

THE MISSIONARY HERALD, ]  
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MANYANGA, OR WATHEN STATION, CONGO RIVER

(showing the Baptist Mission Station in the foreground, and the Belgian Station on the hill).—From a Drawing by M. Van de Velde, of the Belgian International Society.

# THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

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## THE CONGO MISSION.

### TIDINGS FROM STANLEY POOL.

“THERE IS MUCH LAND STILL TO BE POSSESSED.”

THE following letters from Mr. Comber and Mr. Bentley, just received, dated October and November, 1882, cannot fail to encourage and cheer all friends interested in the Congo Mission.

Under a still more recent date, December the 8th, in a very brief note, Mr. Comber, writing from Arthington Station, Stanley Pool, reports:—

“All is going on here most encouragingly; warm and almost affectionate relations exist between myself and the natives. They cheerfully help me in my work, and I have some very promising boys who are on the verge of entering the mission-house to be regularly taught. I am thankful to say I am quite recovered from the effects of my recent severe illness.”

It will be seen from Mr. Comber's letter that the brethren of the Congo Mission have resolved to perpetuate the names of two of the warmest and most generous friends of the Congo enterprise by calling the new Manyanga station, on the south bank of the Congo River, WATHEN STATION; and the new Stanley Pool settlement, at Leopoldville, ARTHINGTON STATION.

Under these circumstances, it is proposed to call the first Interior Congo River settlement beyond Stanley Pool, LIVERPOOL STATION, instead of the Stanley Pool station, in commemoration of the generous gifts contributed at the mission-breakfast in Liverpool in connection with the October autumnal gatherings in that city.

We earnestly trust that our readers will regard the marvellous manner in which the way into the very heart of the long-neglected and slave-ridden continent of Africa is being now opened up, as a fresh call for increased and deepened consecration of effort and means.

In the words of the great pioneer missionary-apostle, David Livingstone:—“Every fresh door opened is but heavier responsibility and nobler and loftier privilege. Would to God that the churches at home could only realise this, as those do who are face to face with these splendid opportunities.”

Mr. Comber writes:—

“Arthington, Leopoldville, Congo River  
“(Stanley Pool), Africa,  
“28th October, 1882.

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—It is with much satisfaction and thankfulness that I send you this, my first letter written at Stanley Pool. I am sorry I was not able to write by the return of the first caravan, but a fever which I had on the road up made me feel so limp upon arrival that I had to take a complete rest. Now, however, I feel somewhat recovered.

“I arrived here four days ago, after a very satisfactory journey of seven marching days from Manyanga, and found the man Malonda, whom, three months ago, we had left here in charge, quite well, and on very friendly terms with all the people. He had been living upon what fat of the land he could find in this very lean country, but had altogether neglected work (of clearing, cutting, thatching grass, &c.) which we had left him to do. Now the boys of my caravan have gone back (except four or five, who stay to help me build) I have a little time to look about me and dwell on the situation.

“Bentley will, I hope, have written to you at length about our visit to Ngombi Makwekwe, so very pleasing and gratifying, both in its experiences and results. He will also, probably, have explained to you the delays in the occupation of Stanley Pool; and you yourself will be able to understand that our anxieties to occupy would not allow us to make any delay, from the disagreeable necessity of one man again having to go forward and commence a fresh station alone.

“Last year this was done by Mr. Bentley, and you perhaps may remember my letter of disappointment, after recovery from a fever which

threatened most seriously my life, that I had to relinquish my own claim to this duty and honour.

“Bentley and Grenfell made an intrepid little run through the Basundi. Grenfell left Bentley alone with his tent, a few boys, some tools, and three months' supplies at Manyanga, and returned to his station below; and, encompassed with hosts of difficulties, Bentley made a good and substantial station.

“Being all ‘out of it’ last year, I have been looking forward to it this year with special and hopeful anxiety.

“I came up from Manyanga, this time on the south side, and stayed three days in Lutete's town, off Makwekwe. One of Lutete's ‘big’ men—Mbonga—accompanied me all along, and gave very satisfactory explanations about us in all the towns. He said—

“‘The English have come to mend or make the country and to put everything straight. God has sent them; they've got His Book, and will teach you all His words. They will teach all your boys to read and write, and to speak English, and will train them into all good habits. They have thousands of medicines too, with which they know how to heal all sick people.’ So emphatic was Mbonga over this last that the people sometimes asked me if I could put a stop to dying.

“On the fourth day from Manyanga we crossed, in canoes, the Nsundi River (Stanley's Great Cataract River), which is much larger than either the Mpozo, Luvu, or Kivilo. Where we crossed it, it was a deep river of about sixty yards in breadth, and with a current of about three miles an hour.

“Through the Basesse we had to pass as quickly as possible; it is a very poorly populated country, and food difficult to be obtained.

#### "STANLEY POOL.

"It was very pleasant to at last reach Stanley Pool, and at the Belgian station of Leopoldville to receive a kind and thorough welcome from Lieut. Grang—the gentleman in charge. Mr. Grang has lent me two small rooms—bed and store room—until I get up a small house of my own, for which courtesy I am very grateful.

"And so, my dear Mr. Baynes, at last our efforts are crowned with success, and we are at work at Stanley Pool. If this object had been easily attained, as we hoped four years ago, we should not so strongly appreciate the value of our success; but the trials, disappointments, and wearying efforts of the last three years have made the goal peculiarly welcome and sweet.

#### "STATION NAMES.

"Subject to your approval, we have called our mission station here 'Arthington,' after our generous friend and missionary enthusiast. Being upon part of the ground of Leopoldville, which is leased to us by the African International Association, the proper address is 'Arthington Station, Leopoldville, Stanley Pool, Congo River, care of A. de Bloeme, Esq., Banana, South-West Coast, Africa.' Also subject to your approval, we have bestowed a name upon our Manyanga Station, calling it after a hearty supporter of our Congo and other missions—Mr. Charles Wathen, of Bristol. Truly Bristol has done gloriously this year. Such thoroughness and vigorous earnestness cheer our hearts amazingly out here.

"Our river stations, therefore, in order run thus:—Underhill, Baynesville, Wathen, and Arthington. None of us like the change to Baynesville, and would much prefer the station's being called Baynesville.

"We are all very glad to find that

the balance of our reinforcements is at last made up. Mr. Hughes will be placed with Mr. Crudgington—who at present is alone at Baynesville—Mr. Moolenaar will assist Hartland at Manyanga or Wathen, and set free Bentley to join me here. Mr. Doke will be Grenfell's assistant with the steamer. This will still leave Butcher alone at Underhill, and leave unsupplied the places of one or two brethren who may be compelled to go to England next year; so, if any suitable applicants present themselves, please do not put them off with the idea that we are filled up; and please bear in mind that, *immediately the steamer is ready and afloat at Stanley Pool, the way is open to go forward and form new stations—* always provided we have the men.

