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THE EXODUS.

FRANCIS W. GREY, LITT. D., The Cure of St. Philippe," "Gilbert Franklin Curate," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

SON OF THE GENTILES.

But if Pierre Martin had his own un foreseen problem to deal with, a prob-lem of which Father Gagnon had shown him a solution equally unforeseen and unlooked for, his sister Madeleine, who unforeseen an as one of his first and most efficient helpers, deserves some place at least in this chronicle, had also of late been called called upon to solve for herself one of a similar nature, and certainly not less difficult, fraught, moreover, with conse quences which for her were in their easure no less momentous, since on it epended or seemed to depend her

depended or second whole life's happiness. She had been brought face to face She had been brought as unexpected Bon Dieu to settle ; he, Monsieur I Curé and Pierre Martin, qu'ils s'arian with it, indeed, in a way as unexpected as that by which her brother had been brought to the decision of his own. Jean and his wife, with whom she and Pierre continued to live, were the most hospitable of mortals and liked nothing better than to see their kitchen 'n winter, or their verandah on summer evenings, filled with friends, young and old. Morever, Jean as a new orthog old. Morever, Jean as a new enthus-iastic believer in Plerre's Exodus, and ready, as he was wont to say, to start "demain ou après-demain" (to-morrow or the day after) was naturally, to or the day after) was backness, to his house, as to himself, a centre of at-traction to others who believed and felt as he did. Thus it came about that five evenings out of six and on Sundays especially, there was an informal coun-cil held to discuss ways, means and posmight be made a reality. In simple truth and in a very real

sense, the dream, if dream it were, was not Pierre's at all, certainly not his not Pierre's at all, certainly not his solely or exclusively. It was on this fact, of which he was fully aware, in this sense of vague longing and ungest among the exiled French Canadians that Alphonse Bilodeau had counted and was still counting for the accom-plichment of his number the creation and was still counting for the accom-plishment of his purpose, the creation, that is to say, of a new Quebec in the Provinces of the Northwest. Pierre, the Senator felt confident would merely give utterance to this voiceless longing, set in metion, this exect means of meride set in motion this great mass of popula-tion which already hung, as he believed, waiting and expectant for just such an impetus towards return to the land whence they had been driven and on which they still looked as home.

Jean, therefore, was only one amon many of his race now in Middlehampton and other New England factory towns who had left their native land not willingly, but sorely against their will The causes in each case were sordid few and all too common, two' chiefly, mortages and scanty harvests, bad times in a word. To these should be times in a word. To these should be added the hope of bettering their circumstances, a betterment, which for most of them was long in coming, and of which the cost, as not a few of them which the cost, as not a few which the cost, as not a lew of them realized, after a year, or two at the longest, was too great. "You can buy money too dear," Jean would remark, almost as a regular part of these coun-cils, and Michael O'Rafferty, the watch-man, who was a froquent attachast and

cils, and Michael O'Rafferty, the watch-man, who was a frequent attendant and a still more frequent speaker—com-pared with others, would make answer just as surely: "Begorra John ye're right; 'tis not what a man makes that counts, nor what he spends, but what he saves." A saying much applauded, if not practised, by his hearers. What, indeed could they save 2 ed. could they save ?

