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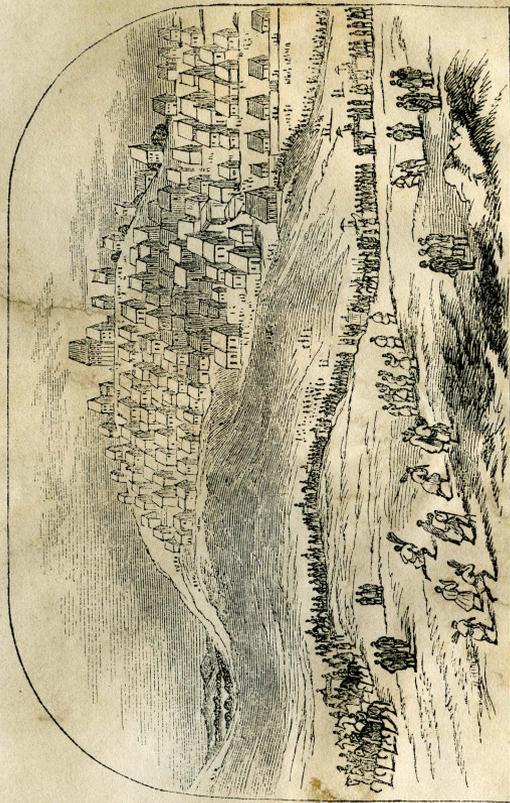
REV. W. ELLIS'S VISIT TO THE CAPITAL OF
MADAGASCAR.

OUR readers know that some time ago the Rev. W. Ellis visited Madagascar; that while there he saw much of the country and the people, and was allowed to go up to the capital, where he was received by the Queen, and treated most kindly by the Prince Royal, her son, and many other Christian Malagassy. Mr. Ellis has just written a book describing all this. This book is a most interesting one. Its title is "Three Visits to Madagascar;" and we should strongly advise our readers to get it and read it for themselves.

As, however, many will not be able to do this, we give them, this month, a view of Antananarivo, the capital of the Island, and some account of Mr. Ellis's visit to that place.

Though Mr. Ellis had been twice before to the coast of Madagascar, he could not get up to the capital until the summer of 1855. Then the Queen allowed him to go there. As soon as he came to Tamatave (which is a seaport on the east of the island), the governor of that place sent to tell the Queen that he was there. After

Antananarivo, the Capital of Madagascar.



waiting a few weeks, word came back that she had ordered a hundred men to carry his luggage up to Antananarivo. He himself travelled in a kind of cot or palanquin, hanging from long poles which rested upon men's shoulders. Orders, too, were sent to different places along the road where Mr. Ellis would stop, to provide him and his company with lodgings and food. Now you know that in Madagascar there are no roads like those in England. And perhaps you may have heard that Antananarivo is three hundred miles from Tamatave. You may suppose, then, that the journey was a long and difficult one. For some time the party kept along the coast. Then they moved inland, and after a while entered the great forest, a hundred miles broad, through which they had to find their way. But though the path was difficult, and sometimes dangerous, Mr. Ellis was delighted with many things he saw there, especially with the strange and beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers. But we have no space to say much about the journey.

As he drew near to the capital, he received many kind messages from the Prince and other Christians, to say how delighted they would be to see him. The Prince also sent him presents, and gave orders to the people of the places where he was to stop to provide him with everything he wanted. At the same time two palanquins came from the Prince, one of which was covered with a purple cloak lined with velvet. This was for Mr. Ellis.

At length, as he drew near the end of his journey, three officers on horseback came from the Queen, to

accompany him to the capital. It was a fine clear morning when Mr. Ellis first saw that place. Its name, Antananarivo, means "the city of a thousand towns." It stands upon a hill, and is a mile and a half in length. On the highest part is the palace, next to that the Prince's house, and along the top of the hill there are the houses of other great men. One of these houses, and a very good one, had been set apart by the Queen for Mr. Ellis. It was a large building, well furnished, and quite comfortable.

