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THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

The Swansea and Llanelly Autumnal Meetings.

RARELY, if ever, have meetings been more stimulating and memorable than the recent gatherings at Swansea—especially the Designation and Valedictory service on Tuesday morning, October the 6th, in the Albert Hall.

In the retrospect,—with feelings of devout thankfulness—we desire, once again, “to thank God and take courage.”

Of the Tuesday morning meeting one of the veterans of the Denomination writes—

“I have been present at nearly all the Autumnal gatherings of the Missionary Society, and have greatly enjoyed many of them. But I never attended such a meeting as we had on Tuesday morning in the Albert Hall. Numbers around me were in tears of delight—thanking God audibly for the Mission and the Missionaries. The speakers seemed to touch and thrill the hearts of all present—there seemed such a hallowed and sacred spirit all through the service. Surely the most blessed and abiding results must spring out of this gathering—a deeper and more complete consecration to this most lofty and sublime of all Christian enterprise, and a keener and deeper appreciation of the privilege of contributing towards its extension and support.”

Full reports of the various services having already appeared in the Religious journals, it will not be needful to detail them here, save to state that the address of the Rev. John Aldis to the departing missionaries, at the Valedictory service, and the sermon by the Rev. Dr. Culross, preached on the afternoon of the same day, by the kind consent of these Brethren appear in a corrected form in this issue of the *MISSIONARY HERALD*; and we desire specially to commend them to the careful and thoughtful perusal of all our readers.

The kindness of the Swansea and Llanelly pastors and friends has been most marked, while the business arrangements for the various services were so perfect as to leave nothing more to be desired.

Only those who are practically acquainted with such gatherings are at all aware how much of laborious, persistent effort is needful to secure the pleasant and easy working of the various and oftentimes perplexing arrangements connected with so many meetings.

To the Rev. James Owen, the President, especially; to the Rev. John Lewis, Vice-President; to Mr. Edward Roberts, the Treasurer; to the indefatigable Secretaries, Mr. Howell Watkins, and Mr. E. W. Cook; and to all the members of the Local Executive Committee, upon whose shoulders much heavy work devolved, we desire publicly and gratefully to express our very sincere and appreciative acknowledgments.

May the results of these Autumnal services prove blessed and inspiring to all our churches—impelling them to a fuller and deeper sympathy with the urgent and pressing wants of the world, and the devout recognition of the Saviour's claims; then indeed shall we say and feel, in the words of Henry Martyn, "Meetings of such a sort are real blessings; oh! for more of them."

Valedictory Address by the Rev. John Aldis.

(To Revs. Robert Spurgeon and W. R. James, and Messrs. Tregellus, Thomas, and Martin, Missionaries to India; and Revs. W. H. Bentley and J. H. Weeks, Missionaries to the Congo.)

I HAVE been asked to bid you farewell. So I speak in the name of all here, not with such words as I would, but with such as I can. You are going to distant and different lands. Well, the great Commission is wide enough—all the world and every creature. Six of you go to India, the first and largest field occupied by our Society. One to Agra, once the seat of empire, and still adorned with India's richest architectural gem. One to the rice fields of Barisal, where we have cast the bread upon the waters, and after a few days have found it more abundant than anywhere else in Bengal. One goes to Serampore, the home of early and precious memories, of grand gifts and saintly graces, consecrated to mission toils and triumphs; and still the school of training for the native ministry. Two return to the Congo regions, so long shut up, and now so strangely opened; so vast, so sad, and yet so glorious. Here our young men repeat the devotedness and the heroism of apostolic days; for none can thoughtfully go without feeling, "Neither count I my life dear to myself, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." Wherever you go you will be in His safe keeping. May you always have the light of His smile and the glow of His love. You go not

