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THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD,

Vol. I.]

OCTOBER 1, 1844.

[No. 10.]

MISSIONARY PLEASURES.

DEAR CHILDREN,—In this number, we now conclude, for the present, our notice of the Missionary Stations in South Africa. You will recollect that last month we learned of Mr. Moffat having gone to live in the village of Africaner, far away from other missionaries and from all his friends. God watched over the young missionary, and Mr. Moffat is still alive and labouring most successfully amongst the heathen tribes of Africa. We have already told you of some of his *trials*, let us now tell you of a missionary's *pleasures*, viz., "seeing the work of the Lord prosper in his hands."

Mr. Moffat began his missionary work by holding morning and evening service, and keeping school for three or four hours in a day. He was soon delighted with the earnest attention of the chief. He says that he might as well have doubted of morning's dawn as of Africaner's attendance at the hour of worship. He would sit under the shadow of a great rock, nearly the live-long day, eagerly studying his Testament,—or in his hut, with his thoughts so fixed on its blessed words, that he did not know what his family were doing, or when strangers entered. He would search it through and through to find one passage to explain another, and what he could not understand, he would ask his missionary to tell him at the close of the day. "Many," says Mr. Moffat, "were the nights that he sat with me on a great stone, at the door of my house, conversing with me till the dawn of

another day, on creation, providence, and the glories of the heavenly world." The missionary forgot alike his weariness and his needed rest, and often did the hearts of both burn within them as they thus talked the night away. Africaner would at last sometimes rub his hands on his head, saying, "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head were too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects."

Soon, all could see the change that had been wrought in Africaner. He became the peacemaker of those parts, and would stand between two angry parties, entreating them to be friends. His heart became tender as that of a little child. He comforted those who were in distress,—he wept with those that wept,—and from his little store, relieved the widow and the fatherless. Mr. Moffat was one day, in absence of mind, looking earnestly at him. Africaner modestly asked the reason. Mr. Moffat said, "I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through a country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe." Africaner answered not, but shed a flood of tears.

Mr. Moffat was anxious to make the people more cleanly and industrious, and Africaner was eager to help him. "It would have made any one smile," says Mr. Moffat, "to have seen Christian Africaner and myself superintending the school-children, now about one hundred and twenty, washing themselves at the fountain. It was found that their greasy, filthy carosses of sheep-skins soon made them as dirty as ever. The next thing was to get them to wash their mantles, &c. This was no easy matter, from their being made chiefly of skins, not tanned, and sewed together with thread made of the sinews of animals. It required a great deal of coaxing argument and perseverance to get them to undertake the task; but this too was also accomplished, and to their great comfort; for the sheep-skins formerly harboured so much company, that the children could not sleep soundly."

Africaner's brothers, David and Jacobus, were both believers and were very useful to Mr. Moffat in the school, and in instructing the people. The fierce Titus too, though he did not till long after become a Christian, became very fond of Mr. Moffat. He would come to the house of God, or with his brother sit all night listening to the conversation, just because he thought it would be pleasing to his missionary. Often would he come to Mr. Moffat's hut to ask what he could do for him, or when he found him with nothing to eat, would take his gun, and go in search of game, and bring him back a dinner from the wilds. He gave Mr. Moffat his only horse, because it was safer for him to ride on than an ox. He seemed as if he would cheerfully have laid down his life for the missionary.

Mr. Moffat had not been very long with Africaner and his peo-

ple, when he was taken ill with bilious fever. This was caused by the heat of the weather, in his small, close house, and living on meat and milk, without salt or vegetables or bread. The fever rose so high, that in two days he became delirious, and did not know anything that was going on. After a while, his senses returned for a few moments, and opening his eyes, he saw Africaner sitting by his bed-side, gazing on him with eyes full of pity and tenderness. Perhaps he thought that this was the last time Mr. Moffat would be able to speak; for, with the big tear standing in his eye, he asked Mr. Moffat, how, if he should die, they were to bury him? "Just in the same way as you bury your own people," was Mr. Moffat's reply. But it was not the will of God that they should so soon part, and Africaner's joy was full, when a few days after, Mr. Moffat was well enough to be again among his people.