#### "TRYING SEASON.

"The season in which I have arrived here is a bad one, and I much wish it could have been six months ago. The rains have just begun, the heat is very oppressive, and the grass needed for thatching is burnt nearly everywhere. Mosquitoes in myriads make writing at night utterly impossible, except under a mosquito house, while *yinkufu* (a small black fly) by day are almost as troublesome and terribly irritating. Building, which I have already begun, is very difficult here at present. I have only four men besides my Accra carpenter and a few smaller boys. We have to go five miles to cut our timber, and carrying it is weary work; two or three miles to get the little grass which I have, after two days' search, succeeded in finding; palm ribs and bamboo sticks (so very useful for building purposes) are almost *nil*, &c.

#### "DEARNESS OF FOOD.

"Food at Stanley Pool, too, is difficult to obtain, and, in consequence of the great demands of Kintambu and the Bayansi down here to sell

their ivory, and the large numbers of Zanzibaris, it is very dear. Everything costs two or three times as much as in San Salvador, Baynesville, or Wathen; and cloth, brass rods, knives, beads, &c., which the farther we go into the interior should have the greater value, are found here to be at a discount. The people, in consequence of their ivory trade, are surfeited with fine cloth, and even small boys have their store of brass rods, &c. Brass rods are the chief currency here, and, being a heavy article, the transport would be expensive; so I am trying to buy them here with cloth and other articles less heavy to bring up from the coast. I think, by the exchange of handkerchiefs, &c., for brass rods, I can diminish transport of barter goods for here by *two-thirds*—a considerable reduction; this besides making a gain upon original cost. I brought here from Manyanga three gross of small silvered bells, invoicing 10s. 6d. per gross. The first rush to get these bells was tremendous, and in three days I have exchanged this 31s. 6d. of bells, weighing, perhaps, 6 lbs., for 54s. worth of brass rods (the currency), weighing 90 lbs. The great advantage is apparent, especially in the difference of weight. The sons of the chiefs would come and purchase fifty at a time, to hang round their waists while they danced. All our food, any wages to Stanley Pool men (if we can persuade them to work), will have to be paid for in these brass rods, of which from fifty to eighty will buy a goat; three to six, a fowl, two eggs, one cassava pudding, &c. Kintambu being such a metropolis, and cultivating nothing—all its supplies being bought—we have to get our food from a distance. Every few days, boys have to go fifteen miles to buy food, which, in going and returning, takes up two days.

“The site for Arthington Station is splendid. M. de Brazza reports Stanley Pool as low, unhealthy, and without a suitable site for a European residence, so he is reported to have spoken. He could not have noticed the splendid hill chosen by Mr. Stanley for Leopoldville, which is as desirable a site as could be wished for. Measuring the height to-day, I find it to be 250 feet above the river.

#### “OUR NEW STATION.

“The Belgian station—built under great difficulties, the builders harassed by crowds of armed and painted savages, anxious to get up a fight with Mr. Stanley—is only about fifty feet above the water level, on a terrace cut out of the side of the hill, and within easy access of the steamer and boat anchored below. It is very close and oppressive in the hot season, and gets very little of the fine westerly breeze. The site for Arthington, on which I have commenced building, is on top of this hill, 250 feet above the Pool, and 1,400 above the sea (taking Mr. Stanley’s altitude of the Pool as correct). The frontage will look out upon the Pool, Dover cliffs, and the fine hills beyond—a splendid and comprehensive view; to our left we see the rapids just above the falls, and to our right the large villages of Kintambu, Kinshasha, &c., only about ten feet above the river level, and as lively a place for mosquitoes as could be found. It is certainly unhealthy among the towns, but Arthington will doubtless be one of the healthiest among our five stations.

#### “CONCERNING THE PEOPLE.

“And now about the people. I am writing upon the sixth day after my arrival, and considering that I have been four times into the town, and have had crowds of people all day long

and every day in my room, choking up the doorway and excluding light from the windows, I can form some idea of what they are like. Divided according to nationality, they are as follow:—First, a sprinkling of Bakongo from Congo, Zombo, Makuta, &c.—chiefly slaves brought up and sold, together with cloth, powder, guns, &c., to Nga-Liema, for ivory. Secondly, Bawumbu, quiet, well-behaved, and nice in manner. Thirdly, Bateke from Kintambu and other towns; the tribal mark of some dozen or so deep cuts down each cheek, hair fastidiously dressed into glossy bunches of grapes, tassels, chignons, &c., occasional red, yellow, and white streaks encircling one or both eyes, giving a very sinister appearance; more as to their manners presently. Fourthly, a plentiful sprinkling of Bayansi from up above the embouchure of the Kwango or Ibari-Nkutu. These are, as a rule, tall and well-formed. Carrying in their hands their splendid spears and knives, curious and interested but not noisy and boisterous, they form a contrast to the Bateke of Kintambu. Their hair is generally finished off with two horns, one coming out from each side of the head, and sometimes two projecting from above the forehead. If a small beard is boasted, that is also twisted into two horns or points. All their eyelashes being extracted, their eyes have a glaring, nightmare, savage sort of appearance; paint also is used as a further decoration, chiefly round the eyes, and a red parrot's feather is generally quaintly stuck into the hair. Coming down in large numbers in their canoes to sell ivory, they bring their wives and children with them, at least some of them. It is, however, chiefly the Bateke and Bawumbu with whom we have to do. One of the first things we noticed about these people, especially the Bateke, is, that they are not bashful:

boisterous, noisy, troublesome, fingering this, dancing up to look at that, wanting to buy your tents, your tin trunks, mechanical toys, chairs, guns, &c., &c., and noisily interested in all you do. When 'he Zanzibar steward comes to tell me breakfast or dinner is ready, it is difficult to clear my room of them. 'Ingleze, what's in that box?' 'Ingleze, I want to see Stanley's book about us.' 'Ingleze, let me see the portrait of your sister which you showed to Ngawokimi,' &c., &c. 'Mbazi, mbazi' (to-morrow), I have to say, 'Mara, mara' (clear out). This is, of course, in a sense, gratifying, and I am glad they come to see me. Yesterday (Sunday) I managed to get a select little party and talk to them a little about good things; they like to be talked to—that is, provided they also may talk. 'Twenda tumakana' (let's have a little chat) is a very common request.

#### “NGA-LIEMA.

“The King of Kintambu (Nga-Liema) and his chiefs are a set of strong-headed savages, delighting in their physical strength, wild and wayward. At times Nga-Liema will seem a little docile, and, putting his hand in mine, entwining his fingers, or with his arms round my waist, will be very friendly. It is evident he does not believe in my protestations of our work and object. 'What have you come to do?' he is always asking. 'I've told you several times, friend Nga-Liema,' say I; 'when you have known me for six months you will perhaps believe what I say.' I've often said to him, 'Ah, our acquaintance is only six days old; when as many months have passed, I shall know you and you will know me.' Nga-Liema is very avaricious, and begs a great deal. I have given him nothing yet but a small musical box. I tell him when my house is

finished I shall remember who sent me grass, palm ribs, &c., and shall know who are my friends, and act accordingly.' He speaks a great deal of what Mr. Stanley gave him, says he is a very big chief, and that I must give him guns, cloth, a house, &c. I tell him (first) in my country a big chief never begs; (second) that Mr. Stanley buys ivory, and when I buy ivory I will also give him guns, &c.; but that I shall never do. That there are three things we can never give or sell—rum, guns, and powder—and that I am here for the benefit of himself and town. 'When did Mr. Stanley teach his boys to read, or call all his people who were sick to take medicine?' But Nga-Liema thinks more of what he would like to have than of my reasoning, and he doesn't like to argue.

