

"JUST AS I AM."

ALL day long on the rocks, or the sands, with the basket of flowers shining in the bright sunshine, Jeanne lived a sort of bird's life, her rosy cheeks and bright eyes telling of energy and happiness. Sometimes with her elder sister, sometimes alone, sometimes with the little Marie, the youngest sister, but always after we had given her a book or two, finding us out wherever we went to enjoy the winter sunshine and the grand sea on that southern coast.

At last she began to come to the house every day, so I asked her and one or two others to come up and hear a few verses and sing some of the French hymns. Jeanne first appeared with a friend, and two baskets of flowers were put down in my room, and two expectant faces looked for something—they knew not what. So I had a word of prayer, and after repeated crossings they rose from their knees and said it was good. Then Jeanne brought all her sisters, and day by day they learnt the hymns. Jeanne's favourites were, "Tel que je suis," (Just as I am) and, "Tell me the old, old story." They used to go home, swinging their baskets and singing these at the top of their voices. They knew nothing of the scriptures. Their flowers came from Cannes, so when we read of Canaan, they thought that was Cannes. They knew that Christ died, but they knew nothing of the sinfulness of sin. They had an