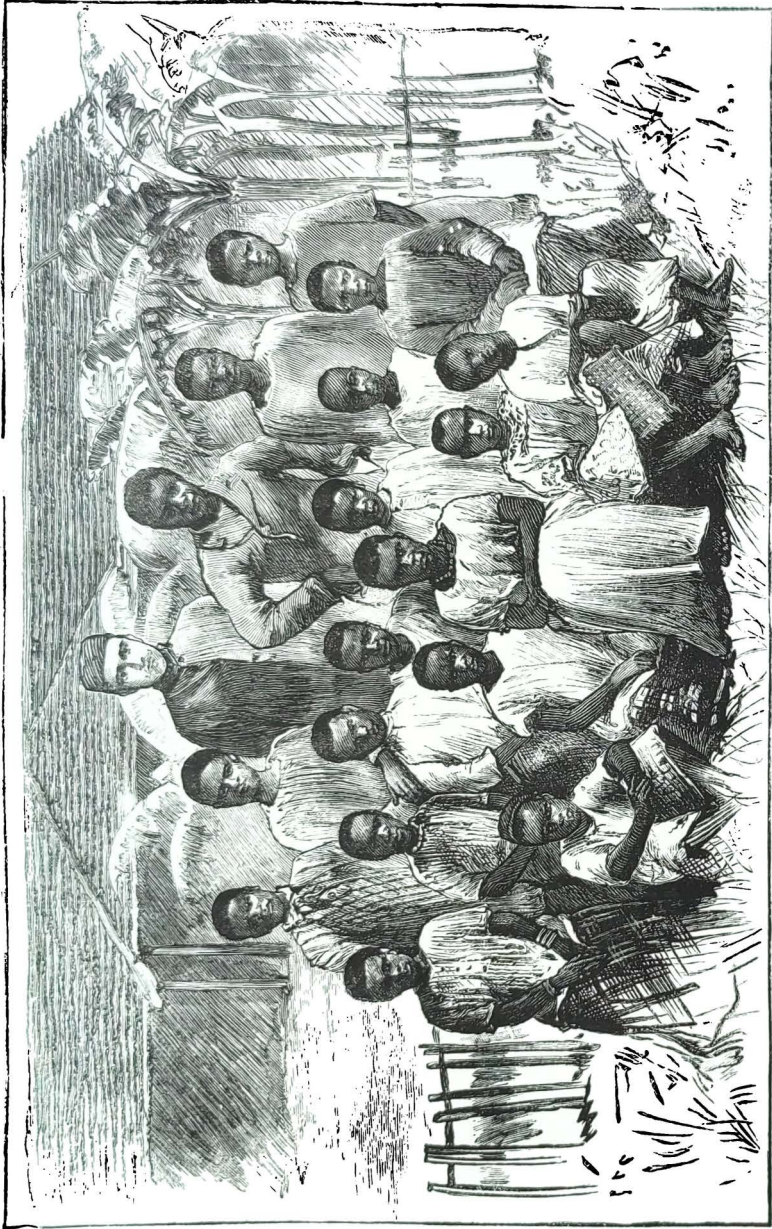


THE MISSIONARY HERALD, ]  
JUNE 1, 1884.



OUR SCHOOL AT STANLEY POOL.—(From a Photograph.)—See page 221.

# THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

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## OUR ANNUAL MEETINGS.

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WE could wish it had been possible for all the readers of THE MISSIONARY HERALD to have attended our recent anniversary gatherings. From those who were present we have heard but one opinion as to their encouraging and successful character, which opinion we doubt not the perusal of the reports in the denominational papers will have heartily confirmed. The addresses from first to last were calculated to inspire fervent thankfulness for the blessed work which through the Divine favour the Society has been enabled to accomplish, and to lead to fresh consecration and to new pledges in prospect of enlarging opportunities for usefulness.

According to custom, the series of public services commenced with

### THE PRAYER MEETING,

which was held on Thursday morning, the 24th of April—not, however, as has been usual in the Library of the Mission House, but in Bloomsbury Chapel. The large congregation justified the removal to the more commodious building. At this meeting the Rev. Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, presided. It was indeed a hallowed season. The assembly as with one heart was deeply moved as the Doctor so appropriately discoursed upon the three elements which our prayers implied—viz., thankfulness, humble confession, and confident desire. We cannot do more in this article than quote a few sentences. In view of the extension in Africa and China, how apt are the following words, how they seem to lift up the cause of missions to its true plane, teaching us how to think rightly of the disappointments and losses we have suffered; and how cordially they testify to the beneficial service the Society is rendering to the churches :—

“The great part of those present will, I expect, be aware that during the past year we have felt ourselves led by what seemed a commandment, as if a visible pillar of cloud had gone

before us, to enter upon very largely extended operations, especially in North China and on the Congo River. The enlargement, when the scheme is fully wrought out, means an increase of over

twenty missionaries to our staff, and of over twenty-five per cent. to our expenses. I think this is one very great reason for thankfulness; and, democratic as we are, and accustomed to look with no unwholesome suspicion upon all new work, and to speak our minds with nothing but plainness, of this action no second opinion, so far as I know, has ever been uttered. The most cautious and the most enthusiastic amongst us are as one, and all are agreed that to avoid the work which we are now undertaking would be to cowardly shrink from duty, and refuse to enter upon doors which God has opened for us. I think it is reason for great thankfulness in our gathering this morning. Our project has not been merely sanctioned, it has been enthusiastically welcomed, and those who know the condition of our churches over the widest area know what a blessing this inception of larger work has been to them. The joy and blessing of a wide-reaching regard for men's souls has touched and thrilled Christian hearts in a fashion quite new. Our interest in this work has been stimulated and kindled all over the country in a wonderful degree, and though, of course, a very considerable deduction may have to be made for the mere interest of novelty and the pleasure in the adventurous and heroic aspects of the vision, rather than in the spiritual side of it, do not let us be too microscopic in our search after possible evil, but rather rejoice in the manifestations given. Thank God that deep springs of Christian liberality have been set in motion, fountains have been tapped

that yielded liberally—twice blessed to those that give. We have great occasion for rejoicing, I think, to-day, in the midst of many solicitudes, in looking upon the work which has been done in these two regions to which I have referred. In our infant mission in Northern China, where, for the greater part of the year it has been in operation, there was one noble and heroic and apostolic man labouring, there have been already gathered into the churches—and these churches, all of them, are self-governing, self-supporting, and self-edifying, on the old example of the Apostles' model—there have been gathered into them one thousand converts; for which, I think, to-day, we have to thank God. And, when we turn to our new work on the Congo River, though the time has not yet been allowed us to see large spiritual results, and though its history has been saddened and darkened by deaths and consecrated by graves, yet we have cause for reverent thankfulness, I think, when we think of the story of those, scarcely more than lads, who have gone out with their fresh, young lives, with a heroism that did not know itself to be heroical at all, and with a self-sacrifice in which the sacrifice was swallowed up in the thought of Him for whom it was made; who had been content to labour, and, when the time came, to lie down and die in the solitude and in the presence of the one Friend. Ah! we have treasures there in those memories, as well as pledges for fresh work, which we cannot estimate too highly."

