# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE 

VOL. x
THE FOLLY OF VANITY

peased ; the drod on the threstold.
baker appeare on " What do you want, my master ", he was
" whe beginno just beginning, but recogising the other he he
quickly added, «Ah, it is you, then, Guerars!
quat de deuce tas got into tlis morning? Why what the deuce thas got into this nurnaty. do you come to maike such a fuss at your sip's dior "H:" said the man outside, without answering the question ; " therer's a good twelve
bustels of flour that $I$ owe the Benedictines.I'll come," back for my loaves about this time to morrow., day, not so fast, master ; for this day,
"Heps, dy,
at least, my oren shall remain cold, and your at least, my
Iour unbaked
"And whit
 -a working day! And, now T come to look at You, you're uricked out like a spruce galiant
What's in the wind now? "Whates in the wind, do you say? Why
just thas, frend, that to-day is the seeventh day


 ter, and her spark,", gromed the man, in an un-
der tone ; "so I suppose I mast een take my ter, and Ler "so I suppose I mast e'en take my
der tone
load to your brother-baker at the other ent of load to your brother-baker at the other enf
the towno." Le coolly assisted Master Guerard to place Ins
 as he left the siop, ", and may Lucifer cross your
fine weddidg for yout, today
"Hay
 more this toilet ; he hal already put on a fine new jacket of brown cloth, and encircled his burly waist
witb a broad leathern gride : he had taken from with a broad leathern grude: : be thad ataken from
a trunk a mantle of gray cloth, carfully folded, the sleeres of which were narrow and wery siont
-for it belonged ouly to the gentlefolks to wear
 don it, which chaile sten, and entered the shop.-
stairs with a heare s.
She also was dressed, and her new gear was noSthe also was iressed, and her new gear was no-
thing betind that of her busband; a ono robe of green serge covered her vilole rotund rigy, wore that day an air of frestness, with its double adornment of glossy black hair and a
hood with lappetes. Truth to tell, Guillemette was a coumely dane. not wiulutanding ber half
century, and out that day sle looked so joyous that she might well hare passed for beag ten
years younger. On the day of her daughter's years younger. On the day of her yought re-
marriage, a nother is apt to feel her youthet newed, for it brings back a rivid recolicection of
the day when she also saw lier mother dress up fine to have a share in her happp1ness.
"Why, holy St. Cuillenetee are you not ready yet, Master Cla
are you thulking of $\%$ "
are you think ting of " "One must take their tine;" replied the balker, gravely, "and a new sut is in on so easily put on
as an old one ; these fastenings are so tight that I cannot get iny sleeres tred. Come and belp me, Guillemette," of his arm with a suppressed murraur, and when she had finisted, Master
Claude set jauntingly on lis head a new cap gray felt, and then drev himself up before his Worthy helpmate, with an air which seemed
say: "How do you like me now ? ${ }^{?}$ A snile of approbation was Guillemiette's answer, and Clauce lis wife, and set about arranging the furriture in the most becoming manner for the reception the wedluing guests.

