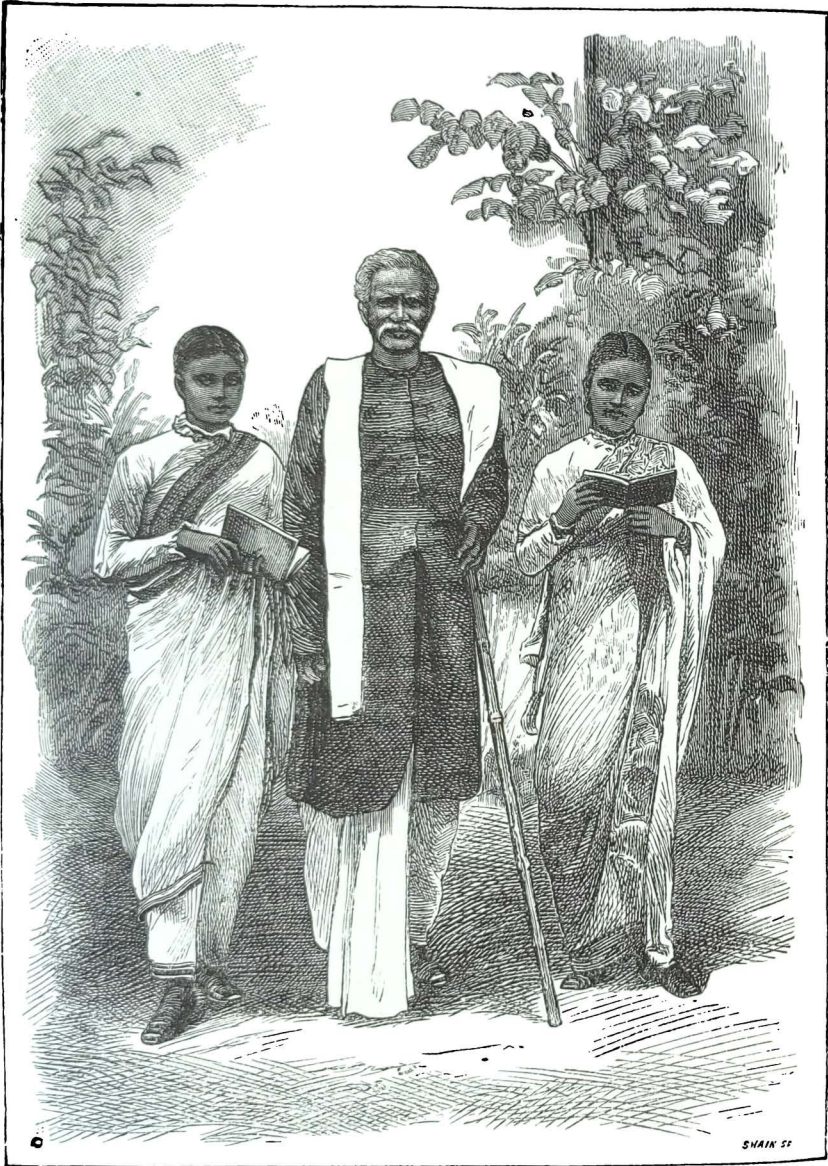


[THE MISSIONARY HERALD
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JOHN SIRCAR AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS.—(From a Photograph by the
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.)—(See p. 284.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Africa for Christ.

THE CONGO MISSION.

THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN HARTLAND.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."—JOHN xii. 24.

IN this enterprise of winning Africa for Christ there must be, I know, my dear Mr. Baynes, much of what the world calls loss and sacrifice, and it may be that many will fall in the blessed work of foundation building only; but what of this? To have any share in this noblest of all toil, however humble or obscure, be it only hewing wood or drawing water, is, surely, honour and privilege any servant of Christ must court and long for. I desire to go to this work feeling yet more intensely day by day, as the days pass on, that to live is Christ, and to die, gain; and if He should ordain for me early death, after a few years of humble, obscure, pioneering work only—well, it must all be right; for it means early and complete satisfaction. 'Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake in Thy likeness.'

So wrote John Hartland only a few weeks before he left home and fatherland four years ago for Central Africa. Prophetic words, for so He the All-wise and All-loving Father has ordained that, after a few years of faithful, earnest, self-sacrificing "*pioneer work*" and "*foundation building*," His servant should be called HOME, and to-day he is rejoicing in the full satisfaction of complete likeness to Christ. "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

"Captain and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry,
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.

* * * * *

“ We bless Thee for his every step
 In faithful following Thee,
 And for his good fight fought so well,
 And crowned with victory.
 * * * * *

“ We bless Thee that his humble love
 Hath met with such regard ;
 We bless Thee for his blessedness,
 And for his rich reward.”
 * * * * *

The following letter from Mr. Comber to Mrs. Hartland, dated “ Baynesville Station, Congo River, May 13th,” gives the deeply touching details of our dear brother’s illness and death :—

“ MY DEAR MRS. HARTLAND,—
 However I am to write to you and tell you the news, I know not. I can only look up to our tenderest Parent, our loving Father, and earnestly pray that He will help me in writing, and help you—for, oh ! you need it so sorely—in reading.

“ Our dear friend Mr. Baynes will just go and break to you the sad tidings. First, somewhat loth and reluctant, but at last satisfied, glad, and even triumphant, he passed away to his rest and reward last night.

“ It is now Sunday evening. On Thursday evening I arrived here, unexpected by any one, having hastened down on hearing that he was very, very ill, and that all hope of his recovery was gone. A fearful attack of dysentery struck him down directly on arrival here from Manyanga in the boat, about three weeks ago.

“ Hughes did for him all he could do, and almost directly Butcher arrived from Underhill, and, a day or two later, Grenfell. The poor boy’s illness made such awfully rapid strides, however, that, as far back as a fortnight ago, little hope of recovery was felt by him or by his anxious comrades. Letters to you all, dictated at this time, are sent on by one whose gentle nursing and unremitting attention called forth many a grateful word from our dear John—our brother Butcher.

“ OUR MEETING AT BAYNESVILLE.

“ When I arrived here on Thursday night, after a hurried journey down from Stanley Pool, I found him terribly weak and exhausted. All day long they had been expecting his passing away. It may be that my coming roused him up, for he still lingered, and that for two days and two nights more. Right up to the last he was *conscious*, except for occasional short wanderings, and *conscious*, too, *without being in much pain*. This made us very thankful.

