

FRENCH WORK IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

By REV. JAMES ROSS, H. M. SUPERINTENDENT.

French work is carried on in four places in St. John Presbytery, viz., Edmundston, Conners, The Lakes and Grand Isle.

Eleven families are connected with our mission in Edmundston, and a Sabbath School with an average attendance of 17.

Grand Isle, 16 miles below Edmundston, is entirely a French mission; services are held from time to time, to which large number of Catholics find their way. Three families have joined our Church, and seven children are being reared in the Presbyterian faith. Young people who left home before their parents severed their connection with the Roman Catholic Church have also become Protestants in the far West. One young woman, who was very much incensed against her father for the step he had taken, has become a member of the Presbyterian Church, in the Northwest. The people are growing more and more friendly towards the missionary, thus opening the door for work a little wider.

At Conners, there are twelve Protestant families regularly attending our services. Two French families are connected with the mission, and in one there are eleven children. As many as twenty French Catholics have attended preaching services, on more than one occasion. The church building had been finished, except the seating; it is very pretty; and occupies a commanding situation. We are pleased to note that the Roman Catholics are building a large chapel close by. Our church and cause, methods of working, etc., will not suffer in comparison. The Gospel of Jesus is mighty. Let there be light.

The Lakes are situated 12 miles from Edmundston, across the International boundary line. Five French families, with 22 children, are now connected with the mission. There are seventeen families that do not submit to the priest. Mr. Lods visits fifteen of these, and is always kindly received. It is really wonderful how eagerly the people listen to the story of the cross and join in the discussion of various Christian doctrines. An invitation has come from the head of a very large family, at St. B—, for the missionary to visit that community, assuring him of a kind welcome.

Some incidents of Scripture distribution may be mentioned. A Testament has travelled from here to a family in Quebec; one to Fort Kent, another started away out the country and came back to Edmundston, a few doors from the missionary's house. We are not supposed to know of those things, but we are glad we do, because it helps to keep our courage up, the truth will percolate if it has a channel, however slender. Perhaps some one says: "These are little

things." So they are, but the sum total of little things makes the universe.

Our French families at the Lakes have secured a church site and burial ground, and are considering ways and means of building, this coming summer.

The aspect of the work is very hopeful.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

EXPERIENCES OF ONE OF OUR COLPORTEURS.

On my way back from St. A., I have visited again the families to whom I sold on my way up copies of the Bible and New Testament as well as others. I must say that everywhere that I sold the Scriptures I have been well received. Some families I have not yet had time to read their New Testaments. I have taken advantage of this in order to stimulate in them the idea that it is the duty of every Christian to read constantly the Holy Scriptures, for it is by them that they are to find eternal life and food for their souls. These good people have always listened attentively, and promised that in the future they would read the word of God more attentively.

In one family the priest had visited after my departure, and took the New Testament which I had sold them, saying to these poor people that: The devil would get them if they continued to read such a book sold by the Swiss, these infernal serpents and agents of the evil one, who went about sowing the seeds of discord.

When leaving he told them "to put me out like a dog if I came back again." When I knocked at the door of this house the woman rushed out with the poker, and would have struck me if her husband had not held her back. He looked at me for a moment and, seeing that I did not run off, he briefly asked what I wanted. I quietly answered that I had come to see how they were getting on with the book that I had sold them. He began to laugh aloud, "Oh! your book is in the fire long ago." The priest came and told us that it was a bad book and that you were an infernal serpent, a Swiss. "Hold on," said I, "my friend, will you come to the priest's with me and we shall see before him if I am as bad as he thinks." "Don't speak of it," said he, "it is surely enough that I have been duped once into buying your book, go away from here and don't come back." "But," said I, "did he prove that the book is bad, did he open it and show you a passage containing a bad word?" "No he did not, but I read almost all of it myself and found it very good." "Ah, you say it was good," said I, "and you have just said it was a bad book." "Yes, you see it was the priest who said it." "Would you not like to buy another?" I inquired. "No, no," cried out the woman, "away with you from here?" I left, and the husband overtook me some little distance off and bought a New Testament, and said: "Keep quiet, he'll not take this one away."