put in an appearance. Perhaps, in thi These then were all in favor of som nstance also, there may have been for change in their condition of deliverance from a bondage which had grown intol-erable, even before Pierre Martin came one or more an attraction other than the hopes of possible relief from a bond age, which on their shoulders lay not to Middlehampton, for each and all had to Middlehampton, for each and all had found the hoped-for betterment too slow in coming, and far too costly in other terms than that of money, even when seemingly attained. They made more than they could make on their farms, as they were ready to admit, but they spent more, even as they worked harder in tasks wholly uncongenial, as they were not long in discovering, and Mich-ed O'Refert's rule of political econquite so heavily or so hopelessly n those of their elders. To two members of the informal com mittee of ways and means, at all events there was just such an attraction, for Madeleine, in her own way, was as de-serving of attention and devotion as Francoise Gosselin or any girl in Middlehampton. Of these, one, Edouard ael O'Rafferty's rule of political econ-omy, if applied to the majority, would Zay, was nominally of her race and faith actually more americanized, as to both than the girl at all approved of, though his professed belief in the Exodus made have failed wofully. They saved, in fact, little or nothing. Nor did the easily made charge that this was their hopeful of his return to other and better things than even his own land. own fault alter the fact, even where it could be proved as true, which in many It was only her woman's consciousnes of her personal responsibility for his zeal in the cause which kept her from uninstances, as might easily have been shown, it most assuredly could not. shown, it most assuredly could not. The fault, even where it was theirs in questioning belief in its reality; a con-sciousness and a doubt which she was equally careful to keep to herself. The any real sense, lay most probably even then more in their circumstances and conditions than in themselves; as it ther, about whom she was by no means conditions than in themselves; as it must do when an agricultural popula-tion migrate to a factory town. The very process, moreover, of getting used to their conditions costs too much—to so clear in her own mind, though even in his case she had her uncertainties, was George Toner, an American, and a native of Middlehampton of Puritan escent and such faith as he could lay the race. claim to. But if not very devout, be was a good, honest lad, of clean life and Not that they looked to any possible still less to any proximate deliverance, or that any appreciable number had a definite hope of returning to the land speech; one whom any woman might trust and respect, as Madeleine was ready to admit. Whether, however, they had left, prior at all events to Pierre's suggestion that they should go back, not to old Quebec, where they he was prepared to trust him with her life's happiness was a question she found t less easy to answer. had already found it impossible to live but to a new and more hospitable land in the great Northwest. What, indeed, in the former case had they to Why he, an American, should take part in discussions concerning a possible return of these aliens to their own land return to? Return, they felt, meant simply more bad harvests and fresh he might have found it hard to explain satisfactorily, even to himself, still more to Madeleine had it been possible for simply more bad harvests and reas mortgages, a renewal of the former struggle in which they had been hope-lessly worsted; which they had neither the means nor the courage to resume. her to ask him. Not being given, however, to introspection or to self-question-ing, he was content to leave the ex-planation, should it ever become neces-If they spent much and saved nothing here in Middlehampton, they at least made what they spent; in the old land, ary or trouble him in any way, to tin and circumstances. Interest in this movement, real or assumed, gave him an excuse for seeing the girl he loved amid the old conditions, they had made too often far less than in these later years it had cost to live, however carefound, and that, so far as he was concerned, was the gist of the matter. ful, thrifty and economical they might be and were. It was such conditions that had driven them into exile. What Had he been questioned he would, prob ably, have professed himself a keen and was there to be gained by returning to them even should it prove possible to observant student of sociology—as indeed he was—with a philosophic interest in "movements of this sort" not do so ? Then came this boy, this dreamer, this perhaps, wholly compatible with his enthusiast, whose eyes seemed to gaze beyond the narrow borizon of their soryears, nor, for that matter, with his did, toilsome lives, who gave utterance in burning, living words to that which for so long they now realized, had been in all their hearts. Some ridiculed, some despaired, having borne the yoke with the discussions might be supposed to demand of him. To Jean, at all Might it not be her duty to say yes, events, it never occurred to doubt his after all, for his sake, not for her own: watchfulness of Madeleine's face, to the

