

# Missionary Herald.

## BAPTIST MISSION.

THE Friends to this Mission are respectfully informed, that the ANNUAL MEETINGS of the SOCIETY will be held in LONDON, in the course of the present Month, according to the following arrangement:

### TUESDAY, JUNE 20,

MORNING, 11.—A Meeting of the General Committee, at the Society's Rooms, 15, Wood-street, Cheapside.

### WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21,

MORNING, 11.—Sermon at Great Queen-street Chapel, Lincoln's-inn-fields, by the Rev. John Ryland, D. D. of Bristol, one of the Secretaries to the Society.

EVENING, 6.—Sermon at Zion Chapel, Whitechapel, by the Rev. John Mack, of Clipstone, Northamptonshire.

It is expected that the Rev. W. Ward will deliver a short address after each sermon.

### THURSDAY, JUNE 22,

MORNING, 8.—A Prayer-meeting for the Mission, at Eagle-street Meeting.

11.—The General Meeting of the Society will be held at Great Queen-street Chapel, when the Report will be read, and the Annual Business of the Society transacted.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### CALCUTTA.

WE present our readers with the remainder of Mr. Adam's Journal at the Doorgapore station; in the persuasion that the familiar details contained in it, of almost daily intercourse with the heathen around him, will prove highly interesting.

MAY 3.—Yesterday, as usual, we had the morning service at the side of the road; the afternoon, amongst the workmen at Kasseepoor; and again another in the evening, at the side of the road: the congregations were good, both in point of number and seriousness. In the morning a person somewhat tried our patience. When the service was over, we sat down and drew the people into conversation with us; when we were

answering one of their inquiries, this person came in, and after hearing a few words, asked us to whom we addressed ourselves. We replied, "To you, and those who are around you." "What am I?" "A man." "I am not a man, I am dust; if I am a man, the ground on which I stand is man." "You have a spirit within you; the dust under your feet cannot move, speak, or think." "The spirit within me is not I; my spirit is God, and God is my spirit." "If your spirit and God are one thing, then God is under your controul, because your spirit is so." "Nay, God is my spirit, and my spirit is God—he makes me do whatever he pleases, so that whatever I do is done by God, and not by me." He went on in this way for some time, until at last the people were quite ashamed of him as their spokesman, and we were obliged to order him to be gone from the place of worship, as a disturber of the peace.

I give this as one instance out of many of that sort of reasoning which will not stand to any position of argumentation; but by which they try to raise only a feeling of dismay in their opponent, and to confound all distinctions between right and

wrong, truth and falsehood. In this way such persons sometimes entirely dissipate the attention of a congregation, which has been apparently impressed by the preceding part of the service.

6th.—Yesterday, with Panchon, I went to Boranagur, and had worship there, for the first time, in our new place. A great many people attended, nearly as many as the place could contain: they received books, and heard the gospel with attention, and some with apparent approbation. But it is not approving words and looks from a Hindoo that will satisfy, especially when the favourable judgment they seem to indicate, if they indicate any thing at all with certainty, must have been precipitately formed. The village is large and populous, and its inhabitants are reputed intelligent and industrious. It is principally supported, I believe, by American commerce.

7th.—Two persons have refused to let ground for the purpose of building a new place of worship. This arises from pure opposition to the gospel, because they offered to let the ground, if only a school-house was to be built. The hatred that many natives bear to the name of Christ, is very deeply rooted—more so than the hatred the Egyptians bore to the shepherds, although they have received only good from him, and not evil. They will be instructed by you in reading and writing both Bengallee and English; because the Bengallee will be the means of their getting a livelihood in some way or other; and their knowledge of English may obtain for them even a very gainful employment: but with all this, the preaching of the gospel is an abomination in their sight. I consider it of great importance in the attempts that are made to enlighten and evangelize a people, that the principal strength should be expended in destroying those errors and prejudices which are of the most fatal tendency, and to which they are most fondly attached. If by chiming in with some of their own ideas, we should endeavour to bring them gradually, and almost involuntarily, to the profession of the gospel, little good, I fear, would be effected. Baneful errors and prejudices, to be cordially relinquished, and completely overcome, must be temperately and affectionately, indeed, but boldly, constantly, and openly exposed; and if saving good is to be done, the instruments which God has appointed and promised to bless, must be employed—many must pray in faith, and many preach with diligence.

