angel, so good, so gentle, so calm ;' and she began to weep again ; 'my bear is full when I think of him.

Is he ao better since yesterday?
' Better? oh, no, I fear that our Lord will very soon take hum to Humself,'

- Yet we bad such good hopes of him whea we went with Noiziata to pray to the 'Madonoa di Sant' Agoasuoo' for his recove:y. Od, how felt for Nunziata's sorrow when she said Our heartily we all answered ' Grezia, grazia; you Thill give us this grazia, dear Mother.'
There is a coucing custom among the wome of the Trastevere, that whenever any of ther neighbors or friends fall sack, the poung girls of the neighbor hood assmble together, and go to our Lady 'dell' Orto,' or of the Pantheor, or especially of S. Augustine, to pray for his recorery. The greater number of the plous petitioners prepare themselves by confession for the worly of charily, and go barefoot to the church. Then they kneel before the sacred image, and if there is no great number of people in the church, one begins the Litany, to which the others answer in chorus, 'Grazia, Maria Mother of God, grazia, let us not go away unconsoled. You will give us this groce, will you not, dear Mother?
'I befiere,' said Carlotta, in answer to her companion's last words, ' that our Lord indeed means to take him to Hımself, for trulp, Nina, I tell you he is an Angel as sure as my Dame is Carlotta. You should see with what tender care Nunziata nures him; she could not to more tor ber own brother
• But how com
- But how comes he to be so intimate with the Buanchi, that they treat him like a clild of the bouse?
'E chi lo es? Stefano and Nunziata say wemg about it, and do.jou suppose 1 could ask Toto, What are you thoking of? Mastro Tolo, ny father, taught me better manners; and ay noiber, Sora Cecca, whom you knew so well (may she rest in peace), al ways sand to me,
- Carlotta,' said she, ' do not interfere in oller people's business fartber than they are willing to let you.? But what I have to say is that this poor young man is, I thitr, the pery same whom we sam pass the Acqua Piola mith a strange Signor.'
- Bat, do you think that I remember aopthag
'I remember it well,' answered the unwearied gossip, ' and all the betler, beca:se I sow Str ano come back with lim and go isto the church Sin Pietro in Montorio
Whine the two Trasteverine were thus dis. oursing, Joseph and Mattin, together with Ste.

