

A Day at Grande Ligne.

It was the last week of 1901 that I found myself in the home of the Rev. J. A. Gordon in Montreal. Of course it is impossible for a Nova Scotian to pass through that city and not call on the pastor of the First Baptist church. Acting on his advice I remained over Sunday, in order to visit the Feller Institute at Grande Ligne on Monday.

On the Sabbath I preached in Pastor Gordon's church in the morning, and very much enjoyed the service. Sunday evening I visited the French Baptist church, of which Rev. A. L. Therrien, is pastor. I was much struck by the devoutness of the audience, and the singing was very hearty. After their minister had preached a short sermon in French, I gave an address in English. This was understood by about two-thirds, as the French can do little business in Montreal without a knowledge of English. Monday morning, a beloved deacon of that church, Mr. Joseph Picard, accompanied me to the village of Grande Ligne, a thirty mile ride on the train.

ON SACRED GROUND.

A strange feeling thrilled me as I approached the place where the holy and humble Madame Feller began her work through Christ and for Christ's glory, 66 years ago. It was half a mile from the site of the present splendid building, and in the garret of a little log hut, that she began her school, which has grown to such splendid proportions, that is rightly entitled to the term College.

Entering the large building, we are at first met by scores of bright and happy boys and girls, who are ventilating the pent-up joyousness of their natures, in a short recess from study. An introduction to Principal and Vice-Principal, inaugurated a day of great pleasure. Origins, growths, developments, and additions are related with ever-increasing fervency.

"O WOMAN GREAT IS THY FAITH."

Had our blessed Lord been on earth when Madame H. Feller began her work in the little log hut (which the visitor can still see), he would surely have uttered those words to her. As we look on the hut, then on the great stone building with its extending wings, soon to accommodate 200 students, we are bound to exclaim of her "O woman great was thy faith." At the time of her translation, to be forever with her Lord, which happened in 1868, she had the great joy of knowing that some 2,500 young people had spent one or more year in the school. Many of them were then occupying

POSITIONS OF POWER.

Ministers, Professors, Teachers, Evangelists, Physicians, Lawyers and Journalists being among the number. A school founded on the Word of God and Faith in God, by the toils and tears and prayers of a consecrated woman, must give birth to the missionary idea in other minds. And so, many of her scholars became preachers, missionaries, colporteurs. From the centre the light radiated to the circumference. Up to the time of Madame Feller's death, 1,300 persons had made a public profession of their faith in Christ by believer's baptism. While 4,000 Roman Catholics had, through preachers trained in this school, accepted the Bible and renounced the church of Rome.

A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR CHRIST

From the first lesson given in the log hut, the primal idea in Madame Feller's mind was, to make all her work subordinate to the glory of God. First to get her scholars saved by Christ, then saved for Christ. To get souls to admit the light, then to emit the light. Roman Catholics, Children of Protestants, and Priests of the Roman church, have been won to Christ through this great mission, and then sent forth as flaming torches to light the feet of others into the path of salvation. It was not surprising that such a divinely directed work should result in the

ESTABLISHMENT OF CHURCHES.

At Grande Ligne, Montreal, Quebec, St. Pie, St. Marie de Monnoir, Roxton Pond, Mariville, Maskinongé, Sorel, St. Constant, Ely, and Ottawa Valley, churches arose as the missionaries went forth to preach the glorious gospel to the starving thousands throughout the province. It is impossible to ascertain the number and location of those who have been brought to Christ through Grande Ligne Mission, for several reasons. Many unable to get employment in their own locality, on leaving the Roman Church, leave for the United States. Many of the children of French Protestants attend English schools, and eventually join English Protestant churches, even in Montreal. So that the present membership of the French-speaking Protestant churches in Province of Quebec, five hundred and fifteen, is no criterion of

THE GREAT POWER

the Mission has exerted in its 65 years of history. It is computed that forty thousand souls have been won from the errors of Rome through the French Protestant schools and missions of Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and Episcopalians in the Province of Quebec. But by common consent, the Feller Institute is the greatest of them all.

