

ROMAN NEWS.

(From the Washington News.)

The solemn beatification of venerable Francesco Saverio Bianchi, professed priest of the Congregation of Regular Clerks of St. Paul, known as Barnabites, was solemnized on a recent Sunday in the Sala della Loggia of the Vatican. The ceremony, although announced for 3 o'clock, did not commence until after 4. The Sala della Loggia, where the beatification took place, was beautifully decorated and illuminated, and the attendance very numerous. His Holiness entered the hall, accompanied by the full ecclesiastical court, for the customary veneration of the newly-beatified, and at the termination of the ceremony accepted a handsome reliquary, some flowers, and a number of volumes treating of the life of the saint, from the Procurator of the Order.

On the Feast of the Virgin Martyr St. Agnes the Holy Father received from the Chapter of the Lateran Archbasilica two white lambs, adorned with flowers and ribbons, annual tribute due to that reverend chapter from the Church and Canons of the Basilica of St. Agnes, without the Walls, and destined to furnish the wool for the confection of the Sacred Pallia for the use of the Sovereign Pontiff himself, the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and by special privilege some few Bishops. These lambs had been previously solemnly blessed with the ceremonies of rite, after the Pontifical High Mass that morning in the Basilica of St. Agnes, above mentioned, in presence of the first master of ceremonies of the Lateran Archbasilica, by whom, together with a mace-bearer and a maitre d'hôtel of the same archbasilica, they were conveyed to the Vatican Palace for presentation to His Holiness by the two Camerlenghi of the Lateran Chapter, and were finally, through intermediary of the dean of the Sacred Rota, consigned to the care of the nuns of the Benedictine Monastery of St. Cecilia, in Trastevere, until the time of shearing for the preparations of the Pallia in question.

There were three scenes in the bestowal of the Cardinalate, each of which I had the privilege of witnessing, says a Roman correspondent to the Liverpool Catholic Times. First scene: The English College. There was a goodly gathering in the large passage on the first floor outside the Archbishop's room, consisting almost entirely of English Catholics, awaiting the arrival of the messenger from the Vatican. The Archbishop received the message that he had been appointed a Cardinal standing outside his reception room, and after a few words in Italian he delivered an address in English, in which he spoke much of the devotion of the English people for a thousand years to the See of St. Peter, and then of the wrong done to the Vicar of Christ by placing him in his present crippled position. One seemed in one part of the address, to be catching the echoes of the last words, or nearly so, of St. Thomas of Canterbury, who lodged on the very spot where we then stood—I mean his answer to his murderer's question. "Of whom do you hold your Bishopric?" "In spirituals of God, and of the lord Pope—in temporal, of the king." The Archbishop who addressed us has no "temporals" for which to thank the sovereign; but, like St. Thomas, he holds his "spiritualities" of God and the lord Pope. Second scene: The Throne-room. I was fortunate enough to be present, with but few others, at the second and most interesting stage—the giving of the biretta. I was standing close to the throne, and could watch the features of the Pope and Cardinal. Each Cardinal comes up to the throne and receives the red biretta from the hands of the Pope himself, who places it on the head of the Cardinal as he kneels before His Holiness. There was no mistaking the special affection with which the Holy Father saluted Cardinal Vaughan, as he placed his hands on his shoulders after placing the biretta on his head. But the most wonderful thing was the allocation which the Holy Father delivered after giving the biretta to each of the Cardinals. It has never been my lot to witness anything similar. I heard Pio Nino deliver a short address on the "Finding in the Temple," but beautiful as that was it could not be compared with this. The aged Pontiff on this occasion stretched out his hands, moved them to and fro and backwards, as he spoke, rose in his seat and sank back,

and then returned, as it were, to his task. His eyes spoke, his thin, pale face seemed perfectly illuminated, and his whole being appeared on fire. He spoke in Latin. A German close by me remarked: "It is like a miracle." Third scene: The Sala Regia. This, of course, was the most imposing, though not so deeply interesting as the second stage. As the Pope was borne in on his sedia gestatoria he seemed to me far more vigorous than on a similar occasion last year. It was interesting to see him on the throne with Cardinal Vaughan kneeling before him, and the hat, which will one day hang on his bier and never used again, I believe, until then, now suspended over his head, which was covered with his hood, and then the head uncovered and the hat laid by, and the Cardinal, full-blown, sweep back to his place. It was a beautiful sight to see his fine figure bending to each Cardinal in turn to receive and give the kiss of peace; and England thereupon took her place in the Sacred College.

