

pathy. But our interest is not centred in distant lands alone, for during the past year the French Institute at Côte St. Antoine has been opened, which we hope will prove a bulwark against the Catholicism of this Province; and early in the winter a sewing-class was commenced in the mission school on St. Elizabeth Street, some of the members of our Circle acting as teachers. In order to increase the funds a "Red, White and Blue Social" was held in May, the proceeds of which were \$140.91. Our mite-boxes, distributed among the members, was found to be another very fruitful source of income, the sums from these amounting to \$72.36. Then the members' fees amounted to \$28.50, and from other sources we received \$38.18, the receipts of the year amounting in all, to \$279.95, out of which \$2.30 expenses were paid, leaving a balance of \$277.65. We have to thank God that He has spared all the members during the past year. In return for all His mercies, let us then go forth in our Redeemer's name, endeavoring to do all in our power to advance His cause, encouraged by the many promises we receive from His Holy Word.

A. L. DAWSON, *Cor. Sec.*

Our Young Folk.

A BIBLE RHYME.

FOUR evangelists tell of the birth
 And life and death of Christ on earth;
 In the Acts we may find, if we carefully search,
 How the earnest apostles founded His church;
 And then to each church, for its ordering the better,
 They wrote by the Spirit a wonderful letter.
 The first of fourteen by the holy St. Paul,
 Was written to Romans, but meant for us all;
 Corinthians first and Corinthians second,
 As they stand in the Testament next may be reckoned:
 With wholesome reproof and wise exhortations,
 St. Paul writes again to the foolish Galatians;
 To the Ephesians who sorrowed to part;
 Lovely Philippians dear to his heart;
 Urging Colossians to rise with the Lord;
 Twice Thessalonians welcomed his word;
 Two to Timothy, gracious and meet,
 One to Titus, the bishop of Crete;
 To Philemon, friend, and the Hebrews who saw
 As he taught them how Christ had fulfilled the law.
 James exhorts as to holy deeds;
 Twice St. Peter the whole flock feeds;
 Twice the loving St. John; then Jude
 Tells of the angels who fell or withstood:
 Then the whole canon of inspiration
 Ends with the glorious Revelation.

—*Missionary Visitor.*

ST. ANTONIA AND THE PIGS.

"WELL, I'm just discouraged," said Farmer Ramos to his wife, as he sat sipping his coffee after dinner; "the pigs were in the corn-field again last night, and if I cannot find some way of keeping them out, there'll be no corn left to gather."

Farmer Ramos and his wife lived in one of the interior provinces of Brazil, on the edge of the virgin forest, from which they had cleared some fields for their yearly planting of beans, rice and corn. Their house was a mud hut with thatched roof and earthen floors, and as we look in upon them now, we find them seated, each on a low bench, by their kitchen stove of beaten clay.

"Pigs in the corn-field!" exclaimed his wife. "Why don't you put St. Antonio out in the field to-night, to guard it?"

"I did put some pennies under his image the other day, but he paid no heed, and I don't believe it will do any more good to take him out to the field, but one might try and see. He might do what we want him to for the sake of getting back into the house again."

"Now, husband, how can you speak so doubtingly of St. Antonio, when you know what wonderful things he has done?"

"Well, Lucia, if one is good, more ought to be better, and I'll take the oratory with all of them out to the corn-field right away."

The next morning, bright and early, the farmer and his wife went out to the field to see how the saints had kept their charge, and great was the man's disgust and the woman's disappointment, to find the oratory lying upside down, and the saints scattered about on the ground; St. Antonio with a broken arm, St. John with a cracked head, St. Joseph without feet, and the Virgin with her tarletan and tinsel robes all torn and besmeared with dirt, while the irreverent pigs were feasting to their heart's content.

"I'll hang the whole of them on this tree and leave them here to-night to see if they will do any better," said Sr. Ramos, indignantly.

"Well, you shall not have the Blessed Virgin here any longer. It is not woman's work, anyhow, to be watching pigs," said the wife, as she gathered up the torn bits of finery, "and you had better bring in the oratory, for we cannot afford to buy another if this gets broken," she added, as she turned back to the house, musing over the failure of her household gods.

"I told husband about what great things St. Antonio can do, but I didn't remind him of the stories I know when he proved of no use at all. He is near enough now to being a heretic without that. If the truth were told, even our Blessed Lady cannot be always trusted. When Alfredo Pinto vowed to her and St. Joseph, that he would name all the sons that were born to him Joseph, and all the daughters Mary, if only his wife could be cured, it did no good, and the woman died. And there is Cousin Maricota, who says that she has never prayed to the Virgin since she took her out to the field, so that the fire, when they were burning off the woods for planting, should not pass a certain point, and instead of stopping the fire, the Virgin nearly let her get burned, not even helping her to make her way through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I wouldn't confess it to husband, but I wonder sometimes if Maricota isn't right after all, in listening to what those Protestants say about not trusting to the saints."

While the wife was thinking these thoughts to herself, as she picked over the beans and hulled the rice