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RADAMA II., KING OF MADAGASCAR, AND HIS QUEEN.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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MADAGASCAR—PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE is, perhaps, no part of the wide Missionary field about which Christians have thought and felt more than about Madagascar. And no wonder. Since the days of the Apostles, no history has been more full of facts which show what a powerful thing religion is when it lays a firm hold upon the understanding, the conscience, and the heart. And never was the Almighty Saviour's last promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," more strikingly fulfilled than it has been in the case of the suffering, the martyred, but the faithful Christians of that land. Now, however, a great and glorious change has taken place there. The night of storm and suffering for the servants of Jesus Christ has given place to the calm, clear dawn of what we trust will prove a long and happy day. But, before we speak of the present, we must take a hasty glance at the past.

Madagascar was one of the first countries to which the Directors of the London Missionary Society desired to send the Gospel. It is now sixty-three years since they instructed Dr. Vanderkemp, who was then

going to South Africa, to visit that island, in order, if possible, to prepare the way for Missionaries there. But, at that time this could not be done, and it was not until twenty years after, in 1818, that the first labourers landed upon its shore. Radama I. was then the King of Madagascar. He was a heathen, but yet a very wise and wonderful man. He wished his people to be taught and to become civilized; to be the friends of the English, and to imitate their customs. But the two most remarkable things which Radama did was to abolish the slave trade, which had long been carried on in his country, and to receive Christian Missionaries. This last act was the beginning of great changes, and of many sorrows, yet of boundless, endless blessings to the Malagasy. And if angels in heaven were able to look into the future, and to see effects hidden in their causes (as the oak is in the acorn), with what delight must they have watched Messrs. Jones and Bevan, the first messengers of mercy to Madagascar, as they landed at Tamatave! For though these good men did not go there with noise or pomp, and some, perhaps, despised both them and their mission, they carried with them that precious seed which was to live and grow in many hearts, and at length to fill the land with its fruit. But this beginning of the good work, like the beginning of almost every other Mission, was sorrowful and sad. Both the Missionaries took the dreadful fever of the coast; one of them, Mr. Bevan, died, and the other was forced to flee for his life. But the king had heard that they were at Tamatave, and sent to invite them to the capital.

In 1820, Mr. Jones, with Mr. Hastie, a gentleman sent by the British Government, went to Tananarivo, where Radama received them in the most friendly manner. Thus the Mission was begun. But it was only the beginning, for soon other Missionaries followed Mr. Jones, and so great was their success, that many Malagasy became real Christians, and from ten to fifteen thousand were taught to read and write. Thus was the foundation laid of a great work in Madagascar, and a work which no power of man or devils would be able to stop. But in 1828, a time of trial came to the Christians, and a time of *such* trial! For in that year Radama died, and the late queen began her reign of darkness, terror, and blood. For a while, indeed, the Missionaries were allowed to preach, and the people to attend the schools. But, after a time, these things were forbidden, and the profession of Christianity was made a crime. In 1836, all the Missionaries had left the capital, and as soon as they were gone, every person who was suspected of being a Christian was forced to drink the tangena, or poison water, to show whether he was so or not. From this year up to the present, the history of the Christians of Madagascar is a book of martyrs. Like "Bloody Queen Mary" in our own country, the late Ranavolo was a gloomy, superstitious, and cruel woman, determined to enslave or destroy all who would not obey her orders, and worship her idols.

It is impossible, at present, to say how many have suffered the loss of all things, how many have been made slaves, and how many have laid down their lives because they loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and would not deny His name. Several cases, described in this

Magazine and elsewhere, have strikingly shown how these noble sufferers rejoiced in suffering, and were faithful even unto death. How many they have been is not at present known. Some time ago it was believed that more than a hundred had been executed, while many hundreds more were enslaved, or enduring cruel punishment; but since then, others have had to tread the same path of suffering. And before we tell our readers anything about the present state of Madagascar, we will give them one or two facts of the last great persecution of the Christians there, which will serve to show both their character, and the character of their late cruel queen.