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interest, as expressed ; Madeleine, her-self, accepted his presence without seeking to analyse his reasons for coming too long ever to look up again, but many listened : might it not be that le Bon Dieu had sent him just for this? Too seeking to analyse his reasons for coming so often, or her own acceptance; pleasure, she would not as yet even to herself acknowledge it to be. Only Madame Jean, busy with her own thoughts and with her children's clothes, drew her own conclusions and spoke of them to nobody, not even to her husband, which was Dieu had sent him just for this? Too young, it might be urged, for such a task? That, they would have answered, was le Bon Dieu's concern. He krew best, after all, and if He had sent this boy, this visionary, to lead them out of bond-age, out of bondage he would surely lead them. Whither? That, again, was for le Bon Dieu to settle, he and Pierre. Monsieur le Curé, see you, would of course be a third member of this council sneaking reverently; that was only his merely a true woman's loyalty to one of her own sex. Nor were Marie Martin's conclusions

by any means wide of the mark, since Madeleine, with true feminine un-accountability, had already made her speaking reverently; that was only his right as Curé and le Bon Dieu's way And Pierre had spoken of a Land choice, though so far wholly unaware Promise. Quebec? But no. They had no wish now to go back to Quebec. Where then? Why, in the Great choice, though so far wholly unaware that she had done so, between the man of her own race and faith and the one who was in both an alien. But when, on one memorable evening, George Toner Where then? Why, in the Great Northwest. We discovered it, they would have said, nous autres Canadiens, we have a better right to it than all these heretics, foreigners, tous ces gens là, who were crowding in there. How to saw his opportunity and seized it her

get there? That, once more, was for

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ing to weather and season, had come to

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those who believed in the Exodus, where

The young man, who had told the old story in the world-old way, stood wait-ing for the answer which, he felt, he had his inevery reason to hope for. To tense surprise, however, Madeleine broke away from him, crying passion-ately: "No! no! no! I cannot, I gent. All this, be it noted, with the utmost reverence under the semblance of a familiarity to which colder, less cannot!" Nor again was the seeming fatalism any-thing but a simple trust in God, simply

"Can't what, dear?" he asked gently, crossing the room to where she was and standing close to her; "can't love me? Is that what you mean?

Pierre Martin, then, had merely given s that what you mean ? Some subtle sense, loves intuition, her whole attitude told him it was not so expression to that which many felt, and at a moment when they were prepared to listen to them. Not that even yet even before she spoke, told him that she loved him. "Oh! It is not that," she said, distressfully, yet not attempting to move away from him, a fact which en-couraged him not a little. he looked upon himself as sent in any still less as fit for the task which seemed, nevertheless, to be laid

upon him. Father Gagnon, moreover, whom he loved and trusted had said A paused ensued, during which he resolved to try another method of attack. more than once things which pointed to "You do love me, don't you?" he per-sisted, possessing himself of her hand, but one conclusion, namely, that this Exodus, of which he dreamed, for which she tried, not very hard as h which he longed and prayed, was indeed to be his task. As to his own fitness, he had fancied, to draw away.

No answer. "Madeleine!" more softly yet more persistently. "You do love me, don't you ?" he repeated, almost in a whisper which east second to her, her very no illusions, but with the same faith and trust these others showed, the faith and trust of his race, he left that and all else to le Bon Di ϵ u. Also, quite naturally to Monsieur le Curé. An attitude of to which, as it seemed to her, her very oul swayed, as a reed to mind concerning which it may be re-marked that it was a surer indication of Perhaps he, too, guessed that it did so. "I know you do," he went on, gaining confidence in his new method of pleadhis fitness for leadership than any con-scious "vocation"-possibly egotistical

This time, some instinct told her that Having, however, as he had confesse after all truth, the full, bitter sweet truth was best, cost what it might.

