

Tamatave, to tell their friends that they were come, and were hidden in the wood by the side of a lake. In the evening their friend sent a boat for them, and they got safely to his house. He was a rich man, and treated them very kindly, but they were forced to hide most closely, as the town was full of soldiers, and people looking out for them. In a few days the ship arrived to take them off; but it was very difficult to get them to the shore, for they had to walk down through the soldiers that were watching for them. Their friend cut off all their hair, and dressed them like sailors. He then went, and engaged the soldiers in conversation; and while he was entertaining them with stories, the Christians passed down beside them, got into the boat, and went off to the ship. The captain weighed anchor directly, and as he did so, shouted aloud. "The business is over! all is safe!" The Christians were overcome with joy, and joined together in a sweet song of praise. The breeze wafted the echo of it to the shore, their persecutors heard it; but their prey was now beyond their reach.

Poetry.

Christ the Hope of His People.

In all my troubles, sharp and strong,
 My soul to Jesus flies;
 My anchor hold is firm in him,
 When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,
 I trust a faithful God;
 The sure foundation of my hope,
 Is in my Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
 To thy Redeemer's name;
 In joy and sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.