

The Synod was unique in some ways. Its retiring Moderator, Rev. J. McGregor McKay, was the oldest presiding officer that any of our Synods has had or is likely to have. We know not his exact years, nor from which side he views fourscore, but strong in mind and body, his opening sermon, from 1 Cor. i. 22, 23, was worthy of the occasion, great truths grouped around the greatest central truth of all, the remedy for sin, the hope of the world, Christ and Him crucified.

The Synod was unique in another respect, that its elected moderator, Rev. A. Falconer, of Pictou, and his only two sons, were all members of the Court,—one of them as a professor in our College in Halifax, and the other as pastor of one of our oldest congregations, the first Presbyterian Church, Truro, which celebrated its centenary a number of years ago.

But the best feature, happily not unique, was the spirit, the hopefulness, the purpose, which pervaded all the sessions, from Tuesday's opening until the close at Friday noon.

The Ladies' College showed a total attendance of 372 last year.

The Report on the A. & I. M. Fund shewed improvement, 145 congregations gave to it last year, and 124 ministers paid their rates. There are 21 annuitants, as against 13 ten years ago.

The College work of the Synod is prosperous beyond what was dreamed a few years ago, especially in the number of students. Receipts for last year scarcely met expenditure. A little more, both for the Regular and the Bursary Fund, is needed. The College is worthy for whom we should do this.

Home Mission work has greatly expanded. The people of the Maritime Provinces are recognizing their duty, both to their own field and the North West, as never before. God is honoring their willingness by accepting them as co-workers with Him, and by giving them more to do. The entering in has not kept pace with the opening doors, the Fund has got behind, and calls for generous help this winter. The Augmentation Fund has given help to 62 congregations during the year, and five have become self-sustaining. These latter are permanent monuments to the good of the Fund, which has nursed them in their weakness, and now they in turn are ready to help others.

Foreign Missions has always a large place in the work of the Maritime Synod, and this year was no exception. Never, on the whole, was its F. M. work more prosperous and hopeful.

To these subjects, and to a number of others, Temperance, The State of Religion, Sabbath Schools, Young People's Societies, etc., the Synod gave close and careful consideration until the solemn, time-honored closing services at Friday noon, and adjourned to another year, perhaps the last to some, of earnest work, and a meeting again, whoso may, in Moncton, in 1897.

THE CLOVEN FOOT.

In 1841, Mr. J. Vessot, a Protestant missionary who had just come out from France, as one of the first missionaries of the old French-Canadian Missionary Society, was laboring as a *colporteur* in the parish of St. Henry de Mascouche, Que.

The following story is in his own words:

The second week that I was there I noticed that the people were looking at my feet with an air of strange curiosity, but I thought it was due to the kind of long overstockings I was wearing.

Having reached the house of an Indian doctor where I had previously met several persons and read to them from the Gospel, I found there more people than usual, very noisy and excited. So I said, "My friends, if it does not suit you to hear me speak or read, I will go on my way."

An old woman replied, "Sir, we have very good reasons not to hear you. The priest told us last Sunday at church, that you were as bad as the devil, that your left foot was *cloven*; that if it were not so we might listen to you."

Immediately I proceeded to undress my left foot and held it up, as every one stretched their necks to realize that *Monsieur le Cure* had deceived them.

"But," I said, "in case your priest meant to have said the right foot, I am quite willing you should see them both," and I went on repeating the process.

How surprised they were could hardly be described. Quietly, respectfully, they listened to the word of God, as if I had been an angel sent from heaven.

Mr. Vessot only retired from active work as a missionary a year or two ago, and is still hale and hearty at the great age of eighty-five years.

INCIDENTS OF FRENCH WORK.

FROM REPORTS OF MISSIONARIES.

I entered a house, found a man and his wife and a neighbor. I offered them the New Testament for sale, the woman and her husband were disposed to buy, but the neighbor warned them against it, telling them that the priest had forbidden them to buy a book from any *colporteur* who had not a paper signed by him authorizing the *colporteur* to sell, and that if they bought, the priest would certainly come and burn it on them. The woman made answer that she would pay for the book and would like to see the priest who would dare to burn it on her.

Another case was that of a young man whom I had met at ——. I found him at my home, and we conversed on several matters,—purgatory, confession, transubstantiation, etc. He acknowledged his ignorance of the truth, and that what I had said was very reasonable. In compliance with my invitation he came to our church that night, and wished to go again.