

The true model of Christian womanhood is in God's Church—Mary—the holy Virgin and Mother. Her life was a hidden and obscure one; nevertheless she has exerted a continual and potent influence on women of all ages, even on those who know little of the Madonna, except as a work of art.

Do what the Church has been ever striving to do. Raise woman to the standard represented in Mary, and then you have discovered the true meaning of female emancipation.

Olive Reinheart was a rather good composite of the best girls in her parish. She had a good training at the Normal School. I do not suppose she courted chronic headache in endeavoring to master all the occult sciences, and a thousand and one things of which she had no earthly use, but Olive knew enough and a little more, and was well able to hold her own in any company. She could not only analyse the chemical properties of an "angel cake," but likewise knew how to make it. Housework with Olive was more a matter of choice, than a case of necessity.

In praising Olive's good qualities, I am only indirectly giving a due meed of praise to her mother, who had long since gone to her reward. Yes, she owed everything to home-training. In the family, indeed, that "nursery of immortal souls," is moulded the character of the rising generation.

"That is as it should be!" exclaimed our present great pope Leo XIII., when a mother in presenting her daughter said, "I myself Holy Father, have undertaken her education at home."

When her mother died Olive devoted all her time and energies to the wants of an aged and well-nigh helpless father. Her devotion to him only ceased when he passed to his fathers.

Many of Olive's acquaintances twitted her on being so old-fashioned. One of them volunteered to introduce her into society and coach her at the next "at home". Olive laughed at such proposition. I do not mean to say she was unfit for society—so-called. Olive knew too well that initiation into the sacrosanct inner circle of her friends with the hyphenated names did not make a lady. She did not believe in posing as a decoration in any one's parlor. Although she meant well, and spoke the truth,

on one occasion Olive offended a student in heraldry, whose father was a rich landlord.

"Olive dear," said this girl one day, "do tell me what would be appropriate to paint on our new carriage."

"An eviction scene!" was the staggering reply.

That young lady after that probably chose some other than Olive to teach her how to enter, and retire from the room in a graceful manner at receptions.

More than one suitor sought Olive's hand and heart. She, on her part, was in no hurry to give a satisfactory answer. It was a serious matter and with her choosing a life's vocation required much thought.

Some hailed her as a new leader in the growing army of "lady bachelors," while the most of her acquaintances expressed displeasure in her provoking procrastination in choosing a life-partner, so on the whole Olive found it not an altogether easy matter to keep on the even and "single" tenor of her way.

One day some girl brought Olive a voluminous and confidential list of titled and untitled possible husbands.

"That's all nonsense," said Olive "what do I know of these persons? Young men may be nicely painted, but are not always what they are represented to be. A large number of them may be, it's true, *born* in order to link their fortunes with another, but they do not always *live* for the one marked out for them in the eternal fitness of things. Young men expect us to come on the matrimonial market as perfect angels, while their own wings may be badly soiled. Oh no, girls, I'm not going to make myself miserable, I prefer to give the matter much and serious consideration," concluded Olive.

On other occasions some of her visitors essayed to give Olive sound advice on these vital questions, but it was generally nothing but cheap talk. Olive felt that, and said so.

"Matrimony is no plaything" she often repeated, "it means the saving or losing of my soul, and that of others. In case I marry, I wish only to join hands with one, who will sympathize in my many endeavors to make others happy here and hereafter."

Ennui never bothered Olive. Instructing or helping the poor was her panacea for feelings of loneliness and its con-