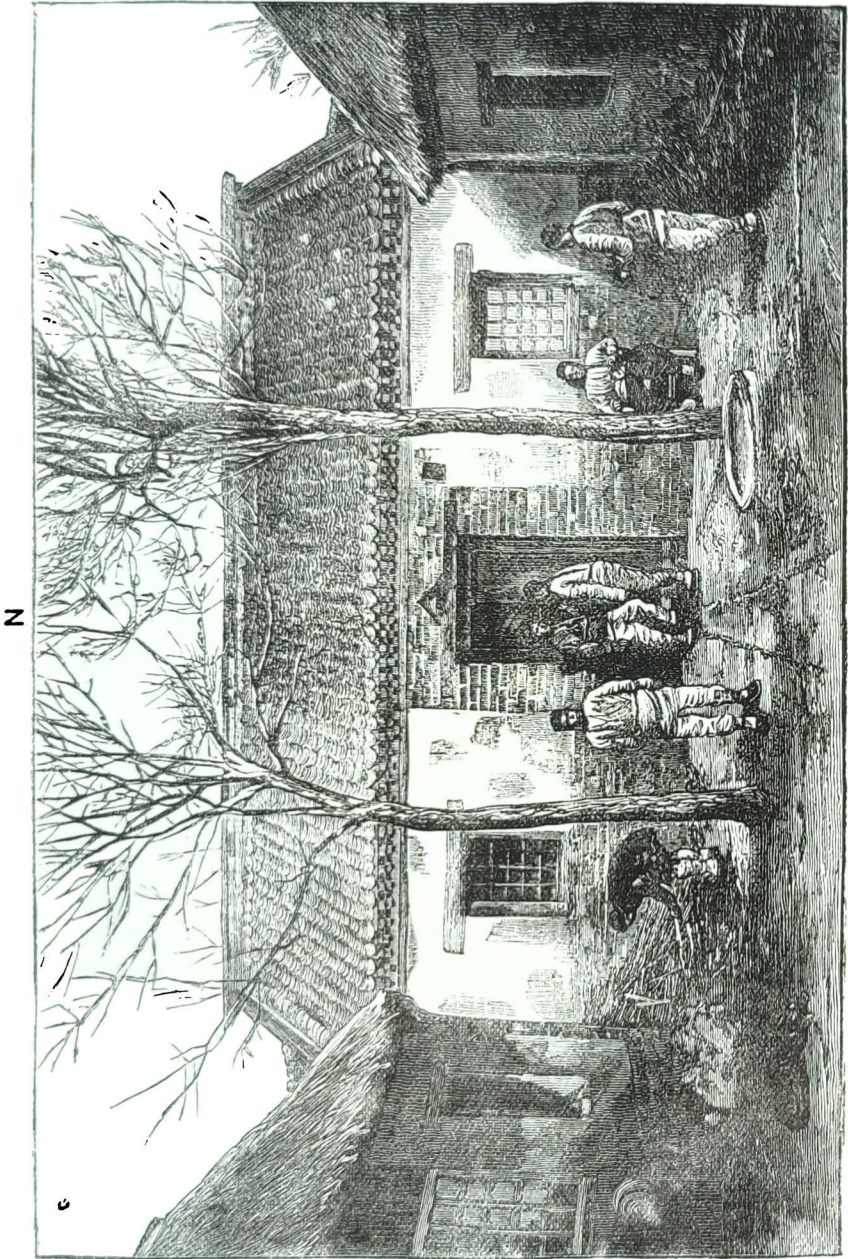


[THE MISSIONARY HERALD,
OCTOBER 1, 1884.

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MISSION HOUSE AT TA YIN, NEAR TSING CHEU FU. — (From a Photograph.) — See p. 349.

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[OCTOBER 1, 1884.]

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

1884:

AUTUMNAL MISSIONARY SERVICES.

THE final arrangements for the Autumnal Missionary Services, to be held in Bradford next week, are as under. Very earnestly do we urge all our readers to be present, and to unite in special prayer for a rich blessing upon all the gatherings.

BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7th, 1884.

A MISSIONARY SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.

At 7 o'clock A.M.,

IN HALLFIELD CHAPEL,

By the Rev. W. A. HENDERSON, B.A.,

Of Coventry.

At 9 o'clock A.M.,

IN ZION CHAPEL LECTURE HALL,

A PUBLIC MISSIONARY BREAKFAST,

On behalf of

INDIAN MISSIONS.

His Worship the Mayor of BRADFORD, ISAAC SMITH, Esq., J.P.,
in the Chair.

Speakers—

- Rev. J. JENKYN BROWN, Birmingham.
 Rev. Dr. CAREY, Missionary from Delhi, N.W.P.
 Rev. J. CLIFFORD, M.A., B.Sc., LL.D., Westbourne Park.
 Rev. DANIEL JONES, Missionary from Agra, N.W.P.
 Rev. W. J. PRICE, Missionary from Dinapore, N.W.P.
 Rev. LEONARD TUCKER, M.A., Missionary from Serampore.

Tickets for Breakfast, One Shilling and Sixpence each, to be obtained from the Secretaries, Bradford, or from A. H. BAYNES, 19, Castle Street, Holborn; and early application is recommended, as only a limited number will be issued.

At Three o'clock in the Afternoon,
 The Rev. WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D., of Edinburgh, will preach
THE AUTUMNAL MISSIONARY SERMON,
 IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

At Seven o'clock in the Evening,
 IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL,
THE AUTUMNAL MISSIONARY MEETING,
Chairman—ISAAC HOLDEN, Esq., M.P., J.P., &c., &c.

Speakers—

INDIAN MISSIONS :

The Rev. W. R. JAMES, Serampore, Bengal.

CHINA MISSIONS :

The Rev. A. G. JONES, Tsing Chu Fu, North China.

AFRICAN MISSIONS :

The Rev. HERBERT DIXON, Congo River, Central Africa.

MISSIONARY INSPIRATION :

The Rev. J. P. CHOWN, Bloomsbury, London.

Collections will be made on behalf of the Mission at the close of the various Services.