“ At first, as I say, he was very reluctant to go and to leave all his work and his dear ones. ‘ Poor Gwennie ! poor mother ! ’ said he, constantly. ‘ Oh, it does seem so hard. Only four years of rough pioneering work, and all preparatory ; so little of the real missionary work yet. Oh, I can’t understand it.’

“ PRECIOUS WORDS.

“ During all day Friday, and during half of the following night, I was constantly talking to him and sitting by his side. And, oh, what talks we had ! What glorious words he spoke ! His reluctance entirely disappeared, and he was only anxious to depart. Words of faith, trustfulness, and peace did he speak. ‘ Whether He wants you to serve Him here longer, or wishes you to go to His service in heaven, you’re satisfied and willing, aren’t you, John ? ’

'Oh, yes; it's all right now; I'm so glad, and to be with Christ is far better. I do want to see Him and be with Him. I'm so glad.' And then towards midday, as every hour I thought would be his last, with my hands clasped in his, we seemed to go so near to the boundary line. And some such solemn words were spoken, some of them almost too solemn to speak about: 'Oh, John,' said I, 'perhaps in an hour you will be there, you will see the Saviour, and beat His feet; oh, John!' 'Oh, Tom!' was all, at the moment, he said, with a voice full of solemnity and earnest feeling; presently afterwards, 'I shall be like Him, for I shall see Him as He is. It's all right; it must be right.' 'Yes, John, Jesus is faithful and trustworthy.' 'Oh, yes; if Jesus stands, I stand; if He falls only, I fall. Oh, Christ! simply to Thy cross I cling. My trust, my hope is in Thee.'

"At times he would look into the darkness of the valley with a little dread. 'Oh, I don't know what it's like. I do hope Satan will not come and torment me with doubts. Jesus, hold me tight; hold me with Thy powerful hand.' And Jesus did hold him tightly all the time.

"OLD MEMORIES.

"Much did we talk of our very dear work together at the Camden Road children's service, and of the rich blessings we ourselves obtained while trying to bless and help the dear little ones; and once, when I said to him, 'John, when you are in heaven, you'll, if possible, help us still; and perhaps, as Holman says, be better able to help us there than you are here.' 'Oh, yes, I shall be always interceding for you all, and also for our dear young friends at Camden.' And so passed the last day but one, happy, holy communings, with sometimes throbbing hearts and burning tears as awful and blessed things were realised, and the heavenly

home seemed so close. Sometimes he wished me to read or sing to him. 'Sing "Rock of ages" or "Jesus, Lover of my soul."' Every hour we were expecting the Master to come and call for him.

"COME, LORD JESUS.

"Saturday morning dawned and found us still watching and waiting. As full daylight came, I blew out the candles and flung open the windows. 'The light of another day, John. How little, yesterday, we expected this. Perhaps He is intending to keep you here. Whether you go or stay—or whether, if you go, He takes you quickly, or leaves you lingering and waiting—you believe He will do the best, don't you, John?' 'Ah, yes. He knows best. Just as He wills.' But the day was spent in weary waiting, and his heart's desire seemed to be, 'Come, Lord Jesus.' Parting directions about certain matters were given; loving thoughts always reverting to his dear home, and especially to his mother and Gwennie; and occasionally singing a hymn or speaking some of the gracious, blessed words of the Master and Saviour—we waited. He was full of peace, rest, and glad hope, listening for the Saviour's voice—we, his grieving colleagues, were also waiting and expectant. At the close of the afternoon he occasionally wandered, but a word or pressure of the hand always recalled him.

"DON'T HOLD ME BACK.

"Just about six o'clock he opened his eyes with a look of surprise and awe, and, raising his hand up, kept it pointing upwards. His breath became more and more feeble and gasping, and for half-an-hour he said nothing, and I thought he would pass away thus. But just before quarter to seven he opened his eyes, fully and feeling, 'the time was at hand,' he struggled over to the other side of the bed, and, looking up, cried out: 'Christ

is all in all; Christ is all in all. Let me go, my friends. Don't hold me back. Let me go, Tom. I must go. I want to go to Him. Simply to Thy cross I cling.. Let me go.' His struggles ceased. I put my hand to his pulse. Dear John had gone. He was with his Saviour. Oh, my dear Mrs. Hartland, the dear Lord comfort and help us all—especially, tenderly, you, his mother, Gwennie Thomas, who had given her love to him and her heart and life to Africa, his sisters, his father. I can only plead for you all. I know how dear he was to you all. For us of the Congo Mission, we have lost not only a dear and loved colleague—and you know how much we love each other—but one of our old, long-tried, and experienced brothers.

“BROTHERS IN TOIL.

“For myself, as you know, our friendship was eight years old. Hand-in-hand we worked for the dear children at Camden. Glorious work, and hand-in-hand we worked for the redemption of the ‘Dark Continent,’ the time—the set time—to ‘favour’ whom is come. Let my last end be like his.

“How thankful am I, how thankful was he, my dear John, how thankful I think will you be, that his oldest colleague and friend in Africa ‘happened’ (so we say) to come down and was able to spend these last days with him. How much he spoke of this peculiar arrangement of God's good providence.

“And then, how thankful must we all be that, in our loving Father's goodness, our dear old John did not die untended and uncared for, far away from all his colleagues—as it might have been; but we four were with him, and were able to soothe and cheer him. I would that you had heard all he said

about his colleagues' unwearied and gentle tending, as, day after day, for three weeks (I only arrived towards the last), with gentleness and strength they nursed and tended him. ‘He has the strength of a giant and a hand of velvet,’ said he of one. Your dear boy, dying in this far-away land, had gentle, tender nursing. This will be a little comforting to you.

“HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

“Had I been here, too, from the beginning, or dear Harry Crudgington, we could not have done more for him medically than did Grenfell and the others, whose treatment was the best possible. But the violence of the disease, and the hurried disorganisation, were terrible; the latter with special mortification, so that very quickly acute pain was subdued. But oh! his mental, spiritual condition; what a glorious end! What a blessed death!

“Oh, my dear Mrs. Hartland, may He who is able to do all things bind up your hearts, which must be breaking, and soften your sorrows. ‘Mother, Gwennie, all of them, will soon be with me,’ said he once. ‘Yes, dear old fellow,’ said I, ‘those of us who live longest will soon be there.’ Let this letter be for all of you, including Gwen Thomas. I did not want to make it so long, but the details are so blessedly comforting to us that I think you would like to have them.

“The enclosed *lines* (his own) he would like to have on his memorial card.

