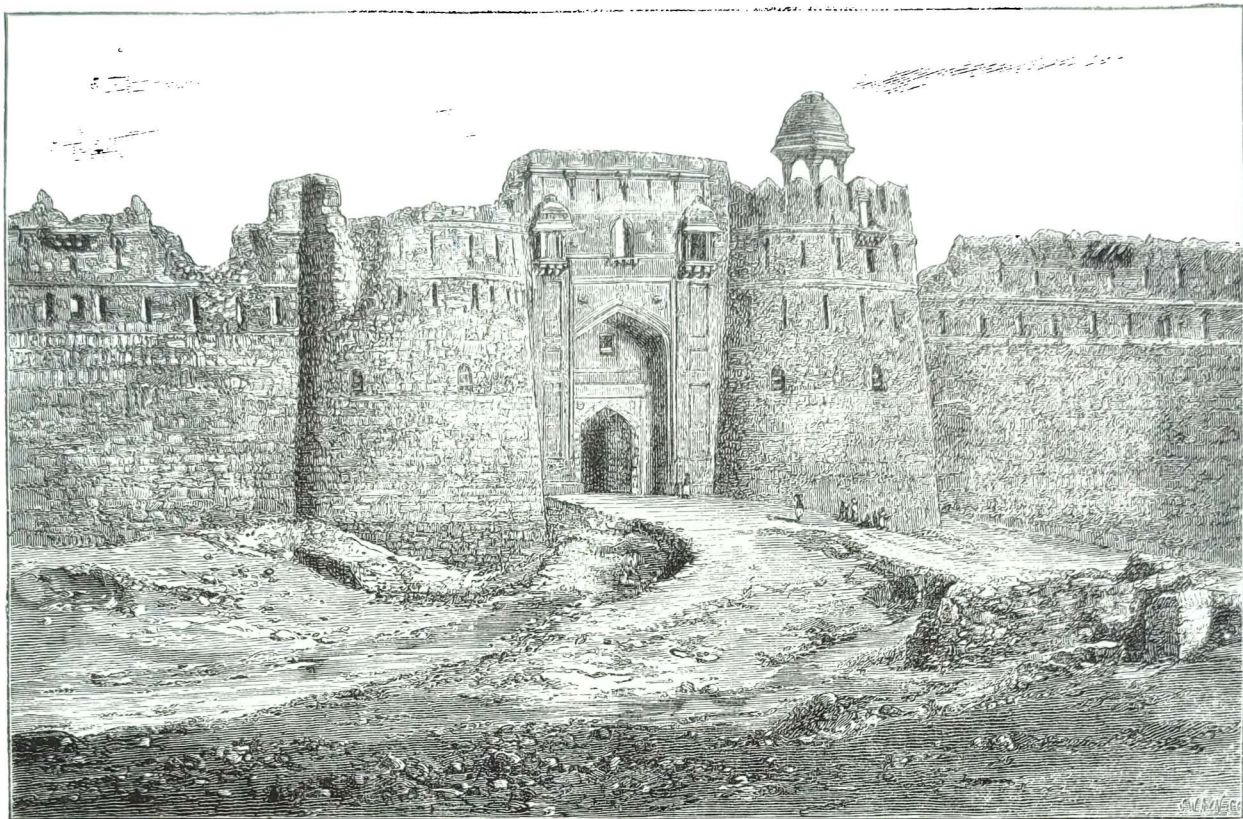


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POORANA KILLAH—OLD FORT, DELHI.—(From a Photograph.) (See page 8.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

The New Year.

BY THE REV. J. B. MYERS.

THE sentiments appropriately prevailing in the good man's heart, as he passes from one annual period to another, are those of reverent and joyful thankfulness for the manifold mercies of the past; and of holy desire after a completer consecration and a worthier service in the days that may be to come. Whether it be in the secret place of devotion, where communings with one's own soul upon the Divine faithfulness and forbearance excite grateful wonder, and constrain to renewed dedication; or in the family circle, where the presence once again of welcome friends and the spared lives of darling children—for whose innocent merrymaking the festivities of the season seem most of all to come—remind of the obligations which the continued blessings of home and friendship do not fail to bring; or whether it be in the House of God, where Christians blend their fervent thanksgivings as they review the way the Lord their God hath led them, and take upon themselves afresh the vows of their discipleship—the desire of the good man will be to sanctify the closing of the old year with thankful acknowledgments of the lovingkindnesses and tender mercies hitherto received, and to enter upon the new year with the hopeful determination that, as the days and weeks pass along, they shall witness an ever-increasing progress in all that is good and true. Such, in whatever aspect we consider our life, we know to be the suitable state of mind with which to recall the past and anticipate the future.

In being permitted to begin another volume of the *MISSIONARY HERALD*, how fitting it is that our readers should feel grateful for the grace and mercy which have marked the work of the Society through another year, as shown in the measure of success vouchsafed abroad and in the increasing sympathy existing at home; and, in view of the extending operations of the Society, necessitating heavier responsibilities, how important it is that they should remind themselves afresh of their obligations to their Master in relation to the heathen world! For the encouragement of this desirable disposition, we will briefly refer to the reasons which the past year furnishes for gratitude; and then to the claims arising out of the present circumstances of the mission for a still more prayerful and generous devotedness.

It is a matter for profound thankfulness that *the lives of all our European missionaries have been preserved*. In no part of the mission-field has our staff been weakened by means of death. When we reflect how very serious have been the losses our brethren of other societies have been called to suffer, and how we ourselves, in previous years, have sorrowed over those too early removed, as it seemed to us, from scenes of promising toil, we cannot but gratefully record the sparing goodness of the Lord thus signally displayed:

The encouraging accounts many of our missionaries have been able to report of their labours, afford further ground for joyful praise. We shall not attempt to enumerate the successes with which faithful labour has been attended, but that Christ, according to His gracious assurance, has been with His servants, their communications abundantly attest. Without entering at any length into detail, we may say, it has been with peculiar pleasure we have received satisfactory intelligence of our six brethren—viz., Messrs. Ellison, Jewson, Kerry, Potter, Thomas, and Tucker, who began their missionary life in India a week or two before the past year commenced; and of our other two brethren—Messrs. Sowerby and White-wright—who had previously arrived in China. We may be thankful that, in mental and spiritual fitness, as in physical strength, they give the promise of useful service.

