

"The Pointe aux Tremble is a kind of high school, I suppose," pursued the business man.

"They educate for the university, for teachers, ministers and business."

"Ministers!" said the business man, who was Scotch, and had a high educational ideal for the ministry.

"Not completely, you see," said the young man; "but in part. Why!" he went on enthusiastically, "there are over 4,000 graduates of our school, in law, medicine, in business, on farms, at trades, all over this continent. Ministers, over 160. A professor in the United States, one in McGill, and one in the Winnipeg College.

"I know him," said the professor, warmly, "a good man!"

"Ah! good" said the young man, glad to agree with him for once.

As they were leaving the cafe the young man said, hesitatingly, "If you would like, we have a small meeting to-night."

"Oh, habitants?" exclaimed the aesthetic young lady.

"Yes," smiled the young man; "we are all habitants."

The professor had an engagement. The business man didn't know, but the aesthetic young lady accepted for both.

"I'll bring him," she cried; and she did.

The meeting was held in a little room back of the shoe shop. About fifteen were present—an old venerable looking man with long white mustache, two young farmers, three boys, and the rest women. It was all in French and the business man frankly gave up trying to understand, but the aesthetic young lady tried to look intelligent, as if she were following closely. A few beautiful French hymns, then a chapter was read and explained. But the meeting was chiefly one of testimony.

First, the shoemaker told his story, interpreted by the young man.

"I had no peace in my heart. At the retreat the preacher said, 'St. Joseph is the great saint; you must pray to St. Joseph.' For weeks and months I pray to St. Joseph, but I have no peace. The cure preached a big sermon. He told us to go to the Blessed Virgin, and again I pray with all my heart, day and night. But I have no peace. I hear the colporteur. I read the good book. I hear about the free gift. I come. I am full of peace. I laugh and sing to God."

The tears were streaming down his cheeks. The business man understood that language, if the French was too much for him.

Then another and another. Last of all the old gentleman rose.

"I came to St. Cyprien two years ago. I had lost faith in my church. It was all dark. The colporteur gave me a Bible. I read it, I found it a good book, but I was too proud. I would not become a slave again to any church. For a long time I read and study. By and by I talk with the priest. He says, 'You must come to confess and pray to the Blessed Virgin.' I say, 'That is not said in this book.' I talk to the colporteur. He ask me to pray to Jesus, the only Saviour. He prays for me then. By and by the light come. I find the Pearl of Great Price. I am full of joy. I want to tell everyone about the great gift."

The fine grace of manner, the dignity, the simple joy with which the old gentleman told his story made the aesthetic young lady forget for a moment that he was a "picturesque habitant."

Before the close the young man told them of the poor woman who was going to sell her cow. They agreed to help her and then and there made their small offering. This part the business man could understand.

"What is this for?" he asked of the young man.

"To save the cow," he answered simply.

The business man returned the 50 cent piece to his pocket.

"Here," he said, "I hate to throw good money away, but I don't want that cow to go to purgatory."

And the aesthetic young lady smiled at him with her head on one side, and said softly, "How sweet of you!"

And if you look at the list of Pointe aux Trembles scholarships you will see this entry, "Toronto, Ont., a Friend." That's the man.

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It is said that there is a business man in New York who entirely supports forty missionaries. Though his income has increased enormously, he still lives in the simplest style, as he did when a young man, and devotes all his fortune to the support of these missionaries.