To the Bradford Committee and friends a special expression of cordial thanks is due for very earnest and hearty efforts to provide, by wise arrangement and sagacious forethought, for the comfort and enjoyment of their visitors and the success of the various services.

'Tsing Cheu Fu.

(See Frontispiece.)

"18th January, 1884.

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I enclose a photograph of our former house at Ta Yin, of which I have spoken so often. This is the house where Mr. Jones suffered so much and such bitter persecution at the time of the establishment of our work in this province, and this is where I found him when I came to China. It consists of a square courtyard, with a building of three rooms on each side. These buildings have a skeleton of brickwork, the rest is mud. The tiled building with the trees in front was the finest of the four, and the only one not thatched. The centre room of this and the one to the right of it were my apartments; the room to the left was our store-room, book-room, &c. There were two very small rooms, not visible in the photo, one at either end, which were used as sleeping apartments by some of the employés. The building to the right was occupied by the cash and printing manager, some of the teachers, and as the printing shop. The building to the left, the door of which is standing partly open, consisted of two rooms, the larger of which was used as the chapel, and the smaller one as the dispensary. This photograph looks rather dismal, as the window shutters are closed and the heavy doors locked, and most of the paper has been torn from the windows. The light door, called the 'Feng Mén,' has been taken down; it is similar to the one on the left hand building, the top half being paper, to admit of the door being closed and yet having a fair amount of light in the room.

"The village where this house is, was formerly the worst village in one of the worst districts. Now there is a good church there, and some of our best workers are from that village. Besides this, the whole tone of the village is altered for the better. The amount of money spent by the heathen there on idolatrous rites is far below what it used to be; and so it is with other villages in the neighbourhood—men are losing faith in idolatry. Pray that as they lose faith in this, they may have faith in the one true and living God.

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. TATE KITTS.

"A. H. Baynes, Esq."

The Treasurer.

OUR readers will be thankful to learn that the improved health of the Treasurer, Joseph Tritton, Esq., permitted his presiding over the last meeting of the Committee on the 16th ultimo, after an absence of just twelve months.

The brethren assembled in council could not but greatly rejoice; their thanksgiving finding fitting expression in sympathetic words spoken by the Revs. J. P. Chown, J. T. Brown, and C. Williams, and in special prayer offered by Mr. James Benham, of Bloomsbury.

Few—who were privileged to hear the tenderly appreciative acknowledgements of the Treasurer himself; first, in devout recognition of the abundant mercy and goodness of the gracious Father, and then of the long-continued sympathy and affection of his colleagues on the Committee, and by the churches at large—will soon forget them; indeed, all hearts seemed full of grateful thanksgiving and glad sympathy, and we are confident this thankfulness will be shared by all our readers and the churches, not only of the Baptist denomination, but by many others by whom the work and worth of the Treasurer are so well known and appreciated.

The following resolution was unanimously passed, and ordered to be entered on the minutes of the Committee:—

Resolved—

“That the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, in cordially welcoming their respected friend and beloved colleague, the Treasurer, after his serious illness, and prolonged absence, desire to place on record their devout gratitude to Almighty God for his restoration to comparative health, and assure him of their earnest prayer that he may speedily regain his former strength, and, by the blessing of the Divine Father, be yet spared for many years for the glory of his Master, the good of the Church, and for the furtherance of efforts for the extension of, the Redeemer's Kingdom, all the world over.”

The Congo Mission.

LAUNCH OF S.S. "*PEACE*," AND APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE REINFORCEMENTS.

THE following extract from a letter just received from the Rev. George Grenfell, dated "Stanley Pool, Congo River, June 13th," conveys the glad news of the successful launch of the s.s. *Peace* upon the waters of the Upper Congo. Mr. Grenfell writes:—

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—Of God's good favour we have been enabled to launch with perfect safety the Mission steamship '*Peace*' and run a very satisfactory trial trip, attaining a speed of nearly if not quite ten miles per hour.

"When I last wrote you I did not all expect to launch her before the autumn rise of the river, but by carefully lowering her and making much longer launch-ways, and by blasting some of the rocks, I have been enabled to get her afloat, lowness of water notwithstanding. Lowering such a craft is no light task! It was a marvellous sight in the eyes of the natives. Four of the spars we used as launch-ways were more than four feet in girth, and from forty to fifty feet in length, and, being brought from a distance of more than three miles, involved as you may suppose a large amount of hard work. Such work I know might be considered little wonder in England, but out here at Stanley Pool it means really much more than most people can appreciate, I am therefore all the more grateful that it is now well and safely accomplished.

"I am, happy too, in being able to say of those who have helped me in this responsible task what Nehemiah said of those who built the wall:—

"The people had a mind to work;"

And now like him, too, I can rejoice that the good hand of our God has indeed been most manifestly upon us. In a few days, after painting and putting on a few finishing touches, we shall run a second trip with the '*Peace*,' and then I quite expect we shall attain the maximum speed of twelve miles per hour. This work, which was commenced scarcely three months ago, has progressed without a single hitch of any kind, and with much greater rapidity than any one of us dared to have hoped, and now, to-day, by the blessing of God, we are able to chronicle the desired end. Eight hundred pieces, transported from England to Stanley Pool by rail, steamer, and carriers—not one piece missing—and now the whole completed. Most clearly God's finger points

ONWARD! FORWARD!

And I cannot shut my eyes to the crying needs of the untold multitudes of people on the 400 miles of the noble Upper Congo I have already traversed, or my heart to the pressing claims of the multitudes yet further beyond in the vast interior regions. We now most earnestly need

"REINFORCEMENTS—

*"More Missionaries—*so that we, indeed, may be messengers of peace and goodwill to the poor, dark, down-trodden millions in the heart of the vast continent, and for whom the message we carry is the only real *eternal Hope*.

“ With the “*Peace*” afloat! ready and waiting to bear the messengers of Life into the vast interior—will not the Churches at home pray, yet more and more earnestly, to the Lord of the Harvest that He would thrust forth more labourers into this harvest field.”

In the *Herald* for July last it was stated:—

“*Four* additional missionaries are immediately needed for the reinforcements of the Lower River staff only, while very speedily a much larger number will be required for the establishment of the interior stations on the Upper River, the first of which—Lukolela, 300 miles towards the interior from Stanley Pool—has been already fixed upon, and to some extent occupied.”