There will be somenody missing to-day,
 would have taten the first place, after myself in "the ceremony." "Who may that be $?$ " said Guillemette.
 "God only knows that. James-that wa
his name-left this house at the age of sixteen to become a monk, leaving ne sole heir of the bakery, which hats given our family a liring for
full two hundred years," "A Ano hundred years.
"And did you never hear anything of him ? us, our honored tather, God rest his soul, aske Whether he would not send us some message. Well ! do you know what he said?"
"Not I, indeed-perhaps, never." "No, not that; but it was nearly the same
uhing; he said: 'Yes, when I am Pope.' And from that day to this, we never knew what be-
came of lum, but one thing is sure enough-that has not become Pope."
May the sainis protect hum, at any rate! tha mion that we shall neyer bear anything of Waughter! well! we have only to think of our ought to be on a day like his t?" sweetheart, as she "Why, surely, you do not think we neglecte Ieft her above saying her prapers ; I think she as finished by this time."
"Just then, Blanche descended from her clamthat moment a subdued and rather pensiv Look, which, if anything, increased its loveliness, Where was a sort of cloud hanging over eneath her present happiness there might b he kept ever saying within herself, "I am hap py now, but how long will my happiness cont nue Having reached the presence of ber pr heir lands over her head, her roaner salu Hol Virgin gude and protect thee through this worl "And may they bless thee, Blanche, as I
Ahee" said her mother, with tearful enes. huee "' said her mother, with tearful eyes.
The inaiden then arose and embraced ther rents; it seemed as though their blessing ha banished all her fears, for her face assuned are the door ; Master Claude hastened to open and in came a gallantly-dressed youth of some bridegroom. After a little, he began to gro
mpatient, and thought it was time to go
church.
"By St. Germain, my blessed patrons!" said
he, "this is the harpiest day I hare ever seen But what are we waiting for? Here is my Guillemette looking as pretty as ler elder sister Come along - it is surcly tine."
"Fair and easy, boy," sald Claude. "Time ing." her father's arn, Germain Jaid bold of Gualledoor when a monk entered, demanding to speak with Master Claude Fournier. The balker, quit ting bis daughter's arm, introduced hamself to
the monk, and stood ready to listen. ". What doss your
e respectfully asked.
come with tidings of your brother, mas
Claude opened his eyes wide. "Tridings of my brother?" he slowly repeated. "Say you
rue, father, or do you only mock me? Tidings of iny brother-of James Fournier ?"
"Of Your brother, James Fourvier ?" repeat"But" the monk. ide hinseif, "he las not kept hus promise, then He was to send no message, unless-unless-h "And he has kept his promise."
"By St. Claude, what is that you say, str
"He is Pope, under the name of Beoedic
XII. On the death of John XII, , he asseric
bled Cardinals elected Cardinal Blance. II hat bore that name is no other than jour bro "Pope"" cricd Master Claude, utterly con-Blance:-my brother James!-either I am mad r Satan is in me."

No, master, you are not mad; and, if you wish to make sure of the truth of my words, the Papal ralace is at Arignon. I hav
my errand, and God be with you."
my errand, and God be with you.
So safing, he quitted the house, learing the
four persons who had svituessell the scene stancfour persons who had witnessel the scene stand-
ing in mute astonislmant. Master Claude was

## the first to recover the use of his tongue. "And so I am the Pope's brother""

 claimed, suddenly dre Pope's brother!" he excomical assumption of dignity, "and my with a comical assumplion of dignity, "and my wife is
the Pope's sister-in-law, and my claughter is the
Pope's niece." he began to jump about, compelling the rarious articles of furniture to do in
like manner, the stools cutting each a merry caper and then falling flat in the midule of the turp. All that cane in Claude's way was ove
without mercy. Guillemette, as if aroused rom her stupor by the noise, began to look
"Come, come, Master Claude," said she, moderate your joy, or y
"Heayen and earth! but you are ready w
our adrice," replied the baker, with a look neffable disdain. "Don't you know very wot
it was a low day with me when I married like you?"
"One like me, indeed!" cried Guillemette head ; it was a good day for you." you block "A tanner's daughter!" continued Master
Claude, contemptuously. "The Pope's brother, Claude, contemptuasily. "The Pope's brother store by a vile jacket of broadcloth! The bro-
ther of the Pope-whose sister-in-law you now are-thanks to my wise marriage.'
The angry Guillemette was abo
harp retort, bul Germain interposed, suggesting o her that joy had turued the poor baker's head. The matron, then, took the wiser part of laughCland to
"I can conceive what your joy must be," sai
Germain in his turn addressing the baker," " bu Ghis must not put a stop to the wedding-th une is passing-and-and of a redding, my
"What is that you say o
lad? Do you suppose that the son of a Tou louse baker can marry the Pope's niece ?"
"But, Master Claude-"
"Peace, boy; and take yourself of as quickly you can-there is no wrfe here for you."
"Danue Guillemette!" said Germain, with a imploring look.
Blanche, to wed a daghter, my daughter, my lemette, touched in her turn by the loolish ranity of Master Claude ; "for shame, the Pope's niece
must marry a lorc of ligh degree !" nust marry a lord of ligh degree !"
But Blanche was silent. Ler mother spoke asions of grandeur, and she all al once bega to imagine herself a great lady, with troops of
ralets and nages, mounting a fair palfrey, hawt valets and pages, mounting a fair palfrey, hawk
ing or chasing the deer, pleasures which she ha always concted. So she gare no token of syinwithout one word of consolation. In rain did the young man renew lis entreaties, the answer
always was: "What are you dreaming of
marry the Pope's niece, forsooth." At last, demarry the Pope's niece, forsoon. At ast, ow and disaprointment, the poor lad opened the uickly lost among the crowd of neighbors and iriends who had come to assist at the weduing.
By the next morning, the whole town of La By the next morning, the whole town of La-
cerdun was io possession of the news, and Masrerdun was in possession of the news, and Mas-
ter Claude's bouse was never empty. The whole ler Claude's bouse was nerer empty. Mo recommend hemselves to him.
"You know, sourself, Master Claude,", sat
"By my beard", said another, "I could al most hare wished that some mishap had befallen
ou, just to liare bad the pleasure of assistiog