During the old year the Congo Mission has made very material progress. The three stations *en route* to Stanley Pool, and that at the Pool itself, are now all established. The five brethren—viz., Messrs. Weeks, Butcher, Moolenaar, Hughes, and Doke, required to complete the minimum number necessary to carry on the mission, have all been sent forth. And on the 10th ult. our steamer "*Peace*," the object of so much interest, as of such sanguine expectation, was at last shipped for the West African coast. The success with which the preliminary steps in connection with the Congo Mission have so far been attended calls most loudly for thankful recognition.

And no one, we think, who has had the opportunity to listen to the description Mr. Thomson has been able to give of the remarkable progress of the Gospel in Cameroons River and Victoria, but must have been moved to exclaim, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

We may note, too, with satisfaction the recent acquisition of the admirable premises in Naples for the labours of our devoted brother, Mr. W. K. Landels, a possession so advantageous to our operations in that important city.

And if there is cause for gratitude in the condition of the mission abroad, there is equally so in *the missionary spirit prevailing amongst the churches at home*. We do not think that this spirit is as prevalent or as intense as it should be—we have, alas! reason for sorrowful regret, that here and there there seems to be little or no concern for the pitiable condition of the benighted heathen, but these, we are happy to say, are exceptional instances. During the past year we have had abundant proof how deeply interested the great majority of the churches are in the operations of the Society. It is well known that a few months ago a circular representing the urgent needs of the mission, and appealing for larger help, was sent to all the pastors and deacons in the denomination, the numerous replies to which have expressed in most cordial terms the kindly feeling with which the Society is regarded. Some of these replies we have ventured to publish in recent numbers of this periodical, and for the sake of the stimulus thus supplied we will add to what has already been reported, though our space will not allow of all that might be inserted.

Advantage was taken of the annual meetings in the Huddersfield district to canvass for new and increased subscriptions. The Rev. J. Porteous accompanied the deputation to friends connected with the church at Lockwood, the result being that in nearly every case the calls proved successful. The Rev. Dr. Stock, of Salendine Nook, was equally cordial. The North Road Church purposes with this new year to start a subscription list; whilst at two places in the district—viz., Golcar and Scape Goat Hill, for the first time public collections were taken. At Mount Pleasant, Swansea, the Rev. J. Owen and one of the deacons rendered similar service, and with the same gratifying effect; at Llanelly, the Rev. R. Evans invited his friends to remain after the Sunday evening service for consultation; and at Neath and Zion Chapel, Ebbw Vale, steps are being taken to increase the contributions. The following letter from Maryport reaches us as we go to press. Hitherto little has been done by the church in this town, but with change of circumstances a hearty missionary spirit has been aroused. "At last," writes the Rev. H. C. Bailey, "I am able to tell you with something like definiteness the result of my canvassing, although I have reason to hope more may be done than has been promised. To begin, two of our Sunday-schools have agreed to have a box for each class, the third will want one box for the girls and another for the boys (this school is only in its infancy), making altogether *forty-two*. In addition to this, *twenty-two* of our people want boxes for their homes (*i.e.*, one for each family), so that there are sixty-four boxes specifically and already asked for, and I have reason to think that others will be asking when they know that

the boxes are being used. Then, in addition to this, I have obtained *twenty-eight* definite promises of annual subscriptions, besides several others who, without specifying any particular sum, have promised that when the collectors call they will give what they can. Of these *twenty-eight, nineteen* are subscribers of 10s. and upwards. . . . Please send what we want in time for us to start fair with the New Year."

Mr. Richard Watson, of Rochdale, writes: "We are going to organize a new method of collecting by gathering monthly subscriptions." At several places, both in London and in the provinces, special meetings have been held with a view to organization, and secretaries and collectors have been appointed. Our friends at Hampstead have under their consideration the envelope plan, worked with such success at Myrtle Street, Liverpool, at Bloomsbury, and in other congregations. From Highgate Road an application has come for 100 boxes, most of which have already been distributed, collectors being deputed to call for the contents once a-quarter. At Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, a recent canvass sent up the subscriptions by ten guineas. "For your encouragement," writes Mr. Whittard, of Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, "I may add that there is a fair prospect of good resulting from our meeting on Thursday. Those who were present unanimously expressed themselves as feeling pleasure and interest. Some subscriptions have been increased, fresh ones obtained, and several have signified their willingness to help in the carrying out of the new organization suggested." At Devizes an auxiliary, with its proper officers, has been established. And how can we forget the outburst of enthusiastic generosity at the recent autumnal session of the Baptist Union in Liverpool!

We state these particulars—and many more of a like kind could be furnished—to awaken those feelings of thankfulness which such sympathetic co-operation demands. May the gracious God of missions, in return for all the help afforded by His servants, supply their every need out of His riches in glory by Christ Jesus!

And now with respect to the work of the Society in the future.

Remembering the Society finds its charter in the Divine commission, which enjoins the preaching of the Gospel to *every* creature, it is obvious that, so long as the world continues in its present unenlightened condition, it must be ever aiming to extend its operations. But this it can only do as the churches continue to supply larger means. The Society, let it be distinctly stated, exists for the sake of the churches, as an organization through which they may endeavour to carry into effect their Saviour's will; and if, in answer to the prayers of the members of these churches,

great and effectual doors are being opened, as is most conspicuously the case in the present day, through which access may now be gained to millions of unreached heathen, the principles upon which we commonly act, require that we should utilise these answers to prayer by proceeding to send forth the preachers of the Gospel. "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall men preach except they be sent!"

The extension of the operations of the Society, especially in Africa and China, will most certainly test the real strength of the missionary faith and zeal in the churches. It cannot be too clearly understood that a mission like that upon which we have entered on the Congo River must involve considerable expenditure. We have said the *minimum* number of men required to work the mission has been supplied. As the enterprise succeeds, reinforcements will be absolutely necessary. At present, should illness incapacitate any one of the brethren, progress will be so far delayed. Let our supporters carefully contemplate and adequately realize the necessities of this mission; let them bear in mind that the personal expenses of the brethren are not by any means the whole of the outlay; and then let Christlike love and compassion prompt to such large-hearted giving as shall leave the Committee free from pecuniary anxieties to prosecute their beneficent career. God seems to be saying just now to His people, "You have been praying that all nations may be enlightened, that ancient superstitions may be overturned, my kingdom come and my will be done on earth as in heaven. I have heard and am answering your prayers. In my providence I am making it possible for my servants to enter into countries long closed to the ambassadors of the Cross. Are you ready to go where I invite? Is your spirit of consecration sufficient to lead you to make the most of the facilities I afford? Will you sustain the messengers whom I call, and whose way I prepare?" With all reverence, we say it appears to us that in some such tones as these the Hearer and Answerer of prayer is speaking at the present time to the Churches, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

We trust that during the three months remaining before our accounts shall be closed, our friends will bestir themselves to do their very utmost, and that the meetings yet to be held be made the occasion of loving and liberal effort. May this New Year witness throughout all the churches a spirit of devotedness beyond that of any preceding year. As the retrospect of past mercies and successes in the mission field abroad, and of past expressions of sympathy from Christian brethren at home, excite our joyful gratitude, let the anticipation of ever growing needs and the prospect of the brightening future call forth, both in prayer and in contributions, our most consecrated service.

