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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

"Looking to God."

The matchless sun in all his power proclaims that
God is love.

The trees, and plants, and flowers around us, as we
move,

Breathe out the same.
The starry vault of Heaven at night,
The warbling songsters in their flight
Tell us his name.

The mighty ocean echoing its dread and hollow roar,
The crystal dewdrop, glistening at morn on tiny
flowers

Speak both of him.
The lily on its lowly bed,
The cedar as it lifts its head
Far from earth's din,

Brings to the christian heart, oft sweet and holy
thoughts,
And these, oft as they come, are bright and cheering
spots

Amid life's waste,
And as we think of God in love
Our hearts are quickly raised above,
To heaven we haste.

The glorious beauties of that spotless world above,
The rapturous music, and the peace and love,
Raise our delight;
And there we see our Saviour blest,
And look on him whom we have pierced,
In glory bright.

'Tis good that often thus we soar to heaven above,
'Tis good on songs of faith and love, our spirits
move

To pierce the veil;
But our conceptions come below,
The best reality, we know,
And sadly fail.

Then in a retrospect our thoughts flow back to Cal-
vary's cross,
And there our Saviour we behold who bled and died
for us,

We hear his cry,
But closer to the cross we go,
Humbly before his feet to bow,
There let us lie.

Oh, what infinite love that death displays,
Well, well, may it our feeble hearts amaze
It fills our souls,
And then God's promises we hear
For one especially comes near
And we look up.

And hear our Heavenly Father say, in words of ten-
derness divine,
Be thou exalted, for the power to raise thee up alone
is mine.

Be raised from sin;
I love the meek and lowly one,
Him who thinks of but God alone,
And dwells in him.

Then let us dwell in Him forever,
With love that nothing e'er can sever,
And trust him more;
Until when death and sin are past,
We meet our blessed Lord at last,
On Canaan's shore.

Kentville.

E.

Religious.

The Sorrows of others.

"JESUS WEPT." JOHN xi: 35.

Those were mysterious tears which flowed at the grave of Lazarus. Did the Saviour weep at the sight of grief which he was about, in a few moments, to change into joy? Did he sorrow at a general view of the woes of human kind, of which that grief reminded him? or was he wounded by the unbelief even of those who loved and adored him? All these views have been held by Christians, and each perhaps has some measure of truth. We have in the two touching words, "Jesus wept," a glimpse of the deep tenderness and sympathy of his nature, who was the incarnation of love in a world where the affections of the heart render it more keenly sensitive to pain.

We usually dwell less on our Lord's trials from this source, because we regard him as the active reliever of suffering, not the sorrowing witness of it. We feel that the pain of sympathy with the widow of Nain must have been a hundred-fold repaid by the joy of seeing her embrace a living son. But thirty years of Christ's life passed before "the beginning of miracles" at Cana, and his loving heart must often have bled for sufferings which were not relieved. For instance, it is not doubted that Mary was a widow when her Son on the cross commended her to the care of his loved disciple; but Joseph, we know, was living when our Lord was twelve years of age. We must conclude that the

Saviour knew the sharp pang of bereavement; that he mourned, as we mourn for our dead, when one was taken away who had been to him as a father. He would behold Joseph on the bed of sickness; then, stretched out on the bed of death. Christ would witness his widowed mother's first burst of grief, and he would strive to comfort her, as pious sons now strive to comfort, by sharing her anguish, and by speaking to her of those blessed hopes that brighten the tomb. Doubtless the Son of man then mingled his tears with hers, and felt keenly the sorrows of the widowed Mary as well as his own. Remembrance of those dark days of bereavement may have returned on his soul when Christ stood by the grave of Lazarus, made more painful by the thought that, ere many days should elapse, she who was then a widow should soon be called to suffer a yet keener grief in his own death.

And can we believe that he, who was "acquainted with grief," never felt a pang when looking round on his loved disciples, at the thought of the sufferings which were before them? Would he feel calmly indifferent to the anguish which he foretold? "They will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues; and the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child; and ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." No one with human feelings could, without pain, have uttered such a prophecy to friends; what must it have cost to One whose love was beyond a mother's, to "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother?" If when one member suffers all the other members suffer with it, how much more the living Head? Would not the Saviour, as man, shrink from the thought of the sharp steel descending upon James, and shudder at the horrors of his faithful Peter's death on the cross? The Lord was willing to suffer for them, but the tender Master, the loving Friend, must have felt acutely the pang of regret that they should suffer for him.