Of these *FOUR* additional missionaries, only *ONE* as yet has been sent out, and now, further, *six additional missionaries* are needed for the three new stations on the Upper River, now being established.

The need for further reinforcements is urgent and immediate. Very earnestly, therefore, would we plead with young men to give themselves to this blessed enterprise. The work is in peril for the lack of suitable and gifted labourers. Brethren, we beseech you—Come! come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

“ Are there no young men with sanctified capacities, and good constitutions, ready to offer themselves for this noble enterprise ?

“ In the words of David Livingstone—‘ I say to able, gifted, heroic young men at home, Come out here, my brothers, and find scope and field for your noblest energies. Work suited to the very best of you. Work that, with all its anxieties and all its dangers, is so inspiring and so captivating that words cannot fully tell its magic force. In darkest hours and saddest days, the “ Lo! I am with you,” gives truest confidence and brightest hope.’ ”

WHO WILL GO ?

In addition to the Congo, there are other and important fields urgently calling for immediate reinforcements.

In India the places rendered vacant by the retirement of veteran brethren such as the Revs. James Smith, of Delhi, and Thomas Martin, of Barisal—the acceptance of the Circular Road Pastorate by the Rev. Charles Jordan and the death of Mr. McCumby, the resignation of Mr. Etherington, of Benares, the removal of Mr. Hallam, of Allahabad, all these important vacancies need to be filled up at once.

For Bethel Station, Cameroons, Western Africa, a missionary with special medical knowledge is urgently needed, the Committee having resolved to send out such a brother immediately, should a suitable offer be received.

Are there no young pastors at home, with two or three years' ministerial experience—young in years, but rich in gifts and graces, with good constitutions—ready to offer themselves for some of these vacant places? Brethren, we plead with you; the harvest whitens all over the mission field, the prospects never before were so stimulating or so hopeful; the tears, the seed-sowing of years gone by, to-day are bearing fruit. Brethren, we beseech you give yourselves to this work—and do so now! “Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest. Behold, I say to you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.”

Preaching Tour on the River Hooghly.

BY REV. ALFRED TEICHMANN, OF SERAMPORE.

IF in the colleges and schools of the West a week's holiday at Easter is considered and looked for as an agreeable and beneficial break in the work, it is doubly so the case in the East, out here in India, where the elements of nature, in union with continued hard studies, do their best to wear out both body and mind. Thus it was that Easter brought a few days of rest to the friends of our venerable old college at Serampore. But rest need not necessarily mean “doing nothing;” a change of work is perhaps, more frequently than is generally supposed, just the thing which body and mind require as recreation.

THE START.

Hence Messrs. Summers and Edwards, missionaries in charge of the College, came to the conclusion that they could not spend their vacation in a better way than by going on a short preaching tour up the river Hooghly. Arrangements were soon made; a suitable “budgerow,” or travelling boat, having been hired, the Monday before Easter Sunday was fixed as the day of departure.

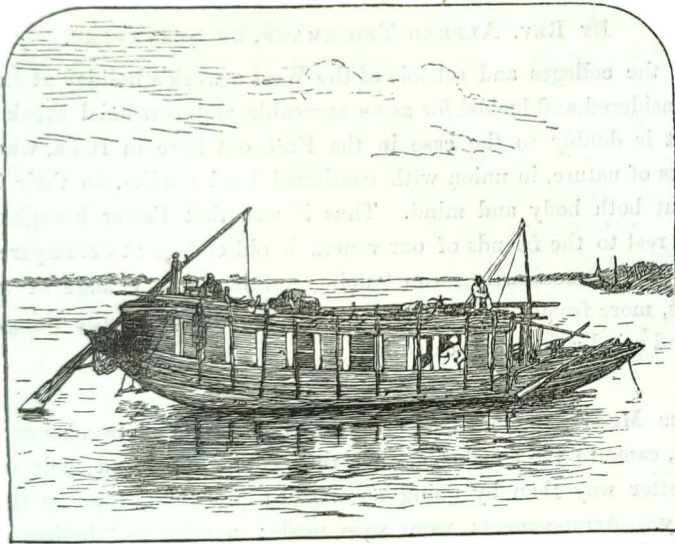
As there was room for three in the boat, and the getting acquainted with the natives and their customs is a great advantage, I followed the advice of my brethren and accompanied them on their tour.

A crowd always attracts a crowd. This is a fact which not only Methodist and other open-air preachers in England have found out, but also missionaries in India; therefore, having a good staff of native theological students at our command, we selected five of the best to accompany and support us in our labours. A second boat, one more in harmony with their native customs, was soon secured for their use.

About noon on Monday our fleet hoisted the sails, and, having the wind in our favour, Serampore was soon left behind. To get as far as possible this day was our chief aim, so we passed several villages and small towns, and reached, after nearly four hours' journey, "Bhodreshor," a place which, like Serampore, lies on the southern bank of the Hooghly river. We landed near a bathing "ghat," and seeing the porch filled with large figures, or, rather, dressed-up dolls, we concluded that some Hindoo festival was going on in the town. However, we were mistaken. They were not idols, as we found out by closer inspection, but puppets used for theatrical performances and processions during the Pujas.

OUR FIRST SERVICE.

Having armed ourselves with large bundles of Scripture books, we



A "BUDGEROW," OR TRAVELLING BOAT.—(From a Photograph.)

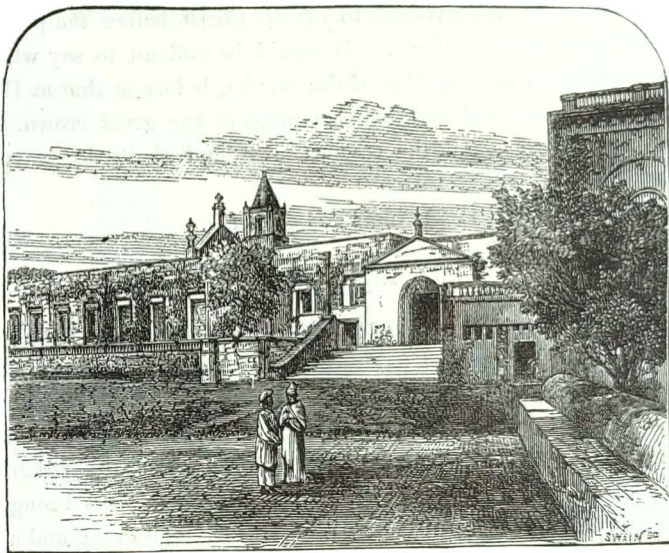
directed our steps into the town, and when we had secured a raised and shady pavement before a Babu's house, we began our first service by singing a Bengali hymn.