#### THE ANNUAL MEMBERS' MEETING

took place on Tuesday morning, April 29th, James Benham, Esq., being in the chair, when the digest of the minutes of the Committee Meetings of the past year was read and the other usual business enacted. We have heard old friends of the Society say that this is the most interesting and

most instructive of all the meetings, and we feel sure that in the record of the work done and the spirit which prevailed, the last meeting, in these respects, did not prove any exception. In the evening of the same day

### THE ANNUAL SOIREE

was held in Cannon Street Hotel. Should the popularity of this Soirée continue to increase, a room of greater dimensions must be secured, for the large assembly was inconveniently crowded. The Annual Services Committee were fortunate in obtaining the Earl of Aberdeen as chairman. The remarks of his Lordship were bright and cheery. After referring to the pleasure which it gave him, as the representative of another Christian denomination, to be present, amongst other appropriate observations he compared, with much effect, the sums spent for various purposes with the amount contributed to foreign missions.

“Although there is a great deal of talk, I am afraid that, with all the asking, the total amount given to foreign missions does not amount to an extraordinary figure. I saw the other day a very curious and interesting diagram, which represented in the most obvious forms the relative amount of money spent in the many and various departments of trade and business. It was put in the form of columns, each column of different colours and of differing height. But there was one black column which capped the whole. It was not coal, and it was not bread. No; that was drink, and that collected seemed to overtop the whole of the money spent in any other of the varied expenditure of the nation. There was plenty, of course, in bread, cotton, iron, and other things. But, last of all, down in a corner, came a little pigmy of a column, and that was the expenditure on foreign missions! A respectable sum, no doubt, but nothing compared with the sum spent in strong drink.

I am not speaking as though there was no practical support of foreign missions. But, after all, such a presentation of affairs should stimulate us to much greater activity in this good cause of missions. People say, ‘There is a large amount spent in missions, but how small the result!’ I recently heard a gentleman say at a missionary meeting that some thousands of pounds had been spent by that mission, but if only one soul were saved by that means the money would be well spent. I think we can all agree with this. A gentleman said to an objector, ‘Don’t you think it was quite right, and don’t you endorse it? If a single *youth* even had been brought to a knowledge of the Saviour, that money would have been well spent?’ ‘I should,’ said the man, ‘if the youth were my son.’ We must remember that, whether youths were black or a white, they had immortal souls, for the saving of which no amount of energy is to be spoken of as wasted.”

“The first speaker was the Rev. Herbert Dixon, from the Congo. Many present must have felt devoutly thankful as they saw how wonderfully Mr. Dixon has recovered from the effects of his serious sickness, and as they listened to the story he had to tell of the work at San Salvador. Much had he to communicate with respect to the teaching of the Congo

boys, the medical mission, and the more direct evangelistic labours, as, for example :—

### SCHOOL TEACHING.

“The boys will sing such a hymn as  
 ‘Jesus loves me, this I know,  
 For the Bible tells me so,’  
 in the Congo language. Then they would pray for a blessing on the school and themselves during the day, always concluding with the Lord’s Prayer. The boys are very reverent, too. And then they would see the boys at the rickety desks, with their tongues out, forming their letters and writing small words ; and some of their writing was beautiful, too. I have a letter with me written by one of these

boys since I have been in England, so that you see they don’t forget us, and we have some hold upon them yet. They then had some geography, and the grammar of their own tongue, just as in an English school—what many would call real drudgery. But we look at that drudgery, so called, in this light—that when they grow up they will carry with them, wherever they go, the light of God ; and, even if it were drudgery to teach them, we know that nothing is too small to do when it brings on the Kingdom of God.”

### MEDICAL MISSION.

“When I was learning to heal ulcers I put some nitrate of silver on them. The natives jumped about and ran away yelling, and into the bush they rushed for their lives. Not long after that one of the boys had a bad toe, and I put on more nitrate of silver—stinging medicine, they call it. In seven days the boy was well, and skipped about with the other boys, and we then had all the natives upon us for ‘stinging medicine.’ Not many months elapsed before we had forty patients a day for stinging medicine.

Some had to come day by day for a month or more. We had some people coming four days’ journey, and one man who must have crawled 120 miles, for he could not walk ; he was covered with ulcers. By this and other means you can see how our roots are spreading. Sometimes the chief would send two days’ journey for medicine. He was too ill to come himself. From all around the people flock in, and so we get a firm hold ; and so we can see ourselves spreading influence slowly but surely.”

### DIRECT EVANGELISTIC LABOUR.

“Then we have our Sunday-schools, which numbered forty or fifty boys when I left in August. In all our teaching we never forget to tell them to think on Jesus, striving at the same time to dispel their darkness, that they may know who Jesus really is. Then we are not forgetting the adults, and every time we get a chance we speak to them. They say, ‘We are black and bad, and you are white and good ; God died for you, and not for us.’ A boy once asked me if Jesus was a black

man. I was astonished at his curiosity, and I told him that He was neither black nor white, but of a sun-burnt hue. He said, ‘Then perhaps Jesus did die for black men, after all.’ Well, on Sunday we have the King present at our service, and all his wives, as well as large numbers of the villagers. These wives are a congregation of themselves, for there are eighteen or twenty of them. Then we kneel down, and there is a prayer in their own tongue, which is repeated by the people

in order to teach them to pray. Then we have one more hymn in Congo, after this manner:—

'Oh, where shall I find plenty of comfort  
When my heart is sick through plenty  
of trouble?

I am coming to Thee, O Jesus,  
Because Thou knowest how to cure all  
ills.'

That hymn is sung in their markets, and so is passed on to towns in distant places. Two days' journey we hear the hymns sung. And so the Gospel was spreading. I have been into towns where bad customs have obtained, and the people said: 'God is angry with these bad things; we will drop them;' and they do drop them. These great

vile trees which smothered the Gospel were tumbling down before the axe of the Gospel. Besides this, we spent some fourteen days itinerating, to call in all the people in the towns around. The visiting of twenty towns takes forty days, and there are only two of us at San Salvador. For a greater part of the time we have been working, Mr. Weeks was alone. In many ways God is touching the people. Then, brethren, what is the result? When I see this boy trying to do what is good, when I see that boy giving up a bad habit, or that a man won't sell his wife because she is refractory—these are things to look quietly at and to thank God for."

We were especially grateful for the last remarks, assuring us that already the Gospel is evincing its saving power, and that the work in which our Congo brethren are engaged will in due time bear abundant spiritual fruit.