BUSINESS MAXIMS.

The elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following curious maxims: Carefully examine every detail of your business. Be prompt in everything. Take time to consider, and then decide quickly. Dare to go forward. Bear troubles patiently. Be brave in the struggle of life. Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing. Never tell business lies. Make no useless acquaintances. Never try to appear something more than you are. Pay your debts promptly. Learn how to risk your money at the right moment. Shun strong liquor. Employ your time well. Do not reckon upon chance. Be polite to everybody. Never be discouraged. Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed!

JETSAM.

BY PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

Last night along the sodden coast
The wild wind wandered up and down;
Shrill shrieked the tempest as a ghost,
Or like doomed mariners that drown.

Now soft and sweet the waters smile,
The seagull dips a snowy wing;
And gem-like glows the distant isle
Upon the blue horizon's ring.

And from the fisher's open door
With happy laughter children run,
And patter barefoot on the shore,
Where shines the ripple in the sun.

Last night they saw their father's sail
Sink seaward neath a stormy moon.
They reeked not of the rising gale,
Nor of the billows' boding croon.

Now might they know why sad at home
Their mother sobs with eyelids wet!
Or what is floating in the foam,
Where hardy fishers haul the net!

Oh! might they know what jetsam dire
The cruel sea hath cast ashore—
The sea, that gives to them a sire,
To her a husband, nevermore.

And earth is green and sea serene,
For light this golden summer morn
And blithe and gay the children play,
In orphan innocence forlorn.

And in the village one is glad
For lover safe at home on shore,
And one in widowed youth is sad
And sorrowful for evermore!



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It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve, and a certain remedy for the ills and ailments that beset a woman. In "female complaint" of every kind, periodical pains, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations, and all chronic weaknesses and irregularities, it is a positive and complete cure.

To every tired, overworked woman, and to every weak, nervous, and ailing one, it is guaranteed to bring health and strength.

HEROINES

IN REALITY AND IN ROMANCE.

Judith, Joan of Arc, Elizabeth of Hungary, Marguerite Bourgeoys, and Others, in Contrast with Ideal Heroines.

In this age of cheap literature there are few of us who could conscientiously plead not guilty to the charge of novel reading, and there are few amongst habitual novel readers who have not their own particular ideal heroine.

Heroines abound on every side. There is the gentle heroine, the haughty heroine, the wilful heroine, the helpless heroine, whose principal emotion is grief over the uselessness of her "little white hands," which compels her to leave disagreeable duties to her plain elder sister; and the wonderfully noble and exalted heroine, whose sublimated views are rather above the ordinary comprehension. Greatly as they differ in character, all are surprisingly lovely, and their surroundings are surprisingly similar in nearly every case. Luxurious mansions, profuse wealth, Parisian robes, French maids, and numerous lovers; while their chief occupations usually consist of balls, operas, garden parties and private theatricals, diversified by visiting, dressing, dining, novel reading, and—if the author has qualms of conscience—a little picturesque visiting of the clean and preternaturally tidy poor. And we are asked to believe that in the midst of those enervating surroundings and this continual whirl of dissipation all the womanly virtues take root and blossom and bear admirable fruit. There must surely be a mistake somewhere, for if we glance at the influences that developed the flesh and blood heroines of history we will find them in sharp contrast to those that would the heroines of romance of the present day. Judith, the vanquisher of the powerful enemy of Israel, did not prepare for her mission or find her dauntless courage in the midst of revels and dissipation, but in fasting and humiliation in the solitude of the temple. Joan of Arc, the poor uncultured peasant girl, spent her early years in the unromantic occupation of herding sheep. We do not read that she was distinguished for the contempt she had for menial employment, or for ambitious desires to shine in her little circle. Yet, in after days all Europe stood aghast at the sound of her name.

Elizabeth of Hungary, the queen and the saint, whose name is synonymous for tenderness, sweetness and every gentle womanly grace, found the atmosphere of a court so opposed to the growth of the virtues she cherished, that she withdrew from it as much as possible, and rejoiced greatly when her enemies relieved her of the duties of royalty altogether. Marguerite Bourgeoys, whose name will be loved and revered while Canadian history is written, spent her youth amid the commonplace duties of housekeeping. No balls, no fetes, no fashionable dissipation, broke the unromantic monotony of her life. It is doubtful if she ever possessed a Parisian gown though living in France. Yet, which of the high-strung heroines of modern novels would do and dare what she did? Florence Nightingale, of whom England is justly proud, did not go from the midst of luxurious idleness into the Crimean slaughter, but from the wards of French and English hospitals where she had been serving suffering humanity in its least attractive form for many a day.

