## THE EXODUS.

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CHAPTER VII.

GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.

Madeleine Martin, though Marie Jean's wife did her best to keep her at home, protesting volubly yet none the less sincerely, that her help in matters domestic more than compensated for the nominal cost of her food and lodging nominal cost of her food and longing, had insisted on taking work in the fact-ory. Neither Jean nor Pierre approved, accustomed as they had always been to accustomed as they had always been to see their womenkind work hand out-doors and in. "On a farm that is differ-ent," Jean persisted, "but in the factor-ies! Dieu! that is no place for you, ma chère." As indeed it most assuredly

lways will do.

as just said; it gave the Cotton

operatives; consideration, for a while

intervals of rest and relaxation, it

she, like Pierre, had but recently

with their people.

reward them for it.'

was not. It was Marie, however, who disap proved most strongly, as was only nat-ural, though she said least, which, had Madeleine known, was significant. "I know," she said, and not a word more would she utter on the subject. It is to be presumed that she did; not the fac-tory only, but her own sex. Jean under-scood, and Pierre, indeing by his own scood, and Pierre, judging by his own experience, felt that he did too. The experience, left that he did too. The atmosphere of the factory moral and material was unwholesome, to put it mildly, if not worse; it was hard for him to breathe; wholly unfit for Madeleine, who, convent bred, and kept close to her mother's side, had so for boom the latter unencumbered l qualities aforesaid, were not her mother's side, had so far been shielded from all knowledge of evil. But the girl was resolute, and they let her have her way. "It will not hurt her," Father Gagnon said with con-viction, when Pierre spoke of it to him. "Innocence, mon cher," he continued "is under our Dear Lady's special pat he continued "is under our Dear Lady's special pat-ronage. Trust her and haveno anxiety about your sister. Remember le Bon Dieu's promise," he added, "angelis suis mandavit de te. There is not aing to fear where His angels keep watch ward." And Pierre, though still con-vinced that Madeleine would be better helping Marie with the house and children, put the Curé's counsel into prac-tice to the best of his ability, and ceased to be so anxious as to the dangers to which his sister would inevitably be ex-

Madeleine, who knew from frequent talks what Pierre thought of towns and factories, set herself quietly to study the conditions of her new life from a man's point of view, the necessary, in dispensable complement to his own con-clusions, as Pierre was to admit gratefully in due course, since this exile, with all that it entailed, lay he knew, as it must necessarily lie, most heavily upon the women and children, upon the women chiefly. And it was as a woman women chiefly. And it was as a woman that the girl studied the conditions in which she found herself, realizing as Pierre had done, that she was one of many of an endless succession of sad-hearted, patient wives, sisters and daughters driven with the men whose lives they shared into Egyptian bond-It may be that she too dreamed as Pierre dreamed of a time when the little children should be delivered from the drudgery of premature toil, from the dangers and perils to body and soul of the city and the factory; when the wives, and daughters should have homes once more such as they known, and be slaves, they and their dear ones, no longer. But whatever her dreams may have been there can be her prayers for her own no doubt as to kin and for her people.

The conditions were she found such as Marie had prepared her to expect though Marie conscious of the girl's utter ignorance left much unsaid, trusting that much she was sure to hear would have no meaning for her. But ing this very innocence troubling her she Jean with whom in true consulted wifely fashion she spoke openly and on all subjects.

She knows nothing, absolutely nothing," she exclaimed, with a gesture and expression essentially French, which

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

They are hard to move," he added, sadly, "hard to move." He knew. "I don't expect to, Monsieur le Curé," had grown ashamed, "she is like a white had grown ashamed, "safe is like to whice rose in a convent garden." "Mais oui;" sadly. "And her eyes," this other continued, reminiscently, "ma foil they look at you like those of said Pierre, simply. "Nor," he con-tinued, humbly, "do I look to lead them." It is true he had dreamed of doing so but while longing to aid in the deliver-The for a sense of the sense of ance of his people, he was fully con-scious of his own utter unfitness, his complete lack of the qualities nee humanly speaking, for so great a task If, at least, he could set a few of those nearest to him thinking of such a return of their exite, she brought an almost forgotten past, and wakened God knows what longings and desires to return to it. Without conscious effort of her own she was doing ter share in Pierre's life

to their own land, longing for it, it might be, he hoped and trusted, it surely would be, that the needed leader surely would be, that the needed leader should be forthcoming. "I know you don't," returned the priest, kindly. "All the same, mon cher," he continued, reading, in the young face all that Alphonse Bilodeau had guessed and the same bic neight being work, in the redemption of her people, as in every redemption, physical or spiritual, woman always has done and