Mr. Ellis had not been long there, when many friends came to welcome him. From these he learned much that was painful about the good people who had suffered martyrdom, or who had been made slaves merely because they were Christians. He was also told that all the people respected the young Prince.

The next morning, four officers came to his house from the Queen to ask him how he was after his long journey. They also inquired after Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the Royal family. They further said the Queen had sent him a present of an ox, some turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, rice, and eggs; and then they pointed him to the door, outside which stood the ox, while the turkeys gobbled, and the other poultry expressed in their own way their thoughts and feelings upon the occasion.

In the evening came the Prince with a friend, and gave Mr. Ellis a hearty welcome. They soon entered into free conversation, for the Prince had many questions to ask, and much to say to his Christian visitor. When he left, he told him how pleased and thankful he was that he had come to his country.

On the next day came Prince Ramonja, the nephew of the Queen, and a most excellent Christian man. He, too, expressed his gratitude to God for the visit. Then nine officers appeared from the palace, who were introduced by the Queen's secretary.

But, amongst the friends who came to see him, there was one company in which Mr. Ellis felt the deepest interest. On his two former visits to Tamatave, he had seen much of a fine, noble-looking, Christian chief, about thirty years old, whom he called his tall friend. Few days passed in which this good man was not at Mr. Ellis's house, and there was no one in Madagascar for whom he felt more respect and love. But when he next reached the island, he was grieved to learn that his friend was dead. Soon after the Queen's officers had left his house, he was told that the family of this chief wished to visit him. He bade them welcome. The father, a noble-looking man, his wife, the widow of the chief, a young and interesting looking woman, and her five children, entered the room. The father seated himself in a chair; the mother and her daughter-in-law sat upon the ground; the widow carried a little boy in her arms. The interpreter then said to the chief, "Who are you?" "I am Ra—" said the venerable man. Then, pointing to his wife, he added, "She is his mother;" and then, pointing to the young woman and her family, said, "She is his widow, and these are his children." The good man then said, "We have come with a small present in token of our love, for our son loved you, and spoke much of you. We shall never see him again; but seeing you seems to bring him back to our thoughts."

Mr. Ellis thanked him, and said how he had mourned when he had heard of his friend's death.

Mr. Ellis then handed to the father a photographic likeness of his son, which he had taken at Tamatave. The father looked at it and wept. The mother then took it, pressed it to her lips, and kissed it, while tears flowed freely down her face. Mr. Ellis then placed a full-length portrait in the hand of the widow. She also kissed it and wept; then laid it down, and bent over her baby and wept. You will not wonder that Mr. Ellis wept too. At last the father and mother both said, "We are glad to see you, though we weep; we shall never see him again, but we see you. You were his friend; he loved you." Mr. Ellis replied, "Not more than I loved him."

We have described this meeting because it will give our readers a better idea of some of the Malagassy than anything we could say about them. It shows, too, how the Gospel softens the heart, and makes even strangers love one another. It also proves what a happy land Madagascar would be, if all its chiefs were like Mr. Ellis's "tall friend," and all its families like his.

The next morning, three officers from the palace came to say that the Queen had appointed them to go with Mr. Ellis, if he wished to ride out into the country. And soon after, the Prince sent to say that he would also go with him. The ride was a very pleasant one to Mr. Ellis. He saw many things that were new to him, and very interesting. The Prince told him about the places they passed, and took him to a palace of the late King Radama. This was a

wonderful building. It was entirely of wood. One of the rooms which Mr. Ellis entered was a hundred feet long. But the object which, of all others, fixed his eyes, and filled his mind with serious thoughts and feelings, was the rock, 300 feet high, over which the Christians had been hung, and from which they had been dashed down, because they would not deny their faith. This was pointed out to him by the Prince.

