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THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

VOL. I.]

AUGUST 1, 1844.

[No. 5.]

The Life of the Rev. John Campbell.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Africa is the name given to a large portion of the world in which we live. Millions of immortal souls live and die in Africa, but there are very few Christians there, and very few missionaries. Africa is very dark indeed, it is the region at present of the shadow of death. Here and there is a missionary station, and in the South of Africa are some very interesting missions, about which we wish to give you some information, and the best way we think of doing so is by first giving a plain and short account of the life of Mr. Campbell, one of the first British missionaries to that part of the world.

Little John Campbell was born in Edinburgh, March 1766. When he was two years old, his father died, and when he was six years old, his dear mother died, and he was left a poor little orphan boy. But God had heard the prayers of his dear father and mother, and when they were gone to Heaven, a kind aunt and uncle took him and his two brothers under their care, and brought them up in the fear of God.

John was very fond of travelling when he was quite a little boy, and when he was a very old man, he wrote an account of his early journeys. The first he ever had was in a stage-coach for about two miles. He felt quite sure that the houses and trees were running past him, and that he was sitting still on his mother's lap. "As for the horses dragging us," he says, "I never thought of that, as I did not see them." The first time he went by himself, was from his mother's house to his uncle's. He had to pass

between some rows of trees, and was wonderfully amused to find that the sun seemed to travel along with him. He ran with all his might from one tree to another, but the sun was always there as soon as he. Then he ran back, and was still more surprised to find that the sun seemed to go back with him. You may suppose that he must have been a very little boy then, but it shows that he looked about him and tried to understand what he saw. Afterwards he made other little journeys, which he tells us about in his Life.

When he grew a bigger boy, he and one of his brothers thought it would be a treat indeed, if they could but get to see the cities of St. Andrew's and Perth. They talked a great deal about it, and asked many questions of older friends. They saved up money for a long time till they had thirty shillings. Then they hired two little horses to ride on, and started at five o'clock on a fine summer morning. They were out three days, travelled altogether a hundred miles, saw all they wished to see, spent all their money, and got home tired enough, about one o'clock in the morning. Sometime after, they made a much longer journey on foot.

While John was still a youth, his uncle died, and when he was twenty, his dear brothers died. Their uncle's holy life and happy death, led them all to think about their souls. John prayed very much, and thought he would give anything to be a Christian. He did not feel happy, however, for a good many years. "How was this? Does not religion make people happy?" Yes. "Then why was he not happy?" He felt so afraid that Jesus would not save him. Yet Jesus has said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Yes, and he particularly says, "Suffer *little children* to come," and he always keeps his promise, therefore no one need be afraid.

"Why then was young Campbell afraid?" Dear readers, have you a very kind father? When you have been doing anything that you know he would not like, have you not felt afraid to go to him? John felt something like this. He was fond of company and dress, and used often to go into the company of people who did not love his Saviour. Sometimes he used to read foolish books, and sometimes to lie late in bed, so that he had not time for prayer. Then he knew he had been doing wrong, and this made him feel afraid even of that gracious Saviour.

At last he was brought to give up his heart to Jesus, and to feel that he could safely trust his soul in the hands of his dear Redeemer. Then he felt quite happy. Then he thought that he could never do enough to show his love. He had tried to do good before, but often with a heavy heart. Now, it was all pleasure. We will tell you some of the ways in which he tried to do good.

He began with visiting the sick and poor in the garrets of

Edinburgh. He used to read the Bible to them, and pray with them, and relieve their wants. He spent his spare time in this way, and *his spare money too*. He was very kind to orphans, and did all he could to help them. He knew how to pity them, for he was himself an orphan. He used also to write a great many letters to give good advice, or to comfort those who were in trouble.

At that time, there were not so many good ministers and people in Scotland or England either as there now are, and there were no Bible and Tract Societies. It came into his mind that it would be a good thing to print tracts to give away. Soon after, he set up two Sabbath evening schools for children. He paid a good man to teach one of them, and the other he taught himself.

About the same time he began to travel again, but not in the same way as when he was a boy, just to amuse himself. He printed a great many tracts for the purpose, and then he and another friend hired a large chaise, and filled it with tracts, and went all over Scotland, preaching at different places, and giving tracts to all the people whom they met. He made several of these journeys. He persuaded the good people at different places to set up Sabbath schools. After one week's journey, he heard that sixty schools had been set up. Was not that a good week's work? How many children there must have been in sixty schools!

