

Jean nodded his acquiescence. "O'est vrai," he said, "but not here. And when Pierre, as had come to be his wont, discussed this point also with Father Gagnon, the priest said gravely: "Jean speaks but too truly. Pierre is a man of interest in a city, to have it as few children as possible. They are 'in the way,' and mean expense. On a farm, as Jean says, they mean help, they are a source of true wealth, of pride of comfort. And a man's interest is his strongest motive, whether it be for the race or against it. How could it be otherwise? Let them answer for it," he concluded, almost bitterly, "who have sent us here."

Always the same race issue, Pierre thought sadly, with a knowledge seemingly beyond his years, but due, it may be fancied, to the quick, sympathetic insight of his nature, one of the chief qualities, that is to say, of the coming leader of men. And in the light of Father Gagnon's admission, he set himself to study matters yet more closely. The streets, he saw, were the children's only playground, the worst, morally and physically, that could be imagined. They were not children, most of them, but stunted drudges of the factories and mills; and women, old in a precocious most appalling familiarity with evil; even the sons and daughters of good, pious habitantes, driven, as he had been, to this land of bondage. As to the grown men and women of his own race, he had lessons yet to learn of drink, of vice, of faith forgotten or denied, of names anglicized to hide the shame of national if not religious apostasy. And though such cases, he was assured, were comparatively few, still they but strengthened his growing conviction that towns and factories, most of all, in a strange land, were utterly unsuited to his people, farmers and country dwellers for three centuries. All that he saw might, he felt convinced, have been minimized at least, if not wholly avoided, had his people only migrated to the farms of the Northwest, to the Land of Promise, instead of coming here, attracted by the hope of speedy gain, a hope which, he began to see, was at best but partially realized, if at all.

Such conclusions were not, of course, quickly reached, and though Pierre Martin's ideas already formed, predisposed him to arrive at a judgment and a fairness equal to his insight, before accepting his conclusions as established. Time and again, he talked the matter over with his brother Jean or with Father Gagnon, honestly resolved to take their view of it, rather than his own; and every time was confirmed in his conviction that there was but one remedy possible, that, namely, which, in his own mind, he already designated "The Great Exodus," the return of his people to their own land.

And daily, in spite of all that his humility and self-distrust could urge to the contrary, the corresponding conviction grew stronger and more distinct, that it was he, Pierre Martin, who had been chosen by God Himself to lead them back again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONLY AN INCIDENT.

It was only a small thing apparently, but the sun of small things makes a world. Experience shows us this; and many a trilling incident acts and reacts till ultimately its influence affects the largest and highest interests. So when Harry Watson raised his hat in reverence to the church door, he little dreamed what would hang from the chain whose first link he forged that day.

of deliberately inflaming our curiosity; and the sentence of the court is that you explain forthwith—and without the option."

"I hardly think you will understand," repeated Harry, slightly embarrassed; "but as you wish it, I will give you the reason. It is very simple, at least to a Catholic. In our churches we reserve the Blessed Sacrament or Holy Eucharist; that is to say, the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ is there present under the form of bread. The Blessed Sacrament is kept in a little tabernacle on our altars; and as it is only fitting when a Catholic passes the church he raises his hat in reverence of the God made man present through love on the altar." He stopped and exclaimed: "But I seem to be preaching as though I were all I should be."

Norris seemed thoughtful, and Harry spoke a few more words on the Blessed Sacrament, in response to a remark of Richardson's. Then there was a lull and the conversation flagged, all being more or less occupied with their own thoughts. Soon they separated, going their various ways. A few days after Harry Watson, in response to a telegram, returned to his own office and soon almost forgot his brief stay in the Northern town.

Time speeds on when there is work to do and it is done honestly and conscientiously; and three years that elapsed since Harry Watson paid his brief relieving visit North left him more mature indeed, but little changed. He had lately married and rented a pretty residence in the suburbs with easy access to the city by the cable tram. Just now he was very busy at the annual balancing and could snatch but a brief half hour for lunch in town. As he was rather late, the crush was over, and there was but one other at the little table where he sat. He glanced carelessly at him, but the face was unfamiliar, so he busied himself with the luncheon. His table companion—no other than Phil Norris—eyed him intently for a little time and at last broke the silence.

"I beg your pardon, but is your name Watson?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harry, with a look of polite surprise.

Norris went on: "My name is Norris. I think I met you some years ago, when you were North relieving, but you would hardly remember me. I was in the bank at B—."

Watson remembered, and after a pleasant reminiscent chat invited him over for supper. "If you are not otherwise engaged and could manage, I would be very pleased to have you come out this evening to supper."

"I should be very glad, indeed," said Harry. "Meet me at the King street tram at 5:10, and I'll pilot you out."

And with a cordial shake hands they parted. As the tram swung round from King street past St. Mary's the two young men raised their hats quietly but reverently, and an old priest, a fellow passenger, murmured a "Benedicite" on their manly faith.

Soon round the cozy table at Watson's home the time was passing pleasantly, and the friendly chat turned naturally to the visitor's impression of Sydney. Norris was enthusiastic about everything. "It is simply magnificent and," with a smile, "to a poor rustic like myself, an education. The Cathedral especially is beautiful and to me like a great religious poem. It is an epic in stone." Watson cordially assented.

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"Not marry? Nonsense, man. Why not?"

"Well, I am only waiting to arrange matters, and then I leave for Rome to study for the priesthood. Good bye!"

When Norris' plans were told her Mrs. Watson fairly beamed with joy on her husband. "Oh, Harry, isn't it splendid? And to think he owes the beginning to you. Didn't I always say you were so good—the best man in the world?" she cried enthusiastically.

"I am afraid I am very far from it," said Harry; "and my part was but a small one, though great things did result."

"Anyway," he went on earnestly, "even if my actions should not be a stimulant to good for others, I hope at least that never an act or duty omitted on my part may prove a stumbling block or hindrance in another man's way to truth or a better life."

Is there a needed lesson here?

WHEN O'CONNELL RECEIVED COMMUNION.

The piety of the great leader of the Irish people, Daniel O'Connell, was one of the most striking phases of his many-sided character. The very Rev. Canon O'Rourke, P. P., in his book "The History of the Irish Famine" says of the Liberator that he was fervently devoted to the holy practices of the Catholic Church; and the same author gives this picture of O'Connell when approaching the Holy Table:

It was a sight not to be forgotten to see him attend Mass and receive Holy Communion in Clarendon street. When he was at home, his habit was to walk from Merrion square to that, his favorite chapel, to eight o'clock Mass. On these occasions he usually wore a very ample cloak, the collar of which concealed the lower half of his face. Thus enveloped, he entered the sanctuary with an expression of recollection so profound that it might have been a Trappist who had entered. So it was during the holy communion; he seemed perfectly unconscious of any human creature being in the place, except the priest at the altar before him. He seldom used a prayer-book, and his eyes were never once raised during the whole time. Buried in his great cloak, he moved noiselessly out, as he had entered—a bright example—a very model—to the whole congregation.—S. H. Review.

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