The Rev. G. P. GOULD, M.A., of Bristol, was the next speaker, and very ably and earnestly did he appeal for increased contributions; and amongst the pleas that were enforced was that of our

#### PERSONAL OBLIGATION TO MISSIONS.

"Where, we must ask, would our Christianity have been, apart from missions to the heathen? Do we not ourselves owe, under God, everything to them? It is salutary for us to remember that we ourselves are descended from heathen of by no means a specially promising type. And if our forefathers were brought to a knowledge of the truth, it was because believers in early ages did not shun to proclaim even to such barbarians the Gospel of the grace of God. We must, therefore, be wholly unmindful of our own past, wholly forgetful how this came to be even nominally a Christian land, if we venture to cast doubts on the efficacy of missions, or if we feel that they have no special claim to our support. Let any man who finds it convenient to speak disparagingly of 'the poor

heathen'—to make much of difference in race and circumstances—let any one who thinks it can be of small avail to send to men differing so widely from us in thought and attainment, the religion which avails for ourselves, ask where our superiority would have been now if Christians in bygone ages had judged in like fashion. It is common enough, though it is not held to be very reputable, for men to forget their origin, if it had been lowly—to kick away the ladder by which they have risen. Something like that is done whenever men talk here as though they had never had affinity with heathenism—as though the heathen were not blood-relations of their own—poor relations it may be, but capable of being enriched and raised by what has given its greater elevation and joy to our own life. I

think it was in this place last year that one of the speakers said that some men of practical mind would not believe in missions unless they could see some specimens of the fruits of them. It would not be quite fair to missions to bid such men look at themselves, but one might fairly ask them to look round and inquire whether whatever is best and sweetest in the life about them is

not traceable to the outcome of missions to the heathen. See only what has been done here by the planting of the truth, and it becomes less possible to doubt whether it can spring up and grow elsewhere. Consider only what missions have done for us, and it will not be possible to ignore their claim to our grateful support."

The time being now far advanced, the Rev. Robert Spurgeon and the Rev. J. J. Fuller briefly addressed the meeting, the former giving a most encouraging report of the work in Backergunge, and the latter of the gratifying changes effected by the preaching of the Gospel on the West Coast of Africa.

On the following morning the

#### ANNUAL SERMON

was preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in Exeter Hall, who selected as the subject of his discourse the petition in the Lord's Prayer: "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Very pathetically did Mr. Spurgeon refer to the early death of Mr. Hartley. "My heart is full of the death of our dear brother Hartley. I had seen him as none of you had seen him for three years, while I was doing my best to try to train him to help in his Master's service, and he went away, and he landed, and he died. God must mean to make some use of him now, surely. Perhaps, he being dead, yet speaketh." We must all have felt, as the earnest words fell from the preacher's lips, how glorious will be the time when the Divinely taught petition will be fulfilled, to hasten whose fulfilment is the very purpose for which our Society and other kindred Societies exist.

In the evening of the next day, Thursday, May 1st, the same hall was crowded on the occasion of the

#### ANNUAL MEETING.

The general testimony is that a better meeting was not remembered to have been held. After the presentation of the Report, the chairman, Edward Rawlings, Esq., of Wimbledon, addressed the immense audience. His words were indeed "fitly spoken, like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Quoting from the Report, he said, "Only just listen!—

"Larger additions have been made to the native churches, more missionaries have been sent out, and a larger amount of money raised by the home churches than in any previous year

for a quarter of a century.' It is really wonderful how our prayers have been heard and answered, and we may look forward to an extension of work, and an extension of blessing, for which we



have not been accustomed to look. But this throws a wonderful responsibility upon us, and we must do our best to meet it; and how are we to do that? We must unite more earnestly and more continuously in prayer to Heaven for the blessing which we need, and for help to discharge the responsibilities which are entailed upon us. The more prayer the more success, not only in our usual meeting, but especially in our missionary prayer-meetings. I believe in those and in their efficiency, as the best means of getting the blessing which we desire. And, beyond that, we must show more and more sympathy with those who work at home, and those who work abroad. There is nothing like love and sympathy for strengthening hands, and strengthening hearts, and strengthening work altogether. Let us seek to increase that sympathy and that love. Then we must go further than that, we must increase our efforts. Great attention has been paid during the past year to increased efforts, and we must go on to increase those efforts still more, and, to use a political expression, let us organise, organise, organise; and more organisation, and more careful arrangement of the work which is to be done, will insure increased success. Another point in the Report struck me as of exceedingly great interest; and that

was that the Victoria churches support one station in India. I do not know if you have read lately—some of you have, certainly—that intensely interesting book, Seeley's 'Expansion of England,' showing how England is becoming the Greater Britain that extends over a great part of the inhabited world. Why should not our missionary efforts extend in the same way over the whole colonial empire? And why should not we try to raise contributions to get missionaries in the colonies as well as at home? To me it seems possible that in the near future our means, our men, our organisation altogether may be increased vastly by looking to our colonies as well as to England at home. And now to sum up all. May not we just define the work as a duty, a privilege, and a joy, to be met with courage, honesty, and faith? Courage to attempt great things, perseverance to carry them out, honesty to pay the expenses when we know what they are, and faith to trust our Heavenly Master to guide us and to help us through them all. We ever may remember with gratitude the old words of the Psalmist of which we have realised the truth before, and may hope and believe we shall in the future:— 'God, even our own God will bless us; God will bless us, and all the nations of the earth shall fear Him.'"

The calling upon the Rev. W. Holman Bentley was the signal for an enthusiastic welcome; after five years' absence on the Congo and the remembrance of the devoted service he has rendered we wonder not at the reception. We not only heard, but have read and re-read his speech. It is full of most valuable information, given with charming and manly simplicity. We can only reproduce here portions of the address:—

#### PIONEER NATURE OF THE CONGO MISSION.

"Our work on the Congo differs very materially from that going on in other fields. We are not building on other men's work; we are laying foundations.

We are reaping the fruits of the sowing and toiling of many years; we are breaking up new ground. Seven years ago no one had the remotest idea of the

peoples and countries in which we are working, and the difficulties which have so long blocked this great highway into Central Africa have been ours to combat. We were sent in 1879 to find a route, and to establish communications between the West Coast of Africa and Stanley Pool on the Upper Congo River, there to found a station

from which, as a base, we might evangelise the vast Congo basin, in the very heart of Africa. We have now to announce that the work you confided to us is accomplished; we have discovered a road, established a chain of stations, and Arthington, the base station for your work in the interior, is in full working order, and ready."

### THE "PEACE."

"Considering the difficulties of portage which existed in the early part of the year, we estimated that the transport of our steamer, the *Peace*, would occupy at least two years; indeed, we felt that we should be devoutly thankful if in that time every load of steamer and stores were safely landed at the 'Pool.' Instead of the utmost difficulty to induce men to carry, to our surprise and joy natives came in crowds. The other day, at Manyanga, I received one caravan of 258 natives; these would return; but, as the news got about that there were loads for the Pool, within two days of checking and paying, the stores were again cleared out and 100 volunteers sent away empty. . . . On the 20th of

June last, the first plate of the *Peace* reached Stanley Pool, and in four months only a few stragglers were left. The steamer, her stores, duplicate parts, oil and paint, our private goods, provisions, &c., and stores for the stations are safely landed at their destination, and of all the thousand and one things that go to make up a steamer not an article is missing. Of course, our estimates of expenditure for the year were all wrong. Two years' work and expense was crowded into a few months. But the heavy amounts tell of a large sum of money saved, and unlooked-for progress. The transport by native help has been much cheaper than if all had been done by Kroo boys."