#### "THE SONS OF NGA-LIEMA.

"Nga-Liema has three sons, the eldest of whom is much like his father, and is a very important man in Kintambu. Although only perhaps seventeen years old, he does most of the ivory trading for his father. 'Njuele' (a dream) is coarse—like his father—in appearance, but can be nice in manner when he chooses. I wish much we could have got at him five years ago; it is rather late to begin now to try to train him. The other two sons have more of the boy about them, and I am hopeful that we may make something of them. Directly my temporary house is finished (and we are working at it hard and rapidly), I shall commence school; but, being alone here, I shall have my hands very full, and shall be very glad to see Bentley, which will be, I hope, in less than a month.

#### "THE LANGUAGE.

"And now as to the language. As I have, I think, already told you, the

language of Congo—spoken most nicely and carefully at San Salvador—will carry you along the coast, from Loanda to Loango, and up the river, and across country in Boma, Isangila, Manyanga, Makweke, Sesse, Nsundi, Mpumbu, Makuta, Zombo, &c. Of course, there are dialectic differences, specially noticeable at Oabinda, Loango, Sundi, and Manyanga; but a sharp ear will catch them, and hitherto I have been nowhere where I could not make myself understood by speaking Kikongo. Here, however, is the boundary line, in the *Kiteke* language. I was hoping that there would be a certain similarity between Kikongo and Kiteke, and that the association between the two would be an interesting philological study; but it is not so, and we have in the Kiteke language of Kintambu, Kinshasha, Mfwa, &c., an altogether different language—in fact, differing from Kikongo as much as the Mpongwe of Gaboon or the Dualla of Cameroons. During these few days that I am here, I am collecting a few words, and have about 300, nearly all of which have only remote resemblance to their equivalents in Kikongo. So we have a great task before us to learn this new language. Being of the Bantu family, however, we shall not have so much difficulty in learning it, accustomed as we are to Bantu formations. There are some awkward explosive aspirates, in such words as *fhuma*, *mp-hung*, &c.; the spelling of which we must discuss. There are so many Zombo slaves and Bawumbu here, and in fact, so much Kikongo spoken, that we shall probably very speedily learn the new language.

#### "MEDICAL WORK.

"I have already begun a medical practice, and have some half-dozen people every morning. The other day,



Makabe—the chief who, upon Crudgington and Bentley's visit, made sinister remarks about the Krooboys having 'plenty of salt in them' (*i.e.*, being good to eat)—came to me with a pain in the back. Being rubbed down with soapliniment was by means unpleasant, and so his wife and each one of his followers were troubled with pains in the back. In two days this ailment was a mania, until I said that I would treat all cases but pains in the back. Makabe also had some Epsom salts, and, after drinking half of it, he passed it on to his wife, and she on to some one else. The following day he came for more, evidently thinking it a morning draught; and, wishing him to get a dislike for medicine, I put some quinine in it; but even this failed to cure him of the mania. So you see the people are not superstitiously afraid to take medicine."

"Arthington, 15th Nov., 1882.

"Since writing the above I have had another of those serious attacks of fever such as Crudgington nursed me through in September, 1880, and Grenfell in July, 1881. On this occasion I have been without any of my dear colleagues; but through dangerous symptoms, two days' delirium, and very great prostration I have been tended and guarded by a loving Father's care, and I am now quite out of danger,

though skinny and haggard and feeling it very difficult to move about. Mr. Grang, of the Belgian Expedition, has been very kind to me; and had it not been for the attention of my dear boys from San Salvador and Gaboon I sometimes think I should not have recovered.

"The alarming symptoms of violent hæmaturia gave way, as on other occasions, before large doses of gallic acid and Dover's powder. When I felt it coming on, I called my boy and made him weigh up my medicine and instructed him well what to do. I am afraid it will be still two or three weeks before I am as strong as usual.

"And so, once again, dear Mr. Baynes has my life been preserved in perils of great sickness. It is His doing, and for the sake of His work, for the which I do pray that He will make me more worthy and more devoted.

"I have nothing more that I am able to write about now. My hand is very weak for writing, and I can't yet sit up for long.

"So, with loving esteem for you and trusting the Master's blessing will be more than equal to the needs of our Congo Mission,

"I remain,

"My dear Mr. Baynes,

"Yours affectionately,

"T. J. COMBER.

"A. H. Baynes, Esq."

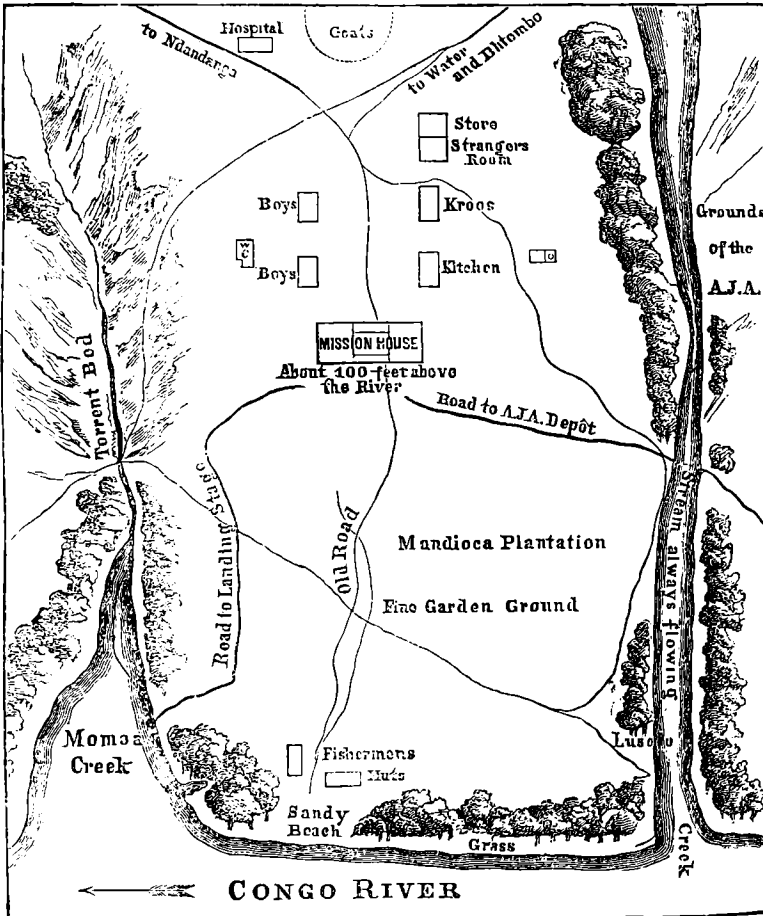
Mr. Bentley writes from the new station of Manyanga, on the south bank of the Congo River, henceforth to be called "*Wathen*." The chain of stations is therefore now complete from Banana to Stanley Pool, all of them being situated on the south bank of the mighty Congo.