This persecution began in 1857. At that time two French merchants, and two Jesuits, together with some Malagasy nobles, joined in a plot to dethrone the queen. This was found out. The Frenchmen were sent away from the island. But what then? Did the anger of the queen fall upon the nobles who had tried to put an end to her reign of terror? No. Instead of this, her fierce wrath was once more kindled, like a consuming fire, against the Christians. Though these had done nothing to offend her, and most of them were ignorant of what others were doing, that did not matter. She hated them with her whole heart, and was no doubt glad once more to try to root them out of the land. Search was made in every quarter, and a man had prepared a long list of the names of those at the capital, which he was about to hand to the queen. Happily the Christian prince, now the king of Madagascar, heard of this, and, having got the paper, tore it in pieces, and thus saved the lives of a great number. Still, in a short

time, more than two hundred had been named to the blood-thirsty queen, and it was said that eight hundred of her soldiers were constantly employed in searching for others. As, however, so many Christians were not brought in as she wished, she became angry, and it is stated that she said the bowels of the earth should be searched, and the sea should be dragged with nets, so that not one might escape. At the same time, she declared, at a great meeting held for the purpose, that those who hid them, or helped them to get away, should die; but that those who brought them in, or hindered their escape, should receive her especial favour.

An Austrian lady was at that time in the capital, and has described some of the sad and shocking things which she then saw and heard. One case was that of an old woman, who certainly had nothing to do with the plot. But she was a Christian. This was her crime, and there could not have been a greater in the eyes of the queen. And what was done to her? They dragged her to the market-place, and, like some faithful martyrs mentioned in the eleventh chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, her backbone was sawn asunder!

On the following day, the queen's soldiers went to a native house in a village not far from the capital, where they expected to find some Christians. But they searched the house in vain. It was quite empty, and the soldiers were just going away, when they heard some one cough. Again they searched, and in a large hole dug in the ground, and covered with straw, six Christians had hid themselves. Their de-

struction was, of course, certain. But they did not suffer alone. As all the people of the village were believed to have known that these Christians were hid under their hut, they too, men, women, and children, were bound, and dragged to the capital to be punished. At this time, almost every day, assemblies were held, at which the people were told that the queen would not rest until the last Christian had been destroyed.

As the visitor who describes these sad scenes was leaving the capital, she passed through the marketplace, and there saw one of the terrible sights which had been so common during the reign of Queen Ranavola. And only a few hours before, ten Christians were put to death with frightful tortures. As they were taken from prison to the place of execution, the soldiers often thrust them with their spears. But they were firm amidst their suffering, and even more than firm. "*They continued,*" she says, "*to sing hymns till they died.*"

But these scenes have, we trust, for ever passed away in Madagascar. The persecutor of the Christians can persecute no longer, and their tried friend, the Prince Rakout Radama, has become king of the island, with the title of Radama II. This was a change towards which, through many weary years of watching, waiting, and sorrow, the Christians of that country have been earnestly looking, and for which both they and their Brethren in Christ throughout the world have never ceased to pray. And now, we doubt not but that faithful men and women are coming forth from their hiding-places, that the heavy bonds

are falling from many a Christian slave, and that thousands are ready to exclaim, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing. Then said we amongst the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

One of the first acts of the new king was to declare his intention that his country should be opened to the people of all lands; and how much he regards Missionaries will appear from the circumstance that both he and his Secretary of State wrote, in English, to the Rev. J. Le Brun, the Missionary of the London Missionary Society in the Mauritius. From those letters we learn that the king is so desirous of the instruction of his people, that he had already begun to build a large school at the capital. But as the son of Mr. Le Brun, who is also a Missionary, has gone to Tananarivo, we shall soon hear more about the prince, and the prospects that are opening to his country and his people. We are pleased, also, to inform our readers that, at the request of the Directors, the Rev. W. Ellis is about to visit Madagascar for the third time, and that, when this statement is read, he will be on his way there. They have also resolved to send out other Missionaries fitted to train native preachers, to superintend schools, and to spread the Gospel through the land. Let us all give thanks to God, who has enabled His servants to suffer so long and so greatly for His sake, and who has once more opened that long-closed land to the Missionaries of Jesus Christ.

THE CHOSEN TEXT.

SOME years ago, there appeared before the door of a large Mission School in the south of India, a poor heathen mother, who asked for the "Princess," as she called the superintendent of the school. She was desired to walk inside. With her were two little girls, whom she said the lady could keep if she liked, since they were of no use to her. The superintendent replied, "I do not wish to take your children from you, that would not be right." "Oh, yes," said the woman, "I was only going as far as the next town to sell them; such was my first intention, only I thought, as I was passing the school, perhaps the English mother would take the little ones." She moved to go away, when the lady called her back, and said, "Do not sell the little children. If you will not keep them, and your love returns for them, then let them remain with me, and they will be instructed, and kindly taken care of. However, do not forget them; you may come and see them as often as you like."

