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THE  
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

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VOL. I.]

SEPTEMBER 1, 1844.

[No. 9.

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MISSIONARY TRIALS.

DEAR CHILDREN,—In our last number we promised to give you further information about the Christian Missions in the South of Africa, where the Rev. John Campbell laboured—we will now then tell you of the trials and dangers which some of the Missionaries endured, and also something of the life of Africaner, the savage African chief, who was for some time their most dangerous enemy.

In the month of January 1806, two very dear brothers, of the name of Albrecht, were making their way across the South of Africa, to the borders of Great Namaqua Land. It was a wearisome journey, and lay by turns over rugged stones, or through deep and scorching sand. The shady groves, the green and pleasant valleys, the fields of waving corn, which the children of our dear and pleasant land are wont to look upon, were not to be seen there. It was one dry and barren desert, and the eyes of the travellers were almost blinded by the glare of the sun reflected from the quartz and granite rocks. Here and there, where a thunder-cloud had burst and let down a torrent of water, a strip of green grass had sprung up, but these spots were few and far between. Few were the rivers that watered that thirsty land, and the beds of some through which water once had flowed, were dry. The salt hot-springs they found could scarcely slake the thirst of the travellers. They were poor, too, and had not been able to buy food enough for their journey, and they suffered dreadfully from hunger and thirst.

The journey of these brothers was as tedious as it was toilsome. Their waggons were drawn by oxen, and they went little more than two miles in an hour, and eight hours in a day. Besides which, they had not enough oxen to draw the load, and they sometimes stuck fast in the sand, and sometimes in the mud of the river. Some of the oxen fainted in the yoke, and were obliged to be left behind. Nor were the wild men of the desert disposed to help them. They had been cruelly used by white men, and were jealous of the visits of Europeans. They would rather have laid the travellers dead on the plain with the poisoned arrows, than have helped them on their way. There were other dangers in travelling through an African wilderness. Serpents, scorpions, and venomous insects, crossed their path by day, and at night the roar of the lion, echoing from rock to rock, often started them from their brief repose.

Yet they did not repent, or turn back. As their troubles increased, their hearts grew bolder, for they were nearing their journey's end. At length, they reached the place which was to be their home. It was a barren and unlovely spot. No spreading trees, no mountain, glen or cave, were near, to shelter them from the noontide sun, or from the attacks of savages. They called the settlement, "Warm Bath," from the salt hot-spring, which was to supply them with water. The house was such as they could build with their own hands, and their furniture was little better. Their table was for a long time the lid of a waggon chest, and was covered with the most scanty fare.

The men who sought this comfortless abode, came from a far distant land, where they had left behind them dearly loved friends, and all the comforts of life. They were not culprits escaping from the pursuit of justice, nor travellers on a passing visit, brought by curiosity and the hope of fame, nor men seeking for treasures hid in the earth. They had crossed the stormy ocean, and the pathless desert, from love to Jesus, and the souls of men, and when the wanderers of the desert drew near to listen to the words of eternal life, they felt themselves richly repaid for all that they had suffered, and were suffering still.

There was one who came and stood among the listeners with fixed attention, and earnest look. He was a robber and a murderer. White and black men alike trembled at his name, and the British Government at the Cape offered a thousand dollars to the man who would bring down the head of the outlaw Africaner. Yet the missionaries feared him not, and the fierce marauder, who turned not from his bloody purpose for the orphan's cry, or the widow's wail, felt his heart strangely moved when he heard of One who by wicked hands was crucified and slain, that he might save the chief of sinners.

