

## HE HAD NOT A "CLOVEN FOOT."

The "bad man," Satan, is sometimes pictured as a hard faced, ugly looking man with horns on his head and cloven hoofs for feet.

There is a strange story told of how a priest in Canada made his people believe that the Protestant missionary, who was selling Bibles among them, had a cloven foot and therefore must be related to the devil.

The story is as true as strange. The good old missionary, Mr. J. Vessot, died a few months ago, and when asked, a few months before he died, to tell the facts of the case, he wrote the following, which I copy for our young readers:

Joliette, Quebec, May 11, 1866.

"The facts relating to the 'cloven foot' happened in the year 1841, as I was laboring as colporteur in the parish of St. Henri de Mascouche, Que.

On the second week I was there I noticed that people were looking at my feet with an air of strange curiosity, but 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 a devil; that your left foot was cloven; if it were not so we might hear 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 same process.

How surprised they were, could hardly be described.

Quietly, respectfully, they listened to the Word of Life, as if I had been an angel sent from heaven."

There are few places in Canada to-day that are so ignorant as those people then were, but there are many, many, places, where there are no Bibles, and where the priest forbids the people to read the Bible, telling them it is a bad book.

Our work of French Evangelization, and the schools at Pointe aux Trembles, and French Mission Schools in many other places, in which you are helping, are ways in which we are trying to give the light of truth to our French fellow-countrymen.

## THE LITTLE LANTERN—A PARABLE.

There was once a tiny Japanese lantern. It was so small and homely that no one wanted to buy it. It happened by mistake one day to be sold in an order of costly and beautiful lanterns.

The little lantern was mocked by the large and handsome ones. It said nothing, but it felt very badly.

The man who bought the lanterns wanted to use them to decorate his seaside villa in honor of a great procession. The night came for the procession, and one after the other the lanterns were taken out and strung around the house. They were all much admired, except the homely little lantern, which, when first seen, was laughed at by everyone.

From its obscure corner it looked out upon the gay scenes, and said nothing, although it felt very badly.

The lanterns were all lighted, for the grand procession was soon to go by. They all danced gayly around in the evening breeze.

Suddenly there was a cry: 'The procession is coming!' Just then there was a quick gust of wind; and, to the dismay of everyone, one after the other, each lantern went out—every one except the homely little lantern, which shone steadily on.

"Quick! Matches!" the master shouted. But, for some reason, none were to be had.

"What shall we do?" he shouted again. 'The procession is just around the corner, and here all is darkness.'

The master glanced at the homely little lantern. The music from the procession was coming nearer.

He glanced at the little lantern once more. Its light was small, but still it was burning.

Quickly he took it; and, carefully, going from one to the other, he relighted the darkened lantern by its aid, and was just hanging up the little one again when the procession appeared.

"The homely little lantern by its faithfulness has done more than all the rest," the master said.

The little lantern said nothing, but was very happy.—Zion's Herald.