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*Palace at Antananarivo.*

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FEBRUARY 1, 1859.

REV. W. ELLIS AND THE QUEEN OF  
MADAGASCAR.

MR. ELLIS had not been long at Antananarivo, when, early one morning, a friend at the palace wrote a note to him to say that the Queen would see him in the course of the day, and that he must clothe himself in his best, and bring a present for her Majesty. Soon after this, the same friend came to his house to ask him how he meant to dress for such a grand occasion? Mr. Ellis told him what clothes he intended to wear; but as these were not handsome enough to please the friend, he asked to see whether he had nothing more stylish. Mr. Ellis then opened his chest, where, amongst other things, there was a satin dressing-gown of green and purple plaid, with scarlet lining, which he had bought in London as a present for one of the chiefs. This his friend considered just the thing, and it was therefore agreed that Mr. Ellis should wear it; but he was advised to throw back one side of the gown, that the scarlet lining might also be seen. Most of us would have smiled at Mr. Ellis appearing before a



queen in a dressing-gown, and he was not himself so much pleased with the finery as his Malagasy friend.

About three o'clock a messenger came to say that the Queen wished to receive him at the palace. He therefore stepped into his palanquin, and was soon on his way. Crowds of people lined the streets as he went along. Soldiers stood at the entrance of the palace, to which he passed under a large wooden gateway leading into a square, three sides of which were lined with soldiers four deep, and at the further end stood the royal residence. The Queen, with her attendants, occupied a long verandah, which you will see in the Frontispiece. As the soldiers, however, were going through their exercises, Mr. Ellis had to wait a short time before he could go to the place appointed for him. But while waiting he had an opportunity of observing the building and the persons who sat in the verandah. The palace is called *the Silver House*. It is built of wood, supported by pillars formed of some of the large and fine trees which abound in that country. It is a two-story house, and very light in appearance—about seventy feet high, fifty or sixty feet wide, and a hundred feet in length. Upon the roof there is a large gilded bird, with outstretched wings, something like a vulture.

The Queen sat in the centre of the verandah, upon a seat raised above the rest, and covered with green damask. Her niece, the Princess Raboda, with the ladies of the palace, sat on her right hand; her son, her nephew, with other members of her family, and the chief officers of her government, were on her left hand. A large scarlet umbrella, fringed with gold, was held

over her head. She wore a crown of gold, and her dress was very handsome.

At length Mr. Ellis was led in front of where the Queen was sitting. He then bowed to her, and said, "Tsara, tsara, tompoke." "It is well, it is well, sovereign." Having also bowed to the tomb of Radama, a small stone building on one side of the square, he thanked the Queen for inviting him into her presence, and expressed the hope that she and her relations were well. The Queen then told her orator to say that both she and her relations were well, and to ask how Mr. Ellis was after his journey, and whether he had been ill with the fever. Mr. Ellis thanked the Queen, and said that he was well. He then made the usual present, and told the Queen that, having heard much about her country, he wished to visit it; that the English had long been friendly to the Malagasy; that forty years before, King George IV. had made a treaty of friendship with Radama to do away with the slave trade, and that both he and the Queen had kept that treaty. That King William IV. and Queen Victoria were also her friends and the friends of her people.

The Queen then commanded her orator to say that she knew the English did not change in their friendship, and neither did she; and that she desired ever to have this feeling towards them and Queen Victoria.

As the Right Honorable the Earl of Clarendon, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had sent by Mr. Ellis a letter of friendship to the Queen of Madagascar, this letter was read and interpreted, and



seemed to give great pleasure to the Queen and the nobles who were with her.

She then turned to the Prince, her son, and to another Prince, her nephew, and spoke to them for some time in a very animated manner. After this, her orator again said that she desired to be the friend of her Majesty Queen Victoria and the English Government, and that she did not wish to look upon any nation beyond the seas as her enemies.

Mr. Ellis, having thanked the Queen for the kindness he had received during his journey, and from her Majesty and her officers since he came to the capital, she answered that it was right for the officers to treat him as a friend. He then bowed and retired.