“Earnestly praying for you all—for you, Mr. Hartland—for Miss Thomas, Lily, and Alice, and with kind love,

“I remain,

“Yours in sincerest sympathy,

“TOM J. COMBER.”

LINES WRITTEN BY MR. HARTLAND BEFORE HE LEFT ENGLAND,
AND REFERRED TO IN MR. COMBER'S LETTER.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with THY likeness."

To be with Christ is "far better"
Than on earth afar to roam;
And death's angel is His messenger,
Calling His loved one home.

To be "like Him," 'tis the fullness
Of His promises and grace.
I shall catch my Saviour's image
When I "see" His lovely face.

'Tis not *dying*, this transition
From earth's long and painful strife,
To be *with* and *like* my Saviour:
It is entering into Life.

Mr. Grenfell, writing under the same date, says:—

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—It is scarcely three months since I wrote you the sad tidings of the departure of our dear Brother Doke, and now I have again to be the messenger of similar sad tidings.

"This time it is not one of those recently added to our numbers whom we have to mourn, but one of those who for four years has stood the heat and borne the burden of our arduous Congo Mission work.

"Our dear Brother Hartland, whose loss we now deplore after the toil of a long period of pioneering, was just entering upon what he considered to be his life-work in settling down at Manyanga to engage in the more directly missionary efforts incident to station life.

"HOPE AND ANXIETY.

"On the 21st ult. I wrote you of my intention to proceed up country, and was enabled to start on the 27th. On my second day's journey I received the news of Mr. Hartland's serious illness, and pushed on as fast as possible, arriving here on the 1st inst.,

to find our brother in a dangerous state. But I was very hopeful that, with God's good blessing and by our doing our utmost, he would yet recover. Messrs. Butcher and Hughes had then carefully nursed him through ten days of the severest form of dysentery, and, when I arrived, the worst symptoms were apparently yielding to the remedial measures which had been taken, and the crisis seemed to be safely passed.

"However, on the 3rd inst., other unfavourable complications developed themselves, and these for a couple of days seriously shook our hopes. But our patient, continuing to take plenty of nourishment, and having a brave, strong heart, seemed to rally again, and we were all buoyed up with the hope of ultimate recovery.

"THE MASTER IS COME, AND
CALLETH FOR THREE.

"On the 10th, however, we were reluctantly compelled to abandon all hope, and it fell to our lot to break the tidings to our brother, who was full of expectation of being able to do

something more in the Master's service.

"I shan't easily forget his look as he gazed at us and said, 'Well, I am not afraid to die. My trust is in Jesus. Whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life.' A little while later, he said, 'After four years' preparation, and just as I am about to enter upon mission work proper, it seems strange for me to realise that my work is done; but He knows best.'

"Late in the evening of the same day we were greatly comforted by the unexpected arrival of Mr. Comber from Stanley Pool. This was most opportune, that Hartland's closest colleague and fellow-worker in the old country as well as on the Congo should be with him in his last hour.

"During the following two days they held much brotherly, cheering converse together; and last evening, when the parting-time came, he who went forward went joyously down into what so many fear as the darksome river of Death, saying, as he went, 'Don't keep me; don't keep me! I want to be with Him. Don't hold me back! Simply to Thy cross I cling.'

"EVEN SO, FATHER.

"Mr. Comber is writing a letter

with full details to Mrs. Hartland. This he leaves open for your perusal. But, as time will not allow of his writing to you also, he wishes me to send a note begging that you will arrange as you see best for the gentle breaking of the news.

"We know good Mrs. Hartland's kind and sympathetic heart will almost break down under the heavy blow, and she will feel it all the more keenly that she was so soon anticipating her son's, her only son's, return; and for her sake we ask the favour of your doing the utmost to lighten the blow.

"I feel that I cannot write more, my dear Mr. Baynes. In this, as in all, we can only acquiesce—'Even so, Father, for it seemeth good in Thy sight.' Our hearts are sad at having lost so good and dear a brother, and that there is another breach in our ranks; but we rejoice in the same assurance which buoyed up so valiantly him who is gone before—the assurance of everlasting life through Christ.

"With sincerest regard, my dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"GEORGE GRENFELL."

FAREWELL WORDS FROM A FAR LAND.

Written after reading Mr. Grenfell's Letter on the Death of Mr. Hartland.

"DON'T keep me, friends, I want to be
 With Him" for whom I crossed the sea;
 Left home beloved, and brethren dear,
 His name to speak, His cross to rear,
 On these dark shores, outstretched around,
 Where none have raised "the joyful sound."

“Don’t keep me”—I had thought awhile
 To serve, with His approving smile,
 And win some trophies for His crown
 Ere yet I laid the banner down
 And sank beneath the sands to rest—
 Strange, “strange it seems, but He knows best.”

“Hold me not back”—for voices sweet
 My listening ear already greet;
 And forms I see, as though they wait
 To bear me gladsome through the gate,
 Thine first, to whom my soul takes wing,
 While “simply to Thy cross I cling.”

“Hold me not back”—let dying speech
 From Congo’s shore far homeward reach,
 And many a youthful heart beat high,
 Like him to live, like him to die;
 True life-word this, on Duty’s track,
 At God’s high call, “Hold *me* not back!”

J. TRITTON.

Bloomfield, Upper Norwood.

Mr. Butcher, writing under the same date from Bayneston, May] 13th, says:—

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—On the 25th ult., whilst at our camp at the Luvu River, I received a note from Mr. Hughes, asking me to hurry on to Bayneston, as Mr. Hartland was very ill. In less than half-an-hour I was on my way to Banza Manteka.

“BLESSED MEMORIES.

“For the first hour I expected to fall, on account of my still being in fever, having had an attack the previous evening and passing a sleepless night. With the fever still on me, I commenced my journey, filled with anxiety, at 1.30, thus going forth in the full heat of the day. Thanks

to our heavenly Father, I was mercifully spared, and the weakness and fever passed off, permitting me to reach Banza Manteka that night. The next day, after a hard walk, I arrived at Bayneston at 2.30 p.m., to find our dear Brother Hartland suffering from a very painful and severe attack of dysentery, looking very haggard and wan. After many days of most exoruciating pain, he became almost free from suffering, and gently passed to his eternal reward. He retained his consciousness to the last, often talking of his work, his boys, sending messages of comfort and cheer to his loved ones and friends. Towards

the end he panted to be gone, and most triumphantly did he go down into the valley and on to his Saviour and his rest.

“THE FULL ASSURANCE OF FAITH.