By the kindness of one of the Belgian officers, M. Van de Velde, we are able to give our readers a very accurate drawing of "*Wathen Station*" at Manyanga. (*See Frontispiece*.)

We are able, also, to supply a ground plan of the land belonging to the Baptist Missionary Society upon which the Mission buildings stand, Mr. Bentley having forwarded a sketch in his letter. The freehold of this land

was purchased from the chiefs by Mr. Bentley, on behalf of the Society, on the 12th of April, 1882; and a deed duly reciting the terms of purchase, and legally executed and attested, has been signed, and a copy of it sent to England.

It will be at once seen from a reference to the plan given below that the



PLAN OF MANYANGA STATION, CONGO RIVER (NOW CALLED "WATREN" STATION).—Drawn by *W. Holman Bentley*.

land is most admirably adapted for a Mission settlement, having a very extensive river frontage, a good beach, plenty of garden ground, and a good creek for the harbourage of boats, &c. The Belgian station is on the other side of the Luselo Creek, on the top of the hill.

“Wathen Station, Manyanga,

“Congo River,

“November 16th, 1882.

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—You will, perhaps, have learned of the murderous attack by the people of Mowa on the caravan of Dr. Pechnel-Loxche, who had succeeded Mr. Stanley in command of the Belgian Expedition. The reason of the attack was the fear that their trade in ivory would suffer from the Expedition; accordingly, they laid an ambuscade with the intention of killing the doctor. Ten guns were discharged at him from as many paces, and he received a slug through the muscles of his arm; his cook fell dead on the spot.

“The road was soon cleared, and the caravan passed on to Stanley Pool.

“Mr. Comber and I had passed up and down that road a few weeks before; and although we had seen no further signs of a hostile or sullen spirit on the part of the people beside a shouting from one town on a ridge parallel to our road near Zinga, yet, from our knowledge of the district gained during the first journey, we felt that if anywhere there might be trouble it would come from Zinga or Mowa. There seemed to be an inkling of this idea in the minds of the Zanzibaris with whom we travelled, judging by a few extra precautions we noticed, perhaps only instinctive in those old campaigners.

“After the attack, we felt that the northern route was safe only to strong and well-armed caravans. We did not wish to run risks, neither did we wish to be utterly dependent on the protection of the Zanzibaris. We desire never to forget that we have to assume a very different character and standpoint from the Belgian Expedition;

and in our caravans, as in all other matters, we wish to be independent.

“But the SOUTHERN ROAD was not then open. About twenty miles east of Manyanga, and on the south bank, is a very important market, Konzo Makwekwe. The chief of Ngombi, Lutete, and his friend Makitu, had shown a disposition to attack the caravans, and actually did so last April, which resulted in the burning of part of his town by the Belgians. When they came to make peace, I made their acquaintance and friendship, and they wished me to visit them.

“On my return from Loango in quest of boys, Lieut. Valcke, of the Belgian Expedition, had arrived with 180 fresh Zanzibaris. He was commissioned to make a road by the SOUTHERN BANK to Stanley Pool. He had just commenced when a messenger came from Makitu to call us to pay the long-promised visit. Mr. Comber started October 6th. We were very well received, and spent three and a-half days very pleasantly among them.

#### “LUTETE OF NGOMBI.

“Ngombi is about twenty miles east of this station, and near to one of the most noted markets of the country.

“Lutete, the chief, has a large town. Makitu is the son of a Nteke, who has a high rank in the district in his mother's right. He has just recently begun to build a town for himself and followers. We were invited by, and stayed with, Makitu. Although a young man (perhaps twenty-five years), he has a great name. When he went to the coast in June of this year, it is said that a thousand people joined his caravan.

“We had brought medicines, and several came to be treated, among whom was Nteke, Makitu's father, who was blind. We had constantly a

crowd of people about the house, to talk to us, to wonder at some play-things, such as spring-tops, compasses, watches, burning lens, &c. The boys were delighted to lead us down to their fine bathing pool, to show us how to dive.

"It was a most pleasant time. Although they feared the Belgian people, they knew us from report, and still more by the kindness to their little captives, and the acquaintance made at this station. They had no fear of us, but seemed to cling to us.

"Makitu came for a little private talk in the evening, and learned then more than we had been able to teach him in the hurry of his visit here.

"The son of Ntaba, a Nteke chief on the NORTH SHORE of Stanley Pool, was in the town; he saw all, and could take back, before us, the news of the English. We paid him some special interest. Seldom have we had such a pleasant, encouraging time as we spent among them. We had won their good-will, and felt that at any rate the road was safe for us.

"Returning, we met Lieut. Valcke, who told us that he intended building a station in Lutete's town.

"The road was therefore apparently quite safe, and the last letters from home promised that our new brethren, Hughes and Moolenaar, should arrive by the mail steamer due then in a few days. We were some weeks later than the time we had expected to return. So, on looking at things all round, we ventured once more the dangerous experiment of one man going forward alone.

"October 14th Mr. Comber started up for Leopoldville, and on the 31st the caravan returned with the news of Mr. Comber's safe arrival. The gentlemen in charge of Leopoldville for the African International Association, kindly placed two rooms at his

disposal; but during the two days that the boys had remained, there had been time for little more than a glance round.

#### "NGA-LIEMA.

"Nga-Liema, the great chief of Ntamo, had been expecting as large a present as Mr. Stanley had given, but Mr. Comber told him, once for all, that he *must distinguish between our mission and the Belgian Expedition. We did not come to buy ivory and to trade; we came to teach his people about God, to give medicine to the sick, to teach the children, and to be his good friends.* He should have a present, but it was useless to expect from us such as the Expedition would give. After a long talk, he left the chief apparently satisfied.

"Food is dear and difficult to obtain in good quantity; but at present it is impossible to tell the future prospects.

"The caravan started back from the Pool on the 4th inst., nineteen of our people and fourteen natives. This is the first time natives have carried for the white men to Stanley Pool, and we are anxious that they should be satisfied and pleased, so that we may have good help from the natives in the terribly heavy transport for Stanley Pool.

#### "MANYANGA PEOPLE.

"They are strange people here, so that for six months we may not be able to speak surely of the prospects of carriage. The men who are gone up may demand four times the pay they have agreed to, and be very dissatisfied if they don't get it (which they certainly will not). It was a great surprise that fourteen were obtained, but now the ice is broken, and if the people of one town see others getting cloth, they will want to know why they cannot.