8th.—To-day, Panchon, an Armenian inquirer, and I, went on the river, and visited two villages, where we preached

the gospel. In the first, a bramhun manifested the most violent opposition to the gospel. He advanced to us with a furious countenance, declared that Jesus Christ was the greatest of sinners—that if he were now present he would be ashamed to walk with him—and used many expressions of the same kind. It is very shocking to the feelings to hear the name of the Blessed Saviour thus defamed and vilified. The humiliation of Christ did not cease when he was seated at the right hand of the Father; he is *now* insulted, and his name defamed, and yet even to such a wretch as this salvation is offered by his blood.

11th.—Yesterday, in the morning, we had worship in the chapel at the side of the road; after breakfast we went to Boranagur, had worship in our new chapel there, and preached to a large and attentive congregation. In the evening went to the Iron-works, and after the service was over, had an interesting conversation with the head sircar, and some of his friends, who had come, for the first time, to hear. They are Hindoos only because there is such a thing as *caste* in the country; and they are not Christians, not because their judgment is unconvinced, but because their hearts are not changed, their will is not renewed. At home, in the evening, we had a meeting for the instruction of the two inquirers who are with us, and for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, of which five partook. I hope that we shall be able to attend to this memorial of our Lord's love and death every fortnight; I should rejoice if we could every week. With respect to the inquirers who are here, I dare not say that I am sanguine in my expectations, although I hope well of a Telinga bramhun, who was with us part of the day, and who resides with the brethren in the city. I should not say that he is a bramhun, for he has thrown away his poita, and relinquished all his idolatrous practices.

12.—To-day I went upon the river, accompanied by Panchon and the Armenian inquirer; but on account of the adverse wind and tide, we were delayed so long that we could not visit more than one village. On landing at the ghaut, we found a man just at the point of death, lying in his bed, surrounded by his relatives, and a few embers at his side ready to light up his funeral pile. We sung a hymn at his bed-side, addressed those who had collected around us, and concluded with prayer to God for the expiring man. After this, we were invited by several respectable people to converse with them apart in their own house; they readily

confessed and lamented the uncertainty and vagueness of all their shastras, and seemed happy in being assured that only what was ascertained to be fact, had been recorded in our holy book; of which we gave them two or three copies. We then passed farther into the village, and made our stand under a large tree, near the bazaar. After we had gone through our regular course of singing, reading, prayer, and preaching, which was not listened to with great attention, we were invited by some pundits to approach them. They had remained all the while at a distance, with all the philosophic pride of a superiority to the vulgar by whom we had been surrounded. I was desirous of discountenancing and reproving this unprincipled contempt of the common people, which is so general among the brahminical tribe, especially those of them who are learned; but thought it better quietly to comply with their invitation, that they might not be unnecessarily offended with me and my message. I found it, however, a very difficult thing to bend my spirit to the nod of these brahmuns. They placed a seat for me, and another for an aged pundit, whom they had fixed on as my opponent. With him I had a long conversation, and he left me at last, to go to bathe in Gunga, declaring that the sun was his god, and that he would not believe in Jesus Christ, until he had evidence equally strong and manifest as the glare of that luminary. He went triumphing in the hardihood of his assertion, and I grieved on account of the darkness in which he was left to wander.

13.—To-day went to Boranagur, where I had a large congregation, although not very attentive.

15th.—When I was inquiring on the ghaut for a boat, to proceed on the river this morning, a Hindoo accosted me with the question, "Are you a Christian?" I told him I was. "Ah, Sir," he said, "we are all one! and (beginning to speak in broken English) the duty of every one is to love God with all his heart, and soul, and strength, and mind." "Have you loved God with all your heart, and soul, and mind, and strength?" "No, but I have a gooroo." "He is as guilty and sinful as yourself; and no sinful gooroo can deliver from sin." "Have you, then, no gooroo?" "Jesus Christ is the true gooroo, for he gave himself, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God." After this, I spoke a few words more recommending the gospel to his attention, and to that of the surrounding spectators.

We then went into our boat, and land-

ing at a populous village on the side of the river, preached the gospel to a large and quiet, but not very intelligent, audience, near the bazaar. A baboo, who had come to the bazaar, to buy for himself, invited me into his carriage to go home with him, where I had an opportunity of preaching the gospel to his large family. He then sent for his pundit to dispute, with whom I had a long conversation. He objected to our system, that it represented God as dying; in this I corrected his misunderstanding. He then went into the old and endlessly-repeated doctrine of God being the author of sin, and various others equally impious and absurd; the awful tendency of which I endeavoured to show him. I then prayed, and left them, without their having been offended by the plain things I had told them, as appeared from the fruit and fish the baboo sent after us, which were the best the season affords.