But if into the moral atmosphere of at, and more, his spiritual insight being the factory the girl brought with her the waft of purer air, a breeze from the o much clearer and deeper; "you will farm lands of their native Province, for if le Bon Dieu sees fit." "Yes, Monsieur le Curé." It was all the material atmosphere, the conditions

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé." It was all that Pierre could say, as he left the house. Could it be possible he thought that he ...? His thought stopped there, arrested, it may be, by remem-brance of Father Gagnon's one day rule; not less, however, by his real humility and distrust of self. under which she and so many others labored, she could, of course, do nothing. They literally appalled her. Messrs. Mills and Hammond, it is true, having soul and conscience, qualities sadly at variance with success in busi-ness, did their best, at actual loss of profit, to made their factories savitary

His old friend and crony, Dr. Terry, His old friend and crony, Dr. Terry, coming in, just after Pierre had left, the priest asked him, somewhat absently, what he thought of it? "Of what, Padre?" enquired the doctor, laughing; "specify, please. I don't quite understand." "No, I suppose not," returned Father Gagnon, amused in his turn. Where-upon he explained briefly hut clearly. nd wholesome. It meant loss of profit

pany an advantage over them, of which the by the to to nake the most. But it won for them

the respect if not the gratitude of their bagnon, amused in his turn. Where-npon, he explained, briefly but clearly, the idea which he and Pierre had been discussing, ending with: "Now what do you think of it?" least; and from various motives on the part of the Labor unions. Briefly, they were faithful to their old Puritan tradi-tions, to God and to the golden rule; and, as Father Gagnon said, "God will

"Excellent, Padre, excellent," was the "Excellent, range, excellent, was the answer: "that is, if you can work it. Difficult, though," the doctor continued, lighting his eigar, and settling himself at his ease in a huge rocker for a com-fortable chat, as he would, every now and then, when his work and Father Comparing mode, it possible. "You see" Yet the conditions were to Madeleine appalling, just as they were to Madelenie appalling, just as they were to Pierre, and for precisely the same reasons. And the worst, as it seemed to her, was the slavery, the ceaseless, wearying. Gagnon's made it possible. "You see," he went on, thoughtfully, "your operaheart-breaking drudgery imposed on growing girls, on the very children. Farm tive, like your farm laborer, is a stubborn animal of few ideas. "In fact work, as she knew, was hard, but not like this; it left the children free, it had if you ask my opinion, it's only some big trouble that will move him." "But you will help?" asked Father

carried on in the free air, the rain the sunshine, not in the rain the sunshine, not in the cramped, airless, noisy spaces of the Gagnon anxiously, adding, "what trouble do you expect?" For there had been, he do you expect ?" factory. She thought of her com-panions at the Grey Nuns' convent at thought, a note of particularity in his thought, a note of particularly in mis friend's reference to the only means likely to make his people willing to leave Middlehampton; a means which he, too, saw in much the same light. Pont aux Marais, and the comparison her head ache. Many of these around her were, she knew, daughters, sisters and even wives of habitants, They were, indeed, difficult to move. "Help? Of course I will," return

like those others, like herself. Must Of course I will," returned they all come to this, with failing harvests, mortgages and hard times? the doctor, answering the first question first. "While, as for trouble, well Why, see here, Padre, if we don't get Had they no other choice? Surely they Number of the second se rain and cooler weather soon, there' epidemic of cholera infantum worse than the one we had five year her people, who came here instead. Was there no remedy, no means of

ago." "Good God! You don't mean it! taking them out of bondage into freeexclaimed the priest. "It can't b dom. Or was the bondage, in very deed, of their own choosing? Surely it vorse." The memory of that awful ime weighed on his mind with with time So the idea if not the name of the horror not to be expressed. children, as Dr. Terry had said then, had died "like flies in a frost." Terry had said Great Exodus grew in another mind than Pierre's; one, moreover, that would sift Were they so to die again ? Were these little ones' lives to be the cost of their parents' deliverance ? "God," he half it, weigh it, try it, and being once con it osuccess. She was Pierre's first, most enthusiastic convert, though Pierre as yet was not aware of her adhesion. Nor was her conversion, to whispered, "as for these lambs, what have they done ?