o Father Gagnon, an attraction else-where, the lad was not often present at Yes," she answered, very low and the councils held in his brother's house falteringly, but he heard her, and thinking his victory attained, made as if he would put his arm about her and draw Amable Gosselin, lamed by an accident some years before was more or less a would put his arm about her and draw her to him. Again, however, to his still greater surprise she shrank away, and in good earnest loosed her hand from the clasp of his. "No! no! no!" she repeated, almost sobbing, "I cannot risoner in his own home once his daily toil in the factory was over. He had heard of Pierre and his "dream," and has sent for him to "talk it over." That Francoise the eldest daughter with her That grave, sweet face and eyes that seemed You must not !" for he had stooped to claim the kiss he felt he had to read his soul, her whole attitud one of intelligent interest in what wa whole attitude stooped to claim the kiss he ten he had fairly won. "Oh," she exclaimed, sink-ing weakly into a chair, "can't you understand." I must not love you, must not . . ." Here she stopped sudden-ly, remembering that, so far, though she could not doubt his meaning, he had not, is no may words, asked her to be his being said, should be a constant listener as she sat sewing for the younger children with whom she took her dead mother's place, added an unac-knowledged, indefinable charm to knowledged, indemnate chain to evenings of conversation and dis-cussion which, in any case, had for Pierre a strong and natural attraction. Later, before very long, indeed, he came to understand wherein in so many words, asked her to be his She was all trembling with wife. She was all trembling with a maidenly confusion when she realized what she had so nearly said . . . asked.

But George Toner, with an hones the charm consisted, and how much the quiet encouragement of her kindly eye of her mere presence, meant to him, and lover's sympathy, guessed what she wished to convey, even if he could not as yet fully understand what was troub-ling her, what could possibly stand be-tween them, since she loved him. "You acknowledged to himself and to the Curé all its force and sweetness. Yet if Pierre were absent from the mean you must not marry me? Is that it, little one? he said, very gently. discussions at his brother's house, there were many present, young as well as old since Jean's kitchen or verandah accord-

Her only answer was an inclination of er head, with its wealth of dark br hair, the head he loved so dearly ; which he had hoped by now to find resting as

of right on his shoulder. "Might have guessed it," he con even Monsieur le Curé not infrequently tinued quietly, "guess I'm a heretic to you; one of the Gentiles, as my old you; one of you; one of the Gentlies, as my old mother used to say. Well, little one," with a cheerfulness he surely did not feel, but which won him fresh love and fresh regret from the girl who longed,

more than ever, to give him the answer he hungered for, "if that's so, I'm out of it. I haven't much religion that I know of ; pretty much like other folks in Middlehampton, I reckon, but I can't change what I have got, not right away,

Was that the answer? If not where was Was that the answer? If not where was it to be found? Certainly not in her own heart, which pleaded, passionately, incessantly, on his behalf; nor in his conscience, whose impartiality she could no longer trust. Wisely, therefore, she did not attempt a task which, she saw at once was for heread her iterate the her once, was far beyond her strength; but just as Pierre had done went to Father once, was far Gagnon, as she would have gone to her own father had he been living, for the help and counsel she felt sure of getting. How or in what words she told her story she could never afterwards tell. All that she knew was that the good pries counselled her, as he had counselled Pierre—though this, of course, he did tell ber-to faith, prayer and patience.

"Wait, my daughter," he said, gently after much that she would keep in mind she knew to her dying day : " love comes from le Bon Dieu, and returns to Him. But it takes us with it. . . if we only will. You love this man?" he continued quietly, "and trust him ?" He seemed to take her assent for granted, but she bent her head. "Eh! bien! trust le

Bon Dieu, for I know you love Him.' humbly ; a humil-" Do 1 ?" she asked, ity which he could not doubt or question iny more than he had doubted Pierre's Yes," he returned, gravely but kindy, "or you would not be here now. You ly, "or you would not be here now. You would have followed you own will, not God's. . And, if you had," he added, "you would have lost your lover's love." "Should 1?" She was surprised, but even more so at her own-lack of the astonishment she thought she ought to feel. Yet some intuitive love-know-ledge of her lover's nature, told her that the wriget was right. the priest was right.

"Yes, for the man is honest," was the answer, " and would, in time, very soon, perhaps, have come to despise you for your want of loyalty to duty. . . . And that, you know, kills all real love." "Yes, Father." Once more her heart told her that he had spoken nothing but

the simple truth. How could disloyalty, such as hers would have been had she followed her own inclinations, live with loyalty such as George Toner's." " Leave him to God, then," were the Curé's final words; "love him and pray for him. Love such as yours and his comes from God, and will surely lead you both to Him. Is not that enough?" "Yes, Father," she made answer,

smiling bravely. And bravely set her-self to do as Monsieur le Curé had bidden her, not without hope, though that, indeed, she would not admit even

to herself.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HAND OF GOD.