I shall never forget my visit to the Feller Institute at

Grande Ligne. I felt God's presence everywhere, as I never felt it in any other school of learning. The Principal, Rev. G. N. Masse, is a great man. Great because he is the servant of all for Christ's sake. His keen intellect, scholarly attainments, and executive ability, could easily command a position yielding two to four thousand a year. But his sense of the greatness of the work keeps him at Grande Ligne on a salary of eight hundred dollars, and find himself and family. Other teachers work from the same high motives for equally low salaries. After addressing the assembled students, I returned in the evening to Montreal, with the feeling that no reports or description can convey to the mind any adequate idea of the truly marvellous and God-honoring work that these consecrated men and women (the matron I understand is a lady of means, who devotes her whole time freely to this blessed work) are doing for humanity.

HOW THE FUNDS ARE USED.

There are twenty-two professors, pastors and missionaries employed in this good work. Of these twelve are pastors of French Baptist churches. These churches are in no cases self-supporting, indeed they are mission churches, the pastors have to be supported almost entirely from Grande Ligne Funds. The aggregate membership of these churches is 515, but they are not equal to the support of 12 pastors.

Of the \$17,416.98 received last year, only \$3,140.75 were used for the Feller Institute. The receipts from pupils being \$4,227.44. So that the sum of \$14,276.23 was used for missionary work, colporteurs, evangelization and expenses incidental to the conduct of a great mission. H. F. A.

A Thousand Millions Lost.

A million a month thirty thousand a day!
So they tell us, the heathen are passing away;
And what are you doing to stem this dark tide,
Drifting down the broad way, thro' the gate that is wide?

The lands are now open, the bars are let down,
The worst opposition is melted and gone;
One million converts in three hundred tongues,
Are chanting the praises of Christ in their songs.

Of millions, a thousand are still unreclaimed,
A thousand million in sin helpless chained,
"I will give thee the heathen" God said to His Son,
Then hasten ye Christians, if for Christ they be won.

Why Canada Was Given to England.

To us it is an inexplicable providence that every section of the habitable parts of this continent have become populated except Canada. The United States has 70 millions, South America 33 millions and ere long both those sections will be too full of people for comfort. Today Canada's proportion of land to every man, woman and child is nearly one square mile. Here is the largest tract of habitable land with the smallest proportionate population in the world. I say habitable, because the vast Sahara desert is 3,000 miles long and 1,000 miles wide but uninhabitable. What a train of suggestions follow a reception of these facts. Does it not seem as if a divine plan had included this reservation of Canada? Does it not appear as if God had hidden this splendid Dominion from the eyes of the Old World for so many years for a purpose? What that purpose is time alone will reveal. And for ought we know Canada and Africa may be sequels in the divine plan.

WHY RESERVED

Whatever one may say as to the thirst for empire, or the relative strength and prowess of contending nations for the largest possessions of the habitable globe, I believe that God makes distribution of lands to those who hold them as stewards. Spain's mighty navy and France's dashing soldiery were no substitute for fidelity of trusteeship. I know that much has been written on racial distinctions to demonstrate that God is giving great portions of territory to nations because of their Saxon, Slavic and Germanic origins. But I do not incline in that theory. I do not think race has anything to do with God's partition of the great reserves of the earth among the nations. I believe that fidelity to trusteeship, as expounded by our Lord in Matthew 25, is the principle on which he divides lands and peoples to others.

There is not a country conquered by British arms that is not a better place to live in now than before. The Briton slew the Kalifa's fighting dervishes last year, and this year their children are going to school. Half a century ago the Fijis were wild cannibals, this year their children are reading the Bible, fingering the organ and footing the sewing machine. And who can paint India a century ago and India today without the same results.

France had the first opportunity in Canada to lay deep and broad foundations for a new France. It was indeed wonderful what a golden opportunity the Latin races had to conquer and attach the whole of this vast continent to European crowns. With Spain very early taking possession of Florida and Mexico, Cuba and Bermuda and hundreds of minor islands, and France spreading small colonies all over this Dominion from Port Royal, Annapolis, to Hudson Bay, the whole continent lay at their feet, a magnificent spoil for division. But with all the advantages of first discovery and first conquest the Latins were not destined to hold the land for many centuries.

