

{ THE MISSIONARY HERALD,  
AUGUST 1, 1885.



GROUP OF AFRICAN BOYS.—(From a Photograph). (See page 350.)

# THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

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## THE CONGO MISSION.

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“THE DISCOVERY OF ANOTHER GREAT AFRICAN WATERWAY.”

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### Letter from the Rev. George Grenfell.

“SINCE the discovery of the course of the Congo itself, no more important addition to our knowledge of the hydrography of the region has been made than that from which the Rev. G. Grenfell has recently returned. Mr. Grenfell's colleague, the Rev. W. Holman Bentley, briefly announced this discovery in our columns the other day. Details are now to hand from Mr. Grenfell himself, which prove what an admirable piece of exploring work he has done. He has proved that the Mobangi, which enters the right bank of the Congo, forming a great delta, between 26' and 42' S. lat., nearly opposite Equator Station, is probably its greatest tributary. Certainly, so far as yet known, it offers a much longer waterway than any affluent that has been explored. Mr. Grenfell navigated the Mobangi in the little steamer *Peace*, on a mean course of north by east, from the equator to 4° 30' N. lat., and left it still an open waterway. At 4° 23' N., just below the second rapids, he found it 673 yards wide; at no point lower was it less in width. Its mean depth is 25 feet, and although the current runs not more than 80 to 100 feet per minute, it means an immense volume of water to find running south at a point, as Mr. Grenfell puts it, so near the supposed sources of the Binuéc, the great affluent of the Niger. Where does it all come from? he asks. The 'trumbashes' of the Chad basin (Schweinfurth) are common, while they are not known on the Congo. The opinion of Mr. Grenfell and of his Congo colleagues, we believe, is that the Mobangi is probably the lower part of the Welle, a river whose course is one of the unsolved problems of African geography. This is certainly a more likely solution than to connect the Welle with the useless Aruwime, as Stanley is inclined to do. Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, now in refuge at Lado, did not follow the Welle in his recent journey so far west as either to confirm or disprove Mr. Grenfell's conjecture. However, with such enterprising explorers as these Baptist Congo missionaries in the field, this and other problems are not likely to wait much longer for solution.

“From the notes sent home by Mr. Grenfell it would seem that the Mobangi is navigable the whole way from the Congo to  $4^{\circ} 30' N.$ , a distance of probably 400 to 450 miles, taking account of the bends. A large map, in ten sheets, of the explored part of the river has just been received at the Royal Geographical Society. This map will appear in an early number of the society's proceedings, and a long narrative of Mr. Grenfell's recent work will probably be published in the next number of the ‘Baptist Missionary Herald.’ It is hoped, moreover, that a full narrative of Mr. Grenfell's explorations will reach England in time to be read at the Aberdeen meeting of the British Association. The Mobangi, Mr. Grenfell writes, is far more populous than any equal length of the Congo, and to his mind the country is more promising. True, the people are wild, but then his visit was that of the first white man they had seen. In ascending the river (and his wife and fifteen months' old baby were on board) Mr. Grenfell met with not a few difficulties from the hostility of the natives, and had it not been for his energetic action on one occasion he and his party would probably have come to grief. His way down the river was, however, most encouraging; plenty of food, and not a sign of hostility. He hopes to make the trip again, and had no doubt that he will be able to report peaceable and friendly receptions everywhere. He may also be able to penetrate further towards the valley of the Shari, the great tributary of Lake Chad. Unfortunately, Mr. Grenfell states, the confluence of the Mobangi with the Congo is just within French territory, though it is not so represented either on the map in Mr. Stanley's last book or on the latest map of the Royal Geographical Society. At all events, immediately after Mr. Grenfell's return to Stanley Pool, M. de Brazza left Brazzaville, very probably to examine for himself the great waterway discovered by the English missionary, and possibly to follow it farther. If so, we are sure to hear of his ‘great journey of discovery,’ with the usual flourish of trumpets. The commercial importance of Mr. Grenfell's discovery cannot be exaggerated. Whether the Mobangi is the Welle or not, it must form an important connecting link between the basin of the Congo and the basins of the Niger, the Shari, and the Nile. Mr. Stanley has always maintained that the region lying between the Congo and the Nile is probably the richest and most promising in Africa, and his belief seems likely to be amply confirmed. Besides the Mobangi, Mr. Grenfell has explored 300 miles of river-courses debouching into the Congo, and, as he is a trained and careful surveyor, he will be able to pilot them with precision. The most northerly point of the Congo bend he found to be  $2^{\circ} 11' N.$  lat., near the mouth of the Ukere or Dujangi.”—The *Times*, Monday, July 20th.

## MR. GRENFELL'S LETTER.

We now furnish our readers with a copy of Mr. Grenfell's deeply interesting letter.

Mr. Grenfell writes from Stanley Pool under date of April 29th :—

"I have been so terribly pressed with work I have been quite unable to finish my letter, I have, therefore, resolved to send you by this mail an account of only *the first half of my recent journey*, rather than keep you waiting for the whole. The latter half will include not only the return voyage down the Congo, but the three weeks up the Lubilash, and the five weeks up the Mobangi."

The first half of Mr. Grenfell's narrative is as follows :—

"Arthington Station,  
"Stanley Pool,  
"28th March, 1885.

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—In commencing to write you some account of the long journey from which I have so recently returned, it appears to me that my first sentence should record my gratitude for the Divine protection which has been accorded us through all our wanderings and brought us back in safety.

"MANIFOLD MERCIES.

"We have encountered during the five months which our journey has occupied dangers not a few; but though we have suffered by reason of both storms and rocks, they have not wrecked us, and though we were attacked some twenty times, and were the marks for sticks and stones and spears and poisoned arrows innumerable, it was only a mere scratch by one of these last that resulted from all the inhospitable fury which we encountered in the 600 miles of waterway previously unvisited by the white man. Our preservation in the midst of so many dangers appears all the more remarkable when I return and find that three of my colleagues are no more. Dr. Comber having died while we were at Stanley Falls, MacMillan on the day of our return,

and Crookshanks two days previously. Truly God's ways are inscrutable. We got back on the 9th March, the same date as that on which I returned from my first up-river journey last year, to find the sad news awaiting me which made the date a memorable one, and now a further blow!

"THE START.

"We set out on the 13th of October last, my wife and I and little one, accompanied by Dr. Sims, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, who very kindly helped me bear the burdens of my position for some two-thirds of the voyage. In addition to our usual crew, notwithstanding our previous experience, we took six of our school boys, and, besides these two little girls to help 'mamma' mind our baby, nearly a year old. When once we made a start, the group of kindly friends gathered to bid us 'good bye,' our dear brother Crookshanks among them, were soon left behind, and in an hour's time we were among the sandbanks of the pool. The afternoon saw us pass the 'Dover Cliffs,' and by the time we anchored in the evening we were fairly in among the steep hills which bound the banks of that narrow portion of the Congo which extends for about a hundred miles beyond the pool. Early

on the third day we began to leave the more sparsely populated district behind us, reaching first the friendly town of Gobela, with whom we stayed awhile, and afterwards crossing to his neighbour Ganchus, and calling at the French station which adjoins the town. Here we met, in addition to the French officers in charge, Captain Massari and Lieut. Pargels, who represent the International Association, the former being the Italian traveller who crossed Africa from the Red Sea to the Niger, the latter an officer in the Swedish army. Journeying with these gentlemen, we soon reached their station at the mouth of the Kwa River, and spent the remainder of the day in their hospitable company.

#### “KING MAKOKO.

“The following morning we started in good time, and after proceeding some fourteen miles along the right bank of the main stream we came to the Lefini, or White River, and decided to go up it to see whether or not it afforded a better means of approach to Mbe (Makoko's capital) than the road which comes down to the ferry opposite Gobela's town. Seeing that Makoko claims sovereignty over the whole of the Bateke people, a race occupying the country from the Congo to the Ogowe, it will be a matter of importance to establish friendly relationships with this potentate as soon as an opportunity may offer. However, our attempt up the Lefini resulted in nothing, for after some three miles or so the river became a torrent and quite impassible, and we were compelled to return. Following the right bank, which I did not do on either of my previous journeys, we came across several villages of friendly but nervous people—being out of the usual track of the boats, they were rather suspicious of the white man.

For about twenty miles beyond the White River the Congo continues comparatively narrow—say from one to two miles, but after passing Lone Island the left shore was lost in the distance or hidden by the numberless islands which studded the five to eight miles which intervened from bank to bank.

#### “BOLOBO.

“After thirty miles or so of this expansion, the river contracted again, and we were able to descry Bolobo on the eastern side, and steered straight for it. Here we were glad to meet Captain Hansens, who very kindly ratified his promise of a piece of land by measuring off and making an agreement for a plot between the Association land and Mbuka Ngoie, the southernmost of the Moie towns. This piece, though not large, is capable of future extension at the back by arrangement with the natives, and is certainly one of the best sites for mission work on the Congo—the very favourable report printed in the January HERALD being fully endorsed by this subsequent visit. On the following day I bade adieu to Captain Hansens, expecting to meet him making his way up river as I returned, but instead, I met the news of his death. We are all very sorry indeed, for the expedition has lost one of its most capable men, and we have lost the cordial sympathy of a friend who was ever ready to appreciate our motives and lend us a helping hand.

#### “THE NKENYE RIVER.

“After about sixteen miles or so of north-easterly journeying beyond Bolobo, following the opposite bank, we came to the Nkie or Nkenye river, upon which we spent five days. The district through which this river flows we did not find to be a populous one, though populous and hostile enough

to nearly put us in a fix, by not allowing us at two places in succession to cut firewood. At one of these places Dr. Sims, who went ashore with the wooding party, barely escaped a spear thrust, and our boys had to retreat before the natives' guns. However, by cautious progress we were enabled to make our way for seventy miles or so along the very swift and tortuous stream, which, by the way, the natives never seemed to use as a waterway, on account of its long detours and strong water, that rendered an overland journey an easier task—and perhaps a safer one too, considering the great number of crocodiles we saw. The people were Ba-rgulu-ngulu, a branch of the Bateke family. Their largest town we found on the flat top of a very considerable hill, about 150 feet high, near the extreme limit of navigable water. Here they were fairly friendly, though they would sell us scarcely any food; this resulted, perhaps, from their fear of us, and I think they were greatly relieved when they saw us turn to go down stream again. Going up a narrow crooked river is far easier than coming down, and it was only by the most careful steering that we were enabled to get our little craft safely round the sudden bends where the current sometimes ran from three to four miles an hour. Reaching the Congo once more, we found the large town, Makutumpuka, some two miles or so further up stream, where we found it, as we always find it at large towns, difficult to get supplies of food, and even after much palavering and the payment of high prices we were only able to get enough for half a day. Passing this place, we hoped we should be able find some small villages on beyond; but the land was altogether too low and swampy for habitation, and as there

were no signs of high land anywhere to be seen, we determined that, after laying in a stock of firewood, we would strike across river to the bank we knew.

#### “MOSQUITOS!

“Seeing a dry tree on a miniature hillock just above the water, we dropped anchor, and sent the hands ashore to get it. This was easier said than done, for our boys soon beat a retreat, declaring the mosquitos were too many and too big to allow of it; and, in fact, from the very vigorous manner in which they slapped themselves, I felt sure they could not both cut the wood and drive away their little enemies, and so put off till morning the cutting of firewood in some better place. But as the evening came on, the mosquitos came off to us, and as there was not the slightest possibility of a wink of sleep for any one, such was the vigour of the invasion, we lit the fire and got up steam again, and went on till nearly midnight; and, anchoring in a wide expanse of water where the mosquitos were but few, we managed to secure a few hours' sweet sleep. The morning came, also the end of our fuel very soon afterwards, and this while we were out of sight of the mainland, and with none but submerged islands round us. However, here and there we saw a dry branch or two, the offshoots of stems surrounded by water, and after making a rope fast to these, we had them lopped off with axe or saw, and then dragged them on board. “Coaling” under such circumstances was very costly in the matter of time, and furnished lots of excitement; for climbing trees, even to those accustomed to it, is no joke when encumbered by rope and tools. It was not till late in the afternoon that we reached the other side of the river,

and then we found we had struck the bank a little beyond the villages, and we must either go back fifteen miles, or go ahead fifty before we could hope to revictual. Seeing that the latter alternative meant a hungry journey, we had to accept the former, however distasteful going back might be.

“ YUMBI AND LUKOLELA.

“ We were not long dropping down to Yumbi, where half a day sufficed for securing both fuel and food, as well as for a visit to a couple of towns. The next day we were among the plenty of Lukolela once more. Here we received a warm welcome from Mr. Glave, whom we were sorry to find alone in charge of the Association Station, his colleague having been killed since our last visit while buffalo hunting. Our men left on the previous journey to prepare our site for occupation had made a very perceptible impression upon the giant forest, having cleared a fine piece of ground, quite large enough to allow of our building there as soon as we are ready to commence. One of our poor fellows having died within a month of his being left at Lukolela, the progress made was not so marked as it would otherwise have been.

“ On the opposite side of the river, a little to the south-west, there is a fairly populous district, comprising the towns of Nkunda, Ikuba, and Mbunga; but the ground is very low, being mainly the delta of the rivers Mboshi and Nsanga, which have their rise on the northern table-land. The former of these empties itself near Nkunda, and affords the water-way by which the French approach the Congo from the Ogowe. The Nsanga, which is nearer to Lukolela, appears by far the larger of the two, though neither of them can be counted among the great affluents of the Congo. Pursuing our journey once more along

the right bank, we found that after leaving Mbunga there was no village till we came to one after travelling thirty miles or so. This was situated on a rocky point opposite the important Ngombe towns, and here it was that the river commenced to widen out again, till we gradually lost sight of the eastern bank.

“ THE MOBANGI RIVER.

“ We now commenced to look out for the mouth of the Mobangi river, but as we maintained a course of N. by E. and N.N.E., which corresponded with that of the Congo, we thought that ‘Mai Mobangi’ was just a name given, as in other places, to a particular portion of the main stream, and that we were still on the Congo itself. It was not till we had journeyed nearly 130 miles up the Mobangi that we made sure of its independence. Its islands were so numerous, and the points of the mainland (as they afterwards proved themselves to be) appeared, as we caught glimpses of them here and there between the islands, so much like the heads of other islands, and the course was so nearly identical with the Congo, that I did not determine the question till I was farther north than the point ( $1^{\circ}10' N. L.$ ) where my knowledge of the right bank beyond the equator commenced. On the 4th November the sun’s meridian altitude put us in  $1^{\circ} 6' N.$ , and then knew that if we were on the Congo we should reach Lobengo that afternoon; but as no Lobengo came in sight we anchored that evening, certain of being on the Mobangi.

“ The next morning, soon after we started, we saw towns to the eastward, and were then sure we saw the opposite bank, and determined to go across, hoping to get on better in returning on that side than we had succeeded in doing on the one by which we had



ascended, for it was only at one or two places that we had been able to open communications with the people. Our approach was generally the signal for a stampede. Cooking-pots were left simmering on the fire, houses all open, and household gear all scattered about, and, together with the astonished goats and fowls, at our mercy. In several places little children were left behind to face the fate the older folk all feared. In other places, again, the bolder spirits set about putting their stockades in a proper state of defence (all the towns hereabouts are fortified), while others stood behind holding their own and their comrades' weapons and shields. At one town the medicine-man began to make his charms to ward off the expected evil by tying the long grass into peculiar knots; and as we steamed slowly on, trying to get him to speak (he was the only man we saw in a large town), he kept just ahead of us, dodging behind the bushes till he had completed his 'bonganga' (medicine) defences covering the whole river frontage of the town, and then he darted off to join his people, and, I've no doubt, to make a big dance and sing his own praises for having, single-handed, warded off the attack of the white men and his big fiery monster whose breath was as the beating of war-drums.

#### "SPIRITS OF THE DEEP.

"At one town we were greeted from behind the stockade with shouts of 'Bedimo! bedimo!' (spirits.) But although one of their countrymen whom we found at Lukolela, and brought with us, assured them that we were not spirits, and that we went to bed and slept like ordinary people (of course, spirits never sleep), we could not overcome their prejudice, and, short of food as we were, had to go empty away. It now remained to

see if the people on the left bank were more tractable; but on our crossing the river and approaching the first town the people all fled. We could see plenty of food about, and as it was imperative that we should get something to eat, we were not prepared to give up our quest at the first rebuff. Three of our people volunteered to go ashore, and try to talk to the people, who evidently had not gone far. We therefore put the steamer close into the beach and landed our ambassadors, who took a good supply of cloth, beads, and brass wire, wherewith to open negotiations. But we had not to wait long before they came running back, retreating before an angry crowd, that received the spokesman with a spear thrust which he marvellously escaped. This was serious for hungry folk, but we were not yet willing to give up, so steamed off a short distance beyond spearthrow, and waited awhile, thinking perhaps when the people returned and found their cooking-pots still on the fire, and their corn and plantain still standing, that they would be convinced of our good intentions. As we steamed off they came slowly to the beach, and we took the opportunity of displaying our bells and looking-glasses, and the trinkets the natives delight in, all with the hope of subduing them into friendliness. After awhile, thinking we might venture again to make overtures, we turned round and came in a little closer; but the warriors all began to get into their awkward, sleeveless jackets of elephant and buffalo skin, to get behind their shields, and make ready their bundles of spears, and as we came still closer they got up a war dance, and, with a terrible yell, made a charge as though they intended to come through the water to get at us. It was evident

we must wait yet a little longer, and in another hour or so we tried again; but, though they were not so demonstrative (they only stood ready, and did not dance this time), we felt we could not do more than just steam slowly by, that they might the better see what manner of people we were.

#### “INFLUENCE OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

“They seemed specially impressed by the presence of my wife and the children, and seemed to say among themselves: ‘Not only are there no signs of war about, but there is a woman, and there are children, and nobody takes them when they go to fight.’ A little more waiting, and another slow approach, and we managed to get the principal man to accept a fathom of cloth from the end of a long stick, and soon afterwards to make the steamer fast to one of the bushes on the bank. It was not long before they were quite assured of our harmlessness, and we were able to buy plantain and food in abundance, as well as a few of the curious jackets, shields, knives, and spears, as mementoes of the four-hours’ siege we maintained and the capitulation that followed. The people in this part of the river, we learnt, were Baloï, and quite distinct in appearance and language from both the Bakke and Bayansi, who monopolise so much of the middle Congo.

“Having replenished our food supplies, we were soon away down river again, and looking out for firewood. So much of the other bank had been under water that we had been in great straits for fuel, and had had lots of tree climbing to get it; happily, here we found good wood, and firm ground to cut it on, and were soon able to lay in a good stock. Unfortunately, when we came to get up anchor we found it

had caught in a snag, and, after a couple of hours’ hard work in trying to get it clear, we had at last to cut the chain and leave six fathoms of it together with the anchor in the bed of the river. This was a serious loss, and liable to recur, and though we had spare anchors and chain on board we were sorry to lose even a portion of such valuable gear. The next day, after passing some suspicious people, we came to friendly towns, and were able to lay in a stock of fresh meat and fish in addition to the plantain, which had cost us so much trouble to get the day before.

#### “A FLOATING ISLAND.

“Another day’s voyaging took us nearly into the Congo again; but we had yet another experience before we were clear of the Mibangi. It was about eleven o’clock at night when I was awakened by the anchors dragging. (The strength of current and the numerous floating islands induced us to put down an extra anchor when we moored in the evening.) I immediately ran forward to see what was the matter. It was as I feared: a large floating island across our bows. Yesterday two men were carried over the Ntamo Falls in sight of us all on one of these floating islands. I immediately gave orders to get up steam, and called all hands to try and push the island on one side that it might float by us; but all our efforts were of no avail—we were being steadily dragged down all the while. It was bad enough to feel the steamer quivering from stem to stern with the strain, but it would be far worse to be dragged under the overhanging trees across some great snag, or jammed on to the end of one of the many islands which stud this part of the river, for even when we got steam up ‘full speed ahead’ did not prevent us being

carried along by the flood-borne mass of vegetation. If, as we tried to do, we could not push on one side this thousand square yards of floating grass and herbage, whose roots extended three feet or so into the water, we must cut it in two and so allow the halves to float by on either side. We served out a dozen wood-cutting hatchets, and sent the crew on to the island to try and chop through it. They worked with a will, but made but very little impression on the tangled mass, which never ceased to carry us on. Something better must be done; hatchets would not get through by daylight, so we tried sharp knives, but with no better result. Then a happy idea struck me, 'try the hand saws,' and in about ten minutes a couple of them ran through the tough roots and stems, and we were free from our unwelcome companion that had dragged us a couple of miles, anchors and steam notwithstanding. We were soon under weigh again, in search of a more secure anchorage, which we found under the shelter of a protecting point, where no more islands could cross our bows, and there dropping anchor we were able to go to sleep without further anxiety. In the morning a couple of hours' steaming took us out into the Congo, and soon afterwards we came to Bokunji, and later to Lokoto, Lotumbi, and Mpumba, all friendly. We went on as far as Mokanga, which we discovered, by altitude of the sun at noon, was five miles north of the Equator.

#### "EQUATORVILLE.

"We were, therefore, to the north of Equatorville, whither for the present we were bound, and so had to turn back and make our way across the river, which is here some five or six miles wide. Finding our way among

the islands was no easy task, for they overlap each other in such confusion, and the channels are so intricate, that it took us fully three hours to get to the other side. At Equatorville we were welcomed by Lieut. Van Gell, of the International Association, also by Mr. Peterson, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, who was then engaged in building his station, and who has a fine sphere for mission work, a magnificent site, and natural advantages at his command, not surpassed anywhere on the Congo. Here we spent three days, and laid in a good stock of food, taking care that some of it was of a kind that would not spoil by keeping, so that we might not again be in such straits for something to eat. Plantain and cassada puddings will keep all right for a week, though by that time they are a bit stale, but cassada roots dried and smoked will keep indefinitely so long as they are not allowed to become damp.

"Before we left Equatorville our friend, Lieut. Van Gell, very kindly arranged with Eyambi, one of the men who had made a journey to Stanley Falls in one of the expedition steamers, to accompany us. He was a very capable fellow, a wonderful talker, but a sad rogue withal. However, we knew his failings, and commencing at once a policy of repression, and by letting him know we were up to his little tricks, we were able to keep him pretty well within bounds, and to make good use of his ability.

