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THE FOLLY OF VANITY.

“Halloa! Master Fournier, what are you about there? The third stroke of matins has already rung, and your bakery is still closed—halloa, I say?”

“A brother of mine; an elder brother, too—the same of whom I have often spoken to you, but whom you never saw.”

“And so I am the Pope’s brother!” he exclaimed, suddenly drawing himself up with a comical assumption of dignity, “and my wife is the Pope’s sister-in-law, and my daughter is the Pope’s niece.”

and was, in fact, under the influence of the first paroxysm of joy. It may well be imagined that he still wore his fine clothes, and, by his orders, his wife and daughter had, like himself, to keep up an appearance becoming the splendid destiny which his imagination had in store for them all.

“It is the good lord Claude Fournier, your brother,” replied the cardinal, respectfully. “Why, you are surely mistaken, Laurentino,” rejoined the Holy Father; “my brother is a baker, and it cannot be him that I see under this costume, which belongs only to a gentleman.”