

These were coiled on the ground with the head raised, and swaying to and fro keeping time with the motion of the man's hand. It made me shudder to see those large venomous creatures so very near to us, and yet they seemed to be under perfect control by those who knew the art. Then he men were going to take them away to use, but my husband would not allow that, so they were immediately killed. I thought of the verses in Scripture which compare Satan to, or call him a serpent, and surely nothing could describe him better. He often may appear harmless, but never is, there is never safety where he is, there is none where these serpents are; and there is only *One* who has power to subdue the great enemy of our souls, "that old serpent called the devil and Satan which deceiveth the whole world." Dear young friends these things are a great reality, no picture merely, but Satan will try to deceive you in one way or another, and only through Christ can you overcome him. Let those of you who realize the power of Christ in your struggles with the evil one, pray earnestly that His name may be known and his power experienced by thousands in this country who now sit in heathen darkness.

In six weeks you will be enjoying the holidays, I hope, and I wish you all a very happy Christmas and New Year. also I send the same wishes for all your friends and mine in the Dovercourt Road church and Sunday School. I hope to hear from some of you in regard to the new church and your mission work.

Sincerely your friend
ISABELLA A. DRAKE

St. Antonio 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 the 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 doubtfully of St. Antonio, when you know what wonderful things he has done?"

"Well, Lucia, if one is good, more ought to be better. 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 tunic and tinsel robes all torn and besmeared with dirt, while the irreverent pigs were feasting to their hearts' 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, muttering 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, where 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 for breakfast, her husband was chasing the unruly pigs, muttering all kinds of threats at them and the Saints. Through the day the pigs got little of his corn, for he proved a better guard than the images, and at night these were left hanging from the tree with the hope that the discomfort of their position would bring them to do what was desired of them.

The next morning, Mother Lucia took good care to be busy when her husband went out to the field, and when at breakfast she asked if the pigs got into the corn again, it was not in a very hopeful tone of voice.

"Yes," said the angry husband, "and I'll only give those Saints one more trial, and then if they fail, I'll throw the whole crowd away. I've buried them all under a heavy log to day, and pounded it down well. Now if that doesn't bring them to terms, nothing will."

"Pedro, you should not talk in that irreverent way about the Saints," mildly reproved the wife, betraying, however, in her tone, her own falling faith.

On the following morning Pedro Ramos once more went out to his field, only to find the pigs grunting their satisfaction over the broken-down stalks of corn, while the Saints still quietly reposed in their underground prison. Out of all patience with the continued loss he hastily dug up the images, and throwing them one by one to the ground, broke them to fragments. He then gathered up a few of the pieces and carrying them to his wife, said: "You need not expect me to keep my faith in such things as these. If all the Saints put together cannot manage a few pigs, I'll not trust my soul to their keeping."

"I am afraid that you are right," agreed the wife, "and for my part, I begin to think that I would like to know more about what those Protestants teach. Cousin Maricota says that they always speak of Jesus Christ as if He were a friend always ready to help and to save, and if that is so, we do not need the Saints."

"Well," sighed the farmer, "I don't see any remedy now but to mend the fence, and I wish that I had done so at first and saved my corn, instead of looking to those clay images for help."—*Children's Work.*

WOMEN'S B. F. M. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Receipts from Oct. 22nd to Dec. 22nd, 1888.

Tayside, \$2; Bute, \$5; Phillipsville, \$7; Osnabrock, \$8; Abbott's Corners, \$8; Ottawa, \$10; Olivet, Montreal, \$21.20; First Baptist, Montreal (Mission Boxes), \$1.71; Kingston, \$12; St. Andrews, \$10; Kemptonville, \$7. Total, \$91.91.

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