Would any of those woman, or of those countless others, whose names shine on every page of history, have attained to the height of nobility and heroism they did, had their lives been spent in dissipation and thoughtlessness until the crucial moment arrived? We think not.

This is one of the dangers of current literature—false reasoning. History and experience prove that luxury and dissipation at the hot beds of idleness, selfishness, sloth and all other unlovely things; and if a woman desires to be what her Creator meant her to be, she must shun them, or suffer moral depreciation for not doing so.

Nobility and heroism are not exotic plants, as many are apt to think, forced into life under the presence of sudden and unlooked-for circumstances. They have their roots deep down in the practical common-sense and habitual self-control, which have been the distinguish-

ing traits of celebrated women in every age. It may be argued that many delicately nurtured women have performed heroic actions in sudden crises, and it would be true; nevertheless, it will usually be found upon examination that they were either women of unusual strength of character, upon whom surroundings make little impression; or else of the emotional type that is capable of a sustained effort of any kind, especially of unselfishness.

To say that the creations of a novelist's fancy are only imaginary after all and should not be treated seriously, does not do away with the fact that they are harmful, especially to the very young, whose experience of life is limited. To imbibe continually the principle that luxury and dissipation are the chief ends of life, and that they are in no manner inimical to the existence of every virtue in the one who pursues them, is obviously dangerous and likely to result in evil sooner or later, for that principle, logically carried out—and human nature is often unconsciously logical—strikes directly at the root of Christianity as well as at the foundation of social order, and leads directly to the evils that overturned the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome, and at the present day threaten our vaunted modern civilization. This may sound exaggerated or overstrained, but we must acknowledge that there is much of truth in it if we study the cause of our dissatisfaction at sometimes finding the hero and heroine of a novel left in poverty, or with some sorrow unalleviated, in the last chapter. Unconsciously we have made up our minds that they cannot be happy unless in the possession of boundless wealth and unclouded prosperity; with nothing before them but an endless vista of amusement, and a rose-strewn path free from the crosses and trials that are the lot of all mortals. We have been cherishing a false principle; for happiness is no, in reality, dependent upon wealth, and centuries have proved that unclouded prosperity is rarely good for either soul or body.

Even in fiction the underlying principles should be sound, though the superstructure of fancy and poetical imagination be airy and attractive, and sufficiently novel to furnish the relaxation and amusement that novel readers seek.

KATHARINE ALLAN.

"ROBIN ADAIR."

Robert Adair was a young Irishman known in London, in the early part of the last century, as "the fashionable Irishman." He was brought up as a surgeon, but at an early period went to England to push his fortune. Near Holyhead, perceiving a carriage overturned, he ran to render assistance. The occupant of the carriage was a lady of fashion, who, on hearing that Adair was a surgeon, invited him to accompany her to London. On arriving at her house she gave Adair a fee of one hundred guineas and a general invitation to call. It was during one of these visits that he met Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle and of Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Lady Caroline, at the first sight of the Irish surgeon, fell desperately in love with him, and her emotions were so violent and so sudden as to attract the attention of the whole company. Everything was done to divert her mind from her lover—travels, suitors, and amusements of all kinds—but in vain. Finally the parents, seeing their daughter's health yielding to the strain, consented to the marriage. When Lady Caroline was taken from London to Bath, that she might be separated from her lover, she wrote, it is said, the song of "Robin Adair," and set it to a plaintive Irish tune she had heard him sing. Her married life was short, but happy; she died of consumption after giving birth to three children. On her deathbed she requested Adair to wear mourning as long as he scrupulously did so, except on the King's and Queen's birthdays, when his duty to his sovereign required him to appear at court in full dress. He never married again, though he had many offers.

"I have half a notion to quit wearing kid gloves," said Mrs. Figg's caller. "I just learned to-day that the poor little kids are skinned alive." "Skinnin' a kid alive don't hurt 'im much," volunteered Tommy. "I git skinnin' alive from paw every day or so."—Indianapolis Journal.