“It was with very deep sorrow that we witnessed the departure of our Brother Doke, but now our cup of sorrow is more than full, for to-day we gazed upon another grave. The dear Congo (San Salvador) boys who twined the floral wreath, and who tearfully bore his body to the grave, felt very much was gone from them. Who shall say what was the ‘heart-break’ of his fellow-labourers, as, with blinding tears and in faltering accents, they bade him farewell who so recently was full of hope and joy in the work of our blessed Lord and Master? Yet there came a chastened joy and a quiet peace with memory of his unfaltering faith. His was the ‘full assurance of faith.’ The night prior to his death he said to me, ‘I can’t shout, or sing hymns, I’m too weak; but I *know* in whom I have believed, and my trust is alone in Jesus.’

“He died with his comrades near him, to accompany him as far as possible, and then he passed on to the higher and more perfect service of the King.

“TO LOVE CHRIST.

“Henceforth, my dear Mr. Baynes, our work will be more sacred and holy, for now our two Congo missionaries are in the ‘great cloud of witnesses.’ We shall have peculiar help, for they surely are our ministering spirits. Oh, for more consecrating grace, more faith, and a simpler trust in the inexhaustible resources of our Father’s love. Yee, though the breach be wide in our little company, our Father, God, will thrust others into the work, and good and glory will come out of it. May He be near, very near, to those who feel most our brother’s departure; and may we all be sanctified and ready for our call to come home, where there is no more death.

“Yours affectionately,

“H. W. BUTCHER.”

Camden Road Chapel Sunday-school and Mr. Hartland.

A CORRESPONDENT, connected with Camden Road Chapel Sunday-school, sends us the following :—

“In April, 1874, John Hartland joined our staff of workers in the Sunday-school, and took charge of a junior class of boys. It soon became evident that, however diffident he might feel on account of his own youth and inexperience, his heart was in his work amongst his scholars. When the attendance of teachers was marked in the officers’ register soon after the commencement of morning or afternoon school, it was scarcely necessary to look at the chair in class No. 14 on the boys’ side. The teacher was sure to be in his place, and early;—a proof of the earnestness and thoroughness which afterwards stood him in good stead when he took his share, so manfully and well, of the pioneering work of the Congo Mission.

"By no means inclined to push himself forward, Mr. Hartland did not neglect the opportunity of training himself for addressing others by taking part in our school exercises. We found him an intelligent and considerate fellow-worker, and he quickly gained the confidence, as well as the regard and friendship, of all whom he met Sunday after Sunday.

"As he warmed into his work amongst children, a strong force of character began to develop itself. Not only were his class-lessons carefully prepared, but it soon became known that 'Hartland can give a capital address.' Before he left us for Africa he had made his mark as an effective speaker, whether to the young or to adults, and, in case of emergency, he could be trusted to take any class in the school, from the most advanced 'senior' to the more numerous and restless 'infants,' with many of whom he was to become a great favourite.

"He joined Mr. Comber in conducting on a week-evening a children's service in connection with our Sunday-school, and the almost brotherly affection which sprang up between the two young men brightened the lives of both in the distant field of labour from which, in the providence of the All-Wise, the one has been taken whilst the other is left to look forward, through his sorrow, to a lasting re-union in the 'Home over there.'

"Many times in Africa, we learn from letters, the two comrades recalled to each other's memory the children's service at Camden Road—the words spoken, the prayers offered, the questions asked and answered, the daily reading of God's Word encouraged, the visits to the children's homes, in which the names of 'Comber' and 'Hartland' were fast becoming household words, and, not least, the letters written and received—all in a spirit of cheerful Christian kindness which has borne much fruit amongst our scholars. Even the youngest child could see in the spirit and life of both the workers for Christ that there was no gloom in religion.

"Those who, as children, attended the weekly meetings, and enjoyed them, will be glad to know that John Hartland himself, when the shadow of death was approaching, said of these children's services, 'They were the happiest time of my life.'

"After Mr. Comber had gone to Africa to commence direct missionary work in an unexplored region, Mr. Hartland continued the services at Camden Road, and became more and more valuable and helpful in every department of Sunday-school labour; but in his heart he was longing to follow his friend, and, side by side with him, to face the dangers and share the toils of the new enterprise of the Baptist Missionary Society. He prayed that God would open up his way, if His will permitted. Meanwhile, steadily and conscientiously discharging the duties nearest to him at home, he waited patiently for the fulfilment of his heart's desire.

"It came. God willed that he should give his services, and then his life, to the Congo Mission. When Mr. Comber visited England to report progress and obtain fresh help, Mr. Hartland, to the intense joy of both, was accepted by the Society as one of his colleagues to return with him to South-West Africa.

"The farewell words of the young missionary were spoken earnestly and hopefully. Many tokens of good-will were pressed upon him by children, as well as by older well-wishers; and many prayers were offered that it might continue to be well with him and his companions when they reached their destination in the Dark Continent which has cost the Christian Church so many a noble life.

"'It is well' with our friend now, though not as we would have had it. Camden Road felt it an honour that another of her sons should be placed in the front rank of Christ's army. The Sunday-school regarded the teacher whom it lost as promoted in the Master's service. The School Missionary Association exerted itself as gladly for him as it continued to do for Mr. Comber. The scholars were attentive and eager to listen whenever the superintendent announced that he had a letter from Mr. Hartland to read from the platform. Not a few letters from very youthful correspondents found their way to Banana, and San Salvador, and Baynesville. Vividly remembering our steady helper, our pleasant companion, our quiet, thoughtful counsellor, our true friend, many of us were gladly looking forward to seeing him again before the close of the present year.

"It was not to be. God has called, in early life, His faithful servant to Himself. It is the will of the Lord that the meeting again shall be not here, but hereafter. His will be done.

"The missionary life of John Hartland is known to all readers of the HERALD. On hearing, at Camden Road, of his dangerous illness, we prayed that his life might be spared; but we bow, in faith, to the wisdom that has decided to close thus early the young Christian's term of work on earth.

"After the news arrived that all was over, the teachers and scholars of Camden Road joined in a simple memorial service. The hymn was sung with evident feeling:—

'Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living, or in dying,
 All must be well!'

And again heart and voice joined in the well-known lines, which brought

before us that last evening hour in the African mission-house, when the brothers in Christ clasped hands in the very presence of the Master beckoning to His follower:—

‘Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.’

“Warm prayers were offered for the Congo missionaries, already stricken, who will feel this fresh and severe loss most keenly, and for the bereaved family and friends at home.”

“A short address on John Hartland’s connection with our school, and his work for Christ at home and abroad, was listened to with interest and sympathy.”