Mr. Campbell was very fond of children, and he knew just what they liked. There were then no nice little books for children. Almost all the books that were made for them were like sermons, and full of hard words. Mr. Campbell had a little *cousin named Mary Campbell, about nine or ten years old*. She was under his care, and he loved her very much. He found a little book, a pious address to children, of eighteen pages of small print, without one stop in the middle. He thought he would try whether it would do for Mary, so one day after dinner, he told her he had a nice book for her, written on purpose for children like her. She seemed much pleased, and began to read it eagerly. He sat down to his desk to write a letter. When she had turned over the second leaf, he saw she was surprised that there was no end of a chapter in sight. Then she turned over the third leaf, to see if there was an end there. Mr. Campbell said, "Go on Mary; it's very good." After a little while, he saw her peep over the fourth leaf, and seeing no end of a chapter, she put her arms over her head, and said, "Am I obliged to read all this at one sitting?" -- "No, Mary," he said, "you may go to play," and she ran off like a prisoner set free.

While Mary was at play, Mr. Campbell thought he would try to write something which she would like better. He wrote the first chapter of "Worlds displayed." After dinner next day, he

gave her this to read, and sat down to his desk. Mary did not look over the leaves to see for the end this time. She read to the end without once looking off the paper, and when she had done, she asked for some more. "No," said he, "that is enough for one day, but if you behave well, you shall have just such another to-morrow after dinner." She did not forget to ask him for it next day. He wrote more every day, and he was tired first, and obliged to tell Mary that she must begin and read them over again. After that, he had them printed in an eightpenny book, and found that other children liked them as well as Mary did. He afterward wrote many other nice little books for children. He also helped to begin the *Youth's Magazine*.

After Mr. Campbell had been employed for some years in preaching, and teaching, and printing tracts, and writing little books, he wished to become a minister, and he went to Glasgow to pursue his studies. About this time, the missionary societies were begun. In 1802, he went to London to attend the meetings. You cannot think how delighted he was with the missionary services, and with meeting so many good people. He was asked to give out a hymn after one of the missionary sermons. This was the greatest treat of all. He thought it such an honour to have anything to do at such a time. Afterwards he came to London again, and became a minister at Kingsland.

In 1812, Mr. Campbell was asked by the Missionary Society to go to Africa, and visit the missionary stations. He set sail on the 25th of June. When he reached the Cape of Good Hope, who do you think was the first to welcome him there? One of the orphan boys whom he had taken care of in Edinburgh. He had turned out well, and grown a rich man. He was surprised and delighted indeed to see his kind friend, Mr. Campbell, and took him to his own home, and made him stay there while he was at the Cape.

When everything there was ready, Mr. Campbell started on his journey. Do you know how people travel in South Africa? Not in post-chaises, or four-horse coaches, or steam-carriages, on smooth turnpike roads, or smoother rail-roads. No; but in waggons without springs, drawn by twelve, fourteen, or sixteen oxen. They go at the rate of about two miles an hour, not so fast as a little boy can walk. Mr. Campbell took some of the converted Hottentots to lead and drive the oxen, and two women, Elizabeth and Sarah, to wash and cook. He had two waggons at the beginning. When he came to the wild and savage parts, he was obliged to have three. This was the order in which they went then:—

1. Eight bushmen riding on oxen.
2. Baggage waggon and twelve oxen.
3. A bushman on ox-back, and a guide on horse-back.
4. Mr. Campbell's waggon and ten oxen.
5. A flock of sheep and goats.

6. The third waggon and ten oxen.
7. A chief and his son on ox-back.
8. The spare oxen.
9. The armed Hottentots, walking scattered.

"The whole," says Mr. Campbell, "formed a curious caravan."

There was no proper road. Sometimes the way was through the plains of deep sand: sometimes over rough stones,—so rough that Mr. Campbell was glad to walk, instead of being almost shaken to pieces in the waggon, and what he calls "the stop-a-while bushes," would sometimes tear great pieces off his clothes. Often the way was dreadfully steep. When they came to rivers, there were no bridges: they had to look for a ford, and get over as well as they could. Once they stuck in the mud of the river for an hour. There were no inns, or neat cottages in that wilderness, so at night they made great fires to keep off the lions, and slept in the waggons. For three months, Mr. Campbell was only once in a bed. The sun was so hot, that the butter turned to oil; the ink got thick in a few minutes, the thirsty flies drank it from the pen as he wrote; and the dogs lay panting, with their tongues hanging out, in the shade. Water was often dreadfully scarce. When they reached the banks of the Great Orange River, the oxen plunged through the thickets, and down the steep sides, till they reached the water. They held up their tails for delight, and the travellers were as glad as they.