Dr. Terry caught the words. "Done!" be said, almost bitterly, "why just nothing but come into the world say truth, any the less sincere in that nothing but come into the world unasked and mostly unwelcome. As to worse, I am afraid it can be. We have under the yoke of bondage, and found that it galled her sorely. She put her-self, as her brother had done, into her a lot more of your people, and a lot more babies than we had five years ago place as one among many. The deliver-ance she looked and prayed for was not I am a 'nothingarian' as you know, went on more calmly; you are a Catho lic priest. Yet we both agree in this less for them than for herself. Personal agree in this l deliverance, indeed, neither would then, guess, that if people will break nature's laws—God's laws you will say—they have got to pay for it. There maybe a or at any other time, have been willing Their lot was and must be hell hereafter or there mayn't, I don't know, but I do know there's going to be somethin' mighty like it, here in Middle-So of an evening when the children were in bed, and the men, it may be gossiping at street corners, the two women, tired as they were, sat sewing, mending, darning and would talk of the somethin mighty like it, here in another hampton if this stifling muggy weather don't let up. So get to work Padre and pray real hard if that'll do any good, he concluded sadly, as one who doubts yet would gladly trust if he only could. Northwest. "Dieu!" Marie would exclaim, not

For a full minute both men smoked in ilence. Then Father Gagnon

hoping against hope that so heavy a chastisement might not be needed. But . . if it did occur. . . Here by a strong effort of his will, he stopped. the run for Manitoba or wherever it is, more power to him and I'll help him for all I'm worth." for all I'm worth." "I am sure you will," returned Father Gagnon as his friend prepared to leave. "Good-night, mon ami." And that is how Pierre's idea took strong effort of his will, he stop Yet he spoke of it to Father Gag which showed at worst, merely that was human. "Is it wrong to think of it as possible

there was, as he was well aware

And Pierre who trusted him implic-

have been less ready than he now was to

accept, whole-heartedly, the priest's de

Why else consult him ?

But there were some Americans as

cell as French Canadians who took a

far more favorable view of the idea,

which by this time was almost if no

taking root and springing up into

great tree, the leaven was workin silently but effectively. The adhesio

of the former, of the Americans, that is,

way, it's bound to happen, but don't

ahead. I want to know what I'm

about it."

was due as was natural to Dr. Terry wh

iently formulated to be called quite sufficiently formulated to be called a plan. The grain of mustard seed was

the cheerful trustfulness

indeed he could be

working

cision.

difference imaginable betwee

oot and grew. CHAPTER VIII.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

But if Pierre Martin, in the case But if Pierre Martin, in the case of his own family as well as in that of Father Gagnon and Dr. Terry, disproved the proverb anent a prophet's honor in his own country and among his own certainly, seeing the misery it must in volve, if only for a time, yet as unques indred-takingit as a proverb tionably possible, knowing as he did how difficult, how almost hopeless a tash destined to experience the truth of it when after a time he came to speak of it must prove to persuade his people, even for their own good, to return to

his idea to outsiders. Dr. Terry, indeed, could and he would have told him what his experience was the life and to the land for which they were best fitted. It had occurred to him, also, as leading, if directed rightly, wisely made use of, to results which would more than compensate for any likely to be in dealing with those whom likely to be in dealing with those whom he bluntly, though not unkindly, char-acterized as "stubborn animals." But Dr. Terry if he had perhaps less belief than had Senator Bilodeau in the power temporary disadvantages or hardships than had senator Bilodeau in the power of whole hearted enthusiasm such as Pierre's a scepticism, due doubtless, to a more intimate knowledge of those on whom the said enthusiasm was to 'waste this attitude of mind and hoping for it. "No," he repeated, "you must not hope for it, mon cher. But if it happens we shall know what to do." itself' as he would have said; would have been no less but rather more anxi ous than the Senator was at all likely to be-even for his own ends to spa the lad any premature disillusionment, all the more bitter, as it must be in that it came from those on whos sympathy and encouragement he so con-fidently relied. If Pierre chose to make the attempt the doctor would have said by all means let him do so. Whatever the result might be, succes or failure, there was always the cholera or some other 'trouble' to be taken into

