

Missionary Record.

ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR.

THE London Missionary Society hope to be able shortly to resume their long-suspended operations in the island of Madagascar. The sufferings which the native Christians have for some years endured from the persecutions of their tyrannical queen, have long been familiar to the Christian world, who will hail with joy the prospect of that bright day which is about to dawn upon them. We copy the following from a London paper.

"It is thirty-five years since their missionaries first landed on that Island, where they were welcomed and encouraged by Radama, one of the most remarkable potentates of his day. The king protected the missionaries and fostered the spread of civilization as well as of Christianity in his dominions. The London Society met his enlightened views, and their force in the Island consisted of six ordained missionaries, two missionary printers, and six missionary artisans. For seventeen years the work of righteousness and peace proceeded, the language was analyzed and a dictionary of it compiled, the press issued translated copies of the entire Scriptures, together with school-books and abundance of tracts. Radama welcomed the missionary artisans, encouraged European science and the arts of civilized life, and despatched some of his subjects to the Isle of Mauritius, and others to this country for instruction. Under the care of the ordained missionaries two Christian congregations were collected in the capital, two hundred persons were admitted into the Church-fellowship, and one hundred schools were established, containing four thousand children. A happy day then dawned upon this magnificent African Island, the area of which is equal to that of Spain and Portugal, and the population estimated at five million of souls. But in 1828 King Radama died, and with the accession of the present queen, all this promising commencement was darkened; at length in 1835, the edict was issued which repelled both Christianity and civilization from Madagascar; the ports were then closed against European ships, and the attempt to open them by an armed force was foiled. The persecuted missionaries were compelled to flee to other regions, the religion of Christ became a crime punishable with slavery and death.

GREENLAND PIETY.—An assistant teacher to the Moravian Mission in Greenland, thus writes to the missionaries.

I write to you how I am getting on at this distance from you. Not unfrequently, when I am rowing in my kayak, I go ashore, fall down upon my face, and pray to my Saviour with many tears. Then I feel that he hears my prayer. I also contemplate often at such times the wonders of God, in heaven and earth, and think of Him, who gave himself to be crucified for my sake, and am able to thank Him with a loud voice for His love. I likewise often pray, that if my aged father—a faithful assistant—should depart, the Saviour may bestow upon me something of the spirit that dwells in him; because I feel myself a great sinner, and my thoughts are so easily turned away from Him. Some time ago I quarrelled with my wife, who assists me in keeping school, because she had not done as I had bidden her. But immediately I thought of the passage: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." After this I was again friendly with her. But nevertheless I am often distressed about myself, because I perceive that the enemy tries to reduce me to do that which is not right. The thought has often struck me, that the Saviour might choose a more faithful school-assistant than myself, for the people that inhabit this island. Write soon to me for my instruction. I salute you all. The writer of this letter is John.

DELHI, July 12.—A great commotion has occurred among the native community of this city during the past week. Two Christian gentlemen held meetings at their house, at which Hindoos were invited to attend and to discuss matters of religion, on condition, that, if convinced of the errors of their faith, that they would abandon it and embrace the religion of Christ. The result was, the conviction of sub-assistant-surgeon Chumunial and Ram Chandra, Teacher of Science at the Delhi College. In spite of the entreaties of their friends and relations they expressed a desire to become converts to Christianity, and applied to the Rev. Mr. Jennings, chaplain of the station, to be baptized. Yesterday (Sunday, the 11th) was appointed by him accordingly, as the day on which they could be most conveniently baptized, and the news ran like wild fire

through the place. Hundreds of natives thronged the streets; and some even rushed in; while others struggled into the compound. At half-past six the bell began to toll, and the church was crowded to suffocation. Half of the service was gone through, when it was deemed prudent to commence the baptism, as the rush on all sides, and the bustle caused by the intruders were excessive. The minister then came to the font, accompanied by Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, Captain and Mrs. Lewis, Doctor and Mrs. Ross, who stood as god-fathers and godmothers, Mr. Roberts, the magistrate, Principal Cargill, &c. The ceremony was gone through with much devotion, the parties, when questioned, answered in firm and audible voices. On the conclusion of the ceremony they returned to their houses, followed by a large mob, who probably meditated mischief; but the converts took directly to the Government Dispensary, where Chumunial resides, where they both entered, and ordered the gates to be closed. A great hubbub and hurraing followed, but the mob immediately dispersed. Thus ended this, first conversion in Delhi, which has shaken the Hindoo religion here to its very root.

Booths' Department.

AN INCIDENT.—Now, Johnny, be sure to get up in time for school, and to see that your face and hands are clean, and wash George and take him with you, you will find a piece of beefsteak in the closet, and there are some pieces of biscuit—they are rather hard, but you can soak them in water. Good-bye Johnny, and remember all that I have told you. I may be at home to get you some dinner, but if not, go to school like a good boy; and I will get something nice for your supper.

And Mrs. McDonald pinned on her shawl, and tied on her hood, and left the boys in bed, for it is only seven o'clock, and it will save fire-wood if they lie in bed.

As soon as his mother had gone, Johnny drew up the bed-clothes, and laid up close to George, a younger brother who was fast asleep,—sweet sleep foretaste of heaven's own peace,—in which hunger and thirst, pain and sorrow are forgotten for a time at least.

