

A STORY OF FRENCH WORK.

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[For the Children's Record.]

I had three sisters belonging to the Bible-class, the eldest of whom was a highly gifted as well as a very handsome girl. She fell sick of rheumatic fever, and for eleven weary months she lay on her bed, unable to move and suffering intense pain. The mother was a Roman Catholic, although not a very fervent one. The father was away in the U. States.

When Maria was nearing the end she had long fits of unconsciousness. During one of these her aunts brought a priest, who anointed her with oil, and hung a crucifix round her neck. I was told she had abjured Protestantism. I wondered much at this, as in a last conversation she had expressed her full confidence in Jesus and her determination to be faithful to the last.

When I came again, I found she had recovered her senses, and almost the first thing she did was to ask her sister to remove the crucifix. This was done according to her wish. I read and prayed with her, and she once more told me that Christ was all for her.

The next day she grew unconscious again, and at once priest and nuns were sent for by the aunts. She died in the night, and as it was asserted she had re-entered the Roman Catholic Church, she was buried in the Catholic cemetery.

Her mother wished a mass sung for the rest of her soul, but the priest refused to do it for less than a considerable sum, much too large for the family's reduced means. She felt the cruelty of this so much that when shortly after she fell sick herself, she sent for me, and ere she died I had the joy to feel that she had received the truth in love, and truly believed in the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. She was buried in the Protestant cemetery to the great annoyance of the priest.

So that the daughter, so long a Church member, sleeps the last sleep on one side of the field of the dead among the Roman

Catholics, whose faith she had abjured, and the mother, a Roman Catholic almost to the last, awaits the resurrection among the graves of Protestants. But both will meet before the face of Him whom, having not seen they loved.

ENEMIES—CREEPING, CRAWLING AND FLYING.

Miss Given, who is in Lodiana, India, writing of some of the troublesome creatures found there, says:

"This morning, in one of my schools, a lizard fell on the head of one of the girls, and then scrambled about on the feet and legs of the whole row of girls. Two snakes were killed in our garden yesterday. The white ants have eaten up a good part of the beams in the ceiling in one room of our house, and have dug a big hole in the floor of another. The sparrows will build nests above our beds. The moths have been flying around so thick that just by walking about in the room a few moments I kill a dozen. I saw a tarantula in a neighbor's drawing-room the other night, and a few nights before a little snake wriggled its crooked way across my path.

The crows are plentiful, and the kites even more abundant. There is a nest of kites close to the house, and every morning with a doleful cry, they fly to the ledge above our heads, and gaze down upon us as though they would like to pick our bones. I don't enjoy seeing birds of the vulture family so close to me."—*Sel.*

MY WORK.

I'll be a missionary now,
And work the best I may
For if I want to work for God,
There surely is a way.

I'll pray for those who cross the sea
My offering too I'll send
And do all that is in my power
This great, bad world to mend.

We all may work for Jesus,
Wherever we may be,
I'll try to work for Jesus
Who did so much for me.