Africaner had not always been a robber and an outlaw. Time.

was, when young and free, he had roamed with his father, a chieftain, on his native hills, within a hundred miles of Cape Town. But, by and by, there came white men from Holland, and took away their land from them, and made the black men serve them and do their bidding. Farther and farther was Africaner driven from the land of his forefathers, till, at length, he and his clan were forced into the service of one of the Dutch farmers. Africaner was to this farmer for many years a brave and faithful shepherd. His services were ill repaid. The cattle of his people were seized, their children murdered, and he and they reduced to poverty and distress. Africaner went to complain of their wrongs, and the farmer answered him by pushing him down the steps of his house-door. At this instant, Titus, the brother of Africaner, shot the farmer dead. Africaner gathered all who were left of his people around him, escaped to Namaqua Land, settled on the banks of the Orange River, and lived by plundering the native and the foreign settlers. It was about a hundred miles from his kraal or village that the missionaries settled.

After a while, Abraham Albrecht fell ill. There were no physicians in that dreary land, so his brother Christian resolved to take him to the Cape. The journey, painful in health, was too much for the sick man, and he died soon after he reached his journey's end, saying, "I go to Jesus." Christian married a pious and well-educated woman, and returned with her to Namaqua Land. The widow and child of his brother Abraham returned with them, and together they began with fresh ardour the work they so much loved.

The privations which these faithful missionaries had endured, their toilsome journeys, and the parting from the relative they so dearly loved, were little to the sorrows that now burst upon them. Africaner had been enraged by fresh ill usage;—he was falsely informed that the missionaries were helping his enemies, and he vowed vengeance on them all. For a whole month, the missionaries were in constant terror of Africaner's coming. Once, they dug square holes in the ground about six feet deep, and with the tilt-sail of the waggon thrown over the top of the pit, remained buried alive, and all but suffocated, for a week. Yet still they lingered. To leave the people over whom their hearts had yearned, and who were dearer to them for all they had suffered for their sake, and to leave the work for which they had given up all earthly comfort, was worse than death. At length, finding that in that state they could not settle, or do any more good, they buried their furniture in the sand, and went to the colony for advice and assistance.

It was well they went when they did. In a little while, Africaner came, and found them gone. He searched the ground for their buried treasures, and having ravaged the place, one of his

men took a fire-brand, and set fire to the houses and huts, and nothing was left of the missionary settlement but a heap of ruins.

The all but broken-hearted missionaries reached Silver Fountain, and five days after, Mrs. Christian Albrecht breathed her last. Her husband began the mission again at Pella, some distance from Warm Bath. Other missionaries went to his help, and five hundred of his old hearers soon gathered around him. He did not live to labour long.—He soon followed his dear wife to heaven, but not before the joyful news had reached him on his dying bed, that peace had been made with Africaner, and missionaries received, not as before, at a hundred miles distance, but at his own village.

It was through Mr. Campbell that this was brought about. On his first visit to Africa, he travelled as far as Pella. He wrote a letter to Africaner, saying that the good people of England were willing to forgive all, and to send him a missionary, if he were willing to receive one. When the letter was written, it was difficult to find any one brave enough to carry it. At length, Mr. Sass, one of the missionaries at Pella, offered to be the Postman. He set off on his journey, but was obliged, by hunger and thirst, to give it up. On his way back, he and his people were nearly killed by thirst. They found water in a hole in the rock. A large hyona had died in this hole, and the stench was horrible. As the thirsty travellers tried to draw it out, it went to pieces in their hands. The panting beasts of burden refused the water, but the men drank. A relation of Africaner was found, who took the letter to him.

Africaner was pleased with the offer of a missionary. As it took some time to send for one from England, Mr. Ebner was in the mean-time sent to him from Pella. In a little while, Africaner, and his brothers David and Jacobus, and a number of his people, were baptized. Africaner had still, however, much to learn. His heart was not yet quite softened, and he and Mr. Ebner did not get fond of one another.

In 1817, Mr. Moffatt, who was then about twenty years of age, went to join Mr. Ebner. As he travelled upwards from the Cape, he fell in with some of the Dutch farmers. They would not believe that Africaner could ever become a Christian, and they prophesied that he would kill Mr. Moffatt. One of them said, "He will set you up as a mark for his boys to shoot at." Another, "He will strip off your skin, and make a drum of it to dance to." Another, "He will make a drinking-cup of your skull." One kind motherly lady, wiping the tear from her eye, bade him farewell, saying, "Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no! but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster."