"In addition to our own station, the Belgians have also built at Lutete's

town, and they are running two caravans of thirty men each, and we have one; so that there are three caravans on the road, and performing the journey up and down in about fifteen days. Every four or five days the natives see a caravan, and this will tend much to the security of the road. Food is the great constant difficulty, and these people are so very slow, and foolish. They ask exorbitant prices. Where cloth is plentiful, it has a low value; where it is scarce, it is not needed, except at an impossible price. Their heavy blue beads are the currency, and the advent of thirty strangers quite upsets the equilibrium of supply and demand.

"Some at home might think that they would at once plant largely; their great-grandchildren may. Those who look for great and sudden changes among this people, forget how slowly the world works at home. THE CHILDREN ARE THE HOPE OF AFRICA.

"MR. COMBER.

"A few days ago a caravan of the African International Association brought me a letter dictated by Mr. Comber. He has had another of those terrible hæmaturic fevers. He had the drugs all handy, and told his Congo boy what to do when he became delirious.

"The hæmaturic symptoms had abated, leaving him very weak. To-day another caravan arrived with another dictated letter. There has not been another return of the hæmaturia, but he cannot reduce his temperature from 101°. This news fills me with anxiety. Mr. Hartland and Mr. Moolenaar are down river with the *Plymouth*. They are expected daily. Mr. Moolenaar is now making his second journey with the boat. I do not expect that he will care to take entire charge of the boat until he has made

one more journey with Mr. Hartland. For that only do I wait here.

"When they arrive I am ready now to start at a day's notice, nearly everything is packed. I am so troubled and anxious. We have not moved rashly each time that we have run these risks; we have done so only when actually obliged to do so, and have always found that, had we not done so, we should have been landed in greater difficulties. I cannot explain and exemplify this statement in this letter, and now; but we know too well that it has been our prompt, sharp moves at the right time that have helped us so much, and by which we have been able to steer through many difficulties, and perhaps what might have been worse.

"The work of the station goes on well, and, comparing the general prospect now with this time last year, the outlook is much more promising.

"MEDICAL WORK.

"In our hospital are two Zanzibaris, one recovering from a gun-shot wound, the other in consumption; an old man from near Makwekwe, and a woman from the same district. Two young men from a town near here; they were brought here as a last resource, after spending much on native doctors; they have had very large ulcers, but are now progressing favourably. Other people in the towns come sometimes for medicine.

"This is a great help in acquiring the confidence and respect of the people, and really we have won that to a large extent. In all the troublesome times we have just passed through here, no one has had a bad word to say for us. *In their trouble, they have come to us for advice.* If they feared, that fear has been removed on our assurance that it was groundless. They looked to us to help them in

making peace. They are really anxious and careful that we should have food, and have shown in many ways that they like us. I don't mean that they have all become 'angels,' but, although they are foolish and greedy sometimes, they have a very real regard for us. Considering how wild and foolish they are, it is to us all a great wonder that we have so much influence over them. One matter may be interesting as an instance of this, although, perhaps, it is premature to talk.

#### "SUPERSTITION AND WITCHCRAFT.

"The terrible superstitions as to witchcraft are of course rife here as elsewhere. But while elsewhere they do call in a witch-doctor to find the supposed witch, here, if any one is sick and dreams of any person, that person is believed to be the witch.

"Such being the custom, any one being sick, and wondering who is witching them, is very likely to dream of some one or other. At any rate, whether they really dream of any one or not, it is a fine way to pay out an old grudge or other wickedness. Every few weeks some one is poisoned, and burnt, ere dead, for this.

"A secondary chief or notable of Ndandanga has been rising in importance lately—his name Matuza Mbongo. His wife has just died in childbirth, and they say she dreamt of Ta-wanlongo, the great chief. Of course Matuza Mbonga is making use of it to clear away his last obstacle to the chieftainship. The people are bad, and only too glad to have another execution to look forward to, and it would be great fun to see their chief reel and fall under the influence of the copious draught of 'ukasa,' and then to throw him into the fire. Of course the poor chief knows that he is innocent, and is ready to take the ordeal

in the belief that his innocence will be established.

"As soon as I heard of it, I expressed my displeasure pretty freely, and sent a message by my linguister that, if he liked to run away, I would send him down river in the *Plymouth*. He thanked me, but while, no doubt, he feared to take that which he had seen fatal to so many, he replied that if he ran away all would say that he was guilty, and therefore ran; accordingly, he declines. 'If I vomit, I shall be declared innocent; if I die, God knows all.' Indeed the witch palaver is about all that they have to do with Uzambi (God). It is believed that God will help an innocent man, and that He decides the action of the ordeal. They will not allow that it is a poison.

"A day or two ago Ta-wanlongo called me up to the town. I went up and sat under the tree where we were fired at a few months ago. I knew that there was nothing to fear, and that even that piece of cowardice was not intended for me.

"He had been arranging his matters in the prospect of death, and all the chiefs and great men wished to ask me some questions privately in the town about some other palaver. Having them all present, I seized the opportunity to talk about the witchcraft affair, reasoning with them a bit about the foolishness of the superstition. Fowls, goats, all animals, trees, &c., die, and don't men? Then, telling them of our short term here before an endless future, that our lives were in God's hand, and so forth, I urged them on all these counts to do nothing to their chief, and because he was my friend, and a great man with the white men; in fact, everything I could think to urge.

"To Matuza himself, I asked, in a whisper, why he pressed such an

affair. To-day we hear that Ta-wanlongo is a witch, he must take 'Ukasa' and die; to-morrow we shall hear the same of Matusa Mbongo. Why was he so foolish as to do this wickedness? He hushed me, lest any one should hear, and his hand trembled as he sat there for some time. I also expressed the same sentiment to all in council, avoiding personalities.

"Some around began to say that they would make him take it, other began to mutter the magic word 'usatu' (hunger), and finally the principal chief promised me that, after what I said, they would not press the 'ukasa,' but if they let him off I must give them a goat to make a feast and a dance. That I said I would do, but 'take care you don't eat my goat and then go and kill Ta-wanlongo; if so, don't you come to visit me any more.' They promised not to do that. I believe that they will let him off. Then we shall have a good handle to work Ta-wanlongo, and perhaps to check much of that devilry. It can be turned to good account.

"Every one assures me that if I had not gone up, Ta-wanlongo would be a dead man by this time.

"So really we have an influence already, although we have no prestige of gunboats, neither does the prestige of the large force of the African International Association help us.

"The patient, changeless kindness that has won its way hitherto has served us here, and in this we have encouragement, that we be not weary in well-doing.

#### "NEWS FROM STANLEY POOL.

"Nov. 21. Our caravan has returned to-day, and brings news from Mr. Comber, and letters which are just in time to catch the Belgian boat, which will enable us to send off by this mail.

"The native carriers seem to have

liked much their visit to the famous Mpumbu, and there seems a good prospect of native carriers for the future. This is a promise of grand help for us.

