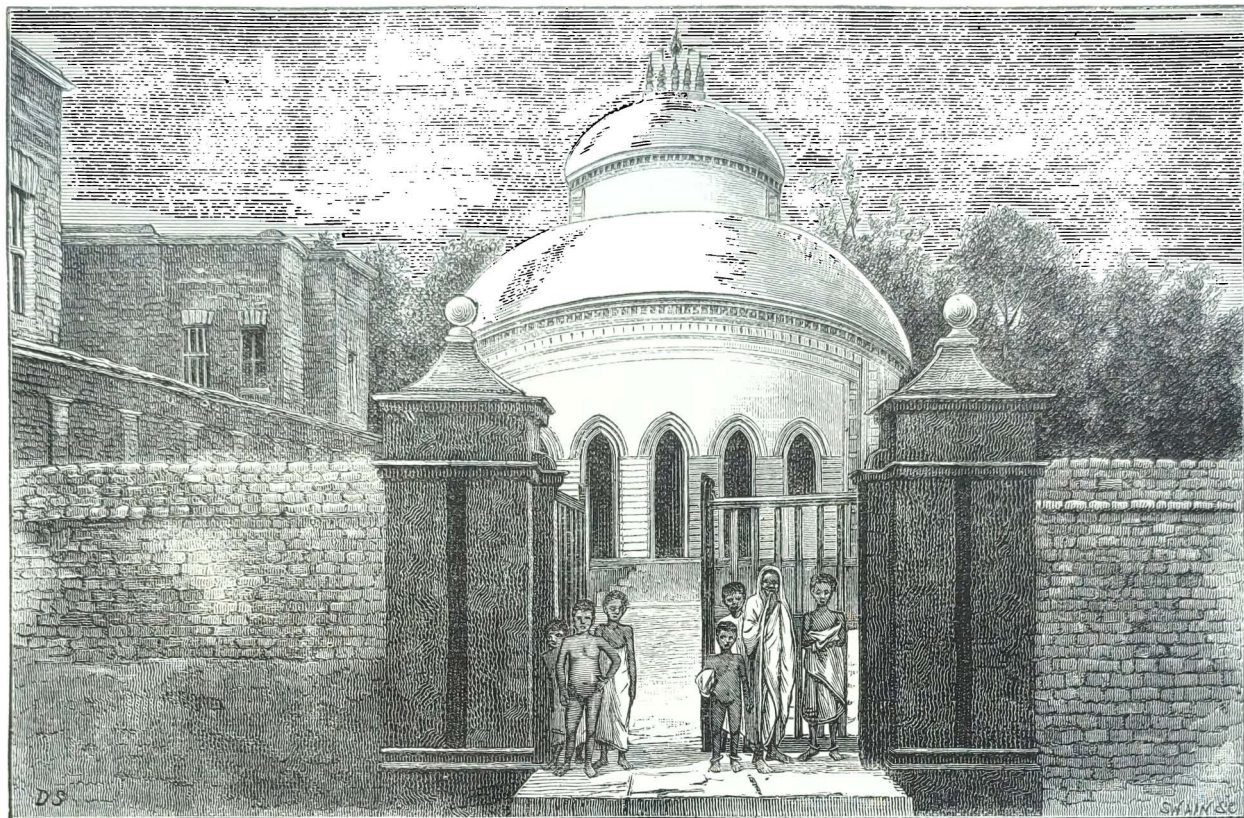


[THE MISSIONARY HERALD,
JANUARY 1, 1886.



A. TEMPLE OF THE GOD SHIV AT SERAMPORE.—(From a Photograph). See page 21.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

The Outlook.

AS the transition is made from the old year to the New: thus completing one definite period of time to commence another, the friends of Christian missions might very naturally inquire as to the progress which is being effected in the missionary enterprise. It is perfectly true that the "Great Commission" of the Lord Jesus Christ would require diligent obedience were there no signs, whatsoever, of progress—enough for the servant that the Master should have given His orders; but when the results following Christian effort are so abundant as to astonish those who have put them forth, their recognition both honours God and encourages to fresh endeavour. None of our readers will suppose it possible to place on record the actual amount of good which has been wrought during the past twelve months amongst the heathen. We do not possess any apparatus for periodically measuring spiritual influences. For aught we know, in that particular part of the mission field where no confessions of the Saviour have gladdened the heart of the persevering though sometimes weary missionary, the All-seeing eye may perceive preparatory processes secretly working towards mighty issues. But without taking into consideration the manner in which ancient beliefs and customs, especially in India, are being silently and surely undermined, the visible results are so numerous, the manifest effect of preaching the Gospel amongst the heathen is so decided and so extensive, that he must be unbelieving indeed who can question the utility of missionary labour. As we take our outlook, we feel that the present condition and the prospects of the work are more than sufficient to inspire gratitude and confidence. Each succeeding year bears witness to its ever-growing importance. Let it be remembered that as far as the Christian Church in this country is concerned, foreign missionary operations have not been in existence more years than those of the lifetime of some individuals now living. It is very little more than fourscore years since William Carey sent home from India the cheering news to Andrew

Fuller of the baptism of Krishu, the first Hindoo convert, and that the first page of the New Testament was composed for printing in Bengallee. To-day, the Heralds of the Cross are proclaiming "the good news" in every land; converts are to be reckoned by hundreds of thousands; the Word of God, rendered into all the known dialects and languages of the earth, is being widely circulated; whilst commerce, education, freedom, civilisation, all the world over find in the missionary their forerunner and their most helpful ally.

Robert Mackenzie is no utopian dreamer when he writes in his *History of the Nineteenth Century*:—"In the foremost rank of powers destined to change the face of the world stand Christian missions . . . all other enterprises of beneficence must yield to this magnificent attempt to expel debasing superstitions, and convey into every heart the ennobling influences of the Christian religion. The success already attained gives sure promise of results, the success of which we as yet dimly perceive. . . . Every year increases the power of the agencies which are employed, and widens the sphere of their influence. In the priceless results already gained, we discover warrant to expect that in some not very remote future the missionary will fulfil his daring and glorious programme—the educating and christianising of the whole heathen world."

It is very evident that time is on the side of the missionary cause. Every year the opportunity for carrying on its operations becomes more extended, and the need for its influences more urgent. The most important question now is not, Where can the missionary go? where will it be possible for him to dwell?—but, Is the consecration in the churches sufficiently developed to enable them to accomplish the work waiting to be done? The prayer now need not be that God would remove barriers—would open great and effectual doors; but, rather, that He would graciously pour out His Spirit so that His servants may be prepared and constrained to take full advantage of the providential answers which He has granted to the prayers of former years.

OUR PROGRESS.

But leaving these general observations and becoming more particular, how are we as a Missionary Society affected by the review of the year now past, and the prospect of the year upon which we have entered? Like brethren of other kindred institutions, we have recently been widening the sphere of our agency. To this extension our committee have felt themselves divinely impelled. In Carey's spirit they are, indeed, "attempting great things." Their resolutions, ratified by the unanimous and enthusiastic approval of the representatives of numerous churches in the autumn at Bradford, commit the Society to prosecute their labours with more vigour in India; to the

addition of fourteen missionaries to the staff in China; and to the planting of ten stations on the Upper Congo River.

Upon these resolutions they are acting. Alrcady eight of the fourteen new men for China have been accepted. The land for one station at Lukolela, three hundred miles towards the interior from Stanley Pool, has been secured. The steamer *Peace* has returned from a successful expedition as far as Stanley Falls, where the last of the ten stations is to be established. The friendliness of the native tribes along the entire distance has been reported. And the offer of sites for the whole of the proposed stations at a mere nominal rental by the African International Association has been made. The proceedings of the deeply important conference, now being held in Berlin at the time we go to press, are most decidedly favourable to the prosecution of our proposals.

Such, then, are the circumstances of the mission as we enter upon this New Year.

OUR FINANCIAL CONDITION.

And now, what can we say with respect to the manner in which the churches at home are supporting the committee in their onward movements? As our financial year is not coincident with the calendar, but closes on the 31st of March, and as by far the larger part of the year's revenue comes in during the last three months, we are not able to state on the 1st of January how income may stand to expenditure. We can only compare the present period of our current financial year with the corresponding period of last year; and, as we do so, we find there is a total increase (including a donation of £2,000) in the contributions of £1,550. The expenditure shows a slight increase, but it must be distinctly understood that this increase will be greater during the next three months, in consequence of the departure of the new missionaries.

We have included in our comparison the above-named donation. It should however, be said that this gift is almost the only one which as yet has been received, whilst last year before this date several such gifts, and some of them large sums, had been contributed. In the absence of these occasional donations, we cannot but feel a degree of thankfulness that the general contributions have been so well sustained. We take this opportunity to plead the claims of the mission with our friends, who have frequently cheered us with their generous remittances, as also with others whom God has blessed with temporal good. How greatly encouraged should we be if, as New Year's offerings, such donations were to be forwarded!

But whether encouragement of this kind be granted or not, this, the last quarter of our financial year, will soon come to its end. We dread a debt. We shall do our best to avoid a debt.

Will our friends—the pastors and officers of the churches, the secretaries and collectors, our Christian brethren—everywhere co-operate with us in this desirable endeavour. Let this be done, then our funds will prove more than sufficient to enable the society to carry out its present noble and blessed purposes.

JOHN BROWN MYERS.

Africa for Christ. The Congo Mission.

TIDINGS FROM THE INTERIOR.

BY REVS. T. J. COMBER AND GEORGE GRENFELL.

(See *Map for particulars of route.*)

THE following graphic account of the first long voyage of the s.s. *Peace* cannot fail to deepen and strengthen the interest of our readers in the Congo Mission, revealing, as it does, the marvellous way in which the road into the very heart of this long-neglected and degraded continent is opening up. Surely the call to prosecute the grand enterprise of winning Africa for Christ with truer earnestness and larger self-sacrifice is loud and distinct. The road is indeed ready, “and the path made straight.” We cannot draw back—we dare not. Shall we not rather resolve to carry on this work with intenser zeal and completer consecration? Reinforcements are most urgently called for—the fields are “white already to harvest.” Who will come forward to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Both men and means are needed, and the need is urgent and immediate. Brothers and sisters, we appeal to you; we beseech you help us, and help us quickly.

“Stanley Pool, Congo River,
“August 21st, 1884.

“DEAR MR. BAYNES,—You will have been expecting further news of the steamship ‘*Peace*,’ and also of her first journey before this; but you will allow that her having been built, launched, having made the necessary trial trips, and run a journey of 1,200 miles all within a few days more than four months, has not left much time for letter-writing. Then, again, until we had really given our little craft a thorough trial, we were not in a position to speak of our success as amateur shipwrights and engineers; but now that we have safely returned from Mangala, a point midway between the

Pool and Stanley Falls, we feel we can speak more confidently about our work, and better calculate the possibilities before us.

