

morning till five in the afternoon. The difficulty is not to get them to the school, but to prevail on them to leave it. They hang about her as children about a mother, and their affection evidently meets with a maternal response. She often says, "Mes pauvres chers Canadiens."—She requests them to get three or four verses of the Scriptures by heart every day. They, however, seldom commit less than fifteen, often twenty, sometimes thirty. The Priest cannot wrench the Bible from the heart.

Besides these children, Madame Feller meets with adults from twenty to sixty years of age, who are learning to read. They meet about six o'clock in the evening, and often continue till midnight. The spirit of enquiry is very strong; they desire earnestly to hear the gospel read to them. But, dear brother, where are all these meetings held? In Madame's little room of ten feet broad and about fifteen long. In this place she is shut up all the day, and all the night; and for at least fifteen hours of the twenty-four, it is full of scholars. Must not such accommodations speedily wear away a life of no ordinary value? Should not, then, something be done to get up a comfortable mission house that may serve as a school-room, meeting house, &c. It should be erected immediately. I have made a few applications to our Christian friends at the village of Champlain, at Plattsburgh, and Keeseville,—where the following donations, which I now hand you, were *cheerfully* accorded. Farther contributions for this object will be gratefully received and immediately applied. What we do, let us do quickly. Winter will be upon us in a short time; and we read that the wall of Jerusalem "was finished in fifty and two days," "because the people had a mind to work." Neh. vi. 15—iv. 6.

I shall probably trouble you with a few more remarks on this Mission

before next month. Meanwhile let us work, brother, and pray, for "the day is far spent, the night is at hand." Yours, in all glorious love,

JOHN GILMOUR.

Poetry.

FALSE AND TRUE HOPE.

Cease, hope, airy phantom, O cease to deceive me

With pictures of pleasures that yet may arise;
Tho' warn'd by experience, I still would believe thee,

And fondly presume on thy vision of lies.

How bright shines the picture, when by thee 'tis gilded

With Fancy's fair colours, alluring and gay:
Even clouds softly glow, when by thee they are tinged,

As the brow of the west, when descending is day.

But when we draw near, what in prospect delighted,

Exulting that *now* we shall *all* realize,—

Behold at our presence the bright scene is blighted—

The pain is *all* pain, but the beautiful dies.

Yet, O, far beyond this scene, wasteful and dreary,

Where tempests howl loud, ere the noon of the day,

Where each bud of joy, in the desert appearing,

Is wash'd by the surges forever away;

When, far 'yond this region of wide rolling sorrow,

Yon unclouded day hope transported describes,—

Then, then, she can tell of a joyful tomorrow,
Where more far than hop'd for, we *shall* realize.

ORIG.

G.

TRY ONCE MORE.

"We have toiled all night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." Luke v. 5.

As Peter, at his Lord's command,

Tho' all night long he toiled in vain,—