A singing "Saheb" is always a great attraction to the natives, and as there were three of us, we were not surprised to find soon a large gathering around us. Mr. Edwards, having done much in such evangelistic work, preached first, whilst Mr. Summers canvassed the neighbourhood, speaking to the people before their huts, and offering Scriptures to them. Singing and preaching took their turns, and it was really wonderful how attentively and patiently the people stood out the whole service of nearly two hours'

length. The rush for Scriptures, or, rather, portions of Scriptures was so great that I had to fetch twice fresh supplies from the boat; and although the amount taken that evening was only one rupee twelve anas (about 3s. 6d.), yet, considering that the price of most of the books was only a halfpenny, the large number sold will be obvious to all.

We rejoiced very much over this good beginning of our tour; the service was clearly appreciated by all. I was only sorry that I myself could not yet join in preaching the Gospel of our blessed Lord, not yet knowing the language sufficiently well.

I may mention here that the reason why we now SELL the Scriptures, and not give them away, as formerly, is that the people value them more



ROMAN CATHOLIC CONVENT AT BANDEL.

(From a Photograph.)

when they have to pay for them. The price is small enough for even the poorest, yet too large for all who do not really want.

HOOGLHY AND BANDEL.

Our boatmen having had a rest during the time of preaching, we made them go on that same evening, especially as it was a beautifully clear moonlight night. In this way we managed to reach just after sunrise "Hooghly," the next landing place on our programme. As the tide was out we found a more suitable place for our boat a short distance higher up the river, almost opposite the old Roman Catholic church and convent at Bandel. This church was built in 1599 by the Portuguese, and is said

to have been the first Christian church in India. It is a very large building, but does not, from the outside at least, offer much to look at. On the front of the church figures in a somewhat elevated position the Virgin Mary, evidently put there in order that passers-by might mistake this church for an idol temple. Seeing this, I could not help thinking of our brethren on the Congo when they found the natives there bowing down before crucifixes, images of saints, and other trophies of the Church of Rome, in the same way as they worshipped their fetiches. It must be very difficult indeed for natives to distinguish clearly between the two. We did not go inside the church, we had more blessed work to do. After a short walk we reached Hooghly, and, taking our stand round a lamp-post near the bazaar, we endeavoured to lift up Christ before the people in a living and more inspiring form. It would be difficult to say which was the more successful meeting, that of the evening before or that at Hooghly. As regards the quiet and attentive listenings of the great crowd, I think we were equally successful, the rest we must, and gladly do, leave in the hands of God.

It is ours to sow and His to bless and gather in.

KALIGUNGE.

We arrived the same evening at a small village called "Kaligunge." We could not have reached a larger place in time for preaching, so we anchored there. The news of our arrival spread like wildfire amongst the people, and, as they found that we came peaceably, they soon brought stools for us, and forms and mats for themselves, so that the gathering had quite a churchy appearance. This time our native preachers brought their musical instruments with them, consisting of a violin, a drum, and a pair of cymbals. "A strange mixture," you will say; still, music has charms, and so also these instruments when played well as an accompaniment to the peculiar and plaintive native airs.

Whether the people of Kaligunge had not much faith in our playing, or whether they wanted to do us a favour, they offered from the very first a man and a boy to play the drum and the cymbals for us. We could not well object; and I think we rather gained by it; for the way in which they accompanied our hymns showed that they were not novices in that art.

Our meeting was exceedingly pleasant, and the thanks which afterwards we had reason to express to the people, and which they expressed to us, were not mere talk, but came from true and well-meaning hearts.

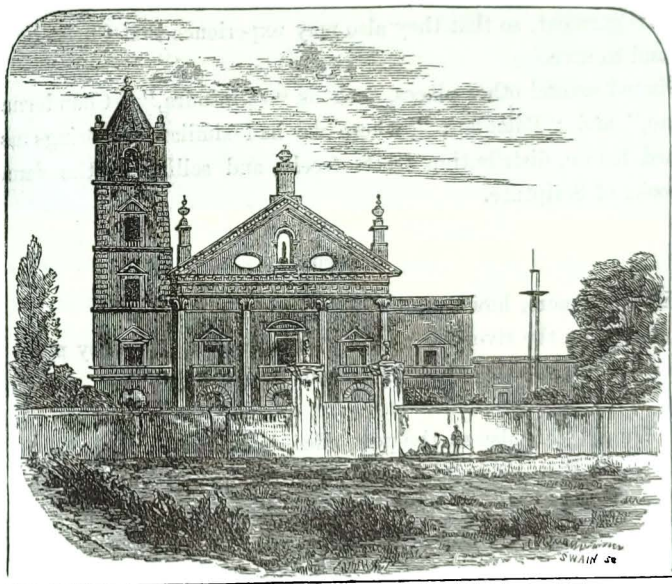
We had proposed to go as far as Culna, but soon found out that this was

too much to get into our week's holiday. We decided, therefore, to make "Shantipur" the furthest station of our trip.

SHANTIPUR.

The report that cholera was raging there seemed to prove true, for, when we were still some distance away from the place, the great number of vultures and jackals along the river side, as well as a prepared funeral pile, with a corpse close by, told us that death had reaped a rich harvest of late in this district.

We got to "Shantipur," which means "City of Peace," about five o'clock in the evening, and when we had made everything ready, we started at once for the town, which lies about a mile away from the river bank.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT BANDEL.—(From a Photograph.)