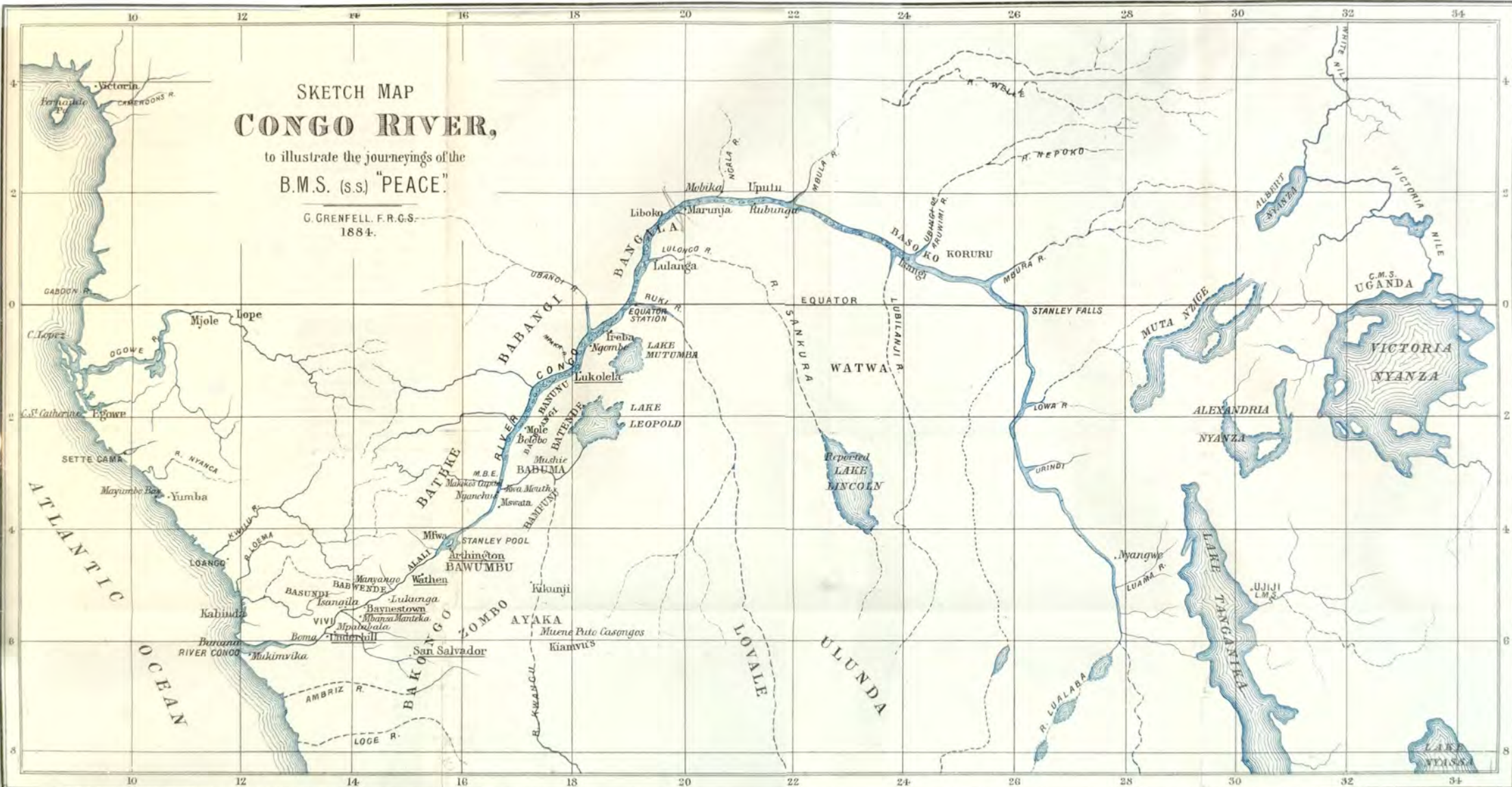
THE S.S. “PEACE.”

“Friends at home will be glad to learn that the *Peace* answers every expectation in the matters of speed, simplicity, and comfort. We need never be afraid of being caught by canoes if we have only good firewood on board and wish to keep out of the way. As to simplicity of management, I think it will suffice for us to tell you that we ran the whole distance without any mishap that involved delay, or even the stoppage of the engines. Shaw and Scott, who both figure in

SKETCH MAP
CONGO RIVER,

to illustrate the journeyings of the
B.M.S. (s.s.) "PEACE."

G. GRENFELL, F.R.G.S.
1884.



the picture in the July HERALD, doing all the engineering. Thanks to our exceptionally light draught, and the warnings given by the lead, the sand banks gave us very little trouble, there being no place where, after a little searching, a channel could not be found. Even with four days' fuel on board, and our multifarious stores of barter goods and food, we only drew a little more than fifteen inches. One thing that helped us not a little was the experience gained in the small boat at the commencement of the year, Ebokea, who pulled stroke oar on that occasion, doing most of the steering.

SIR FRANCIS DE WINTON.

"It was our pleasure, during the first ten days of our journey, to have the company of Col. Sir Francis de Winton, Administrator-in-Chief of the International Association, and also that of our good friend Mr. Gill, of Stanley Pool, who was acting as his secretary. Sir Francis was a most agreeable fellow-traveller, taking a very real and sympathetic interest in every phase of our work, from the establishment and modes of procedure at our stations, down to taking his turn at the wheel, wood-cutting, and bread-making. He is a thorough-going campaigner, and so can manage to enjoy life anywhere. You may be sure we enjoyed his company.

BOYS AND ANXIETIES.

"In addition to ourselves, Mr. Maloney, who had come up from Wathen, our passengers, our crew of a dozen, and three men, we were taking to prepare the ground for building at Lukolela, we ventured to take with us eight of our schoolboys, thinking that to take them on a long journey would tend to enlarge their ideas of things: the world is a very little place to some of their minds. But, however desirable it may be to enlarge their ideas, we very much question if either of us

will ever again face the responsibility of personally conducting a party of eight unruly young cubs for a twelve-hundred-mile tour. In the cold mornings the stoker was their very dear friend; in fact, so attached did they become to the stoke-hole that most of them left bits of their skin sticking to the steam-pipes, contenting themselves for a time with a few swathes of bandaging, with rolls of which we were fortunately fairly well provided. In the middle of the day when the stoke-hole had lost its charms, the water became a great temptation to them, and a constant source of anxiety to us; for not only there were the risks consequent upon their not being able to swim, but the grave possibility of hungry crocodiles being on the prowl. On one occasion we came very near to a disaster, by a boy, while playing, falling overboard, dragging another with him, who, like himself, could not swim. Happily, the small boat was able to reach them without much loss of time, and we are now rejoicing in the fact that notwithstanding the risks of fire, water, and rapidly revolving machinery, by God's good favour we have brought them all safely back again.

FUEL AND WEATHER.

"Though our youngsters were such a trouble to us, yet they could be very helpful at times, especially when fire-wood had to be carried from some little distance in the forest. Cutting wood was our big work from day to day. Everybody joined in it, and we did fairly well if we managed to get enough in three or four hours to suffice for the remainder of the day. On these occasions quantity was not the only desideratum: if we had bad wood it meant going at three to four miles an hour; with good wood we managed ten.

"But though fire-wood was a constant care, and involved many an

anxious look out as we wended our way between apparently interminable sand banks, travelling in the *Peace* was luxurious compared with journeying in our twenty-six feet boat, which sufficed for the journey to the equator at the commencement of the year. We were especially grateful for the awning, furnishing, as it does, such a splendid protection from both sun and rain, ever present contingencies on the Congo; for though we start in the cold season we are not half way along the Congo before we are into the hot, and though we start in the dry, as we did this time, before we reach Mangala we find the rainy season in full swing.

THE CONGO MISSION.

"A reviewer, criticising the account of a recent voyage up the Congo, refers to it as a 'thrice-told tale,' and the newspapers just to hand are so full of Congo news that we can easily imagine it possible that by the time this reaches you, our friends at home may be tired of the whole business. But whatever M.P.'s and merchants may do with the Congo, the Congo mission, as a Baptist Missionary Society question, remains the same; nay, with increasing light and better knowledge of the people and country, our work appears as more and more imperative, and we are thus constrained to lay the matter even more fully before you, our brethren, at home.

"Having decided we could devote five weeks to a prospecting tour in the *Peace*, we were enabled to get under weigh by nine o'clock on the 7th July, and by the time for dropping anchor in the evening, we found ourselves right beyond the Pool, and well into the narrow portion of the Congo, which extends for about 100 miles. (We trust our friends who read this letter will do so with our map before them, as it will greatly help them to form an idea of what we have done and what we pro-

pose to do.) The next day brought us almost to Mswata, which, counting Kinshasha and Kimpoko, on the Pool, is the third International station beyond Leopoldville. Having passed Mswata and proceeded five miles, we come in sight of the French station at Gauchus, on the opposite—the right—bank. Another five miles brought us to the next International station, at Kwaruonth.

THE KWA RIVER.

"At this point we determined to forsake the Congo for awhile, and started the following morning to go up the Kwa, or the Hari Nkutu—which the natives call the Bochini—as far as the junction which it makes with the Kwango. This furnished us with some little excitement, for we were rather uncertain as to the temper of the people, and knew nothing of the character of the river. So far as we could learn, it had only once previously been visited, and that time by Mr. Stanley, some two years ago. A map, which appeared in Mr. Johnston's recent book, gives the distance to the junction as twenty-five or thirty miles east of the point where the Kwa falls into the Congo. We found it fully three times as far, and had many and many an anxious look across the miles of sandbanks from the awning top before we got a glimpse of the water-way we sought. Its being so much farther than we had expected resulted in a greater curtailment of the time we had at our disposal for the main river than we had bargained for. However, we were well repaid for making the *détour* by our coming into contact with the chieftainess of the Wabuma, a strong-minded woman, who rules one of the most important trading communities on the Congo."

"The Kwa for the first thirty miles has a mean course of N.E., between steep grass and scrub covered

sandy hills, of from 200 to 500 feet in height, and having narrow fringes of timber along the water's edge and in the valleys. Along this reach of the river, which has a width varying from a quarter to three quarters of a mile; navigation involves great care, by reason of the many rocky reefs which stretch themselves out into nearly mid-stream. From N.E. the course gradually wears round into an easterly one for another thirty miles or so; but where the course changes near the friendly town of Bo, the river takes upon itself the character of the higher reaches of the Congo, widening itself out among sandbanks and islands into lake-like expansions, of from two to five miles wide, and five to fifteen miles long.

MUSHIE TOWN AND NGA NKABI.

"It was after journeying about fifty miles, and passing the second of these expansions, that we came in sight of Nga Nkabi's Mushie town (the capital of the Wabuma country), which is a series of hamlets, extending some two or three miles along the north bank. We rather hurt her ladyship's feelings by not steaming straight away till we came opposite her residence. However, by getting up anchor again, and accepting her personal pilotage, we were able to comply with her notions as to what was the proper thing to be done, and to drop anchor within a stone's-throw of her house. She is a very capable, energetic woman, of but few words, but who evidently knows her own mind and rules her subjects, though she made but few pretensions in the way of state ceremony. Whatever her rule may be, her people are, without exception, the best specimens of the African we encountered on our journey. Well formed, intelligent, and, by comparison, industrious, it is not surprising that they are among the

most successful traders on the river. It is not at all unusual to encounter a fleet of from ten to twenty canoes all heavily laden and bound down to the Pool, where all trade has to forsake the water-way and take to the land. We often met these canoes weatherbound, for when the strong westerly breezes spring up, the water becomes altogether too rough for their canoes, nearly laden down to the gunwale. These breezes were so strong sometimes as to send the water flying right across the deck of our steamer, compelling us once or twice to ease down the speed lest we should tow the boat under. As we lay at anchor at Mushie, we often had as many as thirty canoes alongside, each one containing somebody anxious to sell something. Besides being good traders, they are good handicraftsmen, making not only their own canoes, but a considerable number for sale. We saw between one and two hundred canoes along their beach, and several new ones in course of being finished. They are roughly made in the forest, then brought home to have the final touches put upon them. There is always hope for people who do not think it beneath their dignity to labour. Our Bateke neighbours cannot carry their own brass rods when they go to make a small purchase, or their fowls or eggs, if they have them to sell. They must have a boy or two dangling at their heels. Even Nga Nkabi herself, who posed with an air quite 'Napoleonic,' as she came to visit us, standing among her crew of stalwart men, wielding paddles whose shafts were completely overlaid with brass, did not seem to think it out of order, when she went on shore again, to get into a little canoe with another woman to go fetch a present of a goat and some plantain, and bring it alongside for us. We were prepared for a favour-

able impression of the Wabuma people from our experience of them at Kintamo, where there is mostly a settlement of their traders. They come down and sometimes stay for months, and we thus have time to become intimate with them. Many of these people recognised and welcomed us. A very noticeable feature among them is the number of bright-eyed little folk they have both in their towns and trading camps, contrasting forcibly in that matter with their Bayansi neighbours, and speaking not only in their favour socially, but to those who know the details, very forcibly in their favour morally.

A GOOD OPENING.

“Altogether Nga Nkabi's town was the most promising position we saw for a mission station; and we trust our numbers will soon be sufficiently augmented to allow of our occupying this point, where we are assured of a welcome. Of course, they have but very indistinct notions concerning our object, though we tried to tell them. It is not to be expected from a single visit. They are quite expecting us.