When Mr. Moffatt reached Africaner's kraal, he did not meet

with a very warm reception. It was an hour before Africaner came out to him. At last, he made his appearance, and he said, "Are you the missionary sent by the people in London?" Mr. Moffatt was young, and his look was kind, and his countenance interesting. Perhaps Africaner was taken with his look. He seemed pleased when Mr. Moffatt answered, "I am;" and he said, "As you are young, I hope you will live long with me and my people."

The next thing to be settled was, where Mr. Moffatt was to lodge. There were no "houses to let" there. But it did not take long to build one in the fashion of the country. Africaner ordered a number of women to come. Mr. Moffatt was puzzled to think what they could be for, till they came bringing bundles of native mats and long sticks like fishing-rods. Africaner pointed to a spot of ground, and said, "There! you must build a house for the missionary." In rather more than half an hour, they had built him a little round house.

It was not a particu'arly comfortable house. When the sun shone, it was unbearably hot. Rain, wind, and dust, all found a way into it. A hungry dog would sometimes get in, and steal poor Moffatt's food—a serpent coil itself in one corner—or a couple of bulls stroll in and disturb his night's rest, and almost crush him and his house to pieces by their quarrels.

He soon found that Africaner and his brothers were not good friends with Mr. Ebner. Titus, who had shot the farmer, was not at the station when Mr. Moffatt arrived. As soon as he returned, he went to Mr. Ebner's house, and with many abusive words, threatened to kill Mr. Ebner if he did not go. Mr. Ebner said, he would not stay with such people any longer, and he packed up, and with his wife and children, waggon and goods, went off to another station.

Then did the young missionary who was left behind, indeed feel alone. The other missionaries, in the midst of all their trials, had been comforted by each other's sweet companionship, but he had neither friend, nor brother, nor counsellor. He was among strangers and savages, in a barren and miserable country, where there was not enough water to cultivate the ground; where he could get neither bread, nor fruit, nor vegetables; and as his salary was only £25 a year, he could not afford to send to the Cape. His food was sometimes meat, without salt—sometimes milk—sometimes both—sometimes he could get neither. He had often pretty long fasts, and was obliged to tie a thong tightly round his waist, that he might not feel the gnawings of hunger. Sometimes after morning service, he would shoulder his gun, and go to the plain or mountain brow, in search of something to eat, and return, as empty as he went, to preach again to the people.

He had left a dear mother in his native land—a Christian

mother, whose prayers and early lessons had made him a missionary. Ah! did he not long again to hear her soothing voice, and again, as in childhood, to throw his arms around her neck, and tell her of his lonely and sorrowful feelings—of all that by turns he feared and hoped? She was far away, and could only follow him with her prayers. Thoughts of her often came over him in his loneliness, and he says, “I was wont to pour out my soul among the granite rocks surrounding the station, now in sorrow and then in joy, and more than once took my violin, once belonging to Christian Albrecht, and reclining upon one of the huge masses, have, in the stillness of the evening, played and sung the well-known hymn, a favourite of my mother’s—

“Awake my soul in joyful lays,  
To sing thy great Redeemer’s praise,” &c.

And her prayers were answered, and those of the missionaries who had gone to Heaven.

The pleasant part of our story is yet to come, and must be kept for our next number. The day that began in clouds, closed in sunshine. “He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” “They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.”

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### THE POWER OF PRAYER.

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Fly, my prayers! to distant regions,  
Where the wretched heathens dwell :—  
Where the poor benighted legions  
Live in sin, and love it well.

With the prayers of thousands blending,  
Offered by the church around,  
There, like heavenly dew descending,  
Fertilize the barren ground.