When it is remembered that this is the same Queen who forced the Missionaries to leave the capital, who had so cruelly persecuted her Christian subjects, and who, for ten years, refused to have any friendly intercourse with the English, this interview with Mr. Ellis was very wonderful. But though it was pleasant to him to be treated so kindly, that pleasure would have been much greater if he could have forgotten the dreadful cruelties and persecutions of the last twenty or thirty years. We hope, however, and believe, that better and brighter days will soon dawn upon Madagascar, and that there, as in many other lands, it will be seen that He who is King of kings and Lord of lords will take to himself his great power, and reign until his enemies are made his footstool.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS MISSIONARY  
TRAVELS.

NO. XIV.

THOSE of our readers who remember the account formerly given in our pages of what took place while Dr. Livingstone and his Makololo companions were at Loanda, will not expect us to tell them much that is new about that part of the journey. Almost every thing they saw was to them wonderful. Until now, Dr. Livingstone could not make them understand how a house could have two stories, or be different from one of their own huts. A few of them, indeed, who had been to Kolobeng, tried to describe the Mission House there to their countrymen at Linyanti, by saying, "It is not a hut; it is a mountain with several caves in it." But when they saw the large churches at Loanda, they almost trembled.

The ships also appeared to them most wonderful; and when they went on board two British men-of-war that had been sent out to stop the slave trade, and Dr. Livingstone pointed to the sailors, and said, "Now, these are all my countrymen, sent by our Queen to put down the trade of those who buy and sell black men," they answered, "Truly they are just like you;" and from that time all their fears were at an end. The sailors were very kind to them, and the captain let them fire off a cannon. No doubt they were frightened at the noise, but they were pleased also when Dr. Livingstone said, "That is what they put down the slave trade with." Though we should think the ship (a brig) small, they were amazed at its size. "What sort of a town is it," they said, "that you must climb up into with a rope? It is not a canoe at all."

Our readers know that the Portuguese who live at Loanda are Roman Catholics; and one day Dr. Livingstone



took the Makololo to the cathedral while the service was performed. Now, some people fancy that forms and show, the rich robes of priests, their kneeling and bowing, with lighted candles and music, incense and other foolish practices, falsely called religion, would please the untaught heathen, and make them believe that such superstitions were very good and very grand. But this is a mistake; and, while in the cathedral, Dr. Livingstone heard the Makololo say to one another, that "the white men were charming away the demons;" the same thing which they said when they saw the Balonda beating their drums before their idols.

While staying at Loanda, the Makololo worked hard in cutting fire-wood and emptying a coal vessel, so that, when they left the place, they were loaded with the good things which they had bought with the money thus earned. Dr. Livingstone also took with him a good stock of cloth and other articles, for use and barter, and the Bishop kindly appointed twenty men to carry his luggage, and sent orders to the commanders of the provinces of Angola, through which he was to pass, that they should give him all the help they could.

The party reached Loanda on the 30th May, 1854, and left it on their way back to the centre of Africa on the 20th of September. In passing through Angola, Dr. Livingstone turned out of his way to visit some place which he had not seen before. One of these was called Massangano. It was a town with two churches and other large buildings. As they went along, Dr. Livingstone was struck with the fruitfulness of this fine country, and was pained to see how sadly it was neglected. Another place that Dr. Livingstone went out of his way to see, was Pungo Andonga, where there are some wonderful rocks. Here he was treated very kindly by Colonel Pires, and saw many

things with which he was much interested. One day while he was there, a slave boy stole some lemons, and ate them. Wishing not to be found out, he went down to the river to wash his mouth. Under the water, however, there lay a great alligator watching the little thief, and no doubt wishing to get hold of him for his dinner. So up came the ugly creature, and before the boy could get out of his way he felt his sharp teeth, and found himself fast in his great jaws. The next minute he was dragged through the water to an island in the middle of the river, where, no doubt, the alligator had made up his mind to pick his young bones. What the boy thought, we do not know. We only hope that, in this terrible danger, he felt how wicked he had been in stealing the lemons for which he was about to be punished with death. But he determined to die hard, so he caught hold of the strong reeds that grew near the island, and screamed with all his might; and, well for him, some of his companions heard his cries, and paddled towards him in a canoe. This frightened the alligator, so that he let the boy go, who, though much wounded, was happily saved from death.

