

CARDINALS.

It is curious to find that a title which indicates the highest rank in the Church of Rome should once have been applied to a merely subordinate position, and should, in fact, at its commencement, have testified to poverty and misfortune. Such dignity has attended the title, so many great names have made it illustrious or have been made illustrious by it, that it is hard to associate it with a humble origin. One thinks of Pole and Wolsey, of Mazarin and Richelieu, of Borgia, Medici and Ximenes, and, fresh from these sounding names, learns that in the early ages the revenues of the Church in Rome and Ravenna were so very great that poor wandering priests, outcasts from other cities, used to take refuge there, were adopted within that comprehensive foundation, and were called cardinals. That is said to have been the earliest use of the term.

But as the centuries rolled on the title swelled in dignity. Soon the canons of various cathedral chapters, such as Milan, Ravenna, and Cologne, assumed the prefix. In the French Church it indicated a distinct rank and privilege. The priests empowered to hear confessions and to give absolutions were called cardinals. A title which first indicated sufferance, soon suggested rank, and so many ecclesiastics were found ready to adopt it that at last pontifical authority had to step in. A decree of Pope Pius V. supplies the date of a definite and well-established rank. From 1567 no one was to assume the title of a cardinal except such priests as were created cardinals by the Roman Pontiff, and this rule has never been broken. It is clear, therefore, that the history of cardinals—in the sense in which the term is popularly and rightly used—commences with the year 1567. As is well known, they compose the Sacred College, and are the electors of the Pope. Their number, now fixed, was once very mutable. There seems originally to have been a strong feeling that twenty was the legitimate total. One of the Popes, being pressed to appoint two new French candidates to the honour, timidly replied that there were only twenty cardinals, and that of these seventeen were Frenchmen. Urban VI took a different view of the subject, and in 1388 had made so many cardinals that the college remonstrated, and told their Pontiff that the purple was becoming quite cheap in popular esteem. This was bad; but matters grew worse when Alexander VI. found the fees on election so satisfactory an addition to the Pontifical treasury that he simply made a cardinal as a business man might now make an investment. Of course all idea of limiting the number to twenty had long been abandoned, but a strong feeling prevailed in favour of forty as the proper assembly. Lastly, Sixtus V. fixed the maximum number of the college at seventy, the Papal Bull stating that this was in obedience to the example of the seventy elders appointed as counsellors of Moses. Since that time it is understood that seventy is the legitimate number, though there is no necessity that the maximum should be reached, and no canonical disability to prevent the Pope, on a special occasion, exceeding the number.

But though the number is fixed, yet from the circumstance that only priests well advanced in years are rewarded with the purple, it happens that appointments are frequent. In one reign seventy-three cardinals were elected, and the whole college renewed. This was Pope Urban VIII., the famous Barberini, who quarried out the Coliseum for building materials, and tore the bronze off the dome of the Pantheon to make it into a canopy for the tomb of St. Peter. Besides the seventy-three actually elected, Barberini created four *in pectore*. The phrase signifies "in secret," being derived from *in pectore*, and the decree of it has been ascribed to Pope Martin V. It was of the greatest importance that at the election of a Pope there should be a full conclave. If the number of cardinals was small there was every chance of rivalries and cliques, and a delayed election was most damaging to the Church. And yet the Pope often did not like to publish the names of certain ecclesiastics whom he designed for the purple, either out of fear of awakening discontent amongst kings whose subjects he refused to advance, or from jealousy within the college itself. Accordingly Martin V. adopted an expedient which has since been largely followed. He created a batch of fourteen cardinals, but he only published the names of ten. He took every means to secure the election of the four suppressed princes, whose title was not to be made known until after his death. In a subsequent consistory he confirmed his choice, and made his cardinals swear to give it effect. The cardinals took the oath. The Pope died. The names were not published, and the college ignored its obligations and refused to recognize the rights of its secret members. Still the scheme, though it failed, was so useful that other Pontiffs sought to give effect to it. In treating of the early history of cardinals, we must always remember that much depended on the character and individuality of the existing Pontiff. Pope Martin had failed from a conscientiousness which never troubled Pope Paul. This celebrated Churchman—better known as Alexander Farnese, the approver of the Jesuits—wishing to appoint secret cardinals, carried out his intention by a very simple and direct expedient. Instead of convoking a secret consistory, whose members should recognize their brother cardinals, he ingeniously declared at one of the elections that besides those whose names were produced he had created others, one, two, or three (as the case might be), whose names he reserved in his own breast, *in pectore*, to be given

to the world when he should think proper. The phrase *in pectore* has since remained proverbial.