Mighty through the Saviour’s merit,  
O’er the realms of darkness, fly  
Aid to bring the promised Spirit,  
Plentifully from on high,

## Sketches of Missions.

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As we do not present to our readers this month, our usual sketch of Missions, we substitute the following account, about Missionary Ships, which convey Bibles and Missionaries to different parts of the earth.

### MISSIONARY SHIPS.

“It is now about 70 or 80 years since the first Missionary ship sailed from London, England. It was a little vessel built by the good people called Moravians, and intended to carry supplies to their Missionaries labouring in Labrador. Labrador is a cold country, in N. America, to the north-east of Canada. Its shores are bound by ice, and the ground covered with snow throughout the greater part of the year. The Missionaries there could not live without this ship. They have no grain with which to make their bread, nor a sufficient supply of the food they have been used to at home. They have oil, seal's flesh, and blubber, but on this they cannot live. The ship takes them out flour, preserved meats, clothes, and books, besides wood to build their houses, and tools to work with. It is called *The Harmony*, and has gone year after year to cheer the hearts of the Missionaries with good news from home, and take out many devoted men to labour there. Many, very many vessels have been wrecked during the time that it has sailed, but it has always made the voyage safely. Sometimes it has been very near destruction from the great icebergs and fields of ice floating in the water. The crew once saw an enormous ice mountain bearing down upon them, and threatening to crush them to pieces. It was a terrible moment to them; but just as they expected to be destroyed, a light breeze sprung up, and away they shot. The iceberg struck the field of ice with a fearful crash, but the *Harmony* was beyond its reach. Once it was frozen in on every side, and when the ice broke up, a storm arose and dashed about the fragments, piling them

up 100 feet above the vessel's side, while the roar of the breaking pieces was terrible as thunder. Still no harm has ever come to the vessel, and it has been again, this year, bearing out its cargo.

Another Missionary ship set sail from London, on the 10th of August, 1796, now 48 years ago. It was called the *Duff*. It had been bought by the London Missionary Society, and was intended to carry the Gospel to the South Sea Islands.

Captain Cook had visited these islands sometime before, and his account of them had excited great interest in their behalf. There was one in particular, called Tahiti, about which good people felt interested. He said it was extremely beautiful and healthy, and its inhabitants most kind and gentle, but Captain Cook did not know all their cruelties.

The ship *Duff* was well fitted for the voyage. It was commanded by a good man, Captain Wilson, and it carried five-and-twenty Missionaries, with every thing thought necessary to gain a friendly entrance to the people. The voyage was prosperous. The *Duff* reached Tahiti, and landed the Missionaries. The King gave them land to settle on, and the mission was begun.

After the *Duff* came home, she was sent out again on a second voyage, with thirty Missionaries on board. Britain was then at war with the French, and one of their vessels seized her, made the Missionaries prisoners, and took all their property.

The next Missionary ship we have to tell of, was one built by the Missionary Williams himself. This good man went out as Missionary to Tahiti in 1817, and after being there some time, went on a voyage, in which he discovered the island Raratonga. The people were then very savage, but he preached the Gospel to them, and many were converted, and the idols were destroyed. While living there, he wished to go in search of other islands, but had no vessel. The natives' canoes were not fitted for long voyages, and he did not, for some time,

know what to do. At last he resolved to build one himself. The natives readily gave him help, and in 15 weeks it was ready for sea. They had no saw, so they chopped down the trees, and split them, and then smoothed them with their hatchets. They had but little iron, so they pegged the boards together with wooden pins. For ropes, they used the strong bark of a particular tree; and for sails, the mats on which the natives sleep. They made an anchor partly out of stone, and partly out of wood, and when this was not enough to hold the ship, they used a cask full of stones, which they let down into the sea. They called it *The Messenger of Peace*. The people were delighted when they saw it ready for the voyage, but felt much sorrow at the thought of its taking away their friends. On the evening that she sailed, they went down with them to the beach, and sang as they left the shore, ‘Blessings on you, beloved friends: Blessings on you in journeying on the deep.’