Johnny had a sweet dream. He dreamed that he had grown to be a man; and he was rich, and had bought his mother a pretty cottage in the country, among green fields and beautiful trees, a babbling brook went dancing along at the foot of the garden; the birds were singing so sweetly in the trees, and he could see his father mowing in a field close by, as he used to see him when they lived in Ireland. And his mother was singing the baby to sleep; dear little baby with the silken hair, who now sleeps in the great ocean-cradle, which never stops rocking and singing, although the lovely child sleeps on, heedless of the sweet dinge. She hears sweeter music in heaven, where she is an angel, and heeds not the music of earth.

But Johnny's dream is ended, and he and George are putting on their thin, but well mended clothes, the room is very cold; the small window is covered with frost so thick Johnny cannot see out of it; Johnny is fearful that it is late, but his dream was so sweet, how could he wake up.

He gathered a few embers together and set them on fire, while George went to the pump for some water,—the poor little fellow, he is only six years old; is so cold his hands ache, and so do his little red toes, peeping from the old shoes. He put down the pail and closed up to the small fire, which only served to make the room seem colder. Johnny now put the tongs on the coals and laid on the steak to warm; he then took a little milk, very little,—there was but little; then he put into it a little sugar and some hot water; in this they soaked their bread. As soon as the boys had eaten their scanty meal, Johnny poured some water upon the embers that were not burnt; then the two boys started for school.

It was as Johnny feared,—they were late, and they had to stand in the cold entry for some moments; at last the door was opened and they took their seats, but not without a gentle reproof from their teacher for their tardiness.

Johnny was very sorry, and hoped not to do so again, but when he remembered his dream, he thought, how could I wake up.

I knew the teacher's heart ached while he reprimanded Johnny and George McDonald, for he knew what good boys they were, and how hard their poor widowed mother had to work to get their food and clothing.

Think my dear boys, who read this incident in the life of our poor family, how many suffer as much, and far more than Johnny and George McDonald. They

are two out of hundreds in this city, who suffer hunger and cold.

Remember this when you see them coming into school late, and undergoing punishment for unlearned lessons. Think how hard it is to study when hunger is gnawing at the heart, and the cold has chilled the blood. And ask yourselves what you would be if left to yourselves, as much as many of these poor boys are; some of them do not see mother or father, perhaps all day; what a temptation for them to run about the streets.

M. D.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S MOTHER.—Sir Isaac Newton, the great, the learned, and the good; who followed in the track of his illustrious predecessor, Sir Francis Bacon, styled by Walpole, "the prophet of arts which Newton was afterwards to reveal," was indebted to maternal solitude for the development of that genius which has never been surpassed, nor even equalled.

Unlike Lord Bacon, however, the immortal Newton had no illustrious father to pave the way for his son's celebrity; he had no learned and accomplished mother to direct his infant mind to principles of science at the time when most susceptible of imbibing them. He knew not the blessing even of a father's encouragement, for it was the fate of this philosopher to be a posthumous child, and so sickly and diminutive was he at birth, that little hope was entertained of preserving his life.

But Newton, though not blessed with learned parents, possessed a devout and Christian mother, whose sole aim and study was to sow the seeds of piety and virtue in his mind, and whose tender care preserved to us, under God's blessing, one destined to be the glory of his country and his race.

Sir Isaac Newton was born in 1642, and about the time he attained his fourth year his mother married, secondly, a clergyman; but she did not suffer this alliance to interfere with her duties to her son.

When the watchful attention of maternal love had strengthened his feeble constitution, and her instruction had invigorated the dawning powers of his intellect, she sent him to school to be taught the classics, but having given him such few scholastic advantages as she considered sufficient for the inheritance of a small patrimony, she again withdrew him home to be initiated into the management of a farm, that, like his ancestors he might be devoted to a country life. But, for the retirement thus afforded—a retirement so suited to foster the reproductive powers of his expanding mind—Newton probably had never been led to those contemplative habits which afterwards produced his immortal theory of universal gravitation; for though at the instance of his uncle, he had been previously removed to Cambridge, for mathematical instruction, yet the predisposition of the young philosopher for metaphysics was encouraged, if not originally induced, by that previous retirement, which was almost forced upon him by the prudence and affection of his anxious mother.

Great indeed, are the obligations of literature to the mother whose untiring watchfulness in infancy preserved the life of so great a man, and whose gentle sway allowed him in childhood perfect freedom of thought and action, save in one point peculiarly apportioned to a mother's care, the task of inculcating the truths of our holy religion—a task never more beautifully illustrated than by its result; for Sir Isaac Newton was not only a philosopher, but a Christian, and spent much of his time in elucidating the sacred Scriptures; nor could anything discompose his mind so much as light and irreverent expressions on the subject of religion. The illustrious son and the pious mother were equally worthy of each other.—*Mother of the Wise and Good.*

Selections.

READING DISCOURSES.—"Dr. —, do you read your sermons?" "No, sir." But I always understand that you took fully written notes with you into the pulpit." "So I do." "Do you not then read your sermons?" "No, sir, I preach them."

This little dialogue was once literally held, just as it is narrated. The distinction which it unfolds is apparently very simple, and is often overlooked, yet it is of very great importance. A sermon is not an essay, nor a lecture, nor a treatise, but a discourse addressed to an audience by one who speaks in the name and by the authority of God. It therefore ought not to be read but preached. The objection to the use of notes in the pulpit has arisen from the neglect of this obvious truth. Some ministers are near sighted; others are so nervously dilident as to be unable to look a congregation in the face; others write in a hand so small as to be scarcely legible unless the eye is fixed constantly upon it; others, again, employ a style so involved and so abounding in long and intricate sentences, that it does not