But this notion of secrecy and mystery always attended the proceedings of election. Originally it was a matter of importance, as the Pope occupied a political position in Europe, and the Princes of the Church were amongst the greatest statesmen in Europe. And so even in late days the first step in a creation is the summoning of a secret consistory, at which the Pontiff's address, "*Quid vobis videtur?*" has about the same force and value as a *congé d'elire* in the case of an English see. Even the newly-made cardinals are themselves in theory quite ignorant of the greatness to which they are so peremptorily called. One great historian of the Vatican made out a list of the priests who were quite surprised at their promotion. Other instances are given in which the chosen prince died before the tidings of his exaltation reached him. But supposing him to be in Rome after his election, no time is lost in announcing to him his elevation. A master of the ceremonies, clothed in purple, himself proceeds to the different residences and makes his statement *in edes*. The statement is a summons to the new cardinal to go at a given hour that same afternoon to the Vatican, and there receive the purple cap. But before the master has started his man has preceded him. The announcement of the good tidings is accompanied with a prescriptive right to a big fee to the messenger, and amongst many changes and modifications of ceremonial this little incident is carefully kept up. Last of all comes the Cardinal Vice-Chancellor to certify what the other messengers have announced, and thus the intelligence, triply vouched for, becomes absolute and official.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

I am not a very nervous man, as a general thing, but one night I had been reading "Oliver Twist," and I got so excited over poor little Oliver's adventures in company with Bill Sykes the burglar, that I could not sleep when I went to bed. I retired a little earlier than usual, so that my wife could repair my wardrobe, which I had damaged considerably by falling over the garden rake, that the cat had left lying on the porch by the kitchen door. (It must have been the cat that left it there, for I am sure I didn't, my wife and daughter say they never touched it, and we all agree that no other living creature had been near it except the cat; therefore, the cat evidently was the guilty party.)

It was a hot night, and the fleas, mosquitos, &c., were numerous and energetic. The bedroom window was up about a foot and a half, so I could hear the frogs in the pond practising a cantata with all the harmony characterizing Canadian songsters of that species. I tossed about restlessly for a while, then the music of the frogs sounded fainter and more distant, and I suppose I was nearly asleep, for I jumped up suddenly and fancied I saw an ugly face peering in through the window. The face instantly disappeared.

"I have been dreaming," I muttered, as I rubbed my eyes in a bewildered way.

A rustling noise outside, followed by a low murmur of suppressed voices, sounded with startling effect upon my alarmed ears.

"I'll put the window down," I gasped to myself, as, frightened nearly out of my wits, I stole stealthily towards it.

One hesitating glance out into the pleasant night reassured me, however. A youthful couple stood on the sidewalk, about ten feet from my window. I instantly recognized them as my daughter, Mary Jane, and Tom Smith, a mischievous young rascal, that I had threatened to kick if I ever saw him speak to Mary Jane again.

"I'll listen to what they have to say," I thought, so I elevated my ears and tried to catch the whispered words, that sometimes floated distinctly up to the window.

"I have known you a long time," he said; "I—I—there's nobody—" Then he began to choke and cough, and had to start over again.

"I—I—I—" he stammered, "do you think its going to rain?"

"No, I think not."

"Do you think you—could—can—would—will—dear me, my tooth is beginning to ache again!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry."

"I'll put a stop to this," I muttered excitedly, as I grasped a quilt from the bed and enveloped myself in it. "I'll fix your toothache! I'll show you whether or not you'll come round after my girl."