Although it was so late, and not the day for the regular market, yet we found a good number of people in the bazaar, whom we drew after us by telling them that we were going to sing a hymn. We did not deceive them, and when we had gathered a good number around us by singing, we preached to them Christ and Him crucified. However, we had hardly finished our second hymn when some lewd fellows, evidently for the sake of making a noise, raised several cheers in honour of Shiva. The commotion was great, and although we did not fare as badly as Paul at Ephesus, still the quietness

of the meeting at least was gone. We all felt, therefore, that the reproach which Mr. Edwards gave to them was well deserved. As it came in the form of a joke, he saying "that they professed to be citizens of a peaceful city, yet, when well-meaning strangers came into their midst, they were anything but peaceful," it was well received, and raised even some "Hear, hears" from several babus in the crowd.

Under the circumstances, we did not like to leave Shantipur without giving the people there another opportunity of hearing the Gospel of Peace. Half-past five next morning we gathered a fair number in the shade of a Tagannath car; and, what pleased us especially this time was that a great number of women, who returned from their religious exercises of bathing in the river, stopped and listened to our preaching. May our Lord grant unto them a similar blessing as he did unto the women who timidly touched the hem of His garment, so that they also may experience that Christ has power to heal and to save.

We visited several other places, such as "Chinsoura," "Chandernagore," "Tribene," and "Bolaghore," where we had similar gatherings as those mentioned before, distributing tracts freely, and selling at the same time many books of Scripture.

TREEPUR.

One instance more, however, I must mention in closing.

On our way up the river we called at a large and very busy place named "Sreepur," but, as it was noon and exceedingly hot, we had only opportunity to go from house to house, offering to the people books and tracts. We did this also at the post office, but received from the officiating Babu the reply that he had no need of our religious books. Whether he felt the truth of our remark, that he had, indeed, real need of these books which revealed the only way of salvation, only he was not conscious of it, just as a sick man frequently refuses medicine because he thinks he does not need it, or whether it was simply to please us, he bought a whole New Testament and also part of the Old.

Similarly we were received at a native doctor's shop, who, evidently believing so, remarked that it did not matter much to what religion a man belonged. Hindoo, Mohammedan or Christian, each would have the same effect of making us good, and of bringing us at last to God.

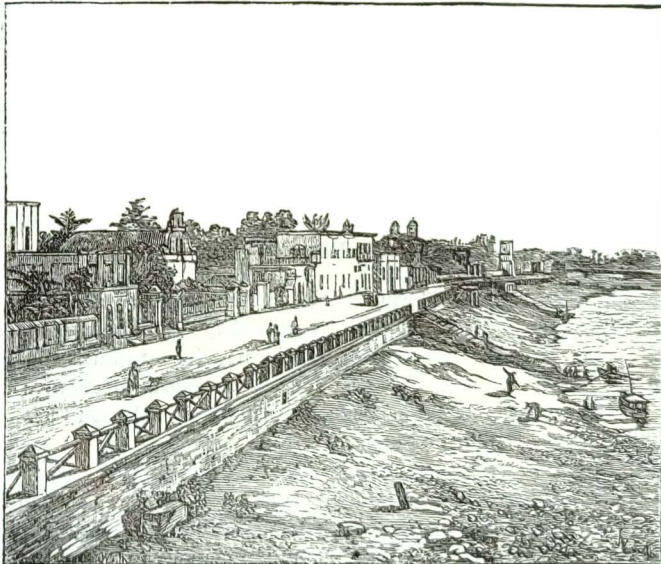
We did not agree with him in this, but rather told him that he ought to be the last to make such a remark. He being a doctor was well aware that medicine made up according to any prescription would not cure a particular disease. Thus, also, only that religion which was from God could have the

desired effect of bringing them back to God. On wishing him good-bye, he asked for several books, which we gladly sold to him.



CHANDERNAGORE—(From a Photograph).

As we had not had the opportunity of preaching at Sreepur before, we called there on our way back for this purpose. We preached to a very



CHANDERNAGORE FROM THE RIVER—(From a Photograph).

orderly and attentive crowd for over two hours, and, if the darkness had not stopped us—for even the moon, imitating the Indian women, had drawn a veil over her face—we might have gone on for another hour. We returned, therefore, to our boat, and, after having refreshed ourselves by some food, we thought of spending the remaining hours on the deck of our boat, especially as the eclipse was now over, and the river, as everything else, was flooded with light by the bright full moon. We had not been long there when five men from another boat asked for permission to come to us.

They were all well-educated Babus, amongst them also the postmaster and the native doctor mentioned before; and, as they had not come simply for the sake of arguing, we received them gladly, and tried to explain the difficulties which seemed to trouble their minds.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when they left us, evidently impressed by what they had heard; and we pray you, dear Mr. Baynes, to ask all our friends in England to supplicate with us that God may lead these five men through their perplexities, doubts, and fears to a saving faith in Jesus Christ.

Then, even if we had accomplished no more by this our short preaching tour, we should all feel devoutly thankful to our heavenly Father.

“The College,” Serampore.

ALFRED TEICHMANN.

Mission Work in Rome.

NEW STATION: 21, VIA DEI SERPENTI. EVANGELIST, SIGNOR
A. GIORDANI.

The Rev. James Wall writes from Rome:—

MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—“Through the liberal kindness of E. S. Robinson, Esq., of Bristol, who was in Rome last spring, and rather carefully visited the various branches of our mission, I was enabled to open this new station. The sum promised by Mr. Robinson is £100 per annum for five years. It is my intention to bring the ordinary annual working expenses of the new station within the limits of that amount. By doing

this, in an expensive place like Rome, it seemed to me that considerable help would be given towards the solution of the economical question, which is a very vital one, at least to us.

A GOOD LOCALE.

“The first step was that of finding a *locale*, suitable and in the midst of a population likely to attend the services. After much difficulty and prayer on the part of the church in Lucina, we

found a large shop which seemed made for the work, and the landlord was quite willing to let it to us for that purpose. This *locale* is in a street which runs in a line from the king's palace to the Colosseum, through a densely populated centre where there is a famous shrine of the Madonna. Experience soon showed us that we had fallen into a hot-bed of rank idolatry. Moreover, our *locale* was situated near the house where the "blessed Sabrè died in the last century, whose canonization took place so recently, and with such oriental pomp, in the atrium of St. Peter's. The curate of the shrine is a very zealous Papist, and he was backed in his opposition against us by a rich cardinal who resides in the parish.