account as a more powerful agency towards the desired end. Pierre, therefore, began with the man ho worked next him at the factory. who worked next him at the factory, How the subject came up he could never recall; he simply 'found himself talking about it' as he expressed it subsequent-ly. At all events he got over the traditional first step which had seemed so formidable, much more easily than he had dared to hope, and before he was of the fact he was consciously aware of the fac fairly committed to his task.

had set about keeping his word to Father Gagnon without loss of time, and that his next-hand man, Joseph inspired in others much of the enthusi-Trudelle, encouraged the idea. On the sm he felt himself. Old Peter Meadow contrary, he scouted it unmercifully; turning it, as he thought, into hopeless ridicule. "Not for me, thank you," he gate, John Hammond's manager, who like his friend the doctor, had kept the ridicule. enthusiasms, the cheerful trustfulness of youth well beyond the fifties-all he said, when he had recovered measure of gravity, "nor for most of us. For the women and children, yes — if would own to-may be considered the hey would go without us-but for men No. no mon cher, we have no wish to slave at farm work and

ruled by the Curé.

merriment, and ignoring, as irrelevant the gibe about the Curé's 'tyranny. That he knew already, was character-istic of Joseph Trudelle, and of too many others, who claimed to have be nany 'emancipated' since their arrival om

situation here. On a farm, we should

"Should you?" Pierre who had had "I won't," his friend assured him, experience of both forms of labor, was inclined to doubt it. He did not, however, contest the point. "As to 'boss-ing the situation' though," he continued, "suppose the mills were to shut whipped the halor union for the present but they're bound to have further trouble before very long. If they don't and there seems to be some sort of an understanding between them we shall. down? "They won't," asserted Trudelle angrily, Lut gave no reasons for his

"But what if they did?" Pierre persisted, seeing that here, if anywhere, was an opening he might, possibly, be able to make use of. This, at least, he saw was an argument which must have

weight even with Joseph Trudelle and his like. Would it be applied? "Wait till they do," said Trudelle, eated. "we don't want to give either his like. of them a hint till we're good and ready "Wait till they do, for them. "Oh! then you have got an ace up your sleeve?" said the doctor, chuck-ling; "I thought you had, you old ling; " I thought you had, you old fraud, you." "Yes," was the answer, "the ace of clubs." Meadowgate beamed, amiably, but there was a bint of trouble for some That he turned his back on it, that h not. Pierre would have argued, alter th act, or his unwilling consciousness of one, Cotton Company or union, possibly

its existence. ot, therefore, attach

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"Guess you're right John, as usual," was the answer. "I told Terry we had the ace of clubs up our sleeve," he said, gleefully, " a regular suprise packet, in fact, eh ?" that he

That's so," returned the mill-owner in the same tone, appreciating the humor as well as the seriousness of the situation. The humor was perhaps a mon père ?' he enquired, anxiously. Father Gagnon smiled. " No," he said, kindly, "but I wouldn't count on it little grim but the circumstances may be taken in extenuation. They were simply preparing to anticipate a cow-ardly attack by the movement their said, kindly, "but I wouldn't count of he, if I were you. We must hope that it may not be needed." But it was, as a matter of fact, a contingency which had occurred to him, not as desirable, adversaries least expected them to make, and were quite ready, on an assurance of fair play, to table their cards. Fair play was, however, the last thing they had to look for. Hence the ace of clubs referred to.