#### "THE IKELEMA RIVER.

"We had started once more and proceeded some three or four miles when we reached the mouth of the Ruika River, the great southern affluent of the Congo. We looked very longingly in the direction whence its inky waters came, but were afraid to

undertake a 'big journey' of the length which its mighty torrent promised; we chose rather to investigate the Ikelemba, the smaller river which debouches a mile or so further north, whence come large supplies of knives and spears, and which was reported as very populous. We were rather disappointed as to the number of people, though we counted some fifteen or sixteen villages in the 120 miles to the point where the river, after becoming gradually less and less, at last becomes too much blocked by vegetation to allow of further navigation, though the water was never less than twelve feet deep. During the whole of its course we saw very little ground above water level, and nearly every available spot was occupied by a village; the left bank was especially low, and as we met many Baruki people, I suspect there are small channels across the narrow strip of land which separates the two rivers. The Ikelemba water resembles that of the Uruki, being quite black, and so impregnated with iron, as to be highly astringent; so much so, that tea made with it was strongly suggestive of ink in taste as well as colour, and quite undrinkable. Some of the people at the earlier towns were very friendly; I had previously met a few of them on the Congo, and they sufficed to introduce us, and to make things run smoothly at first. As we went further, people became more timid and suspicious, especially in those places where a goodly element of 'Ngombe' or 'bush' people were mixed with their riverine neighbours.

"DANDA.

"We visited Danda, one of the exclusively Ngombe towns, about a mile from the river; it was quite different from anything we had previously seen, being entirely surrounded by a ditch

twelve feet wide and six deep, and on the inner side of this ditch by a tall barricade of split logs twelve feet high. There were three entrances into the town, each approached by a single log bridge; the narrow breaks in the barricade were provided with slabs of wood, in readiness to close them should the need arise. Dr. Sims and Eyambi were the first to enter this town, and the people were so much startled by the white man's advent, that one of them jumped up and let fly an arrow at the unannounced visitors, very narrowly missing the doctor, and going through Eyambi's cloth. The people scarcely appeared to understand why we did not declare war at once, and regarded our attempts at friendly intercourse with such evident suspicion that neither party were much at their ease till they were farther apart. These people ornament (?) themselves in a frightful way, by making raised cicatrices on their faces, covering them entirely, in some cases, even the lips, with lumps as big as peas. Sometimes a man will have a row all down his nose as close as they can stick, others will be content with three or four, while others again would have a big one just on the lip, suggestive of a budding rhinoceros horn. Some will have rows of these 'blebs' all round the eyes and along the cheeks till they meet at the chin, resulting in a horrid similarity to the outline of a 'death's head.' One girl whom we saw had a lump as large as a pigeon's egg on each side of her nose, and so close to her eyes, that they must have been a great trouble, for when she wished to look at any one, she had to bow her head and look over these 'beauty marks.' We saw a great deal of sickness among the people, many serious ulcers and several cases of leprosy. The water was so distasteful

that we at once, rightly or wrongly, connected it with the diseases which were so sadly apparent. The Ikelemba is not destined to rank among the important affluents, although it has a goodly number of inhabitants, and its manufacture of knives and spears means a good deal of trade. Its course rather surprised me, being only a point or so north of east.

#### “BUNGATA.

“Returning once more to the Congo, and crossing its stream to reach the right bank, we pursued our way up river, calling at the important town of Bungata, which is about twenty-two miles north of the equator. Here we readily made friends with Nanu, the chief, and were able to purchase very cheaply stores of food and firewood. It was the 18th November, and while anchored off this place, that we encountered the first of a series of tornadoes, which made navigation at this season somewhat dangerous and very uncomfortable; but the *Peace* rode it out admirably, and we were none the worse except in the matter of one or two awning curtains. At noon of the following day we passed the site of the deserted town of Boberi, whose people had been driven away by the Nganda (equator) men, and have now settled on a narrow creek, which, during the high water season, communicates with the Mobangi, going right across the narrow peninsula which separates that river from the Congo. Another day took us past the twelve or thirteen villages of Bungundu and Bokomela, where we were very well received by the people, and especially by the chiefs, Mbangu and Buia.

#### “LOBENGO.

“Passing another creek—Basungu—which communicated with the Mo-

bangi, we came to Lobengo, which Mr. Comber and myself had visited in July last. Here we were recognised as old friends, and warmly welcomed, and found ourselves able to get much closer to the people than is possible on a first visit. We managed to move about the town without unhinging everything by reason of our novelty. People knew the white man; he was warranted harmless; and although my wife and little one were new features, and created no small stir among the women, the town generally was unmoved. The old chief soon settled down again to the mending of his nets, and the people in the main went about their business, a few went to cut wood for us, others to get food. The chief carried on his net-mending in his ‘palaces,’ or Ngumba house, which was simply a large roof 60 or 70 feet long by 20 or 25 wide, supported on posts, and without any walls, the king posts being finely wrought with a species of carving which added greatly to their appearance, and evidenced both considerable skill and patience. This Ngumba-house is a general apartment (each of the wives occupying a separate building). Here food was cooked and eaten, and the business of the day transacted, palavers talked, and pipes smoked. From the roof hung a very miscellaneous collection of African garnets of all kinds, with meshes from the size of a finger to a span long, for catching everything, from little fish in the water to large deer on land; also rat-traps made after the manner of the toy known as the Siamese link, into which if a rat once enters, the more he struggles the tighter he is held. Pipes, too, both long and short, figured prominently among the furnishing of this roof; the chief’s wives smoked the short ones, for they smoked at the work in the farms; but the chief,

having leisure to smoke, rejoiced in pipes with stems from six to eight feet long. Then there were spears and spear rests, shields and knives, and all the apparatus for taking life, as well as stores of medicines or charms to save that of the fortunate possessor and to ward off all the ills that flesh is heir to, the which, if infallible, would be as good as the elixir of life. Stools, dishes, a spare bed or two, fly whisks, a kind of backgammon board, sundry trophies of the chase, and odds and ends too numerous to catalogue were also found stowed away in this capacious roof.

#### “BANGALA TOWNS.

“The following day, when about thirty miles south of Bangala, we had friendly receptions at Munsembi and Bumbimba, though at the former place there was a great deal of excitement which we could not account for. This afterwards transpired to result from the expectation of being invaded by their Bangala neighbours. There were scarcely any women and children to be seen, the majority being away in the safety of the forest. The men left were evidently prepared for a fight, and their big canoes with spear rests fixed already launched. As we continued our journey we passed the sites of several deserted towns, it being the policy of the Bangalas, as of all large peoples in these parts, to harry outlying communities till they either go right away or draw closer and join their confederacy. About fifteen miles before reaching Bangala we passed another creek communicating with the Mobangi; this has already been partially explored by Lieut. Coquilhat, who, after passing the Bobuka town, reached a small lake or pool of some six or eight square miles in area. The natives reported another pool through which he would have to pass before

reaching the Mobangi. The fact of communication across the country between these rivers, although 120 miles above their junction, is certain, for we saw canoes manned by the very distinctive Baloi people, who are not known lower down; there was no mistaking their shaven heads, copper ornamented knives, and elephant-skin waistcoats, so entirely different from anything to be seen among the people of the Congo itself.

“Our arrival at Bangala was the occasion for none of the stir which characterised our previous visit, when our appearance was the signal for quite a warlike demonstration, which, however, Lieut. Coquilhat soon quelled by assurances of our friendliness.

#### “A SAD SIGHT.

“The next morning after our arrival was Sunday, and we were greatly distressed by coming almost face to face with an instance of cannibalism. At the time I commenced this journey I could scarcely bring myself to believe the terrible stories which reached me from time to time. Since coming first to the Congo the farther I travelled the farther cannibalism seemed to recede; everybody had it to say that their neighbours on beyond were bad, that they ‘eat men,’ till I began to grow sceptical; but here at Bangala I absolutely caught up with it, and was obliged to allow what I had hoped to be able to maintain as ‘not proven.’ I will not sicken you with the details of the preparation as some of our boys gave them when they came to tell me, in the hope that I should be able to interfere, but before they reached the steamer the big drum’s dun-dum announced the final act. Neither will I tell you of the horrible things they saw when they afterwards returned to the scene. The natives could not, or at least appeared not to understand

why the white man and his people should take exception to their proceedings. 'Why,' said they to one of our boys, 'do you interfere with us? We don't trouble you when you kill your goats. We buy our Nyama (meat) and kill it, it is not your affair.' Lieut. Coquilhat has tried his utmost, and placed himself in no small difficulty by his attempts to put a stop to these customs; but he says, and I quite realise it, that it cannot be done without fighting for it, and that to buy the intended victim would only be to give them the price which would purchase three others. From this point on the evidences of cannibalism were continually recurring, though the reluctant manner in which at some places the people acknowledged being 'men eaters,' leads us to hope that a sentiment against it already exists.

#### "A BANGALA EXPEDITION.

"In the afternoon we witnessed the setting out of the Bangala expedition against Munsempi. There were twenty-five canoes averaging sixteen to twenty warriors, all gaily caparisoned with feathers and war paint. Some of them had a bright plate of metal as large as a saucer attached to the front of their tall caps, others had half moons and small round mirrors wherewith to strike terror into the hearts of their enemies, for everybody is terribly afraid of a dancing beam of light. It was only a section of the people who joined the war party, and they did so against the advice of the paramount chief, Mata Mwiki, who would have nothing to do with it. 'What is the use,' said he, 'of going to fight, if you have told everybody about it? You will only have your trouble for nothing.' As the warriors came down river, he, with no other sign of regality than his tall brimless leopard-skin hat, put off in a small canoe to

the usual rendezvous to give them his advice, which was not taken and did not prevent them proceeding on their way. The following day they returned with great singing and drum-beating, having caught five poor fisherfolk, whom they had surprised at an outlying nganda or temporary fishing village. I do not think they ventured to attack Munsempi itself. The reason for the war lay in the fact that the Munsempi people had engaged the services of an especially clever Monganga, or witch and charm doctor, from the other side of the river, and would not give him up as requested by the Bangala people, who were afraid of his skill being exercised to their detriment if he were anywhere else than among themselves.

#### "MOBEKA.

"Lieut. Coquilhat having occasion to visit Mobeka at the mouth of the Ngala river, about fifty miles further east, very kindly arranged to make his journey thus far together with us. For the first mile or two the villages, like those of the previous six or eight, were finely situated on rising ground; beyond this the ground was often flooded at high water, but it did not prevent the inhabitants of the Mbinga, Bokunji, and Losengo districts from occupying the next thirty miles with their villages. On beyond again extended some twenty miles of still lower land, with only one or two available building sites, and then we came to the mouth of the Ngala, on the left bank of which, six miles up stream, we came to the important town of Mobeka, which is strong enough to exist as the hereditary enemy of Bangala. At the time of our visit there was scarcely a square yard of dry ground in the whole town, and everything looked wretchedly swampy and unhealthy. The formal reception being

over, and presents having been interchanged, we were not sorry to get beyond the stockade and on board once more, and to leave the chief and his people to the mutual admiration of themselves and their necklaces of human teeth, and the contemplation of the hideous rows of skulls with which they marked out the pathway in their fortified swamp. We went a further twenty miles or so up the Ngala; but as we could expect nothing important in the way of further towns, and only the prospect of great difficulty in getting fuel, we decided to return. Upon reaching the mouth of the river once more, after a very pleasant three days' journeying together, we bade adieu to our friend, who proceeded down river again to Bangala, while we pursued our way eastward. Four or five miles beyond where the Ngala joins the Congo we came to a very important town—Likunungu—whose friendly chief and people contrasted very favourably with our acquaintances at Mobeka. Here we were able to buy food and firewood, and after half a day spent in friendly intercourse with old and young, we were enabled to leave with good supplies to carry us beyond the hundred-mile stretch of low-lying land without towns and people, and feeling assured of a welcome whenever we might return.

#### “MPESA AND BOKALE

“On the 1st of December we reached Mpesa, the low situation of which appeared to furnish a very uncomfortable sort of site for its three or four thousand inhabitants. An hour or so before reaching Mpesa we met a fleet of twenty or thirty canoes bound down river to the quiet little creeks which communicated with the long stretch of waterway we had passed, and which during the falling water

constituted splendid fishing grounds. Till the end of November the river had been rising, now it had just commenced to fall, and the little inlets, by the receding of the main stream, would soon begin to dry up, and compel the fish to take refuge in the baskets and traps the people were all anxious to place in the mouths of these little creeks in readiness for them. Three miles beyond Mpesa we came to Bokale, a still larger town, and were here privileged to get a glimpse of the other bank, which we had not been able to see during the previous two hundred miles. On rounding a point which divided Bokale from the next town, Bokuli, we suddenly came in sight of a long, straggling reef of rocks just ahead, and stretching at right angles for a quarter of a mile or so right out into the stream. The sight of rocks, and the soundings showing more of them only four feet below the surface all round us, made us so anxious to get beyond them and into a good channel again that we did not stay at either of these important towns.

#### “BOPOTO.

“Five miles more and we were at Bopoto, a busy place, where lots of blacksmith's work is done, and where axes and hoes are made to supply the needs of all the surrounding district. Here it became needful for us to exchange our beads, wire, and cloth for axes, so that we might be furnished with this very acceptable currency, as we went farther afield. Two brass rods, reckoned at twopence each, bought one axe, and one axe we found would in some places buy a goat. The Bopoto hills, though only about 200 feet high, are quite a feature in this part of the country, and it is at the foot of these hills, where they dip down into the Congo



that the towns are situated. The people do not appear to have made the best of their position, for the appearance of their settlements does not at all compare favourably with those of their neighbours. Plantations seem to be greatly neglected. I expect they are able to buy all they need with their manufactures. I am afraid our remembrances of the people are none of the kindest, for they are great thieves, and during the time we were busy buying they managed to steal the lead, a theft which we only discovered when we got under weigh and wanted to take soundings. We soon put the *Peace* towards the beach again, and the people at once guessed we had discovered our loss, and began to run away. However, Eyambi went ashore, and so worked on the feelings of the chief that, for the sake of his good name, he brought such pressure to bear upon his people that they not only brought the lead back again, but also a tin basin and a couple of dishes which we had not missed.

“At the small towns on the fringe of the high land just beyond the hills the people were all very friendly, and we got on very well; but these were soon passed, and we entered upon another low and uninhabited stretch of about fifty miles, till we came to the Mbunba district. Here for some reason the people were very timid, and we did not fairly succeed in overcoming their suspicions of us. They appeared to be very different from those lower down, their hair not being so fancifully dressed, nor their teeth filed, though they indulge in strangely painting their bodies; elaborate patterns in red and black, and sometimes an entire coat of these pigments doing service as a suit of clothes. The grass houses to which we have been so long accustomed here give place to those of mud.

#### “THE LOIKA RIVER.

“From Stanley Pool our course was steadily northwards, till the Ngala was reached, there it commenced to run due east, and now at Mbumba we for the first time commence to trend south. Just in the bend of the river, after passing the Yaminga towns, we entered upon another of the northern affluents—Stanley’s Ukere River, better known among the natives as the Loika. It is a considerable stream of a hundred and fifty to three hundred yards wide, and we were enabled to follow it for nearly a hundred miles E.N.E., till we came to a fall which barred our way. Near its confluence with the Congo, its towns are large and the people tractable; as we went further up they became more timid, and we had difficulty in communicating with them. The first towns were those on the right bank, occupied by the Yankoi; further up, on the opposite bank, were the towns of Mosaku and Mambuta. It was market day when we arrived, and we counted more than a hundred canoes on the Mosaku beach. The chief was very friendly and made us a small present, venturing on board to do so. He was evidently greatly impressed by the white man’s fine canoe, and when one of our men, not thinking what the result would be, suddenly opened one of the steam valves, this impression was so profoundly deepened, that his kingship and all his satellites jumped overboard, as well as the occupants of some twenty or thirty canoes alongside, and swam ashore. Such a scramble, such a splashing, and happily such fun when they found it was about nothing. Their equanimity was soon restored, and all went well again, and we were able to lay in a good stock of the market produce, buying among other things

some very fine yams, which were very acceptable. On the Congo itself one scarcely ever sees a yam, and those of us who had been accustomed to the plentiful supply of these tropical substitutes for the potato at Cameroons, hailed them as old and esteemed acquaintances. Beyond the high banks on which these towns were built we came to a low stretch of country and three small villages, occupied mainly by canoe builders, who ran away on our approach.

#### “THE BAKUSO VILLAGES.

“The next series of villages belonged to the Bakuso, who also ran away, though we just managed to catch a glimpse of the hindermost ones, women mostly with children in their arms and a few plantain hurriedly slung round their necks. Hereabouts we found the river make its way through a channel cut across small ranges of hills running north-west—the cuttings through the hills showing us small cliffs of from thirty to a hundred feet high—the valleys between the hills were mostly low and swampy. At the next town, Bonganga, we found the people all burning the marsh grass and small floating plants to make salt, and although they were a bit nervous at first, we were able to visit their town and to enter upon very satisfactory relationship during the afternoon and morning we spent there. Our stay in the morning was due to the weather, it being, as it often is at that season, too foggy to allow of our going ahead. Ten miles further and we came to the Momeege villages, which extend four or five miles along the left bank. These were charmingly situated and in the midst of extremely fertile ground; the houses were all well built of clay and had rounded ends, and to add to their already neat appearance were either whitewashed or coloured a brilliant red. From the following six or eight small villages everybody ran away; then we came to larger towns all fenced in, where the people were hostile and shot their arrows at us, and we had to pass on. By the time we reached the first Mobebe town we were in want of both food and firewood, and we had to ‘lay siege’ to it for two or three hours before we managed to make friends, which we did not succeed in doing till we had convinced them of our peaceful intentions, by only replying to their flights of arrows with peaceful overtures, even after one of our boys had been slightly wounded, and we had had a lot of narrow escapes. Fortunately, one of the little girls we had on board came from this part of the country, and was able, after awhile, to make herself heard on shore, and to make them understand that we only wanted food, and that we were ready to give very fine things in return. They appeared greatly struck at hearing some one talk their own language, and soon began to parley, and to make arrangements for our interpreter Eyambi (who, by-the-by, could not hear a word they said) to go ashore and show them our fine beads and cloth. But when he approached the beach (he had gone off alone in the small canoe we carried alongside), the people would not let down the ladder for him to ascend the small cliff which protected their town on the water side unless he brought the little girl with him. Returning to the steamer for her, Eyambi had no difficulty on his going ashore, for the ladders which had been drawn up on our approach were let down again in readiness, and we could see that our ambassadors were warmly welcomed. The town appeared to be in charge of a young

man, Bosubie, son of the big chief a little higher up river; so after giving us a present for the wounded boy, a cap for the little girl, a spear for Eyambi, and satisfying our more immediate wants, we passed on to the principal town, which we reached early the following morning, and where we had a splendid reception from the joint chiefs, Esima and Katanga.

#### “ROYAL VISITORS.

“Upon our going ashore we had not to wait long before the royal approach was sounded upon big drums and ivory horns six feet long, and a few minutes after all the principal men were seated, slaves brought in a plentiful supply of food and piled it at our feet. When the coming of the food slackened, and I began to express my thanks, a command was given to bring more, and this was responded to by the women, who brought cooked cassada, and, altogether, made up such a heap of food, as we had nowhere else received on our journey. The chiefs then gave me a knife and a spear, and made many protestations of friendship, and told me to call my people to carry the food on board; an hour later and we were on our way once more. The next day we passed a very hostile town on the peninsula formed by the junction of a small river with the Loika, and by nine o'clock we reached the Lobi cataract in 2° 50' north latitude. This cataract we found was quite impassable, and after taking a few observations, and wooding up on an island remarkable for its orchids, we set out on our return to the Congo once more. Everything was quiet enough going down river, it was only at one or two of the places that the people ran away, and at many of the villages that were tenantless as we passed up we were able to enter into communications, and have a laugh

with the people for being so foolish as to run away from harmless folk like ourselves. At one place especially, where, on our way up, we went ashore to get some firewood, and where, in return for the fright we gave them which made them run away, and also for their trees which we cut down, we left a fathom or two of cloth on the ground, they were very cordial—that we had given them something, and left everything untouched, was indisputable evidence of our being ‘good.’ The chief of Mosaku, who made such an undignified retreat when startled by the steam, also gave us a welcome and more yams. Happy it was for us that the people were so friendly and food so plentiful; for after a good reception by the Chief Monanga, whose town was on the Congo, near the mouth of the Loika, it was a long while before we were among friends again.

#### “MONUNGERI.

“At Monungeri, which is about thirty miles beyond the Loika, we were greatly surprised at the unfriendly attitude of the people, especially as we knew they had been well disposed to Captain Hansens six months before. Indeed, so hostile did they appear that after a visit to their town both Dr. Sims and myself were extremely glad to find ourselves safely on board again. The women and children were all away in safety somewhere, and the men were all armed with spears and knives, and carried fine shields with iron targets in their centres. The old chief, Mosangi, behaved very well to us, and it appeared to be mainly owing to his efforts to tone down the turbulence of the younger spirits that we were allowed a safe retreat. What could have happened to change their sentiments since the last white man's visit? We were again surprised when

we reached Yasaka, another thirty miles further on, to find the people behaving in the same inhospitable way, but we did not venture in their town, and were soon on our way once more. Dr. Sims surmised that possibly something had taken place at Bosoko, thirty miles or so still to the eastward, where the expedition had formed a post, leaving it in charge of three Houssas, which might possibly account for our bad receptions.

“BOSOKO.

“I did not think it at all possible, and scarcely thought of it again till we were steaming into Bosoko (where the great Aruwimi attack on Stanley took place in '77), and could not see the expected expedition flag. This, together with the fact that a hundred or more canoes, all laden with children and food, were running away, that all the beach was lined with fetishes, and that the men were all armed and quite ready for a fight, convinced me that something serious had happened, and that it behoved us to move with all caution. Steering for the chief's place, but keeping well out of spear throw, we went along the beach inquiring for the white man's children. No one vouchsafed a word till we reached the head man's place, and then they told us that they were afraid we were enemies, and so had tied these men up as hostages for our good behaviour. We then replied, 'Very well; bring one of the men to the beach that we may see him, and we will at once go away.' Off they started as though to bring one of them, but no one came. In fact, the whole business wore such a very suspicious air that we did not for a moment believe in it. However, no one coming, we were justified in asking reproachfully that they should keep

their promise and bring the man. Then followed a lot of verbal wriggling of a most unsatisfactory kind, and the statement that the men were not there, but at the next town up river. (Bosoko was at the mouth of the Mbinga, or Aruwimi river). Upon our reaching the indicated place, we were told that the Houssas were at a village on the other side, and there we were referred back again to Bosoko. Here we made further inquiries at the chief's place, but the result only strengthened our fears that the men were dead. We afterwards learned for certain that two had been killed *and eaten*, and that the third, who is now at Bangala, only escaped because he was too thin for their immediate purpose, and thus enjoyed a respite which gave him an opportunity to escape. In the light of the fact of the white man's men having been killed, our bad reception at Monungeri and Yasaka was understandable; the people thought we knew all about what had happened, and feared we should make reprisals.

