

four hundred and fifty, many of whom are converts from Roman Catholicism. The school buildings are large, commodious, and well kept. The chapel of the mission is a handsome building of considerable architectural pretensions. A singular proof was here exhibited of the interest the *balayeurs* and other poor Protestants in Paris take in their religion. When the scavengers in the Quartier St. Marcel heard that their fellow-workmen in the Batignolles were building a church, they made a collection for the purpose of presenting them with something to assist in the good work. They succeeded in raising, from the limited resources of their own poor hardworking community, no less a sum than five hundred francs, which they expended in a carved oak pulpit for the new church.

In consequence of the recent troubles in Paris, both prior to and during the Prussian siege, the Christmas of 1870 was a dreary one indeed to the poor *balayeurs* of Paris. The improved state of affairs in 1871 will, we trust, to a certain extent, indemnify them for the misery and sorrow they suffered. Prior to the Christmas of last year the greater portion of the *balayeurs* of German origin had been driven, almost in a state of destitution, from their adopted country; while their French fellow-laborers suffered all the miseries arising from want of work and insufficient food. At present work is more abundant, and they have no longer before their eyes the danger of dying from want. Let us hope that in this season of rejoicing the richer French Protestants will, with their accustomed liberality, place within the reach of their poorer co-religionists the means of rational enjoyment, which will be the more appreciated by the *balayeurs* and their families from the comparison they will be able to draw between their present comfort and the misery they endured in the Christmas of 1870.

### A BRAVE GIRL.

The heroines of history are usually characters made conspicuous by the emergencies of war, or revolution, or an unsettled state of society. The same heroic qualities exist in woman's nature at all times, only in a peaceful age, and a peaceful land, the situations that call them out occur less frequently and are less likely to go upon record. The *Rocky Mountain News* tells in the following story, what a girl can do, bred up in frontier life, and probably for that reason, better fitted to cope with its dangers; but cases of female bravery are by no means uncommon in our towns and cities. Those who complain that the human race is degenerating will do well to notice that in this instance it was the girl who proved equal to the occasion, while the woman was utterly helpless.

Reed's ranch did not differ materially from hundreds in Colorado. The same struggling, one storied structure, perfectly innocent of plait, with outbuildings looking as if they were ready to tumble down. The family consisted, at the time of this story, of Joe Reed, the proprietor, his wife and two children. Ella, the oldest, was a rather pretty girl of eighteen, who for several years had relieved the tired mother of much of the burden of housework, attended to the duties of the dairy, and was a good horse-woman withal, often accompanying her father in rough rides of miles when looking for stray cattle.

Once a week Mr. Reed went to Denver to sell the dairy products, and purchase such articles of food as could not be raised on the ranch. Willie frequently accompanied him, and the two women thought nothing of being left alone in the house until long into the night, as the distance to the city made the drive a long one.

It was on one of these evenings in the early fall just as they had completed their supper and the mother was arranging the table for the hungry father and son, that the younger woman went to the barn, the back of which was immediately on the road, to see a calf that was sick.

Suddenly she heard the voices of men in the road near the barn. Listening, and scarcely daring to breathe, she heard words that almost froze her with terror.

"The old man keeps his money-box in the drawer of the old bureau, but the old woman carries the key."

"How can we get it?" asked another voice.

"We can bind both women, and if they make any noise, we can stop that."

For a moment the terrified listener was fairly paralysed with fear: then she started up, and running quickly around to the back of the house and crawling through an open window, went to a closet and took from it two revolvers which were always kept loaded for emergencies, concealing them in the folds of her dress.

Hastily rejoining her mother in the larger room, she was just in time to see two burly looking ruffians enter by the door.

The taller of the two men demanded supper, "and let it come quick, too," he said, in a menacing tone. The brave girl placed the food on the table, knowing that the scoundrels would satisfy their hunger before putting their purpose of robbery, and possibly murder, into execution. She then sat down in front of them, and watched them. The moment their meal was completed, she suddenly thrust the muzzles of the pistols in their faces, threatening to shoot if they moved.

Expostulations and protestations were in vain; the heroic girl stood there with eyes flashing and determined, for what to her seemed ages. The poor mother, as soon as she had comprehended the situation, overcome by her great terror, had fainted and was lying on the floor.

At last the sound of wagon wheels was heard coming toward the house, and in a moment the father and brother entered the house, in company with an uncle who had arrived in Denver that day from their old eastern home in Pennsylvania, and by the merest accident met Mr. Reed on Sixteenth street, in Denver.

As soon as they comprehended the situation they compelled the ruffians with revolvers at their heads to submit to being bound with ropes, and when daylight came they were taken to the county seat and put in jail.

The brave girl, as soon as relieved from her terrible guard duty, and the horrible strain on her nerves was taken off, went into a succession of hysteric spasms, and it was for weeks that her reason if not her life were despaired of.

She eventually recovered, however, and afterward married a wealthy Denver gentleman, and is now living in the Queen City. The two men were recognized as old offenders, in fact they were fugitives from justice from a distant county, and afterward served a long term in the penitentiary in Canon City. — *Youth's Companion*.