Two days after this, the Prince and Princess invited him to go with them to the country house of Radama. He, of course, accepted the kind invitation. At noon, a messenger came to tell him that his friends were about to leave the palace; he therefore went and met them just as they were coming out. He joined them and many others, for the procession was half a mile long. Eight or ten officers led the way on horseback. The princes, princesses, and nobles followed in palanquins. Many other officers rode by their side. Then there were the officers belonging to the palace, and the Prince's band. There were nineteen musicians, and they played well. Amongst other tunes they struck up "God Save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia," in honour of the sovereign and country of their visitor. The whole road was crowded, and, as both the gentlemen and ladies were richly dressed, the procession was rather grand. Our readers may form some notion of it from the Frontispiece, which is taken from Mr. Ellis's book. But we cannot, this month, tell them anything more about this interesting visit.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS MISSIONARY
TRAVELS.

NO. XIII.

ALTHOUGH Dr. Livingstone had got safely away from Njambi, unhappily for him he had still to travel for some distance further through the country of the Chiboque. And, what made bad worse, was the fever with which he was now seized, and which rendered it difficult for him to do what he might have done if he had been well, to keep the little property he had from the hands of these greedy natives. The ox, too, which he rode upon, and which he called Sinbad, was a troublesome fellow. He did not like his rider, and his rider had little reason for liking him. As much of the journey was through thick forests, the branches of the trees, and large creeping plants, often hung across the travellers' path, and as Sinbad would not stop or turn aside so as to keep clear of these hindrances, his master was often tumbled off his back upon the ground—a mishap which appeared to give the beast the greatest satisfaction. One day he went off at a plunging gallop, the bridle broke, and down came Dr. Livingstone upon his head. What was worse, the bad-tempered creature gave his fallen rider an awkward kick on the thigh. All this was a serious matter to Dr. Livingstone just then, as the fever had left him very weak, and almost a skeleton.

We cannot tell our readers about all Dr. Livingstone's troubles while in this part of Africa; but they were very great. At one place, for instance, he found that they must either fight the natives or give up most of the little property they had with them. His companions gave their ornaments, and he offered even his shirts; but this did not satisfy the savages. At length, his people told him that they could go no further, and must turn back. This

troubled him much. So he tried to persuade them to go on, and at length he told them that *he* would do so whether *they* did or not. He then went into his tent to pray that God would guide him, and, while there, one of his companions popped his head in, and said, "We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you lead we will follow. What we said was only on account of the injustice of these people." Others added, that they were all his children; that they would die for him; that they did not fight, only because he would not let them; but that, if they began, he should see what they could do.

At this time an odd, but happy thought, came into Dr. Livingstone's mind. The Chiboque would not have one of the bullocks because he had lost part of his tail, for they thought that witchcraft medicine had been given to him. Dr. Livingstone made his people laugh heartily, by hinting to them that it might be wise to save all the poor beasts they had left, in the same way. The hint was taken, and in a little time all the oxen had short tails. This answered the purpose. The Chiboque did not again ask for an ox.

The travellers were now in a beautiful region, where trees and plants flourished wonderfully. Gardens were common, and they were easily made, by burning and cutting down a few trees. The country, too, was full of little villages. Some of these were very neat, clean, and pretty. Weeds were not allowed to grow there, fowls were kept in cages, and the gardens were filled with grain. But other villages were "a wilderness of weeds," which shot up so high that Dr. Livingstone, though sitting upon his bullock, could only just see the tops of the huts. The fact is, that the idle people who lived in these places were great smokers, and cared much more for their pipes than for their gardens. Every village swarms with children.

Many of them ran along the road to see Dr. Livingstone's wonderful white face; but others, as nimble as monkeys, climbed up trees for the same purpose. Crowds of women, too, with babies upon their backs, and long pipes in their mouths, would spend hours in staring at the stranger.

