We pass over the days which inter-vened before the departure of the children for school. The tears and sadness of "Ned," when she found that she was to "Ned," when she found that she was to be separated from those she loved so well, not to mention her friends, the trees, to whom, with touching simplicity, she poured out the complaints of her heart. Nothing but Dyke's promise to bring her home for every holiday that he would be permitted to do so, could make her con-sent to go, and at the last, when Edna, with an impatience that betraved itself with an impatience that betrayed itself by pouting lips and a childish scowl, was hurrying to her seat in the wagon which was to take them to Saugerties, thence by boat to the other side of the river, where they would meet one of the primitive conveyances of the time, Ned was hang-ing about Meg's neck as if she could never,

ing about Meg's neck as it she could never, never tear herself away.

And during the journey her only comfort seemed to be in nestling by Dyke's side, holding his hand, and listening with swimming eyes to the interesting descriptions, the young man gave of the places they passed, while Edna paid constant attention to her own little person; not attention to her own fittle person, not even Dyke's animated accounts could win her from her interest in herself; the ribbon fastening her tippet, the gloves fit-ting so smoothly her shapely little hauds, the folds of her dark dress, all were subjected over and over again to fond and prolonged attentions, and her fine eyes were often raised with a very conscious ook of her own beauty and importance

her own beauty and journey was completed at length, e first sight of the large gray, plainlooking building conveyed to lit feeling of utter desolation; but for Dyke's sake, who had told her if she grieved it would break his heart, she struggled hard to be very brave and calm. Upon Edna the effect was quite different. She felt instinctively that she was about to meet had told her if she grieved it people more like the well-dressed ladies she had been accustomed to see in England, and that her innate love of elegand and luxury would not be offended by such vulgar surroundings as she had during her mountain visit; besides, she rather longed to be away from Dyke, Child as she was, she had been ashamed of his country look, and had mentally contrasted him with the elegant gentleman who had introduced himself to her as her papa, just before she left England So that it was with a very sprightly ster she ascended the steps of the wide por tico, and followed into the parlor the smiling matron who came out to meet

Poor little Ned followed, clinging to Dyke's hand, and shutting her teeth very hard together, to suppress her grief.

The pleasant-looking matron was mos tender in her attentions, assuring Dyke whom, to Edna's surprise, she treated with marked respect, that frequent letter had passed between herself and Mr relative to the children, and that tter should have all the care and comforts of their own home.
"But we are in some dilemma about

their names," she continued; "both being Edna Edgar, how shall we distinguish

This one.,' said Dyke, putting his arm reassuringly about his own little charge, "we call Ned at home." The lady shook her head, smiling still.

"That would hardly do here, being a boy's name. I suppose we shall have to call one Miss Edgar, and the other Miss

Lot me he Miss Edgar" nut in Edna who, with the stateliness of twenty-five was sitting in one of the stiff-backed chairs, and gazing curiously about her. about the threatened loss of her pet name, was nestling against Dyke and holding so that he would not se the quivering of her lips and the filling of

her eyes.

The matron, not a little surprised at the rather bold and unexpected request of the little girl, turned and looked at her the little girl, turned and looked at her somewhat reprovingly; but Miss Edgar was neither dismayed nor abashed. The lady turned back to Dyke. "Perhaps this little girl will tell us which she pre-

But poor Ned had no will nor voice to speak, and when Mrs. Mowbray, touched by the dejected attitude of the child, would have drawn her to her, and spoken tender words, Ned could restrain herself no longer. With a great sob she threw herself upon Djke's breast, and cried as if her little heart would break. Even the matron's eyes were moist, while down poor Dyke's cheeks streamed tears of which in his manliness he was ashamed out which he could not restrain; but Edna stared indifferently, now and then arranging some portion of her dress.

leave taking was over at length, and Dyke went away laden with loving messages to Meg, and equally lov-ing ones to the trees, all of which the young man promised to deliver, but he was heavy-hearted enough himself, and had it not been for the fact that Ned, as she was still to him, though the matron, had decided to call her Miss Edna, could write a very little, thanks to his efforts, and that he was cheered by the prospect of hearing frequently from her, he would have been as inconsolable as she was.