The dull, sweltering weather of that nemorable summer, instead of growing more endurable, grew daily more oppres sive, until Dr. Terry's worst fears of an epidemic of cholera among the children seemed only too likely to be realized. And about the middle of July there were, as he had anticipated, a certain number of cases with an unusually high percentage of death. At the beginning of August the cases were more numer ous, with a still higher relative mortal ous, with a still higher relative mortal-ity, till finally his report that they were dying "like flies in a frost" was neared to truth than to exaggeration.

That he had plenty of willing helpers most of all when older children, growing lads and girls, began to sicken in turn does not need to be told. Side by side Father Gagnon, the episcopal rector and the ministers of various denomina tions toiled to help and comfort those upon whom God had laid His hand thus neavily. In the Catholic Church in all places where men and women met to pray, petitions were offered, the burder of which was the same in every instance : Spare, O Lord! Spare Thy people a prayer for pity, for removal of the chastisement that had fallen upon them. And if in many a heart which in its pro had forgotten God, there was sperity wakened a sense of sin, keener, deeperreaching than it had ever known befor in others there was raised a tender, almost fearful pity for the suffering, perishing little ones. This epidemic was from the Hand of God; a punishment

wasted lives was practically the cost t

the race of industrial as compared with agricultural labor.

One minister alone, a good, honest

nan, if of somewhat narrower horizon

than he was conscious of, refused to offer prayers for a relief from this sore

visitation; would not hear of "punish-ment for sin." That was an old super-stition, one from which, God be thanked

he and those who thought as he did, had

ment, he quoted, not inaptly :

o careful of the type she seems o careless of the single literate

municative as a clan just now, may be the hand of man'll help to set things going. Micky's too quiet to be natural; he knows something or I miss my didn't say what law, though. May be Nature's, as you say, may be God's, as didn't say what law, though. May be Nature's, as you say, may be God's, as Father dignon says; may be both. Any-way, it's the only kind of 'sin' I know, just now,' and it's bad enough, in all conscience, judging by the way we are paying for it." "I did not think you would believe guess

guess." "What do you mean by the hand of man?" asked the minister, a perfectly natural question, as the doctor readily admitted. Moreover, his reverence was, he felt sure, one to be safely trusted discreet. "Well," he answered, " we're not talk-

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ing about it just yet but I mean that there'll be a strike or a lockout pretty soon. Depends who hustles most, the labor union or the New England Cotton Company. One or the other'll knock old John Hammond out, sure's you're living, if he don't get ahead of them and make the first move, which is not so un-likely as they seem to think. "May be he'll surprise them!" Dr. Terry chuckled. The notion appealed

to his sense of poetic justice probably, "Anyway," he resumed, " the mills will "Anyway," he resumed, close down, which ever way it goes. these Canneks will just have to Then these Canucks will just have 'get up and git,' as we say. There we There won't be anything else they can do. The labor union don't love 'em, you can swear to that, and they'll make no terms with the Company so long as they em-ploy 'cheap foreign labor.' That's the way they put it, ain't it ?" "Yes. . . Then you t adians will have to go?" Then you think the Can-

"Think? I don't think!" was the re-joinder, "I'm sure of it. That's why I'm paying Pierre Martin's way to find a "Why not back to their own Province of Quebec?" enquired the minister who

grew every moment more and more interested in a subject which, if wholly novel, was yet wholly fascinating to a nan who loved his kind, French Papists

"Why should they? Quebec, I reckon, is pretty much like New England, a country that needs clearing, scient arming, fertilizers, God knows what all. That means capital, which they haven't got.

"But there is plenty of cleared land in both surcly." The minister spoke more as one anxious for information, than as disputing the doctors conclusions.