For a long distance they had travelling over rather high ground; but all at once they came to a part so steep, and so broken up into narrow valleys, that it was not safe to ride, nor easy to walk down it. But the scenery was more beautiful than pen can picture. There, stretched out at his feet, was the great valley through which flows the river Quango—the largest and finest of the rivers in that part of Africa. This valley was about a hundred miles wide. It was covered with a dark forest, except here and there, where the bright stream was fringed with soft green meadows. On the opposite side of the valley rose a range of high mountains. When Dr. Livingstone first looked down upon this scene, a heavy cloud was moving over it, and he could hear the thunder rattling and pealing at his feet. But all this time he was above that cloud, under a clear sky and the glorious sun. The contrast between this prospect and the gloomy forests through which he had been travelling, made him feel as if a weight had been lifted off his eyes.

The part of the great valley which the travellers first entered belonged to the Bashinje. This tribe had also been sadly injured by the wicked slave trade, and they were no better than the Chiboque. The first chief they came near wanted "a man, an ox, or a tusk," and when they refused what he asked, the messenger said, "You may as well give it, for we shall take all after we have killed you to-morrow." Dr. Livingstone did not appear to notice these threats, though they worried him; but they made the Makololo very angry, and he overheard them saying

to one another, "That's what we want; only begin then." "These *things* have never travelled, and do not know what *men* are."

The next morning was rainy, but they set off, though they expected to be fired upon from every clump of trees they passed. But, after two hours, they felt safe, and the men thankfully said, "We are children of Jesus;" though, poor fellows, they did not understand the meaning of their own words. At length they came upon the bank of the Quango. The river here was very deep and wide, and the natives told them that there were many venomous water-snakes in it. How they were to get across was not very clear. The Bashinje had canoes, but their chief told Dr. Livingstone that they were his, and that the price for using them was "a man, an ox, or a gun." While this was going on, happily for the travellers, a Portuguese soldier, called Cypriano, came to them, and with his help they got over the difficulty.

Having passed the river, they entered the country under the rule of the Portuguese. Cypriano took them to his house, and, as he was very kind, they stopped with him some days. Then they went to Cassange. Here they were received by a Portuguese officer, who treated Dr. Livingstone as if he had been his brother. With this friend they stopped for a week. Dr. Livingstone, however, seemed to the Portuguese a very strange man. They were Roman Catholics, and had never before seen a Missionary who was a doctor, who knew how to take the latitude and longitude of a place, or who was married. They were, therefore, not a little puzzled to find out what kind of a "Missionario" he was.

We need not name the other places which Dr. Livingstone passed through on his way to the West Coast of Africa; but all along this part of his journey he was

amongst friends. The Makololo, however, were wonderfully struck with many things which they saw and heard; and, as they had been told again and again that the people at Loanda came up out of the sea, and that they would be kidnapped by them, and carried nobody knew where, they were not without fear. But at length, on the 31st of May, they finished their long and weary journey; and it was time they did so. They had now been six months on the road, and Dr. Livingstone was so ill that he could scarcely sit upon his ox. How happy he must have been to have reached the house of a very kind gentleman—Mr. Gabriel—and weak and weary as he was, to rest himself upon a bed, after sleeping so many months upon the hard, and often wet ground. This good Samaritan Dr. Livingstone calls "a real, whole-hearted Englishman." He might well enjoy his new quarters, and thank that great and gracious Preserver of men, who had brought him and his twenty-seven companions through so many dangers to the place they desired to reach.

LETTERS TO THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND ABOUT BRITISH GUIANA.

NO. VI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Before Missionaries went to British Guiana, the poor black people had no one to tell them the way of salvation. Their masters looked upon them as beasts of burden, and not as men and women with immortal souls. A traveller, who went to the colony in its dark days, alluding to the fact that the people went bare-footed, says, "You might as easily find a slave acquainted with the principles of Christianity, as to find one wearing shoes and stockings." This will show you that the white

people thought it impossible for any of them to become Christians.

