



Through the pure Heart of Mary



“RIDICULOUS! Such nonsense! exclaimed Bertha Allan, throwing from her the book she has reading, with an unmistakable air of disgust.

“What’s the matter?” queried her cousin looking up from his paper.

“What has happened to ruffle your Serene Highness? Didn’t the post man call? Has the last novel proved more than usually insipid? or worse than all

— Has that autocrat of womankind —

the dressmaker, — disappointed?

Now, Rob don’t tease, pleaded Bertha, her fair face crimson at having spoken her thoughts aloud. You know very well I scarcely ever receive a letter. Who in the wide world, she continued pathetically, is there to write to poor me? as for novels — here a scornful toss of the girlish head finished the sentence.

But what about the dressmaker? Oh! as far as she is concerned I find no fault, as I hold, as you know, that important position myself.

Well, if it was not the butcher, the baker, nor the candlestick-maker, who or what calls for such energetic disapproval? Honest, now, Bertha, you had better confess, continued Rob in a mocking tone, his clear grey eyes full of boyish fun. He dearly loved to tease this demure little cousin, she was so solemn and took everything so literally. Well, then, if you will have it, please remember you compelled me to answer you. I do not like the way you have of putting the Virgin Mary in every