The visit of the Makololo to Loanda, and the attention shown to Dr. Livingstone both there and at other places, had raised their opinion of him higher than ever. It had also proved that every thing he had told them was true, while much that they had heard from people through whose countries they had passed on the way to the coast proved to be false. They were therefore more attentive to their great leader than they had ever been, and were ready to do anything to meet his wishes, or supply his wants. One of them always made up his bed at Dr. Livingstone's feet, and he never had to be called twice, if his master wanted him.

While in this part of the country, Dr. Livingstone met



with a small and fierce little enemy in the shape of a red ant. This insect swarms there; it is very fond of every kind of flesh, and its bite gives pain just like that caused by sparks of fire. One day Dr. Livingstone was looking at a landscape, and happened to tread upon a nest of these creatures. In a moment they were upon his legs, breast, neck, and every other part of his body which they could reach, tearing the flesh with their little pincers. He jumped with pain, tore off his clothes as quickly as he could, and rubbed and picked the little tormentors from his skin, and glad he was that no one was near him at the time, as they would have fancied from his antics that he had gone mad. At another time, they set upon him while he was asleep; and if some of our sleepy-headed young readers had felt what he did, they would spring out of bed rather more quickly than they sometimes do. Even if an ox happens to cross their path, they rush up his legs and attack his rider with great fury. Indeed, they appear to be always ready for a fight, and to be afraid of nothing. Still these spiteful little creatures are very useful. They devour dead animals, which would otherwise be very offensive; they kill the white ants, which you know are great plagues in hot countries, as they eat the wood of the houses and furniture, with other useful things. They also destroy snakes. Even the great boa constrictor is sometimes killed and eaten by them.

In the course of his journey, Dr. Livingstone was often struck with the great beauty of some parts of the country. Speaking of Angola, he says that he often looked upon scenes so lovely, that angels might have enjoyed them. "Green grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the kids skipping, the groups of herd-boys with little bows, arrows, and spears; the women wending their way to the river with water-pots on their heads; men

sewing under the shady banians; and old grey-headed fathers sitting on the ground, with staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry trees, or branches, to mend the hedges; and all this flooded with the bright African sunshine, and the birds singing among the branches before the heat of day has become great, form pictures which can never be forgotten." But in the midst of these lovely scenes, where there was so much to raise man's thoughts and heart in love and thankfulness to God, the unhappy people were like the brutes that perish. Indeed, they were far less happy. Having no Bible, no bright light from heaven, they were constantly filled with fear of the spirits of those who had died before them, and fancied that they were always in their power. They were, therefore, constantly trying to turn away their anger, lest these unseen enemies should injure or kill them. And yet these poor creatures think themselves wiser than others! Don't you see, then, how much they want the Gospel? Surely no argument is needed to show how good it would be for them if Missionaries were sent to a country which God has made so beautiful, but which sin and Satan have rendered so unhappy.



#### LETTERS TO THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND ABOUT BRITISH GUIANA.

NO. VII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—At the end of my last letter, I told you there were fourteen Mission stations in British Guiana. Let me now say a few more words about them. I will first speak of those in Demerara.

"Smith Chapel Station," on the Brickdam, George Town, is under the pastoral care of the Rev. E. A. Wallbridge, a most devoted Missionary. When Mr. Wallbridge went to



the colony, about eighteen years ago, he gathered together a few persons in a room of his present residence. God, however, was with him, and "the little one has become a thousand." A large chapel, bearing the name of the "Martyr Smith," was built and paid for by the people. The first stone of the new building was laid on the 24th of November 1843, the twentieth anniversary of the day in which the innocent Missionary was sentenced by his cruel persecutors "to be hung by the neck until he was dead." In the evening the Rev. Charles Rattray preached from Psalm 112, and 6th verse: "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." More appropriate words could not have been chosen, for as long as a Christian family shall be found on earth, John Smith's name, like that of John Williams, will be a "household word." The chapel will hold upwards of nine hundred persons, and is generally full on the Lord's day. The Sabbath and day schools are large. In the latter, there are between four and five hundred scholars. Mr. Wallbridge has been very useful. Of his regular congregation of eight hundred, one half have made a profession of love to the Lord Jesus Christ.

On the other side of the river Demerary, on the west coast of the colony, there is a large station containing two chapels, two or more schools, and, indeed, all the agencies of two stations. This large and important field of labour is well cultivated by the Rev. James Scott, M.A., who has spent nearly a quarter of a century in British Guiana in the service of the Redeemer.