May 24.—Yesterday I enjoyed the pleasure of brother William Carey's assistance, who has come from Cutwa on a visit. It was a real gratification to observe the pleasure, approaching to ecstasy, with which the people at the different places, but particularly at the Iron-works, where they amounted to upwards of 400, heard a saheb speaking with such ease and fluency in their own language. It also afforded a great encouragement, as well as a pleasing anticipation, to one like myself, so imperfectly acquainted with the language.

26th.—Ever since the chapel at Boranagur was opened, there are two or three persons who regularly attend, and as regularly at the end of the service bring forward their objections to what has been said. The objection this evening has been, "You cannot show us a miracle." "You believe your own religion to be true, although you can show no miracle to prove its truth." "But we do not ask you to embrace our religion; you ask us to embrace yours." "If your religion is true, ours must be false; and if the evidence which you have of its truth ought to satisfy your mind, it ought to satisfy ours—you therefore do wrong in not endeavouring to bring us into the right way." "No, we believe that both are true, and that each possesses its own evidence."

We endeavoured to show them the inconsistency and impossibility of this, and to explain some particulars in which the evidences for Christianity are peculiar, and superior to those for Hinduism.

June 3d.—Amongst this people, there is a most daring contempt of every thing like consistency in reasoning, and a most

inadequate idea of the evil of sin. A man this morning, after worship, assured us that he had obtained complete liberation from his sins, by the worship of his debta, and almost with the same breath confessed that he was in the daily habit of telling lies.

6th.—Yesterday, after returning from the city, I was pleased to find four byraggees with Panchon, whom he was instructing in divine things. They had come all the way from Benares, on their way to Juggernaut, in Orissa, whither they were going, by the direction of their gooroos, to obtain liberation by the sight of the image. After instructing them in the fruitlessness of their journey, I invited them to remain with us a few days. Although this was apparently agreeable when I mentioned it to them last night, they have this morning gone off in a clandestine way.

This morning, at our usual public worship, a new kind of objection was advanced against our doctrine. A man, at the conclusion of the service, when he was permitted to speak, assured us that he could not believe our way to be divine, because all the time he was listening to what we said, his mind was unsteady and wandering, and discontented; whereas, if it had been true, it would have commanded his fixed attention. Poor man! he knew not that the fault was not in the gospel, but in himself! This, however, encourages a hope, that not only is the general interest which Europeans take in this country manifesting its dark places, and the cruelties which they contain, but that the gospel itself is beginning effectually to operate in discovering the hidden things of man's heart.

This forenoon, at Boranagur, we have had a large concourse of people, and after the service a very lengthened discussion, which terminated in professing, with the mouth at least, their approbation of the scheme of the gospel. A young man of considerable acuteness, who has attended from the beginning, and was formerly full of objections, has become much more quiet and docile.

9th.—This evening there has been a large congregation, as usual, at Boranagur, concluded by many inquiries, and much discussion. When our patience was nearly exhausted, a bramhuu, who seemed to be more enlightened than his countrymen, and at the same time sufficiently proud of his superior attainments, stepped forward, espoused our cause, and in a short time put the disputers to silence.

13th.—This evening had a congregation of about 500 at the Works, who listened with great attention, and several of

whom remained after the service, to propose some inquiries. The first chapter of Matthew had been read, and some remarks made respecting the birth of Christ, and the reason which is there given for his being called Jesus. Their first objection was founded on the account which is given of the birth of Christ; for they said, that God having neither father nor mother, could not be born into this world; either forgetting, or being entirely ignorant of the numerous incarnations of their own debtas. I can account for such an objection being made, only from the latter consideration, that being mean and poor, they are unacquainted with their own books, and are accustomed to conceive of him whom they designate Ram, or Kristnu, just as we do of the Divine, Self-existent, and Eternal Being. Their next objection respected the death of Christ, by which they had been told he had made an atonement, and thus saved his people from their sins. "Is it possible, then, for God to die?" they inquired. Here we had to explain, that as God, Christ never did, and never can die; but that having, in wonderful condescension, become a partaker of human nature, he had died, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God.