IX. As the school days went on, Miss Edgar talked constantly to her companions of her elegant English papa and all that she to have when she became a young lady; and she paid as much attention to her little toilet every day as though she were already grown up, and she strove to imitate the manners of those of her teachers who, in her childish judg-ment, had more claim than the others to gracefulness or elegance,

Miss Edna sometimes spoke, but oftner thought, with a full heart of her simple mountain home and its two fond occu-pants, and her toilet, or the toilet and manners of those about her, gave her little D. Her whole anxiety was to Dyke. He had asked her to be beddent, and very faithful to her studies, and she followed his requests to the letter, telling him in the little notes

anguish should have broken her spirit and his own.

nd his own.

As the months rolled by, and the char-As the months rolled by, and the character of the children developed, Ned's homesickness somewhat disappearing in constant occupation and her own unwearied diligence, it was evident that Miss Edna, as propriety demands that we also must call her for the present, was becoming a universal favorite. Her heartiness in play in recreation time, her unselfishness, and her readiness to assist, endeared her to the young hearts about her; then her quaint, sweet fancies about the whole vegetable world interested and charmed them. They loved to listen to her, and to draw her out on topics so unher, and to draw her out on topics so un familiar to their unimaginative minds Twice she had succumbed to her fiery Twice she had succombed to her her her between per once, when an atrocious lie had been told by one of the larger girls on a little one, and Miss Edna, knowing the circumstances, flung them unflinchingly in the larger girls face, and provoked a the larger girls face, and provoked as storm that was only quelled by the inter-ference of one of the teachers. The other occasion was, when her consin learned by accident that the father of one of he classmates pursued an avocation not in accord with her own elevated notions of a gentleman's business. She flung some scornful remark at the child, and Edna, who was present, with her usual impuls-iveness turned upon the haughty

She's as good as you are, and you're a mean, hateful thing to speak so. No-body knows what your own father is "
"He's a gentleman," said Miss Edgar, drawing herself up to her little stately height, and emphasizing the word gentle-

man in a most decisive way.

"Nobody knows that," persisted Edna, hot with the temper which was so easily aroused, "it's only yourself who keeps telling us so, and it'd be a good deal nicer if you didn't brag so much about him,

Miss Edgar gave a scornful toss to her head, and answered, with a provoking mimicry of her cousin's tones: "You

haven't any papa to talk about, unless that ugly-looking greenhorn, Dyke."

Edna could endure no more; and in the battle that ensued, and in which as usual the little mountain girl was much the stronger, the smaller children, who happened to be the only ones present, fled, affrightedly to tell the tale, and to

summon help.

Edna was punished for her dreadful conduct; but, as usual, her remorse for having yielded again to that which gave Dyke such pain was her most acute tor-mentor, and for hours after she was dis-solved in tears and ready to make any amends that would allay her troubled conscience. In her penitence, she forgot the provocation she had received, and she went of her own accord to ask her cousin's pardon, which act of humility made Miss Edgar quite triumphant, and she be-stowed her forgiveness with all the

stowed her forgiveness with all the haughty grace of a conqueror.

Miss Edgar herself had received a reprimand, for the little listeners had repeated what she said; but, owing to a most cunning, sycophantic way of eluding disagreeable consequences, which, child as she was, she possessed to a remarkable degree, her reproof had been slight, and while poor Edna, driven by her remorae to send an account of it to Dyke, was writing in her little cramped hand a detail that had not a word of hand a detail that had not a word o blame for her cousin, and only censure for herself, and a pitiful plea for pardon from Dyke, Miss Edgar was carrying her self with haughtier airs than ever, and giving her version of the matter to her

When Dyke read that little pitiful note, he shut his teeth hard together, and through them said to himself: "It was that little devil that provoked her to it. I know it was, though Ned doesn't say so in her letter.'

say so in her letter."

Both children learned rapidly, little
Miss Edgar, however, requiring less
study to master a lesson than did Edna, she also evinced more talent for c, astonishing Mrs. Mowbray one music, astonishing Mrs. Mowbray one day by soliciting lessons upon the harp in addition to the piano. "You need not be afraid," she said, lifting her eyes very fearlessly to the pleasant face above her. "My papa will be perfectly willing. I heard him say before I came away from England that I was to learn everything I had a taste for." Mrs. Mowbray was silent from astonishment; the contidence and self-possession of this chit of fidence and self-possession of this chit of a girl not yet quite eight years old almost dismayed her, and it was with a shade in her countenance she answered at last

"I shall write to your papa and tell him of your desire."