Proceeding inland we have, on the same side of the river, the Rev. Charles Rattray's station, on the banks of Canal No. 1. The Mission premises stand on an estate, called in Dutch, "Lust en Rust"—(In English, "Pleasure and Rest.") Mr. Rattray has been a long time in the colony, and has acquired a deep knowledge of the feelings and

habits of the people. This enables him to suit himself to them in his public labours.

These are the principal stations on the west bank of the river Demerary; but on the other side, between George Town and Berbice, we have three large stations—"Beterverwagting," (The Better for Waiting,) Lusignan, and Buxton,—which are under the care of the Rev. Thomas Henderson. My young readers will see that Mr. Henderson has plenty to do, but this he does not mind, as his heart is full of love for the work in which he is engaged.

In Berbice, there are eight stations, the principal of which is in New Amsterdam, where the Rev. John Dalgleish labours. Here, as in George Town, there is a very good chapel, with Sabbath and day schools. The congregation is large and respectable, while the Sabbath schools contain about six hundred juvenile and adult scholars. The number of church members is nearly the same as that in Smith Chapel, George Town. The day schools are well attended, and they stand very high in the colony. When Mr. Dalgleish went to Guiana some eighteen years ago, he had charge of Lonsdale Station, where (as now in New Amsterdam) he was the means of doing much good. Nearly all the stations in Berbice have at times derived benefit from Mr. Dalgleish's labours, who is beloved by all classes.

Opposite New Amsterdam, in a large village called Ithaca, there is a Mission station, under the care of the Rev. James Roome. Here there is a good chapel, built only a few years back, which is well attended. In addition to Ithaca, Mr. Roome has the oversight of an important out-station, called Hanover, which bids fair to become a principal, instead of an out-station.

Beyond Hanover, on the road leading from the Berbice river to George Town, there is a flourishing station called "Rodborough." At this station the Rev. John Foreman is labouring with great success.



Returning to the east bank of the river Berbice, there are many villages along the coast road leading to the river Corentyne, which separates British from Dutch Guiana. In one of these "Fyrish," there is a large station called Albion Chapel, under the care of the Rev. George Pettigrew, who has for some eighteen years proved himself a useful and honoured Missionary of the Cross.

About six miles from New Amsterdam, on the left bank of the Canje Creek, which runs into the Berbice river, we find "Orange Chapel station." Here the Rev. Samuel Haywood formerly laboured, but since his return to England, it has been placed under the Rev. Alexander Jansen—an intelligent and prudent native pastor. Mr. Jansen has been engaged in the great work of preaching the gospel of Christ for many years, and not a few instances of conversion, amongst both young and old, have occurred through his instrumentality. The prospect from the verandah of the Mission House at this station is most romantic. It is surrounded by "bush," as far as the eye can reach; in every direction there are nothing but trees, while, as the house is very lofty, you look down, as it were, upon a sea of green leaves.

On the east bank of the Berbice river, about seven miles from New Amsterdam, there is Lonsdale station, commenced in 1832. It is at present under the superintendence of its former pastor, but I hope it will soon be undertaken by a native minister.

Two stations yet remain to be spoken of, Fearn and Brunswick. Fearn, with the out-station of Light Town on the opposite bank, is on the west side of the river Berbice, about sixteen miles from New Amsterdam. This station having enjoyed the labours of several Missionaries in succession, was, in 1853, allotted to the writer of this paper.

Brunswick, on the east bank of the river, about thirty

miles from New Amsterdam, is an important sphere of labour. A large chapel was built here in 1844. In 1853, the writer took charge of this station, together with Fearn, and was permitted to labour until the middle of 1857, when failure of health compelled him to give up the work. Since then, Fearn has been under the superintendence of Mr. Jansen, of Orange Chapel, while Brunswick has enjoyed the oversight of Mr. Dalgleish.

From these details, my young readers will see that British Guiana (or at least the part of it that is inhabited) is covered with a net-work of Mission stations. The people there enjoy many privileges, for besides the stations of the London Missionary Society, there are several independent congregations in Demerara, while in both Demerara and Berbice there are Wesleyan chapels, and English and Scotch churches. In fact, there is no part of the colony where the glad sound of the gospel has not been heard.