While the colony belonged to the Dutch, there were but two churches in the whole country. These were more than a hundred miles apart, and were for the use of the Europeans only. A negro did not dare to enter them. Even after the year 1803, when the colony became English property, matters did not improve. We are told, in that interesting and valuable book called "The Martyr of Demerara," written by the Rev. E. Angell Wallbridge, of George Town, that, "on the occupation of this country by the British, a chaplain attached to the garrison at Kingston read the prayers of the Church of England, in a small room in the old court-house, George Town, which might have accommodated some thirty or forty persons. This service was not intended for the slaves: for many now living can well remember how the black people used to be driven away from the door, when any of them ventured to look in upon the few, sometimes not more than six worshippers there assembled. At that time nothing was done for the instruction of the many thousands of the ignorant children of Africa, whose minds were wrapped in heathen darkness, and whose bodies were held in unrighteous and cruelly oppressive bondage."

As far back as 1738, two Moravian Missionaries tried to get permission to preach the Gospel to the slaves, but this was not allowed. They therefore went into the interior of the colony, and founded a flourishing station amongst the Indians, its original inhabitants.

The next attempt to carry the Gospel to these benighted people was made in 1805, by a Wesleyan Missionary, who went to British Guiana from one of the West Indian islands. The second day after his arrival he had to wait upon the Governor, who asked him who he was, and what

he had come to do. The good Missionary told him. "Oh," he replied, "if that be what you are come to do, you must go back: I cannot let you stay here." The Missionary asked to be allowed to call again after a few days. "Oh no," said the Governor, "you had better go back by the next mail boat;" and he was compelled to do so.

Two years after this, however, the work of the Lord was begun in the colony. On the invitation of Mr. Post, a Dutch gentleman, the proprietor of a large plantation in Demerara, the Directors of the London Missionary Society sent out the Rev. John Wray, who laboured faithfully and successfully for thirty years. I cannot mention Mr. Wray's name without referring to his character and labours. It may truly be said that he was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He laid the foundation of the Mission as it at present exists. He was just the man for the work, and for the times. He found the negroes in the most deplorable ignorance, not only of salvation, but also of the commonest duties of life, and he taught them these in the simplest manner possible. He would say things that you do not often hear from ministers in the pulpit, but his plain advice did more good than thousands of fine sermons would have done. The old people have told me that he would tell the women how to comb their children's hair, and wash and dress them; and you know all this was necessary in the case of such a people. Mr. Wray laboured in Demerara until Mr. Post's death, and then he removed to Berbice. There, as in Demerara, he met with great obstacles. The white people often threatened his life; but his Master preserved him from every danger, and permitted him to live until he had seen the dawn of a better and brighter day for the negro population. He frequently visited England during his career as a Missionary, and greatly promoted the great work of emancipation by the

testimony he bore to the horrors and cruelties of slavery. He now rests from his labours, but though dead, yet he speaketh. He lives still in the affection of the people of British Guiana. A handsome tablet has been erected to his memory in the Mission Chapel at New Amsterdam, but he has a far nobler monument—his name is inscribed on loving hearts. This, dear children, is the best memorial we can leave behind us. When compared with that of the great ones of the earth, the life of John Wray may appear to have been obscure and unknown; but there is a day coming when it will be found to be better to have lived his life amongst poor slaves, labouring for Jesus, than to have reached the highest honours this world can bestow.

In a few years, Mr. Wray was joined by other Missionaries, who laboured successfully with him in the Gospel. Meeting-houses (as they were called) were built in various parts of the colony, and Sabbath after Sabbath, (although the slaves were often punished for attending the house of God,) they were crowded with negroes from all parts. They cared not for the whip, nor for the stocks, nor for the black-hole, if they could but hear the Gospel. And there is every reason to believe that many of these slaves are now with the Lord Jesus in glory. "They came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." An eye-witness, in the year 1817, says: "Some *thousands* know that Christ is the Son of God and the Saviour of sinners; and I doubt not that some *hundreds* believe to the saving of their souls."