15th.—To-day went with Panchon to Salkee, a populous village on the other side of the river. On landing at the ghaut, we collected a considerable number of people, who heard with attention, until an uproar was excited by the thanadar\* in apprehending a thief. Several people, chiefly Mussulmen, followed us to the house of a Christian Portuguese woman, on whom we called, and requested information about the gospel. When they were told that it was a plan, devised and executed by God, by which he might pardon our sins, they replied, that all their sins were destroyed, if they only prayed five times; and that those amongst them who were rich, had a much more effectual way than this, by presenting gifts to Padres, &c. Here the obvious answer was, that merely asking pardon, however frequently, of any one whom we have offended, can never insure our obtaining it; and that by offering gifts to men, or by returning to God the blessings which he has given, we can never please him, or make an atonement for sin. They went away, apparently not very well pleased that we did not approve of the means which they were employing to obtain the pardon of their sins. One man and two women, however, remained, and professed to receive the word with gladness. We afterwards had some conversation with

\* A kind of police-officer.

two Portuguese prostitutes, who were lounging about, and who, according to their own account, were awfully depraved; one of them had been abandoned by her husband. I consider this the most miserable class of society in every country where they are found, and the farthest removed from the reach of those means which God has appointed for the conversion of sinners. Before returning home, we had another congregation in the midst of the village.

Having not been able to get more than one or two of my neighbours to attend the place of worship at the side of the road, for which they have the greatest convenience, I went amongst them this evening, and urged them regularly to come. Advancing further into the jungle where they live, I found at some distance an assembly of more than two hundred people, men and women, listening to four brahmuns singing the Ramayuna, in a Bengalee translation. I was invited to take a seat, which I accepted, after being assured that I should be permitted to address the people when the singing was over, which I accordingly did. As night was approaching, they invited me to come to-morrow, at mid-day, after having made some objections to what I had said. The meetings of this kind which are held amongst the Hindoos, appear to resemble the assemblies of Christians as much as any institution of their religion, only partaking much more of noise and ostentation; and by the unwearied recitation of the amours and exploits of their gods, they contribute, I believe, in a very material degree, to increase the depravity, and perpetuate the superstitions, of the country. The Soodras, who are not permitted to read their pooranus, become great and holy, by hearing them thus recited; the brahmuns who perform, have no other object in view than the gifts of the people, which, when presented, procure a blessing proportioned to the liberality that has been shown, and the original institutors of the practice no doubt considered it, and how wisely experience justifies, as an effectual means of rivetting the chains of darkness on this wretched people. The brahmuns, when I asked them, did not hesitate to avow that their views were entirely mercenary; and indeed it would be impossible for them to deny it. One man, while I was there, presented them with a few pice, and received a blessing, but a very cold one; another presented a rupee, and after being embraced, was blessed, with all the emphatic gestures which their customs admit.

(To be continued.)

## JAMAICA.

THE following letter from a friend, near Kingston, to Dr. Steadman, contains the mournful history of the last days of our much respected friend Mr. Kitching.

*Jamaica, December 23, 1819.*

SIR—On any other occasion than the present, I should feel a great difficulty in addressing one who is such a perfect stranger to me as you are, but the circumstances of the case—the very distressing event which has occurred, renders it in my mind imperious on me to overstep the boundary of form. It had pleased the divine Disposer of all events, to favour Kingston with a faithful minister, and me with an estimable friend, in the Rev. C. Kitching, late a pupil of yours, and to whom I know you were sincerely attached; and I am sure in communicating to you the lamentable tidings of his being called to take up his rest where sin and sorrow are not known, it will cause a pang, which only the conviction of his having taken up that rest can at all alleviate. I will endeavour to detail to you the circumstances attending his dissolution, though it may open afresh those feelings which were never more strongly called forth. On Sabbath-day fortnight, the 5th instant, he felt very unwell indeed; he had done so the day before, and had been obliged to keep his bed nearly the whole of the Saturday, and on the Sabbath morning was so indisposed that he had some thoughts of not preaching; but fearing lest a report would go abroad that he was very ill, and he should, in consequence, be the means of alarm to those who were interested for him, he determined on going to the chapel, and, as he expressed himself after his sermon was finished, felt as if the subject (which was the salvation of sinners, through Christ the Redeemer,) had given him new strength—he was, he said, far better after than before he began. It was the first Sabbath in the month, and the death of the dear Redeemer was commemorated in the afternoon. I never recollect him more solemn or affectionate in his address to the people on the occasion, or more earnest in his persuasions for their continuing firm in their attachment to Him, whose followers they publicly professed to be. I returned with him in his chaise to his home. Mrs. Kitching, from being indisposed, was not able to attend, and left him with his dear little infant lying asleep on his arm, apparently much bet-

ter than he had been through the day. Circumstances did not permit my seeing him again until the Wednesday following, and then only for a few minutes, as it was the evening he met the leaders of the church—but he did not complain of being particularly ill, although far from well.