“The country about Mushie is very picturesque, the town itself being built on the slight elevation which lies parallel with the course of the river and the hills behind, from which latter it is separated by a strip of low-lying land where they have their corn, sugar cane, and cassada farms. The people, perhaps, number three thousand, without estimating the population of the many separate towns which acknowledge Nga Nkabi's sway. Their language appears to be quite a distinct one, though they understood Kikke, the language which commences at the pool, and is altogether different from the Kisibi-Congo dialects which obtain from the lower river up to Kintamo.

THE KWANGO RIVER.

“After leaving the two or three miles of hamlets constituting Mushie the river trends S. by E. for about thirty miles to its junction with the Kwango, which comes from the S.S.E., and is a fine stream of 400 to 500 yards wide, with an average depth of two fathoms and a mean current of a mile and a-half per hour. Though this is a very considerable river (Livingstone speaks of it as very swift and 150 yards wide at a point 500 miles south of where we saw it), yet we judge it to be very much smaller than the one from the N.E. explored by Mr. Stanley as far as Lake Leopold in 1° 30' S. lat. We should have liked to push our way up both these streams, but had to be content with going a mile or two up the Kwango. Here we noticed that instead of the hitherto universal four-walled houses, the natives built round ones, which denoted pretty plainly our having reached the borderland of a distinct people. Not only did we notice that these houses were similar to those found by the Portuguese travellers, Capello and Ivens, some 200 miles south, but we also recognised the same peculiar hat-like mode of dressing the hair as depicted in their sketches. Unfortunately, we were unable to open communication with these people, as they were too nervous to reply to our questions or respond to our salutations. They simply ran along the bank, spear in hand, dodging behind the trees, as though afraid of harm we might possibly do them. By the next time we pay them a visit they will have heard of our peaceable character, and lost all fear, and very likely have become as impudent and overbearing as many of their neighbours become as soon as they have recovered from their surprise at the sudden apparition of white men in their midst. From that point of the

Kwango which we saw to that where Capello and Ivens last saw it, some 180 or 200 miles, there is a fall of about 1,000 feet, or, say, an average of five feet per mile, a fact that pretty plainly indicates that the available waterway is comparatively short, and that we must not expect any extensive area of country to be opened up thereby. Capello and Ivens speak of the place they reached as 'an immense desert over which the silence of death reigned supreme.'

"Having just had a look at the Kwango, we set out upon our return to the point of our departure, calling at our friend Nga Nkabi's, and spending an hour or two there on the way, occupying in coming down a little more than a day and a-half in covering a distance that had required five days for the ascent. By the time we reached Kwa mouth, Sir Francis found one of the expedition steamers waiting to convey him to the Pool, whither he at once proceeded. The following morning we resumed our Congo voyage, leaving Kwa mouth, which we determined by observation to be in 3° 14' south latitude, and proceeding northward. Our next stage, like our previous one on the Congo, was characterised by few or no people on the right bank, though we passed a whole series of towns on the left.

CHUMBIRI'S TOWN.

"The chief of Chumbiri's town, which was our first stopping place, we had heard had been deposed and killed by his son; so we were quite prepared to find another ruling in his stead, but hardly prepared for the son's version of the matter—that his father had gone up river to buy ivory! We were unable to decide upon its truth, and had to put up with his oily pretensions of friendship for ourselves, and the grease and powdered redwood which he trans-

ferred from his person to our clothes, as he persistently took our arms and squeezed himself in between us as we walked the narrow paths of his town. Here it was that we found a San Salvador man, who had been sold away as a slave. He was very glad to see some one who knew his country, and recognised in that fact that he had an extra claim upon our generosity, and we had not the heart to dispute it with the poor stranger in a strange land. San Salvador lies very near all our hearts.

"About four miles beyond Chumbiri's, we saw a remarkable stony hill, common enough in the cataract region, but conspicuous here where all the hills on both sides for the previous hundred miles had the smoothly-rounded contours peculiar to the sandy ranges of this part of the continent. These hills, of from 200 to 700 feet in height, for the most part rise immediately out of the water on the right bank, while on the left bank the ascents are commenced by gentle slopes which, together with the rocky points jutting far out into the water, afford sites for the numerous towns we passed. Some of these points were extremely picturesque, and run out so far and so acutely into the water that the towns built on them front the river both up and down, but generally these rocks are quite steep, and some run up to thirty and fifty feet in a perpendicular line, and thus afford no landing-place. The natives, however, have ample beaches and water approaches within the beautiful bays which stretch from point to point.

DIFFICULT NAVIGATION.

"Soon after leaving Chumbiri's, too, we came in sight of the Lone Island, which, though apparently standing all by itself, as we proceed we discover to be only the first of the countless islands which are the ever-present feature of

the river from this point to Stanley Falls. Hereabouts, too, we exchange the deep water and the dangerous reefs of rocks for shallows and sandbanks so numerous and channels so intricate that we often lose sight of the main land and have to rely upon our compass for the course. The current certainly tells us whether we are going up or down, but when the channel is two miles wide to 'go up' or 'down,' is not always sufficient. It is important to steer a straight course, and hit the right bank, and not to wander about in a maze at haphazard, and find oneself on the wrong one. After thirty miles or so among these islands and sandbanks, the hills once more approach the river, and on the slope of these hills on the Eastern bank, ranging for about a couple of miles, we find the Bolobo towns, of which Ibaka is the supreme chief. On the quarter of a mile or so of debateable land which lies beyond these towns, and before reaching the Moïé district, we find the Bolobo station of the International Association. With the exception of Iebu and of the Bangala towns of Liboko, we found no place containing so large a population in so small an area as Bolobo-Moïé. To estimate the population is very difficult, but we think it may safely be put down as over 5,000.

BOLOBO.

"In Bolobo, as in Chumbiri—and indeed, having scattered themselves everywhere, right down to the cataracts below the Pool—we find the Bayansi, or, as they call themselves, the Babangi people, all having emigrated from Ubangi, opposite Ngombe (see map). In adjacent Moïé we find Banunu people, the Banunu being probably the indigenous race. Inland are said to be the Batende. Bolobo has, as we have said above, about two miles of

villages composing its town. Moïé is rather bigger than Bolobo, and its villages, each under its separate chieftain, extend further back from the river and higher up the sides of the 100 feet hill which backs them. Between Bolobo and Moïé there is generally enmity, and one can generally reckon too on internal dissensions in each district, one chief of Bolobo frequently not being "on speaking terms" with his fellow chief. Although Ibaka is the special and perhaps biggest chief of Bolobo (being the white man's chief or friend), he is not by any means the only one. There are Lingenji, Yambula, Katula, Oruru, Yinga, Biangala, Itumba, etc., etc.—in all *eighty chiefs!* The chief characteristics of Bolobo people appear to be *drunkenness, immorality, and cruelty*, out of each of which vices spring actions almost too fearful to describe. In hearing of these, one living out here almost gets to feel like calling the people terrible brutes and wretches rather than poor miserable heathen. The light of their consciences must condemn them in most of their sins.

HEATHEN LIFE.

"On the afternoon of our arrival, accompanied by Lieut. Liebrecht of the Association Internationale, we walked through all the towns of Bolobo and Moïé. In Bolobo it was a great day, a gala day, indeed. The wife of one of the chiefs had died somewhere away, and, of course, there must be four or five days and nights of orgies—any amount of dirty sugar-cane-beer swilling, unbridled license in every species of sensuality, and a grand finale of fair human sacrifices, each victim, mark you, being a poor wretch of a *slave bought for the purpose!* Drums beating briskly, circles of "fine" women, wearing the great heavy brass collar (25 to 30 lbs.!), dancing and clapping.

rythmically, and plenty of people about in all the streets. The victims were tied up somewhere; of course, they would not tell us where; but were said to be apathetically and stolidly awaiting their fate—bowstring or knife—both being Babangi ways of killing. Remonstrances and pleadings on behalf of these poor victims were all in vain. Another cruel tragedy was also to shortly take place. Prices of certain food were to be arranged, and, as a sign or seal of such arrangement, a slave was to be killed thus—a hole was to be dug between the two towns, and the victim's arms and legs broken, and he thrown into the hole to die, no one being allowed to give him food or drink. Oh, Christians at home, think of this! Very few children are seen in any Babangi town, and this may easily be explained by the immorality of the people. The towns are kept large, and the population sustained chiefly by the purchase of slaves, who frequently receive the tribal mark—two rows of raised blebs along the forehead from ear to ear. In most countries and tribes, owners of male slaves have to provide their slaves with wives; but among the Babangi, it would seem that the chiefs keep an extra-large number of wives, and allow their slaves permission to consort promiscuously with any of them—except, probably, favourite ones.

MOÏE TOWNS.

“The Moïe towns look very pretty from the river, many of them being very picturesquely laid out. The Banunu inhabitants are at present shyer than the Bolobo Babangi, and communication with them has hitherto been more difficult. The women and children (the Banunu have more children than the Babangi) frequently ran away; one young woman especially, whom we noticed, actually showed her

teeth at us viciously, like a wild animal, as our glance turned towards her. Banunu houses are built in rows of four or six houses, in form the same, but larger than Babangi houses, a small yard between each two, but the whole row or set under one roof. A few of the houses are ornamented with human skulls, one having as many as thirteen. Circling round the bases of large trees here and there were many hippopotamus' skulls; we counted as many as thirty, showing that these people hunt (probably harpoon) the hippopotamus.

“Of course, in walking through these towns, we tried to make friends with the people as much as possible. We know scarcely any of their language, and can do very little with them more than make friends on these first short prospecting visits. But we have said a great deal about Bolobo-Moïe district, because here we are desirous of having *one of our stations*; in fact, have provisionally decided so to do, the population being dense, and the people appearing as friendly as anywhere—save Nga-Nkabe's on the Bochini River.

“At Bolobo we got further observations for latitude, and place it in 2° 13' 0" S.

“From Bolobo we steamed on past some very pretty hill scenery, passing Moïe Nkunju and Sakamimbe, charmingly situated on spurs of rocky tree-clad hills, and prettily embowered in trees. These people seem to have picked all the best sites. On this stage (as between Kwa Mouth and Bolobo) we had a passenger, Lieutenant Liebrecht, accompanying us to Lokolela. For the whole of the distance, one hundred miles, we saw absolutely nothing of the opposite bank of the great river we were ascending; but, keeping somewhat near the eastern

shore, and a general N.E. direction, we passed among the islands in channels of from 150 to 1,500 yards wide, in generally shallow water. Towns were very few, as the map will show. Hippopotami were more plentiful than we have ever before seen them, several which we shot we left for the natives to follow and tow on shore, and they must have had grand 'feeds.' One we sent our boat after and landed, thus obtaining fat for the engines, and any amount of meat for ourselves and people (hippo steaks, if fat, are very agreeable, as we found). We also saw three elephants, but the rate at which the *Peace* was going prevented our getting near them. As, on the third day, we approached Lokolela, we found the current much stronger; and at last, the first time for 120 miles, we saw the opposite shore. Just above Lokolela the river narrows from its hitherto unknown width to a mile and a-half.

LOKOLELA.

"Lokolela, you will remember, was fixed upon as a site for our sixth station (Liverpool), and was described in the letter of July. The whole of Lokolela and its vicinity is densest forest, from the water's edge up its gentle slope reached to a height of about sixty feet. Giants of trees—cotton trees, African oak, &c.,—with a girth that takes the edge off your axe almost at sight of it. We being already so few in number, that while we were away only six brethren were distributed over our five stations, there was no brother, of course, to take charge of our new Liverpool station, which will probably wait for Mr. Bentley; but friends at home will be glad to hear that although so short-handed, we have actually *commenced our new and sixth station of Liverpool*. Three men from Victoria and Bimbia (of our West African Mission) are placed there with three months' stores

of food, a great cross-cut saw, and six good axes, and, after clearing a little ground in the great forest, they will build a temporary house. Our station there, as here, will adjoin that of the Association. Of course, it is very likely that in the future, as we get to know the towns and peoples better, sites of up-river stations may be altered, as we have had to alter them below on finding others more suitable, *i.e.*, Underhill, from Mussuca to Tunduwa, Bayneston; from Isangila to Vunda and Wathen; from Manyanga to Ngombe. For such alteration, of Liverpool or other up-river stations, we must be prepared.