“For himself we cannot grieve. As soon as he had given his heart to the Master, for him to live was Christ, and for him to die has been gain.”

“In his last letter to me, written about two months before the fatal illness, our friend says of a New Year’s card for 1883 which I had sent him: ‘Its cheering motto is most certainly an appropriate one for us out in Africa.’ The motto was:—

‘Thou wilt show me the path of life.’

“Little did we know how significant, or how comforting, those words would be before the new year was old. By the path that God appointed and the Redeemer trod, forgiven, accepted, blessed, and made a blessing through the atoning merits of Him who is Himself the Way, John Hartland has passed before us into the life that is eternal in God’s presence; and the loving son and brother, the earnest teacher, the devoted Christian missionary, has gone to receive the promised welcome from the King of Kings, our Father in Heaven—

‘Well done, good and faithful servant.’”

The following extracts from letters written by Mr. Hartland to Miss Thomas will be read with peculiar interest, as revealing something of his inner life and experiences:—

“22nd September.—Shall we ever meet again? I do so hope so, but I am surrounded by so many dangers that I almost fail in faith, and fear that the long dream of my later life will never be realised. But we are in His hands, and must not fear nor be

afraid. He will act kindly, lovingly, and wisely.

‘Terrors and deaths around me fly,
But without Thee I cannot die,
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the *God of love* sees fit.’

So I can and do trust Him.”

"22nd January.—It seems so hard to be building, steering, studying, and enduring sickness, while there is so much to be done, if we could only get at it. But, whatever it be, it is work for Christ, and looking at it in that light all is altered.

"We are laying the foundation of a great mission, and our Master is helping us wonderfully in His work. It may not be in our time that the great house shall be built of living stones to His glory, but it *shall* be built. There is not much to show now—just a little ground broken up, just a little influence gained here and there. But the harvest home *is* coming, and we shall rejoice that our labour is not in vain in the Lord. Do not come out expecting to do a great work for God, or you will be disappointed; come to take just the work He gives you, and do it faithfully, because it is *His*, and He may, seeing you faithful in least things, make you a doer of mighty works, to the joy of your own heart and the glory of His great name.

"We do indeed need time for quiet reading and prayer, and yet we can often get but little. Cut off from the means of grace, so often slighted because so common in England. Often alone, with no pastor's voice to cheer us to well-doing, to counsel us in difficulty, to warn us from wrong paths, and to stir up our hearts; with no communion of saints, no prayer-meeting, nothing that you happy people in England enjoy, in a climate where the temptation to spend all spare time in rest is almost too strong to be resisted, we do need most sorely time for communion with our Lord—and yet who of His servants have fewer opportunities? From before daylight to dark, all our time is full, and when we retire to rest it is often to fall asleep over the sacred page."

"7th January.—Death is awful, looked at in some aspects, especially a violent death; yet, when met face to face, it seems to lose its terrors. But, if God wills it, I don't want to die just yet, for my work's sake; I seem only just girding on my armour. The dear Lord make us both able to live for His glory, and prepare us to go to Him whenever He pleases to call us. Oh! it will be glorious to be found 'faithful unto death, to have fought a good fight, to have finished our course, to have kept the faith, and to fall at last tranquilly into the arms of our loving Redeemer and Captain, through whom alone we shall have gained the victory. May He grant us this death of the righteous!"

"25th February.—Speaking of Mr. Doke's death. How strange are the ways of our God!—one so young and promising, who had given his life so unreservedly to the Master's work, and seemed so adapted to serve Him long and well, who was looking so hopefully forward to commencing that work, out down just as he was about to enter what he hoped would have been his life-work. It pleased the Lord to take the life rather than the service of His servant; but no—to change his field of labour from the distant corner of the vineyard to His own presence, where His servants serve Him, they see His face, and His name is upon their foreheads.

"2nd April.—The only hope for some time here is in the children. I have two native boys here, and hope to get more in time, and so to influence the people; but it will be slow work for a long time to come. But it is what the Lord has given me to do, and I accept it from Him, and do it for His sake, though it is not the work I should prefer. But this station is necessary for us to reach the populous

districts in the far interior ; so I am contented to work here, knowing that I am serving my Master here, and, though my station at present is more like a transport than a mission-station, I am, in my appointed way, helping on the subjugation of Africa to Christ.

“ There is much cause for sadness out here. The people seem so hopelessly heathen ; good influences seem to have no power to soften their hard hearts. Then their wicked, horrible customs are enough to sadden the gayest heart that thought on them. But, though often sad and disappointed, I am never miserable. I came out hoping to preach, and teach, and convert ; and I have had to build, and travel, and endure weariness. Hardship I expected, and have

had a full measure ; work and danger I anticipated, and have not been disappointed. But the success I longed for seems far off still. Oh ! I underestimated the work. Rank weeds, luxuriant roots of evil, abound in the hearts of Africa's sons as vegetation abounds and flourishes in her forests. And so deeply are they rooted in the hearts of the people that you might as soon try to rend the mightiest boabab from its firm hold on the soil as to uproot the evil in the people's hearts. God's wind, God's rain, and God's rivers do the first, and only God's grace can do the second. But so slowly do God's powers work, one gets impatient, disappointed, cast down. Will His Kingdom ever come? we cry.”

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Mission Committee on the 15th of last month, the following resolutions were unanimously passed, and at the same time the sorrow-stricken family and friends of the dear brother now at rest were commended in special prayer to the blessing and care of Almighty God by the Rev. H. STOWELL BROWN, of Liverpool :—

I. “ Resolved, that the Committee desire to bow in humble submission to the Divine will that has permitted this further heavy loss to fall upon the Congo Mission, and to magnify the Divine grace exhibited in the devoted life and sanctified consecration of their departed brother, whose sun ‘ has gone down while it was yet day.’ They affectionately commend to the special grace and sympathy of the Divine Father the heavily afflicted parents and family of their beloved brother, and pray earnestly that they may be abundantly supported and upheld in this season of sore trial ; and especially would they also remember one who looked joyfully forward to years of companionship and toil with the devoted labourer so early called to higher service and reward, beseeching for her Divine help and comfort in her grief and loneliness, lightened by the well-assured conviction of a happy re-union in the everlasting home.”

II. “ That, in view of this further loss, the Committee are deeply impressed with the pressing importance of sending out, at the earliest practicable moment, such reinforcements as the work of the Mission on the Congo imperatively demands ; and they trust that specially well

qualified brethren may be raised up by the Lord of the harvest who shall be found ready and anxious to fill the places now rendered vacant by the translation of devoted toilers to higher service and reward."