### LANGUAGE.

"When we started out, the only clue to the language we possessed was a grammar of the Swahili, spoken at Zanzibar, on the opposite side of the continent. It did not help us much, but there were some points of similarity, and the comparative study was very interesting. To take down an unwritten language, to check repeatedly and carefully the meaning of each word, to deduce the grammatical rules from accumulated examples, and that in the midst of building, travelling, and bartering, is difficult and trying work. We have pressed on with it, and my brethren have desired me while at

home to prepare for the press a dictionary and grammar of the Kixhi Congo. The language spoken at San Salvador is no barbarous jargon; rich, flexible, and precise, it is in no way to be despised. Its grammar can be reduced to definite rules, and, the exact principle of a rule being ascertained, there is scarcely ever an exception—no irregular verbs. The verbs to be (*kala*) and to go (*kwenda*) are defective in some tenses, and are supplied from other roots, but the irregularities of the language can be counted on one's fingers."

## RECENT LOSSES.

"We have had losses, but they have their lessons for you at home as well as for us out there. If the rule of the Committee be observed, and two men are provided for every station, so that no one has to work alone, and then due precaution be taken against exposure, fatigue, &c., I am sure that we shall have no reason to regard the Congo as

more unhealthy than India—certainly better than the Cameroons. I have been there for five years, and paid my fever dues on entering the country; but, with a very ordinary constitution, I have been spared to stand before you to-day very little the worse for my first spell on the Congo."

## PROSPECTS.

"Now as to the future. When you sent us out, the prospect from Stanley Pool to the Upper Falls was fraught with difficulties and dangers. Mr. Stanley, passing down those 1,020 miles in his canoes, was frequently chased and fought by howling, hungry cannibals, hunting him as good 'beef.' To-day the aspect is altogether changed. Mr. Stanley has peacefully established four stations up to the Equator, and has just returned from a splendid journey up to the Falls, where he has founded a station, and left a Scotchman in charge. The people, under the altered circumstances, can behave decently, friendships have been made, and often it was difficult to persuade the people to wait a little, so eager were they to have white people to settle among them. He passed great affluents, and at the mouth of one learned that the natives ascend it for two months for trade, another for three weeks, and so on. He has discovered two great lakes, and it is probable that many more exist in that great unexplored blank. We have, then, most likely as much as 3,000 miles of water-way open to the *Peace*. At a thousand miles from the sea the river is ten miles wide. Here, then, is an opportunity for us. With many prayers you sent us to do the preliminary work, and with many prayers sustained us. Our Great

Master has blessed our efforts, has cleared away our difficulties, and has laid open to us a field far larger, far readier, than we had anticipated. We have asked of Him great things; He has given greater. We have proved Him; He is proving us. What shall we do, then? It is proposed that we plant ten stations 100 miles apart along the 1,020 miles between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls. We need only choose sites where food is plentiful and living inexpensive, and then, as stations are built, gardens are producing, and expenses lessened accordingly, we shall be able to extend our operations upon the affluents. The cost of this mission would be from £9,000 to £10,000 a year. The line of communications must be kept up whatever we do, and to prosecute our work thoroughly and with energy will cost but little more than if we stint. Surely the *Peace* is not to rust out in the snug little harbour at Arthington? After all these preparations and prayers, after this expense of treasure, and of precious lives, too, we cannot stand still; we must go forward. We are ready; are you? Our zeal to go forward is not damped by the deaths of our comrades. These deep trials are but a call to nobler consecration. Let them not silence your prayers, nor induce your despair. Say to us, 'Go!' and

before many months have passed away, by the help of God, by your gifts, and your prayers, we hope to bear into the

Upper Congo our banner with our adopted motto, 'Africa for Christ.'"

Mr. Bentley was followed by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., of Oxford, who in the course of a racy and telling speech suggested in true Methodist fashion a plan for removing the debt. We shall refer presently to the manner in which this suggestion was received.

We wish our space would permit us to quote at length the admirable missionary address of our brother from India,

#### THE REV. DANIEL JONES, OF AGRA.

He described in graphic and glowing terms the difficulties which have to be overcome and the remarkable progress which is being made. The interest was great when, telling of his journeying from village to village and from city to city, he said :—

"And are we not following Christ in doing that? For He went about from city to city, and from village to village. The last time I was privileged to go about preaching in that way I left at home the tent I usually take with me, and thought I would do the best I could. I came to one station where the Rajah had prepared a resting-place for travellers, and as I was a *bonâ fide* traveller I thought I would occupy that place for the night. I slept on the ground, it is true, but I do not think that was any sacrifice on my part, for I thoroughly enjoyed it. If I could rough it, I always felt happy. The next night I slept in a railway carriage, and another night in the waiting-room of a country station. Later on I stayed at a place where I was charged a penny a night, and which was used by the poor natives. After that I had to sleep in the open air, when it was bitterly cold; but through all this I had the blessed testimony of God being with me. I encountered a fellow-worker in the cause, and we made our way together to a city given up to idolatry, sensualism, and sin. Some

one said to us, 'You are not allowed to go there,' but we went in, for we were on the Lord's work. We came to our place the next morning, with our books under our arms (we always tell the native preachers to do so, too), for we are colporteurs, or anything that will aid us to spread abroad the Word of God and the knowledge of the Truth. At last we found one poor man in his shop in that awful city. He said: 'Will you sing the hymn you sang when last here?' and so we lifted up our voices and began—

'Jesus, the Messiah, is the Saviour of my soul,

Deep was that river, old is the boat;  
Jesus only can put me across.'

That is what we sang to the man, and we were simply delighted to find that there was one man there in the midst of that great city who knew something about the light and the truth. God bless him to-night! That night we had a glorious crowd of people, and we got rid of an enormous number of Gospels in that town where Satan had his stronghold. Pray that by God's blessing that town may be filled with

the knowledge of the Lord. In a great fair that is held annually I sold 700 copies of the Scriptures when it was last held, and 300 other books and tracts."

#### CLOSING APPEAL.

"Young men and women of England, let me appeal to you for India, that land of sacred memories. Why, the saints who have gone to heaven from India, and those who have started for the skies from the Congo, are crying from those glorious heights, 'Go forward, go forward!' The success we have attained in India tells us to go forward; the difficulties cry, 'Go forward!' and God, from His throne on high, is crying to us, 'Go forward in the work I have given you to do in India.' But, whilst you remember India, do not forget the Congo. Whilst you remember the Congo and China, and other parts of the world, do not forget dear old India, for the Lord hath said, and He will surely do it, 'I will overturn, overturn, overturn.'"