I crawled from the window down upon the grass plot, and made for the young folks, who were too much occupied with each other to notice my approach. Having reached the low board fence, I gave Mary Jane a box over the side of her head, that must have felt decidedly uncomfortable. Then I laid my heavy hand on Tom, and began to shake him vigorously. As he was but a slender lad, I had not looked for any opposition; so I was thoroughly astonished when he let one of his fists knock against my forehead with such emphasis as to spread me out at full length upon the ground.

By the time I was on my feet he was half-way over the fence. I remembered the good old adage: "He that fights and runs away, &c.," and, having crowded my corpulent figure through a narrow aperture in the picket fence, that ran between my lot and my neighbour's, I went off through his potato patch with all the speed I could muster. I regret to say that Tom's boot reached me before I got through the fence, and

the impression it made upon me did not assist my powers of locomotion, as he had touched a vulnerable part of my anatomy. However, I managed to stumble into my own garden unmolested by further attacks, and there waited a few minutes before I ventured to return to my room.

Being ashamed of my adventure, and anxious to get in bed again before my wife discovered that I had been out, I crawled forward behind the shrubbery, and was soon back in my resting place. I felt bad. My head was buzzing at a fearful rate; my feet felt as if they had about forty thistles to the square inch planted in them, and I had bruises of various descriptions all over me. I had been in bed only a minute or two, when my wife entered the room.

"There, I have mended those old things as well as I can," said she. "I'm sure there were twenty holes in them. I guess if men had to mend their own clothes, they would be more careful over them than they are now."

"I suppose so," I groaned, "but I think I'll have to get some sticking-plaster and patch my shins. Has Mary Jane come in yet?"

"Come in? Why she was in before you went to bed, and has not been out since. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought she was out."

I tried to sleep, but it was a long time before my somnolent feelings could overpower the excited effect those thistles had upon me. Finally, however, I managed to doze off into an uneasy slumber, wherein I had the pleasure of seeing Bill Sykes and Fagin, the Jew, pound Tom Smith well.

When morning came I pretended that I felt like having the ague, so my better half let me lie in bed later than usual. While she was preparing breakfast, old Mrs. Sneezer, our next door neighbour, came in to borrow some oatmeal.

"Did you hear any queer noises around last night?" I overheard her ask my wife.

"No."

"Well, there was the strangest doin's goin' on ye ever heard tell on. You know Angelina, my gal, has bin havin' attentions paid to her by George Lee for a long time, but somehow he never could manage to pop the question. Angelina used to feel for him, for she said she know'd he wanted to pop, but was afeard, or somethin' or other. He tried time after time, but always got into such a fluster, that he could never ask her to marry him. This was kind of wearin' to Angelina, and she was gettin' out of patience; but last night it was all set right in the funniest way ye ever heard. They had been out walkin', and was standin' together on the sidewalk, and he was tryin' his best, as usual, to pop the question—when somebody, dressed all in white just like a ghost, ran through your garden right up to them, and began to box their ears. Angelina is kinder nervous like, and she was awful frightened. George, he jest knocked the ghost down, and then kicked it through the fence, after which he went back to Angelina, who fainted in his arms; so he had to carry her into the house. He was awful excited, and he said: 'Don't be feard, Angelina; it was some of them fellers as is jealous of us goin' together. I don't think they meant to hurt you.' Angelina began to cry, and the tears had such an effect upon him that he went right down on his knees to her there, afore me, and said if she'd marry him he'd take care of her, and never let anybody frighten or hurt her. So they had a full understanding, and are goin' to be married next month. Angelina says this mornin' that she's quite willin' to forgive the brute that attacked them, when she considers what a service he's rendered to her and George."

"That's what's the matter, eh?" I growled to myself. "Well, I suppose I ought to feel thankful for having brought two sorrowing hearts together in the bonds of love, but I'd like to let a brick fall gently on his head for handling me so roughly. Perhaps he will be punished enough, though; for I know that Angelina has a temper very unlike what a little angel ought to have—so I guess my wrongs will be avenged before very long."