As for Mr. Campbell's danger from wild bushmen, and lions, and serpents, and pit-falls, you must read them for yourselves in his Travels. He visited many tribes of Bushmen, Caffres and Bechuana, and went along the borders of the Great Orange River, westward, till he came to Great Namayua Land, not far short of Africaner's kraal. Thus he who sometimes before went about Scotland persuading people to set up Sabbath schools, now went about among the wild people of South Africa, persuading them to have missionaries. He travelled altogether about three thousand miles.

The most remarkable place that Mr. Campbell visited was Lat-takoo (or Lithako), in the Bechuana country. When he came home, he had so many stories to tell of what he had seen and heard there, that he was afterwards called, Mr. Campbell of Lat-takoo. The poor people there were in a sad state when Mr. Campbell found them. They made many objections to having missionaries. One man said, that while they were praying, they should not see an enemy coming. Mr. Campbell said, "You can set one to watch, and two eyes will do as well as twenty." At last, he persuaded the king to let the missionaries come, and Mothihi said, "Send missionaries. I will be a father to them."

After two years Mr. Campbell returned to England, and reached London four days before the annual missionary meetings. O how

delighted were all the good people to see him, and to hear his interesting accounts! For years after, they were never tired of hearing, nor he of telling. In 1820, he went to Africa again. He found there had been some pleasant changes since his first visit. Africaner, then a robber and an outlaw, was now a Christian. Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton were busy in missionary work at Lithako, and there was a comfortable chapel, and a long row of missionary houses, with nice gardens behind. On this journey, Mr. Campbell went higher in the country, to Kurrechane, the chief town of the Baharutsi, and so places where white men had never been seen before. He lived nearly twenty years after his return to England, employing himself in helping different societies, and speaking at missionary meetings, besides preaching to, and visiting his own people. He was happy and kind, trying to do good to everybody, and beloved by all good people to the last. He was taken ill in March 1840, and this illness ended in death. At first he felt troubled, because he thought he had not done half enough for his Saviour, but this trouble soon passed away, and all was peace. When his mind wandered, he talked of Africa, and missionary meetings, and missionary friends. On the day of his death, he said to his wife, "Do not grieve. There is nothing melancholy in dying and going to glory." As the last gleam of the setting sun fell on his dying bed, he smiled, and sighed, and gently breathed his last. He spent a long life in the service of Jesus, and died at the age of seventy-four.

Dear readers, should not you like to live as useful and blessed a life, and to die as peaceful a death as Mr. Campbell did?

POETRY.

The Heathen perish; day by day
 Thousands on thousands pass away?
 Oh, Christians! to their rescue fly—
 Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

Wealth, labour, talent, freely give
 Yea, life itself—that they may live.
 What hath your Saviour done for you?
 And what for Him will you not do?

Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth;—
 Call in the South, wake up the North,
 Of every clime, from sun to sun,
 Gather God's children, into one.

Sketches of Missions.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

In the year 1800 the members and friends of the Church of England joined together and formed a Missionary Society to send the good tidings of salvation to other portions of the world, where the natives had never heard of God or of His Son Jesus Christ. This society was called the Church Missionary Society, and its labourers have been greatly blessed, to bring many dead souls to life and light. It spends a very large sum of money every year. Last year it spent nearly one hundred thousand pounds in sending out and supporting missionaries, in printing the Bible in different languages, and in providing schools and books for the children. Its missionaries are stationed in Africa, China, India, the West Indies, America, New Zealand, Greece, Egypt, and Malta. There would not be time to tell of all these places, but when our readers see how the work of God has prospered in one corner, they will thank God for the formation of this society. One of the first stations occupied was *Sierra Leone, on the West of Africa*. The climate of this country is very dangerous—few people who go there from England live long, but the missionaries knew in whom they lived and moved, therefore they were not afraid. They found here many poor negroes whom the English ships of war had rescued from the slave ships when they had been stolen away from their own country. To these poor creatures the missionaries were sent. They collected them into towns and villages, taught them trades, instructed them to read, and led many of them to the knowledge of the Saviour. So completely degraded were they, that when clothing was given to them they threw it away. They were under the grossest superstition, their places of worship were called “Devil’s houses.” Often after the missionaries had been preaching to them about Jesus, they would ask if they were to be paid for listening. Yet even here the promise was true, “Thy word shall not return unto thee void.” Twenty years after,