#### THE DEBT.

Some of the brethren on the platform having been impressed with the suggestion made by Mr. Hughes, the Rev. Richard Glover, of Bristol, expressed the hope that something very material might be done before the meeting dispersed. The meeting was evidently in full sympathy with the proposal. A donation of £200 from the Chairman was announced. Slips of paper bearing promises ranging from £100 to five shillings were rapidly sent up to the platform, even the reporters at the tables below handing up some twenty-six shillings. When the amounts were totalled it was found that the noble sum of about £1,200 was thus enthusiastically contributed. We would desire to accentuate the spontaneous nature of this movement. Previous to the meeting it had been determined to make no such effort on behalf of the debt. It was thought it might be undesirable to repeat the experiment made at Liverpool, but, whatever objection might be felt, it was completely removed by the spontaneity with which the generous gifts were offered. We are indeed thankful for the fine spirit of liberality displayed, and we earnestly hope we may be able to announce in our next HERALD that the full amount required to extinguish the debt has been obtained. This very desirable result can only, however, be secured by the receipt of additional contributions to the extent of £1,500, the balance still remaining of £3,215 11s. 8d., the original debt. Will all the readers of the HERALD help in this matter?

#### THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING

on the Friday evening, considering the unpropitious state of the weather, was largely attended, and almost entirely by those for whom it had been arranged. The success of the experiment will more than justify its repetition in future years. H. Lee, Esq., M.P. for Southampton, was the chairman, and his remarks were characterised by practical wisdom and genuine sympathy.

The Rev. W. R. James, from Serampore, spoke with much effect, and delighted not only the juvenile part but the entire part of the audience as he sang very sweetly some of the native hymns. The Rev. W. Holman Bentley gave more interesting information of the work on the Congo, and the Rev. J. J. Fuller, both by what he said and what he sang, greatly pleased his hearers. We must not forget to notice here the valuable services rendered by the Baptist Choral Union at this meeting as well as at that of the previous evening.

Our limited space will not permit us to refer as we would to the meetings held in connection with the auxiliary societies—the Young Men's Missionary Society; the Bible Translation Society; and the Zenana Mission—for reports of which we would refer our readers to the *Freeman* and *Baptist* newspapers. As we look back upon the services we feel that the anniversary of 1884 may well excite the Apostolic resolve “to thank God and take courage.”

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## The Congo Mission.

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### TIDINGS FROM THE INTERIOR.

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“There is much land still to be possessed.”

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THE following letter just received from the Rev. George Grenfell, of Stanley Pool, tells its own deeply interesting story:—

“Stanley Pool, Congo River, South-West Africa, *March 5, 1884.*

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I believe you have already been informed of my intention of making the up-river interior journey upon which I started on the 28th January, and from which I returned in safety yesterday.

#### “OBJECT OF THE JOURNEY.

“By taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the present low-water season, I have become much better acquainted with the rocks and sand-banks of the Upper Congo than could possibly have been the case had I deferred my trip, as the water will soon begin to rise and these obstacles be partly hidden. It

needs no argument to prove the importance of such information; the fact that we are contemplating the navigation of the river, in the *Peace*, during both high and low water seasons, is at once the necessity for becoming acquainted with its difficulties when at their worst. So, with the idea of making a sketch of such portions of the river as I could cover during the four or five weeks Mr. Comber and myself thought could be spared for the work, and pending the arrival of the engineer, I started off in the small steel boat which is to serve as a ‘tender’ to the steamer. This boat is twenty-six feet long, and was manned by a crew of five: John, who has just returned from

England, whither he went to wait on sick Brother Dixon during his voyage home; Ebokea, who was one of Mr. Fuller's Cameroons boys; two of our Sierra Leone hands; and one Loango man. These five, together with a boy from San Salvador, one from Mukwekur and myself, made up a party of eight 'all told.'

#### "OUR EQUIPMENT.

"We took with us 500 brass rods, two feet long, and one-seventh of an inch thick (being the currency of the country), with which to purchase food and meet the expenses of the journey. We also took a tin trunk containing cloth, knives, looking glasses, beads, and other trifles that the African delights in. In the way of food we took a week's supply of cassada puddings and a small bag of rice, but as food proved plentiful this last was scarcely touched. Some cocoa, tea, and sugar, together with a small supply of medicines, I stowed away in another tin trunk for my own special benefit. I also took a tent, that I might sleep ashore when opportunity offered, and the camping bed the Onslow Chapel School children were good enough to give me, and for which, as I now write, I feel especially grateful, remembering as I do how nicely it kept me dry on many a rainy night. Besides all these things we had to take cooking utensils, an axe, a couple of hatchets, hammer, and nails, some spare rope and a spare oar, so that altogether we collected a considerable cargo for our small craft, though it did not appear very much when we thought upon the possible exigencies of such a voyage as that we were entering upon. The last item, the spare oar, proved sadly inadequate for the run of 800 miles which we were able to make, three of the oars being broken before we completed the up journey. Two of these three we

managed to splice so as to render effective service, but both gave way, and another of the sound ones before we had completed the first hundred miles of our return. However, by dint of more splicing we managed to reach the Pool again, but presenting a sorry picture in this respect, and some days later than we should have been but for our crippled condition. It took us twenty-four days to reach our turning point at the equator and about 18° E. long., a distance of about 400 miles (700 miles from the sea coast); ten days sufficed for our return.

#### "ENTERING THE UNKNOWN.

"After making a start, the first two days were occupied in getting to the far end of the Pool, a part of our journey remarkable only for the number of sand-banks, hippopotami, and mosquitoes to be encountered. When in December last I made a previous trip as far as this point, where the Congo pours its impetuous flood into the wide expanse of Stanley Pool, I had been greatly impressed with the forbidding aspect of the scene. Here, stretching away before us was the open avenue leading into the very heart of the 'continent mystérieux' as our neighbours call it; steep, tree-clad hills of a thousand feet or so on each side of the fast-rushing and far-coming Congo, reflected their dark-green hues in its waters, making in the evening light so sombre a picture that one could well excuse, if the mystery had not been already soived, a superstitious dread of attempting to penetrate the unknown through such an unpropitious looking gate. And though I knew, and those with me also knew, what I have since proved for myself, that long stretches of joyous country, glorious in all Nature's tropical beauty, and that great and numerous tribes, revelling in bounteous plenty, were to be found

lining the banks of the waterway beyond, none of us could resist the melancholy glamour of the view. It was the same the morning we left the Pool to enter upon the Upper Congo proper ; so it was not the effect of the evening light, as I had thought, though it was, perhaps, partly due to the contrast between the brilliantly white Dover cliffs, the glistening sand-banks we had just left, and the sober hues of the tree-clad hills which rose almost precipitously from the water's edge. But, however forbidding the scene may have been, it certainly had no message for us, for the good hand of our God was upon us all through—it was, nevertheless, not too dark a portent of the condition in which we found the people. And, though I am accustomed to look upon a very sad state of affairs as being normally the state of the African, yet again and again all my sympathies were evoked, as yours would have been, my dear Mr. Baynes, by the multiplied sorrows which have fallen to the lot of these poor people, for whom there is no hope save in God's great mercy, and in His message that we are trying to declare.