"The villages of Lokolela are smaller and somewhat more scattered than those of Moïé, Bolobo, and other Babangi towns below, although Lokolela people too belong to the same enterprising tribe. They differ very much, however, from their more wealthy fellow-tribesmen at Bolobo and Chumbiri, and are much milder and more pleasant in disposition.

"The chiefs are three in number, two of whom have the name of Yuka, and the other—apparently the principal—Mangaba. As was the case in the other stations of the Association, the gentleman in charge of Lokolela station, Mr. Glave, accompanied us in our first walk through the town. At Lokolela we stayed two days, fixing our site, 'wooding up' for the steamer, and making good friends with the people. They seemed all very glad to hear that we were coming to live amongst them, and to teach them, and the chief, Mangaba, with whom we made special friendship, promised to go on with us to Bangala, to introduce us to the chiefs there. All is promising for our work there.

NGOMBE

"Leaving Lokolela on the 23rd July,

we slept just below Ngombe, which we reached early the following morning. Here the river narrows again, having expanded, as usual, between the two places. Opposite Ngombe, a little above, is the Albangi River, evidently a considerable body of water of a light clay, whitey-brown-paper colour, contrasting strongly, for many miles refusing to mix with the dark brown water of the main river. The two bodies of water flow side by side, always with a great deal of commotion and splashing waves at their edges of contact, as if jostling with each other on their way down. The same is very noticeable, too, at the Lulango River much higher up, the water of which, flowing alongside that of the big river, is inky black.

“At Ngombe, where there is a ‘post’ of the International Association, we have a little branch of Bangala people who seem to have pushed down past Ilebu, but who probably came *via* Albangi. Ngombe point is very rocky, masses of ferruginous conglomerate cropping up on the point, and forming a hill of some fifty feet high. There are plenty of people at Ngombe, and they appeared very friendly.

“About twelve miles further on and we came to a splendid set of towns, of which mention was made in the July letter—viz., Bathunu, Boshende and Ilebu. In this set of towns, especially the last two, which are separated from each other by a stretch of country of about a mile in length, we have probably the densest population yet seen by us on the Congo, not excluding Bangala towns. The people literally swarmed, the crowd coming to one point of beach numbering about 500 people. Here, as at Ngombe, and in fact almost all further towns on as far as Liboko, there are isolated stretches of rocky banks where the overlying

soil seems particularly fertile, and where the people have built. Sometimes this rocky bank, washed by the current, assumes the form of a squared and artificially constructed quay for distances of twenty to fifty yards. The towns, especially Ilebu ones, go extensively back, away from the river, an unusual thing, as if the suitable building land along the river front was not sufficient for the people.

BOSHENDE TOWNS.

“We anchored off, and went ashore at Boshende, walked to the chief’s house, he in turn paying us a return visit on board, and bringing a present of goat, &c. At Ilebu we slept, of course, going on shore to make friends with the people. The principal chiefs are Ipaka, Mbeka, Makwala, and Mangombo, and we made special friends with Ipaka, an old man. We walked about the towns, and found each chief sitting on his stool outside his house, ready to give us a welcoming shake of the hands. Talking to the people of Ilebu and Boshende was very difficult, whether on shore or when they came to see us on board the *Peace*. There was always a deafening din of voices. Mayango, chief of Boshende, and Ipaka of Ilebu, as well as almost every friendly disposed man of importance, from Chimibiri up to Iboko, were very desirous to seal friendship by the ceremony of blood-brotherhood, which, among the Ilebu, Babangi, and Bangala people, is very, very common; but the rite is so meaningless and empty, and appears to have no binding force, that up to the present we have always refused to drink blood with any one; and our arms, unlike those of a few upper river travellers, and notably the arms of all Ilebu and Bangala chiefs, are not covered with a lot of marks, scars of blood-brotherhood.

A NEW STATION.

Ilebu, or Ilebu-Boshende, is the third fresh site we have chosen for one of our future stations.

"Our choice was determined by the extreme populousness of the district, and the appearance of the people, who seem less rowdy and overbearing and more friendly than the Bangala higher up. Since fixing upon Ilebu, however, we have not seen the people, and so they as yet know nothing of our wish to build in their country, although there is no doubt they will be very glad to have us.

"The people about Ilebu are always spoken of as a distinct tribe, which includes Ilebu proper, Boshende, Butunu, and Mantumba, up the river of the same name. Their origin is at present, however, a little uncertain, and they are possibly immigrants, like the Babangi.

"From Ilebu, forty miles, up to the towns of the Inganda district, we saw no signs of population. These towns, commencing from Bojungi, may be called the Congo Equatorial towns, running from about six miles S. of the Equator to and up the Ruki River six miles N. of the Line; and the station Mr. Stanley has established there he calls Equatorville. It is again difficult to assign the people to a special tribe, although we believe them to be indigenous.

CONGO EQUATORIAL TOWNS.

"The Congo equatorial towns are divided up into districts as follows:—Bojungi, Mbongo, Inganda, and Bwangata. The population is very scattered, and many of the villages, specially in lower Inganda, consist of only a few tumble-down lopsided houses. In the Bwangata section, however, the villages were better. At the Mbongo below, the people seemed very rudely-bold and troublesome, and it seemed almost as if

they wanted to fight us because we would not stop and go ashore at their rocky beaches. Inganda was especially interesting to us, because our Livingstone Inland Mission brethren are going to build there. They have a fair sphere above the Bwangata towns, but a small diocese below. These people about the great Ruki River (hitherto known as the Ikelemba) are the most primitive of the people we have hitherto met. They are the only people we met who use the bow and arrow. Here, too, we first saw an African shield, and found most men walking about with bow and arrows and shield, or spears and shield, or else a murderous knife, of which more presently.

"They also, for the most part, wore hats of monkeys' skins; the head of the animal coming to the front of their heads, and the tail hanging down behind. In spite, however, of their coiffure and arms, they did not appear wild or savage.

HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY.

"That they are cruel, curiously and ingeniously cruel, we know from the description given us by Lieut. Vangele, the chief of Equatorville station, of the methods of execution obtaining amongst them. Certain victims die by the knife alluded to above, and others have to afford to the bloodthirsty spectators the pleasures of the chase. These last are given a certain start across country, and then are pursued in full cry by all the people armed with spears and bows and arrows. An obstinate victim who will not run well causes disappointment, but others are said to make a 'fine run' before they fall, pierced with arrows and spears.

"The death by the knife is given thus. The victim is tied down to stakes driven into the ground, in a squatting position, his arms behind

him, and his head bent well forward. Round the chin and coming to a loop at the top of the head is a strong plaited rope. Four feet or so in front is a strong young sapling, which with great force is bent down until its top reaches the loop at the head of the victim, to which it is made fast. The sacrificial knife (a strange sickle-shaped affair, the hollow fitting the curve of the neck) is brought, and, after a little playing about with the miserable doomed man, a smart deft stroke is given which never fails to sever the head, which springs high in the air by the relieved tension of the sapling. Indeed, interior Congo is one of the 'dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty.' We have been told that among the Babangi, on the death of a chief, scores of victims are sacrificed.

EQUATORIAL DRAMA.

"Strangely contrasting with these revolting descriptions, we saw at Equatorville a very pretty little performance by children, lasting several hours, and consisting firstly of clever dancing and then of a little bit of operatic acting, after the style of a Greek play, the chorus part of which was very prettily rendered by little girls of eight to twelve years old. A strange-looking bier was carried in on the shoulders of four men. On the top of it was somebody or something covered over with red baize cloth. Sitting up at one end and looking along it was a pretty little girl, looking sad and mournful. This bier (a native bamboo bed) was placed on the ground and surrounded by the 'chorus'—six little girls. A plaintive song was chanted by a woman who came to the side of the bier, which was chorused by the little girls. It was really sweet and sad; in fact, the idea of drama in Central Africa surprised us altogether. We could understand but little of the words sung, but caught the

frequent repetition, at the end of the chorus, of 'Ka-wa-ka,' he is not dead. After a time the spells of incantation were considered to have worked, and there was a noticeable heaving and shuddering in the covered mass at the girl's feet. The red cloth was drawn aside, and a girl was discovered, her chest heaving quickly and her limbs trembling as if in a paroxysm of epilepsy. Two persons came forward, and taking her by her arms, raised her to her feet. The whole was so curious for Africa that we thought it worth describing. The little performance was enacted to please the white man.

"Equatorville appears to be the prettiest and best built and best kept of any of the upper International Association stations, and really reflects great credit on the chief of station, M. Vangela, who was most kind to us. We spent a pleasant quiet Sunday here, and on the Monday morning, July 28th, continued our journey up the river. Our midday observations (we got a water horizon here as in many other places) gave us 4° 20' N. of the Equator.

THE RUKI RIVER.

"The Ruki River we found to be just the magnificent affluent Stanley has described it, quite 1,000 yards wide, and with several islands at its *embouchure*. Up above the Ruki River we found Bangala towns, stretching right away to 1° 50' 0" N. (our farthest point) to Liboko, where Stanley had his great battle in 1877. We went, however, forty-five miles above Equatorville before we arrived at Lulanga, the first Bangala town on the eastern bank. Meanwhile, nothing was to be seen of the opposite bank of the great river we were ascending, and there was the same monotonous and uninteresting series of islands of all lengths, covered with forest, and swarming with gadflies by day and mosquitoes by night. 'How I love

their bosky depths,' writes Mr. Stanley in describing them. It is more than we do. What great lumps the flies raised on suffering leg and ankle as one traced one's chart, or studied the native languages in the comfortable cabin of the *Peace*! But, as Mr. Stanley explains, his love for the interminable islands of the Congo arose from the protection they afforded him from his bloodthirsty cannibal pursuers. The islands are very low, as is also the eastern bank, except just above the Ruki River, where the 'terra' is really 'firma,' although the banks are only about four to six feet high. No grass is to be seen, and so there are no hippopotami, pasture being nil. The calamus creeping palm, with its sharp hooks, lines the banks almost everywhere, and one has often to cut through it to effect a landing, and get into the forest to cut firewood. On many trees which we cut down for fuel, we found the gum copal of commerce oozing out of, or solidified on, its bark. Coffee in plenty was discovered growing everywhere on the previous journey of July. But after leaving the Ruki River, until we arrived at Lulanga, we really saw no point on the eastern shore where a town could be built: all was so low and muddy.

"At Lulanga we had our first real introduction to Bangala people, and we found them out and out the most boisterous, wild, noisy, troublesome, worrying lot of people either of us has ever met. We were introduced by our friend Mengaba, of Lokolela, who all the journey had made himself very interesting to us, although we have said nothing about him. Like all Babangi people, Mangaba was very superstitious, and carried his fetishes with him on board. His toilet was never complete without the application of his face powder and rouge—not used however, to improve the complexion,

but to make mysterious red and white (chalk) marks about his body, in which his boy assisted him. A white line up his back, from hip to left shoulder, to the left of the median line, and carried down thence along the outer part of the arm to the hand. Red and white lines on the left foot, ditto across forehead, but all drawn with the most religious care.

LULANGA.

"Old Mangaba was very active in his communicating with the people, shouting at every canoe we met, and that long after they had ceased to hear what he said. He seemed to claim kinship with almost everyone, found that he had a wife at every town we stayed at, met at least three mothers, and introduced nearly every chief of importance as his own father, until his family tree was, to say the least, perplexing. From Mangaba and his little boy, Mbuma (who, by the bye, he has allowed us to bring down to Arthington), we tried as much as possible to learn the Babangi dialect spoken at Lokolela. Mr. Glave also was kind enough to give us a number of words.

"To converse with these people was very difficult, but we sometimes tried it when, in the evening, we had prayer, and gathered round us our boys to sing our Congo hymn. 'God hears us when we speak to Him,' we said to Mangaba. 'Indeed!' said he, not much surprised. 'Yes, He is our Father, and He is very very good, and loves us all very much,' said we. But to this Mangaba objected. 'God was not good. Why was He always killing people' (by death). And then we had to try and explain the resurrection and the home in heaven, but it was difficult to remove his sceptical objections.