"I hope to start for Stanley Pool by the third caravan from now—i.e., about thirty-three days. It is a great pleasure to see how the great difficulties that beset our path have been one by one overcome. There are others yet remaining on the ground covered, and many doubtless, ahead but in all these things we are strengthened and encouraged to do and dare more, and yet more, for Him whom we serve, and who gives us such evidence of His presence and blessing.

#### "APPEAL FOR RE-INFORCEMENTS.

"I see that Mr. Comber, in his letter, is urging that if possible further additions to the mission staff be made as soon as possible. Might I suggest one reason for the speedy despatch of more help? It was not so very difficult for us to make a footing in Congo, where there was some knowledge of a European language; but, on the Upper, it will scarcely be wise for new brethren to be sent from home to be dropped straightway alone among the wild savages of the Upper River.

"The chances of their being eaten up under such circumstances are not the most remote. Older men cannot be taken off the intermediate stations, which, having so large a transport to manage, and here such difficult people to deal with, might very likely cause a collapse and closure of the line of communications. Men for forward stations must have had six months' experience at the very least, if possible twelve months, and a knowledge in some measure of the Kiteke or Kiyansi languages.

"*If this Mission is to be worked worthily of the Master we serve, several*

*men should be ready for forward stations by the time the 'Peace' is afloat.*

"The Belgian Expedition are planting their second station above the Pool, and there is no reason why we should not begin at once to plant stations among the friendly disposed people, who seem to be ready to-day to receive a missionary among them. A man with a little experience and common-sense might go among them and make good headway, but a new man unused to language and customs, might easily make a mistake, and bring about a great disaster. If such men are at hand, stations might be planted, and the *Peace* might carry us forward, and yet forward, to fresh fields; and while she is yet in her prime she may lay the chain of stations up to the great Mburu River. It will be a great pity if she has to lie idle waiting for men to put into promising openings, and only begin to do her real work when she is old and shaky.

"Further, it will be a lasting disgrace if the Belgian Expedition, hunting for ivory and rubber, forsooth, gets ten years ahead of the Baptist Mission, seeking to win jewels for a Saviour's crown.

"My dear Mr. Baynes, I do earnestly wish we could have a stronger confidence in the earnestness of the enthusiasm at home for the Master's work on this vast continent. We have constantly to feel that there is but a faint perception at home of the enormous possibilities before us, on the thousands of miles of waterway now open to us and of which the Arthington Station is the key and gateway.

"We cannot expect to have the joy of greeting you out here, I fear, so soon after the fatigues and pleasures of India. But the people who sent the Belgian

Expedition are pushing rapidly forward, and at great expense, after the richest they think may be found out here. What shall be done for the perishing souls we know to be here? What can be done more to bring home a fuller and deeper realisation of the churches' duty?

"In our anxiety and perplexity we can but plead with the Lord of the Harvest to thrust forth yet more labourers. It seems almost an impertinence for me to try to urge Mr. Comber's plea, but what else can I do, my dear Mr. Baynes, when this is the waking thought in the morning, the burden on the mind all day, when this work and this field have our hearts, our lives, our every energy? I know that you will feel the need we urge; yes, and do all you can to urge it upon the churches.

"If we had *settled on the coast*, as at Gaboon, intending to do what we could, it would be a different matter.

"But the Congo Mission has higher aims. We have to make Arthington (not Banana) a *base* for mission work along the vast and unknown waterways of the Upper River.

"If it is to be a puny effort, why all this expense of steamer, boats, and communications? If we are going to do the work in right worthy earnest, why should we not set about it at once? There is no advantage in delay—delay has been centuries too long already. Delay will mean money, energy, life, used to little purpose. It is natural to consider one's own department the most important, but is there not some right this time?

"Believe me,

"My dear Mr. Baynes,

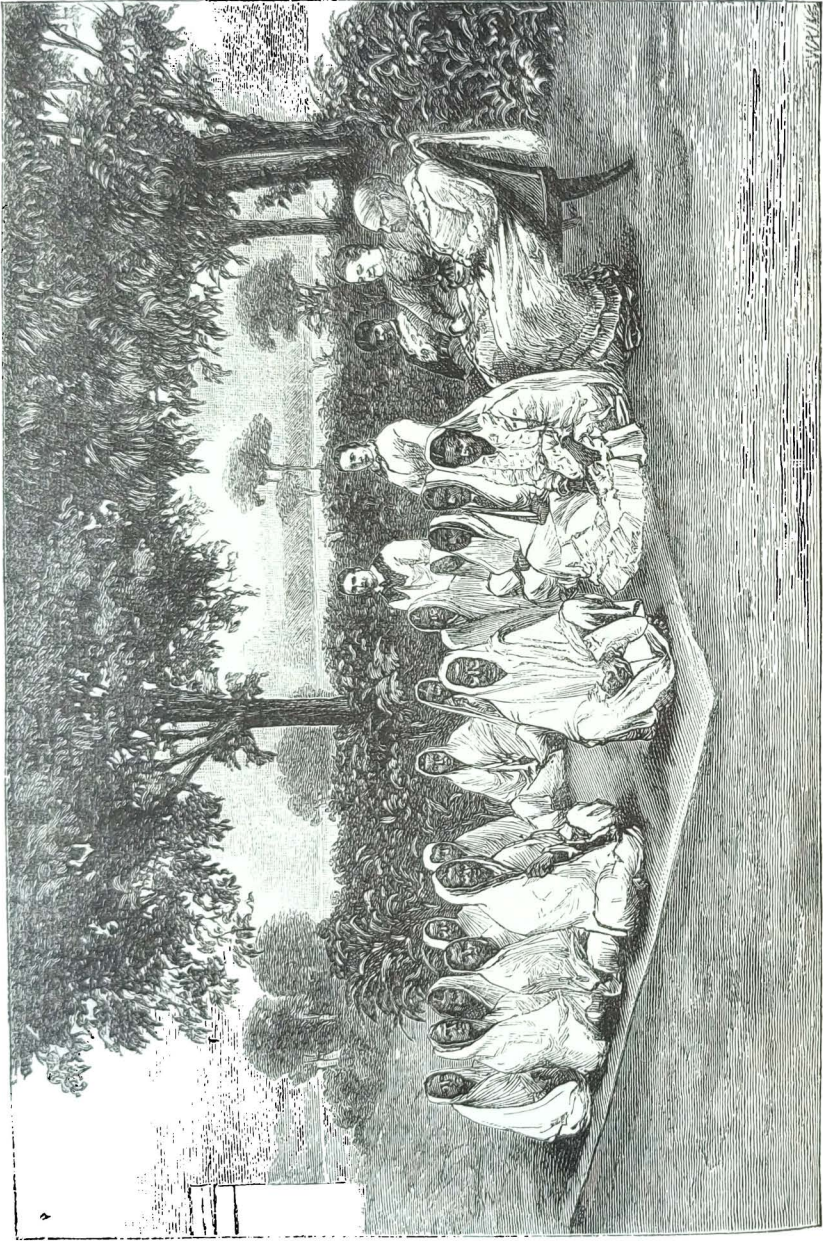
"With kind regards,

"Yours very affectionately,

"W. HOLMAN BENTLEY."