#### “THE MEDICINE MAN.

“After the two days spent in passing through the Pool came another two days of similarly incidentless travel through a similarly uninhabited district—more hippopotami, more mosquitoes, only the sand-banks were changed for far more serious obstacles in the shape of long reefs of felspathic rocks that bristled along our course in a most embarrassing manner. On the fourth evening we camped on an island in company with a party of Wabuma who were bound down river to Ntamo. A storm threatening, the medicine man of the party commenced chanting an ear-splitting strain and vigorously shaking a rattle in the attempt to drive

away the coming rain. But, do what he would, and he very distressingly increased his efforts, the rain came nearer and nearer and then fell, and, notwithstanding the enchantment, kept on falling. Apparently nothing daunted, however, he kept on also, and after nearly a couple of hours it did cease, and left him claiming to be victorious, and the same time, I am sure, sadly tired out. Towards morning another outbreak of the storm threatening, the rain doctor was more modest, and chanted, ‘O! for a little rain, let a little rain come, but not a big rain, not a flood, just a little rain, let a little rain come.’ But the inevitable downpour came as only tropical rain can come, and the rain doctor ran and hid himself, or else to seek shelter, under the mats which formed part of the cargo of the canoe. In the morning, after bidding adieu to our Wabuma friends, we got under weigh for our fifth day's journey. I did not see the rain doctor. I am afraid he got rather an unmerciful chaffing from our crew ; for the rain sadly pelted them and would not let them sleep.

#### “MSWATA.

“We had not proceeded far before we came to inhabited country wearing quite a different aspect to that we had been passing during the previous four days, and shortly after noon we were hospitably received at Mr. Stanley's station at Mswata. The personal appearance of Gobela, the chief of this town, very vividly reminded me of the King of Congo, though he is not nearly such a big man. And, from what I learned, not only does he resemble him in personal appearance, but in character and disposition ; and this, notwithstanding Don Pedro's failings, is saying a great deal in Gobela's favour. He is one of those men with intelligent minds and kindly hearts who make us hopeful for the future of this dark land.



“THE KWANGO JUNCTION.

“Ten or twelve more miles the next day brought us to the point where the Kwango (or Ibari Nkutu) pours its waters into the Congo. Here Mr. Stanley has another station, where again I was hospitably received by the Swedish officer in charge, with whom I stayed and spent the following day, it being Sunday. It was at this place I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Ballay, one of De Brazza's colleagues, whose station is on the other side of the river and about six miles lower down. On Monday morning we commenced our journey again by crossing the mouth of the Kwango, going a little way up stream to prevent being carried out into mid-Congo by its very strong current. The south bank, along which the whole of our up-journey lay, now becomes very populous, contrasting very remarkably with the northern one; but I learn from Dr. Ballay that, though there are no towns on the river side, there is a very considerable Bateke population only a few miles inland. The people we encountered were characteristically African in their desire to trade with us; there seemed to be nothing for which they were not anxious to barter their brass rods, and appeared to be sadly disappointed because we would only buy food and not change cloth for brass rods, or buy ivory or slaves, both of which latter we had constantly to refuse. Among the articles most sought after were the boat anchor, the flag (the ensign our beloved Treasurer, Mr. Tritton, gave us), and my spectacles. One young man was sorely hurt, and thought I must have some personal prejudice against him, when I refused to let him have them for five brass rods—an extravagant price in his sight.

“CHUMBIRIS.

“It was one long succession of towns

for nearly the whole of Monday, till we arrived at the famous Chumbiris in the afternoon of Tuesday, where we slept. He has still the same quiet plausible way Mr. Stanley so well describes, and although he is, of course, much older, his portrait in ‘Through the Dark Continent’ is still a ‘good likeness.’ I had no exemplification of his special ability, but I have no doubt, from the little I saw, that he could well sustain the rôle ‘of the most plausible rogue of all Africa.’ He seemed greatly pleased by the gift of an old soldier's coat in return for his gift of fish and plantain for my people. This part of the river is the rockiest reach of waterway it has ever fallen to my lot to traverse; the bays were like great mouths armed with, I think, the most uncompromising dragon's teeth that Mother Nature ever fashioned. Another day through an equally populous and rocky portion of the river, and we came to a broad expanse like another Stanley Pool, studded with islands and sand-banks; and, however trying sandbanks may be to one's patience, they don't shock one's nerves half so forcibly as the sudden ‘pulling up’ on some biting, grinding rock.

“BOLOBO.

“A day and a half through this wide portion of the Congo and we reached Bolobo, another of Mr. Stanley's stations, and after a pleasant break in the routine of camp life started again up river, still keeping along the mainland and not threading our way between the numberless islands; this so as to come into contact with the people whose large and well-built towns lined the bank for the whole of the next two days. The people hereabouts were mostly timid, but proved, as soon as we were able to open communications, to be well disposed. At first sight of the boat they gener-

ally beat a precipitate retreat, and sometimes we were unable to open negotiations, but mostly, however, some one or two of more than usually brave spirit would remain within ear-shot and prove sufficient for breaking the ice. One town refused to let us use their beach as a camping ground, but it was partly our own fault; for we arrived just as it was growing dark, and naturally enough the people were afraid of visitors arriving at, to them, untimely hours. I feel sure that if we had had only half-an-hour's daylight in which to treat that we should have smoothed every difficulty. The consequence was we had to cross to a sand-bank about a mile away, and had to scramble in the dark for firewood on one of the small islands that lay in our course.

#### "NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

"Our camping ground was a triangle of 200 or 300 square yards area, an uncomfortable spot, lots of mosquitoes, and a herd of hippos on two sides of us and not more than thirty yards away. These latter are disagreeable neighbours, their bellowing is something terrible, but their tramp with its heavy thud close to one's tent is even more disconcerting, and not at all a reassuring sensation with which to try to get to sleep again after having been rudely awakened. We broke up a quantity of our firewood, and when they ventured too close we pelted them, keeping our guns in reserve for an actual invasion; and, after setting two to watch, the rest of us went to sleep. But the sticks proved ineffectual, and one of the beasts had to pay with his life for a rude stampede across our narrow territory out of hours. We did not wish to resort to extreme measures because a shot might only wound and infuriate, and an infuriated hippo is not to be trifled with, and also

because we did not wish to arouse our already nervous neighbours, who would not let us sleep on their beach, and make them still more afraid. The death of one seemed to bring us a temporary lull, but a couple more hours had not elapsed before a second fell; this made the fourth since noon of the previous day. The two first we killed for 'chop,' not but that one was more than enough, but by aiming at two out of a herd in the hope of getting one, Ebokea and myself brought down one apiece with our first shots. However, it was not a case of waste; for, after taking for ourselves what we wanted the natives came and cut them up and took away the provision for many a good feast, and I hope they thought none the less kindly of the white man and his people who in passing had killed for them the game they were afraid to tackle.