In that same year, the "Martyr of Demerara," the Rev. John Smith, sailed from Liverpool on board the "William Neilson." I need not, however, go into his history; you have already read a great many interesting details connected with his death, in the series of papers which have appeared in this Magazine, entitled "Modern

Missions to the Heathen." I would, however, impress upon your minds one thing. Though John Smith died in George Town jail, yet he was as much a martyr in Christ's cause as John Williams was; but we cannot forget the difference between the cause of death of these two noble men. John Williams was killed by the club of a poor savage of Erromanga, who did not know good from evil. John Smith was killed by white men, who had been taught in their infancy to lisp the name of Jesus. We have abundant proof that the "Martyr of Demerara" was not without the presence of Jesus in his dungeon. On one corner of a sheet of paper, now at the Mission House, which was written on by Mr. Smith just before his death, there is a reference, in very small hand, to the text 2 Cor. iv. 8, 9: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." This was the Missionary's dying testimony.

The blood of the martyr has, however, proved the seed of the church. In no part of the world has the Gospel been crowned with greater success than in British Guiana. The opposition it had to encounter in the days of Wray and Smith has now ceased. The Missionaries now enjoy the respect and confidence of all classes in the community, while there are no less than fourteen Stations connected with the London Missionary Society in the colony.

In my next I will tell you something more about them. Meanwhile, my dear children, I am yours truly,

H. B. I.

MODERN MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

NO. VII.

John Smith.—The Trial.

THE Missionary, Smith, was brought out of his prison-house for trial, by court-martial, on Monday, the 13th of October, 1823. Against him was brought all the talent, with all the hatred of the colony. Down to the 19th of November did this trial, this mockery of justice, drag on its weary way. There is a full account of it in one of the Society's publications; and, should you have patience to go through it, you will be reminded of the trials of Baxter, and Bunyan, and Latimer, when they stood before their enemies for the crime of preaching the Gospel. All kinds of false charges were brought against the worthy Missionary; such, for instance, as the chapters he had read on Sunday, the texts he had preached from (Luke xix. and xli. and Rev. iii. 3), which were said to be intended to urge the slaves to rebellion. Then they brought forward the letters and papers found in his private desk, in which he had made remarks on the severe punishments suffered by the negroes. Besides this, there were men and women in those dark days who came and told base falsehoods about him. One of them, a negro named Bristol, told the worst, and that had more to do with the Missionary's sentence than all the rest; but many years after, when I knew Bristol, and when he was a very old man, and, I believe, a good man, he, of his own accord, confessed to me that what he said against Mr. Smith was drawn from him by fear, and added, in words I took down in the presence of a witness, "On my conscience, Mr. Smith had nothing to do with the rebellion. The white people hated him because he taught the negroes to read; we never saw a minister take such pains with the people as Mr. Smith; the people loved him, but the managers did all they could to annoy him."

However, Mr. Smith was found "GUILTY!"—guilty of treason and sedition, &c.; upon which the officers of the Royal Fusileers and of the Royal Artillery, who made up this infamous court-martial, threw up their hats and gave three loud cheers; and above, over-head, was the Missionary himself, who heard those brutal cheers, and whose trust in God did not even then forsake him.

After the verdict of the jury comes, of course, the sentence, and this was, that "HE BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD!" But they could not hang a white man in the West Indies, under martial law, without having the sentence confirmed by the British Government. This caused long delay, for there were no great steamers then crossing the broad Atlantic, and so John Smith was sent back to jail, there to remain until the news should come from England, whether his Majesty George the Third would confirm this unjust sentence.

And now the scene of our story lies in two different countries—in *England* and in *Demerara*. No sooner had the news reached this country, than there was an outburst of feeling such as had never before been seen; ministers of all denominations, Members of Parliament, and pious men and women, astonished at this new proof of the evils of slavery, resolved to bear it no longer. From one end of the country to the other there rose up one long, loud cry, "Let those people go, that they may serve God." And slavery was doomed.