Mr. Moffat did not remain all the time at Africaner's village. He made two long journeys, besides several short ones. The first of these journeys was to a country to the north, on the borders of the Damara Land. It was said that there were many fountains of water there, and they hoped to find a better place for a missionary station. At Africaner's station, there was not enough water to cultivate the ground, and rain scarcely ever fell, and the people were often sadly distressed. There was, however, one great difficulty before setting out. The waggon was broken, and who was to mend it? Mr. Moffat had never learned smith's work, but he had watched the smiths at Cape Town, and there is nothing like "try." He had two large goats killed, and with their skins he contrived to make a pair of bellows. The people all stood by to see him blow the new-fangled bellows. He wished them far enough away, for he was afraid he might burn his fingers with the first piece of iron, and perhaps look rather foolish. However, he succeeded: the waggon wheels were mended to admiration, and the travellers set off on their journey. Besides Africaner, Titus and more of his brothers, and thirty men, went with Mr. Moffat, for they determined that plenty of people should go with him to take care of him. They found no place for settlement in that barren and thirsty land. They were often badly off for food, and were thankful to eat the flesh of zebras and giraffes, though it was almost as tough as leather. They were in still greater distress for water, and were thankful when they reached home at last, after their unsuccessful and dangerous journey.

Mr. Moffat sometimes went on preaching journeys to distant villages. He rode on the horse that Titus had given him, and his interpreter rode by his side on an ox. After a hot day's ride, to reach a village in the evening, the people would give him a draught of milk, and then the whole village, young and old, would assemble in a nook of the fold among the kine, while he preached Christ to them. Then he would lie down on a mat at

the door of one of the huts, and start in the morning for another village.

As Africaner was an outlaw, he could not venture to go far from home to trade for the things his people wanted. After two years, Mr. Moffat thought it would be a good plan to take him to the Governor of the Cape, and to have him restored to favour. Africaner was much surprised at this proposal. He looked at Mr. Moffat again and again, and said, "I thought you loved me, and do you advise me to go to the government, to be hung up as a spectacle of public justice? Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and one thousand rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?" However, after much prayer to God, he resolved to take the advice of his missionary, and to go; nearly all the people went with them half a day's journey to the banks of the Orange River, and shed many tears at parting.

That Africaner might not be known, he went as if he had been Mr. Moffat's servant. There was no great fear of Africaner being taken for a chief by his dress. Mr. Moffat gave him one of the only two good shirts he had left. Over this, Africaner had a pair of leather trowsers, a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear, and an old hat neither white nor black.

When they reached Pella, Mr. Moffat says it was a feast fit for angels to see the meetings that took place. Warriors who had not seen one another since they met face to face in savage battles, now met as brothers, and talked of Him, who, without a sword or spear, had subdued both.

As the travellers drew near the borders of the colony, the farmers were astonished to see Mr. Moffat again. Africaner, safe in the waggon, was sometimes amused to hear what they said. We will just tell you about one of them.

This farmer lived on a hill. Mr. Moffat left the waggon, and walked towards his house. The farmer came down the hill to meet him. Mr. Moffat held out his hand, and said, "I am glad to see you again." The farmer put his hand behind him, and said, rather wildly, "Who are you?"—"I am Moffat. I wonder that you should have forgotten me!"—"Moffat!" said the farmer. "It is your ghost!" and he drew back. "I am no ghost," said Mr. Moffat. "Don't come near me," cried the farmer; "you have long been murdered by Africaner."—"But I *am* no ghost," repeated Mr. Moffat, and felt his hands, to show that he was flesh and blood. Still the terrified farmer would have it, "Everybody says you were murdered, and a man told me he had seen your bones." At length, he ventured to hold out his trembling hand, saying, "When did you rise from the dead?" Then they walked towards the waggon, and talked of Africaner. Mr. Moffat said, "He is now truly a good man." That the farmer found still harder to believe. By this time they were come up to Africaner, who was out of the waggon, and sat smiling at their feet. Of course

the farmer did not know who it was, and he said at last, "Well, if what you say is true, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die, and I will go with you on your return, although he killed my own uncle." Mr. Moffat knew that the farmer was both a kind and good man, and he did not feel afraid to say to him, "This, then, is Africaner." He started back, and cried, "Are you Africaner?" The good old chief arose, doffed his old hat, made a polite bow, and said, "I am." And when the farmer saw that the savage was indeed become gentle as a lamb, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of thy power! What cannot thy grace accomplish."