Poorana Killah—Old Fort, Delhi.

POORANA KILLAH, or Old Fort, as it is now usually called by the people, is situated about three miles to the south of modern Delhi, near the supposed site of Indrāprustha, or Indrāput, founded in the year 1450 B.C. by King Yudishthira, a period of time when England was wholly unknown to the then civilised world, and its inhabitants were living in a state of barbarism.

No ruins mark the ground where Indrāprustha once flourished; even on its supposed site, cities have since appeared and disappeared, but it is interesting to know that this "old Fort," of which we give an illustration (*see page 2*), was in more modern times repaired by the Emperor Humāyun for the special purpose of affording shelter to religious Mohammedans. The city was for long "the asylum of wise and intelligent persons, and therefore called Din Panah."

This fort is an irregular oblong of three furlongs by one and a half furlongs. It has three gates; that on the west, the only one now open, is seen in the picture. On each of the four corners of the city there is a formidable-looking bastion, and between the two corner bastions in the western wall there are *seven* bastions, including those which flank the gateways. The reader can thus form some idea of the length of the wall. The top of the wall is protected by embattled balustrades. Within a few hundred yards of this notable fort or refuge is the splendid mausoleum of Humāyon, the founder. We hope on some future occasion to present our readers with an illustration of it, for we are sure that everything concerning Delhi must interest them.

"The field of labour in Delhi is large, the extent of ground covered is as large as an English county. . . . the object of these labours are amongst the lowest of the population," thus wrote the recent Deputation, adding, "We can only repeat what Mr. Lewis has stated—'The distinguishing features of our Delhi mission are its open-air (or *basti*) meetings and its ragged schools. These two are intimately allied to each other. The courtyard before the schoolhouse is in some cases the place of meeting! These schools are in small part subsidised by the Government and Municipality, and of course are subjected to inspection.'"

We read in the last published report that there are *forty-two* stations (*see page 122*) where these *basti* meetings are held, and schools conducted not by *heathen* but by *native Christian* teachers. There are 700 scholars in these schools, inclusive of eighty children of native Christians. From these

schools three students have passed into the Medical College at Agra, under Dr. Valentine, a medical missionary, and they are reported to be "doing well."

Now within the walls of Poorana Killah, rightly called Din Panah, will be found one of these forty-two stations. A native Christian community, consisting of poor chumārs, or shoemakers, have found a "refuge" there. They have built and keep in repair their own chapel, contribute to the support of their own pastor, conduct their own basti meetings, and otherwise manage their own church affairs, having occasionally the supervision and counsel of their Bishop James Smith, or his able colleague, Mr. Guyton. Nor are the boys and girls of this suburb forgotten. An efficient boys' school existed there, and we shall never forget the delightful visit we paid to this Zenana outpost on one occasion, some fourteen years ago, accompanied by Mrs. Smith. We were not expected by the female teacher, but we could not fail to perceive that she as well as her little pupils were highly gratified. They read from one of the Gospels and sang very melodiously our favourite hymn—

Ara haura mun Yesho ko jupnā.
(Oh! my soul, adore and honour Jesus only.)

With the exception of travellers of an inquiring mind, few Europeans ever visit Poorana Killah, as it is rather out of the way. The fact of a sahib being there who was *not* a Padree sahib attracted a concourse of men and women. In reply to our inquiries, they expressed satisfaction with their native Christian neighbours, although excluded from their caste, because they were "industrious, honest, and not abusive;" and they felt particularly grateful that their children were being so carefully taught by the *Padree sahib's* teachers.

We conclude with the opinion expressed of the Delhi mission by a brother missionary visitor: "The advantages of native Christians dwelling amongst the people and freely mixing with them in the concerns of life are so apparent that the wonder is that every missionary does not set his face against the compound and village system. How can our converts be what the Apostolic converts were expected to be—viz., blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke *in the midst* of a crooked, perverse nation, and shining *among them* as lights of the world—if to a large extent they are cut off from contact with their heathen neighbours? I could wish to see the Delhi plan everywhere observed in connection with mission work."

Weybridge.

J. C. PARRY.

To the foregoing very interesting sketch of the "Old Fort" by Mr. Parry, it may not be out of place to add that on Monday, the 27th of February last, in company with the Rev. James Smith, I paid a visit to Poorana Killah.

I found in the Fort a very neat little chapel, and in the chapel compound, or ground, a substantial native house was being built for the pastor's occupation.

The schoolmaster appeared a fine, bright, intelligent young man, with a school of more than fifty boys. In my presence Mr. Smith examined the scholars in the New Testament in Hindi and Urdu. Afterwards the native Christians, to the number of over fifty, gathered together for the purpose of welcoming the "*Secretary sahib*," and enjoying a service of song.

We spent more than an hour in singing hymns to native words and music, and marvellously plaintive and strange was the blending of native instruments and voices, while the enjoyment of all present was most strikingly manifested by their beaming countenances.

A few words of brotherly affection and sympathy were addressed to the assembled friends by Mr. Smith and myself, which were most warmly responded to by several present by hearty reciprocal expressions of joy and delight, and I left with the conviction that in Poorana Killah we have some of the truest and best of native Christians in India.

The story of the work of God in this place is deeply interesting, and some day I hope it will be fully told by our veteran missionary who first started it.

More than twenty years ago Mr. Smith had the joy of baptizing three converts on this spot, all now gathered to the heavenly home, but the seed so lovingly and prayerfully sown years ago is now springing up on all hands, and the present prospects of the church in the Old Fort were never before so promising.