"But may I not begin the lessons now?" persisted the child, her confident air increasing.

"Not until we hear from Mr. Edgar," was the decisive answer.

was the decisive answer.

Could Mrs. Mowbray have known the real motive of the child's request she would have been painfully concerned. Little Miss Edgar desired lessons upon

the harp, not for her love of the instrument, but because it possessed advantages for exhibiting a beautiful arm. She had overheard a conversation between some of the larger girls which en tween some of the larger girls which en-lightened her upon the subject, and hav-ing long since learned from some simple, but indiscreet tongue of the beauty of her arms, her childish vanity was immedi-ately fired. She waited impatiently for her father's letter, and when it came, she was summoned to Mrs. Mowbray's room to hear its centents. But that good sento hear its contents. But that good sensible woman did not, as the little lady thought with secret indignation she had a right to do, read the letter verbazim. She simply quoted from it the parts which concerned the child, and which were to the effect that she might take any lessons she chose, providing always such lessons received the approval of any lessons see cheek, proving accepts such lessons received the approval of Mrs. Mowbray. Then she quoted another part which said that, as Mr. Edgar intended to prolong his stay abroad, his daughter could spend her long summer vacation either at the school, or in the mountain home of her little companion, the other Edna Edgar. The matron was see fell and to read for the little seeps ears carsful not to read for the little eager ears the part which requested that Miss Elna should receive instructions precisely sim-ilar to that imparted to Mr. Edgar's daughter, for the gentleman, for purposes of his own, had from the first sent in studies, and she londers the letter, telling him in the little notes she was permitted to write every month how hard the lessons were sometimes, but that thinking of him made them grow easier.

And how Dyke kissed the crooked and cramped writing, especially the signature, "Your own little Ned," of each tiny note, before he put it carefully away. It was permitted to write every month how hard the lessons were sometimes, but that thinking of him made them grow easier.

And how Dyke kissed the crooked and cramped writing, especially the signature, "Your own little Ned," of each tiny note, before he put it carefully away. It was given the same name and a singular rewell that he could not foresee how one

good deal marred by her disappointment at learning that her papa was not com-ing home. She had confidently expected to spend the vacation with him in Barrytown, of which place Edna, with great good nature, had frequently told her, and her delight at the prospect of such a visit making her unwontedly generous, she had said that Edna should spend some of the time with her. But Edna, with becoming spirit, had replied that she loved her own home too well to spend from it even a day of her holidays. Now, however, all little Miss Edgar's hopes were dashed, and she pouted and was sullen with both teachers and companions, and her next letter to her father was a wild plea for him to return, which plea Mr. Elgar answered very fondly, but at the same time he stated that he would the same time he stat not come to America for several years.

Miss Edgar preferred to spend her va-Miss Edgar preferred to spend her va-cation in the institute, rather than be obliged to travel with rustic-looking Dyke, and her choice was very much to Dyke's satisfaction; for, after so long an absence, the young man wanted Ned all to himself. Ned was also well pleased, for she felt that Edna would have been a sort of discordant spirit in the little home, and not alone have prevented her own enjoyment of the scenes she loved o well, but interfere, perhaps materially with even Meg's pleasure and comfort.

And how the child erjoyed her return
home! She could hardly refrain from kissing even the cows, especially the brindle that, at the touch of the little hands, turned with what seemed to be a look of affection in her great stupid eyes. Then her friends, the trees; with what ecstatic delight she embraced each, and talked to them all; telling about her school life, and how she had never for-

otten them. gotten them.