The Governor of the Cape (Lord Charles Somerset), also doubted the report, but, after seeing Africaner, he, too, was convinced. He gave Africaner a waggon, worth £80, as a proof of his kind feeling.

How glad were all the good people at the Cape to see Africaner! How interested in looking at his well-worn Testament, and in listening to his pious and sensible conversation! Mr. Campbell, too, was at the Cape on his second visit to Africa, and says, in his journal, "I could not but view with astonishment, the change that grace had made in Africaner; saying in my mind, 'Is this the man who was the terror of tribes far up Africa, and whom I was almost afraid to meet when I was among them a few years ago? In this the man who burned to ashes our missionary station at Warm Bath? Is this the man who now loves Jesus Christ, and us for his sake?'"

Africaner returned alone, and became himself a minister to his people, Mr. Moffat being chosen to go as a missionary to the Bechusanis. A year after, when he thought Mr. Moffat must have reached Lithako, Africaner crossed the continent in his waggon to bring the books and furniture which Mr. Moffat had trusted to his care. This journey was in great part over a plain of deep and scorching sand, and going and coming, it took him full three months. It was his last proof of love to his missionary. At Lithako, he also again met Mr. Campbell, and travelled with him a hundred miles to the Griqua country. Here Mr. Campbell beheld the meeting of Africaner and the converted Griqua chief, Berend Berend. In the days of heathenism, these two chiefs had had many a deadly conflict. Now they were both Christians. They embraced,—they knelt at the same stool,—and joined in prayer and in hymns of praise to the same dear Saviour.

In the year 1823, rather more than two years after, Africaner died. On his death-bed, he called his people round him, and charged them to live in peace as became the gospel. He said, "I feel that I love God, and that he has done much for me of which I am totally unworthy. My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven."

Titus Africaner became a Christian, after his brother's death, under the care of the Wesleyan missionaries.

Dear readers, let Africaner's interesting life and death be a lesson to you. It is true you are not heathen savages, but you need, each one, as well as Africaner, to be washed from sin in the blood of Christ. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and ye shall be saved.

Pleasures in Prospect.

O happy day ! O happy day !
 When all shall own the Saviour's sway ;
 And not a land on earth remain,
 Beneath the power of Satan's reign.

When holy love, and peace, and joy,
 Shall fill each heart, each hand employ ;
 And Jesus and his cross be sung,
 By every tribe, of every tongue.

Oh may the years pass swiftly by,
 And bring the Spirit from on high !
 When all this desert world shall be
 One garden, sacred, Lord, to thee.

Sketches of Missions.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

In our August number, the sketch of Missions contained some details of the progress of the work of God, as effected by the labourers in connection with the Church Missionary Society. Enough was then given to show how extensive were its operations, and how blessed the efforts of its agents had been, one sowed, another watered, and God gave abundant increase. In concluding the brief notice of this Society, so many and various are its fields of labours, and so interesting the accounts from all, that it is difficult to know where to lead you, or what

