

from friends in the United States who have had a taste of life free from the priest's rule, the young men from the cities who have seen and learned come back home and tell how Protestant young men are educated and are beating them; the politicians are talking of free education, and free voting, of keeping the priest in the church, and most of all and more than all altogether, the colporteur."

The tone of quiet pride in which the young man said 'the colporteur,' struck the business man with some force.

"What? How many are there of you?"

"Thirteen."

"Thirteen among 1,500,000!" said the business man in astonishment. "You must spread yourselves pretty thin."

"The colporteur has been here for twenty years. The colporteur is the pioneer, the advance guard, the sapper and miner. Before the evangelist, before the mission school, before the church, goes the colporteur."

He might have been speaking of Remington's scouts from the pride in his voice.

"What do you do? How do you work it?" asked the business man.

"We come to the door of the house. We ask to come in. We show our books, our pictures and papers. We talk with the people. Sometimes they are cross and push us out, but often they are glad and talk and talk. We come back in a week. The neighbors come in. We talk and they ask questions and then we tell them of Jesus and a free pardon without price. Ah! that is new to them! No pay for absolution, no pay for peace! and then the next week the priest comes and burns the books and curses 'the wolf.' But he cannot burn the new thoughts, the new hunger here," striking his breast, "and we come again and they run to meet us and so the light comes."

"But only thirteen?" asked the business man.

"That is all," said the young man, sadly, "but we sold and gave away nearly 1,700 copies of the Bible, and over 32,000 religious papers."

"But don't you get hurt, sometimes?" said the aesthetic young lady, who was interested in the young man in spite of his work.

"Oh, yes," he added cheerfully, "that is

nothing, but," he added, with grave face, "it is hard for our people."

"Hard how?" asked the aesthetic young lady.

"It is hard to leave your father, your mother, your home. It is hard to see the face you love black with hate of you."

"Why! do they hate their own children?"

"Do you see that little white house, far up beyond the trees there? Well, two years ago a boy heard a missionary, he went to school at Pointe aux Trembles, he saw the light. He wrote home, his father said you must come home no more, you must write no more, you are dead. He did not go home again, he wrote and wrote to his brothers and sisters. One by one they saw the light, the father was in a rage. The priest tried to win them back. They could not deny the light. One girl took sick. The neighbors, the friends, the father and the priest surrounded her bed. They pray, they threaten, they vex her day by day to come back, come back. But she sees Jesus her Saviour, and He says, 'Come on, come on,' and so she cannot go back, and one day she goes to Him. That day the father sent all the others away. He would have no heretics in his house. They all left home and friends and are making their own living among strange people. That is hard."

The young man's eyes were shining, the aesthetic young lady was finding him even more interesting, but the professor snorted in a manner quite unphilosophic.

"Sheer nonsense! Why don't you leave these people alone?"

Then the young man forgot himself and his face blazed.

"Shame!" he said. "Leave them alone! Leave them alone! No! they are seeing the light and they cry for more, and the light is there," pointing to his black bag, "and I shall give all I can. I cannot leave them alone."

"It is absurd to think of trying to convert French Canada," said the professor, almost angrily.

"So they said to the monk Luther. One against the great Roman Catholic church. But light will shine. Here a light, over the hill in the next parish a light, a row of lights along the St. Laurent, up the Ottawa. Little congregations nearly one hun-