Somehow, that holiday was different from, and more delightful than any succeeding one; for other years bringing more knowledge and experience, destroyed gradually all the sweet, quaint fancies that made her life now like some happy dream. And how her delighted enjoyment of everything rejoiced Dyke's honest heart, and made him quick to plan diversions that were at once a sur prise and a novelty. Even Meg's heavy step grew lighter, and her hands quicker at their daily work since the whole house was brightened by that sweet, winsome presence. Then the mountain rides the three took behind sleek well-fed Sam, who knew the road so well he needed nerdly any guidance, and during which Dyke repeated the mountain legends that had such a charm for Ned. Often in the moonlight, when Meg dezed in the wagon, and Ned with a red cloak about her sat looking like a mountain sprite herself, and Dyke being largely read in mountain lore, repeated story after story, the child had little difficulty in fancying many a fairy among the bushes; even the bushes themselves, to her eyes ooked in the moonlight as if they might be green wood nymphs. She had no fear of any of the mountain genii, for, owing to Dyke's able, though simple instruc-tion, she was quite confident that nothing could hurt her so long as she herself remained strictly truthful and good. How the memory of these times was to come to her one day, when, sick with the hol-lowness of the hearts about her, and faint with the burden of a cruel wrong she was to long for even one hour of those

happy, guileless, childish times! XI. Year after year glided away, unmarked by anything more important than Ned's annual visit to her mountain home, in which visit her cousin always refused to his plain little home the dislike of her hildish days. She grew at length to reto the institute, alleging, in answer to Ned's indignant reproaches for such unkindness that Dyke was not her relative pected to keep up an acquaintance with such a vulgar-looking, ill dressed person. It was well the mountain girl had gained at last some control of herself, or Miss Edgar would have experienced, as she did twice before, a most dipleasant tact with her cousin's hands. As it was, Ned contented herself with flinging a charm and passionate reproach at the did twice before, a most unpleasant conaughty speaker, and she descended to Dyke with an agitated face and manner. She had only left him to bring her cousin, and when she returned alone, he undergood at once the cause of her agitation

Edna wouldn't come," he said, smiling little, "is not that it?" But Ned, true her old childish regard for people's feelings, and Dyke's in particular, could not bear to repeat what Elna had so un-kindly said. "I know it all," said Dyke, smuling still. "Miss Elgar is ashamed to know me. I do not look sufficiently like city people to suit her. But 'a man's a man for a' that,' eh, Ned?" with a smile becoming broader as he saw the youthful face beginning to tremble, " and out like me despite my clothes, do you not?" For answer, she flung her arms about his neck, and hid her face on his shoulder until her tears were dried.

Ten years: it has been a long, and yet a short period, those ten years that have passed since we first became acquainted with Ned; and how does she compare now with the simple child whom we then knew? She has the same candid, winsome expression of countenance, which, with her beautiful eyes and hair, and tall graceful figure, make her a very attractive-looking girl. Then she has manners that are charming from their very simplicity, and the same loving, for-giving, generous heart of her childhood. She has her temper still; that temper which has cost her so many tears and heartburnings, but which no efforts, and she has made desperate ones, have been able to hold entirely in command; it is true, it no longer takes the volgar form of a personal encounter, but it blazes out in word and look. She has learned well, having taken so naturally to the languages, that she is a better linguist than musician and better than all, she has a solid founda

superstructure.

Her consin has developed into an exquisitely beautiful girl, but with the vanity of her childish days deepened and intensified, only now, with the cunning of

Miss Edgar's pleasure at hearing she night take lessons on the harp was a cood deal marred by her disappointment tlearning that her papa was not comtested that the papa was not comtested the professor say, on one occasion, she would have little difficulty in becoming a prima donna; that praise the young lady re-ceived with apparent modesty, but her heart swelled with secret pride, and her blush and exultant smile when she was

alone told how love of admiration had cankered the very core of her heart. The consins are hardly better friends than they have been in childhood, for Ned, with her innate love of honesty, and a pene tration that comes from her own simple upright character, is enabled to read some what Edna's characteristics, and she shrinks from her accordingly. Still, o late years there have been none of the oper ruptures that have marked their early ac quaintance; and to casual observers they appear to be on very fair terms of friend

ship.
This is to be the last year of their school life, and just as both shall have reached that "brighest era of a woman's life," eighteen, they are to graduate with all the honors of the institute. Mr. Edgar that he will be a single daughter that he is has written to his daughter that he time to be present at her graduation; and that he will be accompanied by an elderly lady, a widow, who has been a friend of his father's, and who will act as a sort of chaperone to his daughter in society; that he has disposed of his English es-tate, and will henceforth make his home in Barrytown.