the Missionary Report states a church was built to contain thirteen hundred, and filled three times every Sabbath. Later reports show how the word has free course and is glorified. These poor Africans have their meetings, and auxiliary societies, and collect, in aid of the society to which they owe so much, sums which might put to shame the scanty contributions of more civilized Christians. Their annual contribution for 1844 was £134 2s. 8d. The total sum received from this association is £2107 2s. 11. One among the many instances that might be given of the miracles of Divine grace must close this brief notice of Sierra Leone. Mr. Graff (the missionary) mentions in 1843 the baptism of a man above forty years of age. He was chief of a set of idolaters, and used to personate the devil, and by his wickedness and disorderly conduct proved a great source of distress; but he is now a new man,—like Africaner the wild savage, (of whom you will hear in next number) has become gentle as the Lamb. He has left all his wicked courses, and is most eager for instruction. He is learning to read, and in order to make more progress adopted the following plan:—He has a boy belonging to the Mission school, about twelve years of age, whom he brings with him to the Sabbath school, that he may listen to all that is said, and mark in the book what is to be learnt by heart; during the week he makes the boy teach him what he heard on the Sabbath, often keeping him till late at night, sometimes even awakening him from sleep to teach him a verse, or a question of the Catechism.

Children, who neglect your Bibles and Sabbath schools, will not this man rise up in judgment against you?

Of New Zealand it may eminently be said, “The wilderness has become a fruitful field,” and this society having sown diligently, have reaped abundantly. Our young friends, know that until the story of peace was spoken to the New Zealander, he was literally like the beasts of the field, they were a nation of cannibals, devouring one another, living on human flesh, and committing

the most dreadful barbarities. One of their chiefs in a letter to Queen Victoria, says, "formerly we were a bad people, a murdering people, now we are sitting peaceably. We have left off the evil." There are now nineteen stations in New Zealand, and at each of these, congregations of many hundreds, schools for old and young, also infant schools have done much good there. Here is the description of the house of a native teacher, once perhaps a man-eater, now a teacher of the way of salvation. "The house was open—very clean and tidy. On a shelf were plates, cups and saucers, beneath a tea-kettle and a mattress, bolster and pillow were neatly rolled together. In a corner on another shelf, were a hat-box, a hair brush, a New Zealand Testament, and various other things. The teacher was absent, but at the door hung a slate, on which one of the natives had written some message he wished to leave. There is now hardly a New Zealander to be met with in the vicinity of the stations who cannot read and write, and morning and evening ascend the voice of praise and prayer from many a spot once devoted to deeds of wickedness and bloodshed. Surely such tidings from a far country should make us be glad and give thanks, because the heathen is given to Christ for a heritage.

(To be Continued.)

HINDOO ORPHANS.

Two months ago, in the *Record* for June, an account was given of Mrs. Wilsons Refuge for Orphans, near Calcutta, in India. We now have a story to tell of two little girls who were brought into it, which we think interesting.

One day a person found them begging in the road, and took them up and brought them before the magistrate. The youngest of them was a fine healthy looking child, and her bright eye and pretty form delighted all that looked at her; but the oldest was weak, and thin, and sickly, and seemed almost starved to death. The magistrate asked her how it was she was so thin, and her sister was

so stout. "Oh," she answered, "I do not often get much to eat, for when any food is given me, I always give it first to my little sister and she eats her full, and if anything is left I get it; sometimes it is only a very little bit but if she eats it all, as she often does, then I have to go without." The magistrate was much affected at her story, and asked her about her history. She told him that "their mother had died when they were very little, and they did not recollect her, and that their father had then carried them about from place to place, till at last he had laid down with sickness under a tree in a jungle, and there had died, leaving his orphan babes behind. The jackals came, and began to devour their father as soon as he was dead, and they tried to drive them away, but they could not, and when their little strength was spent and they had seen his bones picked white by the hungry beasts, they had turned away to find a home upon the wide wild waste, and wandered on till now." The kind magistrate took them to his house, and soon after sent them down to Mrs. Wilson's Refuge.