On Thursday morning he was seized with a violent head-ache, and every symptom of a severe bilious attack; but nothing serious was apprehended, nor was the doctor called in until the next day. When he saw him, he expressed it as his opinion that it was an affection of the liver, with an accompanying fever. He continued from this time until the time that his departure took place, which was on the evening of Saturday, the 18th, varying but little, sometimes a little better, and at others worse, and never free from pain entirely, seldom able to converse, and in a state of extreme debility. The state of his mind continued unchanged, and his latter end was that of a Christian ascending to him who claimed him. His faith in health was fixed upon Him whom it was his delight to preach; and in sickness he found Him a sure and certain help. "Oh," said he in his sickness, "how precious is religion in my situation!" The Baptist friends did all in their power—nothing was left undone, that occurred as likely to be serviceable—but how vain on such occasions is the help of man! No: the Lord had seen fit to terminate his labours, and when He works, who shall let it? Towards his latter moments the medicine he took rather bewildered him, but at times he was perfectly collected, and was observed to move his lips, as if in the exercise of silent prayer. His last moments were easy, and he scarcely uttered a groan when his spirit left its clayey tabernacle.

I have been thus particular, as I conclude you will be interested in every thing relating to the lamented subject of my letter. His disease carried the same appearance latterly as the prevailing fever, which has, during the last year, ravaged this island, and was termed the Yellow Fever.

Thus, Sir, has been removed from amongst us, one whose memory will be held precious by those who had the happiness of knowing him—whose character can only be estimated by those who had the opportunity of seeing him in various trying situations—and under the most perplexing difficulties. His loss, as a friend, is not felt by me alone; and he who views the heart, and knoweth it altogether, knows how deeply it has affected me, and what pain it causes me in retra-

cing this sad event through its different stages;—his loss, as a friend, will be felt by the poor and afflicted, whose burthen he was ever ready to lighten, and whose comfort he was ever ready to increase;—but his loss is greatest to the Missionary cause in this island. Alas! that is incalculable. Acquainted with the feelings and nature of those whom his work lay amongst, he was highly instrumental in drawing them from their evil propensities—checked the impetuosity of their tempers—reconciled their differences, without embroiling himself—supported the discipline of the church, and was respected, highly respected, by all. He was a man, if I may be permitted to judge from practical observation, who was eminently calculated for the situation the arrangements of Providence called upon him to fill. Steady, upright, and consistent, he carried his plans into effect, and had the gratification of seeing them blessed, by their object being accomplished. He was affable to all around him—was incessant in labours to bring the people into order—and, on all occasions, manifested to them that he was not endeavouring to lord it over the church, but to afford them his assistance to add to their comfort and purity. Many has been the tear I have seen him shed, when lamenting the depravity of those over whose souls he endeavoured to watch; but it was a high privilege allowed him, a week before his illness commenced, that, in attending the death-bed of one of the Society, she told him that she owed her hopes in heaven to impressions she had received under his preaching; that she was then living in the open indulgence of sin, and had been recalled from the iniquitous state she was in, unto the knowledge of Jesus Christ the Lord. Many more, I have no doubt, will one day—at that great day—acknowledge him as the instrument of their possessing eternal life. The last Sabbath he was permitted to address the people, he called to their mind that on that day twelvemonth, they, for the first time, had commemorated together redeeming grace and dying love—that the Sabbath previous had completed a year of his labours among them—and he said, not thinking how soon these labours would be terminated, "Not one day during that time have I been prevented from performing the duty required of me."

