

must have experienced all the toils and hardships which they could possibly be called upon to endure. This divine child was to be their constant model and example. It behoved them to trace and follow His footsteps if they would hope to dwell with Him through a nightless and sorrowless eternity in His Father's many-mansioned house. They must imitate His obedience to His earthly parents, and above all the desire which he constantly showed to perform the behests of His Father who was in heaven. Thus would they be entitled to be called Christians in the fullest and holiest sense of the word;—and Jesus their shepherd, brother, would guide them from youth to manhood, and from manhood to the full time of grey hairs—unless in His wise love He sooner took them home to recline in His bosom for ever!

Here we close our short and simple annals of Grassdale, but perchance our young readers may occasionally obtain tidings of how matters proceed in the parish. Both Mr. Clarendon, and his right-hand Churchwarden, Charles Beverly has promised to write us occasionally, and the substance of their communications shall be duly recorded, when relating to subjects of general interest.

P.S.—We have received a letter from our friend Charles, in which he says that Mr. Growler made a sudden removal from Grassdale last week. Eloquently as he preached on the virtues and efficiency of the voluntary system, his congregation had been gradually becoming

“Small by degrees, and beautifully less,”

till at length it had reached the zero point of starvation. The *Tabernacle*, had been converted (continues Beverly) into a Sunday school room in connexion with the Church—and report says that the Deacon has become an itinerant lecturer against the Clergy Reserves!

## POETRY.

[Selected.]

## THE BLIND GIRL.

She sits in silence all the day,  
Our little gentle one,  
And basketh in the welcome ray  
Of the glorious summer sun;  
The warm beams falling on her brow  
Shed gladness through her mind,  
But ne'er may she their radiance know—  
The little one is blind.

Her small hands hold a blushing wreath  
Of lovely forest flowers—  
Oh, well she loves your fragrant breath,  
Sweet friends of summer hours!  
But not for her each gorgeous hue  
O'er your fair petals spread;  
Alike to her the violet's blue  
And rose's glowing red.

She looketh tow'ards the quiet sky  
In the still summer night,  
But vainly on her darkened eye  
Falleth the pale moonlight;  
In vain from their bright home above  
The peaceful stars gaze down—  
She knoweth not their looks of love  
From gathering tempest's frown.

A mother speaketh to her child  
In accents mild and sweet,  
A brother through the wood-path wild  
Guideth her wand'ring feet;  
Each kindly deed, each gentle tone  
Thrills to her heart's deep cell—  
What would she give to look upon  
The friends she loves so well!

And thou shalt see their faces yet,  
Stricken, yet blessed one!  
When all Earth's ransomed ones are met  
Before the Eternal Throne:  
The cloud that dims thy vision now  
Shall at a word be riven,  
And the first light thine eyes shall know  
Shall be—the light of heaven.

## MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

## MISSIONS IN MADRAS.

## THE COLEROON MISSION.

(Concluded from our last.)

“This Mission now stands as a monument of their piety, zeal, and charity; for as the expenses of this Mission are paid from no appropriated funds, it entirely owes its existence, under God, to the collections in this country by the M.D.C.S.P.G. It is but right, however, here to acknowledge the debt of gratitude which this Mission, as well as the Dindigul Mission, owes to the pious and time-honoured Missionary College at Halle for the liberal grant