Erery one, in short, enlarged on his own
riendslipp and derotion. There was not one, to hear themsel res speak, who would not, if necessary, have given all he had, and even his hife
itself, for Master Claude. The very people who had been always unfriendly to the baker port unfavorable to bim, were now the loudest In their protestations of friendslip and good will. Even neighbor Guerard, who had been so read, the rest excusing himself, and trying to secur is influence with his brother, the Pope, 10 ob ain from lis boliness an acquittal from his deb of ten baked loares to the monks of St . Bene
dict. As to the otlers, what they wanted wa avors and privileges, and it was annusiug to see ne air of condescension, and the comical dig lection to all his neighbors and friends. He was intoxicated with joy and pride. Ever since
he had heard the good news, lee had laughed, he had heard the good news, lee had laughed
wept, sang, committed a chousand extraragances

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and was, in fact, under the inlluence of the first he stull wore his fine clothes, and, by lisis orders, up wife and daughter had, like himself, to keen tinn which his imagnation thad in store for them
all. "When I am in my castle," said he, all day long, "I slall have iny gutards and vassals, my oen built, for my own begius to be bad."
In his fertile brain, the idea of his present pofuture, and the good man was still so confused that he could see nothing very distinctly. It
was especially for his daughter that he piled up his ærial castles; for we must do honest Claude the jastice to say that he loved his danglter be-
yond ererything else. "Dear grr)," he would say, "I shall then see her
wife of some high and mingly lord, clothed aud equupped like a princess. By my beard! but
she will be a goodly sight to look upon.? she will be a goouly sight to look upon,"
Meanwhile, his first paroxysum of joy being his good fortune as brother of the Pope. It was dgreed between him and Guilemette, with whon
he was perfectly reconciled, that they should set out as soon as possible for Arignon, to risit the
Pope, and present bis niece to lima. The journey once fixed on, the question was only about them with right good will. He closed his shop, collected a fev debts, and procured a mule
for humselt and his wifc, with a pretty nag fur his daugliter. Whilst the preparations were in progress, Guillemette entered her daughter's chan-
ber one day, and found ber sitting by the winthought.
"Why, Blanche, what are you thunkigg of?" she asked phast and future, mother," replied
"Of the panche
Banche. truly, one must appear far more pleasant to you than the other. Eight days age, you
we:e going to marry Germain, and could never be anything hut a tradesman's wife; ulw
may marry a lord, and be called my ludy!!"
"Geriman, you see, nerer cane back, he saw very well that he coulu ao
the l'ope's niece." The preparations for departure occupied some
days yet, aud Blanclie did nothiag to interrupt then. At length, Master Claude having all arr-
ranged to his satisfaction, une morning 13anche mounted her pretty nag, the baker bestrode his
inule, and Guillemette clumbed up, as she best Sthe could, belund her liusband, on the back of
the poor animal, who hung down liss head, as though overpowered by the howor of bearing two
such great and such bulky personages. Jhe such great and such bulky personages. 'गhe caravan sat out anid the acclamations of the bid adien tn Fournier. The latter returned their salutations by sundry patronising nods; shook,
here and there, the hand of some old friend, and disappeared from the admiring gaze of the crowd.
Soome days aiter, a good-looking young man, neatly and becomingly clad, though eridenty lower balls of the papal palace a t A vignon.
cardinal introduced ham there, and then tert him but be soon returned and, made a sign for the young man to follow him. They crossed a lobby
filled with cardinals, nobles and mantes, and ol hilled with cardinals, nobles and monks, and on
reaching the end the cardinal roumted to a tapes-
try try orer a door, and said: "There is the place."
"Good heavens! betore whon am 1 about to appear?" stanmered the young man.
"Before his holiness, Pope Benedict XIL.," "Before his holiness, Pope Benedict XII.,
rephed the cardinal. The youlin turaed pate, but his guide pushed bad pointed out, lettiag the tapestry fall bethind him. Half an lour atier, when the young inan
cane out, he had recovered his color, and, as the tapestry' was raised to let him pass out, he Pope was heard to say, in quite a paterual tone: "Be tisfiction." The young man crossed the lobiy
