

every name, and which tells of Him who has brought Xmas with all its joy and brightness. You know how He loved little children and said "suffer little children to come unto me." Can we not obey this command by opening the doors of our schools to the French Canadians that they may learn of Him?

I would I could tell you more about the work. How they come to us to-day, ignorant and bad; how many of them are strong Roman Catholics and intend to remain so, only reading the Bible in classes because they must. How unhelpful some seem; how God's Spirit works amongst them and they become His; then go out each with his Bible into their old homes, and there read the beautiful stories they have heard at the schools, thus becoming little missionaries and bringing many others to Christ.

Of one little Marie I must tell you. She came to us, oh! so towsey and untidy, so stupid and dull, that our hearts sank within us as we looked at her, and we wondered if she could ever be taught the use of buttons and strings; for greater things we dare not hope. She pored long and earnestly over her book, but day after day passed and she was mistress of no new idea as far as we could see--ah! yes, only as far as we could see. The end of the term came, and to some of us she was still towsey, stupid Marie, and with hopeless hearts we saw her leave us with her Bible. To others good might have been done, but to Marie, none, or next to none. Two years after in the "Witness" appeared a letter from some people not far from Montreal, telling that they had read the Bible, had learned the truth, and were leaving forever the Roman Catholic Church. About a dozen names were attached, and foremost amongst them was that of our Marie, poor towsey, stupid Marie. Ah, what God must have thought of our thoughts of her. He had chosen her to do His work. She had gone home with her Bible, and had told the sweet story she had heard, and the seed took root, grew up and bore much fruit.

Now little ones, what can you do to help on this great work? First, you can pray, and God will hear and answer. Pray for three things: 1st. That God's Spirit will move in the hearts of these young Roman Catholics and bring them to the schools. 2nd. That His Spirit will move our hearts and provide room for them. 3rd. That the same Spirit may come down on the schools and take possession of the hearts and wills of all in them. What we all need is God's Spirit, that still small voice that gives us thoughts of God and desires to help Him.

Think often of the French Canadian boys and girls, and pray often and earnestly for them. Remember always that "prayer is the power that moves the hand that moves the universe," then do what He tells you to do, and I am sure that in "wishing you a Happy New Year," I am only "wishing you to have what our Father wishes to give you.

Your friend,

HELEN CAMERON PARKER.

Montreal.

A MINUTE'S ANGER.

Not long ago, in a city not far from New York, two boys, neighbors, who were good friends, were playing. In the course of the game a dispute arose between the boys, and both became angry; one struck the other and finally one kicked the other, who fell unconscious in the street, was taken home, and now for four weeks has suffered most cruelly. The doctors say that if he lives he will never be well, and will always suffer and need the constant care of a physician. If the boys had been the greatest enemies they would not, could not, have desired a worse fate for each other than this. But instead of enemies, they were friends and loving companions. Now everything is changed. One will never be able to walk, or to take part in active games; the other will never forget the sufferings he has caused.

A minute's anger caused this.