In this vessel Williams sailed many thousand miles, and discovered many islands, so that it truly was a *Messenger of Peace*.

When Mr. Williams went to England some years ago, he asked the people to give him a larger and a better ship, which they did. It was called the *Camden*, and in it he sailed, we hoped, to discover more islands, and to bless many more souls; but he did not live long after this. In attempting to land upon an island, called *Erromonga*, he was murdered by the natives, along with his companion Mr. Harris, and his ship had to be employed by others in visiting the islands. It is now come back to London, but is found too small for the work it is wanted for.”

An appeal was made in the close of last year to the children of Great Britain and Ireland, to raise the sum required, about Six Thousand Pounds, to build and fit out a vessel for the Missionaries, and this they have now done.

“This is truly the children’s Missionary ship, and they have the very high honour of having built and fitted up a vessel on purpose to carry the Gospel to the South Sea Islands, and to thousands of immortal souls now in pagan darkness. Some of the instances of self-denial practised by the children have been very pleasing. One little girl, after giving all her pocket money then in her possession, sold her favourite doll for four shillings, and gave that too. Another received a half-sovereign in a present. It was the first *gold* coin she ever had, and it was all her wealth, but she gave it willingly to buy the ship.

A large meeting was held with the children in London on their paying in the money, and several ministers and some natives from the South Seas addressed them. We cannot help giving the close of a speech by Dr. Morrison, as it so well meets our present object. He is referring to the last day he saw Williams, when he set sail in the *Camden*. He says, with hundreds more he was pressing to the side of the vessel to get a last look, and hear the last words dropping from the lips of the honoured Missionary, and as he saw him standing on the deck, and pointing to the white canvass sails now spread to catch the breeze, he heard him say, ‘Is she not beautiful? Is she not beautiful?’ And to his eye, and to the eye of thousands besides, that day, she was doubtless beautiful. But, my dear young friends, to your eye the Missionary ship will be more beautiful still. The young people that gazed upon the *Camden* might feel a plank or a rope, or a pulley might be the fruit of their contributions, but when your eyes shall be permitted to gaze upon the Missionary ship, you will feel she is all your own—that she is the *Children’s Ship*, and your hearts will be ready to burst with joy, that God should have enabled you, by union and effort, to accomplish an undertaking so remarkable in the history of the world. The new Missionary ship will carry tidings of salvation to the heathen and their children, and you will hear of some of those neglected and wandering savages brought

to the feet of Christ by those Missionaries who shall be conveyed to their shores by the children's ship."

The *John Williams*, for so the new ship is called, sailed from the Thames on the 12th of last June, with six Missionaries on board, 4 of whom were for the South Seas, 1 for India, and 1 for the Cape of Good Hope, in Africa. In the South Sea Islands there are now 50 European Missionaries, and a large number of native teachers. They have a great many Christian Churches, Printing Presses, Bibles, and Schools, and now with the valuable assistance of the "children's ship," they will be able to do much more for the cause of Christ.

For the information of our young readers, we give the dimensions of the *John Williams*. Its length is 103 feet, depth 16 feet, and breadth 24 feet 8 inches, it carries 230 tons, and is most comfortably fitted up. This is a proof of what children can do for Missions, when they are willing to exert themselves.

Could the children of Canada do nothing for Missions?—we think they can do much, we know that some of our readers are doing so, but we fear that many do not do nearly so much as they might. "The children in Britain have set us a good example, and though we cannot collect six thousand pounds, yet we might, and we hope, that we will do something for the Great Cause. Let us all remember two things,—1st, The heathens are perishing, while we are hesitating whether we shall come to their assistance, and, 2nd, We ourselves are here but for a little time—we know not how long each one of us may be permitted to labour. Life is uncertain; death is very certain. "Let us work, while it is called to-day."

