

I can feel no pleasure in the company of those who differ from me."

"So young and so presumptuous! Humility is a Christian virtue of great price. Young lady! take the advice of a friend, and endeavour to cultivate its growth."

Then turning sorrowfully to Sir Luke, he remarked, that it must be to him a source of deep regret, that he had suffered his child to grow up independent of parental control.

"Ah, my good sir! it cannot be helped now!" said the easy-going baronet. "If her mother had lived, it would have been different; but I—what can I do?—she laughs at me when I scold her, and I never struck her a blow in my life."

"Poor child, she is greatly to be pitied," sighed master Vincent. "The most beautiful garden, left to itself, cannot fail of degenerating into a wilderness of weeds."

"That which is considered as a weed in some countries, and regarded with little favour, is cherished as a flower of great price in others, master Vincent. It is from these despised weeds that the best of our medicines are extracted. I would rather possess the power of the nettle, that can wound the heel that tramples it down, than the simple beauty of the primrose, which every unclean ruffles with impunity."

"Why not emulate the sweetness and perfection of the rose, young mistress. It is the emblem of purity; and its sweetness, like piety, survives its own decay. It is not destitute of defence. The thorns which surround it protect it from the rude hand of the spoiler, in the same manner that religion protects the virtuous from the contaminating touch of vice. Strive to be like the rose, that all may esteem and love you."

"I have chosen my emblem, master Vincent. Leave me unmolested, and you will find me a plain, harmless plant; but if you call out my bad qualities by ill-judged severity, you will find that the nettle when irritated has a sting."

"But, my dear young lady, such a thought as retaliation of injuries, should never be so much as mentioned among Christians."

"I know nothing of your Christianity. I hate your new-fangled church; it never shall be my church. Reformed, quotha! God save the mark! Look at the fruit which your new tree of knowledge bears—hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. As is the fruit, so are the root, the stem, and the branches. When Monica Conway finds rest beneath its shadow, flowers will flourish around the upas tree."

"Is it right or fit, think you, in a maiden scarcely sixteen, to give her judgment in a matter of such vast importance," said master Vin-

cent, looking sternly upon her—"a matter of which she knows nothing. Ignorance is the parent of presumption; how pitiable is yours!"

"I was born and brought up in the Catholic faith," said Monica, proudly. "I shall not depart from it at your bidding. If I am wrong, I am no worse off than my fathers. They held it sacred, and whilst I have life so will I."

"Retract those rash words until after to-morrow, Monica Conway. To-morrow, God willing, you will hear for the first time, the pure doctrines of Christianity preached in a reformed church; and as truth is stronger than error, it may find its way into that stubborn heart, and teach you to despise the gaudy trappings and ceremonies of the church of Rome. The religion which you possess, is but a refined system of idolatry."

"And will you dare to tell me," cried Monica, her proud upper lip wreathing with an expression of unequivocal scorn, "that all our blessed saints and holy fathers, who were lights of the world in their day, were no better than pagan idolaters? Oh, man! man! who is presumptuous now?"

"You are too wilful to listen to reason," said the Divine. "It is useless attempting to argue with you in this frame of mind. I will pray, and that right earnestly, to God, for your conversion."

"Keep your prayers for yourself, good sir; you will need them all. For my part, I do not mean to conform to your new form of worship."

"Monica!" said her father, with more severity of look and tone than he had ever assumed towards his fair refractory child. "I insist on your attending church to-morrow."

"I will obey you, sir, in all other things. This is a matter of conscience. In this, I cannot."

"Oh, shame, young lady!" cried master Vincent. "Is this the duty which you owe to your parent?"

"If one of your Protestant converts were the child of Catholic parents, and they forbade her to go to church, which way would the path of duty lie then?" cried Monica, with flashing eyes. "To church! to be sure; you would not seek to violate her tender conscience; the goodness of the cause would absolve her from all obligation. Is it not so, sir priest?"

"Monica!" said Sir Luke, in a tone of alarm, without permitting the minister to reply to her pert speech; "your obstinate refusal to accompany us to church, may involve me in great difficulty, and bring down the vengeance of the law upon your own head. Away to your apartment, and think over what I have said. I tell you, girl, that I must, and will be obeyed."

Sullen and indignant, Monica retired.