“A NIGHT OF FEAR.

“It was not with very pleasant feelings that we camped that evening some four miles away, as we were compelled to do to cut firewood, especially as we were followed by a couple of canoes which kept up constant communications with their base by means of the big drums they carried. Seeing that we were all anxious not to contribute personally to the food supply of our for the time being neighbours, and that our watchfulness for fear of a night attack, and the horribly threatening sort of din kept up by the big drums, combined together to make our sleep none of the soundest, we were up betimes in the morning, ready to be off as soon as there was light enough to move.

## "ARAB RAIDERS FOR SLAVES.

"During the day we saw no towns; we therefore promised ourselves a quiet night; and as late in the afternoon we saw what we took to be the light of the salt-makers' fires ahead, we anchored rather earlier than usual that we might be out of range of the drumming we should have to endure did we but venture within earshot. Our hopes of a quiet night, however, were in vain, for it was not yet midnight when the watch reported a small canoe close by, and in a minute or two another came in sight, then a large one evidently freighted with some forty or fifty people. Could it be a night attack? Why did they not respond to our hailing? More canoes came by, and after a while we heard a sick man cough then a child cry, and then we felt sure they must be for some reason or other fugitives in full flight. Shortly afterwards we managed to learn that what we had taken to be the light of the saltmakers' fires had been the flames of a burning town, and that the canoes which had passed, and the long line we could now make out as dropping down stream close in shore, were running away from a band of Arab raiders in pursuit of slaves and ivory. While talking with these poor people wreckage of all kinds commenced floating by, and for nearly three hours afterwards a continuous stream of house roofs, beds, stools, calabashes, fishing-nets, ropes, and all the floatable gear that had been thrown into the river partly from the town and partly out of the canoes by those runaways who found themselves hardly pressed, or out of the captured ones by the Arabs, who would not be bothered with such plunder. In the morning after a short run of eight or ten miles, and passing some hundreds of canoes with homeless families afloat in them, we reached the smoking ruins

of Yambuli, a town which must have had three or four thousand inhabitants. The next town, Mawembe, on Mr. Stanley's map of 1877, we found quite deserted; neither in the next town were any people to be seen, and out of some four hundred or five hundred houses, only three or four had the roofs left.

## "ARAB DEVASTATION.

"A little farther on we came to a small town which had been quite destroyed, but from among the still smoking ruins one of the men who had ventured back hailed us, and holding out his open hands before him said: 'See, we have nothing left, nothing;' then pointing to the charred post, 'see what has happened: our houses burnt, plantations destroyed, our wives and children all gone.' Then, pointing across the islands to the other side of the river, he said: 'The men who did it all are over there.' The utterly woebegone appearance the poor fellow presented, surrounded as he was with such evidences of ruin, made up a picture of desolation which once seen is never forgotten. Nor shall we forget his appeals for help. He seemed to think it would be an easy thing for the white man to go and fight the Betamba-tamba, or, if he would not fight, he could easily ransom their wives and children. If we once commenced to redeem these fruits of the Arab raids we should only be setting a premium upon raiding. Crossing the river, and passing more burning ruins, we came to the Arab camp at the mouth of the Boloko (Lubilash). Here we found them making ready to repel an expected attack by posting bodies of men in the tall grass commanding the approaches. However, they seemed to recognise very soon that we were not fighting men, and sent off a

canoe to us. We then learned that they were seven hundred strong, under the command of Munya Mani, a vassal of the famous Hamed bin Mohammed, better known as Tippo Tib.

“STANLEY FALLS.

“After two more days’ journeying we reached our turning point, Stanley Falls. These were two days full of sad interest, and in the which we passed thousands of fugitives, and a score of villages whose occupants were ready to fly at a moment’s notice, having their goods and food supplies in their canoes and everything prepared. Most of the people seemed to sleep in their canoes in case of a night surprise, and during the day they live ashore keeping a canoe or two continually on the watch in the best positions for observing. The poor women and children looked upon it as a very bad piece of business to live under such difficulties, but the men seemed cheerful enough about it; and our people, who had learnt their national song, had only to start it on board, and it sufficed to stir up a perfect fever of sympathetic excitement and a dance on shore. We were always well received by these poor people, who did not fail to recognise us as friends, especially when our boys sang—

Deyungie, lokéré; deyungie, lokéré.

E, Betamba-Tamba, ya lokéré; tuta!  
tuta!’

Although they did not know what it meant, the reference to the Arabs was always re-echoed with great emphasis, and was evidently something not very flattering. I have tried hard to get a translation; one gives one version, and another something quite different.

“With the country in such a state, it will be easily imagined that there was no food to be bought, and as we had been able to purchase little or

nothing since leaving the Loika a week before, we were running short again, and were greatly disappointed when the hoped-for plenty of the Falls failed us—especially as it was Christmas time.

THE ARAB SLAVES AND TIPPO TIB.

The presence of the Arabs down below prevented the market people from coming up, and the presence of the three hundred under Tippo Tib on an island just above the Falls put an extra drain upon the resources of the immediate vicinity. However, Lieutenant Wester, the Swedish officer of the expedition station, very kindly supplied our wants during the three days we had the pleasure of staying with him, and succeeded in making our Christmas a pleasant one. On Christmas Eve we paid a visit to Tippo Tib, who received us very hospitably, and asked if he might be of service in forwarding letters to Ujiji or the East Coast, to which places he sent despatches every fortnight *viâ* Nyangwe. He knows Captain Hore of the London Missionary Society, and was able to give us information about their steamer and boat on Lake Tanganyika. If his information respecting the French traveller Giraud is correct, that gentleman is dead, instead of on his way to the Congo, as it was hoped. Tippo Tib is evidently preparing for a permanent occupation of the Falls. He is making large plantations, talks of building a stone house, and says he is expecting 2,000 more men. He professes to be anxious to do legitimate trade, and says that if the people were not so bad, and would trade without fighting, he certainly would do so. He wants us to believe that the natives always ‘begin it.’ He states that he has undertaken this expedition at the order of Seyd

Burgash, Sultan of Zanzibar, who called him to his court to report upon the reasons why the Congo trade had been diverted from the East Coast, and that he is now investigating the matter on behalf of his Majesty, who claims the sovereignty of the Congo right down to the sea! As yet no appreciable diversion of trade has taken place, and this explanation, it seems to me, is only an excuse to cover his present purposes.

“SLAVE RAIDING.

“Opening as the Congo does such vast opportunities for slave-raiding along its thousands of miles of banks, common humanity claims that steps should be taken against a scourge the bitterness of which it is impossible to overdraw. Lieut. Wester had orders to prevent the Arabs going down river, but it was impossible for him to carry them out. His Zanzibaris would not fight their compatriots, and his few Houssas could not. And more than this. Even if he had barred the way at the Falls, a few easy marches overland would have taken them to the Mburra or the Lubilash, with a sufficiency of canoes to enable them to take to the water and capture more to make up their fleet. They would

then have the Congo open before them all the same, and without even a station to check them till Bangala, 500 miles away. I trust that by this time the ‘African Free State’ is duly constituted, with power to deal with this matter, which, to my mind, the present International Association cannot grapple with. At present the towns in the immediate vicinity of stations are safe enough, but those at a distance are at the mercy of the most pitiless of marauders of this or any age.

“It will be no easy task to stem the current of this Arab invasion, which has been extending westward year after year till now it has passed the median line of the continent. We found natives fifty miles west of Stanley Falls who could talk Swaheli, a language that will carry the traveller from that point to the East Coast. The way is open for canoes either up or down from Nyangwe to Leopodville, a distance of 1,400 miles. How far this Arab conquest is to push itself towards the Atlantic depends upon where European force steps in. The natives certainly cannot stem the current of invasion. Better let the Portuguese have the Congo than it should fall into the hands of Arab slave raiders.

GEORGE GRENFELL.

In a letter by the same mail, written to A. T. Bowser, Esq., of Upper Clapton, Mr. Grenfell says:—

“I am half afraid that some good folk at home will think I am making much fuss about geography only, and don’t write enough about the Gospel. Well, do you remember David Livingstone’s memorable words? ‘The end of the geographical feat is the commencement of the Christian enterprise.’

“This comforts me not a little. Mere geography is, however, but ‘*dry bones,*’ and I am glad to feel that the geographical feat, so far as the Congo is concerned, will soon be accomplished.

“Then we shall have intelligent knowledge of what is really before us, and where best to concentrate our main efforts. Remember, I pray you, that *with our incomplete knowledge only of the vast central waterways, and the populations accessible thereby, we may make great mistakes as to procedure,*

and spend much money and treasure in attacking outposts only while we might, with just as much ease, operate against important and strategic centres.

“Personally I must confess I should be glad to leave ‘pioneering work’ to younger men, and settle down to what may be considered as more directly missionary work.”

It cannot, however, be forgotten that it is to this “*pioneering work*” of Christian missionaries the present open door in Central Africa is largely due.

In the eloquent words of Lord Aberdare, “Notwithstanding all that has been effected during recent years by purely scientific travellers and explorers in Africa, it yet remains a fact that the world is more indebted for its knowledge of this vast continent to the discoveries of Christian missionaries than to the labours of purely scientific *savants* or geographical experts.”

The recent discoveries of Mr. Grenfell reveal in a very remarkable manner the vastness of the field to be occupied by the Christian Church in Central Africa, and the marvellous facilities that these large inland stretches of waterway offer for itinerant evangelistic work.

There is indeed “much land to be possessed,” and every fresh discovery seems only to deepen and intensify the needs of this long neglected, dark, and slave-hunted land.

#### NEW STATIONS UPON THE UPPER CONGO.

Mr. Grenfell writes from “Stanley Pool, May 29th” :—

“Stanley Pool, 29th April, 1885.

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES.—After a careful survey of the Congo with a view to future stations, I am prepared to strongly recommend the following nine places, subject of course to modifications upon fuller understanding of all the circumstances. The figures respecting population are only approximations.

“1. INSWATA.—A Bamfuna town, about a hundred miles from Arthington. 500 to 1,000 people. Very many small villages among the hills within a short distance. Sanchus, an important Bateke town within reach, two or three miles beyond, on the other side of the river.

“(Heva Mouth, North.—American Baptist Missionary Union, about twelve miles beyond Mswata).

“2. MUXIE.—Up the Kwa some fifty miles. Previously reported upon,

“3. BOLOBO.—About ninety miles beyond Mswata. To my mind the most desirable of all the available points on the Congo.

“4. LUKOLELA.—Say a hundred miles beyond Bolobo. A very good position—perhaps three or four thousand people within a walk of three miles. Numerous villages commencing about a quarter of a mile from our station.

“5. NGOMBE.—Nearly fifty miles beyond Lukolela, and about twelve before reaching Nebu; a capital base for future operations on the Mobangi. Captain Hansens strongly advised this place in preference to Nebu, which is scarcely ready for a missionary, although it is a most desirable place, with eight or twelve thousand people within easy reach.



“(Equatorville.—American Baptist Missionary Union, one hundred miles from Lukolela).

“(Lulanga, fifty miles north of the Equator, a place of five or ten thousand people; but like Nebu, I'm afraid not quite yet ready for a missionary, unless he be an eager candidate for martyrdom).

“6. BANGALA.—About a hundred and thirty miles or so north of the Equator. A trying position, but a very good one. Am quite willing to go there myself. Lieut. Coquilhat showed me a piece of ground he thought the Expedition would grant. It would be quite sufficient for us. In the future the Expedition hopes for a better site. We might reasonably do so too when things are more settled. It would be imperative to build close to the American International Association for the present.

“(UPOTO.—One hundred and sixty miles or so beyond Bangala. American Baptist Missionary Union.)

“7. RUBUNGA.—On the opposite side of the river to Upoto, and about ten miles away. Ten thousand people within reach.

“8. YAMBINGA, or near the mouth of the Loika River. I think a good position.

“9. YANGOWA, at the mouth of the Lubilash, was deserted when we saw it, but we met the chief people as fugitives. They were only waiting for the Arab slave drivers to leave when they would repossess their town. They were very anxious for us to settle among them. Fine land—many towns easily accessible.

“The region of the Aruwimi is not to be thought of just yet. The Arabs have swept Bosoko clean. They (the natives) may or may not be anxious to have a white man to protect them from the Belamba-tamba. It will be important to note their bearing when next visited. They possibly think the white men sent the Arabs to punish them.

“The first six places are ready for occupation AT ONCE, at least as soon as arrangements are concluded with the International Association. But with our men dying and our inability to occupy properly our lower stations, and with Bolobo and Lukolela still unfilled, I cannot bring myself to make definite application for more land. Negotiations have, however, been opened for three more places.

## The Congo Mission.

### TIDINGS OF FURTHER LOSSES.

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

“In this blessed enterprise we must, of course, expect trials, disappointments, sickness, and death. No great enterprise is ever accomplished without such experiences. Let Christians at home clearly understand this, and instead of wringing their hands and growing faint-hearted when they hear of death, and what they often call disaster, let them regard all such providences as fresh calls to duty, and fresh inspiration to more unselfish service.”—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

**I**N this enterprise of winning Africa for Christ there must be, I know, my dear Mr. Baynes, much of what the world calls loss and sacrifice, and it may be that many will fall in the blessed work of foundation building

only; but what of this? To have any share in this noblest of all toil, however humble or obscure, be it only hewing wood or drawing water, is, surely, honour and privilege any servant of Christ must court and long for. I desire to go to this work feeling yet more intensely day by day, as the days pass on, that to live is Christ, and to die, gain; and if He should ordain for me early death, after a brief season of obscure, pioneering work only—well, it must all be right; for it means early and complete satisfaction. ‘Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake in Thy likeness.’”

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

Once again we have to record accepted sacrifice on the Congo river.

On Thursday, the 21st of May, at San Salvador, *Alexander Cowe* passed to his rest and reward, and on Monday morning, June the 8th, at Underhill Station, *W. F. Cottingham* left his colleagues for the better land.

Mr. Cameron, writing from San Salvador, under date of May the 26th, reports:—

“A month before you get this, a letter from Mr. Cowe will reach you, telling that he arrived here in good health on the 1st of this month. That good health, I grieve to say, only lasted twelve days, and his life just a few days longer. On the 13th he was attacked by fever, and on the 21st he died. His temperature did not rise unusually high (104°), but the other symptoms were alarming, and after the first day it became clear that he was seriously ill.

“Dr. Wolff (of the German exploring party) came on the 15th, and did all he could for him, but without avail. From the second day of his illness to the end he was mostly delirious, and, I think, did not know his condition till he found himself in the presence of Jesus.

“On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 20th, I repeated the words of Isaiah liii. 5, and he said them after me, only changing the possessive pronouns from plural to singular, thus—‘He was wounded for *my* transgressions; He was bruised for *my* iniquities; the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him; and with His stripes I am healed.’

“Shortly afterwards, he said:—‘Jesus is worthy, Jesus is worthy.’ A little after twelve o’clock next morning he fell into what seemed a deep and refreshing sleep, and, without awaking, fell asleep in Jesus three hours afterwards.

“He preached here once only—on the 10th inst. The work he hoped to do is not yet done; some one is needed to do it. The Lord choose and send whom He will.

“The many deaths out here of late must be a cause of great anxiety to the

Committee. I pray that all needed grace and wisdom may be given to each of its members, so that all its decisions may be of God.

“In a time of trial like this we cannot afford to forget that the command of the Master, and the need of the heathen, are alike unchanged.” Go!

From Underhill Station, under date of the 12th of June, Mr. Moolenaar writes:—

“Our dear brother Cottingham fell asleep in Jesus at six o'clock on Monday morning, the 8th of June. He arrived here, accompanied by Mr. Charters, the Engineer Missionary, on May 15th. Both were very well then, and remained so till the 23rd inst., when the former went down with fever; temperature 104°. This I soon brought down to 102° by the usual remedies, after which he was able to partake of some light nourishment. He became at times very melancholy, talking of dying, a thing I determined to check as much as was in my power. He remained feverish, temperature varying very much, till Saturday, May 30th, when his temperature was quite normal. I administered quinine very freely for three or four days, and it was not long before he was well and strong again. On June 5th he went to bed with fever again, temperature 101°-2, but after perspiring freely it went down to 100°. I immediately gave him a good dose of quinine, which brought it to normal. Next day, being Sunday, he felt much better, and was able to sit up in an easy chair. In the evening the fever came on again intensely, temperature rising very suddenly to 105°. We did all we could to bring it down, Dr. Wolff being with us at the time. ‘Many thanks for his kind assistance.’ But it was all to no purpose. It was indeed, ‘dear Mr. Baynes,’ a sad sight to see all our efforts fruitless.

“Towards three o'clock in the morning he became delirious, and at six o'clock his spirit passed away into the presence of Jesus.

“His last words were as follows:—‘Charters, I shall not live long, *but all is well*. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for He is with me, His rod and staff they comfort me;’ and so passed away one who, like so many others, had hoped to spend a long life for Christ in dark Africa.

“His funeral took place on the day of his death. There were present—‘to pay respect to his last remains’—Mr. Greshoff, the chief of the stations on the lower river belonging to the Dutch house; Mr. Macready, a trader of the English house; Captain Bart, of the *Morian*; Mr. Makitrick, and Dr. Wolff.

“It was, indeed, a solemn sight as we laid the coffin by the side of dear Macmillen. Speaking to the boys in Fiote about our departed friend—how now he was happy with Jesus, the One he delighted to talk about—I could not but help feeling that though our brother was dead, yet he spoke to us of the reality of the Gospel of Christ.

“Dear Mr. Baynes, I know you will feel this much, ‘with all your intense interest in the mission field, and especially with the Congo.’ To hear, month after month, of some one laying down his armour, must be to you, and the Committee, very sad and trying. I pray that you all may be comforted and guided for the future in sending out other brethren.

“P.S.—Mr. Hughes was not present, he, having been out of health for some

time, was advised by the doctor at Banana to go to Mossamedes for a little change. Mr. Charters is still with me; he has had two slight fevers: but is, at present, in excellent health. He will most likely accompany me to Bayneston."

#### LAST WORDS.

In the last letter written by Mr. Cowe before leaving England, addressed to the secretary, he said, in view of recent losses on the Congo River:—

"Surely, my dear Mr. Baynes, these losses, if they were ten times as numerous, can only be regarded as so many clarion calls to further service and renewed consecration.

"I know not what may be in store for me, but I pray you remember, if I should be early called away, with my last breath I hope to pray for *more men*, deeper devotion, and more thorough surrender of all for Christ.

"To die in such a cause is lofty privilege, while to live and work is solemn responsibility.

"Oh! the joy and peace of feeling FULLY that all is committed to His wise and loving keeping.

"Father, I know that ALL my life is portioned out by Thee."

As clearly showing the tone and spirit in which Mr. Cowe entered upon his work, the following extract from a document he wrote on board the African mail steamer *Corisco* on his voyage out, and dated April the 1st, is presented to our readers:—

"DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER, BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—If ever you read this it will be after I am with the Lord—it will be my *last letter*, for the next time I see you all there will be no need of letter-writing any more than of sun, moon, and stars. Recognising the dangerous climate to which, in the Gospel, I have been called to labour, I think it would be wrong of me not to have all settled that I might wish settled, lest I fall a victim to it.

"Let me first say to you all, that should you ever read this letter, do not *grieve overmuch* that you *have to do so*. You will certainly have no need to grieve for me, for you will know that I shall be 'with Christ, which is far better.' I shall be happy in the dear Master's presence. Rather let it lead you to a deeper, more consecrated life in this present evil world, and create in you a more active vital interest in the world to come. And may it elevate your thoughts more and more to the time when gloriously complete in knowledge, in sight, in our whole being, spirit, soul, and body, we shall rise to meet our blessed Lord Jesus in the clouds, to be for ever with him where is no separation or death, and where '*God himself shall wipe all tears from our eyes.*' If it is possible for me to see you all after death (if I fall asleep) it will give me great joy to mark you all *bowing* submissively in *heart* to the good will of our loving and all-wise God, and, if I am permitted, I shall hover around you, and minister unto you in your grief and in every time of trial. Whatever happens, either with reference to present or future, let us be sure infinite love and wisdom cannot err. Besides, remember, I might have died in my sins but for His sovereign grace in apprehending me. Remember, also, that the angels in

glory would court the privilege of labouring and dying for Jesus in the mission fields, I know that after the first burst of grief, you will be able to say, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away,' 'Blessed be the name of the Lord,' I am sure you could wish no more glorious end for me—with the exception of rising without death to meet the Lord at His coming, than dying in the thick of the fight against sin and iniquity for my Lord and Master who died for me—even Jesus—than that I should lay down my life on the sandy shores of Africa, which has drunk the blood and tears of countless millions for want of the knowledge of Jesus. And so we part beloved ones, till the resurrection morning—'till He come.' I shall close my letter, my dear ones, by saying finally—

' Only good night, beloved, not farewell ;  
 A little while and all His saints shall dwell.  
 In hallowed union, indivisible, good night,  
 Good night, good night ! '

I shall surely see you all in the morning, *and together we shall see Him.*

" My outfit will be sent home in the event of my death—if it is not, and if I die any time after being six months in Africa, write to Mr. Baynes at the Mission House, Castle-street, Holborn, London, E.C., and ask him to ship it over and forward it to you—I want you dear father and mother to make what use of it, and anything else that belongs to me, that my commend itself to your judgment.

" A few things, however, I would specially desire to mention, and which I desire you should see given to those I desire to have them. You will find all the requests on the other page of this sheet.

" On board the s.s. *Corsico*, off Old Calabar, West Africa.

" April 1st, 1885.

(Signed) ALEXANDER COWE."

Nor can we refrain from making a few extracts from letters received from Mr. Cowe's father. He writes:—

" It was indeed a terrible shock to us to hear of the death of our beloved son thus early in the fight. But we have to thank our Heavenly Father that *He has* given us at this trying time to say, 'Thy will be done.'