I am afraid you will call this a very dry letter, as it is full of names. I will try, my dear children, to make my next (in which I shall describe the mode of worship in the chapels, and of teaching in the schools,) more interesting; meanwhile I am, yours truly,

H. B. J.

#### MISSIONARY INCIDENTS.

It is about twenty-five years since the French Protestants established Christian Missions in South Africa. God has blessed this excellent work. During all this time, none of the Missionaries have died; but they have reaped much fruit from their labours. One of them, Mr. Dumas, who had lived in South Africa for more than twenty years, lately returned to France. While visiting some of the churches in France and Switzerland, he delivered an



address to a Sunday-school, a part of which you will like to read.

“In South Africa the Missionary finds much that makes him sad. First, there is the journey. Nearly two months are spent in the sea voyage, and then there is a wearisome journey of six weeks by land, in a heavy wagon drawn by oxen. The deserts through which he must pass are inhabited by lions, leopards, elephants, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, &c. These, you know, are dangerous neighbours.

“We are often exposed to danger in crossing the rivers, for in that country there are no bridges, and we have to make up for the want of them in different ways. In some cases, a tree is cut down; the traveller then sits astride of it, while the natives swim by the side and push the tree across to the opposite bank. A Missionary was once crossing a river on horseback. He was just reaching the land, when a crocodile seized him by the leg. The rider clung with all his strength to the neck of his horse, so as to prevent being dragged off, and thus managed, by the greatest exertion, to reach the bank. A number of natives, who had assembled to see the Missionary cross, frightened the crocodile by their loud cries, so that he let his prey go. But his victim had received no less than nine wounds, and lost a great deal of blood. Some of those who were standing round, carried the Missionary into their hut, and took great care of him, and he is still labouring in the work of the Lord in Africa.

“Dangerous serpents of all kinds are also met with in this land. A Missionary, who had laid himself down to sleep in the field, discovered in the morning one of these creatures which had found a warm resting place under his mattress. But God had been watching over his servant, and preserved him from threatened death.

“But in Africa the men are still more cruel than the wild beasts; and the children are worse treated there than in many other heathen nations. True, they are not dragged before the idols to be sacrificed, but they are sold into slavery. They are carried away across the sea, packed close together in ships, where they must suffer from hunger and from the severe wounds which the chains make by which they are bound. Many of them, therefore, die from the sufferings of the voyage. The rest are carried into foreign lands, far from their home and parents.

“We find, too, that there are many very cruel practices among the Bassutos, in whose country I was labouring. They treat the women as slaves, and often drive them away most shamefully from their homes. I knew one who was thus driven away by her husband, together with her little child. She wished to reach the village where her parents lived. During her journey through the desert she was obliged one evening to lie down at the foot of a tree; and, like Hagar, she had not so much as a draught of water to quench her child's thirst. While she was lying there, a great lion passed by, roaring loudly, and threatening to devour both mother and child. But he moved off to a distance without doing them any harm. Thankful for this unexpected escape, the poor woman resolved from that time to listen to the Gospel. She and her child became Christians, and I had the pleasure of baptizing them both. At her baptism the mother broke forth into loud praises of the goodness of God; and, remembering the sorrows she had suffered, said, ‘Ah! speak to me of the Gospel; it is that that does my heart good! But though she has been saved, how many have perished beneath the claws of the lions! How many children are left by their parents and exposed to destruction!

“If war breaks out in the land, everybody flees. If a mother has a babe still in arms she throws it away, so



that she herself may escape. I once heard a poor woman, a member of our church, say, 'They speak with me as with a friend; they treat me as one who is like themselves, but I do not deserve it. I once had a little girl whom I threw away in my flight: it seems as if I was always hearing her cry; no doubt she was devoured by the vultures and the wild beasts.' During the last wars, such horrible events as these have not happened. Our station has served as a place of refuge to many hundred of wanderers, and the King Moshesh himself, when he returned from the war, said, 'This Mission station has saved my tribe!' Formerly all the little children would have perished; but now, through the grace of God, they are all alive.

"Another wicked practice with the Bassutos is, that they murder all children who are born with any natural defect of body, and that, when there are twins, only one is allowed to live. If these are a boy and a girl, the girl is killed; if both are of the same sex, the weaker is put to death.