and disappeared. The same day, Naster Claude coufined in a sut of rich velset, Guillernette, bedecked and bedizened like the wife of some great lord, and Blanche, more attractive for hier
beauty than the rich dress she wore, took their station in that same lobby, a waiting the appear-
ance of the Pope. The cardinal who, in the morning, had conducted the youlng man, appronched Master Claude, and soon withdrem after
speaking to him some time in a low vorce. Soon after, a low murmur and a notiou among the no-
bles and the monks, announced the arrival of the Pope. Benedict XII. passed through the crowd saluting one, accosting another; and on reaching
the piane where his brother stood, he asked the the place where his brother stood,
cardinal on whose arm he leaned:
"It is the good lord Claude Fournier, your brother", replied the cardnal, respectfully.
"Why, you are surely mistiken, reloined the Holy Father; "my brother is a baker, and it cannot be him that I see uuder this costume, which belongs only to a gentleman.
He then passed on, leaving Master Claude terly coufounded by this unlooked-for blover. He
who had expended so many good crown to who had expended so many good crowns to pro-
vide a suitable equipment! At length, having recorered a little from his confusion, lie sady retraced lus way to lis lodgings, whirh was one of "See now," said he to Guillemette, as they trudged along, "I hoped everything for poor
Blancle from my brother's favor, and he would He had scarcely" entered the house, when he received the following messare from the Porye:
"Ir Master Claude Fournier wishes to see his brother James, ler hime come to-morruw, not
dressed as a lord, but as one brother visiting anThis rerived the baker's hopes, and next day
he donned once more the brown clod j jute and gray cloak which we have seen lim wear on the
day of the proposed marriage. Guillemette and Blanche being suitaibly dressed, the all three returaed to the papal palace. They had no sooner
arrived, than they were introduced to che preistercian monks.
"Well! brother," said he, as Claude adranc ed into the room, "" thou dost tuot give ine the Iraternal embrace?" Claude was a litle embar-
rassed at first, but his brother holling out nis ment. It was quite a fanily scene; nuthing was
here to recall hie Popu. When Jatues Four nier (I will blere give hian no other name, since he himself laid asidus bis greatness) was iufformed
of ail that llad passed at lhe house of larerdun since his depparture, had given a tear to his
father's memory, and saluted (Fubllemonte as bis brother's wite." "A "Thy niece", responded Chaude, who was, at length, quite at hiss ease; " hat is my daughter,
my dear Blanclie." worthy man?"
"Why, [ had some choughts of it," answered
Claude; "but they are changed, and since I have found ny brother, and that he is-",
"Well!-but I thought my brether would
likely wish to piovide a mately we.tby of "Worthy of her!" repeated James Fourmier, fixing his ege upon hinn. "Well, so I will,
Claude. I will undertakeco find her a lusband worthy of her. Now, brother," added danes
Eournjer, " hou wilr spend a week with we in tay good city of Avignon, after whech thon wilt " My y busiuess, indeed!" and Master Ciaude
 him, "I will see her this cvening. I will send
Cardinal Liarentino for ber, and uou will cone back
farteweil
Try of the apartment wouroier reised the taplesand Benedict XII. trarersed the lobby, escorted by his cardinats. Poo: Claude, thus sent back the iuroads that all his expense has made on his the wroads that air lis expense has made on his
litule fortune? How can he open his bakery his rraal at the ofler end of the town? it was enough to drive a man mad, and mad he well hough he would nor owa as nuch, he had great
sopes from Blanclie's promisell interview with the Pope, An hour betiore cutreter, Laureation Having ordered the baker to wait untul he was sence of her uncle.
"God buelp thee, niece!" said the Pope, as he notered.
iHoly Fa ice scarcely audble, as sue knett before the "i
"Rene weon Beadict XII. was seated. me without fear. Thou art, it is tive, the Pope's aiece, and canst, if thou wilt, tnarry a noble and
wealthy gentleman; but, before we proceed to. choose a husband ior hice, I wouid wish to know thether there is not some one whom thou wouldst
"No Holy Fabber", "provided he be Father," mumured Blancles, Iower voice, "I $\quad$ A sudden movement beinind made her turn her A sudden movement peumd made her turn her
head. A young man stool there, the same
whom we bave seen introduced on the previous

