

Esq., of London, who has recently afforded by his ship *Alice Maud*, to Madras, the free conveyance of twelve large iron pillars prepared by Messrs Rothwell & Co, of Bolton, for the intended new chapel for native converts at Royapettah.

On the premises at Royapettah a substantial brick and tiled building has been erected for the accommodation of the Tamil Girls' Boarding and Day-School, under the care of Mrs Roberts and Mrs Hardey. Private contributions have been given towards this object to the amount of 1,474 Rupees, including the proceeds of a Bazaar; and it is expected that the balance still due will be raised by similar exertions. The Report received of the Societies and Schools both English and Native, at *Blacktown, Madras*, are encouraging to our hopes for the future.

At *Negapatam*, a Catechumen Class has been added to the means previously at work on that station. At *Trichinopoly*, the new Chapel is still in progress of erection. At *Bangalore*, about fifty have been added to the Society during the year. The total increase on the District has been One Hundred and Thirty. There are Three Hundred and Thirty-three Members in the Society, about one-third of whom are Natives, and One Thousand and Ninety-eight Children in the Schools, in the Madras District.

The Mission in the Mysore District has suffered a further reduction in number by the removal of the Rev Joseph Morris, who has been obliged to leave India for the recovery of his health. The Missionaries have concentrated their labours in *Bangalore* itself.

Mr Garrett continues to take charge of the Press, from which issued in the year 1850 nearly fifty thousand religious Tracts and School books, in Canarese and in English; comprising nearly Two Millions of pages. Mr E J Hardey will undertake the pastoral oversight of the Mission; Mr Sanderson devotes much of his time to the Revision of the Canarese translation of the Holy Scriptures; and Mr Glanville superintends the United English and Canarese Educational Institution. Whilst each Missionary has thus assigned to him an important department of the great work of the Mission, they all engage in the daily task of preaching the Gospel to the Natives, and in occasional ministrations to the resident English population. . . . . The residence of Missionaries for the past ten or twelve years at the City of *Mysore*, at *Goobbee* and *Toomkoor*, and at *Coonghul*, has had the effect of spreading wide among the heathen the knowledge of the truth of God. By these means the natives have also had under their immediate observation for many successive years the purity and zeal of the character of the Christian Missionary. Ezra, the Brahmin convert, baptised at Mysore three years ago; Abraham, a Poojari, or sacrificer, baptised at Goobbee in 1846; Daniel and his family also of Goobbee, two of whose younger sons, Timothy and Samuel, are preparing for future usefulness, and several others, may be mentioned as the fruits of the labour thus bestowed. Very extensive tours for preaching through the towns and villages, and for the distribution of Christian books and Tracts have been undertaken during the year; and the Schools at the several stations have repaid the labour bestowed upon them."

### Family Circle.

Stephen Archer;

OR, FATHER SAYS WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

BY OLD ALAN GRAY.

"Well, Stephen Archer, I see that you are going home from your Sunday school, and I hope you are taking away something that will be of use to you. A sad pity it is that the parents of Sunday scholars do not help their children more than they usually do, by setting them a good example, and by carrying on the work of instruction; and thus it is—

That so many people adopt a bad rule, And forget at home that they learn at the school.

"I know, Stephen, that your parents are

of a different sort. I know that your father is an upright, thinking man, and your mother a pious woman; and that is one reason why, with God's blessing, you are going on so well as you are. If all parents were like yours, it would strengthen the hands, and be a cordial to the hearts of teachers; and they need it, for they have many discouragements. I dare say, Stephen, that your father often talks to you kindly, and points out the changes that have taken place in the world, as well as the only way to a better. Tell me, Stephen, in what way he talks to you."

"Father says when he was a boy—but that must be a long while ago, for his hair is grey now—there used to be bull-baiting, and badger baiting, and cock-fighting at wakes and fairs; but these cruel sports have been long since set aside. He has not heard of a bull-baiting for many years."

"I dare say not. That is just the way that I should have expected your father to talk, Stephen."

"Father says when he was a boy soldiers used to go about the streets beating up for recruits. The drummer and fifer made noise enough to be heard a mile, and the serjeant marched along at the head of his men, with a purse of gold, stuck on the point of his drawn sword. 'Now is the time,' said he, 'for all fine, spirited young men who wish to serve their king and country.' We hear but little about beating up for soldiers now."