#### "RIVER DANGERS.

"The day following we passed two or three towns, and then a great change came over the country, the high cliffs and breezy hills giving place to low swampy ground. For three days we wended our way along the narrow channels separating the bank from the islands, of not more than 200 yards in width, these being the *habitat* of innumerable wild fowl and hippopotami; these latter proved a great trouble, and often made our course a tortuous one in our attempts to avoid them. One of them came up right under the boat, lifting the stern out of the water; another left the mark of his teeth in the steel plate. In the former case, as I felt myself 'going up,' I had time to think of the well-known picture in Livingstone's first book depicting a similar incident; but we had a better fate than fell to the occupants of his canoe, for we came down again all right, and suffered nothing worse than

a bit of a soaking, a good shake up, and a general scare all round. Our good steel boat stood the shock admirably, very much better than a wood one twice its weight could have done; in fact, I very much doubt if a wood one would have survived both rocks and hippos.

#### “LUKOLELA TOWNS.

“On the sixth day from Bolobo we reached the Lukolela towns, at the farther extremity of which Mr. Stanley has his next station; this one in charge of an Englishman, Mr. E. S. Glave, who gave me a hearty welcome, and with whom I had a stroll in the afternoon through the towns to the chief's house. The natives were all most friendly, and, just as I was starting up the river again the next morning, the chief, Mungaba, sent one of his wives with a basket of specially prepared cassada pudding, a supply which sufficed for two meals a day during the next fortnight, and for which I was very grateful. At Lukolela the river assumes a more usual character, and is content with a channel a couple of miles in width in place of from five to twelve, which often obtain during the previous sixty miles or so.

#### “SITE FOR A NEW STATION.

“The country here is densely wooded along the river, which is flanked on each side by picturesque hills which furnish sites for the towns. In the rear of the hills open country abounding in game is to be found. The soil is of the richest quality, food is abundant, and building material of the best kind is immediately on the spot. These things, together with the healthiness of the place, which is vouched for by Mr. Glave's appearance, and the kindly disposition of the people, point, in my mind, to the desirability of the place as a site for one of our future stations.

“Half-a-day's journey through the comparatively narrow channel of a couple of miles or so, and we were away into a broad expanse of island-dotted water again, with the northern bank quite obscured, and probably some eight miles distant from the track we followed. In this next and last stage of our journey, extending over six days, we passed no long succession of towns as we did between the Kwango and Bolobo, but on three of the long rocky points which jut out into the river between long stretches of low-lying land we passed the important towns of Mabelo, Mpumba, and Ngombi; and then we came upon three large towns lying close together and within five miles of the point where the Mantumbo enters the Congo, and about forty miles south of the Equator. Nebu, at the junction of the two rivers, is one of the largest, if not the largest, town I have ever seen in this part of Africa. The people were all friendly, and gave us goats, fowls, fish, and plantain in such abundance that I had to leave some, promising to take them on my return.

#### “MR. STANLEY'S EQUATOR STATION.

“At the Equator, and near the Ikelemba or Uriki River, we entered upon another populous district. Here Mr. Stanley has established another station, and left it in charge of two Belgian officers; and, being the first visitor who had put in an appearance at this far-away post, I was heartily received by these gentlemen. Although the station is only eight months old, a surprising amount of work has been accomplished, and a thriving garden brought under cultivation, furnishing highly appreciated additions to the ordinary African ‘bill of fare’ in the shape of cauliflowers, cabbages, carrots, radishes, and peas and beans. The houses are substantially built, with thick sun-dried

clay walls, the adjacent forest furnishing the timber for windows, doors, and furniture in ready abundance. The logs soon yield to the magic of the pit-saw and plane, and the natives are greatly impressed at seeing the white man produce so much in so short a time out of the same materials they have had so long at command.

**"FRIENDLY PEOPLES.**

"Having reached the Equator, and my time being nearly exhausted, I had to turn my face homeward, though I had a pilot ready to take me, and the way seemed to be open, as far as Bangala, some eight or ten days beyond, and about midway between Stanley Pool and the Falls. So, crossing the river, I proceeded to follow the north bank downward as I had followed the south bank upward, making a point of calling at all towns and trying to enter into friendly relationship with the people, necessitating, of course, comparatively slow progress. After a couple of days' very encouraging results to my attempts at being on friendly terms, I had, for lack of time, to relinquish the idea of visiting more towns, and to strike straight away home.

"After having been so far, and being so kindly received, even in places where hitherto the natives have been hostile to the white man, I cannot but be devoutly grateful for the protection of the Almighty and for His goodness in preparing my way.

**"THE WORK OF H.M. KING LEOPOLD AND MR. STANLEY.**

"The work undertaken by the King

In the words of Mr. Comber:—

"The full value of this interior journey of Mr. Grenfell to the Congo Mission, few can fully understand.

"He has passed over more than a third of the entire route between Stanley Pool and the goal of the Congo Mission. Already, with the eye of faith and hope, we see the great and noble idea of the Congo Mission realised. The road is ready, and the path made straight.

of the Belgians and the Brussels Congo Committee, beset as it is with a thousand difficulties, is yet greatly prospering under Mr. Stanley's wise leadership, and, humanly speaking were it not that the powerful expedition had gone before guided by a pacific spirit, and convinced the people that white men were friends, not enemies, it would have been impossible for me to have made the journey to the Equator. All praise, then, to those who are so nobly opening up this great land, and may God make all things work together for the good of poor Africa.

**"BRETHREN, COME OVER AND HELP Us!!**

"How much this part of Africa stands in need of help I cannot tell you; words seem utterly inadequate. I cannot write you a tithe of the woes that have come under my notice, and have made my heart bleed as I have journeyed along. Cruelty, sin, and slavery seem to be as mill-stones around the necks of the people, dragging them down into a sea of sorrows. Never have I felt more sympathy than now I feel for these poor brethren of ours, and never have I prayed more earnestly than now I pray that God will speedily make manifest to them that light which is the light of life, even Jesus Christ our living Lord

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Baynes,

"Yours very sincerely,

**"GEORGE GRENFELL."**

"A. H. Baynes, Esq."

“The peoples are willing, and imploring us to come.

“The whole land open, and all the inhabitants in darkness and degradation.

“Brothers at home, come over and help us. Come! come quickly, I implore you.”

And if the need was urgent when Mr. Comber wrote these words, it is even greater to-day.

The same mail steamship that brought the tidings of Mr. Grenfell's journey into the interior brought home two of our recently sent out brethren, Messrs. Ross and Whitley, in broken health, through repeated attacks of fever; and, although we are devoutly thankful to report that both the brethren are now much better, and that there is every prospect of Mr. Whitley's very speedy return, yet the temporary absence, even of two brethren, leaves the brave missionary band on the Congo River terribly reduced, with *only one missionary at each of the four principal stations.*

Reinforcements are imperatively demanded, and should be sent out at the very earliest practicable date. Very earnestly would we repeat the appeal of Mr. Comber—“Brothers at home, come over and help us. Come to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The road is ready and the path made straight.”

In view of the urgent need for immediate reinforcements, the Committee have resolved to send out

*Four more additional Missionaries*

as soon as suitably equipped brethren offer for this work.