portion of the vineyard to tell you about, it is like going into a large garden with permission to pluck a few and but a few of the many choice flowers that delight the eyes. You wander on, doubtful what to select, from the superabundance of beauty. In India, that great moral wilderness, the missionaries of this society have effected much good. There are twelve or fourteen stations with their respective missionaries, native schools, catechists and readers. You often read of a catechist, but perhaps do not exactly know what is meant by the word. A catechist in India is one of the poor native heathens, who, having been converted to the Christian faith, earnestly desire that their fellow-countrymen may also be delivered from their bondage of sin and enjoy the same hope they possess, as believers in the Gospel. They, therefore, put themselves more immediately under the instruction of the missionary of their station, accompanying him when preaching and teaching, and from their superior knowledge of the language, often render the missionary valuable aid in bringing home to the understanding of the people; the truths they wish to teach them. The following notice of Peter Chundy, an indefatigable and trustworthy catechist at Krishnaghur, will interest you:—"Chundy was the son of a blacksmith, and had, like all Hindoos, followed the trade of his father. He was an Idolater, but by studying the writings of some of the more enlightened natives, he had early come to the conclusion, that there is but one true God, and also had some notion of a Redeemer who was to come as the Saviour of men; but he had no clearer notions, until one day he was sitting in his verandar, when he was saluted by two catechists from Krishnaghur, in these words, 'We bring you good news.' Upon further instruction, he began to read and search the Scriptures for himself, and found there, answers to so many questions that rose in his mind, that he exclaimed, 'This is indeed God's word.' As a native Christian, Chundy was remarkable for his affection to all who loved the Lord Jesus. He was much esteemed for his wisdom, and

confounded by his reasonings, the wisdom of the Hea-then teachers. His faith was strong and manifested itself with increasing evidence, shortly before his death. A favourite expression of his was—‘The Lord is at hand.’ Often would he comfort those in trouble with these words. He died in the presence of nearly the whole village, calling upon the Lord to take him to himself. He reproved the weeping of his friends, and died full of the hope of eternal life. Such a light, shining in a dark place, could not fail to make a deep impression on the people ; and we rejoice to learn that there are many such, giving light to those who sit in darkness.”

A few years ago, a Missionary passing through a village called Nassuck, where no mission had been opened, preached to the people ; afterwards, when his cup and saucer were set upon the table for tea, some one asked, “Are these the Gods of this people.” There are now three Missionaries at Nassuck and several schools, and the people now know something more about the Christian’s God.

In Egypt a missionary station has been entered upon with many encouraging circumstances.

In China, where the wall of partition is now broken down, this society continues to shed a true and living light among the millions of slumbering souls, in that vast country.

From the isles of the sea shall many rise to call this society blessed, while the twice redeemed Negroes, sitting at peace under the shadow of the Gospel ministry, in broken accents, plead for blessings upon the head of those from whose lips they first heard the good news. In Greece schools are planted and flourishing. There is a thirst for the Word, and a cry in that land for the bread of life. We cannot however proceed further, but must close with a few words relative to one, belonging to a class the most difficult of access. “To-day,” writes the Rev. D. H. Schmid, of the Timmanu Mission, “I heard of Surih Tinibih’s death, a young Mahomedan, he had often been

with us while translating the Scriptures, and I am not far from thinking that he died in the Lord Jesus; I have often seen him meditating over the Arabic Bible Mr. Thomson gave him. He was in the habit of going almost every evening to the house of a Christian friend to read the Scriptures, and in answer to repeated questions declared his belief that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. Thus the Spirit of God, and the power of His Word, is able to drive away the thickest darkness, and pierce the grossest superstition. Let us pray the Lord may come quickly, and gather all his sheep into a fold, when there shall be but one fold and one shepherd.



A Lesson to Sabbath Scholars about doing good.

From Moffat's Farewell.

It is astonishing to witness the good little children do in their heathen families in Africa. I remembered an amiable little girl, in a school at Namaqualand. She had got a part of the Testament, and was beginning to read nicely. She lived at a little distance, and I knew little about her parents; I did not know that they lived there. After she began to read, she did not come so regularly to school as before,—she was often late in the morning. I found fault,—I complained of it with softness and mild admonition. I said, “how is it that you come to school rather late? Can you not get up earlier?” Poor thing,—she did not tell me the reason,—she remained quiet. Another and another day she was late again,—and I thought there was something the matter. I asked where she lived, and she said, I will take you to where I live. On the evening of that day I followed the little girl with her Testament under her arm. She took me over a hill, and down a ravine, where there was a village of a few houses together. She took me to the house, and there I saw a venerable old woman, a woman on whose brow were the hoary hairs of age. When I asked her who is this? She said, “my grandmamma.” I asked again, and who is this? “My