As for Pierre Martin himself it may be said that among his own country-men, he met with encouragement, as well as with ridicule, chiefly, indeed, well as with ridicule, chiefly, indeed, among the older men, loyal to race and faith, who, moreover, with years of drudgery under conditions wholly distasteful, had come to long inexpress-ibly for the comparative freedom of the life they had once known, the life they had here so unwilling to leave. These had been so unwilling to leave. There was drudgery, one might have suggested. on the farm as well as in the factory. Maybe, they would have admitted with a certain patient resignation which was not less than pathetic, yet not to be itly was content with the answer. It would be, he thought reverently, as le Bon Dieu should see fit; the means and compared one with the other. Besides the fate of their children was before their eyes; race-suicide, absorption in the leader would be found-when the time came. Which, it may be remarked, an alien race, apostasy. To such as these Pierre's plan appealed with a force at which even he, young, hopeful is not fatalism but faith. Nor even had he felt certain that he, of all others, and enthusiastic as he was, was should lead the hoped-for Exodus, which tounded e most assuredly did not feel, would he

Three men, Amable Gosselin, Mois Hudon and Jacques Beauchamp may be ounted as his first adherents out is own family, gained, that is, by himself. Yet even in their case, as he found and acknowledged gratefully, he could not claim all the credit even had he wished to do so. And this, simply be-cause from first to last he was too modest to regard himself as in any sense the eader in this movement which already seemed to be taking definite shape if not actually beginning. An instrument at most, rather a willing but wholly unimportant worker in a great cause was, it ay be said, his own view of his positio which may possibly account for no small measure of his success.

In regard, however, to the three men ust mentioned, he found after a whi that their wives or daughters had predisposed them to listen favorably to his exposition of his hopes and wishes. In wo cases, indeed, those namely of Gos elin and Beauchamp, it was the eldest daughter of the house who first spoke of "the coming exodus," for so it already presented itself to the eager, homeweary eyes and minds of more than a few. It was with a real and genuine pleasure that Pierre discovered that these two girls, Jeanne Gosselin and Marguerite Beauchamp, worked one on each side of his sister Madeleine, who had imbued them with her own enthus-iasm. Girl-like, they had spoken of the plan in their homes, as of a release from a bondage that was bitter and hateful to them : to their mothers first, later to their fathers, who in this way were pre-pared to listen to what Pierre might

have to say. "Dieu !" exclaimed Hudon, fervently, " if it were only possible. See you, mon ami, I have a farm, me, at Laprairie. Then comes a man, one time, and tells me I am now in the paroisse of St. Philippe, and that my land is 'city land,' and I must pay five, ten times in taxes, what I pay before. I say: I cannot. Well, say he, then you must sell. How much? say I. He tell me big price. I say, bien, I take it. But when he to pay, he tell me there is so much for But taxes. I have little left. Then I say Ah ! mandit ! me, I go on the States I have little left. Then I say : Quebec ain't no more country for poor man. And here I am. And that scele yat," he concluded bitterly, " he sell my land, I hear, one hundred times what he give me for it."

It was a new version of the old story, told half in French and half in such English as the elderly man had acquired during his long residence in Middlehampton; a version to which Pierre listened with interest, and burning inwhich Pierre dignation that such things should be MAY 22, 190

knew him, as a sain An active member de Paul Society, leisure, and no smal in doing good to much God and H account, though F and Dr. Terry. T men,jone Catholic, 'nothingarian,' we argued incessantl and gesticulation, any subject that any subject that would each have d It was O'Raffer It was O'Raffert operatives, put th ineffectually, abo Meadowgate's tall "Sure," said he, lot of yez schwe shtreets and fact

farms galore only them up." "How are we t asked a voice, de laughter. O'Raffe

Get there, is i with the big way " What d'ye me

the same voice, n There was, or se suggestion of ul O'Rafferty's word question. In trut air; the union an were in a state might break in moment. What, dered, did O'Ra

in the private But the watch to gratify their o of its causes, he aware. "What c all he would cond "Wait mo "Wait me man, another word co say, whether by thinly veiled three that he had said nfessed as much Twas me tong made a fool of

forgive me ?" " Don't let th kindly answer. minds, maybe, an ing. It's true, t knowing that the implicitly, " but so. They'll find "I'm dumb vowed, adding be hell to pay, I me merry bucko me to-day, if I didn't know-t but I guess t Michael O'Roffe

clusion which, to in his kindly has minently satisf Moreover he the manage would. But the

the others busy gentleman's ex no small measu "Pierre Martin s many were be not, indeed t

difficulty front them. TO B

## MeCAR

"Beg pardon, The steward costed the fi as he stood by to over the wide lie to the east o

