

essentials of true religion," expostulated the professor.

"I know, I know! The Apostles' creed! The great hymns! The good father! I know all that. But the poor people know not God their Father, Jesus Christ their Saviour, and they cannot get peace here," smiting his breast.

The aesthetic young lady was finding him interesting again. He was beginning to look picturesque.

"But they all look so happy and contented and so devout," she answered sweetly. "I'm sure that woman we saw in the church this morning looked so," turning to the business man.

"Devout, yes; but not particularly happy I should say," said the business man.

"What was she like?" said the young man. The aesthetic young lady described her eagerly.

The young man's face grew grave.

"Happy? No! Content? No! Her husband died a month ago. A Catholic, but he would read the Bible. The priest tells her he is in purgatory and is in agony to get out. She has paid all she can. Still he is not out. She must sell her cow. She will then have enough to get him out, but her living will be gone."

The business man made a remark to himself. It would not print, and the aesthetic young lady looked at him with a pained expression.

"But surely that is a very unusual case," said the professor.

"Unusual?" said the young man, shortly. "No!"

"Still," pursued the professor, "it is a great church and seems to meet the needs of the people, and it is a pity to disturb their faith."

"Pity to disturb them! Pity to teach them the truth! To free them from error and darkness! What of John Knox, Luther, Calvin; were they all a mistake?"

The young man was quite hot.

"But see here," said the business man, "it don't hurt them. They are good, quiet citizens, industrious and contented. Will you make them any better by making them Protestants?"

"We don't make them Protestants. We give them the Bible and teach them to read it. We want to give them the light, the good gospel, that you have, that your children have," said the young man.

"But after all, they are good, respectable, peaceable citizens. Look at it in a business like way."

"Yes," cried the young man, "just that way. Come with me," and he pulled him to the window and pointed to the long, sloping hillside. "Do you see these little fields, these little houses. Every field is a farm, every house a home of six, ten, twelve children. They can divide their fields no more. Their children must go out to the towns, to the factories in Vermont and Massachusetts, to the small shops, the shanties. They will be servants all their lives. Why? They cannot read nor write. There are 1,500,000 French-Canadians. Do you know that 700,000 cannot read and write? What chance has the French-Canadian boy? Why has he no schools? The great Roman Catholic church. They cannot go away to school. Why? They are too poor. Why so poor? The great Roman Catholic church. Look dere," he was lapsing badly now, "you see dat church. Tirty toutsan dollars! Who paid it? The poor people for the last twenty years. Twenty farms within ten miles were mortgaged to pay that fine church."

"Yes, they are content, because they have lost their hope, they have no ambition or they are too ignorant. If they make money, the more for the priest."

"But why do they pay?" asked the business man. "That's their own business."

"They must pay," said the young man.

"How?"

"Why, they must pay their taxes. They pay taxes on their land to the church."

"Do you mean the church levies the taxes?"

"Why, certainly. What else?"

"What else? The state, of course."

"The state, that is the church."

The business man made another remark to himself and then said: "Look here, professor, that's pretty tough, eh?"

"Yes, but that is all changing," said the professor, lifting his eyebrows; "modern ideas are making way."

"Changing? Yes, slowly enough," said the young man, "but still changing. But why? Did the great Roman Catholic church introduce these reforms? Not one!"

"Who did?" asked the business man.

"The light came from many sides. Letters