I never told anybody that I was the ghost; but I shut the cat in the bedroom that morning, and afterwards had the pleasure of seeing my wife give the unfortunate beast a good switching for tearing her best white quilt.

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HEARTH AND HOME.

TRIPLÉ MAXIMS.—Three things to love—

courage, gentleness, and affection.

Three things to admire—intellect, dignity,

and gracefulness.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and

ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness,

and freedom.

Three things to wish for—health, friends,

and contented spirit.

Three things to like—cordiality, good hu-

mour, and cheerfulness.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity,

and flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate—good books, good

friends, and good humour.

Three things to contend for—honour, country,

and friends.

Three things to teach—truth, industry, and

contentment.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue, and

conduct.

Three things to cherish—virtue, goodness, and wisdom.

Three things to do—think, live, act.

ACTIVITY.—It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes and pines and thinks himself into the mad-house or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental; and yet nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour; and that is the man who will live longest and to most purpose.

SELF-RELIANCE.—Self-reliance is quite distinct from self-assertion; the latter seeks responsibilities, the former knows how to accept them and discharge with vigour and despatch the duties they impose. It makes the most of mediocre talents, is the two-edged sword of the spirit in gown; and the sense of a duty satisfactorily performed, the serene complacency with which he announces his achievement, recompenses the mother for the trouble of driving a nail just right for baby, and keeping an eye on the small performer for a few mornings. Insensibly it becomes a habit—the habit of self-help.

COMMON-SENSE.—A man possessing common sense knows how to govern his tongue and let his acts speak instead of words. The most profuse talkers are generally those possessing the least brains, while words seasoned with wisdom fall from the lips of those who are silent until the occasion demands their utterance. Common sense makes no parade, has no holiday attire, struts in no peacock plumes, and comes out in no sham display. It needs no aids to have its worth discovered, no outside support upon which to lean. It forms its own groundwork, erects its own superstructure, and builds after its own model. It is substance without shadow, success without failure, and victory without defeat.

CONSTANT INTERRUPTIONS.—One of the most annoying things that can happen to a refined man or woman is to have their conversation constantly interrupted. A man or woman who has anything to say that is worth saying, desires to say it in his or her own way; and those who have brains to appreciate it will be equally desirous of hearing it without interruption. Yet it is a common thing for a parlour conversation to partake more of the nature of a Tower of Babel than a conversation among rational beings, who are supposed to know and appreciate what each other says. One begins to relate an incident, and before he has finished two sentences, some parrot in fine clothes chimes in with her senseless gabble, breaking the thread of discourse, and compelling the narrator to begin again, or abandon the attempt to instruct or entertain. This is the grossest of impoliteness; nevertheless, it is as common an occurrence as conversation itself. It is not too much to say that nine out of ten people who indulge in this habit are incapable of carrying on a rational conversation on any useful topic, and indulge in these breaches of etiquette by way of covering their retreat and hiding their ignorance. Here is a promising field for social reform.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Ladies—caged birds of beautiful plumage but sickly looks—pale pets of the parlour, who vegetate in unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps, and vigour to your frames? Take exercise; run up the hill on a wager, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and, after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady—rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, and be a lady when required, is a girl that young men are in quest for a wife. But you pining, screw-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlour, more leg exercise and less sofa; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist-strings, and breathe pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

M. GONNOD has finished the first and second acts of his forthcoming new opera "Eloise et Abelard."

THE Vokes Family have brought out in London a new musical comedy called "The Daughter of the Regiment."

VICTORIEN SARDOT's "Martha" has been translated for Maggie Mitchell by Barton Hill, with the approval of the author.

VICTOR HUGO's "Ruy Blas," recently re-produced in Paris, was rehearsed seventy-two times before the critics assembled for the first night were allowed to pronounce their opinion.

MISS MARY ROCK, a once celebrated actress, who saw Miss O'Neill play "Evadne," and heard Tom Moore sing his own songs sixty years ago, is still living and enjoying good health.

A PLAY called "The Debutante's Husband" has been produced in Vienna, and has been enormously successful. It is a palpable hit at Patti, Nicotini and the Marquis de Caux.