" We shall indeed miss our dear son very, very much, but we do not regret having given him up, 'even to die,' in such a glorious cause.

" The Lord must know best, and He *cannot have made a mistake.*

" This surely must be part of His divine plan for the up-raising of poor down-trodden Africa ; and although the sowing time is bitter and sorrowful, and the sacrifice, humanly speaking, enormous, yet surely the reaping time is not far off. Ere long doubtless we shall witness a rich and abundant harvest, where so many of our loved ones have had the high honour of laying down their lives for the Christ they so dearly loved.

" This blow has fallen as a thick cloud over our family circle, and our hearts cannot help grieving a little ; but Oh ! thank God, we can clearly discern through all the darkness the tender, sympathetic smile of the Saviour, and look forward with joy and confidence to the time (at longest

but brief) when together we shall be once more reunited and sing the song of the redeemed around the Saviour's throne."

Nor can we refrain from quoting also a few words from one who looked joyfully forward to years of companionship and toil with the devoted young Brother, whose sun indeed has "gone down while it is yet day," and who is specially in need of the prayers and sympathies of all our readers in this season of sore sorrow and bereavement.

Miss Lily M. Hailes, of Highgate, writes to the Rev. T. J. Comber:—

"This is indeed a most heavy and unexpected sorrow. God's ways are not our ways. We had hoped soon to meet and work together on the Congo, but our Father had made different plans, and the one now at rest was found ready and watching.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*

He has, I know, already heard the 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

"Just reached home a little before. It was indeed a swift passage to glory.

"It is quite true, as he said, when he left me for the last time, 'Good-bye, till glory.' Yes, blessed prospect, we will meet then—never more to part."

#### LETTERS FROM MR. COTTINGHAM.

With regard to Mr. Cottingham, the following extracts from recent letters to his parents will be read with deep and painful interest:—

Writing to his mother under date Banana, May 11th, 1885, he said:—

"Now about your birthday, mother. God only knows the fervour of my prayers and the affection of my wishes on your behalf. I am *expecting* that to-day you are exceedingly happy, having much of the dear Master's presence and peace shed abroad in your heart. Your happiness may be somewhat tempered, your peace marred, and you may be somewhat anxious about me owing to the sad news which you have heard from Congo, in the deaths of dear brothers Cruickshank and McMillan. We heard it a few days ago at Loango. Don't be troubled and anxious on my account, my dear parents. Remember I am just as safe as if our dear brothers had not died. You committed me to God, did you not? And He is ever the same. Nothing can or shall harm me until he sees fit. It has cast a gloom over us; but God's grace is equal to the emergency, and is being proportioned to our need. I go forward in His strength; that was my New Year's motto, you know. And pestilence, however rampant, shall not come near me, unless there is a 'needs be.' And, if so, who shall murmur? . . . I wonder what the churches at home will think of our recent losses, and I trust it will only stimulate more men to come out. We need them badly!"

On June the 2nd, six days before his death, he again wrote:—

"You will have, perhaps, heard of other sad news from the Congo; but don't get alarmed, or over-anxious. Poor dear Cowe has gone home to glory. His first

fever at San Salvador proved fatal. God's dealings are marvellous. It will be a terrible blow to many at home. May the God of all peace and comfort support them, and show them that even when He brings a cloud over the land He always puts His bow in that cloud. These distressing losses tend to make us feel sad and lonely out here. But they drive us to God our Refuge and Strength. It seems difficult to see how they, who have so quickly fallen, have been used in the work, and yet they must have been. It is God's work, and it must advance. May we who are still spared live very closely to Him, and serve Him faithfully while we may."

The following letter, written on board the African mail steamer "Landana," and dated the 15th of April, was addressed to the superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school at Ringstead, Northamptonshire, his native village:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—I have been thinking much of yourself and of the old class since I came on board this ship, and have just scribbled out a few thoughts which I trust may be of some service in stimulating and maintaining the missionary spirit in the class, and among the young people generally. For that reason, I would ask you, if it meets with your approval, to bring this letter before the class, and to ask Ida, if she will either read it, or get it read at the young women's weekly meeting.

"You will see the letter I am sending mother, from here. That will give you some account of my movements and daily observations. This, is merely a conglomeration of musings, which I have from time to time jotted down, chiefly on Sunday afternoon last.

"It is now the hour (by my watch, which I have yet kept to English time, the ship-time being now an hour and ten minutes behind English time) for opening Sunday-school. My mind is busy with reflections, and the happy associations this hour awakens. We are up on deck singing some of Sankey's hymns. I am wondering how the senior class is attended, and valued by the young people at Ringstead, and I am wondering, too, what I can write them, to stimulate their interest in the class, that it may become by their own exertions, in co-operation with yours, a mighty power for good.

"How my heart has glowed with pleasure this afternoon, as I have been reading the 'Marching Orders for Missionaries' from one of Miss H——'s books presented me by you. I feel so thankful I was able to respond to the Lord's command, 'Go ye!' before reading her remarks. Had I not, methinks I could not have 'held back.' Oh! that there might be others out of the class who, having responded to the Saviour's gracious 'Come ye,' and have found peace and joy in believing, may yet heed His 'Go ye!' and go with the Words of Truth in their hands to the nations yet in ignorance—go and break unto the starving millions of heathendom the Bread of Life, on which their own souls are feeding!

"We are too apt, don't you think, while appropriating God's promises to ourselves, to act differently with His commands, and think they apply to somebody else. Few are they who, when reading the last command, the parting words of our dear Master—'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,' put their finger upon it, and say, 'There, that

means *me*!' Yet how willing are we all to appropriate His promises. We appropriate these because, say we, 'All God's promises are for all God's children;' well, so methinks it must reasonably be respecting His commands. However, it becomes our duty, as Christians, to sit down and consider whether the circumstances in which God has placed us will permit us to carry out His last command, or whether they preclude us from doing so. This is the least we can do. If not quite sure, go to Him with the prayer, which we ourselves carried daily to the Mercy Seat for months, and which He has now answered to our exceeding joy—it is, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do? Make Thy way straight before my face.' He will do it, for has He not promised in 32nd Psalm?

"How I wish I could give you some conception of the joy, peace, and rest I have felt, since in response to Christ's command, 'Go *ye*!' I said, 'I will go in the strength of the Lord God.' And as the days roll by, as we get nearer the land of our adoption, nearer the sphere of labour, we seem to proportionately realise more of the Master's presence, and of the glad assurance that we are in the path of duty. We are somewhat surprised at the *reality* of the blessing, though not at the blessing itself, for being in the way of the command, we are sure to meet the blessing. We are so enamoured with the joy of prospective service that we would fain others of our acquaintance should know it too. Surely there are some in Ringstead whose way is not hedged up, and who after a course of study and preparation, when they reflect on Him, and His command, who "freely gave Himself for us," will be constrained to say in answer to His: 'Whom shall I send? and who will go for us?' Here am I, send *me*, send ME!'

"Then, again, about praying for His glorious enterprise. That too is a direct command, which, if we neglect, we shall not only be responsible for, but shall rob ourselves of much sweet communion with our God.

"Christ Himself gave us this great fact—that the harvest is great, but the labourers FEW; and because of this sad fact, He gives the command, which properly carried out will remedy the scarcity of labourers, 'Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.' (Although labourers are wanted, yet it is the prerogative of the Lord of the harvest *alone* to send them.)

"Oftentimes we feel, and have mournfully to say, 'We know not what we should pray for aright.' But here the difficulty vanishes. We have the very prayer framed and put into our lips by Christ Himself, and what He Himself propounds *must* be in accordance with His will, and will, therefore, most assuredly be answered. It is our daily prayer and delight. We are not unmindful of that glorious prayer-meeting we had on the eve of my departure, nor of your kind interest in me and in the work, and of your comforting assurance that I will be remembered in your prayers; but while doing this, permit me to ask you to pray each Sunday (that I may join you in spirit) in class, each week when you meet in Bible class, that 'the Lord will send forth labourers into His harvest,' and that too, out of Ringstead. Don't be afraid to specify Ringstead; don't be faithless and say: 'Who here is likely to go? We know none.' Three years ago I would have said the same, but not so two years ago, for then, unknown to anyone but God, I was wishing and praying to go. While daily praying for this, we are not unmindful of



the last words of one of the members of the class when saying 'Good-bye,' 'Pray for us, won't you? We shall pray for you!' Yes, I am praying, and devoutly hoping we shall see our prayers literally answered.

"Give my kind regards to all the class, teachers, &c., to Mrs. Smith, and Ida, Flo, and Luther, who, I hope, are all well.

"And with kindest regards and prayers for yourself.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,  
"W. F. COTTINGHAM."

Writing to Mr. Cottingham's father and mother, Mr. David Charters, the companion and colleague of Mr. Cottingham, on his voyage to the Congo, says:—

"During our voyage to Africa, we were the closest of friends, and I had numerous opportunities for observing his sweet, quiet, unobtrusive, Christian disposition. He just placed himself entirely in the hands of his Heavenly Father, and felt perfectly confident all must be well.

"It was on the morning of the 8th of June that your dear son went to be with Christ; about four o'clock a.m. he turned to me and said: 'Charters, I am going.' I said to him in reply (my heart was too full to say more), 'Don't say so.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I am going across the river; but all is well. I am passing through the valley, but His rod and His staff they comfort me.'

"Coma then set in, and at about six o'clock he passed from us. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' His end was perfect peace."

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## Reinforcements for the Congo Mission.

**A**LREADY we are thankful to report there are many indications that our recent heavy and severe losses in connection with the Congo Mission are regarded by more than a few as solemn and sacred appeals for more whole-hearted consecration, and the personal devotion of health and strength to this blessed enterprise.

From many and far distant parts of the country letters have reached the Secretary, urging earnestly upon the Committee the duty of the renewed and immediate prosecution of the Congo Mission, so that "the places now vacant may be filled up, and the up-river stations occupied at the earliest practicable moment."

One well-known and generous friend, to whom the Congo Mission owes much, writes:—

"Further losses, my dear Mr. Baynes, mean louder calls. Every translation binds us yet more strongly to this blessed enterprise. Care, caution,

prudence—yes, all these, and by all means; but further effort, more real self-denial, support with no grudging hand, a deep sense of privilege and responsibility, devout thankfulness for the wonders already wrought, and for the marvellous prospects before us, all these, and much more, should lead all who can to give **themselves** to the work, and those who cannot go themselves should be led to deeper and more intelligent sympathy with those who can, and to larger and more conscientious gifts for the furtherance of this most blessed enterprise. Let us ever remember that in Christ's cause the path of suffering and sacrifice is the path of success."

Already numerous offers for mission service on the Congo have been received, and in not a few cases recent losses have been the impelling force tending to this step.

In view of the present enfeebled condition of the Congo staff, the committee have made arrangements for the departure for Africa, in company with the Rev. T. J. Comber, of five new missionaries, who, all being well, will leave Liverpool on Wednesday, the 19th of August next, by the African mail steamship *Gaboon*. The names of the five new brethren are as follows:—

- Mr. J. E. Biggs, of Upper Holloway.
- Mr. Percy Comber, Regent's Park College.
- Mr. P. Davies, B.A., Regent's Park College.
- Mr. John Maynard, The Pastors' College.
- Mr. Michael Richards, of Forest Gate.

On Monday evening, August the 17th, at seven o'clock, there will be a public Valedictory and Designation Service at Camden Road Chapel, Camden Town, to take leave of the Rev. Thos. J. Comber, and the five brethren accompanying him.

The Treasurer, Joseph Tritton, Esq., has been earnestly requested to preside, and full particulars will be shortly announced in the denominational and other papers.

We earnestly hope a large number of friends will be present to show their interest and sympathy in the brethren leaving for the Congo.

On the following evening, Tuesday the 18th, a public meeting will be held in Liverpool, under the chairmanship of the Rev. H. Stowell Brown, to specially commend the six departing missionaries to the blessing and protection of Almighty God; and on the following morning they will embark from the Prince's Landing Stage, on board the steamship *Gaboon*, for Africa.

Here it should be reported that at King's Road Chapel, Reading, on Wednesday evening, the 15th of last month, a public designation meeting was held to take farewell of Mr. Philip Davies, B.A., and present him

with a cheque for £120, the full amount of his outfit and passage expenses, as a Congo missionary. Drs. Angus and Landels, the Revs. Wm. Anderson (Mr. Davies's pastor), J. Weeks, T. J. Comber, and many local ministers taking part in the service.

We cannot refrain from quoting the circular sent to the members of the King's Road Church when it was resolved to make an effort to raise the amount for Mr. Davies's outfit and passage:—

“ BAPTIST MISSIONS ON THE CONGO.

“ To the Members of the Church and Congregation meeting in King's Road Chapel, Reading.

“ DEAR FRIENDS,—In the Providence of God our beloved brother, Mr. Philip Davies, B.A., of Regent's Park College, has been accepted for work on the Congo. A Designation Service in connection with his departure will (D.V.) be held in our chapel on July 15th. For his own sake, for his honoured father's sake, and for the sake of the great missionary enterprise we cannot allow him to leave us empty handed. As a church we have recently increased our gifts to missions. But I hope that will not be considered a reason for omitting to mark with special effort an occasion which can only rarely come in any church's history.

“ The cost of a complete Congo outfit is estimated by those best able to judge to amount to £120.

“ It would be ‘ a savour of a sweet smell acceptable to God,’ if we were able to present our young friend on the occasion of his designation with this sum. Towards it £70 has already been given. It is impossible, nor can it be necessary to call on each of our friends to solicit help. If those who feel able to give would send to Mrs. Anderson or myself, it would save much time and be beautifully spontaneous.

‘ Make you His service your delight,  
Your wants He'll make His care.’

“ I am, your affectionate Pastor, WM. ANDERSON.

“ Castle Crescent, July 4th, 1885.”

Are there not many churches and friends who would like to undertake to defray the cost of the outfit and passage of the four other new brethren? £120 will meet the cost for one missionary. We venture, earnestly and affectionately, to appeal for special help to meet these heavy payments rendered immediately necessary by the recent losses on the field.

Surely there are some of our readers who will respond to this appeal, and realise the exceeding joy of being instrumental in sending forth a new messenger of life and light into the darkness and degradation of long-lost Africa?

## Precautions for the Future.

FOR many weeks past the Committee, in concert with Drs. Prosser James and Fred. Roberts, and Messrs. T. J. Comber and W. Holman Bentley, have been devoting constant attention, with a view to arrive at the best treatment of Congo fevers.

The results of these deliberations are just now passing through the press in a small volume entitled

### HEALTH ON THE CONGO:

A Guide to Hygiene and Medical Treatment for South-West Africa and the Congo Region.

By Drs. PROSSER JAMES and FRED. ROBERTS.

With NOTES by Rev. T. J. COMBER, of the Congo Mission.

The following is the introduction to this valuable volume, written by Mr. Comber:—

“In view of the heavy mortality which has prevailed in our beloved Congo Mission during the last three years, it has been thought necessary to seek the best advice procurable on the subject of guarding against and treating the fevers prevalent in that country. The advice obtained in much detail and with great thoroughness, this little *vade mecum* is published and is to be put into the hands of each member of the Congo Mission for most careful perusal.

“Dr. Prosser James, from whom, during many years, both my brothers and myself have received much personal kindness, and whom we have the honour of regarding as a dear and valued friend, has, since our mission to the Congo started, taken a deep interest in its welfare. We returned missionaries could not come too often to, or linger too long in, his consulting

rooms, where, hour after hour, he has kindly and patiently inquired into our conditions of living, surroundings, and experiences on the Congo, listened to our stories of sickness and death with deepest sympathy, and shown himself most anxious to counsel and advise.

“This practical assistance has come in a series of letters addressed to myself, bearing upon our environment and its possible improvement, adaptation and tolerance, hygienic and sanitary rules, and the treatment of fevers. This ‘labour of love’ has taken up much of Dr. James’s time, but it has been done with cheerful readiness—the outcome of the kindest and warmest interest.

“Dr. Roberts, the consulting physician to our Society, and whose ‘Handbook of Medicine’ is an ordinary text-book on the Congo, has been deeply concerned and distressed

at our many losses, and has been kind enough to give me some of his very busy time whenever I have gone to call upon him, and has also written a few special notes and remarks on the subject, for which we are very grateful.

“The names of these two eminent physicians, with their wide reputation, sufficiently guarantee the value of the advice and instructions given.

“Dr. Roberts and Dr. James, as well as many other medical men, tell us that they are convinced that these constantly recurring deaths on the Congo should not, and need not, be. Missionaries from other tropical countries (Rev. Jas. Smith of Delhi, Rev. — Shaw of Madagascar, Rev. Dr. Laws of Livingstonia) assure us that our climate affects in a similar way to that of the countries where they have been living, but that, whereas in earlier years they suffered very much, they now, with their improved conditions of living and greater knowledge, can live and work with very little inconvenience from sickness.

“Recent news from Congo\* has brought to us workers who remain ‘sorrow upon sorrow,’ and it is not too much to say, has stirred our churches to their very depths. Anxiety and alarm on the part of our friends are inevitable, and without it indifference might be argued. Although not panic-stricken and despairing ourselves, we naturally are full of heaviness and grief, and of the keenest sense of loss—‘Perplexed, but not unto despair.’ We have too much steady immovable conviction as to the Divine commission which sends us to carry the Gospel to the Congo, and our duty to the heathen there, to waver in the slightest degree. As Mr.

\* Deaths of Dr. Sidney Comber, Messrs. Cruickshank, McMillan, Cowe, and Cottingham.

Cameron writes, referring to our dear brother Mr. Cowe's death, ‘In a time of trial like this we must not forget that the command of the Master and the need of the heathen are alike unchanged.’ If we—the churches and their Congo representatives—are loyal to our Master in these seasons of trial—trial of our loyalty and devotion—He will honour our loyalty, and grant us ‘gain after loss.’

“A few months since the ominous whisper was heard everywhere that Congo was a land of death, and that the attempt to live there was, except in a few instances, hopeless. That conviction has given place to another (for which Mr. Stanley is largely responsible)—viz., that Congo missionaries, although devoted and earnest, are, unhappily, sadly heedless and imprudent, and court death needlessly and recklessly. The missionaries themselves, and not the climate, are to blame for early death. And while honouring zeal and ready self-sacrifice, our friends have deplored the constant imprudence manifested.

“Now, we would far rather this second idea prevail than the first. For it to be believed that Congo was a land of almost certain death would make the churches hesitate in sending us forth. As to reckless disregard of life on the part of Congo missionaries, we must ask the churches to believe that it is not a tithe so bad as the strong descriptions of Mr. Stanley would lead them to think. Cases of imprudence and thoughtlessness there have been, but not frequently, except in minor matters—little indiscretions dared scores of times with impunity, but of course unjustifiable. Were Mr. Stanley's picture (as drawn at the Cannon Street Hotel breakfast) a fair representation of cases of frequent occurrence, indeed he might say ‘they are mad.’

“To what, then, are so many deaths due? Always remembering that a specific poisonous malaria lurks in Africa—as in most parts of the East and West Indies—a malaria which, however, can be partially guarded against and combated; remembering, too, that it is to a certain extent unnatural for Europeans to live in the tropics, a change needing adaptation and acclimatisation (it is but little more unnatural for a palm or plantain to be transplanted from Africa to England); our constantly recurring losses have been due, I believe, to three causes: *over-work, imprudence, and want of proper medical treatment.* The first of those it was in the power of the churches to avert, when we pleaded so many months so urgently for reinforcements, and volunteers were so slow to offer. May we earnestly hope that the second, (imprudence), may not obtain in our ranks in the future. Brethren, it is an honour to die for Christ in the mission field, but we want to live and do all we can for Him here. Our lives are precious, for the Gospel’s sake, as well as for the sake of those who hold us in loving regard. Let us take every care of them, then, as of something for which we shall have to give account.

“As to the absence of proper medical treatment, this little treatise will doubtless help our brethren to use right means to guard against and to treat fever. Had our brethren been possessed with proper medical skill, I do not think our losses would have been a fourth part of what they have been. How is it, it may be asked, we did not earlier find out these rules of health and treatment of fevers? First, our knowledge of our surroundings, of our conditions of life, of the precise nature of the evils to be avoided, is necessarily of slow and

gradual acquisition, and is still lamentably incomplete, although we have learnt much that is useful. What a reversal of all generally accepted ideas as to haunts of malaria is seen in Stanley’s statement that ‘at Equator station, with a river only five feet below its foundations, creeks sable as ink surrounding it, the ground unctuous with black fat alluvium, Europeans enjoy better health than at Manyanga, 240 feet above the river, and 1,100 feet above the sea.’\* ‘The higher the better’ has been the received and unqualified instruction. But we are learning. Then, too, very much has been learnt during recent years as to reduction of temperature. Since the Franco-Prussian war a system of strong forcible abstraction of heat by the application of cold—water, in baths, packs, and in the form of ice—has been in vogue, especially in Germany, on a very large scale, with the result that in fevers mortality has been reduced one half. Now our medical advisers recommend persistent use, with proper precautions—watching pulse and giving stimulants if necessary—of baths, packs, and occasionally strong douches. Had anyone suggested this in former years, without this good authority, we should have felt the responsibility of using such strong measures too great. We are learning. Many comparatively new medicines too—*e.g.*, pilocarpine, antipyrin, &c., have been brought into commoner use, and having won their way into ordinary prescriptions, can be used by us. To practise on ourselves and each other with new and only partially proven drugs is not right. We are rather behindhand on the Congo in our medical treatment as well as in most other things.

\* Vide Stanley’s *Congo and the Founding of the Free State*, vol. ii., p. 320.

"I had no idea of writing such an extensive introduction to our little Congo vade-mecum for fever. I meant but to earnestly impress upon my brethren the utmost importance of carefully studying the medical instructions given by Drs. James and Roberts. If we want to teach the Congo tribes we must diligently learn their languages, and just as much, if we want to live and work for our Master on the Congo, we must all, without exception, diligently learn to be doctors. No general or superficial perusal of this book will do. It must be studied—as Butler, Whately, or Angus, are studied in college—so that you can pass an examination in it with ease. This specially applies to the latter part—on the actual treatment of fever.

"By the liberal gift of Mr. Charles Townsend, of Bristol, in each of your stations you will find a handsome piece of furniture in the shape of a dispensing cabinet, fitted with the drugs most approved and necessary.

"Certain books have been commended to you in your outfit list for further study of medicine, as also surgery.

"Let each make himself as perfect as want of opportunity for medical study at schools of medicine will

allow, and be able to guard his own and his brother's life in the time of need.