Miss Eigar can hardly contain hersel for joy, and her delight makes her good-natured enough to rush to Ned with the news. "And you must come and see me, Ned." Latterly she also has evinced preference for the masculine diminutive and she has adopted it until her cousin is 'Ned' to every one save the teachers And you must stay with me a long ime. Papa will quite approve of it, I know." But Ned shakes her head even while she smilingly murmurs her thanks Nothing can tempt her from her own

little home among the mountains. Dyke and Meg are also to be present at the graduation; Ned has written to them so urgently that Meg, though so much older and stouter grown as to make travel in her case almost a hardship, feels herself constrained to gratify her darling's wish, and a dressmaker is engaged to come up from Saugerties to make Meg a new, and for her, quite a resplendent gown. Dyke a treats himself to a new suit for the or Dyke also sion, but it is not much more city-lik than the rest of his clothes. Somehow Dyke, unlike other young men, does not give much thought to his appearance He does not go courting as others do, perhaps owing to the isolated position of his home and, perchance, also owing to a love which has dwelt in his heart for over fourteen years. Then his mind is so ful of the bits of knowlegde with which he is constantly storing it, and more than all, of an invention of which he has been full since his boyhood, that he has little room for other things. The invention is some thing to economize farm labor and, should t be successful, must bring a goodly profi to the inventor. Recently he has formed the acquaintance of a skilled man of busi-ness in Saugerties, and with his help in obtaining a patent and introducing his invention through the country, he expects in time to be quite successful. And now does he look on this morning that he is ready to start with Meg for Pennsylwhich have passed since we saw him first sit well upon him. His rugged country life has given a fine bloom to his com-plexion, and his form has the magnificent development that delights an anatomist. He looks every upon the strong firm. He looks every inch the strong, firm, onest fellow that he is.

XII.

nce composed of more than their own chool associates, and the occasion to one, of her meeting with a father whom she knew only by letter, and a childish memory that every year somewhat ob-literated; and to the other, of gratifying, by the honors she received, the two for nearts which were so bound in her well

are. The rules of the institute forbidding elaborate dress, the graduates appeare in simple white, adorned alone by natural

Miss Edgar's heart was beating to suffication, as from her elevated position she looked over the audience and selected almost at once a distinguished-looking gentleman, with an equally distinguished that he was her father. She longed for the moment when her name would be called to sing a pathetic solo, and to give an exhibition of her skill on the harp. She felt no dread of the embarrassmen that might be caused by a first appearance before so many, for, being well assured of her ability, and knowing from the numerous admiring looks already directed at her that her appearance was all she could desire, she imagined that she should be perfectly self-possessed. Ned, seated beside her cousin, with equally beating heart, was looking for Meg and Dyke, reassured when she saw them, and smiling in answer to their looks of fond affection. Her part in the exerrather limited, being one instrumental performance and the valedic

ory.
Miss Edgar was announced to give the solo. She rose, and for the moment had a strange calmness that enabled her to walk with exceeding grace to a position directly in front of the audience. Then she unfolded her masic and strove to be-gin. But a sort of stage fright had overtaken her, owing to the mass of upturned faces; it seemed to her as if every countenance had changed into eyes that were burning through her. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, her knees trembled, and the blush of shame and consternation dyed her face, ears, and neck. But the old professor at the piano understood it all, and he played bar after bar of an inspiriting melody, until his favorite pupil lost her fright, and her natural vanity came to her aid. She sang then as perhaps even her enraptured teacher had never hear her sing before. Her glorious voice rose, filling every of the large and lofty school hall, a

and again the distinguished-looking gentleman bent to his companion and whispered some landatory comment. He was eager for the close of the exercises when he should press to his heart this peerlessly gifted and beautiful creature.

Miss Edna Edgar was summoned to the piano. She had the same graceful figure and fawnlike step of her cousin, and as she moved to her place, people seemed

as she moved to her place, people seemed to evince as great a desire to behold her as they had manifested to see her cousin. From her name and marked resemblance to the preceding performer, though lack-ing the remarkably brilliant beauty of Miss Edgar, the strangers present sup-posed they were sisters, and her credit-able, though not very able performance, was listened to with flattering attention. was istened to with nattering attention.