'You'll excus went on, "but low who is dyin Irishman, like y a fancy to see you'd be good "All right, J O'Kelly, "of co him. But is he

no hope? Don pull round afte Johnson shoe in this world si

see another nic

just now, thoug to ask the first

anxious that hi

second convert if said to need converting. "It's a great scheme," he said cordi-ally: "great. . if you can only work it." And he added, "I guess you'll "Are you less slaves here?" returned Pierre, unmoved by the other's clumsy have to, sooner or later, probably "What do you mean?" asked the doctor quickly; "if you've got an ace up your sleeve you may as well let me Meadowgate laughed. "Oh I'll play fair-with you," he said. "You're discreet, I guess, and any-

in Middlehampton. "Surely," was the reply, "we boss the

" go ahead not to tell." "Well," said the manager, " it's jus this way. The Cotton Company has whipped the labor union for the present

Or, if there's no understanding, and the company wins, they'll go for us ; if the men win, they will do ditto to match. Between the devil and the deep sea, we shall shut down as sure as fate. don't talk about it, yet a while," h

wait till they do, said irudelle, sulkily; his very surliness showing, plainly that the possibility had pre-sented itself to him; was, one might say, a looming cloud on his narrow horizon. should resent being reminded of it, did

expression essentially French, which exile had not made her lose. "Dieu merci," returned Jean, pufling contentedly at his pipe; "let her stay so, ma chère, as long as la Sainte Vierge

so, machere, is long as la Shihe Herge will be good enough to keep her so." "But she will hear things." . . . said Marie; then stopped. With Jean there was no need to go into particulars concerning cochonneries, as in her homely speech she was apt to designate them.

"And will not understand," returned er husband. "The things never hurt

her husband. "The things never hurt you did they?" he asked quietly. "Never," she admitted, leaving her cooking to come and stand beside his d beying her thin, toil worn and laying her thin, toil worr chair, hand on his shoulder. Jean kissed it with a courtesy and

again. It is they, after all, upon whom the yoke of bondage and of exile lies gentleness hardly to be looked for in a habitant mill operative, but inherited, heaviest. "I think," said Jean, deliberately doubtless, with other excellent quali-ties from his parents. "Eh bien," he said, cheerily, "why should they hurd her?

'But I knew, Jean." Once more she said little, knowing that more would be saperfluous. Jean would know what she meant.

Jean did know-the difference be tween wife and maid; a different inno cence. "And she doesn't," he rejoined All the better, she won't understand.

probably by Madeleine's enthusiasm, she had no doubt of it. Which again is Wherein, it may be said, Jean spoke as simple truth. Words, hints, alluswoman's way. If a thing is right it must the simple truth. come to pass. Possibly their very faith helps to accomplish it. Which, however, the simple truth. words, hints, and ions, 'cochonneries,' fell on Madeleine's ears and made no impression. They had for her no meaning; she was not even curious as to what they might imply. Vaguely—from her mother's is metaphysics or psychology, but has nothing to do with this chronicle. Thus it happened that Pierre, thanks to two women, came to have in his own -she knew that evil existed: what it was she neither knew nor wished to know. And, presently, the foulest family-who are always the hardest to convince-three firm believers in his idea of an exodus, of a return of the mouthed of those with whom she worked --not necessarily the worst-came to understand her, and checked their French Canadians from the land of Egypt to the Land of Promise. The leaven, as Alphonse Bilodeau would words, at least in her presence, literally overawed by her innocence. Had they have said was beginning to work. The fire of Pierre's enthusiasm was beginnot done so, others less depraved or braver, would have constrained them to Father Gagnon, with whom Pierre, as usual, talked the matter over, could not