"And O may our Divine Master bless and keep us in this matter! Whatever has happened to us in our work on the Congo, He, at any rate, has permitted. Whether in the ordering of His providence, it is His doing and His will: He knows best. Our faith has been most severely tried; we have had to trust blindly, and we 'will go on not knowing' or knowing,—as He wills. May He help us all to act with wisdom and judgment, teach us to live (we know how to die, if necessary; our honoured comrades gone before have shown us the way), guide us in the use of the various remedies and measures we should adopt, and, if it be His will, for the sake of His kingdom among the heathen we can ask it, preserve our little band from sickness and early death!

"T. J. COMBER.

"Baptist Mission House,  
19, Castle Street, Holborn,  
London, E.C. July, 1885.

"This little book is to take the place of the 'Notes on African Fevers,' printed eighteen months ago."

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NEW MISSIONARIES—At the quarterly meeting of the Mission Committee on the 15th of last month four new brethren were accepted for mission service, viz.:—Mr. J. E. Biggs, of Orpington, Kent, for the Congo Mission; Mr. G. C. Walcot, of Edinburgh (son of Mr. Ballie Walcot), for Congo Mission, subject to a course of special training in medicine and surgery. Mr. Stephen S. Thomas, of Bristol College, for the Indian Mission, and the Rev. H. J. Martin, of York Town, Surrey, also for the Indian Mission.

Mr. Biggs leaves for Africa on the 19th of the current month, and Messrs. Thomas and Martin will sail for India about the middle of October, all being well.

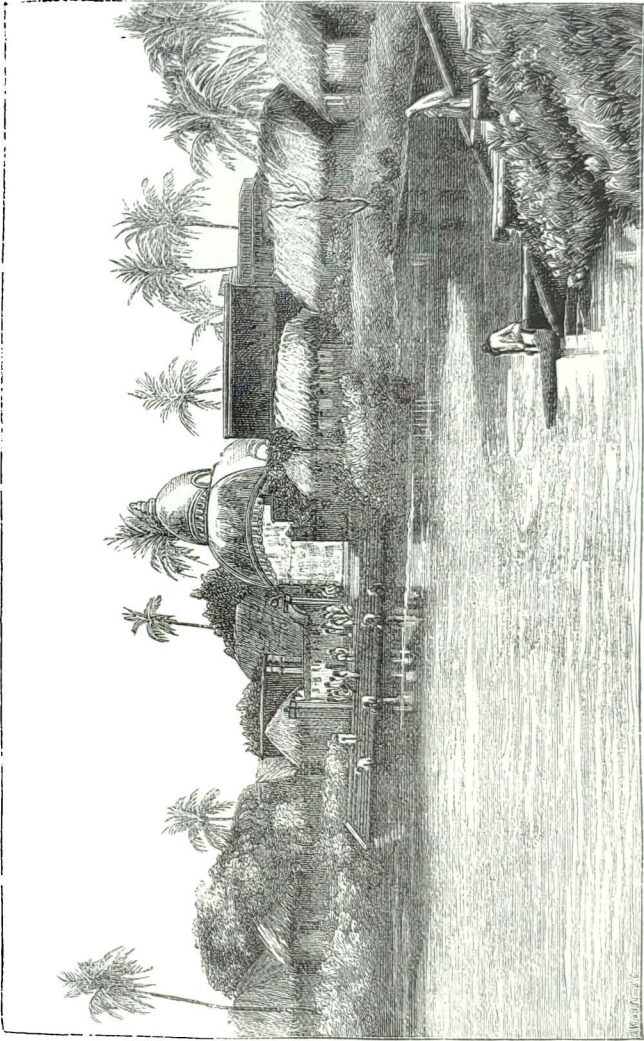
## The Shrine of Tarokeshor.

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

THE picture accompanying this letter represents a famous place of pilgrimage called *Tarokeshor*, situated in the interior of the Hooghly district, at a distance of about twenty-eight miles from Serampore. Although so near, it has hitherto been so difficult of access that it has been seldom visited by our missionaries. Now, I am glad to say, a branch line of the East India railway has been carried to the town. Having been to the place twice for evangelistic purposes—the first time for a week together, and the second time to attend a festival, I propose to give to the readers of the *HERALD* a few particulars about the shrine and my experiences there. Tarokeshor is certainly one of the most famous places of pilgrimage in Bengal. The shrine, compared with other temples, is of recent origin, and cannot be more than 200 years old. The site occupied by the temple and palatial residence of the Mahaut, and the large bazaar and tanks attached to the temple, was formerly used for rice cultivation. Here, when there was pasture, the herdsmen from the distant villages brought their cattle to graze. And while roaming over these fields the herdsmen discovered a round stone which they used as a mortar for pounding their unboiled rice to get it free from the husks. The rice, after being steeped in water, formed a frugal meal for them during the day. The stone was used so long for this purpose that at length a hole was worn into it. Then occurred the wonderful event which brought the stone into great prominence and paved the way for its present fame. One day a herdsman saw one of his cows standing over the stone, and to his great and utter astonishment milk was falling from the udder of the cow into the hole worn in the stone. This appeared to him so strange and unaccountable that he spread the news far and wide. A Brahmin living in the neighbourhood heard the story and pretended he had a wonderful dream. He said that in his dream the god Shiv appeared to him and told him that that stone was his symbol, and that if he would build a temple for its worship thousands of people would come to worship it. The news of this dream spread very rapidly, and a temple was soon built for the reception and worship of the stone god. And from that time to the present the shrine is frequented by pilgrims in ever increasing numbers. The original temple has given way to one of greater pretensions, and large tanks have been dug in which the pilgrims bathe ere they pay their devotions to the idol. There are two annual festivals taking place in February and April, and on these occasions large crowds frequent the place.

The temple has been enriched by a large gift of land for its maintenance, bestowed by the Rajah of Burdwan. The temple and all its belongings are under the sole charge of a religious teacher called Mahaut. A Mahaut is a





THE TEMPLE OF TAROKESHOR.—(From a Photograph.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD,  
AUGUST 1, 1886.

worshipper of Shiv, and is supposed to be well up in Sanskrit, the sacred language of the Hindoos. He is elected to the office by his predecessor, whose disciple he must be. A Mahaut is not allowed to marry, and is therefore a kind of monk. The present Mahaut has been a very wicked man, and committed a great crime, for which he was imprisoned. He is now free, and notwithstanding his former bad life, he is still recognised the great religious head of the Hindoos at the temple. In the temple under his charge the wonderful stone is kept. It has different covers of copper, silver, and gold. These covers are changed during the day, the gold one being put over the stone at midday, when articles of food are brought in and placed before the idol. For the performance of the daily ceremonies a lot of Brahmins are kept by the Mahaut. People frequent the temple at all seasons of the year, and especially on the two occasions above mentioned. Their object in doing so is not only to acquire merit in worshipping at so holy a shrine, *but more frequently to get cured from some sickness or other.* And it is this supposed power of the god-stone over sicknesses and diseases that has made the temple so celebrated. The Brahmins profess to tell of hundreds of invalids who have come there after they have been given up by doctors, and who returned to their homes completely cured. The people who frequent the place believe in this supposed power implicitly.

The ceremonies sick people have to perform in order to get cured are very curious. They have first to bathe in the tank attached to the temple. This in itself is an act of merit. Then they walk round the temple a prescribed number of times. Afterwards they prepare to spend the night in the portico in front of the temple. This is the most important ceremony of all. They have to sleep with death-like silence before the idol. They are specially cautioned by the Brahmins to keep their faces covered, and not on any account to uncover their faces and look about even should they hear footsteps or voices. The Brahmins say that in the dead of the night the god will walk about amongst and reveal to them what they must do to get well. Of course, this is nothing but a trick of the Brahmins, who walk about themselves amongst the frightened people, and whisper in their ears the medicine they must take. Should no revelation be made during the night, they must remain there all the next day, and spend another night in the temple, until they do hear from the god. During all this time they are not allowed to take a morsel of food. It is not an uncommon thing, when the revelation is delayed, for the suppliant to weep and call upon the god in the most heartrending terms to have mercy upon him. And, after all, should the revelation not be forthcoming at all, the Brahmins heartlessly say that the unsuccessful suppliant is a great sinner, or has no faith. But not only is the medicine revealed by which recovery may be effected, but many profess to grow better from the moment they worship before the idol. On the first occasion I visited the place a sahib was pointed out to me who had come ill the previous day, but was well the next. He turned out to be not

a sahib, but a Chinaman. The income derived from the offerings in the temple and the bazaar, and grounds attached to the temple, is very large—altogether amounting to 123,000 rupees.

Our preaching in the bazaar was not very successful. We were given soon to understand that they would hear nothing against their idol, upon whom they depended for sustenance. Brother Bhogobotee Chown Ghose, the head master of our boarding school, who accompanied me, drew upon himself the severe displeasure of the people by relating his experiences in connection with the shrine when he was a child. He was then a Hindoo, and was dangerously ill. His grandmother, to cure him, decided to take him to Tarokeshor. While there performing the ceremonies, instead of getting better he grew worse, and was expected to die. Seeing this, his grandmother hurried him away home, where he soon got well again. Bhogobotee told them that if their god was able to cure sickness, why was not he cured? And the god having failed to cure him, showed conclusively that he had no power over sickness at all. In consequence of this homely speaking, even while we sang, the people tried to bring ridicule on us by beating some old empty kerosine tins for drums. However, we stood our ground, and sang and preached until we were exhausted. We also sold a large number of books to the young men of the place. During one stay there, we found one grand point of attack, and that was that they admitted their god could not cure sores and wounds and other external bodily ailments. They accounted for this by saying that such work was beneath the dignity of their god. We, of course, said that it was a conclusive proof their god could not cure internal sickness, else he would be able to cure external bodily ailments as well. We also made the acquaintance of a couple of native doctors in the town, and heard of a couple more, besides we came across a hospital in course of erection. This furnished us with another point of attack; we were able to say—"Why are you erecting a hospital, and why have you four doctors in the town of the idol who is omnipotent to cure all sickness?" These methods of attack we adopted only when higher reasonings failed to convince them of their error.

A number of the young men in the Mahaut's school showed us great attention, and followed us about from place to place. They appeared to have no faith whatever in the idol, and were anxious to learn about Christ. On the whole, although no conversions followed our preaching, yet it was a high honour conferred upon us by God, to take our stand in that hold of idolatry, and to witness for the truth and the true God and His Son Jesus Christ. It was no mean victory to make the Hindoos ashamed of their puerile doings, and rebuke them for their sin in leaving the living God and worshipping a dead stone, and causing others to do the same.

T. R. EDWARDS.

1885.

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**AUTUMNAL MISSIONARY SERVICES,**  
**SWANSEA and LLANELLY.**

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**W**ITH great pleasure we publish the following draft plan of our approaching Autumnal Missionary gatherings at Swansea and Llanelly, as arranged by the Local Committee, in conference with the Mission Committee. The meetings promise well, there is a deep and fervent spirit of prayer prevailing in the Swansea and Llanelly churches in view of these gatherings, and we confidently believe that they will be memorable for special blessing and hallowed impulse.

We affectionately invite all our readers to make these Services subject of special prayer. The Swansea and Llanelly friends are most indefatigable in their efforts to secure the comfort and happiness of the Pastors Delegates, and visitors.

To the Rev. James Owen a very special expression of thanks is due for his wise, unremitting and thoughtful labours.

May the generous Master crown these gatherings by special manifestations of His love and grace.

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*MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 5th, 1885.*

SWANSEA.

RECEPTION BY HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR OF SWANSEA,  
IN THE ALBERT HALL.

LLANELLY.

PUBLIC MISSIONARY MEETING  
IN GREENFIELD CHAPEL, 7 O'CLOCK P.M.

*Speakers—*

Rev. JAMES WALL, of Rome.

Rev. J. H. WEEKS, of San Salvador, Congo River.

ALFRED H. BAYNES, Esq., General Secretary, Baptist Missionary Society.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6th, 1885.

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SWANSEA.

MISSIONARY SERMON TO YOUNG MEN,

At 7 o'clock A.M.,

IN YORK PLACE CHAPEL.

*Preacher*—The Rev. JAMES THEW, of Leicester.

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At 10 o'clock A.M.,

IN MOUNT PLEASANT CHAPEL,

A DESIGNATION AND VALEDICTORY SERVICE.

Statement by the GENERAL SECRETARY.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Address to the Departing Missionaries.

By the Rev. JOHN ALDIS, of Bratton.

Valedictory Prayer, by the Rev. RICHARD GLOVER, of Bristol.

The following Missionaries will be present and take part in the Service:—

Rev. DANIEL JONES (Agra),

Rev. ROBT. SPURGEON (Barisal),

Rev. W. R. JAMES (Serampore), returning to India.

Messrs. MARTIN, TREGELLUS, and THOMAS, proceeding to India.

Revs. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY and J. H. WEEKS, returning to the Congo Mission; and Others.

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At 2 o'clock P.M.,

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE MISSION COMMITTEE.

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At 3.30 P.M.,

ANNUAL AUTUMNAL SERMON,

IN THE ALBERT HALL.

(Arrangements not yet complete.)

At 7 P.M.,  
PUBLIC MISSIONARY MEETING,  
IN THE ALBERT HALL.

*Chairman*—Sir HUSSEY VIVIAN, Bart., M.P.

*Speakers*—

- Rev. JAMES WALL, of Rome.  
Rev. E. G. GANGE, of Bristol.  
Rev. TIMOTHY RICHARD, of China.  
Rev. DANIEL JONES, of Agra.  
Rev. W. R. JAMES, of Serampore.  
Rev. J. H. WEEKS, of San Salvador, Congo River.

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TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6th, 1885.

LLANELLY.

MISSIONARY SERMON,

IN ZION CHAPEL.

*Preacher*—The Rev. H. STOWELL BROWN, of Liverpool.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7th, 1885.

LLANELLY.

SECOND PUBLIC MISSIONARY MEETING.

*Speakers*—

- Rev. TIMOTHY RICHARD, of China.  
Rev. DANIEL JONES, of Agra.  
Rev. RICHARD GLOVER, of Bristol.  
Rev. W. R. JAMES, of Serampore.

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Further particulars will be announced next month.

## Mission Work in the Bahamas.

BY A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

(Concluded from page 244.)

### THE BLUFF.

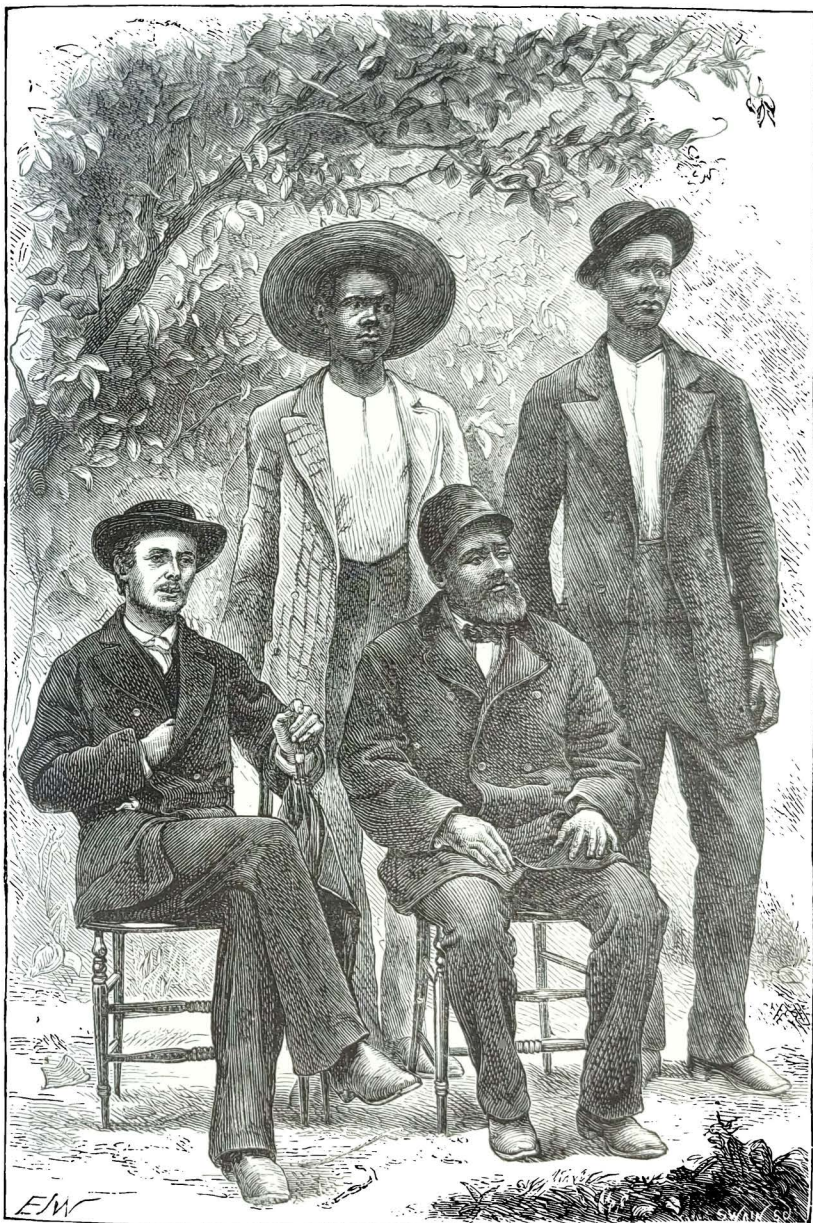
"A short, pleasant sail takes us to the Bluff; dinner is served and eaten, hats are donned, and soon our feet are standing on the beach, where, in and around the boat-house, friends are waiting to welcome and escort us to the settlement. Amongst them is a very tall, dignified young woman, who silently offers a bunch of oleanders and spruce fir, presently venturing to express the hope I should like her home and people, saying all in the place would be glad to welcome me. Thanking her, we proceed up a wide road, quite recently cleared, the whole population, men, women, and children, having done their share within the last two days, until we come to what looks more English than anything yet seen, viz., a grassy lawn, with sheep eeding thereon; at the summit stands a good two-storied house, and within the porch smiling faces are looking out, and on our arrival we meet with such hearty words and handshaking, intimating how glad the inmates are to have us amongst them. Taking our seats on a couch, we ask and reply to a few questions, and then cross the lawn to have a look at the chapel. Everywhere looks so neat without and within, the interior being very prettily decorated in honour of our visit. A quiet service is gone through, the communion administered, the cups and plates used reminding me forcibly of days gone by, and of the friends at Salem Chapel, Hitchin, Herts, who so kindly gave the communion service—yes, in dear old Salem Chapel, Hitchin, where dear friends and ourselves have often met around the

table, we having within those walls met as school children, were baptised and married there, and in whose grounds are deposited the dust of those loved once by us here, our loss being their gain. On leaving, the friends say they will sing for us down the hill, one taking my hand within hers, while the tall friend walks sedately on the right. Coming to a halt, someone says, 'Mr. Wilshere let Mrs. Wilshere stay a month with us; don't take her away so soon.' The answer being, 'Oh, no, I can't spare her, but if you will get up quite early, I will bring her to see you all again in the morning; they promise. Accordingly, before sunrise, we again walk up the hill, spend an hour with the friends who press their little gifts upon us, one being a bottle of sweet fresh milk. More singing is gone through, more farewells exchanged, and once again all are on board and preparing for a sail to Free Town.

### FREE TOWN.

"Dangerous shoals and shallow water compel us to go a long distance in order to reach what would otherwise be only a short way. Industrious Hill and the Cove are passed; after ascertaining no services could be held there, as the people were all working on their several farms, on and on we sail until Free Town is sighted, and the anchor dropped about 3 p.m. Mr. Alexander Johnson is soon on board, talking with and telling Mr. Wilshere all about the new chapel not yet formally opened. Mighty proud is he of the building, for he has done much towards getting it erected. On hearing that service would be held that evening, he bids us a





THE COMMANDER AND CREW OF THE BAHAMAS MISSION SCHOONER. —  
(From a Photograph.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD, ]  
AUGUST 1, 1886.

courteous adieu, first presenting the mistress with a bottle of syrup for her tea, saying he will let the people know, so that they might have time to get ready and assemble in goodly numbers. After a cup of tea, Alec rows the minister ashore, Josey, Brindard, and I keep watch, beguiling the time with hymn singing, until lights are seen and voices heard coming down to the shore. So anxious is Alec to hear and see the last, that he misses the vessel's light and steers two miles out to sea, the breakers reminding him he is on dangerous waters, making those on board feel somewhat anxious. Finding the horn, Josey blows a long blast, but the wanderers are already near to and soon meet with a hearty welcome. Family worship is conducted, Brindard offering up an earnest prayer for each, and those loved by all in that little cabin. Bidding each other good night, all turn in for slumber, my husband first glancing at the barometer, which indicated a slight change in the weather. Thursday: Rise early, breakfast, the boat is lowered, and Mr. Johnson, Mr. Wilshere, and myself, are rowed on shore, where a horse is waiting to take the minister to Fortune Hill, a place eighteen miles distant. After saying good bye to the rider, Alec and I search for shells, then row back to the yacht, get to work: he to scraping the deck, I to mending torn flags. By and by a horse and its rider are seen. Dinner is hastened, the boat sent out, and soon a hearty cheerful voice is heard saying, 'Well, how are you all, and how are you getting on?' 'So so, thank you, how's yourself; dinner's ready, now enjoy it.' The remainder of the day is spent in getting back to Free Town, we having had to sail a little way out to get to Fortune Hill, and in resting, chatting, and so forth, until bed time. Good night everybody.

Friday and Saturday were spent in visiting numerous other stations.