One feature of the Delhi work is that the native chapels are generally used all the week through for school purposes, and so are utilised to the fullest possible extent. In the Poorana Killah chapel the Christian school is now conducted; and it is certainly worthy of mention, as a proof of the real and deep-seated piety of the schoolmaster, that, in order to have devote himself entirely to teaching the truths of the Christian religion, he voluntarily relinquished a Government appointment which he previously held at a salary of Rs.30 per month for his present post, in which he only receives Rs.10 per month.

It should also be added that this work is largely supported by contributions received from the West Croydon Sunday-school (Rev. J. A. Spurgeon's), and the cost of building the pastor's house will also be met from the same source.

A. H. B.

Roshkhali, South Villages, Calcutta.

ROSHKHALI is the halfway-house to Lukyantipore or Khari. When the missionary visits either of those places he has to pass Roshkhali, and it is frequently necessary for him to spend the night there. There is but one Christian family living there besides the two preachers of the Society. The mission-house has mud walls and a thatched roof, like most houses in that part of the country. To the right and left are seen the two preachers' houses. In front, the school children are standing. A date-palm tree stands on the bank, and in the khâl (water channel) is the canoe in which we travel. The district to the south of Calcutta is somewhat peculiar. It is covered during the rains with two or three feet of water, in which the rice grows. Hence something is needed in which to



ROSHKHALI.—(From a Photograph.)

go about, but a boat would draw too much water, especially when the fields begin to dry up. Canoes are therefore used. These are of two kinds : one is made of the trunk of the *tal* palm-tree ; it is somewhat rounded, small, and will only carry the man who propels it, and he needs careful practice or he would soon over-balance himself. By far the most common canoes are called *saltis*, being made of the trunk of the *sal* tree. These are made for the most part, I believe, in the neighbourhood of Nepaul. The *salti* is oblong in shape, and varies in size from a very small one which will hardly take more than one or two persons, to large ones which will contain a considerable amount of rice or other produce. The *saltis* which the

missionaries use are of medium size. One, two, or three men propel the salti by pushing a long bamboo stick against the ground at the bottom. They do not go fast. As we are sitting down in one, and hear the noise made by the front striking the water, it seems as if we were going at a good rate, but we look out and see a man comfortably walking along the path by our side just as fast as we are going. For the sake of protection from the sun by day, and the damp cold by night, and also for protection from rain in the rainy season, we need to have a covering, made of reed, fastened by bamboo sticks and poles. This covering, which is called a *choi*, and may be ten or twelve feet long, occupies the middle part of the salti. It can be lifted off and on as required. In simply taking a day journey, in the cold weather, when the sun is not very strong, we may dispense with the *choi*, and the salti will look like the second one in the picture.

Calcutta.

G. H. ROUSE.

Farewell Meeting.

ON Tuesday evening, December 5th, on the invitation of the Treasurer and Secretary, about two hundred friends assembled to meet the Rev. Q. W. Thomson, of Victoria, and to take leave of the Rev. Francis and Mrs. James, proceeding to China; Mr. C. H. Richardson, returning to Bakundu; and the Revs. George Grenfell and W. H. Doke, proceeding to the Congo Mission.

After tea and coffee, a public meeting was held in the library, presided over by the Treasurer, Joseph Tritton, Esq. After the singing of a hymn, Mr. J. Herbert Tritton read a portion of Scripture, and the Rev. W. Fuller Gooch offered prayer.

The Chairman said: Allow me, dear friends, on behalf of Mr. Baynes as well as myself, to thank you for the kind response which you have given to our invitation. It is a great pleasure to us to feel that this place is, from time to time, a centre of social interest as well as of holy fellowship in the work of the Lord. You are all aware of the object of this meeting—to bid farewell to those brethren of our African mission who have been for a season at home, together with one young brother who goes forth for the first time as a recruit in the Lord's great army on foreign service. We have also to include among these the

names of our esteemed friends—Mr. and Mrs. James, formerly connected with the China Inland Mission, but now in connection with our own Society, who leave to-morrow on their way to China. In speaking of our African missions, I am reminded of two farewell services. Close upon forty years ago, I was one of a party who went down the river accompanying to the ship our first missionary brethren to the coast of Western Africa, when the pioneers had secured an opening for the preaching of the Gospel on the shores of the island of Fernando Po. On that occasion I witnessed a scene which told me

something of the sacrifices which they make who leave land and home and kindred and friends for the kingdom of God's sake. I was witness to the parting of a mother with her daughter, a scene I shall never forget, and as I recall it I feel as if the words, "What mean ye to weep, and to break mine heart?" might have been spoken as truly at Gravesend as at Cæsarea. These brethren went not, wept not, worked not in vain. On the foundations they laid others built, and now on the mainland, to which our missionaries were driven subsequently, we have a growing civilisation, an extending knowledge, an influential example, and a moral and spiritual elevation. We have the Word of God translated into the tongue of the country by one who rests from his labours, but whose works do follow him—the sainted Alfred Saker. The Lord has been glorified there in the salvation of heathen souls. To these shores our friends—Mr. and Mrs. Thomson—are returning, not immediately, but in the course of a few weeks, and for them Mr. and Mrs. Richardson set sail on Saturday next. I am sure I may convey to them, as well as to Mr. and Mrs. James, the assurance that you will bear them in mind with hearty sympathy and interest. Turning from the Cameroons to the Congo, I am reminded of another farewell meeting, when our friend Mr. Grenfell, himself one of the pioneers, had opened the way for the preaching of the Gospel in the Congo country, and our brother, Mr. Comber, with his band, took leave of us. How much of mercy has rested on our mission since that memorable evening! Side by side with it there has been another mission, the Livingstone Inland Mission, under the auspices of our friend Mr. Guinness and his mar-

vellously gifted wife. In the providence of God they had been called upon to mourn the loss of eight, if not nine, labourers, while we have only had to deplore the loss of one, the young and gentle wife, who sleeps in Jesus at San Salvador. Mr. Grenfell, as you are aware, was recalled from Congo at the instance of the committee to assist them by his mechanical genius and African experience in the construction of the little vessel, the *Peace*. He is returning with our friend Mr. Doke. Mr. Doke will be a worthy addition to the little band—a little band in contrast to the "great multitude of the disciples" in early days, but, like them, "all of one heart and one mind," and they carry the "*Peace*" with them. It seems rather the reversal of the natural order of things that in this case the brethren carry the ship, and not the ship the brethren. Most devoutly do we hope that both will be transported in safety to the banks of the Congo, and that the little *Peace*, once launched, may, in the highest sense of the term, "walk the waters like a thing of life;" carrying, as she will, the messengers of mercy, the messengers of peace, whose feet shall be beautiful upon the streams no less than upon the mountains; carrying the messengers with the tidings of salvation into the dark places of that dark land. I cannot conceal that the perils are many, but God is our refuge and our strength. Let us not say that our brethren go with their lives in their hands. No, their lives are in the hands of their Master. We may say, as we have often said and often sung,—

"Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

And so we speak our farewell words and breathe our parting benedictions with all cheerfulness.