Subsequently, at the same meeting, two young brethren were unanimously accepted for Congo Mission work, and will, we trust, very shortly sail for the Dark Continent—Mr. Sidney Comber, of the Edinburgh Medical Mission College (brother to Mr. T. J. Comber, of Stanley Pool), and Mr. Wm. Ross, of the Bristol Baptist College, both these brethren having been specially preparing for the work of the Congo Mission for some time past.

The Barisal Mission.

JOHN SIRCAR AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

THE Rev. Thomas Martin, of Barisal, whose safe arrival in this country we had the pleasure of reporting in last month's HERALD, writes:—

"On my way to Calcutta, in December last, to attend the great Decennial Missionary Conference, our devoted native brother John Sircar wrote an epitome of his life, which I intended reading to the brethren of our own Conference had there been time. I was unable, however, to carry out my intention. Mr. Rouse then suggested that I should send it to you, with a photograph of John. He therefore photographed John and his two daughters together, and I now forward you a translation of the epitome and a copy of the photograph, thinking that perhaps you may be able to make some use of them for the MISSIONARY HERALD.

"John has been a most faithful and devoted Christian worker ever since the days of Mack, and I earnestly hope his work is not yet done.

"Yours very sincerely,

"To A. H. Baynes, Esq."

"THOS. MARTIN.

"EPITOME OF MY LIFE, BY JOHN SIRCAR.

"I thank my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Through the abundance of His great mercy and love, having been called and chosen, what little efforts I have made in this field with His chosen servants, these I relate with a glad heart to the brethren.

"For a little while I proclaimed the name of the Lord in different places with the brethren, the preachers of Serampore—as, for instance, at the

fairs of Chokda, Tribenee, Khorda, Gongiságor, at the festival of the car of Mahesh, in villages, and in different parts of the town of Serampore.

"In January, 1833, having been appointed by the Committee at Serampore, I went with Mr. Lish to Chirapunju. Having arrived there, I first of all established a school. Mr. Lish composed a book in the Khasiya language by means of English characters. I was wont to teach this book to twelve or fourteen Khasiya youths, and to preach occasionally in the bazaar. Many of the Khasiyas understood Bengali and could speak Hindi. And all the servants of the Europeans who resided in that place were wont to hear the Word of the Lord. In this way I laboured in that place for eight or nine months. Through misfortune I was not able to remain many days in that place. My wife having been attacked by a painful disease, and ordered away by the doctor, I was obliged to come to Serampore. For the purpose of securing good medical attendance it was necessary to place my wife with Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Wilson manifested very great compassion towards me, and had my wife attended by many very excellent doctors, but she obtained not the least relief. Consequently, it was necessary for me to live at Serampore. On account of the poverty of the mission, the managers appointed me as a teacher to teach Bengali in the girls' school. I taught the girls one part of the day, and the other part of the day I preached. In this way two years were spent. In the year 1836, having been appointed to mission work under the direction of Mr. Parry, I preached the Gospel at Kodomdee, Buridangar, Malgaju, Kalmari, in the district of Jessore, and in other places where there were very small churches, and in markets, bazaars, and villages. And I watched

over all the churches. Having established a Sunday-school at Buridanga I taught a few Christians. Some of these were appointed to the office of preachers, and were sent by Mr. Parry to Barisal. In consequence of my health being impaired, through living a long time in a place where the water was brackish, it became necessary for me to go to Jessore and dwell there. Afterwards, in consequence of Mr. Barivo's dismissal, the responsibility of superintending the churches at Barisal was placed upon Mr. Parry. In the year 1846 I was sent by Mr. Parry to Barisal. A few months after this, Mr. Page, being ordered by the Committee, came to Barisal, and I began to work along with him. In this way I have continued to work in the Lord's field with Mr. Sale, Mr. Martin, Mr. Bate, Mr. Ellis, Mr. McKenna, and other European brethren. On account of the mercy and favour of God being with me, I have done the Lord's work for fifty years. In 1862, I went to Furreedpore to establish a station there for the South Australian Baptist Missionary Society, which was formed a little before that time. I laboured in that field for nearly a year, but my health failing, owing to over-work, I was obliged to come back to Barisal. Thank God, the Mission has made great progress since.

"I have purposed to speak a word, to the brethren here present, of the wonderful design of the Lord. Remembering His marvellous dealings, I give exceeding thanks for His boundless mercy. Beloved brethren, it appears the Lord appointed me—an unlearned man—to work among an uncivilised and ignorant people; for I have all along worked in His field; first among a mountainous and uncivilised people; then among the people of the jungle; and, lastly, among the ignorant people of the *beel*. I suppose, if I had lived

among the learned and wise, His glory would not have been promoted, and none would have respected me. Up to this time the fruit which I have obtained in His field of labour is not on account of any excellency of mine, but I have obtained it through the boundless mercy and compassion of my worthy Saviour. Blessed be His holy name!

“Now, I have no strength for preaching in markets, bazaars, fairs, and such places; nevertheless, I am bound, as it were, by the cords of love to the Christians of the place in which

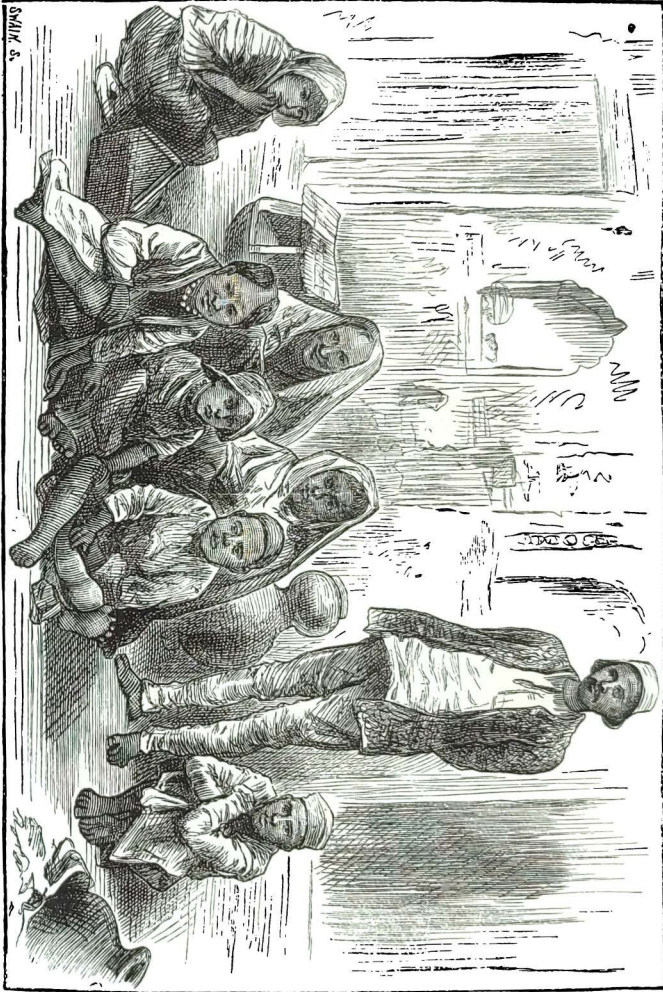
I am living at the present time; and, if it be the Lord's will, I shall work in His field, remaining among them, until the end of my days. When I first came to Barisal there were six or seven hundred Christians there. I bless the Lord, there are now five thousand Christians, more or less. This is my request to the respected brethren, that they will praise the Lord for His great mercy. *I am now waiting for the heavenly rest.*