#### SUNDAY.

"Sunday morning proves beautifully fine and clear, though heavy thunder clouds had pervaded the atmosphere the day before. Five persons are to be baptized, a pleasing duty for the minister to commence the day's labour with. He is soon on shore, and all hearts are made glad as first one and then another are immersed beneath the waves, publicly testifying their love and obedience to Jesus their Saviour. That and breakfast over, we prepare for the morning service. Soon the church bell strikes up, reminding us of the loss the Episcopalians had sustained, viz., the death of their devoted friend and clergyman, the Rev. G. Higgs, who, with his dear wife was drowned in the schooner mentioned, on their way home from Nassau, both being much loved and respected throughout the settlement. Soon we are walking through the corn field on our way to the chapel, where several friends have already assembled, though many from a distance come in long after the bell had ceased to be rung. A very quiet nice service is held, and after giving away quite a number of tracts, everybody wanting one, the communion is dispensed, then the friends disperse to their home, and we go back on the *A. H. Baynes* to rest and dine. At 4 p.m. we again walk to the chapel, the heat still being very great, though not so bad as at noonday. As we near, singing is heard, and that is kept up until time for the evening service to commence. A crowded congregation listen to an earnest, eloquent sermon, after which a collection is taken up; the proceeds not being quite satisfactory to Mr. Johnson's way of thinking, he in a short speech reminded the people it

was for God's house, and he hoped they would strive in act, word and deed, to do all they could for His honour and glory, seeing He had done so much for them in the past. The doxology being sung and benediction pronounced, we pass out, Mr. Wilshere and myself offering to escort the daughters of the resident justice to their home, and wait there, while the elder sister writes a letter to her father, then away and in Nassau. The night is very dark and the road rugged, but a torchlight is procured, and most carefully carried by the bearer; while the people ahead, on either side, and behind us, strike up their anthems, singing all the way until the house is reached. Everywhere, making luminous the darkness, myriads of fireflies are flitting to and fro, presenting a most beautiful and fascinating sight, one now and then getting imprisoned in the fold of a dress, and on being liberated joining its fellows in their dizzy flight. The letter being finished it is handed to Mr. Wilshere, who promises to deliver it safely, the ladies and their brother volunteering to walk as far as the landing stage, where the friends have been waiting to say good-bye, and express kindly wishes for our safe return to New Providence. These over, our brother Johnson, being the last to shake hands with, lifts me into the boat, and bids Alec be careful, a heavy surf raging at the time. We get back to the vessel safely, tired, yet happy, after the day's excitement. A schooner has been sighted during the evening, very soon she is alongside, and the question is asked, 'What boat is that, what's her name, and who's on board. Is it the *Silver Spray*, with the governor?' The answer comes, 'No, it's the *Princess*, with Mr. Armbrister from Nassau. Who are you, and where bound?'

'The *A. H. Baynes*, leaving to-night for Nassau.' On hearing his name mentioned, Mr. Armbrister comes up. 'How do, Mr. Wilshere.' No news, not telling us that a clergyman was on that same vessel, having just come from England to supply the place of Mr. Higgs. 'May he long be useful and happy there! Clothes are changed, and the order is given to haul up the anchor and get on the way home at once. Only I retire to rest.

#### NASSAU AGAIN.

"The morning light finds me humbled at being sea-sick and unable to rise, and, feeling sorry, I make my appearance on deck at 4 p.m., and, seating myself next to my husband, who is at the wheel, and who gladly welcomes me, telling me we were nearing Nassau, and would soon be home. Soon the east end is sighted; Porgy rocks are passed, the Athol island, then the harbour lights are seen, the fort is passed, and then a loving voice says, 'Lottie, we shall anchor directly; do you feel strong enough to do the rest of the journey?' Love gives strength, and I gladly answer 'Yes.' Home was reached. Flora's ears were quick, and with a 'Ho, Master; oh, missy, I nearly dead,' she let us in, everything showing we were gladly welcomed. Thus ended a pleasant trip, the only drawback to me being the fact I couldn't catch a single fish for the men's breakfast; but they forgave all that, and hoped soon I would go another trip on the much loved mission schooner the *A. H. Baynes*.

"Free Town is the most important settlement on St. Salvador, it being the port of entry. It bears another name, viz., the Bight, has a good wide road running through the place, a church, school, and revenue office, the jail being underneath, a parsonage, a new Baptist

Chapel, very well situated, and only needing funds to complete the whole thoroughly. On the shore are a few pine and cocoanut trees, making the settlement look rather more picturesque than some others on the St. Salvador coast.

"On this mission seventeen persons were baptized, about twenty services held in one short week, the rest of the me being spent getting to and from

the different stations. One hundred and ninety persons have been baptized during the year on St. Salvador alone, by Rev. J. J. Kerr and the missionary. 'Farewell, St. Salvador, thou isle of the sea,

Long will thy settlements be remembered by me.'"

LOTTIE WILSHERE.

Baptist Mission, Mission House,  
New Providence.

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## A Plea for China.

BY THE REV. TIMOTHY RICHARD, OF TAI YUEN FU.

IT is a magnificent country, this venerable patriarch of the East. He can take up the little countries of Europe like children on his knee, and tell them tales of bygone days—milleniums before they were born. He can recount his adventures at school long before Samuel kept school for the prophets of Ísrael. He can relate the excitement which the competitive examinations created a thousand years before any such thing was adopted in Europe for Government purposes. He can tell them how some problems of Government only now propounded in Europe and the New World were discussed and settled there before we were out of barbarism, and will point to the Blue-books and Parliamentary papers of China still on the shelves in his study. And as for the old gentleman himself, the more he is known the more he is beloved.

On religion he has given three important works to the world—two original, the other only edited with notes and comments.

Taoism is one of these works. It pleased the early Saracens at Bagdad, Alexandria, and Cordova so much, that they translated it freely into the languages of the West. The result has been our now wonderful science chemistry.

Confucianism is another. The Jesuits of France sent enough Confucianism home to fill an immense encyclopædia. Voltaire and his companions lost their heads completely over it. They thought they had discovered the panacea for all ills. Then came their writings; the Revolution and these are bearing their baneful seeds to this day in a thousand ways in Europe and America.

Buddhism is the Indian work which he edited. This, again, created a great sensation among the chief thinkers of Europe. It is now fast becoming popularised among the masses, just at the time when many of those who first introduced its ideas are finding out that it is not all it promised to be.

Meanwhile China has men who have gone beyond the questions raised and settled by these religions, and are now at a loss to know how to meet the coming crisis. Ignorance of the answers which true Christianity gives to these high problems of modern life, and inability to supply simple individual hearts, have brought China into a chronic state of warfare with, or dread of, both its poor and its inquiring people. The untold blessings of Christianity now and hereafter are all unknown to them.

Ignorance of modern science and modern invention is fast depriving China of the wealth which might have been hers. So to meet the national and individual, material and spiritual poverty of China, we want men filled with gratitude for what Christ has done for them, and those who are determined to become the heralds of salvation in this far-off land.

We have had men from our colleges. We also very much need men from our Parliament. Why don't they come? We very much need university men. Why don't more come? We very much need professors. Why don't they come? We very much need business men. Why don't more men come? We very much need literary men. Why don't they come? Let them answer—not me, but God.

If you are a kind-hearted man, the knowledge of one man in real, not sentimental suffering, whom you can relieve, moves you at once to do your best. Does not the real, not sentimental condition of hundreds of millions in China move you to some adequate work for them?

If you are an upright man, you become indignant at the sight of wrong and injustice. Does not your conscience tell you, dear brother, that it is wrong to try and get all the benefits of Christianity to yourself without labouring for those afar off?

Think, too, of the time, and that won't be long, when we shall appear before the judgment seat of Christ; and what answer can you give if you choose self-ease to the salvation of your fellow men, who are now in darkness and in the shadow of death?

Let those who hear the voice of God calling them to this great field apply without delay to Mr. Baynes, our esteemed Secretary, at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London.

## Are Missions in India a Failure ?

THE changes effected by missionary labours in India during the last fifty or sixty years are wonderful indeed. Should Cary and Thomas visit to-day the scene of their life-labours, it would seem a stranger land than when they first touched its shores.

Her sacred Ganges is now ploughed by government steamers, while twelve thousand miles of wire carry messages from her people. Then, the whole interior of the country sealed and the roads almost impassable ; now, it is all open and the surveyors are everywhere.

Then, a whisper against sacred customs through the mission fields, sent a panic through India and England ; now, the marriage of widows, and the suppression of cruelties in festivals, with other changes more radical than the early missionaries dared dream of, are discussed weekly in native newspapers.

Then, it was with difficulty that children could be hired to attend Christian schools ; now, staunch Hindoos contribute to the support these schools. Then, if natives could be induced to take Christian books as a gift, the missionary rejoiced in his success ; books are now sold. Then the education of women was looked upon with terror or utter contempt ; to-day, the education of the girls of India receives more attention than did that of the boys thirty years ago.

In Calcutta nearly five thousand women are regularly taught in their zenanas, and many a young Brahmin secretly imparts to his wife daily what he learns at the schools. It is not sixty years since an order was issued by the Indian government, that "missionaries must not preach to natives, nor allow native converts to do so" ; now, the officers of the government vie with each other in praise of the work done by missions, while the modern leader of the Somaj holds up the very missionaries at whom the edict was aimed, to the everlasting gratitude of India.

And the change wrought, or working rather, is greater even than these outward signs indicate. It is no mere intellectual satisfaction that we feel when we find Euclid, Cowper, Blackstone, perhaps with the skin of the sacred cow used in their binding, resting on the tables of cultivated Brahmins ; for by this we know that we have clasped hands with our Eastern cousins, that for the Indian of to-day everything is possible.

Already in vision we see, not far off, the time when between us and them "there shall be no more sea."—*Lucknow Witness.*

## The Late James Benham, Esq., of Bloomsbury.

AT the Quarterly Meeting of the Mission Committee on Wednesday, the 15th of last month, the following minute was unanimously passed, and ordered to be entered on the official records of the Society :—

“ The Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society desire to record the great loss sustained by the Society and themselves in the recent sudden decease of their friend and colleague, Mr. James Benham.

“ In doing this they call to mind many things that made his past relations to the Society very pleasant in their experience as they are fragrant in their memory. One is, that for thirty-seven years he had been a prominent representative of a church that from its beginning has been conspicuous for its interest in missionary work. Another, that for many years he occupied intimate diaconal relations to a former and honoured treasurer of the Society, Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart.

“ A third, being the loss of a dear sister, who was called to lay down her life in the course of a visit to our stations at Cameroons, on the West Coast of Africa. These are but few of many considerations that made our brother's union with the work very sacred to himself and very precious to others. Looking at our friend as a member of committee we desire to glorify God in him, and we do so because of the constancy with which his work was discharged, the steadfastness and interest with which his place was filled, and not only that but the earnestness which was part of his nature, and animated by the Spirit of the Lord, was so striking a feature of his character. More than that, as was well known to those who knew him best, the spirituality and prayerfulness in which it was sought that all should be kept from mere routine, and be filled with Divine vitality and power, the thoroughness, too, with which all was done, following out the Committee's work from the centre to the utmost circumference, and seeking in more ways than can be told to influence what is most remote for the accomplishment of that we all desire. It would be easy to add to this, but the Committee feel it is not needful. They desire, however, to renew their thanks for the dear life that has been translated to glory, to tender their affectionate sympathy to the bereaved mother and family, and to pray that the Lord may continue and multiply those by whom his work shall still be maintained, and from whom his glory shall be extended through the world.”

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## Stretched Hands.

“Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.”—Ps. lxxviii. 31.

YEA Lord, she doth, for day and night  
 Dark hands are stretched into the air,  
 And quivering lips make plaint and ask  
 If there is pity anywhere ;  
 Dim thoughts of love that ought to be,  
 Sink 'neath the heart's deep sense of woe ;  
 If thought of Thee should come they sigh  
 “Can God be love and leave us so ?”

Oh, brothers, not to Him whose heart  
 Love's mightiest impulses constrain,  
 Until it stoops to such as we,  
 Are hands or hearts e'er stretched in vain,  
 But o'er the unresponsive deep,  
 And all the voiceless seasons through,  
 The hands of Afric's prostrate sons  
 Are stretched in pleading power to you.

Oh, send us light ! oh, send us love !  
 For all is dark, we cannot see,  
 And all is drear, we never heard  
 The voice of God, if God there be ;  
 Our need, our need is all we know,  
 Oh tell us if He may be found  
 Who leaves us all so dark within,  
 And sheds such brightness all around.

Oh, send us light—'Tis thus they plead,  
 For what we have from God to give—  
 The light by which our souls are led,  
 The love by which, once dead, we live,  
 The love that brought God down to man,  
 The light that leads man up to God,  
 Oh, strange that we who have so much,  
 Should stint to spread it all abroad !

Heed brothers now the piteous cry,  
 Stretch loving hands across the seas,  
 And lift these prostrate children up,  
 Their soul-deep hungerings appease,  
 And let dark Ethiopia know,  
 While hopes, new-born, her bosom stir  
 That ere she stretched her hands to God,  
 God had stretched out His hands to her.

# The Andaman Islands and their Peoples.

BY THE REV. T. H. BARNETT, OF DACCA.

“Dacca, March 2nd, 1885.

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—A few weeks ago, needing a change of scene and air, I made a trip to the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. Believing you will be interested in the perusal of a brief description of these islands and of the aboriginal tribes that inhabit them, I write you this letter.

## DESCRIPTION OF ISLANDS.

“The Andamans are a group of islands situated in the south-east corner of the Bay of Bengal, and included between lat.  $11^{\circ} 30'$  and  $14^{\circ} 20'$  north, and long.  $92^{\circ} 10'$  and  $93^{\circ} 30'$  east. They lie about 590 geographical miles from the Hoogly mouth of the Ganges; 160 from Cape Negrais, in British Burmah; and 340 from the north extremity of Sumatra. The main part of the group is a band of four islands, so closely adjoining that they have long been known as one—‘The Great Andaman.’ The axis of the band, almost a meridian line, is 156 statute miles long. The lengths of the islands are, from north to south: North Andaman, 51 miles; Middle Andaman, 59 miles; South Andaman, 49 miles; and Rutland Island, 11 miles. Little Andaman, 30 miles by 17, forming the southern extreme of the group, is detached from Great Andaman by Duncan Passage, 28 miles in width. Interim Island, and many little islets, lie west of Great Andaman. To the north of North Andaman Island are two uninhabited islands, known as the Great Coco and the Little Coco. They are remarkable for the large number of cocoa-nut trees which grow around the sea shore. Close to the Great Coco is a small island, which is called

Table Island, and on which there is a lighthouse. To the south of the Andamans are the Nicobar Islands.

“The chief landmarks are: Saddle Peak, rising, according to the latest geographical survey, 2,400 feet, situated in North Andaman, and visible at a distance of 60 miles; Narcondam, with an elevation 2,330 feet, and lying about 70 miles east of North Andaman (long.  $94^{\circ} 17' 22''$  east, and lat.  $13^{\circ} 28'$  north), its central cone is said to be 2,150 feet high, and appears to be surrounded by the remains of an old crater, it is probably an extinct volcano; Barren Island, rising 1,015 feet, 75 miles S.S.W. of Narcondam, and about 42 east of the nearest island of the Great Andaman group. It rises abruptly out of the sea. In its centre is a circular black cone 600 feet high, whose sides slope uniformly down at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  to  $50^{\circ}$ . It is an active volcano, and smoke may often be seen issuing from the cone by the passing ships. The sea immediately surrounding Narcondam and Barren Island close in to the land is very deep.

## “TRADITIONS.

“It may be anticipating what I wish to say presently in regard to the religious beliefs of the Andamaneese, but I may as well state here that the natives call Saddle Peak Pūluga-lā-ku + bang (lit. Creator—his mouth). A strange story is told in connection with Narcondam. Col. Yule, in his ‘Marco Polo,’ says:—‘Abraham Roger tells us that the Coromandel Brahmins used to say that the Rakshasas, or demons, had their abode on the island of Andaman, lying on the route from Palicat to Pegu; and also that they were man-

ators. This would be very curious if it were a genuine old Brahmin *Saga*, but, I fear, it may have been gathered from the Arab seamen. Still, it is remarkable that a strange, weird-looking island, which rises, covered with forest, a steep and regular volcanic cone, straight out the deep sea, to the eastward of the Andaman group, bears the name of Narkandam, in which one cannot but recognise Narak Sans='hell.' I cannot trace any probable meaning of 'Andam,' yet it looks as if 'Narak-andam' and 'Andam' were akin. Referring to this curious story, Mr. Man asks:— 'Can it be that in olden times, but still contemporary with Hindoo navigation, this volcano was active, and that some Brahmin of Brandon recognised in it the mouth of hell, congenial to the Rakshasas of the adjacent group?'

"The general appearance of the Andaman Islands, as seen from the sea, is that of a country of low hills, deep ravines and small narrow valleys, the whole covered with the densest jungle, in which appear many large and lofty trees with straight, smooth white stems. There is a vast undergrowth of canes, creepers, and shrubs; and where the land dips from some height abruptly down to the sea, this jungle is continued close down to the water's edge. No cocoa-nut trees exist naturally on any part of the coast, as is the case in the Cocos to the north, and in the Nicobars to the south. The islands are bounded by an outer fringe of coral reefs, over which the sea waves break in lines of foam.

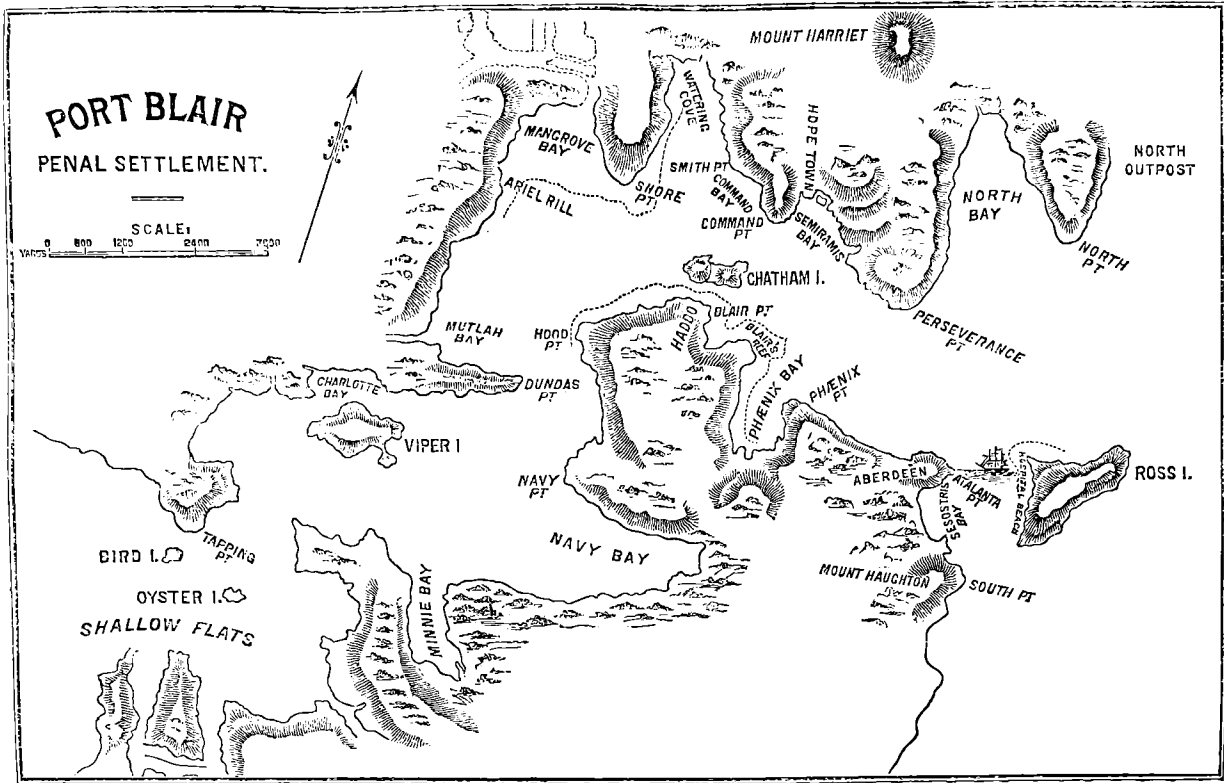
#### "PORT BLAIR.

"At the entrance to Port Blair Harbour (see map) is a small island called 'Ross Island.' It has an area of about one-third of a square

mile. Its highest point is 195 feet, the dip in places is 60°. The geological formation is sandstone with interbedded layers of argillaceous shales. Ross Island is the head quarters of the settlement, where lives the chief commissioner and a majority of the senior executive officers. The commissariat stores are on Ross, and about 140 European troops. Two and a-half miles up the bay is a smaller island, called 'Chatham.' It is about one-third the size of Ross. Its highest point is 70 or 80 feet. Its geological formation is sandstone. Two miles beyond Chatham is a third island named 'Viper.' This island has an area of less than half of a square mile. Its highest point is 220 feet, and, as in the case of the other islands, its geological formation is sandstone. These three islands are non-malarious and exceptionally healthy. The island of Ross forms a natural breakwater, and inside the harbour and as far up as Chatham there is excellent anchorage for ships. Beyond Viper Island the bay rapidly shoals, and forms large banks of soft mud, which are exposed at low water.

#### "GOVERNMENT PENAL SETTLEMENT.

"In September, 1789, the Government of Bengal established a penal settlement in these islands; but in 1796 it was put an end to owing to the great mortality of the place, and the embarrassments of maintenance. The question of occupation had to be taken up again on account of the outrages committed by the Andamanese upon shipwrecked crews; and in 1855 a project was formed for such a settlement. The mutiny of 1857, with its numerous prisoners to be safely disposed of, made a penal settlement a necessity, and a settlement was established at Port Blair in the beginning of 1858. It is said that



there are now about 12,000 convicts on the islands, and that their cost to the Government is estimated, roughly, at 150 rupees per head per month. Utilising convict labour the Government has made capital roads, laid out tea and pleasure gardens, planted cocoa-nut trees all over the islands, cultivated Indian and English vegetables, provided excellent sanitary arrangements, and thus, in a great measure, redeemed the islands from their former jungly, unhealthy condition.

“On Ross Island and in Aberdeen there are several shops kept by ticket-of-leave men, in which articles too numerous to mention are offered for sale. Unhappily, intoxicating drinks occupy a prominent place in these stores, and are extensively advertised in English and Hindustani. It would seem that convict life has destroyed the system of caste and of the enforced seclusion of women, so far as these people are concerned, for their familiarity with one another and with strangers is not consistent with even an Englishman's notions of propriety.

#### “DEATH OF LORD MAYO.

“It will be remembered that it was at the Andamans in February, 1872, that Lord Mayo met his tragic death. Returning from Mount Harriett, to the top of which he had gone to see the setting of the sun, he was walking to the Hope Town jetty where his boat was moored, when a convict rushed upon him and stabbed him to death.