To Dyke and Meg no ingers ever touched
piano so sweetly, and their honest faces
flushed with pleasure, and their hearts
heat high at the applause bestowed on
their darling.

Mr. Elgar turned to his companion,
saving. "That is my brother's daughter.

saying: "That is my brother's daughter of whom I have told you; she does no yet know that I am her uncle." The ex yet know that I am her uncie." The ex-pressive face of the stately old lady had a shade upon it for a moment, and she looked more earnestly at the young per-former before she answered: "Her resemblance to your daughter, and cons quently to you, Mr. Edgar, is very marked. Still, she seems neither so lovely, nor so gifted as your child. Do on intend to tell her to-day of your re

lationship to her?"

The dark handsome face grew darker for a moment; "I did not intend to do so. What do you advise?" "That you tell her, Mr. Edgar. She is your own flesh and blood, and not to be visited for the sin or indiscretion of her parents." "You are right," he whispered, "but I cannot tell here."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOUR CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

The 24th chapter of Ecclesiasticus is a eulogy of wisdom, by itself, and many of the passages are so applicable to the Blessed Virgin Mary that the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin has appropriated a number of them. Among them is the following: "I am the mother of fair love and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope." This is supposed to describe four characterof the Blessed Virgin, any one o which might well constitute a topic of meditation and discussion sufficient of itself for an article. But it has occurred to us that a somewhat hasty, al beit imperfect, glance at the whole might not be without some profit.

How, then, we may ask, is the Blesse Virgin the mother of fair True love has its origin in the Divine mind. God is love, and the love o God is the only pure love. Now, the Blessed Virgin was the Mother of God for Jesus Christ, her Son, was divinewas God. In this sense she may b said to be the mother of fair-beauti ful, pure and true-love. Jesus was one of her bone and flesh of her flesh but the union that existed between transcending mere natural union-i was a union of spirit, of soul, an ence of fair love. a divine love, while her whole being was absorbed with an intense love o

But she is also the mother of fair and beautiful love in that she herself is the most transcendently beautiful and charming creature in the world. That memorable graduation day! Hence, the love of Mary is most beau-Memorable to both our heroines, because tiful and absorbing, and is well deit was their first introduction to an audi- scribed by the antiphons of the Office, Thou art beautiful and sweet in thy delights, oh holy Mother of God give forth an odor of sweetness, oh holy Mother of God." And again, We run to the odor of thy ointments the young maidens have loved thee exceedingly." The ointments are the virtues and graces of Mary, especially purity.

We, cold hearted Christians, have Her transcendent purity and loveliwith her divine Son causes her to sympathize with Him in His intense love or sinners and longing for their sal longs for our love.

But how is the Blessed Virgin th powerful motive to please her.

the mother of knowledge. Of course, by knowledge, here, we take it, is not by anowiedge, nere, we take it, is not meant every kind of knowledge, but that which is highest, purest and best—that which is most important in enabling us to fulfil the great purposes of our existence. The grandest sys tem of knowledge in the universe is that which God has revealed to us in the Christian system. The great cen-tral principle of that system is the In-carnation, and the relation which

tion was struck at the General Council of Ephesus, when it was sol-emnly decreed that the Blessed Virgin Mary was Theotocos - Mother of God. That settled the question for all time and scattered the multitude of heresies, with which the world had been cursed, to the four winds. destined to live forever in eternity, what knowledge can be more important than that Jesus Christ, Saviour, was God, and that He suffered and died for the sins of the whole world? He that believes in Him and onforms to His will as declared by Holy Church, which He established

ell her yet.

