

The Pope without appearing to have heard the last words, answered to the first.

"So much the better, droll man, you will never have a cold head."

"May I add one word?" said Chaffred.

"Speak it my child speak it."

"Turin is at this moment a perfect ocean of your faithful people all have come to do homage to the Holy Father and to receive his apostolic blessing, would your Holiness accord them a public and solemn blessing?"

"But my child I have done nothing but bless them—in the streets, in the church and here."

"Holy Father there is yet another place from which to bless them in order to completely satisfy the crowd that have come to Turin."

"What place is that?" asked the Holy Father.

"The balcony of the Palace of Madam Royale. After the balcony of St. Peter there is no fitter place."

The Pope looked at those around him as though to ask advice. The Archbishop of Turin seconded Chaffred's petition. General Menou was sent for and replied—

"If your Holiness will deign to give the order I will transmit it to the troops and to the magistrates in order that all may have the honour to assist at the august ceremony."

It was decided that the ceremony should begin at four o'clock in the afternoon; the news spread from mouth to mouth and was soon known in the most distant outskirts of the city. All Turin was present at the appointed time, and as Pius VII looked down from the royal balcony upon the vast sea of bowed heads before him, he thanked God that in the midst of the Jansenism of the Court and University and in spite of republican brutality the brave population of Piedmont had still preserved the Faith.

H. B.

(To be Continued.)

To protect one's self against the storms of life, marriage with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest; but with a bad woman it proves a tempest in the harbor.

It affords us more than ordinary pleasure to chronicle the intelligence that the Manhattan College of New York, at its last Convocation, under the Presidency of His Eminence Cardinal McClosky, conferred the degree of L.L.D., *honoris causa*, on our distinguished fellow-citizen J. J. CURRAN, Esq., Q. C., already a B. C. L. of McGill University. To the publisher of THE HARP any honor conferred on Mr. CURRAN is doubly gratifying, as to him he has been on many occasions indebted for some of the most pleasing features of the publication. It was in the columns of the *True Witness*, under the control of Mr. GILLIES, the Proprietor of THE HARP, that the worthy L. L. D. made his *debut* as a *litterateur*, and many of his articles were copied from that journal into the press of the neighboring States and the United Kingdom. We congratulate our good and sincere friend Doctor CURRAN on his well merited honor, and trust that his career may be long and one of daily increasing brilliancy and usefulness.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE TULIP AND THE ROSE.

A TULIP and a rose were neighbours in the same garden; both were very beautiful, but the gardener paid more attention to the rose. The envy and jealousy of the rival beauties was the talk of the whole garden. The tulip proud of its exterior charms, and unable to bear the idea of being abandoned for another, reproached the gardener with his partiality. "Why is my beauty neglected? are not my colors more vivid, and more varied, and more striking than those of the rose? Why then do you prefer her to me? why give her all your affection?" "Be not offended, miss tulip," said the gardener. "I know your beauty well, and admire it as it deserves; but there is in the rose an odor and an interior charm, which beauty alone can never equal."

Beauty of mind and of soul is always preferable to beauty of body.