

Jesus could not accept these gifts. "Me give Jesus my dog, my rifle and my blanket; poor Indian, he got no more to give—he gives Jesus all." The minister replied that Christ could not accept them. The poor ignorant, but generous child of the forest, bent his head in sorrow and meditated: He raised his noble brow once more and fixed his eye on the minister while he sobbed out: "*Here is poor Indian will Jesus have him?*" A thrill of unutterable joy ran through the souls of minister and people as this fierce son of the wilderness now sat in his right mind at the feet of Jesus. The Spirit had done His work, and he who had been so poor, received the earnest of an inheritance which will not fade when the diadems of earth shall have mouldered forever.—Bap. Visitor.

To the Sisters of the W. B. M. U. of
Amherst, N. S.

MY DEAR SISTERS:

I have been requested to write you a letter concerning our work among the French of Nova Scotia; I do so with pleasure, asking God's guidance in writing it.

We are now almost at the close of our second year's labor. We have held meetings in the several sections of our field, and the attendance has been very good. As you know, our numbers vary; we have to expect that; sometimes we have a large number of Catholics and at other times a few only, but at all the meetings there have been one or two at any rate. We have also a Sunday School which is

progressing slowly. I have a class of children, nearly all Romanists, who attend as regularly as the weather will permit. Sometimes also the little ones have no shoes, and consequently, are unable to be present. I am ready for anything. I am willing to have patience as long as they hear the Gospel of truth.

During the year, we held two concerts, the proceeds of which went to make needed repairs to the church at Waggoner Settlement. We had the roof shingled and the interior of the building white-washed. We bought a large hanging-lamp for the centre of the church, and two small ones for the pulpit.

We held revival meetings for three consecutive weeks. The attendance was very good and the interest manifest by both protestants and catholic. A good number stood up for prayer, among them several catholics.

We desire an interest in your prayers. Our work may not show much, but it is slowly being done in the name of Christ.

Please remember we have to contend with ignorance and superstition in their worst forms, and we need to sit at Jesus' feet daily in order not to get discouraged.

May he guide our feeble efforts, is my prayer.

MRS C. W. GRENIER.
Plympton, N. S. March 8th 1897.

Tother and Which.

Tother and Which were two little kittens, but which was Tother and which was Which no one knew but Molly Johnson. Tother and Which and Molly were all three as black as could be. Tother and Which were blacker than Molly, but that was not