"Very little, and the less the better."

"Father says when he was a boy in many places they used to send out a pressgang to lay hold of those who had been at sea. Many a young fellow who was living at home with his mother and father, his sister and brother, was taken by force, hurried on board a king's ship, and kept there for years against his will; but who hears of such things now?"

"Who indeed! We can hardly think now that such things could have ever happened."

"Father says when he was a boy there used to be a good deal of flogging among soldiers and sailors, and that men used to be hung for highway robbery, housebreaking, forgery, and many other things; but now none are hung except for murder, and the cat-o'-nine tails has gone out of fashion."

"That is true, and it would be well if it never comes into fashion again."

"Father says when he was a boy it was a common thing to see a man stand in the pillory, or set in the stocks; but he says, common as it was then, it would be a very uncommon thing now."

"It would indeed, and attract great attention."

"Father says when he was a boy the streets and shops used to be lighted up with oil lamps, which gave but little light; but that now the streets are light up with gas light, and in some of the first-rate shops you may almost see to pick up a pin."

"Yes, that you may, and a good light by night, is not only a good comfort, but also a great protection."

"Father says when he was a boy he once went up to London by the waggon in four days, and now he could go up by the railroad in less than four hours. He says he used to pay a shilling postage when he had a letter from his uncle, and that now a dozen letters would only cost him the same money."

"These changes are very much for the better, and very thankful should we be for them."

"Father says when he was a boy the quickest way of sending a message a long way was to write a letter by the post, or to tie it under the wing of a pigeon, that had been brought from the place, and let the bird at liberty; but now you may send it by the telegraph in two minutes, and thereby save more than as many hours."

"Yes, the electric telegraph is a wonderful invention, and confers great benefits on mankind."

"Father says when he was a boy bibles were scarce, that Sunday schools were just beginning to show themselves, and as for a ragged school, you might have looked about from John o' Groat's to the Isle of Wight, and not found one after all. He says he should not like to be obliged to count the

bibles now, nor the Sunday scholars, nor the ragged school scholars either."

"It would be rather a difficult task."

"Father says there are two texts in the Bible that ought to be written on every heart. 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,' Rom. iii. 23; and, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' 1 Tim. i. 15. And he says, too, that if he had a dozen young children, and was about to die, he would leave them all this piece of advice for a legacy, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' Eccles. xiii. 1. Father is not a rich man nor a great man, but he is a good man, and that is worth the other two put together."

"You are right, Stephen, you are right."

"Father says that now bull-baiting and pressgangs are done away, and hardly any soldiering going on; now hanging and flogging are so little practised, and the pillory and stocks so little used; that now the streets are lighted up with gas; now we can send a letter to the Land's End for a penny, and go there ourselves, if we like, for a penny a mile, to say nothing of sending messages by the telegraph; and while young people can get bibles for a trifle, and go to the Sunday school and the ragged school for nothing, there ought to be ten times more good boys among us than there ever were. I think so too, and what is more than that, I will try to make one."

"That is the very thing, Stephen, I wish all fathers were like yours, and that we had in our Sunday school, a thousand scholars of the same mind as Stephen Archer."

### Sabbath School Fruit.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NANNY CAW," &c.

A few months after I began to take an interest in the sabbath school at —, a little girl one morning made her appearance who was unknown to me. She was about nine years of age, and so very ignorant, that there was no hesitation in at once placing her in the junior class of the school. I inquired her name and place of residence, and was told her parents lived in a secluded and distant part of the parish. They were very poor, and almost constantly out at day labour.

I was, however, determined to try and gain admittance to their dwelling, and it was not long before I prepared myself for the undertaking; and an undertaking truly it was, for my path lay along a lonely seashore, bounded on one side by high cliffs, on the other by the Solway, whose rapid tides completely covered the sands except for a short time of each day.