After a brief address by Mr. Baynes, giving interesting details with regard to the various missionary brethren, and cheering words from the

Hon. J. Cust, of the Church Missionary Society, and Messrs. Thomson and Richardson, the Rev. Francis James said—

He would mention two things for the audience, as illustrating the hold which idolatry still retained on that country. Thirty millions sterling were spent every year in China upon idolatry. In a city where he was just before leaving, he saw being built a large temple to Confucius, which was to cost between £60,000 and £70,000. These things proved that the system was not dead or helpless. They had most powerful forces against them. He did not want to magnify difficulties, but he hardly thought that he could if he were to try. They had to deal with an acute and ingenious people. They found the same objections raised by them against Christianity as were raised by the keenest modern sceptics in America and England. The Chinese classics were interpreted by materialistic commentaries, which hardened the people's hearts against the Gospel. The effect of the Taeping rebellion, too, told powerfully against them. The rebels, who were imperfectly instructed in the truths of Christianity, used the names of God and Christ amidst all their outrages, and the result was that in many districts the mention of this

God-religion, as it was scornfully called, set the people in arms against them. None of them knew what a trial it was to be hissed and insulted as *foreign devils* whenever they showed themselves in a city. But he had had his faith strengthened over and over again by the most wonderful instances of preservation and protection. He had been preserved from drowning, from robbers, from famine, from fever, dangers by the way, and in his solitude. He was accustomed to dangers, but let him ask them to pray for their continued preservation. The sense that they were praying for them in England would uphold them amidst their trials, and make their work fruitful and abound to every good work. Mr. Jones would be home before long, and he would be able to tell them far more than he could of the success of their mission. It was a growing success. They only wanted more men, and they must remember that one man to-day in China could do more in one year than two or three could ten or fifteen years ago. This ought to encourage all young men who felt an impulse to join them.

A hymn was then sung, and the Rev. George Grenfell said—

That some of his friends had been twitting him because, as the time drew near for his departure, his spirits seemed to grow lighter, but to all intents and purposes Africa was his home, and, seeing his business had been prolonged to twice its expected length, he was anxious to get back again. Perhaps, however, his lightness was partly the result of having despatched from Chiswick a large series of huge cases, the contents of which had been weighing very heavily

upon his mind. He had had when in Africa some little experience of machinery, and therefore he knew a little about the needs of the case before them. So it had been deemed advisable that he should come to England to help forward the construction of the steamship *Peace*. The problem was a difficult one. Steamers were not adapted for climbing cataracts, so that they had to arrange for their boat to be taken to pieces so that its various portions could be transported overland.

There was also a difficulty in the matter of draught. Congo, above the cataracts, stretched sluggishly away into a breadth of miles, dotted with thousands of islands, and of course was proportionately shallow. They had, therefore, arranged that when the *Peace* was fully laden it would only draw twelve inches of water. Then, again, they might remember how Stanley had told them that the natives had pertinaciously taken every opportunity of attacking him. Now, they were not anxious to become food for cannibals, so they had to provide the means of running away. It would be difficult, however, to apply powerful machinery to a boat which only drew twelve inches. All these difficulties, however, had been grappled with by Messrs. Thorneycroft, to whom he might say the Society was most deeply indebted for the skill, patience, and thought which they had applied to the construction of their little vessel. Not a suggestion had been overlooked, and he might say that the expense would not nearly be met by the cheque which had been forwarded to them. The construction of the ship had occupied a year, and as to its transport they might consider themselves fortunate if they succeeded in getting that done in the same period. It was a five weeks' journey to the mouth of the Congo; then they had a voyage of 110 miles by river to their first station. There the cases would be unshipped and placed in the mission store, waiting the carriers. The first stage was sixty miles further on at Manyanga, and from thence to Stanley Pool; the third and last stage was between eighty and 100 miles. The carriers, under the guidance of one of their head men, marched in caravans, sometimes stretching to a mile in length, so that there was risk of some of the packages being lost or stolen. To

avoid risk of that, they had every package sewn up in canvas and numbered, so that a duplicate could be sent from England at once if the original happened to go astray. An inventory was to be given to the head man at the start, and the production of that and the packages at the end of the journey would ensure his payment. The country to the Congo, though a table-land, was not monotonous. The river ran through a great ravine, and surrounding land was seamed with the ravines of inflowing tributary streams so steep that, in some instances, they would have to use ropes and pulley to get their packages across. Another obstacle was the grass, which was ten or eighteen feet high, and only cut up into narrow tracks. They had three available classes of carriers—the Krumen, the men of Loango, and the natives of the country themselves. The first were the best, as they were the best workers, and they were so far from home when on the Congo that they could not run away; but their services were the dearest. The Loango men cost about a half less, but they were not so reliable. The natives were the cheapest, but also the most troublesome. The pay was given in red calico, or white-handled knives, of a certain quality. The rate of pay came to about one penny per pound per 100 miles. That was after they had thoroughly organised a route. At first it might be as much as threepence a pound. From the coast, where the route was not organised, the price was somewhat dearer. Sometimes the men, like the enlightened British workmen, struck, and they (the missionaries) were sometimes separated from their supplies by long periods of time. They could not hope for anything like such favourable terms for the transport of the *Peace* till they had the San Salvador route

into working order. As to the time which the transport would occupy, from the first river station to Baynes-ton, sixty miles, would occupy each caravan some ten days. Their steamer would take some fifteen or twenty caravans for the first stage, so that would give six months for the first stage alone. The second stage would require another six, and the third was so long and so difficult that they could not hope that it might be done in much less than a year. But they hoped to have all these three stages run concurrently, so that, instead of two years, they trusted to begin the building of their steamer long before the last loads had reached the river-side. They had already sent out to Stanley Pool a good supply of tools, &c., and then the work would begin. Many people rather objected to missionaries doing such rough work, because it did not bear directly upon the mission. None would rejoice more heartily than he would when they got more direct mission work, but he believed it would be found that the result would more than justify the time and labour bestowed. It was expensive. One gentleman had written to him that he was appalled at the cost of this Congo Mission, its heavy expenses, and its risk of life. Well, it was their turn to become appalled at the risk rather than it was for friends in England to become