THE MISSIONARY HERALD. }  
MARCH 1, 1883.



GROUP OF ZENANA MISSIONARIES, EUROPEAN AND NATIVE, CALCUTTA.—(From a Photograph by Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.)

## Group of Zenana Missionaries, Calcutta.

BY MRS. ROUSE.

A PLEASANT scene is brought before us in this picture—a group of Christian workers gathered together amid the beauties of an Indian garden. A refreshing green spot it is amid the dust of the city, and it is a relief to turn one's eye to it from the dazzling glare of the tropical sun; it is a fitting emblem, too, of the daily work of those who are seated there. For these are not easy-going pleasure-seekers, but Christian workers, all engaged in a hard struggle with sin and evil—striving to bring to homes, spiritually as arid as the dusty lanes of the city, that Divine grace and peace which can transform them into the “gardens of the Lord,” so that the promise may be fulfilled: “The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.”

The work carried on by Zenana missionaries is not one that makes much show; at present it is rather a patient laying of the foundation and sowing of the good seed, and time is needed to complete and mature it. “Line must be given upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little,” and then will come the harvest.

If we could visit the Zenana Mission Home in Calcutta, to which this garden belongs, between ten and eleven a.m., we should see a far different scene from the one now before us. By that time each of the missionaries is prepared for her day's work. She has a bag containing the books to be used, and a box supplied with canvas, wools, patterns, and various other materials for work, and then sets out on her round of visits, which lasts generally five hours, until about four o'clock, when she returns home hot and weary. In the evening and early morning there are many matters connected with her work to be prepared and arranged, so that, altogether, her life is a busy one. It will be interesting to accompany one of the ladies, and hear a little about some of the homes which she visits.

1. “We visited this morning at M. L.'s. The family belong to the Brahmin caste, and are strict Hindoos; some of them object to Christian books. The father-in-law, the head of the household, had gone to Juggernath Pooree (a sacred place) on pilgrimage, ‘to perform righteousness,’ as the women told us, ‘because he was getting old.’ We had heard the son and his wife did not pay any attention to the daily worship of their gods, and inquired if it was true. ‘Yes,’ replied the woman, ‘it is quite true. We have no time for these things; I have my children, and my husband has his business, but when we are old we will attend to our souls.’ ‘But suppose you do not live to be old?’ ‘Oh, then we must send for the priest when we are dying, and he must say the prayers for the dying in my ear, and that will be all right!’”

2. "In this house there is only one pupil, a little girl of seven. Her husband is a blind young man, and, some time ago, his mother, who is a widow, and has only this one son, said there was a good deal for her to do in consequence of his affliction, and she would get him married so that she might have a daughter-in-law to help her. The match-maker was sent for, and soon found a girl, whom she recommended as active and strong, who, she said, was nine years old. The marriage ceremony was performed, but when the poor little bride was brought to visit her mother-in-law she found they had been deceived, and she was a very little girl of *seven*, too young to be of any use to her. It need not be added that the poor child received anything but a warm welcome in her new home; but the mischief could not be undone, and it had one good result, at any rate, for the mother said, 'As she is too young to work, I will have her taught to read and sew, and perhaps it will make her all the more useful afterwards.' I could not help feeling deep pity for the forlorn-looking little stranger, who was beginning life under such trying circumstances, and hoping that she might early learn to know and love the Saviour as her heavenly Friend."

3. "Called at the house of S., and heard good news of her. Her mother offered her ten rupees to go on pilgrimage to atone for her sins, because she has been so negligent of her religious duties. This S. refused to do, and one of the women present said, 'What would be the use of her going to the shrine of Jugernath? She is a Christian at heart; it would do her no good.' When they complained to her father, he said, 'Leave S. alone. I do not see that what they have taught her has done her any harm; she is always obedient; it is a good thing for her to believe in such a religion.' Thus her dutiful conduct at home has made an impression on her father's heart. When the father returned from a subsequent visit to some holy place he brought holy relics and beads for all his family, except S., and wisely remarked, 'It is no use to give one to a person who has no faith in them.'"

4. "In this house the Baboo has two wives. The first and forsaken wife has no children, but the second one proudly displayed her little son, who was adorned with handsome gold jewels. How many such sad cases we meet with in visiting—hidden away, unnoticed, within the walls of the Zenana—and how it makes one long for the time when true religion shall make its power felt in these homes! One of these women seemed too happy, and the other too sorrowful, to take much interest in the teaching."

5. "An old pupil from the suburbs is now on a visit to Calcutta on account of her sister's illness, and we went to see her. She belongs to a Brahmin family; all the sisters can read. They got their brothers to teach them when they returned from school, and now this young lady is reading

the Bengali New Testament. When our teacher was first asked to visit this family they were so bigoted that B. and her sisters would not sit near her nor touch her, for fear of defilement, but now she sits quite close to us on the same mat on the ground, which is our only seat. B. is a remarkably intelligent woman; she can read Sanskrit, and is now learning English. She chose the fifth chapter of Matthew to read to-day, saying she liked that and the account of the Crucifixion best of all. She asked many questions, hardly passing over a verse without some remark, and sometimes quoting a sentence from some of their own sacred books which it recalled to her mind."

6. One more instance before concluding this brief account. A Zenana missionary in the North-West speaks thus of one of her pupils:—"Perhaps the most attentive listener there is a poor cripple, a tiny little thing, as thin as possible. She is quite paralysed in her lower limbs, though she can raise her hands to shell a kind of grain which they grind to make their pancake-like bread. She listens earnestly, and her remarks are intelligent. Oh, that she may learn of the Great Physician, who will heal her soul! She has learnt two hymns very nicely indeed, and she told me that often at night, when she cannot sleep, she sings them over to herself."

The needs and the sorrows of the women of India have been often and forcibly described, and yet how little are they realised by Christians at home! There are twenty-one millions of widows alone in India, and half of these have never been removed from their parents' houses, having lost their betrothed husbands while they were children, and even they have to drag out the rest of their lives amidst the trials and restrictions of Hindoo widowhood. Surely, if we could only bring home to our hearts the true state of the case, there would be no need of appealing for money to send the light and truth of the Gospel to these captives. A little help from every one of the highly favoured Christian sisters in this land would be sufficient to extend the work in all directions, and enable the workers to enter the many doors which now stand open before them; and we should no longer have to listen to the wail of helpless ones, whose sorrowful feelings have been expressed by one of themselves, who, knowing nothing of the true Comforter, had committed to paper a prayer to the unknown God, in which this sentence occurred:—"O God! I pray Thee let no more women be born in our land. Why hast Thou created us to suffer thus? From birth to death sorrow is our portion. While our husbands live we are their slaves, and when they die we are still worse off. The English have abolished *suttee* [burning of widows], but, alas! neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our homes."

L. M. R.

## Our Finances.

SEVERAL very cheering communications have been received during the past month in response to the appeal that appeared in the February issue of the MISSIONARY HERALD.