It was very delightful to notice the affection of these two little girls after coming to the house. Every night when they lay down to rest, they did so locked in each others' arms; and whenever food was set before them, the oldest never touched it, however hungry, faint, or tired, till her little sister had had her portion. Mrs. Wilson loved them much, and taught them to know that Saviour who had said even to the little Hindoo orphan, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." They soon learned about his love, and delighted in talking of him and praying to him. At last they were baptized, the one being called Priscilla, and the other Rhoda, and many were the lovely proofs they gave of love to God. One day, while in the school, they heard the sound of a drum and other musical instruments, and knew from it that an idol was being carried past the house with a long procession. Little Rhoda directly shut her eyes and closed her ears, cry-

ing as she did so, "Don't, don't look, these are the devil's works that are passing by."

For some time the two children had good health, but at last Rhoda was taken ill. During her sickness she often begged Priscilla to read to her out of the New Testament, and was constantly heard repeating the hymns that she had learned. One of her greatest favourites was that beginning,

"Come, yea sinners, poor and wretched,"

and another,

"There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love:
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above."

She also delighted to repeat the Infant's Hymn:—

"Little children, come to Jesus;
He has kindly said you may;
When you pray to him and praise him,
He will teach you what to say:
He will take your hands and lead you
In the way you ought to go;
He will make you good and happy;
No one else can make you so.

The dear girl never murmured through all her sufferings, but bore every thing most patiently. About a week before she died she became quite blind very suddenly, and when Mrs. Wilson came into the room and approached the bed, little Rhoda held out her hands and sweetly said, "I cannot see you now, but I can hear you and feel you: I know who you are. I shall not live many days; I shall die and go to Jesus: *But take care of my sister.*"

From this time she was never heard to complain. She was "always happy;" "going to Jesus;" "going to heaven." "Read to me," she would often say, "or say some pretty hymns to me;" or, after some expression of her wishes, wind up by saying, "and take care of my sister." When near her death, she was asked, "Rhoda, are you happy?" She gently answered, "Yes!" and

then, without a struggle, lying in Mrs. Wilson's arms breathed out her soul in calm and holy peace.

She was only about six years old.

Her little grave was made in the Mirzapore burial ground and her remains followed to the place by Priscilla and her kind teacher, and there she sweetly rests waiting for the resurrection morning.

Priscilla is, we believe, still alive. She has now grown up, and is the wife of a native Christian Catechist in Calcutta. Her course since Rhoda's death has been most pleasing, and her present character is very high.

In this little narrative you have,

1. A *picture* of the miseries the poor heathen children are often subject to.

2. An *illustration* of the kind care God constantly takes of us, even when we know nothing about him.

3. A *proof* that even the youngest children are called to die; and,

4. A *beautiful example* of affection through life, and peace in death.

Missionary Intelligence.

MADAGASCAR.

Madagascar is a large island near the South East coast of Africa, about 900 miles long, from 300 to 400 miles broad, and a population of about 4,000,000 living on it. We do not know of any more interesting field of missionary labour than that which Madagascar presents, and we intend in this and following numbers of the *Record* giving our readers some account of it. It is a beautiful country, with many large lakes, covered with lovely islands, and surrounded by noble mountains. Large caverns are found in many places in the hills, and once a whole army was hid in one of them, while their enemies marched above their heads, not knowing they were there.

The people of Madagascar are not savages, but they are idolaters, and very wicked, and very cruel. They are called Malagasy. Their hair is black, some woolly, and some long—their skins dark—their eyes beautifully bright and black—and their countenances fine and open. They are generally given to very bad habits. They will lie, and steal, and cheat, but they are kind to their old parents, and very hospitable to strangers and to one another, if in need.

The Malagasy have some idea there is a God, but they know nothing about him, and worship ugly wooden idols. They seem, too, to worship the crocodiles, for they sometimes say prayers to them when they are going to cross a river. Some of their religious customs are very cruel. They are firm believers in witchcraft, and if they suspect any persons of it, put them to cruel tortures, to prove whether they are innocent or guilty. If guilty, they are killed, sometimes at once, by being struck with a club; sometimes they are crucified; sometimes buried alive; and sometimes scalded to death.