“JOHN SIRCAR.

“December 14th, 1882.”

A Chumar Basti, Delhi.

MISS ANGUS, of Delhi, sends us a photograph of one of the Chumar bastis (or group of leather-workers' dwellings), and writes:—“The women and children in it are all pretty regular attendants at our services here, and it is a basti which Miss Thorn often goes into. It will give you an idea of the houses, people, and their clothes. Standing up is a man in one of the padded cotton coats worn in cold weather. The women were working at slippers when I took them, and in the foreground to the left, between two children, is one of the cradle-shaped straw baskets in which they keep their materials. Just behind is a straw frame on which they sift the grain—one of the ‘fans’ mentioned in Scripture—and just above that on the wall is one of the queer devices, made by spotting with their fingers, with which they decorate their walls. The niches are used as shelves for all sorts of things and for little lamps, and just behind the girl's head are two of the common red-earthenware water-jugs. Mr. Guyton is specially delighted with the charming specimen of a shaved head in the foreground. The fashions of shaving heads here are numerous; this one is supposed to keep the top of the head cool. Next to him is a small boy (well known at our meetings on account of his liveliness), wearing one of the little quilted caps common here.”



CHUMAR BASTI, DELHI.—(From a Photograph by Miss Isabel M. Angus.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD,]
AUGUST 1, 1888

Tidings from China.

LETTERS FROM THE MISSES KEMP, OF ROCHDALE.

ALL our readers will, we are sure, be glad to hear that Miss Kemp and Miss Florence Kemp arrived at Tai Yuen Fu, province of Shansi, China, on the 31st March, just five months after leaving England. They landed at Shanghai, December 9th, where they met with a very kind welcome from Mr. Dabziel and other friends. The next day they worshipped with the Baptist church meeting in the Masonic Hall under the pastoral care of Mr. Judd. Mr. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, preached, and afterwards invited them to accompany him up the Yangtse River that they might see a little of the various mission stations along its banks. This offer was gladly accepted, and on the 13th they left Shanghai, stopping first at Nankin, where they were kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, of the American Mission. They reached Ganking, their farthest point, on the 10th. The cold here was intense, the thermometer below freezing-point in their bedrooms, and a piercing wind outside so strong as to prevent their walking out. They left Ganking on Christmas Day in a native boat, and arrived at Chi Chan Fu on the 29th. The following extracts from their letters may prove interesting:—

“This city, with its half-ruined wall, overgrown with ivy, and its gray pagoda, with bushes and magpie's nest at the top, is very picturesque. Wild geese abound. Our cook bought one for 5½d., but it was thin, and he said, ‘One always has to eat bitterness at a new place, for they never fail to take you in.’ However, we got a fat and tender one for 6d., and 4lb. of good fish for 3d. another day. Passing Nankin, where we spent a very interesting Sunday at the American Mission, we reached Yangchan, January 10th. Here we visited two temples. One consists of two stories, and contains 10,000 idols. The ceiling and rafters are covered with gilt images. There are two small rooms in which are sleeping Buddhas, life-size, in curtained beds; with rows of attendant deities, eight feet high, and very ugly, standing in the principal room. The missionary and his wife had only just arrived here, and nothing was unpacked. Doors placed on trestles soon made us very sufficient bedsteads,

and we are getting used to the hardness. We left Shanghai, by steamer, January 17th, and reached Chefoo on 26th. Six weeks were spent at Chefoo studying the language, and waiting for the frost to break up and the river to become navigable.

“*March 9th.* — Left Chefoo by steamer in company with another lady and Mrs. Baller, who kindly undertakes to escort and arrange everything for us. *13th.* — Reached Tientsin, where we got a small native boat to take us up the Peiho. Our progress was very slow, owing to contrary winds and the necessity of mooring every night close to a village and gunboats for fear of robbers. At Paoting-fu we left the river, and continued our journey in small covered waggons capable of holding one person. We travelled every day from dawn to dark, halting about two hours in the middle of the day for food and rest. Our drivers usually entered the towns too much in the style of Jehu, landing us in the yard of the inn with sore sides and bruised heads.

At Hwai-lu we changed our mode of conveyance, as we began to ascend the mountains. We took it in turns to walk or ride in a litter. We hoped to have hired a mule; but the people here think, if a lady rides a mule that is not her own, it is sure to die young, so the best we could manage was to get a ride on a donkey now and then. On the second day we got quite up into the mountains to the 'heavenly gates,' of which there are five. They are at the top of a ridge, and have a very extensive view on both sides. In these parts people often live in caves in the hillside. I thought they must be very melancholy abodes; but one night we slept in one, and found it really rather nice—the brown earth walls perfectly smooth, and the room lofty, and arched at the top. The day before we reached Tai Yuen, Mr. Baller and I got off our donkeys at the foot of a steep hill—the others were far ahead, in the litter—when presently, just as the road went down into a kind of Valley of the Shadow of Death, with banks on each side thirty or forty feet high, we saw a wolf on the bank above us—not the pleasantest sight when the shades of evening were gathering fast, and no one within sight or hearing. Happily, it slunk away, and, soon after, the pleasant sound of the mule bells greeted our ears. Just as we came up with them, a long string of camels loomed out of the darkness, and we had to climb up the steep bank to avoid them. They often go in strings of 150, but are only allowed to travel by night because they take up so much room on the narrow roads.