mamma." I sat and wondered, and then I asked the mother the question,—“Do you know anything about God?” On finding that she understood a great deal of the word of God, I said to the grand-mother, “I have not seen you at chapel,—I have seen this one, the mother, occasionally but I never saw you. Do you know anything about the love of God? “Oh yes,” she said, “I know God.” I asked her what has God done for you? “God,”—she said, “has done great things for me,—he created me,—he preserved me,—and he sent his Son Jesus Christ to save me,”—and she wept. I wept too; and had you, my dear young friends, been there, you would have wept. I was utterly astonished to find the woman in that position,—a woman that I had never seen before,—at least, if I had seen her, it must have been by accident. I asked, “where did you learn these things,”—she pointed to her grand-daughter and said, “ever since she has learned to read, she has read to me every morning. I often said that I was afraid she would be too late for school, and I told her to tell you,—I don’t know whether she has told you, but she is always anxious to read to me,—she reads sometimes half the night, and I often have to tell her to go to bed, and then she gets up in the morning again, and she reads and reads, so that she forgets her very breakfast, and has to take it with her, to eat on the road.”—Think, dear children, of this little girl. After first learning to read, the first effort of her infant mind was to teach her grand-mother that there was a God, and that that God loved the world. I felt as if I could sit the livelong day to meditate on the condescension and mercy of God, in blessing those simple means to the conversion of that venerable grand-mother.

A LITTLE PHARISEE.

A little boy used to kneel at his bedside, morning and evening, and everybody thought it was to pray; but people did not see his heart, for all the while he

cared little about God, and was only *saying* a prayer. Very often he would think, "Have I been kneeling long enough? I must not rise too soon:" and he would remain upon his knees a good long while, to make people think that he loved to pray. He was a little Pharisee.

The goodness of the Pharisees was all outward; but God looks to the heart. What they did was to be seen of men, not to please God. They prayed often—and it is right to pray—but God hated their prayers. Why? Because they prayed to be seen of men; not because they loved God. They wanted people to say, "How very good these Pharisees are." They loved the praise of men more than the praise of God.

On the Sabbath they went to the synagogue; not because they loved God's day, or his house, but to be seen of men. And they were careful not to speak bad words. Why? Not because bad words are hateful to God; but because people would have said, "What bad men these Pharisees are."

The Pharisees, too, washed often—and it is right to be cleanly—but they attended more to their hands than their hearts; more to their outward conduct than to their thoughts.

When Jesus was on earth, a Pharisee one day asked him to dinner, and he went in and sat down to meat. And when the Pharisee saw it, he marvelled that he had not first washed. The Lord, knowing his thoughts, said unto him, "Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness."

The Lord's words should teach us as well as the Pharisee. A cup, washed on the outside, and nicely gilded and painted, as some cups are, looks clean and beautiful; and one might say, "What a pretty cup!" and might wish to use it. But if you saw the inside to be full of mire and filth, you would say, "What an abominable cup!" and if you were offered a drink from it, you would say, "No, no," and push it away very quickly.

Just such were the Pharisees. Their outward goodness made them to appear holy in the eyes of men: but in the sight of God they were unclean, and their prayers be put away. Why? Because their hearts were full of wickedness. God looks within the cup: and prayers from a heart that loves sin are an abomination to him.

There are many little Pharisees. When a child reads the Scriptures daily, and commits portions to memory, and prays morning and evening, and all this to have people say, "What a good child that is!" what is he but a Pharisee? When he is pleased with his own goodness, and thinks himself better than others, what is he but a Pharisee? When children love the praise of man more than the praise of God, what are they but Pharisees? Though God says, "My child, give me thine heart," they give him the lip, and no more: they give him words only; but he will accept of no prayer untill the heart is given to him.

