

copies in the earth—precious seed for a future harvest when the storm should have spent its fury.

They had done their work none too soon or too speedily ; and now their expulsion was decreed, and for twenty-five years Protestant missionaries were exiles. The translators of the Bible were driven from Madagascar, but the Bible they had translated was not so easily driven away. In the story of that martyr church two facts stand out like opposing mountain peaks on a landscape—like Gerizim, the mount of blessing, and Ebal, the mount of curse, at the gateway to the plains of Sychar—the intense hatred of the persecuting queen and her court toward the new Bible, and the equally intense love and devotion of the Hova martyrs toward that hated and proscribed book.

History furnishes few more pathetic tales of heroism, even where touched with the pencil of romantic fancy, than is found in the martyr church of Madagascar. The blessed Book had to be treasured in secret, and in secret read and studied. Discovery meant the sure destruction of the book, and the almost equally sure death of the possessor. Every copy of the Bible was therefore kept and read at risk of life. A quarter of a century is a long period of testing ; but they stood the test. When some of the Bibles were found, as they were, and committed to the flames, they hid the rest in trunks of trees and in rock caves, and many of them committed large portions to memory, that at least one imperishable record might be preserved which no fire could destroy. And, when the missionaries once more found welcome at Madagascar, very few complete Bibles were left ; perhaps not more than a dozen or so survived ; and with these was associated a most pathetic interest. They were thumbed and worn into shreds, or patched and so preserved, but treated as precious relics that no price could buy ; and he was counted specially happy who could produce even a few leaves of the sacred Word, however soiled or ragged through much use, or mildewed with the mould of the damp place where they had been secreted.

The revision of this early translation supplies in its way a story scarcely less romantic. On December 1st, 1873, eight foreigners and three natives began a work, not completed until thirteen years later, of retranslation. When the first Bible had been prepared, the knowledge of the language had been so imperfect that, as in all other similar cases, errors had inevitably crept in, and it became necessary to prepare another version, embodying all the results of later and more accurate scholarship. On that new Revision Committee five denominations of Christians were represented, all working in loving harmony during all the years of the work, though only two Europeans and one native, who were members at the inception, remained on the committee until its completion.

The meetings were held on Wednesdays, and two sittings of three hours each were given to the task. So slowly and carefully was the work done that a day was sometimes spent on a dozen verses, though sometimes