

seven years ago, she gave the most satisfactory evidence of the power of the Gospel in its transforming influence, and in her whole deportment honourably exemplified the Christian character. In the summer of 1836, her faith and patience were put to a severe test, endured the trial, and were found more precious than gold though tried with fire. An accusation was laid against her before the Government by some of her slaves, of her having observed the Sabbath, retained and read a copy of the Scriptures, and conversed with some of her companions on religious subjects. These were the crimes laid to her charge. She denied not, but confessed the truth of the accusation, and neither the grey hairs of a parent, a zealous idolator, could persuade, nor the frowning threats of the Sovereign could terrify her into an abandonment of her profession. In daily prospects of death, she then remarked to a beloved friend, to whom she was accustomed, amidst mutual tears, to pour out the feelings of her heart, that as to her life she felt indifferent; that if her blood were to be shed on the land, she trusted it might be the means of kindling such a feeling of interest in Madagascar as should never be extinguished.

The Queen did not, at that time, think fit to inflict on her the punishment of death. She was condemned to "very ilany," that is, a pecuniary fine was imposed, equivalent to half the amount of her estimated value if sold into slavery; and she was severely threatened, and warned, that though her life was spared, she should be taught a lesson not to trifle with the edict of the Queen."

Scarcely could a more striking example of Christian forgiveness and meekness be found in all the records of the Church, than she displayed on this trying occasion. While many of the members of her family, indignant with the accusers, as slaves, who ill requited former kindness, threatened punishment, she assured them, on her liberation, that she cherished no resentment, but freely and fully forgave them. She sought Divine mercy on their behalf, earnestly admonished them, affectionately prayed with them, sought to lead them to repentance, and directed them to the Saviour. Her exemplary Christian spirit towards her accusers, besides forming a further proof of the reality and the elevation of her piety, has also left satisfactory evidence that her holy labours were not in vain.

After this sketch of her career, it will not create surprise to hear that the continued persecution, which has now burst forth with increased violence, should have found her among its earliest victims. Rafaravavy has the honor of being the first martyr of Madagascar. It was near her residence that the prohibited books—the Scriptures, with other publications issued from the Missionary press—were found. On her the vengeance of the Sovereign has been inflicted, and she has fallen under the spear of the public executioner; but her spirit has joined the company of the redeemed in glory, who have come out of great tribulation. Her last moments are thus described in a letter from Mr. Johns:

"On the books being found near her house, her entire property was given up to plunder, her person secured, and her hands and feet loaded with heavy rings. She was menaced in vain during a period of from eight to ten days, to induce her to impeach her companions. She remained firm, and perfectly composed; and was put to death by spearing on the 14th of August, 1837. She had said repeatedly by letter to her friend Mrs. Johns, 'Do not fear on my account. I am ready and prepared to die for Jesus, if such be the will of God.' She was most wonderfully supported to the last moments of her life. Her age at the time of her death was thirty-eight years. Many even of the old people, remarked that they had never seen one so 'stubborn' as Rafaravavy, for although the Queen forbade her to pray, she did pray even when in irons, and continued to preach Christ

to the officers and the crowd that followed her for nearly three quarters of a mile, from the place of public condemnation to the place of common execution. Here she continued to pray and to exhort all around her to believe in Jesus Christ, even till the executioners spear-thrust through her body, deprived her of the power of utterance."

In relation to her death, Mr. Baker justly remarks:—"Never in the annals of the Church did a Christian martyr suffer from motives more pure, simple, and unmixed with earthly alloy. She had never heard of any after-glory of martyrdom on earth. No external splendour had been cast around the subject in her mind, by reading any lives of martyrs. All was to her obloquy and contempt. Her own father and relatives to the very last accused her of *stubbornness*. The people generally regarded her as stubborn, and worthy of punishment even on that account. She had no earthly friends to support and cheer her. She was not poor in outward circumstances, and by recantation, and by humbling herself to beg pardon of the Queen, she might very probably have saved her life. But her whole heart, as her letters testify, was filled with the love of Jesus. She endured as seeing Him who is invisible. Her letters are composed principally of passages from the gospels and epistles, and these doubtless, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, were the entire support of her mind in the last hour of trial. If 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church,' we may trust that Rafaravavy will not have died in vain. She died directly and exclusively in defence of the Gospel.

#### THE MELANGE.

BOAST OF ENGLAND.—England is an exceedingly proud nation; and it would be the greatest moral anomaly in the history of the world, if she were not—for never had any other nation so much to be proud of as England, whose "morning drum-beat," to adopt the beautiful sentiment of our own Webster, "keeping pace with all the hours of the day, never ceases to proclaim her martial glories!" She is proud of her own little island, and the more so, because it is *little* and yet so *mighty*. She is proud of her London, her Liverpool, her Manchester, and all her great manufacturing towns and districts. She is proud of her princely merchants, of her immense commerce, of her enormous wealth, and even of her national debt—for what other nation on the globe, she exultingly demands, could pay the interest of such a debt, without any perceptible check to its prosperity? She is proud of her navy, of her dockyards, of her arsenals, and of her Greenwich palace for invalid pensioners. She is proud of her vast foreign possessions and dependencies—of her Quebec and her Gibraltar—of her tributary princes and emancipated islands. She is proud of her Parliament, her Westminster Hall, and Westminster Abbey—of her Drakes and Nelsons and Malboroughs and Wellingtons—of her statesmen and orators and poets—of her Coke, her Littleton, her Bacon, her Newton, her Butler, her Locke, her Davy, her Arkwright, and a thousand other illustrious names, that adorn the pages of her history. She is proud of what she *has been*—proud of what she *is*—proud of the anticipated verdict of posterity in her favour—and last, though not least, she is beginning to be proud of her once wayward daughter on this side of the Atlantic, though she is still too proud, very openly to confess it; and probably will never forget how much trouble and expense and mortification the elopement cost her. After all, it may be confidently anticipated, that if the mother keeps out of a querulous dotage, and the daughter treats her with a respect due to her maternity, she will soon recognise the relationship, with all the heartiness for which she is distinguished, when she is quite sure she can indulge her maternal yearnings without any sacrifice to her dignity.—*Dr. Humphrey's Tour.*—(From an American Paper.)

#### EXTRACT OF A LETTER WESTER

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