In this appeal, it will be remembered, it was stated that "In May last the Secretary reported that, so far as could then be ascertained, an increase in the year's Receipts of **£5,000** would be needed to cover the greatly augmented *permanent expenditure* consequent upon the recent large additions to the Missionary Staff in India, China, and Africa, and nothing has yet transpired to alter this estimate. Inasmuch, therefore, as the Receipts up to the 31st of December last show only an increase of **£1,000** over the Receipts for the corresponding period in 1881, it will be seen that a further sum of **£4,000**, over and above the ordinary Receipts, is urgently needed between *the date of this issue and the close of the Financial Year on the 31st March.*"

A few days after the appearance of this statement George Edward Foster, Esq., of Brooklands, Cambridge, sent **£100**, and Charles F. Foster, Esq., of Panton House, Cambridge, a like contribution of **£100**, with the earnest hope that "the fear of a deficiency in the funds of the Society might prove groundless." A few days afterwards, William Johnson, Esq., of Fulbourn, Cambridge, forwarded a similar donation of **£100**, with "earnest desires for the progress of the great work so efficiently carried on by the agents of the Society."

"Two Sisters" forward a cheque for **£200** as "A Thankoffering;" **£100** for the *Zenana Mission*, and **£100** for the general work carried on by the Baptist Missionary Society. Mrs. Kemp, of Rochdale, sends **£20**; and the Misses Kemp **£50**.

"A Governess," at Orpington, sends **£1** and a case of jewellery, with gladness of heart that, in this way, she is able "to consecrate something dear to her for the Lord's service." **£2 10s.** has been received from a small Sunday-school in Constantinople; and, when remitting this, Mr. William Sellar writes:—"In our little school we have but twenty-five to thirty scholars. During the past year we have collected **£11**, part of which goes to the Khoordish Armenians, and part to the Baptist Missionary Society. I always successfully engage the interest and sympathy of our children by reflecting light borrowed from your monthly MISSIONARY HERALD, and generally the rays from the Congo Mission prove the most attractive. Our missionary Sunday is always our brightest and best of days."

The current financial year of the Society will close on the 31st of the present month ; but, in order to meet the exigencies of some of the country auxiliaries, the books will be kept open until Tuesday, April 10th, when they will be finally closed.

Most earnestly and respectfully do we urge the pastors and deacons of our churches, and the treasurers and secretaries of our numerous auxiliaries, to do all they can to collect and remit to the General Secretary, Mr. A.H. Baynes, all the contributions they can possibly secure by the date named

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### Recent Intelligence.

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At the last meeting of the Mission Committee, on the 28th of February, the decease of the following much esteemed and beloved fellow-workers and friends was reported :—

JAMES HARVEY, Esq., of Hampstead, on February 9th ;

The Rev. ALBERT WILLIAMS, Principal of Serampore College, on February 14th ;

Mrs. WEBLEY, of Jamaica, widow of the late Rev. W. H. Webley, of Hayti, on January 5th ; and

Mrs. ALFRED L. JENKINS, of Morlaix, wife of the Rev. A. L. Jenkins, of Brittany, on February 13th.

The Secretary was instructed to convey to the bereaved relatives and friends of the deceased the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of the Committee, and assure them of the earnest prayer of the Committee that they may abundantly realise the supporting grace and presence of the God of all consolation in this time of sore trial and loss.

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By the decease of Mr. James Harvey the Mission has lost one of its warmest friends, and one of its most generous but unobtrusive supporters. Few who were present at the Public Missionary Soirée in the Cannon Street Hotel in April last will forget his wise and stimulating words :—“ Brethren, let us more fully appreciate the dignity and privilege of being permitted to take part in the service of the King of kings and Lord of lords, in promoting His Kingdom throughout the world ; let us neither faint nor fear, but go boldly on in the strength of the Lord, trusting in His word and promise ; let us be sure that our work is of the Lord, and that the means we employ are of His appointing, and shall succeed. While we are not to be too anxious for immediate results, yet we may well note and take courage from facts accomplished, and these are neither few nor small. From every quarter comes the testimony that men are ready to listen to the Gospel ; old superstitions and idolatries are crumbling to the dust, and Christ is being recognised as the only rightful King of men. The time will come, for the Lord hath declared it, when every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God. We may not live to see that day, but we may unite our humble efforts to hasten

its coming. Let us not be discouraged, therefore, because of the little we can do individually, but rather be encouraged by the thought that the general manner of working of the Almighty is to accomplish great results by a multiplicity of small agents. Every one, old or young, who enters the ranks and enlists under the banner of Christ is working to the grand result, the final coming of the Kingdom of God on earth. Although we may not live to witness this, yet we may be permitted in another sphere—and we none of us know how soon—to unite in the grand chorus, Hallelujah, ‘The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.’”

“Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.” In thankful remembrance of his life and labours, we would say, in the appreciative words of one of his most trusted friends:—“Doubtless the Lord has in His storehouse ample provision for His people, but not the less is such a loss as that we have just experienced felt to be a real calamity. The energy which was for a lifetime concentrated in him will burst out elsewhere afresh, mayhap in the line of direct descent. In looking at his character and career, we are reminded of the saying of the angel to David—‘Those that know their God shall be strong and do exploits.’”

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By the early removal of the Rev. Albert Williams, the Mission has lost a devoted and able worker. For many years he laboured in Calcutta as pastor of the Circular Road Baptist Church, and only relinquished that post for the Principalship of Serampore College, at the earnest invitation of the Mission Committee. After some three years of service in this important sphere, he returned to England about the middle of last year in seriously impaired health, which necessitated an immediate change to a cooler climate. Early in February Mrs. Williams and her children reached England, just in time to be with her husband in his closing days of great suffering and weakness. On the evening of the 14th of February he passed to his rest, the end being almost sudden, and on Monday, the 10th, his body was interred in the quiet village of Llangendeirn, near Ferryside, Carmarthen—where he first saw the light—by the side of his father and mother. Most affectionately do we commend to the sympathy and prayers of all our readers the sorely stricken widow, and the eight young fatherless children, the oldest being under fourteen years of age.

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In addition to the announcement made in the HERALD for last month of the approaching anniversary services, we are now able to report that the Annual Meeting of the Bible Translation Society will be held in Bloomsbury Chapel, on Monday evening, April 23rd, at half-past six o'clock, James Barlow, Esq., of Accrington, in the chair, when addresses will be delivered by the chairman, the Revs. F. Trestrail, D.D., Isle of Wight; T. Martin, of Barisal; W. Hill, secretary of the General Baptist Missionary Society; and Thomas Morgan, late of Howrah.

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On Wednesday morning, April 25th, the Annual Breakfast of the Zenana Mission will be held in the Cannon Street Hotel, Arthur Briggs, Esq., of Rawdon, in the chair, when it is hoped that the Rev. John Aldis, of Westbury; the Rev. James Smith, of Dehli, N.W.P.; and others, will speak.