

A PICTURE THAT MADE A MISSIONARY.

There has seldom been given a better illustration of the influence of pictures than is afforded by a story which accompanies the engraving on this page. The Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Madagascar, said in a recent speech that when he was a boy, only seven years of age, he saw a picture in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, representing the martyrdom of Christians in Madagascar by throwing them from a high rock to the plain below. The picture, with its story, impressed the lad so much that he said to his teacher, "Oh! teacher, if ever I am a man I will go and be a missionary there." Seventeen years after this, when he had finished his studies and was ready for service, he said, "Of course I go to Madagascar, because that story made me a missionary." A late number of the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* has reproduced the picture, and we have here a copy of it. It shows how, in the days of persecution in Madagascar, the Christians were suspended by a rope over a precipice, and after hanging there for a while, the rope was cut, letting the victims fall to meet instant death. Many Christians perished in this way, and others were speared or poisoned. Some of the brightest stories of faithfulness, even unto death, are to be found in the history of the converts in Madagascar. The government of this great island, which has an area somewhat greater than that of England, Scotland and Ireland combined, was determined to crush out the new religion and the Queen gave repeated orders that every person found praying or reading the Bible should be put to death. Notwithstanding all this the number of converts increased, and the Queen's only son, named Rakotondrama, then but seventeen years of age, sided with the Christians. The Prime Minister said to the Queen, "Madam, your son is a Christian; he prays with the Christians, and encourages them in this new doctrine. We are lost if your Majesty do not stop the prince in this strange way." But the Queen would not destroy her son. Afterward the Prime Minister addressed the prince, "Young man, your head must fall, for you show that you also are a Christian." "Yes," he replied, "I am a Christian, and if you will, you may put me to death, for I must pray." Although the Prime Minister relented at the time, the persecutions went on until God touched the heart of the present Queen. There is no longer any outward hinderance in Madagascar to those who would follow Christ, and already there are more than a quarter of a million of people who assemble Sabbath by Sabbath in Christian churches.

This picture is interesting as showing how the gospel triumphs

over darkness and cruelty. On the very spot here represented the scene of such bitter hatred to Christians and Christian truth, now stands a church. At a meeting in that church the present Prime Minister, an earnest Christian, is reported as saying:—

"Standing upon this spot years and years ago there were gathered together some officers of the kingdom. My father was there and a little girl was brought before him. My father looked at that little girl, and said, 'Take the child away; she is a fool.' The little girl raised herself, and said, 'No, sir, I am no fool; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ. Throw me over.' My father the second time said, 'Take the child away, she is a fool.' She said, 'No, sir, I am no fool; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ. 'Throw me over.' She was accordingly hurled



MARTYRS IN MADAGASCAR.

over the rock. It might seem as if that little girl's life availed nothing. She died young, but the witness she gave for Christ was not in vain. If she did nothing more, we can see that the pictured story of that persecution made a missionary of one of the few noble men who are now, under God's blessing, making Madagascar a Christian land. She may have accomplished more by her early death than she could have done by a long life.—*Missionary Herald*.

WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS DID.

"What in the world are you going to do with that old thing?" said Katy Bland to a playmate whom she met carrying a coarse sieve.

"I'm taking it to Mrs. Weaver," replied the little girl, whose name was Ellen Hartley.

"What does she want with an old sieve?" asked Katy.

"Mother sent me this morning to see how her sick baby was," answered the little girl, "and while I was there, poor Mrs. Weaver said they were out of coal, but that if she had a sieve she could get enough from the ash-heap in her yard to last for two or three weeks. So I'm going to lend her our ash sieve."

"Why doesn't Mr. Weaver buy a load of coal? It's a shame!" said Katy. "He's at work over in the quarry, and gets a dollar and a half for every day's work. I've heard father say so."

"He drinks. That's the reason," replied Ellen, cutting her words short, and speaking with an indignant emphasis.

"What a dreadful thing it is to get drunk!" said Katy, her face growing serious. "I wish there

body. What's the use of those drinking-saloons as they call them? Can anybody tell? I'm sure I don't see. The baker gives us bread to eat, the shoemaker shoes to wear, and all the storekeepers something good or useful for our money; but the saloon-keeper has only a fiery poison, as I once heard Mr. Adams say, for his customers, which they drink to their shame and sorrow. I'm only a little girl, but I can understand all this to be wrong. The people ought to shut up the grog-shops. If the drinking ones won't do it, the sober ones should. I'm sure it would be better, for then the drinking ones would have to keep sober."

"And the boys couldn't get any beer or whisky," said Ellen. "What do you think? Only yesterday I saw Harry Jacobs coming out of Maloy's saloon."

"You did?"

"Yes indeed," answered Ellen.

"Oh, that's dreadful, isn't it? He's such a nice boy."

And the two little girls looked sorrowfully at each other.

"If I was only a man," spoke up Katy, after standing silent for a little while, "I'd do something. I tell you I would!"

"What?" asked Ellen.

"I don't know just what I would do, but I'd do something. Just to think of all the men in town letting fifteen or twenty other men, who are too lazy to work, set up grog-shops and beer-saloons just to make people drunk; it isn't right no way you can think of it, and you can't make it right. Don't you suppose the men could stop this if they would? A thousand men are stronger than twenty."

"I'm so sorry for the boys," said Ellen. "Harry Jacobs is such a nice little fellow, and so is Will Lyon. Almost every day I see them coming out of Maloy's saloon. To think of their growing up and becoming drunkards! I feel so sad about it that I can't help crying sometimes;" and tears actually fell over the cheeks of this tender-hearted girl.

"If we were men!" exclaimed Katy, her face flushed with excitement.

"But we are only little girls," answered Ellen, mournfully.

"Maybe little girls could do something if they tried," suggested Katy.

"I'd try for one, hard enough, if I knew just what to do," said Ellen.

For a few moments the two children stood looking into each other's faces.

"It just comes into my mind," said Katy, "what our Sunday-school teacher told us last Sunday. She said that God does good in the world by human agents—that is, by men, and women, and children—and that if we want to do good He will show us the way. And she said, too, that the poorest and weakest little girl, with God

was no liquor, nor any taverns in the land. Why don't people shut them up? They do no good, and ever so much harm."

"That's just what I said to father this morning," returned Ellen.

"Didn't he say they ought to be shut up?"

"No, not just that. I hardly know what he said. Something about letting every one be free to do right or wrong, but I couldn't understand it."

"I can tell you what I do understand," spoke out Katy, a warm flush coming into her face.

"What?" asked her friend.

"Why, that if Mr. Weaver could find no place where they sold liquor, he wouldn't get drunk; and if he didn't spend his money for drink, he could buy coal, and not leave his wife to sift over an old ash-heap for something with which to make a fire. That I can understand as well as any-