A GOOD EVANGELIST.

"The next step was to secure the help of a Christian worker who would be suitable for so difficult a position, whose life would be consistent, whose views are evangelical, who had given evidence of being called of God. I believe such a one to be found in one of the members of our church in Rome. Signor Giordani is a first-rate artist—cameo-cutter—who has been a consistent member for ten years, during which time he has taught in the Sunday-school, helped in the distribution of tracts, been elected deacon, and recognised as local preacher. I explained matters to him, and proposed that he should give half his time—every day until noon, and every night after six—to the work. The time remaining he might employ at his trade. His method of work was study of the Scriptures from 6 a.m. to 8, then at my house for conversation, reading, and prayer. After this, two hours of tract-work in a new district, where we hope to open another room, and lastly, visitation

round the new *locale*. Thus, our new colleague is a student and a city missionary as well as evangelist.

"Our new *locale* is very nicely fitted up with a desk and table before it, both in stained deal. We have eighty-four good chairs, a hired harmonium, curtains at the door, and the gas laid on.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

"Our opening services were well attended, and the impression seemed to be very favourable. Still there were indications that the enemy was near. Not only were the spies of the priests at hand, but two priests themselves paced up and down before the door with a view to intimidate the undecided; rough boys came and shouted at the door; but the greatest difficulty was with some low women, who stood in a circle about the door and insulted all who entered. In April, the feast of the Madonna is held in the church near, when a succession of violent tirades against us were delivered by a special preacher. The roughs now began to threaten us, and at last commenced throwing dirt at the inscription above the door—'Sala Cristiana'—and stones into the room, while the service was being held. I now appealed to the authorities, who sent to every service a couple of guards in uniform. The arrest of two young men brought our troubles to a close.

"During the first month—March—the total number at the three weekly services was 758; in April it was 586; in May, 694; in June, 597. Meetings always fall off in Italy towards summer, considerably; so that the decline, taking into account the season, and the specially hysterical activity of the priests, is not at all discouraging—indeed, it is quite the reverse. During these first months a number of people declared them-

selves Protestants, some became regular attendants at the services, a few joined the catechumen class, and two were baptized. The total number of person in all the meeting during the first four months, was 2,635, which gives an average for each meeting of 54.

"We have commenced a Sunday-school, which at present is in a very encouraging state. Also, before the services in the week, the evangelist gives instruction. The total attendances at these classes during the first four months was 588. This is encouraging for Italy, and for that station, where we have not been able, for various reasons, to organise our efforts as we purpose doing.

OUR NEEDS, WHO WILL HELP?

"Tract work in the district has been extensive, but we are badly off for tracts.

"I should be glad if some friend would send us a harmonium for this new station. It need not cost more than £10, and if sent to Castle Street, Mr. Baynes will gladly have it forwarded in time for the work in the autumn.

I am sure a good second-hand instrument would quite meet our need.

"I said that Signor Giordani was partly student and partly city missionary. I consider this phase of the new station a very important one in the missionary field, especially in Italy, where the native worker has such a tendency to become a pastor, even when there are no sheep. The help which I give him now is about one-third of what would be required had he been taken entirely away from his trade—a measure which has not always been followed by satisfactory results. As Rome covers such an immense area, — eighteen miles in circumference—and is cut up by its conformation, structure and traditions into tribes and regions, we shall be obliged to branch out, and this can only be done by finding some method of working inexpensive enough for us to adopt. This new station, and the other in Via Consolazione, gives us a clue, it seems to me, to the solution of the difficulty.

"JAMES WALL.

"29th August, 1884."

Travelling in China.

The Rev. J. J. Turner writes as follows from Tai Yuen Fu, Shansi, North China:—

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I send you some 'notes' of our doings since leaving Tien-tsin. If you think they would interest the readers of the HERALD, please use them; if not, you have a waste-paper basket, and I shall not feel hurt if they never get any further than that.

THE START FOR TAI YUEN.

"Tai-yuen-fu is situated about four hundred miles south-west of Tien-tsin.

In travelling from London to Tai-yuen-fu, Tien-tsin is the last treaty port at which we stay, and in leaving it one has to say good-bye to steamboats and railways, telegraphs and post-offices, and adopt modes of conveyance and communication that have, I suppose, been in fashion here for a thousand years or more.

"We decided to go as far as Pao-ting-fu by boat, and after two days bargaining succeeded in hiring one; but before

we started, a lot of boxes arrived from England for the missionaries in Shan-si, and, knowing how pleased our friends would be to get the things they had perhaps been expecting for a year, and knowing also that if we did not take them they might not reach Shan-si for many months, we thought it best to take them with us. This made it necessary to hire another boat. At last all was arranged and we were ready to start.

"Our party consisted of ourselves (wife, child, and father), a native evangelist, two servants, and the boatmen.

"The smaller and less wind-proof boat was filled with boxes, except a small space where the evangelist and the servants and some of the boatmen were to sleep, packed like sardines in a tin, heads and tails. We had more room in our boat, but none to spare. In the stern was the kitchen, and at the head was the deck made of movable boards, under which were stowed pieces of old rope, firewood, and other rubbish. Some of the boatmen used to sleep in part of the space under the deck.

"Our apartments were in the middle of the boat. The bed-room was between the top of the luggage locker and the roof of the cabin, a place about six feet by six, and three feet high. The sitting-room, separated from the other by a curtain of blue cotton stuff, was about six feet by six, and five feet high.

"When we went on board, late in the afternoon of April 28th, and found the whole cabin in a state of utter confusion, with bedding, boxes, provisions, &c., all piled up in heaps, it certainly did not compare very favourably with the accommodation to which we had become accustomed on the voyage from England. But while our boatmen shouted and rowed and pulled to get the boats through the crowds of vessels

that throng the river near Tien-tsin, we set to work to clear up.

"CLEARING UP.

