

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Inventors Who Stay Poor. It has often been seen that men intellectually gifted do not always possess that peculiar talent which enables its owner to improve business or other chances that may come up in the course of a life experience.

education he can never hope to take matter correctly which he does not understand when he takes it. For instance, a man may be expert in stenography, and if he does not understand German he cannot take a German speech; but a man who understands that language can readily do so with any system of stenography and transcribe his notes afterward.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

COAINA, THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

By Anna H. Dorsey. CHAPTER V. LURED INTO THE SNARE.

Everything wore a change for Coaina—everything except the consolations afforded her by the divine sacraments. There was no change there. Untainted by the world, for whose salvation they were established, neither time, malice nor all the powers of hell combined can shake them from their eternal foundations, or strip them of the least of their attributes.

Coaina realized the truth of this in a wonderful degree, for the more her "kinsmen and friends stood aloof," the more constantly did she seek rest for her wounded spirit in the life-giving sacraments, and shelter her troubled mind in the shadow of the sanctuary.

One day after confession, Father Etienne asked her "if she had ever received any gifts from Ahdeek, the Iroquois?"

"Never, my father." "Do you often see Ahdeek, Coaina?" "Sometimes, at my aunt's lodge."

"Very well; I do not see why I should doubt your word, Coaina." "Thank you, my father," she replied gently. "My tongue never lies."

"Be careful, my child, that it never does," said Father Etienne. Then after a pause, he added: "There are evil reports abroad concerning you, Coaina; I doubt them all, and shall continue to do so until their truth is proved. If false, you are reviled without cause, and God Himself will succor you; if true, then, my poor child, you are guilty of the most detestable hypocrisy. Being only man, I cannot read your soul, and in the absence of proof of your guilt or innocence, I dare not withhold the sacraments from you. The responsibility rests, then, upon your own soul. Go in peace."

She would have spoken, but a sob choked her utterance, and rising from her knees she hastily left the confessional, and fell, rather than bowed, at the feet of the image of the Immaculate Mother. She could not fashion the anguished emotions of her soul into words; she felt, like her divine saviour, all the bitterness without the guilt of the things whereof she was accused, and of which she was yet ignorant. Low sobs expressed her bitter suffering, and every tear she shed was an eloquent appeal to the compassion of God, as she knelt there, the innocent victim of the malice of her enemies.

No prayer ever uttered by prophet or saint can compare with the adoration or a speechless woe, which resigns itself in dumb resignation to the Divine will. His face may be hidden for a while by the cloud which veils it, but He is ever near; and when His designs are accomplished, He disperses, by a single breath, the shadows which hid Him, and lifts up the fainting soul with tender consolations, oftentimes crowning her with glory and eternal honor.

Where was Tar-ra-hee? He had returned from Montreal, and remained at home a week. One evening Coaina, after decorating the shrine of the Blessed Virgin with a garland of rich flowers which she had that day gathered in the forest, knelt down to recite the Rosary. While she dropped bead after bead, she thought of the sorrows that had crowned and pierced the Immaculate heart of Mary, feeling all the time the sting of her own strange grief, until tears gathered in her eyes and rolled over her flushed cheeks. A quick, soft step entered the chapel, and then some one knelt, unperceived by her, not far from her. Covering her face with her hands, she bowed her head, resting it on the feet of the pure image of the Virgin Mother, and murmured: "Thou wilt not forsake me, my Protectress and Mother. Be thou my friend and consolatrix; then if all the world forsake me, what need I fear?" Her devotion over, she was about leaving the shrine, when some one touched her lightly upon the shoulder, and a familiar voice uttered her name in a low tone. She turned quickly recognizing the voice,

and saw Tar-ra-hee regarding her with a grave and sad expression of countenance. A crimson blush mantled her face; she stood suddenly still, while her fearful eyes rested with a wild and startled expression on his face. He walked to the side door of the chapel, where thick vines drooped over a sort of trellised work, forming a vestibule screened with leaves and flowers, and beckoned her to him.

"I am glad to see you, Cyril," she said, standing before him with her hands folded, and her eyes modestly cast down.

"Is that what you also say to Ahdeek?" he asked, gravely.

"Who, Cyril? The Iroquois? I am never glad to see him."

"But you receive his gifts, Coaina?" "I have never received aught from Ahdeek," she said quickly.

"And never see him—and never go to the forest to meet him?" exclaimed Tar-ra-hee.

"Never, Cyril. What could have poisoned your heart to believe such a dreadful thing?"

"Coaina, I thought, a few moments ago, when I saw you kneeling there so humbly, your head bowed like a magnolia flower after the storm, that you must be innocent, or you dared not pray. My heart melted like the wax of the Crucifix, when the warm spring tides broke it up, and I only thought of my love for my betrothed. But Coaina, what you say is not white; it is a lie."

