

which crowded upon her mind, all proved too much for her, and she burst into tears. What a solemn lesson was that mourning Queen in the midst of that grand ceremony, how her presence, felt rather than seen, bade that magnificent assemblage remember the future. It is too late in the month to write more extendedly upon the subject, we may return to it again. Meanwhile, as twenty-three years ago, we shouted, "God bless Albert and Victoria," so now, with as much hearty earnestness, we write, "God bless Albert and Alexandra!"

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What is SCHISM? Worcester defines it to be division, discord, disunion, and marks 1 Cor. xii. 25, as an illustration; those, therefore, who cause division and disunion are undoubtedly schismatics, are to be avoided and rejected. Such have just shewn themselves to be a party in the Church of England, who, headed by the Bishop of Oxford and the Bishop of Cape Town, propose to thrust into Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, a body of Episcopal teachers; the certain result, if not the determined object of whose mission, must be to cause strifes and divisions in the infant churches in that city, to present the sad spectacle to the natives, of a class of men denouncing as unauthorised teachers and dangerous, those who have been the means, under God, of converting the brave confessors and the "noble army of martyrs," who in the times of persecution, now happily past, gave such noble testimony of their faith, and to whose ministrations is owing whatever of Christianity and civilisation now exist. Can anything be conceived more disastrous, or more likely to check the progress of the faith, and to afford a triumph to the heathen? Surely Queen Ranavalana was ignorant and short-sighted. She wanted to destroy Christianity from the island, and she tried the ordeal of the tangena; she tried death by spearing, by crucifixion, by burning, but all was unavailing. Had she known, the more effectual way would have been to have let the teachers remain, and have invited the ultra-tractarians to send over a bevy of their episcopally ordained ministers; then there would have been hope that the disunion and strife between the two parties might have accomplished what persecution did not and never can. Let us glance a moment at the facts of the case. Forty years ago the London Missionary Society despatched their first Missionaries to Madagascar, there they laboured for a number of years, God owning and blessing their work; at length came the sad events now so well known among us, of the accession of the late Queen, the prohibition of the Christian religion, the expulsion of the Missionaries, and the long series of terrible cruelties against the believers which followed. But the Missionaries had left behind them that which no persecution could destroy, nor queenly edict could touch, the faith of the living God in the hearts of the converts. They were few comparatively—not over two hundred—but they were earnest and sincere, and counted not their lives dear unto them. The stories of Rafaravavy, of Rasalama, of Rafaralah, and others, are now household treasures in thousands of Christian families. They did not forget their teachers, but from time to time, as opportunity offered, sent them messages of love and remembrance, couched in the most touching and simple language. At length the Queen died, and a Prince, whose antecedents were all favourable to freedom and to Christianity, ascended the throne. The London Missionary