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## Missionary Intelligence.

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### MADAGASCAR.--No. II.

It was a sad day in Madagascar to the Christians when they saw their teachers leave them, and long did they

stand upon the beach watching the vessel till its white sails were lost in the distance, and the night came down and shut it for ever from their sight. Oh! then the world seemed lonely, and they could only find relief in the exercise of prayer.

It was in July 1836 that the Missionaries left the island, and in the same month the Queen began more openly to persecute the Christians, and make examples of certain of the most zealous amongst them. The first that was accused to her was a very good woman called Rafaravavy, and, as her history is very interesting, we shall tell you about her. She is still alive, and was in England. When Rafaravavy was a little girl, she was taught all the superstitions of her country, for her father and mother were heathen, and when she grew up she became a most zealous idolater, and gave much money to the service of her idols. She often went without food, and made her child do the same, that she might give the money to her foolish superstitions. Her husband was an officer in the army of the Queen, and she was thus a woman of some little consequence amongst the people. One day a young officer, who had been to the Missionaries and had learned to read his Bible, and believed in Christ, came into her house and spoke to her about her soul, and what would become of it when she died. Rafaravavy did not know before that her soul would live for ever; and when she heard him say it would, and was told that in the world where she was going there were just two states—the one, as he said, “where there was a great fire,” and the other where all was joy and life, she became very anxious. And when he went on to say, that there was “only one road by which to escape the fire and get to the world of joy, and that the Missionaries had a book that told them the road that led to it,” she very earnestly enquired about it. “For I also,” she said, “should like to escape the fire.” The young man told her he had the book, and, opening it, read to her a passage out of the 44th of Isaiah, shewing her

the folly of idolatry. The passage struck her much, for only a few days before a little incident had occurred which shewed its truth. She had gone with her husband to an idol-maker, fifteen miles off, to buy a god, but the man had not the one she wanted, so he cut down a tree and made her one by the next day. When Rafaravavy called for it, the man asked her and her husband to take some boiled rice with him, and, to get it ready, he made a fire of the branches and chips he had cut from the wood of the idol, so when Rafaravavy heard this chapter she was greatly struck with the truth. You may read the passage from the 13th to the 18th verses.

Her anxiety after this was so great that she went to the Missionaries to hear more of the Gospel, and soon became a zealous and devoted believer in Christ. She took a large house in the capital, on purpose that she might have a good place for meetings, and here the Christians often met and spent whole nights in reading the Bible, and praise and prayer. For some time this was not known, but, at last, three of her servants went and told it to the judges, and set persons to listen at the windows. One day her aged father came to her, and tried to persuade her to give up praying, but she refused. He then tried to get her to give up her companions' names. Rafaravavy felt much to grieve her old father, but she knew it was her duty to fear God rather than man, and she prayed much that she might stand firm. When the Queen heard that she would not give up praying, she ordered her to be put to death; but her father and husband begged hard for her, and her life was spared on condition that she paid a large sum of money.

All this did not move Rafaravavy, but she sold her large house, and took a less one in the country, where the Christians still assembled. Sometimes, however, they were watched so closely that they dare not meet, and then they would retire to the mountains, or even sometimes walk twenty miles, to find a place in which to meet in peace. During this time one of the Christians died,

and his end was very happy. This good man could never speak about Jesus without shedding tears; and when asked why he wept, he said, "How can I do otherwise when I speak of Him who died upon the cross for me?" As he drew near to death, one of his friends asked him if he was afraid to die, and he answered, "Why should I fear to die while Jesus is my friend? I am persuaded he will not leave me now. I am full of joy in the thought of leaving this sinful world to be forever with my Saviour."

His happy death made a good impression on the people. To see a man meet death without fear was new to them, and made them think more highly of the man's religion.