"Yes, plenty, as you say, but it's mostly small farms, and they're mostly mortgaged. That is what has sent them to the factories ; that is what is turning much of New England, or will soon, in waste land again. At the best, the small eastern farmer can no more his own, in cereals, anyway, agains west than John Hammond can fight the New England Cotton Company. He's bound to go under-that is the farmer, anyway-if he is two thousand miles nearer the market, or change his methods, which is just what he can't or won't do. No, sir, the West is the poor man's country, you take it from me. Lots of cleared land, plenty water, fresh soil, railroads handy, better climate

everything in its favor." "I suppose you're right," was the answer, as each went his way; the minister to think over what he had heard, the doctor to arrange about Pierre's journey, first to Ottawa and then to Saskatchewan, way back of beyond," as he had put it. Also, to im-part certain information to Father nart certain information to Gagnon, concerning the plans and pro-posals of the Saskatchewan Land and Improvement Company lately supplied by John Hammond senior, details of which will be given in their proper details of place.

Thus it came about that some days later there was a meeting at the priest ouse of those chiefly and most keen! interested in the Exodus, women as wel as men, for none knew better than th Padre, as Dr. Terry was wont to call him, what women's influence, won en's enthusiasm and women's prayers bring about, even to the seemingly im-possible. The doctor himself was there, as a matter of course, since to his gener-osity Pierre was to owe the means of taking him to his destination. ourse Pierre, the Joshua, as Dr. Terry said laughingly, who was to spy out this new land of promise and tell them all he returned how good and fair he had found it to be. 'Pity we haven't two other spies to go with you," he went on,

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"but I guess you'l ly as some of yo the Jordan alread "Yes," said Fath ly, "some as you s "that we didn't al referring to the to him from Jol to him from out the doctor, "you mon ami, with a Hammond to Mo Monsieur le Do You have alread not?" he asked. "Yes Monsie

Pierre, at Saint How indeed cou beginning of his proved to be an spoken which strangely influen "Bon," resume will go to him t has to say. It so for getting land Canadian parlia

things much ea continued, "you Abbe Provost, a chewan-M. Bile to get there-an me. Then you with him and he But chiefly you sieur Bilodeau."

"Yes, Monsie again, adding w dence rare in o showed how dee whole subject, How much am selves I mean." "In that," wa be guided by Mo

the priest wen e him some selves, as you s "How many a

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The doctor r first, however, facts as might "How many he enquired. Three thou

"about fifteen Then Pierr ator man for a with," resumed time had worke

faction. "You way." "I suppose

priest "Oh, they'll get 'em starte joinder. "An half, if not ty leave New [En

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"I did not think you would believe in sin," answered the minister, not quite sure what to make of such a profession of faith on the part of a free-thinker. "But the fact remains," he continued, reverting to his first assertion, "that this epidemic is merely the result of un-sanitary modes of living, of a violation of the laws of Nature."

"Just so," returned the doctor, placidly, "a sin against Nature; a ransgression of the law."

"Then you admit that it is not a ques-tion of 'sin against God,' as these or thodox priests and parsons preach," was the confident rejoinder, as of a man who feels that at last he has gained his

point. "No, I don't." The reply was prompt and not lacking in decision. "I guess Nature's laws are God's laws—if God is what you say He is." There was just the slightest emphasis on the personal pronoun, which his interlocutor was at iberty to interpret as he chose. the doctor pursued. Whether or no," the doctor p and I don't profess to be a the ologian, if a man violates the laws of Nature, that is 'sin' so far as he is concerned, and he's going to pay for it, sure and fully, sooner or later. And he can't plead ignorance, either. This time, it's the children who are paying, first and worst, as they always do. Presently it'll be You can't fool Nature

the grown ups. You can't fool Nature Mister Minister, no; and you can't fool God Almighty." "Seems to me," was the retort, "that's just what they are trying to do." The minister had his vanity, and this present process of enlightenment had not spared it. Hence, probably, the touch of tartness, which Dr. Terry did not fail to observe, though he took no notice