The different magistrates and gentlemen whom his situation required him to know, highly and sincerely respected him; and I have occasion to know, placed great confidence in him. The attachment the people bore towards him, cannot be estimated by a more sure criterion,

than that at the period of his burial, there were at least 5,000 people present; and I may freely say, not an eye was dry. About 700 walked in procession after the hearse; and there were several gentlemen's equipages in attendance. Those who had taken umbrage at his perseverance in maintaining the rules of the church, showed as great grief as any. But how shall I tell you that the same grave contained his dear little boy, whose three months' pilgrimage terminated on the same day as his parent! Thus our dear sister Kitching is at once a widow, and childless! What shall we say to these things?—they are, no doubt, the act of a great and gracious God, who cannot mistake. Mrs. Kitching has had a narrow escape, but, I am happy to say, is now free from fever, and is improving in spirits. She would feel obliged by your acquainting her friends with these very distressing circumstances, as she has not strength to write them.

Pray for the cause, my dear Sir, that He, whose power is infinite, will visit us in mercy. This is a dry and thirsty land, requiring much of the assistance, the prayers, and the efforts of the friends of religion.

Excuse the freedom I have taken in addressing you, and believe me your servant for Christ's sake,

W. H. B.

Some additional particulars are stated by another friend, under date of December 20.

*Sunday, Nov. 21,* Mr. Kitching and myself walked to meeting, when a young man, named Henry Moore, a printer, introduced himself to us as a friend of Jesus, patronized by the Church Missionary Society, and destined to the Bay of Honduras. Of course, we were glad to receive such, and after preaching, they took tea at my house, for I live very near our meeting. This young man spent part of the week with Mr. Kitching, and came to take leave of me on the 27th, as the ship was going to sail the next day. He was taken ill while at my house. I put him to bed, and gave him some medicine, but he grew worse, and the next day I called the doctor, who said it was the Yellow Fever, and wished me to call in a physician, which was done, and brother Kitching and myself sat up with him alternately for the week.

*Dec. 4.* Brother Kitching complained of being poorly, and could not sit up with Mr. Moore; however, on the next day, (Lord's-day,) he was better, preached, and

administered the ordinance. In the course of the next week, Mr. Kitching was again unwell, and I begged the doctor visiting Mr. Moore to see him; because I was aware that he would not send for him till the last extremity. The doctor informed me that brother Kitching's complaint was fever, with a particular affection of the liver. From this time, till Saturday the 18th, he grew gradually worse. When the doctor came at six o'clock that morning, he told me that all hopes were gone: soon after he began to breathe shorter. I asked him several questions, but the power of speech was gone; and at a quarter past ten his spirit left the tenement of clay. Thus ended the short career of Christopher Kitching, the most useful, laborious, and faithful Baptist preacher that ever visited this part of the world!

In reply to my questions on the state of his mind, his answers were satisfactory; his mind appeared to be stayed upon God.

*Sunday the 19th,* there was nothing but weeping, lamentation, and woe. Hundreds of weeping negroes and coloured people surrounded the house, begging to see him. Their attitudes and words were enough to break one's heart. "Poor me Massa, poor me buckra Massa Kisheen, what me do? Me no hearee him more." This continued till the afternoon, when he was buried. The Rev. Messrs. Johnstone and Ratcliffe preceded the corpse, which was followed by Mr. B. and myself, with nearly 700 of the Society, in regular order, two and two. The multitude attending the funeral was supposed to be 5,000; never was there such a sight in Kingston before. It was with the greatest difficulty we could get to the grave, where the Methodist ministers spoke, and each preached a funeral sermon afterwards. I hope the Lord will encourage your hearts in England, to persevere in this dreadful, yet glorious contest. While standing among the dead and dying, I feel it my duty to unite myself closer than ever to this glorious cause of Christian Missions, and earnestly wish to be (in the sight of God) what Paul styles himself, a servant of Jesus Christ. We hope to see Mr. Coulart soon. We must go on, and trust in him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Sister Kitching will return to England as soon as she is sufficiently recovered to bear the voyage.

Mrs. Kitching has since arrived at Falmouth, and proceeded to her friends in Yorkshire.