"Sometimes it happens that a mother dies at the birth of a child. Amongst us, in such a case, the poor little orphan is treated with the greatest care and tenderness; but these cruel people bury it alive with its mother. When we first knew this sad custom, we begged our Christian converts to let us know directly they heard of a case of this kind, that we might make an attempt to save the poor babe. One day, some one mentioned to my wife that a Bassuto woman had died at the birth of a boy. Instantly my wife went into the village, and found there the inhabitants met together, and busily engaged shouting out their cries of grief around the corpse. In a hole, two feet wide and three feet deep, the body of the mother was placed, and the little child in her arms. They were just upon the point of filling up the hole with earth and stones. My wife addressed words of sympathy to the parents, and said, 'I come to comfort you, and to beg you, in the name of

God, to save the life of this child, for you will commit a great sin in his sight if you murder it.' All present called out that it was a regular custom of the country. The grandmother was the most cruel of all. 'This child,' said she, 'has caused the death of my daughter—it must die!' My wife answered, 'God, who has taken from you your daughter, has preserved this child alive, that it may, perhaps, one day become a prop of your old age.' This remark was like a ray of light for the grandmother; however, she added, 'Who, then, will take care of the child? we cannot give it any milk.' My wife said, 'The family need only settle near the Mission Station, then it might take good care of the child.' On this, the grandmother, quite astonished, exclaimed, 'The child shall remain alive.' They took the innocent creature that was lying in the arms of its dead mother out of the hole, carried it to our house, and the family built a hut near our home. There we have seen the lovely little boy grow up: he is a great favourite with us, and knows very well that he has been saved from a cruel death by means of the Missionaries.

"Some time after this happened, my wife and myself were one day taking a walk in the neighbourhood of the Mission Station, when we met a Bassuto woman whom we only knew by sight. We got into a conversation with her, and asked her to whom the pretty little girl by her side belonged. 'Do you not know that?' she replied. 'My son, a heathen, who lives eight or ten hours' journey from us, has lost his wife, and was going to bury his child with her; but some one said to him, 'That is a great sin in God's sight; you must try to bring up your daughter like that little boy who has been saved, and who is now getting on very well. Perhaps God will help you to train her up.' This was the child that we saw before us. We thanked



the Lord that he had caused such happy results from one good example.

"In South Africa there have been many cannibals. I have sought them out, and passed a night amongst them; but this was after they had given up their horrible manner of life. But still I was constantly seeing holes filled with the remains of their dreadful feasts. During the time that they used to devour men, a poor woman, who had been preserved alive in a war, together with her little child, was taken prisoner by them. They were brought into a village, and there she was received into one of their houses and kindly treated. She thought she had found friends; but one day, when she was in the garden, a cannibal came into the house of her host, and said to him, 'I will buy your prisoners; my oxen have been taken away, and I feel a strong desire for some flesh to eat.' Two or three hundred weight of maize was asked as the price, and the bargain was concluded. The unhappy woman, not knowing what had happened, came cheerfully into the house, and then the barbarian who had bought her seized and bound her, and led her away. On reaching the next village, she was tied to a post; her child was snatched out of her arms and murdered before her eyes for the man's horrible meal. The wretched creature, more dead than alive, expected to be killed herself next. But God did not permit that. She had heard that, at some distance off, powerful people were living, and in the night she managed to escape and to reach the Mission Station at Morija, where she was converted, and is still living.

"At our Stations, the Lord has already done great things. Many have been converted, and have given up their frightful practices.

"Now, too, among the heathen natives, the little children are no longer thrown away in a time of war; those who

have bodily defects are allowed to live, and new-born children are no longer buried with their dead mothers. For all this we have to thank the Gospel. Through its influence schools have been built, and the children delight in them. They are anxious to learn to read, and they know very well that it is God who has saved them and preserved them in life.

"At first the children used to be afraid of us. They ran away when we appeared, as though we were lions. They had been told that the white men would take them prisoners and drag them into slavery. Some even said that there was somewhere a high precipice, where we used to hurl the little children down. But now they fear us no more. When we pass through a village they run up and stretch out their black little hands to us in greeting; even the youngest, who can hardly stammer out our names, put their hands on their mother's backs, so as to be touched by us. I have seen children who are ill, rejoicing at the thought of going to the Saviour. A little boy from our schools, who was watching his father's cow in the hills, fled during a storm, to shelter under a rock. A piece of the rock fell down upon him, and he was taken up for dead. He was carried to his father's house. When he saw me, he repeated, in the Bassuto language, the first lines of a hymn, beginning—

'The wanderers who with their Saviour rest,  
Are never weary, but for ever bless'd.'