irreverently, "if one could only get there!" And she too became a convert to the great idea. Moreover, being convinced herself, she never rested till laid his hand on Dr. Terry's shoulder You may be what you will, mon ami, he said quickly, but I know this, that when she had convinced her husband. "What do you think of it?" she asked

we need a Moses . . . and where

"He will be found," she answered with

conviction. In her own mind, infected

this trouble comes you will face it as bravely as. I ought to do," crossing wishing to hear what he might have to say, and ready, it may be, to himself humbly urge her view of it, being a woman, and

himself humbly. "As you will, Padre," returned the doctor smiling at his friend; "it will be very much in earnest; yet prepared, if need be, to assent to his decision having duty, maybe death for both of us, for cholera isn't going to stop at the old fashioned ideas as to wifely duties the even should it go against her newly formed wishes and desires. And this children. But for you if you go under Paradise if your creed is right, hell for me I suppose. If I am right annihilanuchas she longed for hersel! and for he children, to get back to her own lan

"Not so, the priest protested earnestly; Paradise for me if God sees fit, through Christ's merits and Our Lady's intercession. For you the same if the prayers of God's poor whom you have

"that we Canadians were fools to come here, and that if le Bon Dieu would be prayers of God's poor whom you have helped and comforted can win it for you, as they surely will. Truly," he added reverently, "thou art not far from the kingdom of God." enough to set us free again should be getting more chance than w deserve. But, for that exodus," he con tinued, using the word for the first tim

"We shall see, Padre, we shall see," vas the answer in a less serious tone. It does make a difference certainly. Pleasanter prospect as you might say." At which they both smiled. Then glad to revert to less personal matters they resumed their discussion of Pierre's Exodus," as Father Gagnon had even

so soon begun to call it. "It'll have to come," said Dr. Terry, thoughtfully, "not only for your people but for our folks native and foreign-

born as well. This crowding into cities is the greatest menace to our civilization, to our very existence, we have to face. It is the real race suicide we could only see it so. And talking of hell, saving your reverence's presenc there must be a special 'hot comer' for the men chiefly responsible for this state of things, eh!" "Possibly." Father Gagnon was not

apparently prepared to discuss so abstruse a matter just then.

And outward decency of speech. Truly, as Father Gagnon had reminded Pierre, God's angels compassed her about and the powers of evil were afraid to touch her. "Dieu" muttered one unsexed mill drudge to another, lapsing, almost un-consciously, into a speech of which both

He did not, therefore, attach any serious importance to Trudelle's "wait till they do." For himself, he was content to wait. It might be God's way of solving a difficulty which, so far way of solving a difficulty which, so far he could see, was hopelessly insolu-"Tiens !" muttered Trudelle "wait

vait and be patient, knew that the one till the maudits mills shut down, mon gar. Then we'll talk about it. I ain't going to discuss fool matters all the do" thing which more than aught else, if not the only thing could bring about the exodus was almost sure to happen. morning. I've got my work to do." And, therewith, he proceeded to give his task an undivided attention which it Which probability, however, was neither incompatible with his re-garding it, as hitherto in the light did not, to say truth, often receive from him. But his very irritation was a of a contingency only, nor with his saying to Pierre: "If it happens." Nothing he knew was certain but that of satisfaction to Pierre. At least he was not indifferent. That was the good Lord would order all things

always something. Others, again, simply refused to discuss the matter, the emancipated ones now knew, the priest was beginning to realize that this way, the way of trouble nost of all, some of whom had anglicized their names—there is tragedy under the Habitant's 'John B. Waterhole'— and and distress, of the strong hand of God, was the one most likely to be set before his people. They must, he felt, be driven out of Egypt, since they would not co willingly. A conclusion which laimed to be Americans, some also who had gone so far as to Americanize their faith-to apostatize, in fact. These Pierre found talked much and loudly not go willingly. A conclusion which, it may be said, Senator Alphonse Biloabout priestly tyranny, but not at all deau could have made plain to him from the first, as he had done to Monseigneur of the worse tyranny of drink, vice or self; of the seven other devils compared with whom their bogey was entire

