

A SCENE OF FRENCH WORK.

I wish the whole Church could have had a glimpse of the scene in La Croix French Mission Church, Montreal, on Sabbath morning, 17 April.

It was a fitting "Easter Sunday" a bright Spring day. Within the Church there was an air of earnest and busy expectancy; the pastor Rev. J. Duclos, aided by his devoted helpers, wife and daughter, and others of the Church, making the final arrangements for a grand baptismal service which was to be held that morning.

It is the custom of our Church to recognize the validity of Romish baptism and not to re-baptize converts unless they wish it. Some of the members in this, as in other of our mission churches, had not been baptized. Recently, however they had been talking over the matter and decided that they would like to be re-baptized together with some new adherents who were coming in.

This day had been appointed for the solemn service. Some seats in the centre were reserved for the candidates, six or seven in each pew, men and women and older children, seated by families and groups: the women with hats and wraps removed, making quite a home-like picture.

After a brief but thoughtful address by the pastor, which was followed with the closest attention, the baptismal service, a beautiful and solemn one, began. First came two infant baptisms, two little family groups gathered at the font as we are used to see in our own Churches.

Then those in the front pew filed out and around to the front of the platform, kneeling lightly on its cushioned edge. The venerable pastor, pronouncing the formula of baptism in tones of deepest reverence and paternal tenderness, baptized them one by one.

When the end was reached, a simple hymn was started and a verse of it softly sung by the congregation as the candidates reverently returned to their seat and the occupants of the second pew took their places at the platform; to give place in the same manner to the third, and so on to the end, forty in all receiving the ordinance.

It reminded one, in its beautiful touching solemnity, of the old time Scottish Communion, when "table" after "table" came forward and returned to their places to the solemn music of some grand communion Psalm.

Whether intentionally, or owing to late arrival, I do not know, but the ceremony came to a most fitting conclusion by a young couple presenting their infant child for baptism: the beautiful ordinance beginning and ending with infancy.

A short sermon by Rev. Mr. Buffa brought to a close one of the most impressive services at which I have ever been present. May the poor telling of it lead to a deeper interest in this most important work.

THE HOME MISSIONARY.

PICTURES FROM WESTERN FRONTIER LIFE.

Frontier life in Canada and the U. S. A. is much alike; and the following vivid sketch of Home Missionary experience there as given in "*The Minute man on the Frontier*" may teach us something of our own Home Mission Life and Work.

On the frontier, pastoral visiting is absolutely necessary to success. The feelings of new-comers are tender after breaking the home ties and getting to the new home, and a visit from the pastor is sure to bring satisfactory results. Sickness and death offer him opportunities for doing much good, especially among the poor, and they are always the most numerous. Some very pathetic cases come under every missionary's observation.

Once a man called at the parsonage and asked for the elder, saying that a man had been killed some miles away in the woods, and the family wanted the missionary to preach the funeral sermon. The next morning a ragged boy came to pilot the minister. The way led through region forests and black-ash swamps. A light snow covered the ground and made travelling difficult, as much of the way was blocked by fallen trees. After two hours' walking, the house was reached; and here was the widow with her large family, most of them in borrowed clothes, the supervisor, a few rough men and a county coffin. The missionary hardly knew what to say; but remembering that that morning a large box had been sent containing a number of useful articles, he made God's providence his theme.

A few days after the box was taken to the widow's house. When they reached the shanty they found two little bunks inside. Her only stove was an oven taken from an old-fashioned cookstove. The oven stood on a dry-goods' box. The missionary said: "Why, my poor woman, you will freeze with this wretched fire!" "No," she said, "it ain't much for cooking and washing, but it's a good little heater." A few white beans and small potatoes were all her store, with winter coming on apace. When she saw the good things for eating and wearing that had been brought to her, she sobbed out her thanks.

In the busy life of a missionary the event was soon forgotten, until one day a woman said: "Elder, do you recollect that 'ar Mrs. Sisco?"

"Yes."

"She is down with a fever, and so are her children."

At this news the minister started with the doctor to see her. As they neared the place he noted some red streaks gleaming in the woods, and asked what they were.

"Oh," said the doctor, "that is from the widow's house."

She had to move into a stable of the deserted lumber camp: the chinks had fallen out from between the logs and hence the