appalled at the cost. After awhile they looked forward to having some of the appliances of civilisation at command, and then the risk of life would be lessened, for he could assure them that at present missionaries led a very Robinson Crusoeish life. Their houses were simply four posts with bamboo walls and a reed roof, and their tables were just four sticks with a top made from broken boxes. As to the appalling cost, what did it amount to? Fourpence per head per annum of the members of the Baptist denomination. Their squadron for the suppression of the slave traffic cost about a quarter of a million a year. He believed that that quarter of a million would produce infinitely greater results if applied to the furtherance of Christian missions. The squadron was doubtless doing useful and good work, but why not supplement what it was doing by preaching and teaching Christ over the vast interior of that land? He had to thank them for their kind reception, which had cheered his heart. The memory of that meeting would strengthen and stimulate them in the work that lay before them. They had fears and difficulties to encounter. The French trade might delay them a little, but they would certainly succeed in the end, and obtain success because they were doing the will of the Master.

Mr. W. H. Doke, son of the Rev. W. Doke, of Chudleigh, and recently a student in Regent's Park College, was the last speaker. He said—

“That before they separated he just wished to have a mutual good-bye. The work to him was all new; the veil lay across the future and hid it all; but, thank God, it was not thick enough to hide the light that shone on the path, and even on the veil itself they could read in words of bright promise, ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.’ The reflection of the

past was thrown upon the future. They saw shadows—sad shadows; they saw signs of difficulty, even death, but these were only shadows, and the bright promises of God were solid and substantial. They knew these would last, and perhaps the shadows would never come. They had the grand assurance of God's help, and of God's omnipotent protection, but this did not

at all lessen the need of prayer. With all his heart he said, brethren pray for us; 2,000 miles of river lay before them on their long journey; the banks were thick with villages thronged with men, and to these they took the message of the Gospel. They were cruel, warlike, treacherous in the extreme. How could they reach them? How but by the mighty power of God? Let them pray for them, that God's grace would watch over them, that their lives might be preserved through years of work; that their own souls might be kept; afar from the house of God,

from the company of Christian friends, in the midst of heathen customs that were foul and hateful, kept while there was round them everything that was sad and Unchristian. They, perhaps, might never meet again. He might come home again; if so, good-bye till then. It might be that death's bright angel might call him to higher work, and perhaps they might never meet till before the throne; if so, good-bye till then."

The closing hymn was then sung, after which Rev. J. P. Chown engaged in prayer, and the meeting terminated.

Referring to this gathering, the editor of the *Christian World*, when sending £10 10s. 0d. for the Congo Mission, wrote—

"No report will convey to people not present any adequate idea of the hallowed and inspiring spirit which pervaded the meeting throughout. A more genuine and deep-toned missionary gathering it was never our good fortune to be at; and though it consisted only of about two hundred people, there is certain to go out from it a spiritual influence of no ordinary kind. The impressions that must have been produced on the minds and hearts of all present cannot fail to bear good fruit in days to come. The prayers, the hymns, and the speeches were all calculated alike to lead to increased zeal and intelligent interest in the cause of missions to the heathen. Could there have been thousands present to listen to the modest, devout, and manly addresses of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Grenfell, a great addition

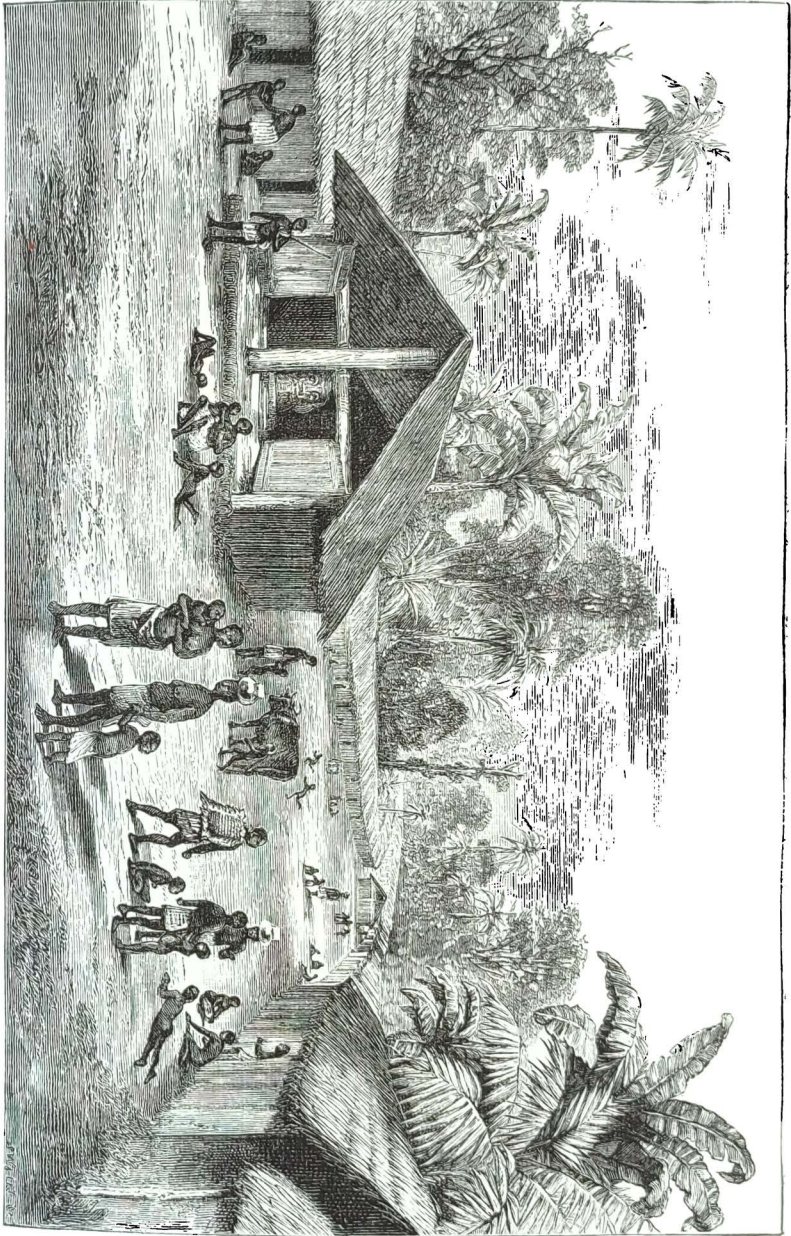
would surely have been made to the funds at the disposal of the Society for the promotion of the work in Africa, especially that so hopefully and heroically begun on the Congo. The story of the building on the Thames of the little steamer, the *Peace*, now on its way, in pieces, to 'Stanley Pool,' there to be put together, and to become a messenger of light and mercy to the swarming villages of savage and miserable people along a coast of two thousand miles, is adapted, if aught can be, to stir the hearts of English Christians, and to draw forth their sympathies and liberality. The romance of missions has assuredly not ceased as yet; nor can cease while Africa remains to be evangelised, and there are men left like those who were taken leave of at this gathering to give themselves to the work."