"Lulanga is very populous, perhaps as much so as Ilebu proper. Altogether, going and returning, we spent two

good days at this place. The towns are built on the top of a fifty feet hill, composed of conglomerate iron, as at Ngombe, Ilebu, &c., masses of which cropped out on the beaches. We, of course, walked about in the town accompanied by large crowds of people. A wild lot they evidently were, especially one old chief, Ikafaka by name.

"They swarmed out to the steamer in good canoes, and crowded on deck, almost taking possession. The difficulty was to get the noisy rowdy lot back in their canoes, and not even our steaming ahead a little, or blowing our whistles, would induce them to leave us. A dozen canoes would hang on to the sides of the steamer, even when we were fully under weigh. There was no fear.

NEED FOR CAUTION.

"Once we half feared, from their wild noise and the beating of a sort of signal gong, that they might attack us and seize the steamer. Any little indiscretion on the part of any of our people might have led to grave results, as most of our unruly guests were armed with spears and knives. We had to exercise the greatest tact, keep a most constant genial good-tempered manner, faces wreathed with perpetual smiles, until even the facial effort was quite a strain; and we felt intensely relieved when we were under weigh again—the last canoe left behind. One of us immediately went down with a slight fever after the excitement at Lulanga.

"We found here, just above Lulanga, a considerable river. It is called the Lulongo River, and is about 700 yards wide; the water being inky black. There is a town up this river of the same name.

"From here to Liboko, the last of the Bangala towns, is eighty miles, and we were surprised to find it nearly two degrees north of the equator.

"Mangaba informed us that Bangala was divided into five districts: Lulanga and Bolombo on the left, and Mungundu, Bukolela, and Loboko on the right bank.

"About twelve miles above Lulongo River we crossed over to the other side of the river, thus obtaining an idea of its width at this place, although we crossed very obliquely. We passed three Bukolela towns—Lobengo, Munsembe, and Bombimba, each one built on one of the few raised plots here and there obtaining on the banks. These banks were of clay, and from four to six feet above the water. Along the beach were broad double ladders, a sort of landing steps reaching down into the river. The people here seemed quieter and milder and quite ready to welcome us.

"At last, on the 1st August, we reached Liboko, and after steaming along seven miles of towns, more or less close to each other, we came to that of the great chief Mata Mayiki (*i.e.*, plenty of guns), where the International Association has built fine a house.

LIBOKO.

"The chief of station is Lieut. Coquilhat, who seems to manage the people very well considering their wildness. One fancied that a certain maniacal irresponsible sort of wildness showed itself in their eyes. Here it was that Stanley had his great battle in 1877, when sixty-three canoes came out to attack him, and for five hours he had to sustain the fight. The brave young chief mentioned by Stanley was Mata Mayiki's son, who afterwards died from his wounds. The old chief, a fine-looking tall fellow, with failing sight, fancied one of us was with Stanley on that occasion (Frank Pocock). The people crowded on the beach, most of them armed, with the idea (so M. Coquilhat afterwards

informed us) that we were enemies, and prepared to fight us. In the first place, our flag was strange to them, and they have got to understand that flags are very significant; secondly we did not steam right close into the beach as Stanley's steamers had always done, being smaller, but anchored as usual fifty yards from the shore; thirdly we had two Bangala men on board from a capsized canoe, and they fancied these their two countrymen were prisoners.

"All was explained, however; we came in closer, just to oblige them, and made fair friendship with them. Thanks to M. Coquilhat's very kind and efficient efforts, and acting on his suggestion, not to permit anyone but chiefs and principal men on board the steamer, we did not have to endure again the worry and almost siege of Lulanga. We stayed a day here, and walked into the town, which was better arranged than any Bangala town we had yet seen. Although said to be great traders, we saw no signs of wealth at Liboko, scarcely a gun, no brass ornaments, and very little cloth, all the women wearing a thick fringe, dyed various colours, round their loins, which was very becoming, and the men, many of them, wearing bark cloths. Their tattooing is not so extensive as the Babanji's, being transverse raised lumps down the centre of the forehead to between the eyes, rosettes from the eyes back to the ears, and also down the middle of the breast-bone. Other people, however, living at Bangala, and hailing from an interior country called Ngombe, are hideously tattooed with great raised lumps down the cheek-bones. The Bangala, like the Babangi, universally pull out their eyelashes. Their language is probably much the same as that of the Babangi, although many words are different. But our

time was so short that we could not only go no further, but could not make a prolonged stay in any place.

THREE NEW SITES.

"The journey was a prospecting one, and has resulted in our being able to choose three very important and valuable sites for stations—viz., MUXIE, BOLOBO, and ILEBU.

"The *Peace*, too, has had a splendid trial, and the little we have said about it shows how little trouble it gave in its management and working.

"At Liboko we were half way to Stanley Falls. On setting out from Arthington we had given ourselves five weeks, and, had this time been sufficient, there was nothing to prevent us going the whole distance of 1,000 miles. There was nothing to obstruct; the road was open and most inviting; the *Peace* working well; the people above Bangala reported us 'all good,' and warmly welcomed us: the only thing making any lengthening of our journey impossible was the fact that we had left only Mrs. Grenfell at Arthington, and one of us was overdue to go down to the coast and home to England. Our gang of Loangos, too, were due to go home. So we had, albeit most reluctantly, to start back.

IN CONCLUSION.

"Such, dear Mr. Baynes, is the first journey of the *Peace* into countries new and among peoples strange. It was our constant regret that we could not make it more of a missionary journey—that is, in teaching and preaching, but that was impossible, chiefly because we knew so little of the language. We have, however, done a little more preliminary work, which is none the less our 'Father's business.' Oh for the time when, settled amongst these people, there shall be servants of God, teachers of His word, to show these heathen the

Christian life, and to try to draw them home to God! Oh! will kind friends in England respond. We can but appeal, and plead, and cry. We can only pray, 'The Lord hasten it in His time.' But what can we do, so few in number? Our new brethren, Darling and Cruickshank, have joined us; but we still need at least three more brethren to fill our stations thus far, before anyone can accompany Bentley in his approaching forward work.

"This will be a troublesomely long letter, we fear, but not, we hope, without interest. We must conclude it now, however, and hope its news will en-

courage our friends, and, above all, incline the hearts of some young men to seek for part and lot in a work which, though not without its dangers and arduousness, is a glorious one, which we would exchange for no other, taking, for *the first time*, the light of life into those regions of darkness, cruelty, and death.

"With affectionate regards,

"We remain, dear Mr. Baynes,

"Your fellow-servants in the

Master's work,

"T. J. COMBER,

"GEORGE GRENFELL."

"To A. H. Baynes, Esq."

A Temple of the God Shiv.

BY THE REV. T. R. EDWARDS, SERAMPORE.

THIS temple is situated not far from the College at Serampore. It was erected by the widow of a native deputy magistrate in honour of his memory. Such an act is considered very virtuous for a rich widow to perform. Of course it is endowed, having a Brahmin or more attached to perform the daily ceremonies. Shiv is one of the famous trio of Indian gods, and counts more daily worshippers than those of all the other gods put together. His temples are found in great numbers all over the land, and especially on the banks of the Hooghly. In such a holy situation it is considered an act of great merit to erect a bathing ghaut, with six of these temples on either side of it. Such bathing ghauts, with their broad flights of steps leading down into the water, and with six temples on either side, look very pretty from the river. All the temples erected to Shiv contain no images, but they have what is far worse, and what it is impossible to name. It is impossible without a blush to describe the origin and nature of these objects of worship. And such objects are daily worshipped by these depraved people as God! things that cannot be named by the tongue are daily gazed upon and adored! Is it possible that man could have fallen lower? Is it possible for man to find still more abominable objects of adoration? My heart sickens when I think of these abominations practised in the name of the infinitely holy and pure God. May God have mercy on these worshippers!

Shiv is worshipped under many other forms. I have often seen black

round stones, with a spot or two of red paint upon them, placed at the foot of trees; these are daily worshipped. The famous swinging festival is held in honour of this god. On this occasion, formerly, fanatical worshippers used to have their backs pierced through with iron hooks, and in this way they would swing for many minutes, and some even for the length of half an hour or more. Sometimes the flesh gave way, and the poor man was precipitated to the ground and suffered instant death. These horrid practices are now forbidden by the Government; still the swinging is kept up, but no hooks are allowed to be used.

In the Hindoo trio Shiv is the destroying god. His pictures have always a third eye situated in the forehead. This eye was so terrible that he upon whom it fell was instantly reduced to ashes. His dress is simply a tiger-skin, and his hair hangs down his back in long snake-like coils; while upon his shoulders, and twisted around his body, deadly cobras are visible. This is the terrible being whom the Hindoos call Mohadeb (great god). His life is full of the most obscene stories, and deserves, instead of worship, the eternal execration of men.

In the brick building by the side of the temple one of the Serampore Zenana schools is held. Some of the little girls standing in front of the gate attend it. So that here, under the very shadow of the temple of this monster Shiv, the little Stone not made with hands has taken its station, which is destined ere long to smite this temple and all others like it, and crush them to powder. May God hasten that day!

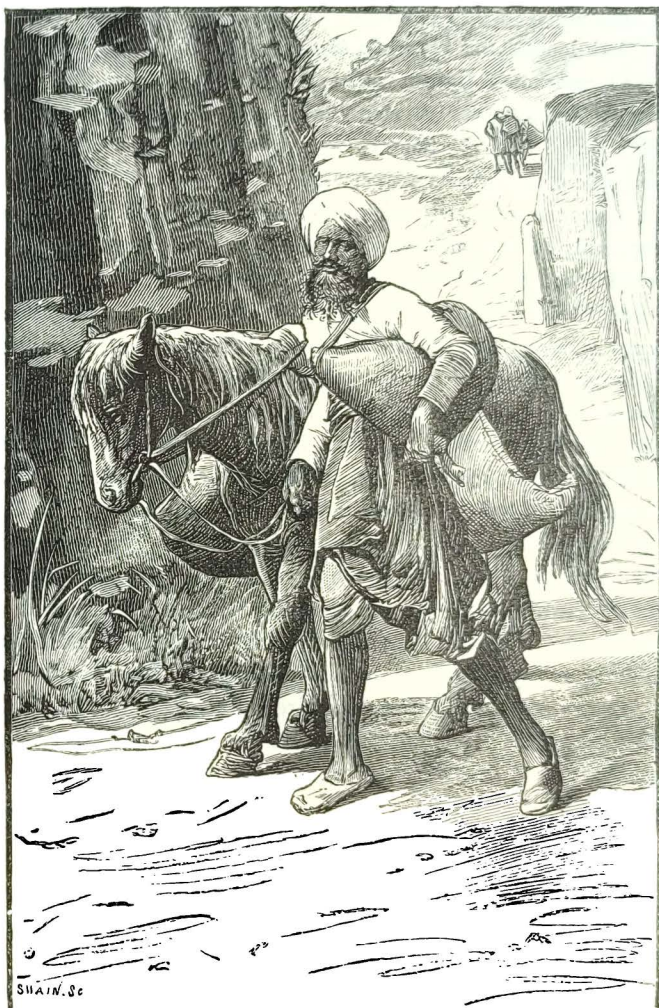
The College, Serampore.

T. R. EDWARDS.

Pony carrying Water in the Hills, India.

BY THE LATE MRS. ROUSE.

IT is a great comfort that many parts of India are blessed with an abundant supply of water. In order to appreciate the blessing of water, we need to live in the tropics and to spend our time under a blazing sun. Day after day, during the hot season, the fierce rays of the sun beat down upon us, in India, out of a cloudless sky. All the objects of nature droop under it; the trees are dry and dusty; the grass completely withers away; not a green blade remains to mark the spot which was lately a *lawn*; and human beings sympathise in the general depression. If we live near one of the magnificent rivers, like the Ganges, with its mighty flow of waters, there is always an abundant supply at hand, and we do not fear its failure; but in places far away from a river, where people are dependent upon tanks (or ponds) and similar sources, the need of water is deeply felt,



PONY CARRYING WATER IN THE HILLS, INDIA.