It was a stormy November day, but I succeeded in reaching the cottage, which I found to be a rude, ill-built hovel, its gray wall in perfect keeping with the scene around. One blasted thorn bush, the only mark of vegetation in the neighbourhood, grew by its side. I had recently returned from England, and the remembrance of its rose-clad cottages forced itself on my mind, in vivid contrast with the scene before me. I stood for a few minutes before entering the house, and looked back on the way I had come. The wild waves were now dashing up against the rocks I had passed, and sending their white spray even to the spot where I stood.

I entered the cottage, and there stood before a woman stern in form and feature. I entered into conversation with her, but her heart seemed cold and hard as the rocks which surrounded her, and her ignorance and self-righteousness were even greater than usual in that benighted corner.

When I left her house, I felt sad and dispirited. In such a visit there was indeed no pleasure, but I resolved to persevere in what I felt was duty, and hoped my next call might prove more welcome than this one appeared.

During the course of the winter, her little boy became ill, and it was soon evident that he could not long survive. I often went to see him, and the little fellow listened with interest to all I said, although he seldom spoke or expressed his feelings. His mother appeared, however, pleased with my attention to the child, and now always received me with civility.

After the boy's death, I went less frequently to the cottage, and I soon removed

from the neighbourhood for some months.

On my return home the following summer, I was told Mrs. K — was ill, and took an early opportunity of visiting her. Very different now was the scene from what it had been when I last looked upon it. A bright summer sun bathed the whole landscape in light, and the rising tide was undisturbed by a single ripple.

I entered the cottage, and was at once struck by its changed aspect. An air of order and quiet pervaded it, and cleanliness had taken the place of the dirt and confusion that had formerly existed.

I found the woman was better, and now being able to sit up, but there was little to be gathered from her manner, until I was rising to leave her, when I put a little book into her hand. In a moment the ice was broken. "I need not thank you," she said, "for the trouble you take, for I now know the Master you serve, and he is mine also."

I was rejoiced to hear her speak in this manner, but surprised also, for a few months before no one in the neighbourhood had appeared more ignorant or impenetrable.

In answer to my inquiries of how she had been led to the knowledge of Him "whom to know is life eternal," she told me about the time of her child's death, she became deeply anxious about the state of her soul.

There was no place of worship near enough to her cottage to admit of her attending it, and she knew not where to seek the instruction for which she so much longed—the Bible was to her a sealed book, and for a time she remained in hopeless despondency.

But He who said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," did not long leave her to stumble upon the dark mountains. She soon discovered that her little girl understood more than she of the subjects that now filled her thoughts, and eagerly made the child repeat to her all that she heard at the Sabbath school. Week by week the mother and child thus learnt together—together they sought the scriptures for the proofs of each doctrine taught, and together they committed to memory the verses to be repeated.

At length the mother's interest became so great, that she could no longer wait the return of her child from school, but crowded the fields to meet her, and receive the words of instruction while yet fresh in her little Mary's mind. "Gather up the fragments that remain," said our Redeemer, "that nothing be lost." Here, of the crumbs that fell by the wayside were gathered baskets full for the provision of this hungry soul. I left the house with a thankful heart, and as I walked home by the quiet sea-shore, could not but praise His power, who not only stilleth the raging of the waves, but who can say to the wilder storms that war within the human breast, "Peace, be still; and immediately there is a great calm."

### Care you not for the Little Voyager.

How difficult it is to induce mothers to think of their responsibility; and how seldom do any of us realise the fact, that no influence can reach our infant children but our own! Mother! is it, indeed, true that you will mould the mind of that boy of yours? Do you believe it? And are you acting upon this belief? Oh! if we could persuade you to follow the example of good Hannah, the Hebrew mother, and consecrate your dear ones to the service of the Lord, and train them for it; if you would only pray earnestly for their conversion, and take pains to instruct them, to impress upon them religious truth, to set before them an example of consistent godliness—telling them of the world's deceitful ways, of Satan's fiery darts, of the enemy they always carry in their own bosoms,—an evil heart of unbelief,—and use every means within your reach to win them to Christ,—oh, then, what could withstand such a moral influence? What should we care for error, if the mind were filled with Divine truth? What should we care for a little storm, if an anchor were cast within the veil? Satan might rage—the world might laugh—and even "Bulls" might be issued to disturb our liberty, or our peace; but what then?—the still small voice from Hea-