"As how ?" he asked quickly, the moke of his cigar coming from his lips in short, nervous puffs; a symptom of excitement which Father Gagnon would

excitement which rater Organis what have been at no loss to interpret what-ever the minister might be. "By praying Him to remove this chastisement," was the answer. "How can He remove it, if it is, as you say, the inevitable consequence of gression of His law ?" a trans

"Oh !" thoughtfully, " that's it, is it? Guess it's the best they know," was the rejoinder. Dr. Terry was in no mood to be drawn into discussion of abstruse a point, at the moment. He continued, therefore, calmly: "Anyway

continued, therefore, calmly: "Anyway they're going to do better, too, if Father Gagnon can make them." "In what way ?" It was the minis-ter's turn to speak quickly. This was emething whole unconstant.

something wholly unexpected. "Well," was the answer, " the Padre let his people have it straight and heavy Sunday night, same as you might have done. Spoke of Nature's laws sanitary conditions, city slums and coun try farms, pretty much as I would. Oh! he was right up to date, I tell you. Told 'em to let the women pray, but . well, to 'get up and git,' as our folks say, as soon as may be. 'God doesn' say, as soon as may be. 'God doesn't want you to crowd into factories,' he said. Guess He don't, either, or else Nature don't; but I didn't say so then

not in meeting anyway." "Were you at service in a Romisl church?" asked the minister in astonshment, as the doctor paused to light a fresh cigar.

"Why, certainly. Guess I shan' catch anything to hurt me," was the laughing answer. "Well, sir, he told them they had no business to leave them they had no business to leave their farms, though it's not your fault entirely," he put in. Told them their little ones were safe with God, taken away from the evil to come.' Yes, sir, that's what he said. Seemed like my old Dominie, 'way back, more years than I care to count, he used to talk that way, too. Told my mother that when little sister died of croup. Caught my my little sister filed of front. Caught my throat too, to see the women crying, quiet like and the men too, I reckon. I know the Padre was not far off crying himself, not further than I was anyway. from the Hand of God; a punishment for the transgression of His laws. But there were many who repeated David's question, even as Father Gagnon had asked it, when Dr. Terry first warned that a worse thing would happen to the the terry first warned that a worse thing would happen to the terry first warned the terry first warned that a worse thing would happen to the terry first warned the terry first warned the terry first warned that a worse thing would happen to the terry first warned t

me, I guess, if I did," he concluded, "would it now ?"

"You know it would not," was all that she could say. But she knew, even as she said it, that she loved him all the she said it, more for his manly honesty ; honesty as the phrase once so familiar to him, must have occurred to him, later, if not at the moment, "to his own hindrance."

There was another pause, fraught for both of them with a silent anguish each alone could understand, yet with no less a comfort to each of them from the here presence and fellowship of the ther. Even now, after all that had other. passed, it was hard to say good-night and leave her, when he had hoped for so different an ending to his venture. Then, timidly, for him, he asked one question, or rather repeated one already asked.

"You do love me. don't you ?" he long since freed themselves as from much other "mediæval lumber." The pleaded, taking her hand again. Why should he not? she said to herself, since

"You know I do." Once more whisper only, but his ears, as a low should be, were quick to catch it, as his heart was to draw fresh hope from it. "Then that's all right," he returned, o cheerfully, that even as she thanked him for it, she wondered a little sadly how he could even seem to take it so ightly.

and more to the same purpose, which, if undoubtedly true, was neither the whole truth, nor hidden from others besides himself, as he was destined to discover --to his prefit and edification. "Good-night, little one," he went on, tone and with a suddenness that startled her in her then sensitive mood of hopeless resignation, a mood which, for the first time that evening he neither shared nor was aware of even if neither shared nor was aware of even if it did not hurt her, "guess I'd better go . . . while I cap," he added mentally. But if he had, unwittingly, in his new glow of hope hurt or startled her, he made full amends, for with a chivalry, new to him as to her, he raised the thin, toil-ment furces to his line and bised thet. and

worn fingers to his lips and kissed them. Then went at once lest he should spoil all by staying longer.