He loved her with

Like the choicest myrrh thou didst The young maidens represent are, devout and saintly persons

very little idea of the intense love of the saints for the Blessed Virgin. ness constitute a powerful attraction to every soul that loves purity and longs for perfection, while her union vation. There is no fairer, no purer or more disinterested human love than that of the holy Mother of God, who is our mother also-and who seeks and

mother of fear? We answer, she is not the mother of a slavish fear, but of a wholesome fear of doing wrong and offending God. It is impossible for a true child of Mary-one who under-stands her true character and is really and truly devoted to her-to be guilty of deliberate sin, even venial. Such a one is, of course, afraid to offend God. In the minds of many, even devout persont, the idea of God is more or less vague and distant. But to the true client of Mary she becomes, as it were, an ever present companion and friend, and as she is the very embodiment of purity and sanctity she becomes a constant restraint to the natural impulse to sin. Her clients are afraid to offend her, ashamed of any aberration, however small, from the path of duty and rectitude, because their love for her constitutes an all

But now it is a curious question to determine how the Biessed Virgin is

Mary sustains to her Son Jesus Christ constitutes the very touch-stone and confirmation of the integrity of of the the antithat system. Hence phon of the Office: oh Virgin Mary, for thou hast de stroyed all the heresies in the uni-verse." The great blow in this directrance to an eternity of bliss in This is the knowledge which

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Mary has taught us. Finally, the Biessed Virgin is the mother of holy hope. And what is holy hope but just the hope of an eternity of happiness in heaven which we have just spoken of? And how is the Blessed Virgin the mother of that holy hope? She is aptly styled the Mother of Perseverance. Her relations to her divine Son are such that she has a most powerful influence in obtaining an an swer to the petitions of all who call upon her for aid. She sympathizes, ε s we have said, most fully with her divine Son in His desire for the salvation of souls. She is with Him in heaven and He loves her, and is always disposed to listen favorably to her petitions. It is this conviction that prompts Catholics to go to Mary with confidence, and inspires them with the blessed hope of succeeding in their petitions. Of course, it is not necessary to say, here, that the ultimate ground of our hope is the atone ment of the Lord Jesus Christ, our God and Saviour. It is through His merits alone that we are saved. But when we come to the question, How shall we avail ourselves of those merits? then we realize the tremendous advantage of having a friend at court or a power ful advocate who will plead our cause and do everything in her power to secure a favorable answer to our peti-Oh, it is indeed a bl ground of hope to have the dear, holy mother of God-the mother of persever ance-for our advocate with her divine We can not too promptly or too earnestly and perseveringly labor to secure the interest of so powerful an advocate. - Sacred Heart Review.

A STRANGE SPECTACLE.

ther and Son Protestant and Catholic Missionaries, Labor Together

in the Same Field. The Rev. Mr. Frederick Kolbe, of South Africa, died recently. He was the father of Father Kolbe, missionary and editor of the South African Catholic Magazine. The two reverend gentlemen, father and son, for many years presented the unique spectacle of laboring as Protestant and Catholic missionaries in the same field. In his well known magazine Father Kolbe describes the gentle and pious life pursued by his father, for fifty six years a member of the Rhemish Missionary Society in Africa, and a student whose researches in the African dialects have been cordially praised by Max Muller and Professor Savce.

Among other things Father Kolbe says of his late father : " No greater proof of his gentleness could be than the fact that his library contained not a single book of controversy. When I became a Catholic, there was of course, remonstrance and argument, and there was further protest against my becoming a priest-nothing less was to be expected. But once this was over we never clashed. Argument was to him merely the means of shap-ing the outline of a modus vivendi. When one of my sisters became a Catholic, the modus being already reached. there was no argument at all—merely a fatherly warning that she should be very sure of her steps before moving, and never a word after that. vulgar forms of Protestant abuse of Catholic life he was an absolute stranger. He was firm on his own ground, but he thought, and spoke no vil of others."

ALL MEN GO TO MASS.

M. Jules Lemaitre, of the French Academy, who is at present in Switzerland, has evidently been much struck with what he has seen in the Catholic canton of Valais. Writing to the Echo de Paris, he says: "All the men of the country go to Mass. By the chestnut fringed wayside are crosses and calvaries, and little oratories in which, through their grilled windows are to be between bouquets of artificial flowers, statues of saints and other plous emblems. These little rustic chapels are called 'prie-Dieu,' and the women, as they pass them, cross them selves and kneel for a moment, while the men raise their hats. And yet these Catholic peasants are staunch Republicans. They never even dreamed of such a thing as a king or an emperor of Switzerland. Their municipal life is full of activity; their rights and liberties are much larger than those of our French peasants ; and they exercise them unfailingly. Meanwhile the peasantry of France, which no longer goes to Mass, stupidly re-signs itself to oppression and deception, contenting itself with sending to the chambers some lying Free Mason who only laughs at them, votes for unjust laws, and gets what he can out of the