Here was a long-abiding trial; here was a daily thorn. Christ had not only before him in terrible prospect his own cross and passion, but the losses, the tortures, the cruel deaths of those whom he tenderly loved. So many of our griefs arise from similar, though far lighter cause, that it is well to remember this. How many a mother, watching her afflicted child, has thought, "Oh, if I could but suffer alone!" How often, how very often may the same thought have arisen in the mind of the Son of man. How it may have saddened his spirit, and tried his submission, and wrung heavy sighs of anguish from the depths of his sinless soul. The more he loved, the more he must have suffered. Then let not his people murmur if they, in some slight degree, have fellowship in such sorrows—if they are wounded through their affections. Apostles and martyrs now rejoice around their rejoicing Lord, the Lamb who suffered for them and with them, and who, having mingled his tears with theirs, hath now wiped away all tears from their eyes.

Historical Sketch of the Grande Ligne Mission in Lower Canada.

BY THE REV. THEODORE LAVLEUR.

The revival of religion with which Switzerland was visited, about 1820, and in which the Haldanes acted so important a part, awakened a missionary spirit. The efforts of Christians for the conversion of souls embraced at first their fellow-countrymen; then their neighbours the Romanists of France; and, at a later period, their attention was also directed towards Canada. It was in the heart of a humble private Christian that a deep concern for the conversion of the French Canadians was first kindled. Impressed with the importance of sending the Gospel to this people, he would say to his pastor and to his brethren, "Do you pray for Canada? Let us pray for Canada." This prayer, so evidently the fruit of the Holy Spirit, was soon answered; but in a manner quite unexpected. The Rev. H. Olivier, pastor of a Church at Lausanne, left his native country in 1834, with the intention of preaching the Gospel among the North American Indians. But on his arrival at Montreal, seeing that the large French population of the country (about a

million of people) were destitute of the truth as it is in Jesus, he resolved to settle in that city; and there he began to preach in a school-house, kindly offered to him by the Methodists for this object.

Mr. Olivier met with severe opposition from the enemies of the Gospel, especially the priests; but feeling confident that a wide door of usefulness was opened, he was greatly desirous that some of his brethren in Lausanne should come and join him. He wrote to his friends in Switzerland, placing the subject before them, and urged them to consider its claims on their Christian charity.

There was at that time in the Church of which Mr. Olivier had been pastor, a lady distinguished for piety and Christian benevolence, and earnestly desirous to do her part toward the evangelization of the unconverted. This desire became a decisive call after the death of her husband and of her only child.

"After the death of the good husband and the dear child which God in His love gave me, and in His love took away from me," wrote Madame Feller, two or three years after her coming to Canada, "my heart was filled with the desire of being devoted exclusively to the service of the Lord. At first, I suppressed this feeling, because I knew it to be contrary to the taste and wishes of my family; and also because I was afraid of deceiving myself in cherishing it. But after some time I was convinced that it was the call of God, and resisted it no longer; and during the seven or eight years which followed, I besought the Lord continually to open before me the way, and to show me what He would give me to do in his service."

With such feelings and dispositions, Madame Feller was predisposed to receive Mr. Olivier's call. The idolatry, ignorance, and abject condition of the great portion of the Canadian people took strong hold upon her heart. "This call," says she, "coinciding with the expectation of my faith, and the circumstances in which I was placed; and being in answer to a new testimony which I had sought of the Lord, I was convinced that it was His will that I should go to Canada, and I accordingly replied to my friends that I would go." Mr. Louis Roussy, a Minister of the Gospel, who had also been led to choose Canada as his sphere of labour, resolved to start at the same time.

They sailed from Havre, and arrived at Montreal on the 31st of October, 1835.