In the Bible we read of a Pharisee, who became a good man. His name was Nicodemus. He wanted to get to heaven, and he came to Jesus to inquire the way, for he knew that Jesus was a teacher sent from God, and able to tell him. What was the Lord's answer? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus marvelled, and asked how a man could become a child, and be born of his mother a second time. But Jesus told him that the new birth is not of one's parents, but of water and the Spirit. It was as if he had said, "The cup—that is the heart—must be cleansed as with water; and it is not of man to do this, but the Holy Ghost."

Children, what Jesus said to Nicodemus he says to you. Except your heart is thus cleansed by the Holy Spirit, you cannot see the kingdom of God.

Missionary Intelligence.

MADAGASCAR.--No. III.

Our last account left Rafaravavy a slave in the hands of a kind master and mistress, at some distance from the capital, working hard, but very thankful to God for the opportunities she had for retirement to read and pray. We must now go back and tell you something of what happened to the other Christians who had been accused. You will remember there were ten of them, including Rafaravavy.

One of these was called Rasalama. She was a most excellent woman, and very zealous in Christ's cause. When the ten were accused, she was put under the charge of a most cruel man, who used her very badly. He loaded her with very heavy chains, and flogged her every day, yet Rasalama never complained. When her cruel persecutors used to come in to beat her, she would speak most kindly to them, and often entreated them to believe on Christ themselves as the only way to be really happy: and sometimes, when her pain from the flogging was so great that she knew not how to sit, or stand, or lie, she would be heard singing, with a sweet plaintive voice, some favourite hymns. One would have thought that her meek and happy conduct would have softened her persecutors' hearts, but it did not. They were bent on her destruction, and like wild beasts, seemed only to thirst for her blood. It appeared as if they meant to kill her by hard usage, but as this did not do it, the Queen ordered her to be executed, by being speared to death. Rasalama received her sentence very calmly, for death to her had lost its terrors, by union to Christ her Saviour, and she looked at it only as going to her heavenly home. The night before she died, they put very heavy irons on her, which drew all her limbs together, bringing up her ankles, wrists, and neck all near each other, and giving her the most excruciating pain; still she never murmured, but seemed to be holding sweet communion with her Saviour.

On the morning great crowds met to see her die, and many of them called her obstinate, and said hard things to her, but she gave no unkind answers. She was attended by guards, and she walked between them singing all the way to the place of execution. What a strange sight must this have been,—a young female surrounded by savage persecutors, yet singing to her death ! As she passed the Mission Chapel, she stopped, and pointing towards it, said, “It was there I heard the Saviour’s words.” When she got to the place where she was to die, she knelt down and began to pray, and while thus committing her soul into Christ’s care, the executioners ran her through with their spears, and she fell lifeless to the ground.

A young Christian was standing by, and when he saw how peacefully she died, he could not help exclaiming, “If I might die so tranquil, I should like to die for the Saviour too.” He little thought that he would be the very next who would be martyred for his sake ; but so it was. His name was Rafaralahy. He was better off in the world than many of the Christians, for he had a little property left him by his father. Very often did he help the poor Christians, and sent them food, and gave them a refuge in his house, when hard pressed by their persecutors. He was very useful, too, in converting souls. He was once told of three *lepers* who lived in a small hut by themselves, away from their friends, and out in a retired place. They were very miserable, for they were very ignorant, and their friends dare not come near them to console them lest they should catch the leprosy. When they brought them food they would lay it down at a great distance from the hut, and go away, leaving it for them to fetch it. Rafaralahy felt much for these poor men, and thought if they could only read, and were believers in Christ, then they would be happy ; so he resolved to go and teach them, though at the risk of catching their disease. The lepers were most grateful for his kindness. They soon learned to read their Testaments, and one of them shortly after died, rejoicing in Christ.