And that was Madeleine's problem which, notwithstanding her protests to

him of the impending trouble : " As for these sheep, what have they done?"

them if they kept on . . . what d'you think? 'breaking Nature's laws,' no less. Said they were God's laws, too. Indeed, there were few if any who at such a time could realize that the puny city-born babies, the ill-developed, over-worked children of the streets, Said as much as that God had given 'em a hint, as it were. Next time He would act, and they'd know it, too-here, or slums and factories, were being " taken away from the evil to come;" evil physielsewhere." The doctor paused, again, it was an unusually long speech for him cal as well as moral and spiritual. They were fewer yet who saw that this toil of to make.

"Did he say all that? A Romish The minister's astonishment literally knew no bounds.

"Why certainly, and more, too, to them, and to me, af erwards," was the eply. He means business too. He's bing to send young Pierre Martin to reply. Ottawa, in a little while. Seems there's a Senator there, so John Hammond tells me, and I told the Padre, who's just as keen about this business as the Padre himself. Got an axe to grind, may be. Anyway young Martin is to see him and hear what he has to say. After that, he's to go on to the Northwest, way back of beyond, to some new states or much other "mediaval lumber." The epidemic, he declared, was simply the result of crowding into cities, of unsan-itary modes of living, sin ? No such thing! Merely a transgression of Nature's laws. And Nature, "red of tooth and claw," was taking her revenge, as she always did and would. Where-anent, he quoted, not inantly: provinces they have out there and 'spy out the land.' Then he's going to work up a real, old fashioned Exodus, Israel out of Egypt, as you might say."

"He'll need money to do that," com-mented the minister, "but he's right, mented the minister, "but hes right, absolutely, and God prosper him say I with all my heart." That a "French papist priest"—he was given to old-fashioned terminology—should so preach and act was to him a veritable revelation of human possibilities of which, hitherto, he had been wholly unaware. And since with all his whimsies, theolog-

It was to Dr. Terry, who, as a "nothingarian," a step further in logical pro-gression than he had gone as yet, would, he felt sure, be in accord with him, that ical and social, he was a true man and sound at heart, the revelation was, as his words showed, by no means an un-welcome one. he said all this with emphasis to signify

"Any amount of it," was the rejoinder, " but, between you and me, I've a notion John Hammond will be heard from when

upalterable conviction. It was at this point that his enlightenment began. " Transgression of Nature's laws Certainly;" was the reply, " that's what I always say and Father Gagnon quite the time comes. That Canadian Senator too, for anything we know. Guess I'll chip in, too," the doctor continued, " so

I always say and Father Gagnon quite agrees with me. But he says there are other laws back of that; and — seems to me—Ihave heard something like this long ago. Sin is the transgression of the law. Paul — wasn't it? Yes, I thought so — knows anything, and he's about as com-

For Women Who are Discouraged

Because of lingering weakness and nervous derangements there is new hope and cure.

The letter quoted voices the experience found health and joy in the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The Christian Scientists are undoubtedly right. To some extent. does influence the body both in health and disease and if you give up hope, leave off treatment and fall into discouragement and despondency there is little reason to expect that good health

will force itself upon you. You must do your part if you are going to get strong and well. You must n up your mind and then select rational treatment.

If your system is weak and run down, your blood thin and watery and your nervous system exhausted choose a treatment such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which has never been equalled as a means of building up health, strength

and vigor. That Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is particularly successful in the cure of ailments and derangements from which women suffer most is attested by such letters as the following from Mrs. D. D. Burger, Heather Brae, Alta., which refers to her niece. She writes :

" Mrs. Armstrong had great weakne neart trouble and indigestion. In fact she was run down in every way and had lost all hope of getting well again. She had been in poor health for over four years after the birth of her first child. The persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proven of marvellous benefit to her. She feels real well now, is look-ing fine and fleshing up so that one

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