"Everything not wanted immediately was stowed away in the locker, then the boards which formed the top of the locker and the floor of our bedroom were put in their places, and our bed was spread. A box was put at the bed-side for a table, and there was just room enough left for the baby's cradle. Before we went to bed at night a quilt was hung up against the partition which separated the bed-room from the kitchen, because the partition was full of holes, and Chinamen are very curious. In the sitting-room we had a box for a table, and boxes for seats, a lantern was suspended from the roof, and before we stopped for the night our cabin was in perfect order.

"Darkness came on, and the boats were anchored in the middle of the river, as a protection against robbers from the villages. Evening prayers were over, and the natives retired to rest. After our visit to England with all its pleasures and comfort; after the excitement of the journey, and the hurry and bustle of the day, it seemed strange to be once more alone among the Chinese. We had said farewell to European civilization and comfort, and before us lay a long journey into the interior of a heathen land, and, in the more distant future, life in a heathen city, where we must meet many trials and, perhaps, dangers, or even death. Who can wonder if we felt the solemnity of the position!

"But really that boat was very comfortable, and we quite enjoyed the four days spent in it. The great advantage of boat travelling is that one can read and write, whereas in overland travelling in China it is almost impossible to do anything of the sort.

"PAO TING FU.

"At Pao-ting-fu the navigable part

of the river ends, and we were therefore obliged to give up our boats. The American missionaries who reside in the city gave us a hearty welcome, and did all they could to help us in hiring carts and in arranging our luggage for the overland journey.

"We spent a very happy Sunday at Pao-ting-fu and were much encouraged by the good work that is going on among the natives. An old native preacher, who was converted through the instrumentality of William Burns, preached a very good sermon in the morning. In the afternoon there were classes for the natives, and at night we missionaries met together for a service in our own language.

"After various delays, we were ready to resume our journey.

"The luggage was lashed on to open carts, each drawn by three mules. Our servants found places on top of the luggage. For our own use we had a covered cart which altogether baffles my powers of description.

"A CHINESE CART.

"If I talk about a cart to friends at home they immediately think of the beautiful light spring carts which they see about them in England, but the cart I speak of was very heavy, having no springs, no polish, and no elegance. It was built of plain unpainted wood; it had two wheels, and in shape was like a mud cart, only with low sides and no back or front. Over the top was an arched cover made of matting. At the back and front were lashed some boxes 'not wanted on the voyage.' A piece of matting was then tied over the back, to close up that end of the cart. Boxes wanted in constant use, and our bedding was spread on them to serve as cushions for my wife and child to sit upon. I sat in the front, and the driver walked by the side.

"We travelled from Pao-ting-fu to Hwai-lu in that cart, a distance of about *one hundred and thirty miles*, and it took us *four days* to accomplish the journey.

"We rose at 3.30 each morning and started as soon as possible, generally about five o'clock. We travelled on till noon, never going quicker than a walk; then we put up at an inn to get refreshment for ourselves and the animals. About two o'clock we started again, and did not stop till seven or eight o'clock p.m. The roads were dreadfully dusty, as they always are except in the rainy season when they are flooded, and, as a rule, before we had been out two hours we could not see the colour of our faces for dust, and we could not shift anything in the cart without raising a cloud. Our little boy, nine months old, used to look quite an object sometimes, with eyes, nose, and mouth choked up with dust.

"The jolting of the springless cart over the roads in which the ruts were often more than a foot deep was rather trying, and we often had to hold our little one up in our hands, or even to take him out and carry him, lest he should be injured.

"It is no joke for a lady and little child to spend more than twelve hours a day in one of those carts, but I am thankful to say that both my wife and little one stood the journey remarkably well.

"A CHINESE INN.

"The inns at which we put up at night were as unlike English inns as the cart in which we rode was unlike English carts, only more so.

"The rooms in which we slept had walls that had been white-washed once, mud floors, and paper windows. The furniture, generally, consisted of a wooden table, two wooden chairs and

a k'ang (*i.e.*, a bedstead built of mud bricks) at the end of the room. K'angs are generally covered with a reed mat. We carry our own bedding and keep it as clean as possible, but it is really impossible to avoid carrying away some of the unmentionable inhabitants of the k'ang when one packs up the bedding in the morning.

"You must not be fastidious in a Chinese inn. The heap of sweepings in the corner of the room has taken weeks to accumulate—the dust on the walls and k'ang has been undisturbed for years—the table never has been washed—and the oil has never been wiped from the sides of the lamp—and it would take more time than you could spare to begin to make things clean. The best plan is to disturb the dirt as little as possible, and give away your things or have them all thoroughly boiled when you reach home.

"Hwai-lu is at the foot of the mountains, and for the remaining five days of our journey the luggage must be carried on pack mules, and the missionaries must ride in mule-litters.

"We spent two days at Hwai-lu, including Sunday, and on Monday morning we set out on the last part of our long pilgrimage.

"As regards the number of hours on the road each day, and the dust, and the inns, there is not much difference between the journey over the mountains and that across the plain, but the mode of conveyance is a decided improvement.

"A MULE-LITTER.

"A mule-litter—as it is popularly called—is a large sedan chair, long enough to recline in and high enough to sit upright in. It is usually made of light wood covered with matting or thick paper. A thick pole is lashed on each side of the chair. The ends of

the two poles fit into the saddles of the mules which carry the litter. The mules walk one before the other (not side by side) and the litter swings between the tail of the front mule and the head of the hind one. The muleteer walks by the side to see that the mules both go at the same speed.

"The motion of a mule-litter is very peculiar—in fact, it is almost every kind of motion combined—but there is not the heavy jolting that makes cart travelling over the mountains positively dangerous; and although some people suffer from 'sea sickness' in a mule litter, and at the end of twelve hours feel as if everything were swinging about, it is really the easiest conveyance we can get for mountain roads. It is quite possible to read a little, and, if you know how to curl up so as to keep things steady, even to sleep a little on the way.

"Notwithstanding our luxurious mode of travel we were not at all sorry when, on May 16th, we saw the high walls of Tai-yuen-fu in the distance, and a few hours afterwards found ourselves seated in the house of Mr. Sowerby talking of the things that had happened since we parted more than eighteen months ago.