"This poor child died in faith in the Saviour, and enjoyed the prospect of going to heaven.

"A little girl was near the end of life. One day when I had been praying by her bedside she said to her mother, 'Weep not, mother, I am happy; I am going to Jesus.' Shortly afterwards she died, and I trust did go to him."



## THE BROKEN THREAD.

THE heathen are often willing to hear the Gospel. If a Missionary has his heart in the work and is always anxious for the salvation of their souls, he can easily find ways of interesting them in the great truths of religion. And common occurrences in daily life may be easily taken as texts for excellent sermons. The following short narrative from a Missionary in India will illustrate this. He says—

“I went some time ago to that part of the town or Dacca, where weavers chiefly live. They are an honest class of people. I chose a spot where I thought that many would be passing by, and went to some people who were occupied with weaving. We held the following conversation.

*Missionary.*—Will you allow me to examine your weaving; and will you explain it to me? it seems to be a very difficult task.

*Weaver.*—Weaving a difficult task, sir? No, it is very simple. But, of course, a person cannot do it unless he has learned.

*M.*—How many years are you generally obliged to be learning this work?

*W.*—We learn it from childhood; but after three or four years, any one may understand it pretty well.

*M.*—How many threads have you in the — what you call warps? Do you not call it so?

*W.*—Yes, we do. There are fifteen hundred threads in it; but we can have more or less as we please.

*M.*—Do not these thin threads sometimes break?

*W.*—That is no matter, sir; let them break. If they do so we bind them together again; two persons who are sitting by are able to manage that very well.

*M.*—But suppose several were to break, would not the web be injured and become good for nothing?

*W.*—If many broke, and we did not mend them, then it would happen as you suppose.

*M.*—Ah, good! It strikes me forcibly that something like this happens every day in men's lives; but no one troubles himself about it. God has given us his holy law, by which we should live and act. But there is scarcely a thread that we have not broken. Cheating, lying, stealing, and many other sins are especially common. People will sit here from morning to night and give all their attention to a piece of cloth, so that directly a thread breaks, in a moment they bind it together again. Yet they never think of the threads of the holy law of God which they have broken. This, I fear, never troubles them ever for a moment.”

While the Missionary was making these remarks, several other people had come together, who took part in the conversation, and he was able to show them how they were daily breaking God's righteous word, and neglecting the great salvation. But this is a lesson not for heathens only, but for all. Young and old, even in Christian lands, are thus sinning every day, against clearer light and richer grace than others. Dear reader, remember that you can never weave a robe of righteousness for yourself. Too many threads are daily broken, ever to be repaired by the skill or power of angels or men. But there is One who has done this for you—One who is made unto all that believe in Him wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption. Make that glorious Saviour your choice and confidence, and you will be made “complete in Him.”



## WORK.

Work while it is to-day!  
 This was the Saviour's rule.  
 With docile minds let us obey,  
 As learners in His school.

We, as He did, should do,  
 Who practised what He taught;  
 By precept and example too,  
 Our Master spake and wrought.

To work the works of God  
 Was His divine employ;  
 And we must tread the path He trod  
 Or enter not His joy.

The night will come full soon—  
 Life's day with morn may end;  
 Many before the hour of noon  
 May to their graves descend.

Lord Christ, we humbly ask  
 Of Thee the power and will,  
 With fear and meekness, every task  
 Of duty to fulfil.

Our own salvation be  
 Our first and constant aim;  
 Then far and wide, o'er land and sea,  
 Glad tidings to proclaim.

At home, by word and deed,  
 Adorn redeeming grace,  
 And sow abroad the precious seed  
 Of truth in every place.

That thus the wilderness  
 May blossom like the rose,  
 And trees spring up of righteousness,  
 Where'er life's river flows.

For Thee our all to spend,  
 Still may we watch and pray,  
 And, persevering to the end,  
 Work while it is to-day.



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