Rafaralahy had not been accused with the other Christians; but, as he was now known to be one, a wicked man, to whom he had been very kind, and who had once pretended to be a Christian, went and accused him to the Queen. He was directly taken up, and ordered to be put to death at once. When the executioners led him out, he employed the time spent on the way to tell them about their souls, and God's love to them in giving Christ, and said he had no fear of death, but was full of joy at the thought of so soon meeting Jesus. It is the custom in Madagascar to throw the person down who is to be executed upon their face on the ground, but when they would have done it to Rafaralahy, he said, "No, there is no need of that; I have no fear of dying;" and quietly laid down upon the ground. The executioners struck their spears through him directly, and in a few minutes he was a lifeless corpse. It was a martyr's death; but you know it was a short road to the martyr's crown, and the martyr's rest in heaven,

All the Christians that had been accused now began to expect to be called to die like Rasalama and Rafaralahy, and word was brought to Rafaravavy in the country that her life was in great danger. She was not afraid to die, but she thought, if she must die, she should like it to be at the capital, that her end might encourage others as Rasalama's had done, and so, as soon as she heard the officers were coming for her, she and two other women set off to the city, to die there. They talked all the way about the honour of dying for Christ, and got near the city in the evening. They knelt down just before entering, prayed together, and then took different roads to prevent attracting notice.

Rafaravavy went to the house of some of the Christians, and there found two, named Simeon and David. They had heard of their danger, and were not sure what to do, whether to stop in the city, or fly to some distant refuge. At last they resolved to pray for direction; and, after kneeling down and asking God to help them to decide, the

words, "When ye are persecuted in one city, flee ye to another," came into their minds, and they resolved to fly. It was then late in the evening, and they had much to do before they could get away, but they made all the speed they could. They sent word to the others; but there were two, Paul and Andrianantoandra, whom they could not find, Simeon, and his wife, who was lying dangerously ill; so he could not make up his mind to leave her. Five persons accordingly were all who could be got together for the flight. You will like to know their names; they were David, and his wife, Joseph, Andrianimanana, and Rafaravavy.

(To be Continued.)

Poetry.

Hymn sung by the Children of a Sabbath School.

There is a glorious world of light
 Above the starry sky :
 Where saints departed, clothed in white,
 Adore the Lord Most High.

And hark ! amid the sacred songs
 Those heavenly voices raise ;
 Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
 Unite and perfect praise.

Those are the hymns that we shall know
 If Jesus we obey ;
 That is the place where we shall go
 If found in wisdom's way.

This is the joy we ought to seek
 And make our chief concern,
 For this we come from week to week,
 To read and hear, and learn.

Soon will our earthly race be run,
 Our mortal frame decay ;
 Children and Teachers, one by one,
 Must droop and pass away.

NOTICE.

We would direct the attention of our Subscribers to the intimations given on the second page of our cover.

Trusting to the support and co-operation of all our friends throughout the country, and with the anxious desire to give as much of interest as possible to the details of missionary exertion and incident, which we, from time to time, furnish in the *Record*, we have it in contemplation to illustrate the *Record* with wood cuts. We purpose presenting our readers with a wood-cut in our next number, and trust that we shall be enabled to give one in each succeeding one. The additional expense thus incurred, is of course by no means small, and as we are altogether dependent on our Subscribers for the support of our little Periodical, we trust that they will do all in their power to aid us, by securing for the *Record* a much extended circulation, and remitting to us with regularity and despatch, the amount of their subscriptions.

We have received complaints from some of our country subscribers of the irregularity with which their *Records* arrive, and of the varying rate of postage with which they are chargeable. We shall do all in our power to get the *Record* despatched with regularity, and we shall feel obliged by our friends letting us know when their parcels have been detained. With respect to the postage, our Subscribers have it in their own power to prevent imposition, by weighing their parcels and paying for them at the rate of 1d. per oz. ;—more than this no Postmaster has a right to charge. Single numbers of the *Record* pay 1d. of postage, but when a number are sent, the average charge will be found not much to exceed 0½d. each.

As our next number will be the last of the present volume, we shall furnish next month, an Index to the volume. We shall then also state our arrangements for furnishing appropriate bindings for the first volume of the *Record*.