"Oh, Cyril—Cyril, my brother!" she cried, in anguish; "tell me what you mean! What have I done?"

Then he told her about the milk-skin mantle. Ahdeek had shown it to him months ago, and told him it was to be worn only by his promised wife, and for that he was reserving it. He told her how unworthy Ahdeek was, and how blighting to a virtuous reputation was all association with him. Then he told her how his joy had suddenly turned to anger and mourning the day he returned home from fishing, and found her waiting on the shore for him arrayed in Ahdeek's gift.

"And was it not your gift, Cyril?" "My aunt—then a divine charity closed her lips."

"Did any one tell you it was from me, Coaina?" "I thought so, Cyril; it was left for me. I thought it was your gift, and I took it that evening to show you how much I valued it," she said earnestly, while the truth declared itself in every line of her now pale face.

"Is this true, Coaina?" he asked, sternly.

"Our Blessed Mother is my witness that it is!" she replied, making a gesture with her hand towards the shrine. "Cyril, fearing the Great Spirit whose eye sees all, I dare not lie to thee, my betrothed."

"Poison has touched my heart," he said, looking down into the innocent and truthful face uplifted to his. "Tomorrow, Coaina, I will see you again in the presence of your aunt, and if any have calumniated you, they shall answer to me for it. And as he spoke, the troubled and gloomy expression of Tar-ra-hee's eyes gave place to one more gentle and tender."

"Thank you, my brother," she replied, and was about to leave him when Altonitoun bustled into the rustic vestibule, outside of which she had stood, and not only watched them through the leaves, but overheard all that passed, and said to Coaina in an agitated tone:

"Hasten home, Coaina; my child is ill. I fear the Iroquois fever is upon her. I am going to Make's lodge for herbs."

"I will go, aunt; I hope Winonah is not ill of the fever," she answered gently, while a dawning smile once more gave serenity to her features.

which quickly kindled, and threw out a ruddy blaze which illuminated every part of the room. Then opening the letter, she read:

"My child, come to me directly, to the hut just beyond the pines, outside the Iroquois village. Two young girls are dying, and will be baptized if you will come to them. Hasten.

FATHER ETIENNE.

Without waiting a moment to consider, Coaina stepped in to see if her cousin still slept and finding that she did, she wrapped her cloak about her and went forth, as she thought, on an errand of charity, at the bidding of her spiritual guide, but instead of that she was lured away, like a young gazelle, into the share of the hunter, to suffer the crowning effort of the malice of her enemies.

That night also, Tar-ra-hee received a mysterious notification "to keep watch from day-dawn until sunrise," from a cliff which was overhung by an uprooted hemlock tree, that projected over the road leading to the Iroquois village, and commanded a view of two or three miles extent.

He was told "to expect something which would unravel a mystery, and open his eyes to the truth." Troubled in heart, and full of but one thought, he determined to go, hoping that the unravelled mystery would be the full exculpation of Coaina.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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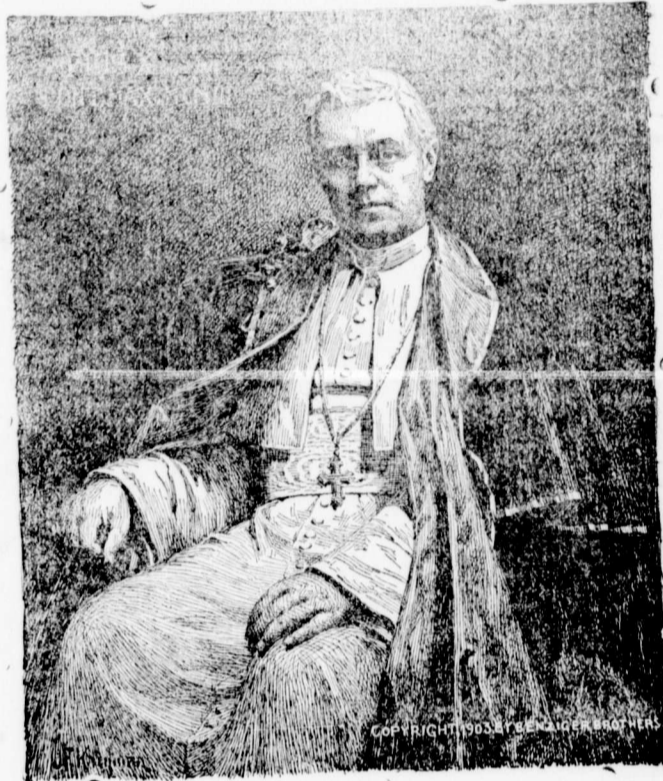
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