

POETRY.

TO A DYING CHILD.

Depart, my child! the Lord thy spirit calls
To leave a world of wo;
Sad on my heart the Heavenly summons falls;
Yet, since He wills it so,
I calm the rising agitation,
And say with humble resignation,
"Depart, my child!"

Depart, my child! lent for a little while
Our drooping hearts to cheer;
Dear is thy loving voice, thy gentle smile—
Ah! who can tell how dear?
The sands are run, too quickly felling;
The Giver comes, His own recalling—
Depart, my child!

Depart, my child! enjoy in Heaven's pure day
What Earth must still deny;
Here many a storm awaits thy longer way,
And many a tear thine eye.
Go where the flowers have never faded,
Where love may smile unchilled, unshaded—
Depart, my child!

Depart, my child! soon shall we meet again
In the good land of rest;
Thou goest, happy one! ere grief or pain
Have reached thy gentle breast.
Happy, our thorny path forsaking,
From life's vain dream so early waking—
Depart, my child!

Depart, my child! angels are bending down
To set thy spirit free;
The Saviour holds in Heaven the golden crown
He won on earth for thee.
Yes! now in Him thou art victorious;
Go, share His rest, and triumph glorious—
Depart, my child!

SONG FOR THE WEARY.

Heart, be still!
In the darkness of thy wo
Bow thou silently and low;
Comes to thee whate'er God will—
Be thou still!

Be thou still!
Vainly all thy words are spoken
Till the word of God hath broken
Life's dark mysteries, good or ill—
Be thou still!

Rest thou still!
'Tis thy Father's work of grace,
Wait thou yet before His face,
He thy sure deliverance will—
Keep thou still!

Lord, my God!
By Thy grace, O, may I be
All submissive, silently,
To the chastening of Thy rod—
Lord, my God!

Shepherd, King!
From Thy fulness grant to me
Still yet fearless faith in Thee,
Till from night the day shall spring—
Shepherd, King!

STANZAS.

The following lines, written by an English lady, are taken from a little work entitled "Missionary Lays."

O, to be ready
When death shall come!
O, to be ready
To hasten Home!

There were not wanting, either in England or in India, writers and speakers to attribute this calamity to the alarm excited in the breasts of the people by the movements of the very few missionaries who were then suffered to pursue their peaceful calling in the Company's territories. The people of India, it was said, believing that their ancestral faith was threatened by the European usurpers, had risen up against their conquerors, and murdered them in their beds. This was but a foretaste, it was prophesied, of greater horrors to come. If the Bible were not shelved, and the missionaries recalled, the cantonments of the White Men, from one end of India to the other, would be deluged with Christian blood. Reason and candour could not but pronounce all this a monstrous fable. But to many prejudiced minds it was too acceptable not to be readily taken on trust, and the fiction found favour in London, no less than in Calcutta and Madras.

The currency which the fiction acquired for itself disquieted the "Puritans of the India House." It could not stand the touch of reason, it is true; but fictions that cannot stand the touch of reason are often very long-lived and robust, for there are thousands and tens of thousands of people who never reason at all. It was easy for such a man as Charles Grant to explode the error in a few argumentative sentences; but he was too sagacious not clearly to perceive the mischief of its dissemination:—

"I most of all suffer," he wrote, "from the absurd, malevolent and wicked stories which the weak, the prejudiced, the enemies of Christianity, have poured forth on this occasion to discredit, to bring into suspicion, to blacken as dangerous and mischievous, the few poor and assuredly harmless efforts which have been made, under the British Governments, to introduce the light of the Gospel into India. Greater efforts were made by other nations, centuries anterior to our ascendancy there. The natives have seen converts made to Christianity, though in small numbers, from age to age. No influence to disturb the public peace has ever followed. In our time what perfect indifference have the generality of the Europeans shown to the religion they call theirs—what complacency in the superstitions of the country—how utterly abhorrent of everything that looked like compulsion! What have the few missionaries labouring there done but proposed a message of peace in the language and temper of peace, reason and affection? Was there a missionary, or a chaplain, or any ostensible advocate for Christianity, anywhere near Vellore? But I am hurrying into a subject which requires to be treated with deliberation and seriousness. All the disaffected to the propagation of the Gospel, among our own people both in India and here, take this opportunity to speak of the danger of allowing missionaries to exercise their functions in India. Doubtless prudence and discretion are always necessary in that work—they are particularly so now; but, if from unworthy fears we should disavow our religion, or even be led to silence all attempts to communicate it to our subjects in a mild, rational way, I should fear that the Great Author of that religion would be provoked to withdraw His protection there from us."—*Kaye's Administration of the East India Company.*

"Wherefore be still, quite still. Consider how fierce and keen the wind often blows upon thee between the heaven and the earth, but still the warm sun beams upon thee, constant and changeless through it all. And so also does our merciful God shine with His light into the quiet soul; and, when His light is there, all is good, but, when it is not there, all is evil, both within and without, when He from whom it comes is not present with His goodness in all things."—*Religion in Earnest.*

No earthward clinging,
No lingering gaze;
No strife at parting,
No sore amaze.

No chains to sever,
That earth had twined:
No spell to loosen
That love would bind.

No flitting shadow
To dim the light
Of angel pinions,
Winged for flight.

No cloud-like phantom
To fling a gloom
'Twixt Heaven's bright portals
And Earth's dark tomb.

But sweetly, gently,
To pass away
From the world's dim twilight
Into day!

To listen to the music
Of angel lyres!
To catch the rapture
Of seraph fires!

To lean in trust
On the Risen One,
Till borne away
To a fadeless Throne!

O, to be ready
When death shall come!
O, to be ready
To hasten Home!

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