

She then heard one of the men tell the other she was to be put to death the next morning at cock-crow, and she gave herself up again to Christ, looking for fresh strength to bear the trial.

Her hour of death, however, was not quite so near. In the middle of the night she was led out for execution; but just as they were going to kill her, a great fire was seen to break out in the capital, and terrified the people. All the men ran away to put it out, and Rafaravavy was forgotten till the sun was up, and then the superstitions of the country would not allow them to put her to death. She was now kept in irons for five months, and the pain she suffered was very great, for she could not move an inch either day or night. She was kept in a solitary house, and a light was put in the window to tell the people there was one there under sentence of death. Every body thought each day would be her last, and one day a man came to tell her to prepare, for they were boiling water in which to scald her to death, but it turned out to be a mistake. During her confinement she was sometimes visited by her Christian friends, who did all they could to cheer her, and would sit down and read to her portions of the Bible in a low tone, so that the soldiers might not hear. She often spoke to the soldiers about their souls, and one of them was much impressed, and has since, it is believed, become a Christian also.

In the course of five months, the man, in whose house she was confined, wanted it for some heathen feast, and, to get rid of her, the Queen ordered her to be sold into slavery. In this slavery she was worked very hard, but her mistress and master were very kind to her, and she could find time, when her work was done, to retire for reading and prayer. This was to her a great privilege, and, though separated from all she loved, she felt very thankful for it. We will resume her history in our next.

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A little Indian Girl, seven years old, once expressed herself thus:—"I have sometimes heard of Christ, and :