Bakundu, West Africa.

BY REV. Q. W. THOMSON.

ONE night, in the spring of 1877, I sat down in a lonely native hut surrounded by my carriers and guides, greatly dejected and perplexed. We had been travelling for a week, and for two days had simply been checkmated at every point at which we sought to advance. That morning, after spending twenty-four hours at Balumbi-ba-Kotto in vain efforts to advance inland from there, we bent our steps in another direction, hoping to advance on that side. Here again we met with a signal failure, and had been trying another direction when we were obliged to seek the shelter of the lonely hut we were in for the night. While the supper for the people was being prepared, one of my men and myself were outside talking with the two men who lived at the hut. They had raised our hopes by promising to take us the next day by another road through the forest, past the people that had stopped us, to the large town beyond where we had wished to reach.

After supper, when our men had lain down on the ground to sleep, we resumed our conversation, but found that all the readiness to help had vanished. It was impossible to get in the way we wanted to go. Then we tried them as to a town, the name of which I had in my note-book, in another direction. No; they did not know it—had never heard of such a place. Well, what people lived in the direction pointed? Oh, nobody—it was all wild forest, there were no roads, and no people; but, said one, there's such a people in another direction. I noted that voluntary bit of information, for our guides were there, and I had been suspicious before that they were secretly working against our advance. Now I felt sure of it, and had resolved, come what might, to get rid of them. So, leaving all to get to sleep, I spent the weary hours in anxious thought and prayer for guidance. In the morning the principal guide had a bad cold and wanted to go back. I agreed to his wish, but said I should not go back. He then said the other two youths who were with him must return with him. I said, "Very well; I should pay them and let them go." He seemed greatly disturbed at this; but I said there was a place, the men in the house had told us the night before they knew about, and I was going there. The men of the house said they only knew the name, they did not know the people, and they did not know how to go to the town. In the conversation, however, one of our guides said the Masoni people went to that Bakundu; but neither these people in the house nor themselves knew the way to



IAKUNDU, WEST AFRICA.—(From a Photograph).

[THE MISSIONARY HERALD,
JANUARY 1, 1883.

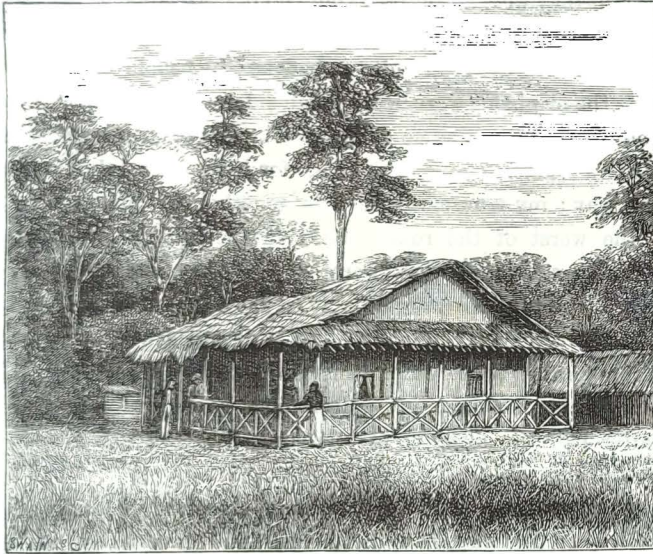
Bakundu. I remembered that Masoni was a small town they had once before said they knew, and they had pointed to the direction in which it lay; so I said, well they must show us into the road for Masoni, and we should go ourselves. The result was, one of the young men took us to Masoni, left us there, and went off home. Now we were alone, and hoped to persuade the people to help us on with guides. All the afternoon and night the people gave us no hope of being able to take us to Bakundu; they knew the place, but said it was a long way. It was through wild forests; the elephants were about in great numbers, and had so disturbed the paths that they were afraid they could not find the way. However, by nine o'clock the next morning, two men had accepted the pay, and were ready to lead us. We found the road quite as bad as the people said. For two or three hours the elephants were heard on all sides, and sometimes seen gliding among the trees. There was no defined road. We walked in elephant tracks over our ankles in soft clay and puddles, for it was the rainy season. My boots gave way; my trousers were held together by pins before we got through the worst of the road. Then in the middle of the forest the guides became convinced they were wrong—they had lost their tracks. By the aid of the compass we were able to show them the direction Masoni lay, and the direction Bakundu lay. So they struck out in those directions till they came again on the marks that they recognised. Towards five in the evening we came into well-trodden roads and native farms, and shortly after had the pleasure of marching into the fine African village shown on the engraving.

The head man—Nambili, a very old man—received us kindly, gave us a house to sleep in; had supper cooked for us, and gave us guides to other places on the following days. We found there was a road from Bakundu of four miles' length to the Mungo River, by which we could travel by water to Cameroons or Victoria. We found also that rarely a day passed without large companies of interior tribes passing through Bakundu to sell their produce lower down the river. After several other visits to Bakundu—one of which was made by boat from Victoria—we thought this a favourable point at which to begin our interior mission.

The arrival of the Rev. T. L. Johnson, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Richardson, enabled us to commence work at Bakundu in the early part of 1879. Mr. Johnson's health not being sufficiently robust for the country, he retired, but not until Mrs. Johnson had succumbed to the debilitating effects of the climate. On Mr. Johnson's departure, Mr. Richardson took up the work of the station, and persevered—among depressing influences and difficulties, which are known only to those who

live through the early years of a new mission station—till the return of an old complaint necessitated a visit to England for surgical assistance. He is now fully recovered, and in much hopefulness returns, with Mrs. Richardson, to the work at Bakundu.