THE TRAINING OF A JESUIT. The Methods Adopted - Truth Can Stand the Most Specious Objections, and Truth Only. During the first year that the stu-dent enters upon the study of Catholic

philosophy he goes through a course of logic, pure and applied, and continues

his mathematics. The second and third years are devoted to psychology,

ethics, metaphysics, general and special; cosmology and natural theo-logy. He has about two lectures a day

logy. He has about two lectures a day in these subjects from Jesuit professors,

who are always priests, and are selected on account of their knowledge and their gift of a clear power of ex-Besides the lectures, which are given in Latin, the students are summoned three times a week to take part in an academical exercise which s one of the most valuable elements in the philosophical and theological training of the society. It lasts an hour, during the first quarter of which one of the students has to give a synopsis of the last two lectures of the professor After this two other students, previously appointed for the purpose, bring against the doctrine laid down, any possible objection that they can find in books or invent for themselves Modern books are ransacked for these objections, and the "objicients" do their best to hunt out difficulties which may puzzle the exponent of the truth, who is called the "defendant." Locke, Hegel, Descartes, Malebranch, John Stuart Mill, Mansel, Sir William Hamilton and other modern writers are valuable contributors for those who have to attack the Catholic doctrine. Everything has to be brought forward in syllogistic form, and to be answered in the same way. The professor, who, of course, presides at these contests, at once checks anyone who departs from this necessary form and wanders off into mere desultory talk. This system of testing the soundness of the doc trines taught, continued as it is throughout the theological studies which came at a later period of the young Jesuit's career, provides those who pass through it with a complete defense against difficulties which otherwise are likely to puzzle the Catholic controversialist. It is splendid means of sifting out trut from falsehood. Many of those wh take part in it are men of ability and experience, and who have made special study of the subjects discussed and are well versed in the objection that can be urged against the Catholi teaching. Such men conduct their a tack not as a mere matter of form, bu with the vigor and ingenuity of pra-tised disputants, and do their best puzzle the unfortunate defendant will difficulties, the answer to which is b no means simple or obvious at fir Sometimes he is put complete in the sack, and the professor has intervene to explain where he h tailed, and how the objection hasrea to be met. Sometimes the objicie will urge his difficulties with such semblance of conviction as even mislead some of those present. I member an instance in which an jicient, rather older than the rest, w had had considerable experience skeptical difficulties before becomin Jesuit, argued with such a show earnestness against the existence God, that the professor, who wa good, simple man, and new to work, took fright. He sent for objicient to his room when "circle" was over, and, to his small amusement, represented to the misery and hopelessness of si ticism, begged him to pray to God he might not lose his faith, and mised to say Mass for him the that God might save morning, that God might save from the terrible misfortune threatened him. But he was conon discovering that n firmly convinced as himself of truth of the thesis he had been at ing. Here I hope my non-Catholic cannot refrain from making or present occasion. I should lik know what other religion, save

Catholic, could ever stand such a deal of free discussion as this. from any check being put or liberty of the students, they a couraged to press home every objection, however searching and damental, however blasphemou profane, that can be raised Catholic doctrine. In every cla to be found men who are not to off with an evasion, and a pr who was to attempt to sub authority for reason would ver find out his mistake. This fect "liberty of disputation" is the many happy results of th session of perfect and unfailing When the two objicients have fi their attack, there still remains ter of an hour before the circle This time is devoted to objection difficulties proposed by the st Everyone present has full free ask of the professor any ques pleases on the matter in hand, a require of him an explanation point on which he is not satisf s needless to say that full ad is taken of this privilege, and professor has often to submit t lively and searching interre If any question is proposed the ish, or beside the subject the cer is soon silenced by the ope of disapprobation on the par the class, and a good is sometimes received with plause. Any fallacy or knowledge on the part of the is very speedily brought to lig raking fire he has to unde while all respect is shown h process, he must be well arm to win the confidence of th his answers.