*Account of Monies received by the Treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society, from February 1, to May 1, 1820; not including Individual Subscriptions.*

FOR THE MISSION.		£	s.	d.
Potter-street, Auxiliary Society, by the Rev. J. Bain .....		4	0	0
Ilford, Missionary Association, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, two Quarters, up to May 1 .....		13	12	8
Deronsire-square Auxiliary Society, by Mr. Edward Smith .....		14	0	0
Clapham, Collection at the Rev. Mr. Phillips's, by the Rev. W. Ward ..		45	0	7
Norwich, Auxiliary Society, at the Rev. Mr. Kinghorn's, 1 Year's Subs.		20	0	0
Luton, Collection at the Rev. E. Daniel's, by the Rev. W. Ward .....		30	15	2
Clipstone, Ditto, at the Rev. J. Mack's .....	by Ditto .....	40	0	0
Tewkesbury, Ditto, by the Rev. D. Trotman .....		10	17	6
Nailsworth and its Vicinity, by the Rev. W. Winterbotham .....		125	3	9
Shoe-lane, Auxiliary Society, by the Rev. Mr. Elvey .....		10	0	0
Hackney, Assistant Society, at the Rev. Mr. Cox's .....		50	0	0
Carter-lane, Female Sunday School .....		1	10	0
Penny, Friends at, by the Rev. Edmund Clarke .....		2	12	6
Hull, .... Ditto .... by the Rev. John Birt .....		12	12	0
Folkstone, Auxiliary Society, by Mr. Stace, Treasurer .....		15	15	0
Frome, Auxiliary Society, Balance, by F. Allen, Esq. Treasurer .....		61	18	5
Melksham, Collection, by the Rev. W. Ward .....	£10 0 0	11	0	0
Donation, by Mr. Maggs .....	1 0 0			
Woolwich, Friends at, by the Rev. John Dyer .....		8	0	0
Carlton, Bedfordshire, Collection, by the Rev. Mr. Vorley .....		2	0	0
Wick and Pulteney-town, Auxiliary Mis. Soc. by Rev. R. Caldwell ..		10	0	0
Dundee, Auxiliary Society, by Mr. Gourlay .....		20	0	0
Cranbrook, Baptist Church, by the Rev. James Upton .....		3	7	3
Beckington, Collection and Contributions, by James Evill, Esq. ....		16	4	9
Bewdley, Baptist Congregation, by the Rev. G. Brooks .....		3	0	0
Paulton, .... Ditto, .... by the Rev. Dr. Ryland .....		6	0	0
Friend, at Chipping Norton, by the Rev. W. Gray .....	Donation	50	0	0
J. B. Wilson, Esq. Clapham Common .....	Donation	50	0	0
Friend, by the Rev. Thomas Griffin, for India .....	£50 0 0	80	0	0
Jamaica .....	30 0 0			
Mr. J. Claris, Life Subscription .....		10	10	0
Legacy of Miss Sarah White, by Mr. Thompson .....		10	0	0
Ditto .... Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, late of Bristol .....	20 0 0	18	0	0
Duty .....	2 0 0			
Hitchin, Hertfordshire, Collected by Miss Bradley .....		7	0	0
X Y Z .....	Donation	5	0	0
Friend, by the Rev. O. Clarke .....	Donation	5	0	0
H. T. Stroud, Esq. Bath .....	Donation	5	0	0
J. C. Gotch, Esq. Kettering .....	Donation	10	0	0
Rugby, Female Penny Society, by the Rev. E. Fall .....		6	0	0
Glasgow Auxiliary Society, by James Deakin, Esq. ....		22	0	0
Arnsby, Collection and Subscriptions .....		35	10	0
Leicester, .... Ditto, .... by Mr. Purser .....		100	11	0
York and Lancashire Society, by W. Hope, Esq. Treasurer .....		20	0	0

#### FOR THE TRANSLATIONS.

J. C. Gotch, Esq. Kettering .....	Donation	10	0	0
Glasgow, Auxiliary Society, by James Deakin, Esq. Treasurer .....		38	0	0

#### FOR THE SCHOOLS.

Lyme, Half-year's Subscription, for the "Lyme Hindoo School," by the Rev. Dr. Ryland .....		7	10	0
Hackney Auxiliary Society, by Mr. Jesse Hobson .....		25	0	0

N. B. In addition to the liberal Donations from Robert Davies, Esq. of Waltham-stow, acknowledged in the Herald for March, that Gentleman presented £100 towards the Serampore College at the same time; so that the whole amount, thus generously devoted to the Missionary cause, by our much respected friend, is Five Hundred Pounds; viz.

For the Mission generally, 300*l.*; Translations 50*l.*; Schools, 50*l.*; Collcge, 100*l.*  
Total, .... £500.

ERRATUM.—In our last Number, page 220, instead of "From Mr. Lawson to Mr. Colman," read "From Mr. Colman to Mr. Lawson."