Surely there are many gifted and specially qualified young men who will feel impelled to say, in response to such an appeal, “Here am I, send me!”

## The Stanley Pool School.

(See *Frontispiece.*)

MR. COMBER, in a recent letter from Stanley Pool, writes:—  
 “The enclosed picture represents our fourteen boys and three girls actually under training here. A motley group of Bakongo, Balonda, Bantandu, Bawumbi, Bateke, Bambali, and Bangoyo. I can assure you the clatter in these dialects (some of them almost distinct languages) as the boys sit at supper is, while interesting to the philologist, most distracting to me as I write now in my room. To teach them decency of behaviour over their food, we allow them to eat in our own room at a side table. All of them are residents or boarders at Arthington, and are under the training of Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell and myself.

“Mr. Bentley will tell you the history of our long and until recently un-availing efforts to get children to train. It has been the struggle of the last twelve months, and is at last crowned with success. Since we have been here, to get free boys to train has been the first and foremost idea, and we have worried and worried the people day after day on the subject, until they have thought that, although ‘Ngleza’ (the English) were all right on most subjects, they were a ‘leetle bit touched’ on one—young boys. Of course we could have *bought* boys; every week or so, boys, girls, men, and women are brought to us to buy, but they are generally stupid and dull. As a rule, if a man has a good intelligent slave he prefers to keep him, to be of use to him in trade, &c. Mr. Horace Waller’s letter in the *Times* of October 30th last makes one seriously consider whether to buy children, even for training, is not really making a market for slave traffic. I am glad to say that so far we have never bought a child at any of our stations. Their parents and guardians (in some cases masters) have placed them in our hands for unlimited periods to be taught in all we have come to teach them. Of course we have to feed and clothe them.

“It is interesting to have to tell you that almost the first-fruits of our persevering efforts here were three boys from Nshasha, where in 1881 Messrs. Crudginton and Bentley were repulsed by painted, dancing savages with spear and knife—from the very same town, and one of them the son of the old chief Ntiulu. This very morning this boy was giving a small proof of his inherited savagery by angrily lifting up the carving knife to another boy, although he cannot be more than eight years old!

“In closing I will indicate the boys one by one, as some readers of the *HERALD* may be interested in them.

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				4		
1	2				5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
				16		
			15		17	18
	14					

“Nos. 1, 5, 9, and 13 are your Bakongo boys whom Mr. Grenfell attached to himself at Mussuca and Underhill, and who have followed him here.

Nos. 2, 11, 12, are Balonda and Bantandu—2 (Lutunu) a very fine, promising fellow; they come from two to four days' distance, on the Manyanga Road. No. 4 is my good head boy Mantu, who is, I am sure, sincerely trying to follow the Saviour. Nos. 6, 14, 15, 17, and 18 are Bawumtu and Bateke boys and girls from the towns close at hand behind. Nos. 7, 8, and 10 are Bambali from Nshasha. No. 16 is Mrs. Grenfell's senior little girl, Sungu; she is a Cabinda or Mungoyo, and has followed Mrs. Grenfell up from Underhill.

“All the girls are, of course, under Mrs. Grenfell's special charge, who knows already a good bit of their language. With little Pattie Grenfell as their playmate they have a happy and merry time of it. Several more girls are promised her, and she will doubtless in time get a nice school, and so be able to supply the boys with good wives when the time comes.

“Mantu has been with me nearly three years, and is loved by all the rest. He is now schoolmaster.

“Others of our boys have been with us for eight, ten, and eighteen months. The Bawumtu, Nshasha, and other boys and girls have come during the last two months, except one who has been already seven months, and says he wishes to stay until he is like Mantu.

“The older boys have acted splendidly as decoy-ducks, and it is interesting to watch them sometimes trying to proselytise when we visit towns. I think we shall be able very shortly to get some more boys, but we want first to tame these down a little, as also to get our new school-room finished. We have to show as much tact as possible in dealing with these wild, free young savages. Were we ever, for instance, to punish corporally, there would be a general stampede, and our school would be at an end.

“Most of the other stations are getting on well in respect of boys to train, San Salvador, of course, taking a good lead.

“You, my dear Mr. Baynes, will well understand the reason I make such a point of the Stanley Pool School. No work should occupy our attention so much, or promises to be so productive, as that of training boys and girls. No agency can touch it for results in Africa. I may mention that the Roman Catholic Mission at Landana, has 150 or more boys, mostly bought.—Yours, very sincerely,

“T. J. COMBER.”

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## Foreign Notes.

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### WORK IN CALCUTTA.

About a month ago, after taking the usual Sunday evening outdoor evangelistic service at Lal Bazar, I was talking with Mr. Wenger and Mr. Hook about the splendid position of Lal Bazar Chapel for evangelistic work afforded by their frontage, abutting as it does on so crowded a thoroughfare as Lal Bazar. He had been presented with a lot of tracts in various languages for distribution in connection with the Exhibition, so somebody suggested that we should come on Thursday, giving away these tracts at the door, and thus get the people into the entry and speak to them in Bengali. So on the following Thursday we got a table near the gateway, with tracts laid out on it, got one of the members (a Mr. Foster) to play some Sankey's tunes on a concertina, and thus gathered a crowd inside, to which I talked and distributed tracts, while Wenger and Hook stood at the gate and asked them in. Each time we improved in our methods, securing the services of two or three Zenana ladies to help us sing, &c. Last week we changed the concertina for the harmonium, and Rouse, Jordan, and myself preached, while Mrs. Ellis, and afterwards a Burmese Christian, talked to a lot of Burmese in their own language, and the meeting closed with prayer in Bengali. This week the crowd was bigger than ever. Thousands of tracts, English, Bengali, Urdu, Burmese, were distributed. Miss Hunt Cooke played the harmonium and sang; Miss Anderson helped; Mrs. Ellis presided at the tract-table with me. She talked in Bengali, and finished with prayer in Hindustani; while, as there was no other help, spite of the fact that I felt used up already by four hours' work in the school-room, I talked once in English and twice in Bengali, each time till the throat gave out, when the harmonium and Sankey's hymns were used to give a metrical version of the "Old, Old Story." The work is certainly very interesting and encouraging.—*Extract from Letter by Rev. Isaac Allen, of Calcutta.*

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### Recent Intelligence:

The Rev. J. J. and Mrs. Turner have reached Hong Kong in safety on April 11th. Mr. Turner writes:—"We expect to reach Shanghai about the middle of next week. We are well and very happy in the prospect of resuming the work we both love so much."

The Rev. W. Williams, of San Fernando, Trinidad, writes:—"You will, I know, be glad to hear we are just now experiencing 'times of refreshing'—the good Lord is greatly encouraging us. In addition to the eighteen converts baptized, reported in my last letter, I baptized thirty-seven more a fortnight ago, and twenty more on Sunday last—ninety-one brought to the Lord since my return to my work a few months ago."

The Rev. Danl. Wilshere, of Nassau, reports:—"Seventy-nine persons have been baptized since I last wrote, and I am thankful to report a steady growth in the churches."