

seldom carries those pretty story books of which you are so fond. One thing he never thinks of carrying—can you guess what it is? You cannot? Must I tell you that did you search the stockings of all these little Roman Catholic folk, you could not find one Bible or Testament. Few could read it, and those who could, would not be allowed. Just think of it, little ones,—never to hear the pretty story of Joseph in his bright coat of many colours, or of brave young Daniel in the dark den of lions, or of good gentle Queen Esther who saved the Jews. Many of them know *something* of the sweet, sweet story of the little Babe in the manger, and the long quiet ride over the mountains by night, but they do not see in that Babe our only Saviour, nor know that Jesus is their nearest and truest friend. Jesus is far away from them, and only to be approached through his mother, Mary! Ah, dear little ones, what would it be if you were to lose your Jesus who loves you so well: to obtain pardon from Him only through penance: to lose his companionship, sympathy and help from your work and from your play. Think what would it be, then remember that in our Canada there are thousands thus without Him.

These little boys and girls grow up to men and women, and still cannot write their own names, or read their A, B, C. And why is this? Largely because many little Protestants, and big Protestants too, are so selfish that they will not spare a little portion of their money to build schools where they may be taught to read, and where they may learn to love the Bible stories.

You know there are two large schools built down on the shores of the St. Lawrence about ten miles from Montreal, at Pointe aux Trembles where about 140 boys and girls stay the winter through, studying hard all the time. These schools were built about forty years ago, and you can think how old and worn-out they are. When built they were too large, but now they are too small. Many more would come to our schools if we had room for

them, but we have not, nor can we until we enlarge the girl's building.

A year ago the boy's building was enlarged and improved, and over ninety boys are now in this school, while there is only room for 45 girls in the girl's building. Over fifty more wished to enter, but our only reply to them was, "we have no room for you," so they had once more to turn back to their dark ignorance and pitiful penance, and may never again have the chance to come. If they never again hear of our Jesus, are not we to blame? Is it not terribly sad that we keep the gospel from them? They want to learn to read and write: to know more of the Bible and Jesus:—to know God's truth, and they cannot. And the years roll on, and they pass away without knowing Jesus as He is. If you could only see the pupils when they enter the schools, I am sure your little hearts would be sad. Big and little ones come, some only quite young, others 25 years of age, and many of the older ones can neither read nor write. They are also unaccustomed to rule and find everything so strange, they are often very homesick, but how earnest they are at their work, and, after the homesickness passes, how happy! Their day is a very busy one as the girls do all the housework: but they have recreation hours, and then how the old house rings with their clear sweet voices, as their happiness bubbles over in their merry laughing tunes, or glides more quietly on in the sweet French hymns which they soon learn to love.

I cannot tell you how sweet it is to hear them sing in their own language that hymn which we all love so well. "One is kind above all others." Shall I give it to you as they sing it:

Jesus est notre ami suprême.

Où quel amour?

Mieux qu'un tendre père nous aime.

Où quel amour?

Ici, famille, amis tout passe,

Seul il demeure et dans sa grace,

De nous, jamais il ne se lasse.

Où quel amour?

You recognize one word in this, do you not? The sweet name which is above