

[Selected.]

INA'S HOME.—A PARABLE.

There was a child whose infant years, passed in a foreign land,
Far distant from her father's house, and her own household band;
Saw by report, she knew them not, and all her pleasure found
In the frail flowers she called her own, and the gay scenes around.

Oft towards his little absent one, the father's heart would yearn,
And many a loving word he sent, inviting her return;
She listened for a moment's space, then turned aside to play,
Saying, "All here is new and bright, call me not yet away."

"The land wherein my father dwells, is doubtless good and fair,
Peaceful and happy they may be, who seek their portion there;
I too will go, but not just now, oh, wait a little while;
Wait till this summer light shall fade, these friends shall cease to smile."

Gaily she spoke, but by and by a time of sorrow came,
The toys and flowers she prized so much, no longer looked the same,
She could not join the mazy dance, or sing the merry song;
Ina was no more glad of heart, the beautiful, the strong.

'Twas then, when her young hopes were crushed, her joys and comforts flown,
Then, when forsaken in her grief, she mourned and wept alone;
'Twas then her father's words of love, found echo in her heart,
'Twas then, obedient to his voice, she hastened to depart.

'Twixt Ina and the land she sought, rolled ocean's stormy wave,
Concealing in its soundless depths full many an unknown grave;
The child launched half despairingly upon the sparkling foam,
Oh, who o'er that wide troubled sea would guide her safely home.

Her father would, impelled by love, he watched the fragile bark;
He taught her unskilled hands to steer, o'er billows high and dark,
And when, lulled by deceitful calms, all heedlessly she slept,
A faithful and unwearying watch, that tender father kept.

Sometimes when on the sleeping sea, the moon-beams softly shone,
Ina thought all her conflicts o'er, her dangers past and gone;
She deemed the shore already gained, the wished-for haven won,
When yet its hills were all unseen, her voyage just begun.

When midnight reigned, and wintry winds blew cold, and rough, and high,
Ina forgot that her reward, her hour of rest drew nigh;
Oft o'er the waters' broad expanse, she turned a wistful gaze,
To that fair yet delusive land, where passed her early days.

'Twas well for Ina there was one, whose love could know no change,
A love her waywardness could ne'er, for one short hour, estrange;
A love which lighted up a track across the pathless main;
A love whose sympathy oft sought, was never sought in vain.

At length the kingly palaces of her bright home were near,
And ever as she onward sped, the view became more clear;
One foaming wave broke o'er her head, and then she reached the shore,
The blissful shore of that dear land, which she should leave no more.

J. T.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

MISSIONS IN MADRAS.

We have just received (says the *Colonial Church Chronicle*) the April number of a very interesting periodical, the *Madras Quarterly Missionary Journal*. Our readers will find much pleasure in perusing the following extracts from its pages, consisting of the annual reports of two Missionaries of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*, the Rev. A. F. Cammeron of Nazareth, Tinnevely, and the Rev. A. Johnson of Nangoor, Tanjore:—

REPORT OF THE REV. A. F. CAMMERON.

"The Nazareth Mission comprises at present seventeen villages. Fourteen of these are within two miles of my residence, so that, except in the monsoon, I have everything calculated to make the work of superintendence easy; while six of them consist entirely of Christians, that is, every one in them has either been baptized or is preparing for baptism. Such a state of things in any village is of the greatest advantage, for it enables the Missionary to carry out his plans and improvements more effectually than he would otherwise be able to do; and such congregations are invariably the more orderly and better behaved of any.

"On the list of the baptized I have 656 men, 715 women, and 999 children; and on the list of the unbaptized there are 432 men, 466 women, and 704 children, making in all 3,972 souls under my care. I can report favourably on the present religious state of my district. It is perhaps more satisfactory and cheering now than at any previous period. Although the ill-conduct and insubordinate and unsanctified spirit manifested, for the last six months, by a few unhappy individuals belonging to the Nazareth congregation, have been the source of much pain to me, still I see abundant cause for thankfulness in the success which has accompanied my labours during the past year. The Sunday services are as fully attended as before, and what is more pleasing, are better appreciated, and the word of God, preached and expounded, is not only listened to, but I have reason to believe, is by the blessing of God grafted inwardly in the hearts of many of my hearers. The attendance at Church, not only on the Sunday, but also dur-