The woman left her children, declaring that that was all she cared about, and returned quietly to her mountain home. The little girls were taken into the house, and looked very pleased with their new home and clothes. About this time there were sixty girls in the Institution. They were not now all heathen, yet, generally speaking, very few knew much of what the Saviour had done for them. Some, called Syrian Christians, prayed to holy images, and were as ignorant as the heathen themselves. When Anna Maria and her sister had been some time in the school and had heard from their teacher much of the love of Christ, a grand festive celebration happened, on the occasion of the fiftieth jubilee year of the Missionary Institution. The girls plucked flower garlands, and orna-

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PREFACE.

WE are now about to introduce to our Readers the Eighteenth Volume of "The Juvenile Missionary Magazine." And we cannot but think it a good sign that it has been a favourite with so many thousands of the young for so long a time. It seems to show that they have a fixed love to the great and glorious work which its pages are intended to promote, and that they like to read about that work, and to know how it is going on in the world. But the present Volume, as well as the last, contains clearer evidence of this than their being mere "Constant Readers" upon the subject. We refer to the long lists of their contributions for the repairs and outfit of their Missionary Ship. When the last Volume was finished, the subscriptions were in progress, and although we had then proof enough of the hearty zeal with which the young were doing the work, we could not tell what amount they might raise. But this we know now, and most of our readers also know, that it was more than five thousand pounds. We remember once being at a Missionary Meeting in a large chapel, which was crowded, and on expressing pleasure at seeing so many people present on a week evening, the minister said that it was the same every year, and that the reason of it was the fact that, so far as he knew, every member of his congregation was a regular subscriber to the London Missionary Society. Now, as they helped the Missionaries with their prayers and their money, they very naturally wished to know what they were doing, or rather, what God was doing by their means. And we cannot but hope that our readers take in and study this Magazine, not merely to be amused, but to learn how the Gospel,

THE NEW RICHES.

RICHES of all sorts are in great demand: but how they perish! Fire burns them, robbers steal them, waters sink them, and by a little change of the times they take wings and fly away. A man may go to bed thinking he is rich. The next morning all his property may be gone. Are there no better riches? We know there are. There is something which goes by the name of the "true riches."

Go with me in your thoughts to New Zealand. A few years ago four young men came to a place where a Missionary was, and begged him in the name of their father, who was chief of a distant inland village, to come and tell them the "good news." The Missionary went, and how gladly did they receive the good news of the Son of God coming to this world to save people from their sins! The chief and his sons cast off their idols, became Christians, and were baptized.

Five years after, in one of his long journeys, the Missionary again visited this little village. As he came out of the dark wood through which the road ran, he heard sounds of sorrow, and soon learned that the old chief was dead. The Missionary sat down on the very spot where he parted from Karepa—for that was the chief's name. On one side was his grave, and on the other the little chapel he had built, and in which he had taught his people. Soon the villagers came forward; all were weeping; and each one, as he took the Missionary's hand, pressed his forehead, and said, "Accept the dying love of Karepa." After this his son told the Missionary of his sickness and death. When he found he could not get well, he called his family around him, and spoke a long time.

"You well know," said the dying chief, "that I have from time to time brought you much riches. I used to

bring you muskets, hatchets, and blankets; but I afterwards heard of the *new riches*, called faith. I sought it. I went a long and dangerous journey to see some natives who had heard of it, but they could not satisfy me. I sought further, but in vain. I then heard of a white man called Hadfield, and that with him was the spring where I could fill my dry and empty calabash. I travelled to his place, but he was gone away sick. I came back to you, my children, dark-minded. Many days passed. The snows fell; they melted; the tree-buds opened, and the paths of our forests were again passable. We heard of another white man who was going about our mountains, and through forests and swamps, giving drink from his calabash to the poor natives, remnants of the tribes once mighty, but now dwelling by twos and threes among the roots of the trees, among the high reeds by the brooks in the valleys.

"I sent four of my children to meet him. They saw his face. Yes, you talked with him. You brought me a drop of water from his calabash. You told me he said he would come to this far-off spot to see me. I rejoiced. I disbelieved his coming, but I said, 'He may.' I built the chapel; we waited, expecting. You slept at night; I did not. He came; he came forth from the long forest. I saw him; I shook hands with him. Yes, I saw a Missionary's face; I sat in his tent; I tasted his new food. My heart leaped within me; I listened. I ate his words. Yes, I listened, and he told me about God and His Son Jesus Christ, and of peace and mercy, and of the Father's home beyond the stars. And now I too drank from his calabash, and was refreshed. He gave me a book too, as well as words. I laid hold of the new riches for me and you, and we have it now.