"The journey from London to Tai-yuen-fu occupied exactly twelve weeks, and we did not stay a day longer than necessary on the way. Friends who think we are slow in answering their letters must please remember that those letters have to come all this long way and the answers have to be sent back over the same ground.

"I have said nothing about missionary work on the way, simply because none was done. We passed through many cities and villages, but on such a journey travelling is so hard that it uses up all one's time and strength,

leaving little opportunity for more than casual conversation with a few people ; but it is sad to think that on all that long journey of 400 miles, from Tientsin to Tai-yuen-fu there is only one mission station.

“ Pray ye therefore the Lord of the

harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest.

“ I remain,

“ Dear Mr. Baynes,

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ JOSHUA J. TURNER.

“ Tai-yuen-fu, June, 1884.”

New Book on the Congo Mission.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE RIVER CONGO.*

IN answering the prayers of thousands for the restoration of the Treasurer to health, the Lord put into the heart of His servant the desire to render a much-needed service to the Baptist Missionary Society. The Congo Mission has reached a critical period in its history. Preliminary difficulties have been got through, and merely introductory work has been finished. Our brethren may be said to have established on a sure basis the series of stations on the Lower Congo and at Stanley Pool, while the *S.S. Peace* has been re-constructed, launched on the mighty river, and is waiting to be sent with messengers of mercy to the regions beyond. The Committee, under such circumstances, could do none other than resolve to send out, as funds permit, twenty additional missionaries, to be located on the Upper Congo. So soon as six suitable volunteers offer themselves they will go forth to man three new stations beyond Stanley Pool. Mr. Tritton's book, which gives an account of the origin and establishment of this Congo Mission, appears at a moment when connected and complete information on the subject is most needed, and will doubtless be found very useful in deepening and extending the interest of the churches in the Congo Mission, and in eliciting from heroic and enterprising young Christians the response, “ Here am I ; send me,” to the demand of the Lord, “ Whom shall I send ? and who will go for us ? ”

There can be no occasion in these pages to do more than bring the Treasurer's book under the notice of our readers. As is well known, all

* “ Rise and Progress of the Work on the Congo River.” By the Treasurer. Baptist Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London ; and Alexander and Shephard, London.

literary work undertaken by Mr. Tritton is executed with skill and taste. In this instance he has given the result of much reading in less than seventy pages. No important fact is omitted, and yet in six brief chapters the history of the mission is told. And a singularly stimulating history it is. The experiences of our Congo missionaries have been sufficiently varied to make the story of their explorations and discoveries, their labours and losses, their successes and joys, a missionary romance. The Treasurer tells the story so simply and sympathetically that it gains interest in the telling. With "the pen of a ready writer," he performs the task his Lord set him. Clear in statement, devout and evangelical in spirit, and intensely practical in aim, he takes his readers with him from the opening sentences, which describe the effect of "the publication of Mr. Stanley's record of his wonderful journey across the Dark Continent," to the hopeful vision with which he closes a vision of the time when "the land that has for ages been buried in night and darkness shall rise to the dawn of a joyous day." The usefulness of this little book is considerably increased by a remarkably helpful map of Equatorial Africa, a copy of which is inserted in this month's issue of the *MISSIONARY HERALD*—the work of Mr. H. C. Whitley—on which may be traced, without the least difficulty, Stanley's journey from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, the centres of work in the interior, such as Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika, being also plainly indicated. The illustrations, too, will assist younger readers to understand the text. A more useful handbook of a mission we have not seen, nor one more calculated to commend missionary work to the reader.

In the first chapter Mr. Tritton hints that the book is mainly intended for "our Sunday-schools." We trust it will have a large circulation among senior scholars, especially among the young men of our schools. The future of missions depends largely upon the intelligent interest taken in them by the youths of the churches. Every superintendent should mention this work to his school, and the wealthy might do good by presenting copies of it to young men and young women of their acquaintance. If the facts here stated were widely known, and the work done by the Congo missionaries thoroughly understood, there would be no lack of funds for the prosecution of the enterprise, nor any lack of men to go to the front and conquer Central Africa for Christ.

We should be glad to believe that the work before us is the first of a series of Missionary Handbooks. A similar work on India is no less required to revive and strengthen the resolve of the churches to evangelize British India. There are abundant materials for such a book in large and costly works. But expensive volumes cannot be read by the many. A

work, of the size and style of Mr. Tritton's book, on "The Rise and Progress of the work in India," and a companion volume on "India, as a Field for Missionary Labour," would be exceedingly acceptable to many members of the Baptist Missionary Society. It may seem ungracious to suggest this heavier task to the Treasurer. Still we cherish the hope that the Lord will signify His acceptance of Mr. Tritton's book by giving him more work of the same kind to do.

Accrington.

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

At the meeting of the Committee on Tuesday, the 16th of last month, Mr. Tritton very generously placed at the disposal of the Society 2,000 copies of this work, the whole proceeds of the sale to be devoted to the benefit of the Congo Mission. The published price of the book is 1s. 6d., but with a view to securing a large circulation among Sunday schools, senior scholars, Bible classes, and young people's missionary associations, copies for such purposes can be procured direct from the Mission House, on application to Mr. Baynes, for 1s. each, or, including postage, 1s. 2½d.

The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

WITH grateful thanks we acknowledge the receipt of the following generous gifts:—

Mr. C. A. Rose, Glasgow, for China and Congo, £100; Mr. C. Cadby, for *Debt*, £105; Matthew VI. 1-4, for Congo, £50; Country Donor, per Messrs. Barclay & Co., £50; A Friend, £50; Mr. E. S. Robinson, J.P., Bristol, for Italian agent under Mr. Wall (six months), £50; Mr. Jas. Benham, for Mr. Jones' work (China), £50; Miss Gotch, Bristol, for *Debt*, £20; G. W. R. (£5 for Brittany), £20 15s. 2d.; Rev. G. E. Arnold, for Congo, £10; M. G. (£5 for Congo), £10.

Also a gold ring from "Mountaineer," a gold brooch and pair of earrings from "J. B., Liverpool," for the Congo Mission; a small silver pencil case from "A Governess, for the Indian Mission; a small gold ring; from "A Widow with Seven Children," for the Congo Mission; and an old silver coin, for the China Mission, from "A Postman."