#### “MOUNT HARRIETT.

“The scenery all round Port Blair is highly picturesque. Hills, wood, and water combine to form a series of lovely pictures on every side. Beds of coral, various in form and gorgeous in colour, with fishes of blue and

purple and gold darting about amongst them, lie in nooks and corners all round the bay. If you should ever visit Port Blair, some such tour as this would prove delightful. Land at Ross Island, visit the Andamaneese Orphanage, the convict barracks, the pretty English church, and the soldiers' imposing barracks; follow the path that runs round the island close down to the water's edge, and see the beautiful coral reefs; cross over the bay to Aberdeen, and, securing a pony, ride through the tea and pleasure gardens, and over the wild but charming country to Haddo, where you may see the Andamaneese Home and the Andamaneese and Convict Hospitals; cross over to Chatham and Viper and see the convict saw-mills, the jail for chain-gang convicts under punishment, and the old invalid convicts who are unfit for labour; then cross over to Hope Town, and, either on a pony or on foot, or in a 'jampan' (a cane chair, with bamboos passed through the back, and carried by convicts), ascend to the top of Mount Harriett, from which the scenery around Port Blair appears in its greatest perfection. On every side the dark purple of the jungle, broken here and there by silvery streaks of water marking the winding course of the bay, or of some inland creek; to the south, the high land of Rutland Island, with the sea to right and left of it. East and west numerous islands dot the sea, while beyond, far as the eye can reach, stretches the deep blue ocean. If one has time, one should ride to 'Lover's Leap.' The path extends some two or three miles along the ridge of the mountain. Its winding, precipitous course is sufficiently dangerous to rouse the mind from the feeling of calm and repose which may have been occasioned by the charming scenery and solemn

stillness of the place. Here and there are long, narrow avenues of bamboos, from which the hot rays of the sun are effectually excluded, and where, the ground being level, one can enjoy a delightful ride or walk. 'Lover's Leap' is an enormous boulder of stone, jutting out over a deep, narrow gorge, the perpendicular sides of which are hung with foliage of the richest hues and tints; and over and beyond which, out on to the horizon, stretches the sea. A view of the set-

ting sun from the top of Mount Harriett, as it throws its bright, transfiguring light over hill and dale and stream and sky, is, of itself, more than sufficient to repay one for all the trouble one takes to get it.

"It would make my letter much too long to say anything now about the Andamaneese. I will make them the subject of another letter.

"T. H. BARNETT.

"Dacca, E. Bengal."

## Group of African Boys.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—This photograph was taken by the late Mr. Thomson in his own garden at Victoria; in the foreground are grouped the boys of his own household.

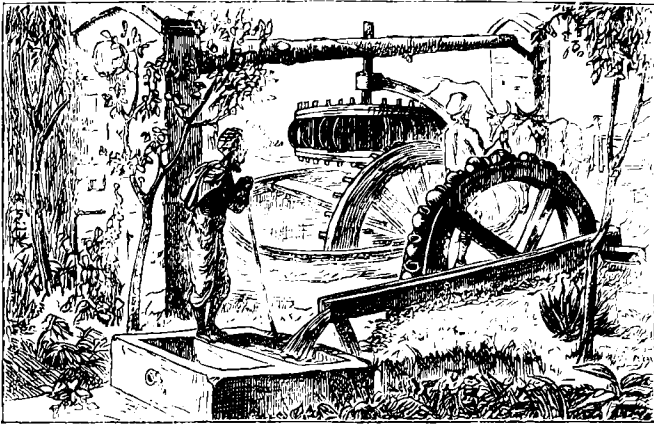
Robert, who sits in front on the right hand, is the son of Charles and Inanga Steane, both of whom were brought up in the mission homes. Charles became a teacher, and was for some years an agent of our Society in Bimbia; he remained there in charge long after the time, when, through the unhealthiness of Jubilee district, the European missionaries had quitted the spot.

The population of Bimbia decreased so rapidly that it was ultimately abandoned altogether, and Charles removed to Victoria with his young family, where he was employed in visiting the fishing villages until his death, which occurred while Robert was still young.

Money, who sits behind on the left hand, is a Bimbia lad; he was with Mr. Thomson for eight years, and under his care was learning to be a carpenter.

Little Maggie, Mrs. Thomson's youngest charge, was a Bakwilli child; she, with her brother Rufus, were orphans, depending upon a brother for support, which brother had also a wife and family, all of whom were living in a state of semi-starvation, so the little ones were sadly destitute. Maggie is a bright, healthy child now, and is well repaying the care which has been bestowed on her. She is now with Miss Comber, now Mrs. R. W. Hay. Joe, who sits by her side, is also an orphan Bakwilli boy, also with Mrs. Hay. Ilali is Money's brother; and the smallest boy Ijon, or "Alfred," is a Bimbia boy in the care of Mrs. Hay; Mr. Thomson took charge of him while Miss Comber was in England.

EMILY SAKER.



### Indian Well.

IN India, where rain falls only at two seasons of the year, fields are often watered artificially—*i.e.*, irrigated. In the picture water is being drawn from a well for that purpose. Oxen are commonly used for this work. The apparatus for drawing up the water differs in different places.

### Good News from Barisal.

THE Rev. J. H. Anderson, of Barisal, writes by the last mail:—

“You will be pleased to hear that we have met with some special encouragement in our work. Three weeks ago two men from the north of the district came to Barisal, and after inquiry found their way to my house. They had come with the intention of being Christians. They belonged to a Hindoo sect called Gurushotyo. For years past they had ceased to worship idols, and the cruel treatment to which Hindoo widows are subjected, more particularly their being forced to remain widows, had led them to feel what injustice and wrong there is connected with Hindooism. They had met occasionally with one of our old native preachers, but they had no clear views of the nature of the

Gospel, still they had a general impression that the Christian religion was the true one. We kept these men two or three days, teaching them, and letting them see the character of Christian worship. The Lord had opened the heart of one of them at least to attend to the things that were spoken, for, as I told them of the love of Christ to sinful man,—how He left His heavenly glory, lived on earth a life of self-denial, and died for us,—he was moved to tears, and the other also was much affected.

#### “A FAMILY CONVERTED.

“On leaving us they went with a Christian boatman to our station, Chobikapar, where our worthy brother,

Kironodoy Ghose, lives. Their village is not far from that station. After staying there awhile, Kironodoy and a band of native Christians accompanied them to their village, and spent the whole day there, preaching to the people. The villagers did all they could to persuade these two men not to become Christians, but unsuccessfully. Since then some have sought to move them with tears not to take a step which cuts them off from Hindoo society. The more hopeful of the two has remained firm. His eldest son, a promising young man, who can read and write, has also heartily embraced the Gospel; and we may now consider the whole family, embracing a wife, four sons, and a widowed daughter, who is a mere child, to belong to the Kingdom of Christ. We thank God for *Kangali* and his family. The other inquirer has not come out so boldly, neither, as far as I am aware, has he given up his faith in Christ. The two men are respected in their village, and the people are much influenced by the step they have taken. Yesterday was fixed upon for a meeting of the villagers to consider whether the whole village should cast in their lot with these two men. I am waiting eagerly to know the result.

“HOPEFUL SIGNS.

“A few weeks ago two or three people came from another part of the district, and conversed with us about Christianity, and I have sent a colporteur to visit them in their distant abode.

“In another village a messenger was sent to Kironodoy asking him to come and preach the Gospel to the people of the place.

“One young man at Utterpar has come over, with whom I am very much pleased; and he and Umbika Choron Ghoce, a Barisal youth, who found his way to Khool-

nah, and was taught and baptized by our dear brother Gogon—these two are included in our young men's class.

“Within the last month I have heard of a young Brahminoe becoming a convert at one of our stations, and a Hindoo musician has also joined us. His wife and daughter have left him, and she is being urged to forsake him altogether.

“I am sure that you and all our friends at home will be interested in these details. May it please God to deepen and widen the movements which in these several localities seems to have commenced. Your prayers will be joined to ours on behalf of the new converts; and will you pray that, through their example, many others may be brought to Christ?

“BROTHER GOGON CHUNDER DUTT.

“We have recently had a brief visit from Brother Gogon. He has become an enthusiastic Homoeopathic practitioner. I think he might very properly be called ‘the beloved physician.’ He seems to have the esteem and respect of the whole Hindoo community at Khoolnah in an extraordinary degree, as well as the affection of his Christian brethren. They have made him honorary chairman of the municipality. One of the Baboos, at his suggestion, has put up a Homoeopathic dispensary, which will, I believe, be under his control. The owner of a line of steamers running between this and Khoolnar (we are some eighty-five miles apart) has given him a free pass; and not only this, but Gogon has persuaded him to give to us missionaries at Barisal the same privilege, so that we and one or two native preachers can visit some leading places in our district, such as Jalakatee, Nalchittee, Perejapore, without charge. I think the object Gogon had in coming was to bring about this arrangement, for



which we are, of course, much indebted to him.

“FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

An interesting proof of the genuineness of the faith of some of our converts is given in the journal of one of our native preachers, which was sent to me some days ago. He writes:— ‘After our morning service on Sunday the 19th April, a widow named Gurnchaud called five of the church members to see her. On our arrival at her house we found her lying down, and she beckoned us to take seats. We then asked her, “Why have you sent for us?” She replied, “I am going to the Lord; pray for me.” We prayed twice and conversed with her; and seeing her composed, and in the path of faith and piety, we left her. On Monday we went again, and found that she was not able to speak much. She said, “To-day I shall be separated from the world—see now! The Lord has come for me.” I quoted various texts of Scripture, prayed, and commended her into the Lord’s hands.

Finally she said, “Oh, precious Saviour, forgive my sins and receive my spirit.” Having said this, she folded her hands and raised them, remaining silent for a time, then exclaimed, “All my sorrow has gone,” and was unable to speak more. So we left her. At four o’clock in the morning she said to two women and a man who were with her, “Arise! I am entering upon my journey. Believe, and you have nothing to fear; Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.” Having said this, she died. She was a church member and a true believer. She used to attend the services regularly, and her conduct was holy and her conversation most truly good. The men and women, the boys and girls, and the old people loved her dearly, and not only the people of Reprakati, but the people of other places also.’

“Such incidents as these are a comfort and encouragement to us, especially as the conduct of many of the Christians is unworthy of the Gospel of Christ.

“J. H. ANDERSON.”

HIS MAJESTY KING LEOPOLD II.—On the 1st of last month the General Secretary, Mr. A. H. Baynes, had a special audience of H. M. the King of the Belgians, at the Palace at Ostend, and presented an address of congratulation to His Majesty, upon the establishment of the new Free Congo State, from the Committee and officers of the Baptist Missionary Society. His Majesty very graciously received Mr. Baynes, and expressed his high satisfaction at the terms of the address, and of the visit of the Secretary, the King assuring him of his personal anxiety to do all within his power to further all efforts put forth for the benefit and up-raising of the millions of down-trodden Africa.

VERNON CHAPEL, KING’S CROSS.—The half-yearly Missionary Meeting of the young men connected with this place was held on July 6th, when the Rev. C. B. Sawday presided. The Rev. R. Spurgeon, of Barisal, attended, and gave a very graphic and interesting account of his Mission work in India. A cheque for £15, being six months’ subscriptions by the young men to the Mission Funds, was then handed to Mr. Holliday, who, on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society, heartily thanked the donors. Such meetings are most encouraging, and if the young men of every church would band themselves together for prayer, and for practical help for the Mission, what might not be accomplished?

## Among the Grandpass Baptists of Ceylon.

(From *Ceylon Observer*.)

I AVAILED myself of an invitation to be present at a meeting held in the Grandpass Baptist Chapel in commemoration of the second anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. J. G. Ratnayeke as the pastor of the church. It was twelve years ago since I was there, and I was agreeably surprised to find now that the old chapel had given way to a new edifice which was built from designs furnished by the missionary-architect, the Rev. F. D. Waldoock, whose labours in the way of chapel and school building can be seen in the Western, Central, Southern and North-Western Provinces. The Grandpass chapel is lofty and roomy, capable of seating over 300 people, as seen last night in the very large congregation assembled there. It was a sight worth witnessing, and gave proof of the good work done in that place of worship. On going to the compound, I found a new and handsome house built for the pastor at the cost of the Baptist Missionary Society. On this spot Mr. Chater and Mr. Daniel lived, and the room in which Mr. Daniel slept was shown. This room is preserved intact in memory of this noble man, and it is connected with the main building by a door opening into it. Between the chapel and the house is a range of low and old rooms part of which is occupied by a printing press, and the remainder is used as a girls' school. This mars the look of the principal buildings, and a new row will be all the better of it. Indeed, the plans are ready, but "hard times" stop the way. I missed very much the old pastor, James Silva, and his good wife, whose labours have been abundant, but the mantle has fallen on the present pastor, who is worthily

following in the footsteps of his father-in-law.

By the time proceedings commenced, about 350 people were in the chapel and many were obliged to stand by the doors and windows. The chair was occupied by the Rev. F. D. Waldoock, and besides him on the platform there were the Rev. Theodore Silva, minister of Makewita chapel, Mr. W. Walker, the Rev. H. A. Lapham, pastor of the Cinnamon Gardens Baptist Church, the Rev. J. G. Ratnayeke, and Mrs. Waldoock. The proceedings commenced by the singing of Sinhalese hymn, after which the senior deacon, Mr. E. P. C. Perera, engaged in prayer. Mr. Waldoock then called on Mr. Ratnayeke to read his report, of which the following is a summary:—Seventy-two years ago the work was begun by the Rev. Mr. Chater on this very spot in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society, and it is therefore the oldest Baptist church in Ceylon. For fifty years it was not in a state to be an independent church, but the late beloved pastor James Silva, impelled by his love to Jesus, took the oversight of the church, sacrificing worldly prospects, and made it an independent church, which has borne much good fruit, and this is the twentieth year of the independency of the church, and the fifth of the opening of the new chapel, and the second of the present pastorate. Amid numerous engagements and domestic illness, the work of the church had been carried on with help rendered by the divinity students, Mr. Daniel Perera and Mr. Samuel de Saram, and Mr. Waldoock, which were cheerfully and thankfully acknowledged. Six persons were added to the church by baptism, and there are eight accepted candidates and some

inquirers. The report contained an account of the conversion and joyful death of the wife of the late Carolis Silva Wickremesekere Mudaliyar, whose favourite hymn was "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly." The Sunday services in the district are two services in the chapel at 10 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., 8.30 a.m. at Mattakkuliya, 1 p.m. at Cinnamon Gardens Church, and 3 p.m. at Kollupitiya, with an average attendance of 375. There are four week-day services in houses of members and friends, and on Thursday evenings at Kayman's Gate an open-air service is held. A prayer meeting is held every Wednesday evening and the small attendance at these was deplored, and the people were urged not to keep away from these meetings, as it is a sign of soul-weakness, but to assemble always for prayer, which the report characterised as power. There are four Sabbath-schools in connection with the church, and three day-schools in which 170 children are receiving an Anglo-vernacular education. Mr. Waldoek's assistance to the schools was acknowledged. A suitable girls' school is much required in place of the one already referred to above. There are seventy names in the list with an average attendance of forty, and an appeal was made to all interested in female education to help towards the building. The work in Mrs. Waldoek's boarding-school was next alluded to, where a Bible-class is held every Friday, from which good spiritual results have followed. The Grandpass Ladies' Evangelisation Society formed in 1882 was referred to. It employs as colporteur and evangelist Cornelius Lewis, whose labours were appreciatingly spoken of. Three staunch Buddhists are now earnest inquirers, and a nominal Christian was brought to a saving knowledge of the Saviour by this brother's instrumentality. I regret to add that the

finances of this society at the end of August show a debt to the Treasurer of R22. The income from September, 1882, to August, 1884, show R218 and an expenditure of R240 during the same period. It is hoped this will catch the eye of a lady friend, and that she will help to wipe it off. There are now 136 members in the Colombo district. The accounts of the church show receipts amounting to R1,015.32½ and disbursements R978.65½, and the Treasurer is able to show a balance of R36.67 at the close of the year. Thankfulness to God is acknowledged in the first place as the fountain of all good, and to all Christian friends for their contributions and gifts. Suitable acknowledgment is made to the Baptist Missionary Society for the remittance of £100 sterling to build the pastor's house, and to Mr. Waldoek for his work in connection with it. The report concluded with devout gratitude to Almighty God for the mercies shown during the past year, and with the appeal "Brethren, pray for us."

A collection was made, which amounted to R13.46. A vote of thanks to the chairman and speakers was then proposed by Mr. E. S. C. Perera, and seconded by Mr. G. H. Perera, which was unanimously accorded, after which the doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced brought the meeting to a close.

I was greatly struck with the warmth and affection which the members showed their pastor. Though at this time he is obliged to live far away, all the services are maintained without intermission. He has a large charge, and he goes through his work right heartily. I went away much edified and thankful that I was present to see and hear of Mr. Ratnayeke's work, and that of the Grandpass Baptist Church.

RAMBL R.

## The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

**I**N response to the appeal of Mr. Comber in last month's HERALD for Ice Machines and Baths we have received:—

£2 from Mr. J. Clover, of Sindlesham Mills, near Reading; £2 from "one interested in the Congo Mission, Hastings;" £2 from Mr. W. P. Lockhart, of Liverpool; £2 from Mr. James Todd, of Dennistoun, Glasgow; and £2 from Mr. James S. Mack, of Edinburgh.

The lady at Bournemouth, referred to in the last issue of the HERALD, writes:—

"I see in the HERALD of this month you mention my case in handing over to the mission what I have saved by giving up the use of stimulants.

"Some may think it a large sum, but they will not find it so after going into figures; if they take but a little good wine daily, as in my case, they will find it cannot be done under two shillings a week, and those very moderate people who take a little to their dinner and supper will find it amount to as much.

"From various causes many Christians have recently become abstainers. I most heartily advise them to do as I have done, and by so doing we shall make our cash double its original value, in saving it from doing harm, and spending it in doing good."

Mr. Lewis James, writing from Port of Spain, in Trinidad, under date of last month, says:—

"Enclosed you will find a Money Order for Five Pounds, which we send for the Congo Mission. Our people are much interested in that mission, and we have constituted ourselves an auxiliary to that mission, and, following the example of our brethren in Nassau, have resolved to raise a sufficient sum (and as much more as we can) to support a boy in one of the mission schools, whom we would be glad if Mr. Comber would select when he returns there, and let us know his native name. We would be glad, also, if he could be given the name of John Guntop, in remembrance of the brother who first initiated this movement by putting up 3d. per week out of his hardly-earned wages until it amounted to 12s. 6d., which he handed in to Mr. Gamble on his departure for Colon to seek for work. This manner of assisting the mission on the Congo seems to commend itself to the sympathies of our people. One sister has just sent a shilling with the message that it was 'for the boy,' and I think it will tend to do much good."

A pastor remitting a generous gift writes:—

"I am greatly interested in the monthly MISSIONARY HERALD. A friend of mine, a Wesleyan, a generous contributor to our Society, says;—'The HERALD is one of the few papers of which I can say I read every word. It does my soul good.'"

"A poor sister" sends ten shillings and writes, "I love the HERALD as I read of the messenger of light and life, the Peace, bearing the Gospel to millions of my brothers and sisters on the dark continent. I thank God I can deny myself some of my few comforts to give Him back of His own."

From a generous friend of the Mission we have received a box of miscellaneous jewellery, "In Memoriam, A. B." A gold coin from "an old sailor" for the Congo Mission. A few articles of needlework from a poor widow, and a silver chain from the orphan child of a missionary now in heaven.

We have also received the following welcome and cheering gifts:—

Mrs. Kemp, Rochdale, £100; Mr. Geo. Sturge (third half yearly instalment of £1,000), £100; Friend from Pembrokeshire for Congo, £50; Anonymous, per Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton & Co., £50; In Memoriam, £50; Mr. Marnham, J.P., for Congo (quarterly), £30; Mr. J. McIlvain, Greenock, for *additional Missionaries to China*, £15, ditto, for Congo, £10; Mr. Joseph Wates, £14; C. R. P., Plymouth, for Congo, £10; Mr. Taylor, Kingsbridge, £10; M. G. (£5 for Congo), £10; Reading, for *Passage and Outfit of Mr. Davies*, £120.

### Recent Intelligence.

The Rev. T. J. Comber writes:—

“DEAR MR. BAYNES,—Will you please acknowledge the following further gifts for our Congo Mission:—

“From the Ladies’ Negro Friendly Society, per Mrs. Joel Cadbury, of Birmingham, £5 for special use in school furniture or surgical instruments.

“From the ladies of Highgate-road Chapel, per Mrs. Coxeter, 200 good jackets for the boys of our school.

“From the ladies of Chatsworth-road, Norwood, per Mrs. Salter, a box of garments.

“From Mrs. Hartland, of Camden Town, a large school map.

“Yours faithfully,

“T. J. COMBER.”

“98, Camden Street, N.W., 20th July, 1885.”

We regret to inform our readers of the decease of the Rev. A. Powell, for seventeen years the active and esteemed Secretary of the Bible Translation Society. We are requested by the Treasurer, Dr. Underhill, to state that till arrangements are made for filling the office thus left vacant, all contributions and communications should be addressed to him at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, E.C.

We have special pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a small volume just published by Messrs. Alexander & Shephard, 21, Castle Street, Holborn, entitled *The Homes of the Baptist Missionary Society from Kettering to Castle Street*, price one shilling.

This delightful little volume is written by the Rev. Charles Kirtland, formerly secretary of the British and Irish Home Mission, and until quite lately pastor of York Road Chapel, Battersea.

It contains brief, graphic, and deeply interesting biographical sketches of all the officers and missionaries of the Society whose busts or portraits are preserved in the Mission House, “with a view,” in Mr. Kirtland’s suggestive words, “of reviving the memories of some honoured servants of God, whose labours have helped to raise our Mission to the high position which it occupies among kindred institutions; and in the hope that they may encourage the growth of a mission spirit among our young people.”

We have enjoyed the volume greatly, and we most cordially commend its perusal to all our readers.

It is a capital gift-book for rewards and prizes for senior Bible classes and young men’s associations.

# Contributions

To 30th June, 1885.