(From a Photograph.)

and helps those who suffer from it to enter into the force and real meaning of many passages in the Bible which fall unheeded upon the ears of those who have only lived in the damp climate of England. How well can Easterns understand David's longings when he says, "My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee in a *dry and thirsty land, where no water is*" (Ps. lxxiii. 1), and how fully can they appreciate the beauty of the promise given through Isaiah, that "A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the *shadow of a great rock* in a weary land" (Is. xxxii. 2)! Every part of this verse refers to some need which they have experienced at some time or other; especially do they most fully understand the daily need of water and of some shadow to come between them and the fierce beams of the sun.

There are several ways of conveying water into the houses in India. If the distance is short, the *bheestie*, or water-carrier, whose name literally means "the heavenly one," carries it in a bag made of prepared sheepskin. This *mushuk* is formed from an entire skin, the neck being retained as a mouth, and the legs serving as corner handles. When the distance to be traversed is great a pony is employed to accompany the man, and is loaded with two skins full of water. Before water-carts were introduced into Calcutta the streets were watered twice a day by a regular *army* of water-carriers, about six hundred of whom were employed by Government during eight months of the year. At the present time there is a good system for supplying water to the houses in the City of Calcutta, and, whereas formerly it was considered a very unhealthy residence for Europeans, it is now one of the most healthy stations. What we desire and long for is that the river of God's grace may be as plentifully granted to the people, and that the whole land may through it become like "the garden of the Lord."

October, 1884.

L. M. ROUSE.

Tidings from San Salvador.

WRITING to Mr. Baynes, under date of San Salvador, September 29th, Mr. Weeks reports:—

"I have been able to make a great number of friends here, who, notwithstanding the tempting bribes of the Padres, have not forsaken me for a moment.

"I can always be certain that, if those friends are absent from the service, they are absent either through

illness or are gone to trade in another town.

"Such men as these sometimes come and ask if a certain course of action is right in the sight of God. I do not say they are converts, but I certainly think that the light is breaking in upon them. They have suffi-

cient light and life to know how blind and dead they are. Self-righteousness is one of our greatest hindrances. In the service they will acknowledge their sinfulness; but in private conversation, when pressing home the need of a Saviour, they will tell you they are not thieves, adulterers and murderers, like some people they know.

"The Pharisaic spirit is as much present in Central Africa as in any part of the world.

"I hear that the Padres are now gradually doing away with the custom of giving to all who ask. I suppose they find it does not answer to be always giving, and have such small results in return.

"The influence that I have over the king here has, of late, been greatly increased; because, during the last fortnight, I have daily attended him in a trying illness. He is now nearly well, and has repeatedly shown his appreciation of my services.

"Two or three days after I began to attend him, the Congo people got together for the purpose of calling a great witch-doctor. When I heard of it, I sent a message to the king to the effect that, if he called a witch-doctor, I would not attend him any more during his present sickness, but would

leave him to get cured by his witch-doctors. The king instantly dispersed the crowd of persons who were in his 'lumbu,' and, from that day to this they have not made any reference to calling a witch-doctor. A head man, in thanking me for stopping the palaver, assured me that someone would have been killed for it. Witch-doctors are beginning to be afraid to come to Congo, because now they are so frequently derided by the people.

"The work here has just now entered upon a brighter era. The people are more friendly and sympathetic. They come in better numbers to hear the word, and are more attentive.

"I have commenced a translation of the New Testament. It is a beginning; and, if I continue doing a little every day, I expect Matthew will be finished by Christmas, and a great deal of it printed.

"Again thanking you for your kind letter, and ever welcome sympathy, and praying that God will abundantly bless you in all your labours for His glory,

"I am,

"Yours most affectionately,

"J. H. WEEKS."

Life in San Domingo.

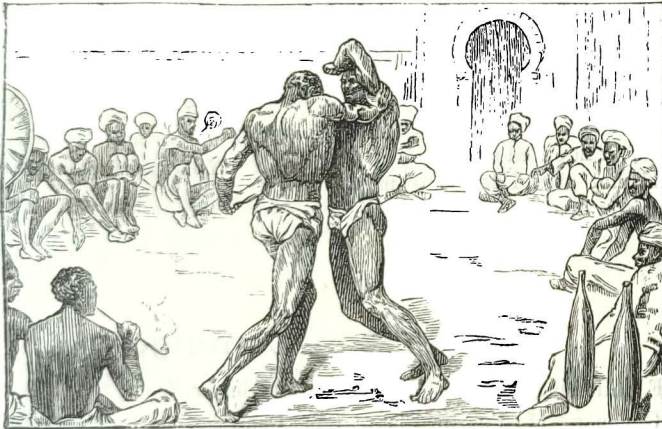
THE following extract from a recent letter from the Rev. R. E. Gammon, of Puerto Plata, San Domingo, gives a painfully sad account of the state of society in that Republic:—

"Since my last letter to you our town and neighbourhood have been the scenes of numerous tragedies—most of them due to the evil custom here of carrying revolvers, knives, machetes, &c. On Saturday-night week at a

Fandango (native dance), the people quarrelled, fired off several shots from their revolvers; the result was one young man (who lived near our house) fell dead, and another was slightly wounded.

“Last Friday and Saturday were ‘fiestas’ (holidays), Friday a holy day (“La Asuncion de Nuestra Señoro”), and Saturday the commemoration of the separation from Spanish rule (August 16th, 1863, and declared by the Spanish “Cortes” March 3rd, 1865); during those two days one young man (son of the late commandante of the fort) was stabbed to the heart, several slightly wounded, another brought in from the outskirts of the town cut up with a machete (a kind of sword); and lastly, a man shot another because he asked him for a dollar which he owed him. Until recently I have always thought how free we were from assassinations, &c., considering that, if a man kills another, he just takes to the woods

and that is generally the end of the affair; but, of late, crime certainly seems to be on the increase—none of the Governments have (as yet) been strong enough to enforce a law forbidding the carrying of deadly weapons; so that even peaceably disposed persons wear such things for self-protection. In fact, in this country one is not considered properly dressed without his revolver, &c. Would that the Gospel of peace and love might reign in this beautiful, but sin-tormented island! I am sorry to say there is a strong whisper of another *revolution* here shortly. I only hope it may prove false. We have had peace so long for Santo Domingo that another outbreak will be a great calamity. The Lord avert this threatened danger!”



Indian Wrestlers.

IN this picture may be seen a couple of Indian wrestlers, surrounded by an interested group of their fellow-countrymen, who are eagerly watching to see which of the two shall first throw his companion to the ground. Many of the people of India are strong, muscular men, and fond of athletic sports.

Mission Song.

THE GREAT CAPTAIN'S CALL TO HIS
YOUNG SOLDIER.

"Keep not back : bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth."—Isa. xliii. 6.

"Most clearly, God's finger points—
ONWARDS! 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 earnestly need

"REINFORCEMENTS!—*More Missionaries*, so that we indeed may be messengers of peace and good-will to the poor, dark, down-trodden millions in the heart of the vast continent, for whom the message we carry is the only real *eternal Hope*."—REV. GEORGE GRENFELL, "MISSIONARY HERALD."

Soldier of the Cross, arouse thee,
Lift the Gospel standard high ;
'Tis no time for fear or fainting,
See, your Captain still is nigh.
By His love, which sought and bought
you,
Crown of thorns and cruel death,
By His grace, which still exalts thee,
Lives and breathes in every breath—
Listen to your Captain's pleading,
Do you recognise His voice ?
Has it burst your bonds asunder,
Made your heart in Him rejoice ?

Hark ! He asks again a question :
Has My Word now made you free ?
Then declare My love no fiction ;
Soldier, rise and follow Me.

Follow Me where'er I lead you,
Marching onward in My light ;
Nothing then can ever harm you
In the thickest of the fight.
Now, to *this*, young brave, I call you :
Up and tread the tempter down ;
With Me victory awaits you,
All who conquer I will crown.

Hear the voice, too, of your comrades,
Let My love prevail within ;
Mark the myriads round them falling,
Dying in the arms of sin.
Up, then, hasten ! do not linger,
Let My work be life's employ ;
With Me faith shall crown with triumph,
Death the birth of endless joy.

Mark the glory of this mission,
Dawning light, which none can stay ;
Rise ! reflect the spreading brightness,
Earnest of eternal day.
Listen, then, O brave young soldier,
Harken to thy Captain's voice ;
To the honour which He calls thee
Hasten ! let thy faith rejoice.
Brighton. W. POOLE BALFERN.

The Lord loveth a Cheerful Giver.

A LADY near Newport, Mon., sends £4 1s. 6d., "proceeds of sale of missionary jams," for the Congo Mission, and writes :—

"With much pleasure and thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for his loving-kindness, I enclose you a post office order for £4 1s. 6d. for our dear Congo Mission, in the welfare and progress of which I feel deeply interested and earnestly desire that this glorious and golden opportunity of sending the glad tidings of everlasting life, light, and love to our brethren in the dark regions

of Africa, may be joyfully and thankfully seized by God's redeemed people, who are constantly praying, 'Thy kingdom come.' It gladdens me greatly to read in the *HERALD* from time to time of the favour and help which is generously given to the faithful missionaries who are gone out—evident tokens of the smile and approval of our Lord and King, whose right it is to reign. May He bless and comfort them greatly, and you, my dear Sir, and all who are trying to hasten on the crowning day that's coming by and by !”

The Rev. J. Smith, of Romsey, sends three silver trinkets, the proceeds to be devoted to the Widows and Orphans' Fund.

The Rev. W. P. Laurence, of Westbury, Wilts, writes :—

“I enclose a small pair of gold earrings, the gift of a friend, who, though poor in this world, is a warm friend of the Mission. Both the circumstances and spirit of the giver are known to Him who received with equal approval, as a token of love, both the alabaster box of ointment, exceeding precious, and the tears of the sinner who sat at His feet.”

Mr. W. D. Hanson, of Launceston, sends £7 7s., and writes :—

“If all subscribers would adopt my humble example—double their subscriptions, and reckon by guineas instead of pounds—the former would give the Society ample means, and the shillings increase would go far to pay all working expenses.”

£1 10s. for the Congo Mission, “from the small savings of a very poor woman—one of the least.”

M. W. sends £1, and writes :—

“I send enclosed £1, in thankfulness to God for His great goodness to my beloved daughter, who has just passed away, in perfect peace, in her seventieth year. She loved the missionary cause, and contributed to it according to her very limited means. Myself, in my eighty-ninth year, cannot expect to have many more opportunities of contributing, and I therefore wish to do what I can while it is yet day.”

Thirteen articles of jewellery from “two sisters” at Trowbridge, who do not wish their names to appear.

The Rev. J. B. Lee, of Bampton, Farringdon, writing a report on recent missionary meetings in his district, says :—

“At Buckland, a labouring man, whose wages do not exceed 10s. a week, brought his missionary-box. We found that it contained £1 5s. 7d., all of which he had given himself.

“Another, whose box contained 16s., told us how, in the autumn, he sold a sack of apples for 9s. ; and, as he held the money in his hand, he turned to his wife, and said : ‘Mother, is it to go ?’ And she replied : ‘Yes, it is the Lord's ; it must go ;’ and the 9s. was put into the box. You will see that it requires some self-denial, as the wages of the poor are not more than 10s. a week.

“Another labourer brought 12s., saved out of his 10s. a week.

“We are distributing all the boxes we can ; it is no use depending on the annual collection.”

“A widow” sends a silver pencil-case ; “an orphan” two rings ; “a postman” a scarf-pin ; a “dustman” a ring which belonged to his wife, “who left for heaven four years ago”—all for the Congo Mission.