In the House of Commons "Henry Brougham" defended Smith from all his accusations with clear argument and wondrous eloquence; and then, too, but for the last time, the voice of the great and good Wilberforce was heard in Parliament. Since that day, all good men and true condemned the folly and wickedness of the trial and sentence of John Smith.

Let us now cross the ocean. In prison, in that un-

wholesome city of mud and mosquitoes, George Town, Demerara, John Smith is still confined. He is fast getting weaker and weaker; he is worn out with weariness and suffering; and so he remains, day after day, and night after night, and week after week; he becomes so weak that it now takes him two days to write one short letter; he spits blood, and is a dying man; but, amidst all, his heart never sinks: his conscience never accuses him; his brave wife never leaves him, though nearly broken down herself; and he writes on paper what all now believe: "I do, as a minister of the Gospel, in the presence of my God, solemnly declare my innocence."

But the weary prisoner is near the hour of his deliverance. There are none to whom he can tell the thoughts of his heart, or tell them how precious were God's words and Christ's Gospel to him now in this silent, sad imprisonment; but his heart was full of holy peace and of bright hope. On the night of his death, he rose from his bed, and by the faint light of his small oil lamp he wrote on the whitewashed wall of his cell:

"Persecuted, but not forsaken;
Cast down, but not destroyed;"

and then, returning to his resting place, after a few hours of severe suffering, he passed away, February 5, 1824, to a better land, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

But the persecutors had not yet shown all their hatred. The *dead* man is to be treated as was the living Missionary. With difficulty did the broken-hearted widow, who only lived a few years after her husband, get permission to attend his funeral; as Mrs. Smith touchingly said, "Is it possible General Murray" (the governor of the colony) "can wish to prevent a poor widow from following her husband to the grave?"

At half-past three o'clock in the morning, dark and dreary, was the corpse of the martyr Missionary carried out of the jail: a man of God, a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. W. S. Austen, read the funeral service over the remains, and more than that, publicly avowed his belief that John Smith "was perfectly innocent of the crime laid to his charge;" and so the cold earth closed over one of the most faithful servants of Christ in the West Indies. And we conclude by quoting from the "Missionary Chronicle" of April, 1824:—"The finger of truth, guided by the unanimous voice of the Christian Church, will inscribe on its records the name of JOHN SMITH as one of its martyrs, in the cause of spreading the Gospel of their common Lord amongst the enslaved children of Africa."

Ashes to ashes; dust to dust!

That corpse is to the grave consigned!

The scene departs; this buried trust

The Judge of quick and dead shall find,

When things that time and death have sealed

Shall be in flaming fire revealed.

Croydon.

W. G. B.

THE SHIPWRECKED SANDWICH ISLANDER.

AFTER Mr. Ellis had sailed from the Mauritius, after his last visit to Madagascar, the ship was overtaken by a violent storm. Shortly after it had ceased, he was sitting with the captain, looking at the chart, and talking about the wreck of the "Winterton," East Indiaman, which took place near the part where they were then sailing, when, all at once, he heard the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!" He at once ran upon deck, and, looking over the ship's side, he saw every now and then, upon the top of the high waves, about two miles off, a little flag or signal of blue cloth. And soon he could make out a small raft, with two men sitting upon it up to their

waist in water. At once a boat was lowered, and five willing sailors rowed away with all their might towards the raft. The passengers and crew stood watching the boat from the deck, with feelings such as no pen could describe, as she drew near the two poor strangers. No one moved; no one spoke. At length the boat reached the raft. Now one poor fellow, and then the other, was lifted into her, and the moment afterwards the joyful cry was raised throughout the ship, "*They are saved! They are saved!*"

When the boat came back, the men were brought upon deck. One of them was a man of colour, and spoke in an unknown tongue; but both were swollen, bruised, and bleeding. The white man was the captain of a large American whale ship, which had been upset two days before, when all the crew except himself and the dark-skinned stranger perished. But though they were not drowned with their companions, their danger was still fearful. They contrived, however, to make a raft out of the pieces of a broken boat, upon which they floated. Two sharks, however, followed, and tried hard to seize them; but they drew their legs out of the water, and chopped away at their enemies with a small hatchet which they fortunately had with them, and thus they escaped. But as all the food they had had for two days and nights was a lemon, and a piece of a pumpkin which floated past them, they must have soon perished from hunger if the ship had not providentially picked them up.

