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

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

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

'Come, come,' was the cool answer; 'this is all childish nonsense, which he will be ashamed of when he gets better. Has he not often desired us never to give heed to such a request, should he make it from weakness of mind?'

man, 'you shall not set foot in this room.' The priest seemed startled for a moment, but soon recovered his composure. 'Mynheer,' answered he, 'the aid of my holy ministry was asked for a sick man.'

close to the bedstead to prevent another escape. A convulsive shudder, which now and then passed over his body, was the only movement still visible. His mouth stood wide open, his cheeks were fearfully drawn in, his lips white as a sheet; his eyes glowed like fire; his face changed from purple to black, from black again to purple.

'Woe, woe,' burst from him in a stifled voice; 'there you are, devils from the bottomless pit, to carry me away.' As it to fly from his approaching doom, he sprang from his bed with the strength of frenzy and despair.

Lady's Litany with so many tears, and how heartily we all answered 'Grazia, grazia; you will give us this grazia, dear Mother.'