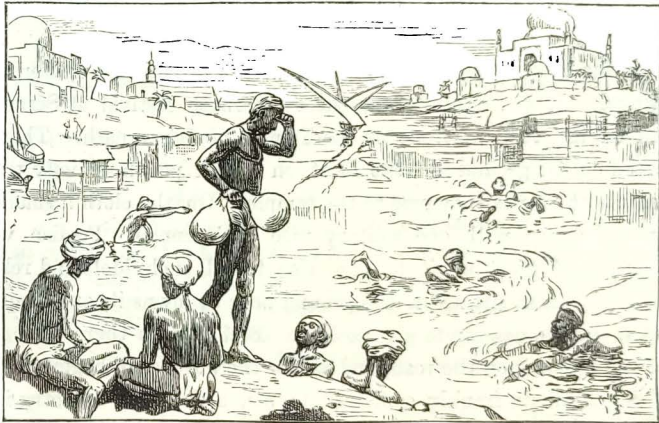
Mr. Saywin Lucas, Kidderminster, £5 for General Purposes, £8 Congo ; Reyner Trust Fund, £30 ; Reyner Trust Fund for Rome, £10 ; Canton, Mr. G. S. Stowe

£15; T. T. R., £40; Mr. Edward Robinson, Bristol, for *Congo*, £100; Mr. Ralph E. Stone, £10; and J. and J. F., £10.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS—AN APPEAL.

May we here venture to appeal to generous friends for special help to meet the cost of the outfit and passage expenses of the new missionaries to India and Africa. By the liberality of friends in Bristol these expenses have been provided for in the cases of missionaries to China. Will not like-minded sympathisers meet the cost of the Indian and African Brethren?

Three gifts of £120 each will provide for Messrs. McMillan, Cameron, and Cowe, missionaries to the Congo, and three further gifts of £100 each for Messrs. Carey, Robinson, and McIntosh, missionaries to India. Very earnestly do we urge this appeal in connection with the New Year. Who will help to place a messenger of life and light in the midst of the darkness and degradation of heathenism and idolatry?



Indian Swimmers.

ONE of the favourite sports in India is that of swimming. During the hot summer months, hundreds of Hindoos may be seen by the river-side, in most of the large towns and cities, indulging in their favourite sport. In the city of Agra, swimming festivals are held every week during the summer months. As seen in the picture, floats are often placed under the arms to enable the swimmer to float without much exertion.



Head of the Goddess Kalee.

(From a Photograph.)

THIS is the head of the goddess Kalee, who is worshipped universally in Bengal. It was exhibited at the Juggernath festival at Serampore, and stood on the road in front of the Temple of Juggernath. There is a cloth spread on the ground in front of it, on which people (chiefly women) cast handfuls of rice as they pass to the temple. On the cloth a small heap of rice may be seen with one solitary pice (halfpenny). Foolish women think it an act of great merit to give rice to all such idols and religious mendicants. A man sitting on the ground near by owns it, and frequently calls out to people passing to give to him. Besides this there were many other idols exhibited on the road, and all for the purpose of begging. It is, indeed, as a Brahmin frankly confessed to me, a fact that idolatry is kept up by them solely as a means of securing a livelihood. When the Brahmins are reasoned with, they will almost invariably return this answer.

It will be seen, by looking closely at this head, that the teeth have round little specks on them. These specks are gold. The teeth have been perforated, and small pieces of this metal inserted. This the Hindoos consider very beautiful, and many women have their teeth ornamented in this manner.

Serampore College.

T. R. EDWARDS.

Recent Intelligence.

In pursuance of the request of the Committee, the General Secretary, Mr. A. H. Baynes has, during the past month, visited Berlin in connection with the sittings of the West African and Congo Conference meeting in that city.

Mr. Baynes was also charged with negotiations relating to the annexation by the empire of Germany of the Cameroons and Bimbia on the West Coast, and the interests and property of the Mission at various stations in these districts. These negotiations were conducted with the German Chancellor and the authorities of the German Foreign Office, and were brought to a satisfactory conclusion. We hope next month to refer at length to the results of the Conference—especially in their bearings on the Congo Mission.

The Rev. W. Holman Bentley, of the Congo Mission, has also been in Berlin in connection with the Congo Conference; his wide experience, and special acquaintance with the whole district of the Lower Congo, enabling him, in concert with Mr. H. M. Stanley, to supply most valuable information to the Conference delegates.

At the meeting of the Mission Committee, on the 16th of last month, the following brethren were accepted for mission service in India—viz., Mr. Denham Robinson, of Regent's Park College (son of the Rev. Robert Robinson, of Calcutta); Mr. R. M. McIntosh, of Pontypool College (formerly of Serampore College); and Mr. William Carey, of Rawdon College (son of the Rev. J. P. Carey, of Tiverton); and the Rev. A. Cowe, of Berwick-on-Tweed, for the Congo Mission. Arrangements are being made for the departure of all these brethren during the current month for their fields of labour.

It is proposed, in connection with their departure, and also of Messrs. Watson and Dixon, missionaries-elect to China, to hold a Valedictory Service in

BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL,

ON MONDAY EVENING, 19TH JANUARY, 1885.

Tea and coffee will be provided at 6 o'clock, and the farewell service will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

Will as many of our readers as can arrange to be present make a note of this deeply interesting occasion, that our departing brethren may be cheered by the presence of a large assemblage of sympathetic friends?

The Rev. A. G. Jones, writing under date of Penang, November 15th, reports:—"You will be very glad to learn that the *Glenavon* arrived here this morning, after a trip of eighteen days, from Suez. All well. We had nothing more than a moderate sea in the Indian Ocean, and the temperature never over 86 degrees—rarely up to that—far more frequently under 80 degrees. The health of all our party has been good, my own an immense contrast to the state in which I came home, and my wife's immunity from the dreaded enemy, sea-sickness, almost complete. I feel assured that you share our gratitude to God for the mercies He has so far vouchsafed to us."

The Rev. J. Stubbs writes from Port Said on board s.s. *City of Khios*, November 27th:—"We had twenty-four hours of rough weather after we passed Gibraltar; but, beyond this, though the ship has rolled more or less all the way, we have had nothing in the weather to cause us real discomfort. It has been surprisingly cold, so that I have been glad to wear my thickest great coat every day while reading on deck; but this has been a source of

strength. We have often felt that we have been prayed for by brethren from whom we are separated in presence, not in heart. Christ's legacy of peace has been abundantly ours, and we have had an earnest of the fulfilment of the promise—'Although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come.' I think we are finding that there is a special fulfilment of the assurance, 'Lo, I am with you,' granted to those who are consecrated to the work of foreign missions. You will, I trust, not fail to strive earnestly in prayer for us that Christ may be with us in the hearts of the heathen, unlocking, so soon as we have acquired the language, the door from the inside. And, soon after this letter reaches you, we shall, all being well, be upon the parched soil of India. We find that, through the ship only calling at the canal ports, our voyage is expected to last only thirty-two days."

The Rev. J. T. Comber writes from the Congo River, September 30th:—
 "Please allow me through the HERALD to thank the donor of seven bales of blankets and cloth tents, and to acknowledge the receipt of same. The name of the kind friend who sent them I do not know; but he will be glad to hear that his gift is a very useful one. It will be used principally for clothing for our school-boys. Some of it, indeed, is already made up and in wear. Such a gift repeated yearly would be very acceptable, and would keep our boys in good warm clothing in this really somewhat variable climate."

Tidings have been received from Mr. George Cameron from "off Landana," on board s.s. *Kinsembo*, October 24th. Mr. Cameron writes:—"As we expect to meet a homeward-bound steamer to-morrow I write now in order to send by it. I would have waited till we reached Banana, but as the next steamer may not leave for some weeks, I prefer to take advantage of this one. By the kindness of our loving Father, both Mr. Whitley and I have enjoyed first-rate health all the way, and we are looking forward hopefully to our work on the Congo. At most of the forts where there are mission stations we called on the missionaries, and were very kindly treated by them. The Scotch Presbyterians at Old Calabar, the Primitive Methodists at Fernando Po, and the American Presbyterians at Gaboon, alike received us as brethren in Christ. At Fernando Po we met an old woman (a Baptist) who had known Mr. Saker and others of our old missionaries. She said she was sure they would meet again in heaven. In talking of the preciousness of Christ her heart seemed overflowing with the joy of the Lord. It was quite refreshing to be in her company even for a little. At Gaboon we visited the Roman Catholic Mission, and were shown over the property. Among other noteworthy buildings the great rum distillery was pointed out. The rum is made from mangoes, which are very abundant, and by its aid the priests say some of the heathen are converted to a nominal Christianity. The Protestant missionaries we have met are *all*, I believe, total abstainers; and well they may be, for strong drink is the worst enemy of their work. Of course, we have not seen much of Africa, but we have seen enough to convince us that it is in urgent need of the Gospel. Along the coast, and on the banks of the rivers, are hundreds of towns in which the name of Jesus has never been heard,

unless, perhaps, from the blasphemous lips of some ungodly trader. Truly the harvest is great, but the labourers are few. We earnestly hope that God is putting it into the hearts of fit men to offer themselves for the work, and we shall gladly welcome any such who may follow us. Let me suggest that a good investment for the voyage is a half-crown's worth of tracts, assorted in English, Portuguese, and French. They are mostly well received, and are taken to places where there is no preaching of any sort, good or bad. We are now within fifty miles of Banana, but as we shall be at Landana all day to-morrow we do not expect to land till Saturday the 26th."

We have much pleasure in reporting that the Committee of the Young Men's Missionary Association have appointed as their new secretary Mr. C. Holliday, of Tottenham, who is now actively engaged in arranging for illustrated lectures and addresses in connection with Sunday-schools and young people's missionary organisations. We ask for this gentleman the cordial sympathy and support of Sunday-school officers and teachers.

In consequence of recent arrangements for the publication of the entire MISSIONARY HERALD with the BAPTIST MAGAZINE, we shall in future acknowledge contributions received up to the 15th of the month only, instead of the 18th, as heretofore, in the HERALD.

At the last meeting of the Committee their cordial thanks were presented to the Rev. Joseph Green, of Old Buckenham, Norfolk, for the gift of Andrew Fuller's tobacco-box for the Mission House Museum, and to Captain Passingham, of Bala, for a fine copy of "Novum Testamentum."—Theodori Bezae, Cantab: 1642, for the Mission House Library.

Like a shock of corn fully ripe Mr. A. R. Gordon, of Bombay, has passed to his rest. He died at Matheran on November 7th, after only a few days of grave illness. The Rev. William Bell, M.A., Pastor of the Baptist Church in Bombay, writing to Mr. Baynes, says:—"I need not say how our dear friend was respected and beloved in the church and congregation. Thirteen years ago, before the chapel here was built, the house which he and his brother occupied was thrown open for morning services; and ever since the chapel was completed he has been, through prosperous and trying days alike, one of the warmest supporters of the cause. Though of a retiring disposition, and not caring to come to the front if anyone else could be found to take that place, he always manifested the deepest interest in the Church's affairs, and was always ready with his counsel and aid. We shall all miss his familiar presence and the kindly word he had for everyone. While we cannot mourn for *him*, we must all feel the loss; and we can only ask you to join your prayers with ours that He, whose best gifts to His Church are, next to Himself, good men, would raise up other true and loyal servants of His in our midst."

At their last meeting, the Committee unanimously passed a resolution recording their high appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Mr. Gordon to Christian work in India, expressing their deep sense of loss at his

removal, and their sincere sympathy with the bereaved and sorrow-stricken family.

By the death of the Rev. Henry Dowson, the Baptist Missionary Society has lost a most wise and valued friend, and supporter. To the last he gave much time and rendered important service as an active member of the committee, where his sound judgment, wise counsel, and practical sympathy were always greatly prized.†

We hope in the "HERALD" of next month to insert the resolution, embodying the feelings of the committee with regard to Mr. Dowson, which, in order to secure the sympathetic assent of *all* the country members as well of those in London, stands over for presentation to the next quarterly meeting, to be held during the current month.