"*March 31st, Tai Yuen.*—We each sleep in our own abode, which will perhaps surprise you, as we can have no communication in the night; but it is necessary for the safety of our possessions, as this place is full of

thieves, who pay almost nightly visits to Dr. Schofield. The night before our arrival, they got into the operating-room, and stole, among other things, the surgical instruments. Dr. Schofield sent for the chief detective, *alias* head thief, and told him, if he did not find the stolen property in three days, he would go to the Yamen (chief magistrate's official residence). Upon this, the man fell upon his knees and begged for more time, as application to the Yamen meant a beating for him. Dr. Schofield asked which was worse, that he should be beaten, or many hundred people's sufferings go unrelieved; but he granted him five days. The stolen goods not being restored, Dr. Schofield went to the Yamen, the detective was beaten, and two things were brought back. The detective is appointed to his official post because he is head thief; and, when thieves come from other parts to pursue their trade in this city, they go to him to be registered, pay him a fee, and agree to give him a portion of what they steal. If they do not steal enough, he beats them; and he himself is beaten if, when complaints are made, he does not recover what has been stolen. If we had any doubts about coming to China before we left home, we could certainly have none now. The need is inexpressibly great, and doors are open on every hand. Miss Field, of the American Baptist Mission, Swatow, has laboured seventeen years in China, and has travelled with respectable native women in the interior, where no man dare venture. She has been greatly blessed, and missionaries of all shades of opinion join in praising her work. Our Chinese teacher comes nearly every day at ten, and stays till four. He is rather high and mighty, but, we believe, a very good teacher."

“The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.”

THE following letter from Marcus Martin, Esq., is one of several communications received in response to Mr. Comber's appeal in the last issue of the HERALD :—

“Lincoln's Inn, 2nd July, 1883.

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I have read with much interest Mr. Comber's letter in the July HERALD, and I feel very much how necessary it is to prosecute the Congo Mission vigorously, *and at once*, if it is to be done to any purpose.

“I send you a cheque for £20 towards this object, and I heartily wish that it were in my power, consistently with other claims, to send you twenty times as much.

“Yours faithfully,

“MARCUS MARTIN.

“A. H. Baynes, Esq.”

Mrs. Kemp, of Rochdale, writes :—“With this I send my annual gift of £50 for the Congo Mission, and hope you are by this time able to see a very decided increase in the subscriptions.”

“Two Domestic Servants” at Sunbury send half a guinea, and write :—“The enclosed small united offering is in answer to Mr. Comber pleading for seven more of our brethren at home to be sent out to the Congo Mission. May all who love our Master be stirred up to give, to meet the needs even before our brothers are chosen. There must be some who love Christ enough to go. If our poor brothers and sisters each give a little, and the rich ones of their abundance, surely this will be done.”

A young lady at Trowbridge writes :—“I have heard with deep sorrow of our loss on the Congo ; it is quite a blow to our Mission there. I also read Mr. Comber's bright, earnest letter in the HERALD for July. I am afraid the next will be very different. I send you some lace for the Congo Mission. It is real Maltese lace, and, I believe, worth half a sovereign ; and three shillings from my scholars, my brothers, and myself. I am trying and praying to raise a missionary spirit both in my class (a Bible-class of young girls) and my own brothers, who are all young ; and sometimes I think the Society will have one or two of them when they are grown up. I am sure there is nothing I should like better. I try, by talking to them about the mission-field, showing them pictures, and telling them of the noble lives of missionaries, such as Livingstone and Moffat, &c., to interest them. Will you allow me to congratulate you on the interesting way in which the HERALD is got up and illustrated ? I read it to my scholars, and sometimes lend it to them. Do you not think, if teachers would lay aside their regular lessons once a month, and take the trouble to get up a mission lesson and talk about foreign lands with their scholars, they would raise an interest which would result in gifts which would return in rich blessings to the Church *at home* ? The boys and girls want to breathe a missionary air, so to speak—that is, to feel, from their earliest years, that they are first to give their own selves to the Lord, and then go up and down the world winning souls for Christ.”

And her sister writes also :—“I enclose five shillings for the Congo Mission, with best wishes and prayers for the success of our dear brethren who are nobly

labouring for Christ's sake in Central Africa. The money I send is part of a £2 prize I received a short time ago for answering some Bible questions. I had promised to give the greater part to God, and would send some more, but other mission-fields have claims too, so I have only sent a small part of my prize for the Congo. I do love the mission cause, and hope to be a Zenana missionary some day, if possible; but I must wait a while, as I am not yet sixteen."

Mr. T. T. Taylor, of Coleford, Gloucestershire, writes:—"I enclose cheque for £2 10s., £1 for the Congo Mission, and the balance to be applied as you may think best.

"The enclosed is the dying gift of our very dear daughter, Lucy Taylor, who passed to 'eternal rest' on the 8th of this month, aged nineteen years.

"It may be pleasing to you to know her interest in our missions was very much increased by the account of the early death of Mr. Doke, and by my telling her of his 'good-bye' to friends just before leaving our shores.

"While sitting by her bedside, about nine days before her death, she asked me for her savings-bank book, and disposed of her little savings, amounting to about £10, giving about a fourth to the Baptist Missionary Society. I need not tell you what she did with the rest; but, as I knew we must lose her soon, I felt very glad and thankful it was in her heart to give liberally from her little store for the extension of her dear Saviour's Kingdom, whom she loved, and in whose presence she now is."

One who takes a deep interest in the work of the Society writes:—"I have just been reading in the HERALD that Mr. Wall wants a harmonium for his new station in Rome. I shall be very glad to give it, in memory of my dear wife, with whom I visited Rome, and, among other objects of interest there, Mr. Wall's mission work."

Many other cheering and sympathetic communications might be mentioned, specially the gift of £300, towards the liquidation of the debt, from Col. and Mrs. Croll, of Reigate, in pursuance of a generous promise made a few months ago.

For all these most welcome indications of a deepening interest in the work of the Mission we thank God and take courage.

We are glad to report the safe arrival in England, of Mr. and Mrs. Fuller from Cameroons, West Africa, and of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Landels, from Naples.

At the quarterly meeting of the Mission Committee, on the 18th of last month, Mr. Teichmann, of Regent's Park College, was accepted for mission work in India; and the Rev. J. Turner, late of the China Inland Mission, for mission work in North China.

At the same meeting, Mr. James Balfour, M.A., of Edinburgh, was appointed to the post of classical tutor in the Calabar College, Kingston, Jamaica. Mr. Balfour anticipates leaving England for Jamaica early in September.