Mr. Roussy was invited to take the charge of a school on the Grande Ligne of Lacadie, about twenty-five miles S. E. of Montreal. He thought that this situation would afford him a good opportunity of laying a foundation for future usefulness in that neighbourhood, and therefore accepted the call. Madame Feller spent the winter at Montreal; and, in conjunction with Madame Olivier, opened a school for French Canadian Children. Much of her time was also spent in visiting the Roman Catholics for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and of conversing with them on the truths of the Gospel. By these means she obtained an accurate knowledge of the Canadian character, and was prepared for her subsequent efforts.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Olivier had found their health exceedingly tried by the climate; and their physician advised them to return without delay to Switzerland. As the immediate result of their beginning, two persons had been brought to the saving knowledge of Christ. They were most reluctant to leave Madame Feller alone in this trying field of labour. But God wonderfully sustained her in this trial. She said "I had contemplated beforehand all the difficulties of a missionary life, and I had not forgotten isolation, abandonment, poverty, even death in the hospital. I could not then hesitate a moment as to the course to pursue."

Mr. Roussy, keeping constantly in view the object of his coming to Canada, and anxious to see souls brought to the Saviour, did not confine his instruction to the communication of general knowledge, but embraced, in addition, the truths and duties of religion. His spare time was employed in visiting the people, and making known to them, in a familiar manner, the way of salvation.

While Mr. Roussy was teaching school at

Grande Ligne he was, one day visited by a respectable old woman, accompanied by her son. She had come from a neighboring settlement of the same parish of Lacadie, and only a few miles from the place where the Mission house now stands. The spiritual history of Mrs. Lore—for this was her name—must be recorded as one of the most striking instances of the providential dealings of a prayer-hearing and gracious God.

Her parents were living in Acadia (now Nova Scotia) near Grand Pre, when the Acadians were driven away from their homesteads, by English officers, and transported in vessels to other parts of the continent—an episode so touchingly narrated by Longfellow in "Evangeline." They were landed with many others at the port of Boston, and they settled in a small village a short distance from that place. When yet quite young the children were sent to the common schools and there read the Bible. When Mrs. Lore had reached the age of twenty, her grand-mother seeing her attachment to the Bible, and fearing that she might lose her religion, determined to bring the whole family to Lower Canada, with a view to avert this calamity. They settled in the Parish of Lacadie. As soon as they had reached this country the young woman was forced to abandon the reading of the Bible that had been given to her in the United States; obliged to go to confess, in a word to become a strict observer of the rules of the Church of Rome. She was married to a Mr. Lore, a good catholic, and for twenty years she lived without the Gospel, without being allowed to read it, and also without confidence in the religious practices she had to perform. It was a most miserable life to her, so much so, that those who knew her well would say that the tears she had shed would be sufficient to turn a mill. After twenty years of such a life, and after the death of her old parents, Mrs. Lore returned to her precious book again, and when she met our Missionaries she had been reading it for twenty-eight years, in the midst of a continued spiritual struggle. She saw the truth but dimly, and, surrounded as she was, she found no one to whom she could open her mind, and who could understand her. She was often heard to say to her children: "I shall have a most fearful death, for I know that I have been induced to practice what is not the truth; the truth is here, pointing to her Bible, and I have not followed it." She had such a high regard for the Bible, that going once to Champlain Village, she procured from Judge Moore a copy of the Holy Scriptures for every one of her children.

When she heard of this strange school teacher, who read the Holy Scriptures to the children in the school at Grande Ligne, and in houses around, she hastened to see him. After a few moments of conversation, she exclaimed: "The Lord has heard my prayers; He has not despised my tears; this is God's servant, I know it; this is the man of God whom I have asked of Him these many years." She very soon found sweet peace in believing—a peace that never was disturbed during the eight months that she lived in this world after her conversion. She was seen to come on foot to the meetings held at Grande Ligne, to hear the preaching of the Holy Word. As the time of her departure drew near, her Roman Catholic neighbors, accustomed to see infidels repent, and return at the last hour in submission to the Church, expected that she would also at last submit and accept the offices of the Priest. In this they were greatly disappointed, for not only did she remain firm in her faith, but with a clear mind and a glowing heart she bore her affectionate testimony to her Saviour as the all sufficient One at the hour of death. The whole of her family, composed of eight children and many grand-children, after her example, left the Church of Rome to embrace the Gospel. One of her daughters being one day by the bed-side of a man to whom the Missionary was endeavouring to point out Christ crucified, she was so struck with what he said that she immediately asked Mr. Roussy if he would not come to her house on the following Sunday to speak to a few persons she should invite there. Mr. Roussy was exceedingly rejoiced with this opening and went on the next Sabbath to find a full house. They all listened with the deepest

*A Grande Ligne in Lower Canada is a road, generally straight, from five to seven miles in length, and with farms abutting on each side of the road.