AMBULANCE BASKETS FOR THE CONGO. — Dear Sir,—Will any of your readers join with me in sending to each of the stations on the Congo an ambulance basket? These useful packages contain one set of splints, one field tourniquet, sponges, wool, lint, plaister, bandages, &c., and, with a "Handbook of Instructions," will cost about thirty shillings each. Isolated as our missionaries are, and often exposed to great dangers, the want of a few necessary but simple surgical appliances as the above, suggested by the St. John Ambulance Association, may be severely felt; while the fact of there being one ready at each station may prove of great service. I am about to send one to my son on the Congo, and I entertain the hope that some of the friends who are interested in this mission may be pleased to help in furnishing one to each station. Any donation forwarded to the Mission House, or to my address, at 46, Newgate Street, London, will be thankfully acknowledged.— I am, Sir, yours respectfully, THOMAS WHITLEY, Byculla Park, Enfield.

A series of conferences have recently been held in the following districts in London:—Chatsworth Road, Lower Norwood; John Street, Bedford Row; Camden Road; Lewisham Road, Greenwich; Stockwell; Grove Road, Victoria Park; Rye Lane, Peckham; Abbey Road, St. John's Wood; Walworth Road; Baxter Road, Islington; and Leytonstone. The meetings in some instances have been well attended. The Rev. J. B. Myers was present, accompanied by a missionary. As the result, we are glad to know that several of the churches represented are determined to adopt a more systematic mode of raising contributions. We beg most cordially to express our indebtedness to those churches who have so kindly entertained these conferences. Arrangements are being made for holding similar meetings in those parts of the metropolis yet unvisited.

C o n t r i b u t i o n s

From 19th November to 16th December, 1884.

When contributions are given for special objects, they are denoted as follows:—The letter *T* is placed before the sum when it is intended for *Translations*; *S*, for *Schools*; *N P*, for *Native Preachers*; *W & O*, for *Widows and Orphans*.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.	Blackwell, Mr J.	1	1	0	Freer, Mr F. A.	5	0	0			
Barnett, Mr T.	0	10	0	Braden, Rev J. T. ...	1	1	0	Fritwell, Mr O. H. ...	1	1	0
Do., for Congo	0	10	0	Burnett, Mr Egerton	5	0	0	Hanson, Mr W. D. ...	2	2	0
Bennett, Mr E.	0	10	6	Davies, Mr E. W.	5	0	0	Henchman, Mr J. ...	2	2	0

Higgs, Mr F.	3	0	0
Holroyd, Mrs, for Mr Wall's Work	5	0	0
Pitts, Mr A.	0	10	0
Scudamore, Mrs	0	10	6
Tritton, Mr J. (monthly)	12	10	0
Wilkin, Mr M. H., for Congo	5	0	0
Winter, Mr T. B. Under 10s.	2	0	0
	0	2	6

DONATIONS.

A Friend, per Mr G. Baxter, for China	1	0	0
A Christmas Box	0	10	0
Bible Translation Society, for T	150	0	0
Brown, Miss E. A., Leamington	5	0	0
Cunningham, Mr W. C. S., for Japan	2	0	0
E. G., Hertfordshire	10	0	0
Ferguson, Miss M. M., for China	1	0	0
Do., for Congo	1	0	0
Hanson, Mr W. D., for New Station, Congo	5	5	0
Horton, Mrs (box), for Congo	0	14	0
I. and I. F.	10	0	0
"In loving memory of Rev H. Dowson," for Congo	2	0	0
Johnson, Mr W., Kingsland	0	10	0
Lewis, Mr E. W., Coscley, for Debt	5	0	0
Lucas, Mr S., Kidderminster	5	0	0
Do., for Congo	8	0	0
Marshall, Mr L. G., for East Bengal	0	10	0
M. W., A Thank-offering	1	0	0
"One of the least," for Congo	1	10	0
Powell, Mr J. M., Milford Haven	1	0	0
Robinson, Mr Arthur, Bristol, for Congo	25	0	0
Robinson, Mr E., Bristol, for Congo	100	0	0
Reyner's Trust Fund	30	0	0
Do., for Rome	10	0	0
Servants at Gartin House, Stirling, for Naples Distress	0	10	0
Smith, Mr C. W., for W & O	2	0	0
Stone, Mr Ralph E.	10	0	0
T. T. R.	40	0	0
Thankoffering, for Congo	1	0	0
Thorne, Mr J.	3	3	0
Trotter's Trust	13	17	1
White, Mr G., Glasgow	1	0	0
Wickham, Mr J., Alloa Wood, Dr, Southport, for San Salvador Schools	5	0	0
"Z. Q. K., First Fruits of change in salary," for China	2	10	0
Do., for Congo	2	10	0
Under 10s.	0	7	0
Do., for Congo	0	1	6

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

Battersea Park, for Congo	0	5	0
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Bloomsbury	42	18	2
Do., for Mr Wall	5	0	0
Camberwell, Cottage Green, Sun. Sch., for Two N P's at Port Canning	25	0	0
Dalston Junction	5	0	0
Enfield	12	16	6
Highbury Hill S. Sch.	8	9	5
Highgate, Southwood Lane	3	9	2
Highgate Road Sun. School and Bible Classes, for Congo	38	7	9
Islington, Cross Street	7	10	1
Metropolitan Tabernacle, Sun. Sch., for N P under Mr Guyton, Delhi	0	2	6
Regent's Park	6	5	0
Shoreditch Tabernacle	40	0	0
Stoke Newington, Children's Sunday Morning Service	10	0	0
Twickenham, St. Margaret's and Whitton Grove	1	3	0
Vernon Ch.	1	13	8
Do., Y. M. M. A.	0	10	0
Walworth Road	40	0	0
Do., for Congo	18	9	0
Do., Y. M. M. A., for N. P. India	5	0	0
Do., Sun. Sch., for Congo	8	6	8
Do., do., for Mr Fuller, Africa	5	0	0
Do., do., for Mr Richard, China	2	2	0
Do., do., for Mr White, Japan	2	10	0
Do., do., for Mr Wall, Italy	2	0	0
West London Fuy. Mission Band, for Support of Child under Mrs Kerry	2	2	0
West London Tabncl.	4	0	0
	3	9	1

BERKSHIRE.

Maidenhead	3	7	0
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CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Burwell	1	14	8
Wilburton	3	7	6

CORNWALL.

Falmouth	11	8	5
Redruth, Ebenezer Ch.	1	12	0
St. Austell	6	15	5

CUMBERLAND.

Maryport	20	8	0
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DERBYSHIRE.

Derby, Trinity Ch.	11	6	6
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DEVONSHIRE.

Bampton	2	4	0
Barnstaple	1	11	6
Hemyock and Samthill	5	13	7
Honiton	10	17	0
Ilfracombe	3	3	0
Plymouth, George St.	0	13	10

DORSET.

Poole	20	15	1
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DURHAM.

Highgate and Rowley South Shields, Westcoe Lane	4	0	0
Stockton-on-Tees	25	8	10

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Bourton - on - the - Water	0	10	0
Longhope Zion Ch.	1	5	6
Woodchester	5	2	0

HAMPSHIRE.

Bournemouth, for Naples distress	4	0	0
Brockenhurst	7	16	2
Broughton	15	1	10
Do., for Simla	1	0	0
Southampton, Portland Ch.	3	18	1

ISLE OF WIGHT.

Niton	11	5	2
Sandown	8	1	3
Roud	1	13	3
Ryde, Park Road	5	5	5

HERTS.

Bushey	5	3	4
Mill End	0	17	10
Tring, New Mill	10	5	0
Watford	65	0	0

KENT.

Beckenham, Elm Rd.	1	0	0
Broadstairs	0	12	0
Tunbridge Wells	22	15	0
Woolwich, Parsons Hill	2	13	6

LANCASHIRE.

Bacup, Ebenezer	89	19	10
Do., for W & O	2	0	0
Do., for N P	1	13	6
Do., for China	20	0	0
Do., for Congo	20	0	0
Do., for Mr Wall	5	5	0
Bolton	23	10	0
Dalton-in-Furness	1	18	9
East Lancashire (on acct.) per Mr W. Snape, Treasurer	15	0	0
Leigh	1	10	0
Liverpool, Pembroke Ch.	14	8	3
Do., Richmond Ch.	1	5	0
Do., Everton	3	0	0
Manchester (on acct.), per Mr T. Spencer, Treasurer	50	0	0
Mills Hill	2	0	0
Morecambe	6	0	0
Oldham, Royton	4	5	0
Oswaldtwistle	12	5	6
Preston, Fishergate	38	6	3
Do., Pole Street	16	0	0
St. Anne's-on-the-Sea	0	13	2
Waterfoot, Bethel	3	10	0

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Leicester, Victoria Ch.	25	0	0
Do., for Child under Mr Guyton, Delhi	12	0	0

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Holbeach	0	14	6
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NORFOLK.			SURREY.			GLAMORGANSHIRE.		
Lynn, Stepney Ch.	23	13 0	Esher	4	3 6	Canton, Hope Ch.	15	0 0
Do., S. Sch., for <i>N P</i>	9	10 0	Guildford, Commercial Road	10	0 0	Cardiff	11	9 6
Necton	3	8 6	Redhill	2	6 0	Do., Spotland's	0	8 0
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.			Streatham	0	10 6	Penygroes, Calvary	1	3 8
Kings Sutton	1	0 2	Sutton	5	0 0	MONMOUTHSHIRE.		
Middleton Cheney	14	12 0	Do., for <i>Mr Guyton, N P</i>	0	12 3	Abergavenny,		
Do., for <i>W & O</i>	1	10 0	Wimbleton, Merton Road Sun. School	2	17 3	Bethany	14	18 1
NORTHUMBERLAND.			WARWICKSHIRE.			Do., Frogmore St.	0	10 6
Berwick-on-Tweed	15	0 0	Birmingham	72	5 1	Pennar, Newbridge, for Congo	4	1 6
Do., for Congo	1	0 0	Rugby	10	5 0	Pontnewydd	0	15 0
Newcastle, Marlboro' Crescent Sun. Sch.	3	17 0	WESTMORELAND.			PEMBROKESHIRE.		
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.			Crosby-Gartett	4	11 0	Llanglofan	1	19 0
Newark	7	13 11	YORKSHIRE.			Milford Haven, North Road	12	4 0
Nottingham, Derby Road	24	18 0	Blackley	0	7 6	SCOTLAND.		
Do., Juvenile	4	7 11	Bradford, Westgate	0	14 0	Aberdeen	0	5 0
Do., George Street	23	13 0	Horsforth	10	5 0	Do., for <i>India</i>	3	0 0
Sutton-in-Ashfield	0	15 6	Leeds, South Parade	64	7 4	Do., for <i>China</i>	3	0 0
Sutton-on-Trent	0	7 0	Do., Blenheim, Camp Road Juv.	21	0 0	Do., for <i>Japan</i>	1	0 0
OXFORDSHIRE.			Do., Beeston Hill	1	18 0	Do., for Congo	3	0 0
Banbury	13	1 0	Middlesbrough, Boundary Road	18	0 0	Edinburgh	14	15 0
Bloxham	1	0 0	Rishworth	6	18 0	Do., for <i>W & O</i>	2	0 0
Charlbury	6	2 0	ShIPLEY Bethel	3	2 0	Glasgow, Adelaide Place	12	0 0
Chaddington	2	12 7	Steep Lane	8	16 1	Do., John Street	10	10 0
Chipping Norton	37	13 2	Todmorden, Roomfield Ch.	18	7 8	Paisley	1	10 0
Coate, &c.	12	6 9	Wakefield	7	12 9	IRELAND.		
Henley-on-Thames Sunday School	1	13 4	York	11	0 8	Waterford	3	3 9
Little Tew	25	1 7	SOUTH WALES.			FOREIGN.		
SOMERSETSHIRE.			BRECKNOCKSHIRE.			JAMAICA.		
Bridgwater	27	0 0	Beaufort, Siloam, for <i>N P</i>	0	16 8	Rev. J. M. Denniston, M.A., Mandeville	2	10 0
Burton	0	19 0	CARMARTHENSHIRE.			NEW ZEALAND.		
Do., for <i>Japan</i>	1	0 0	Newcastle Emllyn	44	5 6	Wellington, Vivian Street, per Mr. D.		
Cheddar	16	0 0	St. Clear's, Zion	13	1 0	R. Furdie	2	0 0
Minehead	16	0 0	SUFFOLK.					
SUFFOLK.			West Row	7	15			

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