The shipwrecked men were at once taken down into the cabin, and they had not been long there when the captain called, "Mr. Ellis! here is a Sandwich Islander. Come and speak to him." As he entered the cabin, he saw the stranger sitting upon the floor, his long, black, dripping hair hanging over his eyes and down his face. Looking at him, Mr. Ellis said, "Aroha ehoaino, aroha,"—"Salutation,

dear friend—affection." The man lifted up his head, swept with his hand his long black hair to one side of his forehead, and, looking earnestly at Mr. Ellis, as if he was startled at the sound of his native tongue, he returned the salutation. He then said that he was a native of Oahu, the island in which, for a time, Mr. Ellis had laboured as a Missionary. But he did not tell him much more then, as it was necessary to wrap him in flannel and put him to bed.

Next day, Mr. Ellis went to see the poor fellow in his berth, and after talking about the wreck, he said to him, "God has very mercifully preserved you. You must remember his goodness, and pray to him." "I did," he said, "pray to him in the night, when I was in the sea. I did pray to God in the morning, when I saw the captain; I prayed that we might be saved. And God sent away death, and sent your ship, and we are here." Mr. Ellis replied, "I am glad you prayed to God. You must be thankful to God, and serve him, and love him. You must try to praise God in your future life."

More than thirty years had passed since Mr. Ellis was in the Sandwich Islands, but while he was there, he composed a hymn, which became a favourite with the people. After telling the shipwrecked stranger to be thankful for his escape, Mr. E. repeated two lines of the hymn:—

"He Akua hemolele
Ke Akua no Kakou."

The translation of these words is, "A God of perfection or goodness is our God." No sooner did the stranger hear these words than his countenance brightened, and when Mr. E. had finished the first two lines, he went on with those that followed, until he had repeated the whole of the hymn. And he did this with a look, and in a tone, which showed how much pleasure he felt. "Where did you learn that hymn?" asked Mr. E. "In the school of the Missionaries at Oahu," said he. Mr. Ellis then told him that

he wrote that hymn many years ago, when he lived in that island. The poor native looked at him with more wonder than ever, and then said, "Who are you?" Mr. E. answered, "I am Mika Eliko, (which was the native way of pronouncing his name,) and I was a Missionary at Oahu, with Mr. Bingham, Mr. Thurston, and others." He seemed surprised and pleased, and said that his brother was a Native Teacher, and his sister a Christian in the Sandwich Islands.

You may suppose how glad Mr. Ellis must have been, to find that a simple hymn, which he wrote so many years before for young people, was still used, and especially to hear it from the lips of a poor stranger just snatched from the jaws of death. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall be found after many days."

MISSIONARY HYMN.

O LET our hearts and voices raise
 A grateful tribute to Thy praise,
 Thou God of love! for 'tis Thy hand
 Hath placed us in this Christian land,
 Where Gospel light, and love, and truth,
 Enlarge and bless the minds of youth.

We might have all received our birth
 In the dark places of the earth,
 Where crimes and cruelties disgrace
 The poor deluded heathen race;
 But through Thy love our lot is cast
 Where heathen ignorance is past.

Our country, full of light and truth,
 Has rich provision for her youth;
 Abounds in means, where grace is given,
 Where children learn the way to heaven;
 To Thee what thanks are due for this,
 Thou gracious Author of our bliss!

O may we profit, blessed Lord,
 By the wise counsels of Thy word!
 Now, in the morning of our days,
 May we delight to speak Thy praise;
 And by our glad obedience prove
 We know Thy grace, and feel Thy love.

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