"My children, I am old; I am going. The sun is

sinking behind the great western hills; it will soon be night: but hear me. Hold fast the *new riches*, the *great riches*, the *true riches*. We have had plenty of sin, and pain, and death, and we have been troubled by many; but we have the true riches. Hold fast the true riches which Karepa has sought."

Here the old man became faint, and stopped talking. The next day he said, "My children, it is well; it is good I shall go to the world of spirits. It is well. Hold fast the *true riches* when I am gone. God be merciful to me a sinner!"—*Carrier Dove*.

AFRICAN BOYS HELPING THE MISSIONARY.

A MISSIONARY on the West Coast of Africa thus describes a preaching tour he took with some negro boys, who acted both as his carriers and interpreters.

"I began my journey," he says, "early in the morning, with a few of our native Christian boys, who carried our provisions and other necessaries. As it was still dark, we took two lighted torches with us, which not only showed us the way, but kept off the wild beasts, which are always afraid of fire. We passed through a village which had been a large town, but war and sickness had destroyed the people, and now it contained only three or four huts. I preached the Gospel to the few villagers we saw, and told them about the great salvation; but as I could not speak their language well, one of the boys translated what I said to the people, and he did it nobly, with a fine clear voice and good intonation. But the people answered that they had no need of any repentance, as they had not committed any sin. I tried to arouse their consciences to

a sense of their sad state, but at that time I could not stay to do more.

"In another village, I found many people sitting, a few of whom invited me in a friendly manner to come and join them. This gave me an opportunity to converse with them, through my boys, on the glorious work of redemption. They answered, however, that God had given Jesus to the white men, but to the negroes he had given Fetisch (that is, dependence upon charms). This is a folly we often hear. I then sought to show them that there was one God who was almighty, holy, and true, and who had forbidden all men to make the likeness of anything, as an idol, to bow down to worship it. At first they listened with great attention, but at length began to call for brandy. I told them I had none to give, and if I had, I would not let them drink it. I asked them for their children to instruct them, but only one of the men promised to send his boys. At length, to finish the sitting, I gave out a few verses of a hymn in their language, which my boys sang so sweetly, that the whole people were mightily moved. With such boys well instructed, any Missionary might go through whole villages in this part of Africa, and do much good. They are very apt in the languages and dialects which the people understand. Thus, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings in Africa, God hath begun to perfect His praise.

AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS FOR THE TRUTH.

REV. MR. WURTH, of the German Mission, while travelling in the Southern Mahratta country, was told of an influential man, who advised the people to throw away the token

of idolatry which they wear on their breast, and to put no confidence in their idols, but to believe in Christ. His desire was awakened to see him, but in going to his village, he learned that he was not at home. "He will be glad to see you," said the people of whom he inquired for him; and Mr. W. also having a strong desire to have an interview with a man of whom he heard such things, left a letter requesting him to pay him a visit. He came accordingly, attended by many of his disciples, who brought with them a great number of books; among which were the New Testament, Genesis, the Psalms, and the Prophets, all in Canarese. "You have, I see," said Mr. W. to him, "many of our sacred books; you have read them; do you believe what is written in them?" "Why should I keep them," he replied, "if I did not believe their contents?" Mr. W. then spoke to him and his disciples, of the necessity of receiving the remission of their sins through Jesus Christ, of whom all these books bear witness, and of confessing him before men. "I believe," he replied, "that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; and that the Holy Trinity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, is the only true God; and though the people call me a madman, I shall not give up this my conviction."

Yet this was the first time this man had met with a Missionary! How then came he to be so efficient a witness for the truth, and ready, very probably, like the early witnesses, to seal his testimony with his blood? He had not met with a Missionary, indeed; but he had met with their works, with the Scriptures translated by them, and put into circulation through their instrumentality; and these had been made to him the power of God to salvation. What encouragement to scatter abroad the word of life! Multitudes may thus be saved, of whom, they who were

instrumental in their salvation, shall gain their first knowledge before the throne.

"GO FORWARD!"

AYE, "Forward" be our watchword,
As the speedy years revolve—
Forward in earnest purpose,
Forward in high resolve,
No recant glances casting
On Sodom, still so near,
No wish of sloth indulging,
No thought of coward fear.

Forward in holy likeness
To Him unseen we love;
Forward in faith unyielding,
His faithfulness to prove;
Forward to meet our Master,
Whose coming draweth nigh;
Forward to reach the guerdon
Prepared for saints on high

Forward in God's great army,
Embattled foes to meet;
Forward with songs of victory
Our conquering Lord to greet
Forward in ceaseless effort
For the weal of all around
Forward! aye, Forward ever,
Till with Jesus we are crowned

I. O. N.

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