ENGLAND'S REFORMATION AND COLONIAL EXPANSION.

It is strikingly true that England's moral and spiritual resurrection, dating from the Reformation, was followed by her colonial expansion and these two are parallels to-day. What the English soldier's sword has done for his monarch, the English Christian's Bible must do for his King. As the land has been won for the lower realm in which Edward's sceptre rules, the people must be won for the higher realm in which Emmanuel's sceptre sways.

The land is our heritage but not the people. The statesman may secure their votes, but he cannot attach their hearts. For a hundred years there has been a war waging in the moral world in Canada as to who shall rule the hearts of her people, the King of Kings or the pontiff of sovereigns.

As the thousands are pouring into our Northwest, the war will wax warmer and hotter, till the Thames or the Tiber triumphs. Mennonites and Scandinavians, Germans and Galicians, Icelanders and Donkhobors are pouring into our fair Dominion by thousands.

OURS A DEFINITE MISSION.

As Baptists we have a mission to these people distinct and definite. We have no "shibboleth" to pronounce, we have no creed to inculcate. We stand where no other denomination stands and we offer what every other denomination in part withholds. We abide within the two covers of the Bible for all we hold and teach.

Most of these people find their native lands because the infamously cruel priests of the Czar's church, and of Austria's King, forced them to believe things not found in God's Word. They are being besieged by Rome's and Russia's priests in the North-west to come under the wing of the cruel monsters who drove them to the land of the free.

The Gallician and Donkhobor ask for the Bible. They are turning to the Baptists for the truth, for the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. A gracious Providence has brought to our missionary committee two noble men of Russian birth, able to preach the blessed gospel to these people.

These people coming from the land of priestcraft and superstition are asking for bread, and shall we give them a stone? They ask a fish, and shall they be given a serpent? They ask an egg, and will they receive a scorpion? Ye, if we do not do our duty. Are we not responsible to the extent of our ability? And are we not able to give these thousands the Bread of Life? If we are let us do it and end the controversy.

Canada is ruled to-day by the heads east of Lake Superior. But as surely as that Winnipeg is only half way between Halifax and Dawson City, so certainly is it possible that five million votes may one day be cast on the west side of Lake Superior, and then where will we be. Do we desire that the fruit borne on the national tree of the future be strong and noble as of the true New Testament kind? Then we must attend to the root to-day. Do we desire that the superstructure of our national life shall grow grander as it nears the headstone? Then the foundations must be of the divine origin, true to the plumb line, and wrought in by men of God.

The Lighthouse and Its Keeper.

On a sunken rock in the open sea
Stood a light house high and strong,
And the lamp was there with its splendid flame
And the keeper, all night long.

But the keeper had naught of pity or love;
A hard, selfish man was he;
He shaded the lamp, and sent out no light
O'er the dark and perilous sea.

Safe in comfort himself, the mighty ships
Might strike or go safely by.
"Let them strike or go down, who cares" said he,
"Men have only once to die!"

One dismal night by a strong wind driven,
Came a ship with all sails spread;
No one thought of danger, for no one knew
Of the sunken rock ahead.

Fast sweeping along, came the sail-clad ship
The white foam leaped from her prow.
"All's well," cried the watchman, pacing the deck;
"All's well," passed from stern to brow.

But scarce died away had the watchman's cry
When crash! plunged the ship to her fate,
And there was the Beacon, that would have saved,
But 'twas seen, alas; too late.

Oh, the fearful cries of the drowning men,
From the seething waves that night!
And they cursed, as they sank, the merciless man,
Who refused his saving light.

APPLICATION.

The men of the ships are the heathen world;
The Beacon, the Book of God;
The Keeper, the Christian who shades his lamp,
And sheds not its light abroad.

Sisters.

Oh! for a finer scroll, and a trampet of thunder might,
To stamp the silken dreams of Canadian women at
case,
Circled with peace and joy, and dwelling where truth
and light
Are shining fair as the stars, and free as the western
breeze.

O! for a clarion voice to reach and stir their nest,
With the story of sister's woes gathering day by day
Over the Indian homes (sepulchres rather than rest.)
Till they rouse in the strength of the Lord, and roll
the stone away
HAYWARD