Soon after, some of the enemies went and accused ten of the most noted Christians to the Queen. Rafaravavy was one, and one day the Queen ordered the people in the market to go and rob her of all she had, and pull down her house. She was sitting alone in her house when the mob rushed in, and, snatching up all she had, drove her to the street, and pulled down the building to the ground. Poor Rafaravavy was now much distressed, and stood houseless and friendless for some time in the open street. At last four executioners came from the Queen, and told her to follow them. She thought they were sent to kill her, but still she went with them, repeating very often as she went along the words of Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" A young Christian saw her going along, and came up so close to her that she could speak to him, and she whispered in his ear: "Go with me, and see my end, and hear my last words. If I shall find by experience the strength of Christ sufficient for my support, it may encourage our friends who may soon be martyrs like myself." The young man answered, "I shall not leave you, dear sister. Go on, and cleave to Him on whom you have built your hope!" They at last came to a house, and there they put heavy irons on her. These irons are called by the people, "Be rano maso," which means "many tears," they are so painful to be borne.

She then heard one of the men tell the other she was to be put to death the next morning at cock-crow, and she gave herself up again to Christ, looking for fresh strength to bear the trial.

Her hour of death, however, was not quite so near. In the middle of the night she was led out for execution; but just as they were going to kill her, a great fire was seen to break out in the capital, and terrified the people. All the men ran away to put it out, and Rafaravavy was forgotten till the sun was up, and then the superstitions of the country would not allow them to put her to death. She was now kept in irons for five months, and the pain she suffered was very great, for she could not move an inch either day or night. She was kept in a solitary house, and a light was put in the window to tell the people there was one there under sentence of death. Every body thought each day would be her last, and one day a man came to tell her to prepare, for they were boiling water in which to scald her to death, but it turned out to be a mistake. During her confinement she was sometimes visited by her Christian friends, who did all they could to cheer her, and would sit down and read to her portions of the Bible in a low tone, so that the soldiers might not hear. She often spoke to the soldiers about their souls, and one of them was much impressed, and has since, it is believed, become a Christian also.

In the course of five months, the man, in whose house she was confined, wanted it for some heathen feast, and, to get rid of her, the Queen ordered her to be sold into slavery. In this slavery she was worked very hard, but her mistress and master were very kind to her, and she could find time, when her work was done, to retire for reading and prayer. This was to her a great privilege, and, though separated from all she loved, she felt very thankful for it. We will resume her history in our next.

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A little Indian Girl, seven years old, once expressed herself thus:—"I have sometimes heard of Christ, and :

now I have experienced him to be just such a Saviour as I wanted! I have often heard people undertake to tell of the excellency that was in Christ; but their tongues are too short to express the beauty and love that is contained in that lovely Jesus! I cannot tell my poor relations how lovely Christ is! I wonder my poor play-mates will choose that dreadful place which is called Hell, when here stands that beautiful person, Jesus, calling upon sinners, saying, 'Come away, sinners, to Heaven!'—Come, do come to my Saviour! Shut him out no longer, for there is room enough in Heaven for all you to be happy for evermore! It causes much joy, at times, that I delight to serve him; by the help of God, I mean to hold out to the end of my days!"

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## Poetry.

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### Hymn for a Juvenile Missionary Society.

Hark! a distant voice is calling,  
Mournfully it meets the ear;  
Louder still those accents falling,  
Fill each heart with thoughtful fear;  
Let us listen;  
Now the cry of grief is near.

'Tis the groan of spirits dying,  
Lost in sin's dark night they stray;  
'Tis the call of thousands crying  
"Ye who know the living way,  
Come and guide us,  
To the land of perfect day."

We would help them, O our Father!  
Thou hast bid us freely give,  
Wilt Thou not these wanderers gather?  
Shall not dying sinners live?  
Hear our pleading,  
And our past neglect forgive.

Let us send to every nation,  
News of life and light divine;  
And to spread the great salvation,  
Truly all our powers resign.  
Take the first fruits,  
Then our lives shall all be thine.