The first Missionaries that were sent to this island, were sent from England in 1818. There was a King in Madagascar called Radama. He was very kind to the Missionaries, and did all he could to encourage them in their work. He built them schools, and got the people to send their children to them, and allowed them to preach when and where they liked. By their advice, too, he made many good laws, and put an end to many cruel customs amongst them, such as that of putting the children to death. If he had lived, we think, that Christianity would soon have made great way, but he died before he was himself a Christian, in the year 1828, and the Missionaries felt very much distressed to lose so kind a friend. On his death, one of his wives, a very cruel woman, called Ranavalona, got possession of the throne, though she had no right to it. She was so wicked as to have all the people likely to lay claim to the kingdom, murdered in the most cruel way, and so made herself the

Queen. One of them, Radama's brother, she starved to death. He was eight days in dying. For four or five days before he died, his cries were most distressing, but no one dared to give him food, or they would have been put to death. One of the guards looked into his dungeon when he had ceased to utter cries, thinking he was dead, but he was not, and made signs for food with piteous looks, but the guard dare not give it. It is said that she has killed more than 100,000 of her people since she began to reign. Of course nobody loves her, but they have no power to oppose her. At first Ranavalona was kind to the Missionaries, and allowed the Christians to be baptized, but in 1335 she began to persecute them very cruelly.

By this time, the Missionaries had laboured above seventeen years. They had 5000 scholars in their schools, and about 200 people had been baptized as believers in Christ. Besides this, they had translated and printed in Malagasy, the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress, and many Tracts.

The idol keepers now got alarmed, and set the Queen against the Christians. She was very ignorant, and very fond of idol worship. She hated the changes that were taking place in the country, and she was easily persuaded to put down the Christians and their religion. Some of her wicked counsellors made her believe the Christians wanted to take the kingdom from her, and give it to the English. When Ranavalona heard this she was very angry, and called a great council of the nation, amounting to many thousands of people. Many gave their opinions, and two of the chief officers stood up and spoke much in favour of the Christians, and warned the Queen not to interfere with them. Two days after, the Queen sent a letter to the Missionaries, commanding them not to preach, and forbidding the people to keep the Sabbath, or be baptized, or engage in religious worship, or change any of the customs of the country. She also sent soldiers all through the country to watch the Christians, and see to it

that they obeyed her letter, and she summoned them to attend at a great kabary or council, where she made them accuse themselves of Christianity. It was a very trying time to the Christians. Their consciences would not let them stay away, and yet to go to the kabary was like giving themselves up to the mercy of the cruel Queen, who, for all they knew, might order them at once to be put to death. A few went full of fear, and tried to make excuses for having gone to hear the Missionaries preach, but the most came boldly forward, and told the judges of their faith in Christ.

At the end of the kabary, all those who had attended the preaching of the Missionaries, amounting to between two and three thousand persons, were punished. The common people were made to pay a dollar and a bullock each as a fine, and the officers were lowered in their rank. The people bore all this so patiently that they gained great credit. One officer of high rank was so struck with what he saw, that he became a Christian, and afterwards sheltered many of them in his house.

Soon after this the people were ordered to deliver up all their Bibles and other books. A few obeyed, but the most refused; and what do you think they did? They dug holes in the earth, and there they buried them. Many Bibles are still thus hidden, waiting till the the time comes for the Christians to return. All the Missionaries were now driven off the island, and the people left alone. They wept much when they saw their Missionaries go, and gathered about them with great affection. But they recollected that Jesus was still with them, and they found great comfort in thinking of his words, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you."

We must leave our narrative here for this time, and will give our readers some interesting stories of the Christians in our next. Till then think much of poor Madagascar. There are 200 persecuted Christians wandering up and down the island, and the Queen daily seeking their destruction. Oh! if you ever pray with

faith in Christ, pray for these Christians, and that God would soon cometo their assistance !

A Thoughtful Child.

A little girl was in prayer one evening, after she had retired, and her mother heard her pray, that "the poor might have a stove in their parlor, and a stove in their kitchen, and wood enough to burn in them all winter." At another time she prayed that "somebody might be sent to mend all the broken squares of glass in every poor person's house in town ; that they might be kept from the cold."—*Well-Spring.*

Poetry.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

O for a robe as white as those
That shine around the Throne!
O for that robe of righteousness
Which ransom'd souls put on !
And are there little children there,
And some as young as me ?
O tell me how they worthy were
Such glorious things to see ?
Ah ! once these holy little ones
Had hearts as hard as you,—
But He who died for sinners, died
For sinful children too.
That blood which wash'd *their* robes so white
Is now as free to *you* ;
They sought and found the Lord when young,
Oh seek and find him too !
For ah ! how Jesus loves to see
His lambs returning home ;
His arms are wide to welcome them,
If they will only come.
O may our Sabbath-school, at last
All meet in Heav'n above,
And evermore together sing
Of Jesus and his love