It is too soon yet for us to speak of spiritual results from such a station as this. We have every reason to hope that the Gospel is making its way, and that the people are beginning to understand the object a missionary has in view in coming among them. One of the indirect results of our mission being established at Bakundu is that King Bell, of Cameroons, has



BAKUNDU MISSION HOUSE, WEST AFRICA.

used his influence with the two large tribes on the river-way which opposed our going by water, and has secured a free water-course for us on the understanding that we are to begin branch missions among these tribes similar to our Bakundu Mission. He has also opened up the river for Cameroons trade the whole way to Bakundu, which is quite twice as far as the Cameroons traders had ever gone before.

The large house in the foreground of the picture is a country-fashion house—a sort of Freemasons' lodge. The people are divided into companies or societies, and each company has its own house. There are three such houses in Bakundu. Two of them are seen in the picture; the other is at the other end of the town. The mission-ground is close to the town fence, between the town and the beach. The mission-house is of clay walls, thatched with bamboo mats.

Letter from Mr. Grenfell, of the Congo Mission.

THE following letter from Mr. Grenfell will be read with interest by all friends of the Congo Mission.

“Liverpool, Dec. 9th, 1882.

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I am just on the point of going on board, and having time only for a short note to bid you adieu once more. I must at the same time ask you to acknowledge for me favours which certainly should have received a more direct response. You will easily understand how, during the last day or two, I have been living at high pressure, and how it is that, at the last, I am left without time for doing all I had intended.

“On our behalf, my dear Mr. Baynes, please acknowledge the kindness of the scholars of the Camden Road Schools who furnished the *Peace* with the very nice medicine chest which you saw at the Mission House a few days ago. It is very beautifully fitted up, and is a marvel of compactness.

“The dispatch-box given by the Belle Isle Mission scholars will prove a very useful addition to the steamer ‘outfit,’ furnishing as it does a secure place for any documents of value, and also all the conveniences of a writing desk. It is very strong, and is furnished with Hobb’s locks; but though strong, it is very nicely finished, and is both a useful and a handsome present.

“You must please also acknowledge the gift of a Bible from Mrs. J. Hawkes, of Halesowen, a filter from Mrs. Lawson’s class at Lancaster, and three table-cloths from Mrs. Lewis of Stratford Road, Birmingham. Please acknowledge also a box of clothing from Mrs. Hayes, which came in just as I was leaving London.

“Not only have I to ask you to thank these friends on my behalf, but you must please convey to my many kind friends who have cheered me by their hearty reception, and by their sincere sympathy during my stay in England, my heartiest reciprocation of all their good wishes.

“I shall be sure to tell my colleagues of the kindly message sent from our Farewell Meeting on Tuesday evening last; they will be greatly cheered thereby. The memories of the loving hearts that intercede on our behalf are a source of strength to us in times when things seem to be against us.

“Thanking you, too, my dear Mr. Baynes, and the Committee also for kind consideration, prayerful sympathy, and loving counsel,

“Once more, good-bye. We are on board the steamer and are just leaving.

“I remain, yours very sincerely,

“GEORGE GRENFELL.”

Mr. Richardson writes—

“DEAR MR. BAYNES,—Will you kindly acknowledge, in the *HERALD* of January, the following articles given us for our work in Bakundu:—

“Mrs. A. Hines, of Maryport, Cumberland, a music box; Miss Ward, of High Wycombe, Bucks, a box of clothes; Mrs. Bunting, of Swaffham, Norfolk, a package of goods; Mrs. Brown, of Maryport, Cumberland, an accordion for our native teacher now in charge at Bakundu; Mr. Yates, of Stockport, a box of tropical seeds; the Bible-class and Sabbath-school of King Street Chapel, Wigan Lane, a magic-lantern and good stock of slides.

“Yours truly, C. H. RICHARDSON.”

Writing from on board the ss. *Mandingo*, December the 9th, Mr. Richardson says—

“We are now safely on board the African mail steamer, the weather is favourable, and we are thankful to be off to resume our much loved work in Africa.”

Foreign Notes.

WELCOME TO REV. A. WOOD, HAVELOCK CHAPEL, AGRA.

A warm friend to the Mission in India sends us the following :—

“You will be glad to hear that Mr. Wood, from Mr. Spurgeon’s College, was set apart as pastor of the Havelock Chapel, in Agra, on the 13th of November, at an interesting service over which Mr. Evans, of Monghyr, presided.

“After tea, the public service commenced, when addresses of hearty welcome were delivered by Mr. Evans, Mr. Jones, Dr. Valentine (Presbyterian), Mr. Curtes (Methodist), and Mr. Potter, who had been a fellow-student with Mr. Wood in Mr. Spurgeon’s College.

“The Chairman, Mr. Evans, gave an interesting account of the rise and progress of the Baptist churches in Agra—one in the civil lines and one in the cantonments. He said that the first English Baptist missionary to visit Agra was the apostolic John Chamberlain, and that the first chapel was built by the late worthy Lieut. Parry in the year 1828. To Mr. Parry Mr. Evans paid a high tribute of praise, as a most devout and holy man of God, who had brought up a large family in the fear of God, and whose children live to call him blessed. Subsequently a larger chapel was put up by the then Capt. Havelock in 1832—and for years a worthy Christian soldier, the late Rev. Richard Williams, was the pastor of the church, and a missionary of the

Baptist Missionary Society as well. The present beautiful chapel was built by the Rev. J. G. Gregson, some twelve years ago, as a memorial chapel to the late General Havelock ; whose name will ever be as sweet incense in India, and who was as much of a model Christian as he was a model soldier. Mr. Evans said he was glad that the appointment would set the missionaries entirely free for native work, and he hoped that Mr. Wood’s career would prove long and useful.

“Mr. Wood, when called upon to speak, told the church how he was led to God, and how he had been led to the work of the ministry in India. All were favourably impressed with the young pastor, and wished him God-speed in the important field of labour to which he has consecrated his life.

“The English Baptist churches in India have much to be thankful for to the Baptist Missionary Society for all the kind aid given them from time to time, both in funds and the labour of their missionaries, and the churches surely should do all they can to help on the work in which the Society is especially engaged by becoming *thoroughly practical missionary churches* to the millions of heathen around them in this land of darkness and death.”