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pared with whom their loggy was ended by harmless, and would have been bene-ficent—had it existed. With these then he could not hope to succeed, nor did he try after his exper-ience with Joseph Trudelle. One thing also knowing what he knew, sought out a yet older friend, John Hammoud the elder. Nominally owner and manager the two were intimates to-day as they as already indicated he did derive from as already indicated he did derive from his apparent failure, the clear recogni-tion, that is to say, of the effect which the closing of the factory might, or even must have on the destinies of his people. Briefly, he was beginning to realize that had been from boyhood. Wasting no time over preliminary explanations, he related briefly what the doctor had een saving, and just how much he had said in return. "Yes," said John Hammond, thoughtfor the great majority of them some such extraneous impulse was indispens-ably necessary. They had settled, to fully, "it's bound to come, as you say. Either the company or the union, both ably necessary. They had settled, to revert to the old scriptural imagery, in fact, for one means the other now, or I miss my guess. I'll have a talk with Father Gagnon and with you Terry, and if upon the lees of their exile, only upon the lees of their exile, only some great calamity, such as the loss of their employment, could turn their thoughts and their steps back to their own land. It would cause distress and misery, he knew, to the women and children most of all, and so far dared not, would not let it consciously antre into his calculations. this youngster needs help, I'll help him. what do you say ?" not wholly unconnected with certain interviews and a letter to be presently consciously enter into his calculations ; referred to.

one, Cotton Company or union, possibly both, underlying his words. "Good enough," remarked the doctor, then after a moment, "I suppose I may tell the Padre though, he's discreet." possible. Hard times and mortgages were bad enough, surely, and had driver all too many into exile, but fraud and "Who ? Father Gagnon d'you mean? Yes, you may tell him." And so it came about that Father Gagnon when he bade Pierre, in effect,

A decision which as will be seen was

extortion, hopeless, irremediable, were

even worse, because inexcusable and unpardonable. "Yes," put in Gosselin, quietly, "I know that kind, me." And to Pierre, he added, thoughtfully, "It will take a long time, mon cher, to convince some of ours. They have big wages, as they think—and it costs more to live, but they don't see that. They are 'free,' as they say, here; free of many things; of God Himself some of them but not of the devil. Perhaps," he concluded reverently, what was for him quite a long speech, "Le Bon Dieu will convince them." speech, hem " Which again is not fata for the best. Which again is not fatal-ism but faith. But knowing what he

"Perhaps he will," said Beauchamp, "who knows? But me, I think he has something for us to do as well, eh? Se work, mon gar, work," he went on, clap-ping Pierre heartily on the shoulder. "we will work, too, and the girls, and Monsieur le Curé; all of us. Ohyes ! It will all come right, don't you worry." "If le Bon Dieu pleases," put in Hudon, "for, as Amable, here says, it may be he will complete these if the Hudon, "for, as Amable, here say in may be he will convince these 'free' folks in a fashion that will surprise the walked Demers, which indeed he had [already done his best to render inevitable. From Dr. Terry, Peter Meadowgate

Strange, Pierre mused, as he walked omeward, how that idea of some cala ity, some visitation, would obtrude itself almost, as it were, in spite of his honest desire to keep it out of sight, not to count on it as a factor in his hopes for the deliverance of his people. that be the after all, would not even Would it not, rather, hand of God? might it not be God's way of bringing the great exodus to a successful realiza-Let it be, he said, reverently, as

He wills! But Pierre's chief assistant, the most tireless, the most indomitable, most per-sistent was an Irishman, Michael O'Raferty, watchman for many years at Mills & Hammond's factory; trusted by his employers; loved, if laughed at, by his friends and neighbors; looked upon, by Fatter Gagnon and the few who really

should not go O'Kelly was and turning, I where the dyin Johnson sa for me, Maca over the sick r ed hand that I let. "If there for you, any you know I'll

> with wide-ope face. "You're sir, and you keep you from be dying with only Catholia venture to as I thought you' sion to you, a old country, on your own my sins too, ne forgivene

"There is a

replied Maca

The unexp thunderbolt Ford cut him on your own a it since he ha the Siren

st of her t China, Dur outward and crew was, of igious servi ooked with Protestant te of those und the Catholic and Macarth At some of were Cathol

and if the Si on Sundays, the sacrame