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 COLLECTIONS.**

Annual Sermon at Bloomsbury Chapel	34	17	3
Public Meeting Exeter Hall	125	9	1
Juvenile do., do.	41	9	7
	201	15	11

**ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.**

Allen, Mrs E. P., Cheadle	10	0	0
Clarke, Mr E. W.	1	0	0
Collins, Mr W. B., Ramsgate, for Congo	0	10	0
Coote, Mr A., Guildford	1	0	0
Cox, Mr A. H.	0	10	6
Danford, Mr, Warren	5	5	0
Gale, Misses	2	2	0
Glover, Dr. J. G.	3	3	0
J. W. A.	10	0	0
Jay, Mr and Mrs A. Marshall	1	1	0
Jones, Mr W., Southampton	0	10	6
Keats, Mr G. T.	1	1	0
Mavnard, Mr	1	0	0
Millar, Major-Gen.	1	1	0
Norris, Mr T., St. Briavel's	1	0	0
Osborne, Mrs S. J.	0	10	0
Pigg, Mr T., Orsett	1	1	0
Pitt, Mr G.	5	0	0
Pullar, Mr L.	2	2	0
Roberts, Mr Jno.	0	10	0
Robinson, Mr E. S.	50	0	0
Do., for Africa	100	0	0
Do., for China	107	0	0
Do., for India	100	0	0
Rough, Mr G., for Congo	5	0	0
Stephen, Mrs, Mollington	1	0	0
Tooth, Mrs	0	10	0
Tritton, Mr Joseph (3 months)	37	10	0
Ward, Mr W.	0	10	6
Weymouth, Dr R., F. for Congo	1	1	0
Wright, Mr J. W.	3	0	0
Williams, Miss Hettie	1	10	0
Williams, Miss and Mrs Henry	1	1	0
Under 10s.	1	11	3

**DONATIONS.**

A Friend	10	0	0
A Friend, for China	0	10	0
A Friend, for Congo	0	10	0
A Friend, Flintshire	5	0	0
A Friend, Swansea, for China	1	0	0
A Friend, for Congo	10	0	0
A Friend, for Congo, India, and China	20	0	0
A Friend, per Mrs McEwan, for Congo	0	10	0
A Little Girl (6d. a week)	0	10	0
Amicus	10	0	0
Anonymous, Bedfordshire	0	10	0
Anonymous, per Bankers	50	0	0
Archbold, Josephine, Jamaica & Blanche, for Mr. Cowe	2	0	0

A Wellwisher	0	10	0
Blake, Mr A. W.	1	1	0
Brown, Mr Jas, Lochee, per Rev O. H. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Bruce, Mr, Fraserburgh	0	10	0
C. A., John Street, Edgware Road	5	0	0
Cadmore, Mr G., Pentre	1	1	0
Culley, Mrs E., in Loving Memory of A. B. Angus	10	0	0
Dawbarn, the late Miss J.	20	0	0
Davis, Mr E.	1	1	0
E. B., Nottingham	0	10	0
Fergusson, Miss M., for Congo	1	0	0
Fountain, Mr W., Odiham	1	1	0
Gale, Misses	1	0	0
Do., for Congo	2	0	0
Henderson, Rev. W. T., for Congo	1	0	0
H., Mrs, Acton, In Memoriam, for Congo	1	1	0
Do., do, for China	1	1	0
Higgs, Mr and Mrs G., Thank Offering	2	10	0
In Memoriam	30	0	0
J. H. A.	1	1	0
Johnson, Mr W.	100	0	0
Knight, Mrs S., Thank Offering, for Congo	0	10	0
Lewis, Capt. H., for Congo	3	3	0
L. E. P.	1	0	0
L. S., Newport, for Agra	6	0	0
Little, Mr F.	0	10	0
M. C.	1	0	0
Do., for W & O	1	0	0
Martin, Miss K., collected for Support of Girl under Miss Comber	4	10	0
Muntz, Mr G. F.	500	0	0
M. E., for China	2	10	0
Do., for Congo	2	10	0
McIlvain, Mr J., Greenock	10	0	0
Do. for Additional Missionaries to Congo and China	15	0	0
Nicoll, Mrs W., for India	1	0	0
Pedder, Miss, Abergele, for Congo	1	0	0
Pullen, Mr J.	3	0	0
Rawlings, Mr E., for Goolzar Shah's Simla Mission	5	0	0
Ridgway, Miss	1	0	0
Robinson, Mr, Kossuth, for Congo	5	0	0
"Sale of Books"	2	0	0
St. Paul's Missionary Society	8	19	0
S. L. M., for Congo	1	0	0
Standerwick, Mr. R. H.	5	0	0
Stewart, Mr. John, Aberdeen, for China	100	0	0
Sturze, Mr Geo., for Congo	10	0	0

Sycamore, Derby, Sunday Morning Offerings, for Congo	0	18	0
Thomson, Miss, Bristol	1	0	0
Talbot, Mr G. W., Reading	50	0	0
Talbot, Mrs G. W., Reading	50	0	0
Walton, Mr H.	0	10	0
W. W.	100	0	0
White, Rev. F. H.	3	3	0
Under 10s.	0	15	6
Do., for Congo	0	18	8

**LEGACIES.**

Ridgway, the late Miss Sarah, of Manchester, per Messrs. Ridgway & Worsley	50	0	0
Rooke, the late Miss E., of Enfield, per Messrs Rooke and Son, for Mr Rouse's Work, Calcutta	4	10	0
Do., for Mrs. Wall's Work, Rome	9	0	0
Do. for Mr Pigott's Work, Ceylon	4	10	0
Voelcker, the late Dr. of Kensington, per Messrs Barlow, Smith, & Pinsent	100	0	0
Wainwright, the late Mr Jas. of Otley	112	10	0

**LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.**

Abbey Rd., St. John's Wood (moiety)	9	4	3
Acton	6	9	9
Alperton	4	0	6
Arthur Street, Camberwell Gate	15	0	0
Do., Sunday School	6	17	4
Do., do., for N P	0	0	9
Battersea, York Road	7	1	7
Battersea Park	8	0	3
Relle Isl.-Mission Ch.	8	14	0
Bermondsey, Drummond Road	5	1	0
Bloomsbury	72	19	9
Do., for W & O	5	0	0
Do., for Mr Sims, Ceylon	5	0	0
Do., for Mr Weeks, Congo	5	0	0
Brentford, Park Chl	7	17	6
Do., Sunday School	16	3	6
Brixton Hill, New Park Road	7	0	0
Do., Wynne Road	10	14	3
Do., Kenyon Chapel	8	8	3
Brondebury	8	0	0
Do., Sun. Sch., for Mr Comber, Congo	10	0	0
Do., do., for Mr Jones, China	10	0	0
Camberwell, Denmark Place Chapel	42	16	6
Do., do., Juv., for N P. Barisal	10	4	3
Do., Cottage Green Sun. Sch., for N P at Port Canning	6	5	0
Do., do., for Mr Turner China	6	5	0

Do., Wyndham Rd.		
Sunday School	0	7 7
for Congo	6	10 0
Do., Mansion House	184	12 0
Clapton, Downs Ch.	6	15 6
Crouch Hill	21	0 0
Dalston Junction	16	9 5
Deptford, Octavia St.	10	17 3
Ealing Dean Sun. S.	26	7 5
East London Tabnl.	6	15 1
Enfield	5	0 7
Forest Gate, Wood-	2	1 0
grange Chapel	0	10 0
Great Hunter Street,	0	10 0
Sunday School	0	10 0
Gooding Road, Sun.	30	0 0
School	30	0 0
Do., for Congo	1	1 0
Globe Rd. Tabernacle,	80	0 0
Sunday School	9	5 0
Hackney, Mare St.	7	5 3
Hammersmith, West	30	0 0
End	30	0 0
Do., Avenue Road	24	1 4
(moiey)	1	8 10
Hampstead, Heath	2	15 0
Street	11	6 1
Harrow-on-the-Hill	20	0 0
Do., Sunday School	4	3 6
Do., Wealdstone	12	18 11
Sunday School	10	8 3
Henrietta Street	5	13 6
Highbury Hill Chapel	5	0 0
Do., Sunday School	2	17 8
Highgate, Southwood	3	0 0
Lane	3	17 0
Highgate Road,	0	11 4
Y. M. B. C., for	1	18 8
Congo	11	6 1
Do., Sunday School	20	0 0
and Y. M. B. O.,	4	3 6
for Congo	12	18 11
Hounslow	10	8 3
Islington, Cross St.	5	13 6
Islington, Salter's	5	0 0
Hall Ch.	2	17 8
James Street	3	0 0
John Street, Edgware	3	17 0
Road	0	11 4
Kensington, Hornton	1	18 8
Street	10	8 3
Kilburn, Canterbury	5	13 6
Road	5	0 0
Do., Sun. Sch., for	2	17 8
Congo	3	0 0
Kensal Green, Wyoliff	3	17 0
Ch.	0	11 4
King's Cross, Arthur	1	18 8
Street Sun. School	10	8 3
Maze Pond	5	13 6
Metropolitan Taber-	5	0 0
nacle	2	17 8
Do., Sun. Sch., for	3	0 0
Mr. Guyton, Delhi	3	0 0
New Southgate	3	17 0
North Street, Ken-	0	11 4
nington, Sun. Sch.,	1	18 8
for Cameeroons	10	8 3
Notting Hill, Lad-	5	13 6
broke Grove	5	0 0
Ormond Yard S. Sch.	2	17 8
Peckham, Park Road	3	0 0
Do., for Ram Chun-	3	17 0
der Ghose	0	11 4
Do., Barry Road	1	18 8
Do., James Grove	3	0 0
Do., Lausanne Rd.	3	17 0
Sunday School	0	11 4
Do., Gordon Road	1	18 8
Do., Norfolk Street	10	8 3
Pinner	5	13 6
Poplar, Cotton Street	5	0 0
Ponder's End Sunday	2	17 8
Sch., per Y. M. M. A.	3	0 0
Putney, Union Ch.	3	17 0
(moiey)	0	11 4

Regent St., Lambeth	3	4 7
Romney St., West-	2	6 0
minster	11	6 6
Shoreditch Taber-	3	3 0
nacle	1	5 0
South London Taber-	15	0 0
nacle (moiey)	2	0 0
Spencer Place S. Sch.	9	10 0
Stockwell	3	0 0
Stoke Newington,	2	0 0
Bouverie Road	9	10 0
Do., Devonshire Sq.	3	3 0
Chapel	4	4 0
Do., Sunday School	82	17 1
Tottenham	9	0 0
Upper Holloway	12	8 0
Vernon Chapel	3	12 3
Victoria Ch., Wanda-	22	0 2
worth Road	10	10 0
Walhamstow, Bound-	4	0 6
ary Road	1	1 0
Walworth Road Ch.	5	0 0
Do., Sun. Sch., for	2	10 0
N P	2	10 0
Do., do., for Mr.	2	14 0
Richards, China	5	0 0
Do., do., for Japan	2	10 0
Do., do., for Mr.	2	10 0
Comber, Congo	2	10 0
Do., do., for Mr.	4	8 6
Wall, Rome	7	6 10
Walworth, Eben-	2	13 4
ezer Sun. Sch.	1	10 0
Walworth, East	4	0 6
Hill	1	1 0
Do., for W & O	5	0 0
Do., Chatham Road	13	7 10
Do. do., Sun Sch.	1	1 0
Westbourne Grove	5	0 0
West London Taber-	3	7 10
nacle Sun. School		
West Green		

BERKSHIRE.

Wokingham	25	17 5
Do., for N P	1	5 4
Do., for Congo	1	12 0
Newmill and Finch-	0	9 8
hampsted	2	7 4
Sindlesham		

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Loosley Row	0	18 0
Princes Risboro'	11	0 0
Stony Stratford	11	6 10

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Aldreth	0	1 0
Cambridge, St. An-		
drew Street, for		
Cambridge School,	17	0 0
Agra		
Do., for Two Congo		
Boys	6	0 0
Gamlingay	4	5 0
Wisbech, Upper Hill		
Street, for Congo	1	0 0

CHESHIRE.

Chester, Grosvenor	3	10 0
Park Sna. Sch.		

CORNWALL.

Liskeard	1	19 6
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DEVONSHIRE.

Bideford, for W & O.	0	10 6
Exeter, South Street		
Sun. Sch.	4	1 0
Plymouth, George St.,		
for Congo	10	0 0
Do., Mutley Ch.	3	5 6
Thorverton	1	7 0
Do., for W & O	0	13 0

DORSETSHIRE.

Weymouth Sun. Sch.	5	5 7
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DURHAM.

Stockton-on-Tees	3	10 0
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ESSEX.

Barking	1	13 6
Clacton-on-Sea	0	10 6
Leytonstone	10	9 8

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Bournton - on - the		
Water	6	19 6
Chipping Camden	1	12 4
Do., for N P	0	2 9
Lydbrook	1	11 3
Uley, for N P	0	17 6
Yorkley, for N P	0	9 1

HAMPSHIRE.

Beaulieu	2	2 0
Bournemouth, Lans-		
downe Ch.	0	10 0

ISLE OF WIGHT.

Ventnor	5	13 6
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HEREFORDSHIRE.

Ryeford	1	18 10
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HESTS.

Hitchin, for N P	1	7 0
Rickmansworth	16	10 0

HUNTS.

Ramsey	0	10 6
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KENT.

Beckenham, Elm Rd.	11	8 2
Belvedere	3	13 7
Bexley Heath, Trinity		
Chapel	12	12 6
Brockley Rd. Chapel	44	9 3
Bromley	5	10 0
Crayford	4	0 0
Dartford	4	2 6
Faversham	11	11 6
Forest Hill, Syden-		
ham Chapel	9	12 9
Gravesend, Windmill		
Street Sun. Sch.	1	1 0
Greenwich, South St.	3	0 0
Lee	9	0 0
Plumstead, Raglan		
Hall	2	2 0
Shooters Hill Road	3	5 2
South Cray Sun. Sch.	0	16 5
Sutton-at-House	1	0 0
Woodwich, Queen St.	4	5 10
Do., Parsons Hill	12	10 6

LANCASHIRE.

Bury, Rochdale Rd	2	2 2
Liverpool, Myrtle St.	95	0 0
Do., for Congo	5	0 0
Do., Richmond Ch.	4	1 1
Do., Fabius Ch.		
Sunday School	9	4 9
Manchester, Higher		
Openshaw S. Sch.	1	3 7
N. E. Lancashire, on		
account, per Mr W.		
Snape, Treasurer	35	10 0
Oswaldtwistle	6	6 3
Rochdale, Water St.	0	5 0

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Leicester, Victoria		
Road	2	2 0

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Grantham	1	4 5
Do., for N P	0	16 7

<b>NORFOLK.</b>	
Norfolk, on account, per Mr J. J. Colman, M.P., Treas...	63 11 7
Swaffham .....	10 0 0
Yarmouth, on acct...	50 0 0
<b>NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.</b>	
Burton Latimer .....	8 19 1
Deeborough .....	3 4 10
Gretton .....	0 10 0
Kettering .....	105 13 2
Do., for <i>W &amp; O</i> .....	2 15 0
Do., for <i>N P</i> .....	2 0 1
Do., for <i>Congo</i> .....	0 12 0
Northampton, Mount Pleasant Sun. Sch.	1 6 0
Ringshead .....	2 2 7
Do., for <i>Congo</i> .....	0 15 5
Roads .....	2 6 0
Rushdon .....	17 6 3
Thrapstone .....	20 9 6
Towcester .....	5 6 0
Walgrave .....	2 10 4
Woodford .....	0 15 2
<b>NORTHUMBERLANDSHIRE.</b>	
Ford Forge, for <i>Congo</i>	2 13 0
<b>NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.</b>	
Collingham .....	1 0 0
Nottingham, Derby Road Juvenile .....	7 8 8
Do., Bentinck Road Sunday School .....	3 5 0
Southwell .....	6 15 2
<b>OXFORDSHIRE.</b>	
Caversham .....	5 13 6
<b>SHROPSHIRE.</b>	
Oakengates .....	2 0 0
<b>SOMERSETSHIRE.</b>	
Bristol .....	1238 12 4
Do., balance last year's account .....	2 0 0
Do., Broadmead, for <i>W &amp; O</i> .....	15 0 0
Do., do., for <i>School, Ceylon</i> .....	5 0 6
Do., do., for <i>Boy in Miss Comber's Sch.</i>	11 13 4
Do., Bedminster, West Street, for <i>W &amp; O</i> .....	1 4 6
Do., do., for <i>N P</i> .....	0 7 10
Do., Buckingham Ch., for <i>W &amp; O</i> .....	1 0 0
Do., do., for <i>N P, India</i> .....	2 8 0
Do., do., for <i>Congo</i> .....	1 1 0
Do., City Road Sun. Sch., for <i>N P</i> .....	1 1 7
Do., do., for <i>Howrah</i> .....	6 0 0
Do., United Com-munion Service for <i>W &amp; O</i> .....	9 2 1
Do., do., Cotham Grove Sun. Sch., for <i>Miss Comber's School</i> .....	5 11 3
Do., Counterslip, for <i>Congo</i> .....	7 14 0
Do., do., King St., for <i>Mr Wall, Italy</i> .....	1 10 0
Do., do., for <i>Native Girls' Sch., Serampore</i> .....	6 9 0
Do., do., Sun. Sch., for <i>Mr H. Thomas, Delhi</i> .....	7 10 9
Do., do., for <i>Mr Ezen, Benares</i> .....	7 10 8

Do., Tyndale Ch., for <i>Debt, 1884</i> .....	10 0 0
Paulton, for <i>W &amp; O</i> .....	1 6 0
<b>SUFFOLK.</b>	
Bury St. Edmunds .....	1 13 0
<b>SURREY.</b>	
Balham, Ramsden Rd.	10 15 1
Croydon .....	27 8 1
Dulwich, Lordship Lane .....	4 10 0
Lower Norwood, Chatsworth Road .....	28 12 2
Do., for <i>China</i> .....	1 0 0
Merstham Sun. Sch. ....	2 3 10
New Malden .....	3 11 6
Norwood, Gipsy Rd. ....	8 11 3
Redhill .....	5 12 6
Surbiton .....	2 2 0
Sutton .....	11 15 9
Do., Sun. Sch., for <i>N P under Mr Guyton, Delhi</i> .....	0 10 0
Upper Mitcham .....	2 10 0
Upper Norwood .....	9 14 10
Do., balance of last year .....	16 2 6
<b>SUSSEX.</b>	
Brighton, Bond St. ....	4 10 0
<b>WARWICKSHIRE.</b>	
Birmingham, Y.M.B. M.S., for <i>Bishop-pore Sch.</i> .....	78 0 0
Do., for <i>Mr Guyton's Work Delhi</i> .....	36 0 0
Rugby .....	3 11 0
<b>WESTMORLAND.</b>	
Kendal .....	1 0 0
<b>WILTSHIRE.</b>	
Bromham .....	1 0 2
Do., for <i>W &amp; O</i> .....	0 5 0
Do., for <i>N P</i> .....	0 10 5
Westbury Leigh .....	0 10 0
<b>WORCESTERSHIRE.</b>	
Redditch .....	0 10 0
Do., for <i>W &amp; O</i> .....	0 4 0
<b>YORKSHIRE.</b>	
Bradford, Girlington Juvenile .....	7 4 2
Harrogate Juvenile .....	1 12 11
Leeds, South Parade, on account (less dis- trict expenses last year) .....	17 14 11
Middlesboro', Walsh Ch. Sunday School .....	0 5 0
Sheffield, Pub. Meet- ing, for <i>Congo</i> .....	7 10 0
Do., Townhead St., for <i>Congo</i> .....	5 0 8
Do., Glossop Road .....	7 5 8
Do., do., for <i>Congo</i> .....	13 0 4
Do., do., for <i>N P</i> .....	5 18 5
Do., do. ....	38 13 1
Less expenses .....	1 8 6
.....	37 4 7
<b>NORTH WALES.</b>	
<b>ANGLESEA.</b>	
Per Mr R. Williams, Treasurer .....	6 1 6

<b>CARNARVONSHIRE.</b>	
Llanglan .....	2 0 0
<b>DENBIGHSHIRE.</b>	
Brymbo .....	1 2 6
<b>SOUTH WALES.</b>	
<b>BRECKNOCKSHIRE.</b>	
Hay .....	0 6 0
Do., for <i>N P, India</i> .....	1 6 0
<b>CARMARTHENSHIRE.</b>	
Ammanford, Eben- ezer .....	1 13 5
Carmarthen, English Ch. ....	1 18 1
Cwmaman, Bethesda .....	0 8 0
<b>GLAMORGANSHIRE.</b>	
Berthllwyd .....	5 2 9
Canton, Hope Ch. Sunday School .....	5 1 9
Lantwit Vardre, Salem .....	1 2 2
Lisvane .....	0 18 4
Do., for <i>N P</i> .....	1 18 5
Penpryswg, Penuel for <i>N P</i> .....	1 19 6
Porth, Tabernacle .....	3 2 0
Treforest .....	2 7 0
Treorkey, Horeb .....	2 10 0
Twynyrodyn, for <i>N P</i>	1 12 0
<b>MONMOUTHSHIRE.</b>	
Blackwood, Eng. Ch. ....	0 10 6
Caerwent .....	1 2 0
Chepstow .....	0 9 6
Do., for <i>W &amp; O</i> .....	1 9 1
Llanddewi .....	4 15 0
Newport, St. Mary St.	3 17 9
St. Mellons .....	4 8 6
<b>PEMBROKESHIRE.</b>	
Camrose .....	0 13 0
Caersalem and Jabez	0 2 6
Penybryn .....	0 2 6
<b>SCOTLAND.</b>	
Aberdeen, Crown Terrace, for <i>India</i> .....	5 0 0
Do., for <i>Congo</i> .....	3 0 0
Do., for <i>China</i> .....	3 0 0
Coatbridge .....	1 0 0
Cupar .....	5 0 0
Dundee .....	9 5 6
Dunfermline .....	15 2 0
Elgin .....	3 10 0
Do., for <i>India</i> .....	2 0 0
Do., for <i>China</i> .....	2 0 0
Do., for <i>Congo</i> .....	3 0 0
Forres .....	1 0 0
Glasgow, Adelaide Place .....	22 0 0
Do., John Street .....	7 0 0
Do., do., Sun. Sch., for <i>Congo</i> .....	4 2 6
Do., John Knox St.	12 19 5
Do., do., for <i>Italy</i> .....	1 0 0
Do., Queen's Park Sun. School, for <i>Congo School Work</i>	2 8 9
Grantown, for <i>Congo</i>	3 0 0
Do., for <i>N P</i> .....	1 15 6
Rothsay .....	0 10 0
Do., for <i>Congo</i> .....	3 0 0
<b>FOREIGN.</b>	
<b>AMERICA.</b>	
Quebec, M. M. ....	1 0 0
<b>EUROPE.</b>	
Geneva, Martin, Rev. C. ....	1 0 0