in your own name, nor in the name of your church. That would be merely human, to proclaim your weakness and ensure your defeat. But you go in the name of Jesus. That is Divine. To that every knee must bow. You are ambassadors for Christ; you are not only from Him but He is with you, your guide, your impulse, and your force. You do not care to be regarded as the successors of the apostles. Your ambition is far higher—to be apostles yourselves. You have seen the Lord, and He has breathed on you and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." This will be fatal to conceit and vaunting and assumption. Yet as it humbles you, it will make you trustful and hopeful, for you will rest on the Master's right, and will leave all issues in His hands. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." It is a grand pretension to make, but a blessed experience to attain. May the gracious Lord fill you always with His peaceful joy! But your aim is yet higher than this; you go to represent Him in your life. He will not only be with you, but in you. Each of you will say, "For me to live is Christ." This honour is plainly intended for you. His prayer is that we may be one with Him, so that as in Him men saw the Father, so in us they may see Him. The disciple accepted the charge, and said, "As He is, so are we in this world." Everywhere it is hard for us to live a Christ-like life; but it is hardest in a heathen land, with no sympathy or means of grace, or help from good examples; yet nowhere is it so needed or so precious. Learning, logic, eloquence, are good, but they bring danger. Hindoos have them, and are neither awed nor won by them. In Allahabad I heard a Hindi sermon. It was eloquent and warm, but, judging from the countenance of the hearers, it was more likely to drive them to Kali than draw them to Christ. Christ-likeness is utterly unknown to the heathen, so it brings a new vision for the eye and a new influence for the heart. This best explains the doctrine; for "we are buried with Him in baptism," because we died with Him on the Cross, that we might rise with Him to newness of life. This is most readily understood, for the eye is more sensitive than the ear, and actions speak louder than words. It does not so much clash with prejudice nor provoke strife. It is the still small voice that speaks in the conscience, and it distils into the soul as noiselessly as dew. It inspires confidence, and both warms and purifies the affections. Mere words do not prove much, but persistent goodness must prevail. This, too, will be your greatest comfort and help. By this you may both save yourselves and them that hear you. As you grow like your Master you will get into the secret of that which to us seems so strange, but of which He speaks so often—His peace and joy. This will be largely the means and measure of your success. This is the

halo that crowns such as Brainerd and Martyn. But what is this Christ-likeness. Oh, that I could portray it! These things are in it:—In lip, life, and heart, to be true, and right, and pure; always the contrast and rebuke of all that is false, or wrong, or unholy. To be towards all men meek, lowly, never retaliating wrong, never scorning the meanest. To live above the world, not greedy of its gains, nor vain of its splendours, nor dissipated by its mirth, nor fired by its ambitions, but glad to call God your Father, and to claim heaven as your home. To be unselfish, generous, and devoted. To hold all you have and are, all you can get or do, not as your own, but His who redeemed you, to be used for the highest good of others, to make the ignorant wise, the wrong right, and the wretched happy. Yes, this the world needs—the living images of our Lord. Let such look into the face of the heathen; their night will be turned into day. Dear brethren, we will pray for you, that this honour and joy may be blessedly yours. In a different, yet true, sense we want you to represent us to the heathen. We love their Saviour, and we long for their salvation. We would fain go to them, but cannot. Yet our whole soul goes out to them, and for them. Let us, then, love them, and toil for them in you. Let us look at them with your eyes, and speak with your lips, and minister with your hands. In your thoughts let us think out for them the story of man's redemption. Let us yearn over them in your tenderest compassion, and glow towards them in your most generous affections. Let us live with them in your unwearied patience, and unswerving purpose. Let us exult in your gladness, as you see them lifted from debasement, pollution, and misery, and made pure, and peaceful, and happy. Let us hold on with you, till the Lord shall come; and if we are not allowed to meet on earth again, may we be gathered together to share His approving smile, and to hear His "Well done," and His "Welcome to the joy of the Lord." You will have your toils and trials. It is a poor life that has none. As you have them, the power of Christ can rest upon you. May it so rest that you may always sing, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." In the far-off land where sights are strange and sounds are harsh, and you are no longer greeted by the smiles that seem like sunlight, and the voices that charm like music; if health should fail and spirits droop; if fondest hopes are blighted and withering doubts rush in, as the blast of an east wind; if called to watch by some loved one, prostrate in pain which you cannot relieve, and in sickness which no skill can cure; if you have to stand by the open grave, bereaved, lonely, and desolate; if anyone of you should feel the stroke fall on you, that says your work is done, and that the Master calls you to rest—then it is but little to say that our prayers

shall follow you, though no Christian workers share them so largely. But this is sure, and the best of all, the Lord Himself will be with you and always the same—His love not less precious, nor His promise less sure. He makes no mistakes, and He cannot fail. You may hear the old words, coming from the same heart, “Be of good cheer, Paul.” I join two words now, “Finally, brethren, farewell,” “Finally, brethren, rejoice in the Lord,” may He be with us and you. We separate only in the flesh; we are still one in spirit with each other, and with Him. May His arm encircle you, and His smile cheer you, and His blessing prosper you. Farewell till we meet “where none can die and none remove.”

The vast audience stood and remained standing during the delivery of latter part of this farewell.

Missionary Sermon by the Rev. James Culross, M.A., D.D.,

PRESIDENT OF BRISTOL COLLEGE.

(Preached in Mount Pleasant Chapel, Swansea, on Tuesday Afternoon, October 6, 1885.)

“When the disciples saw it, they had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste?”—Matt. xxvi. 8.

A FEW days before our Lord's crucifixion “they made Him a supper” at Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, a neighbour, if not a relative, of Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus. As the guests reclined at table, Mary passed round behind them till she came to the place occupied by Jesus, and there she paused. She had in her hand an alabaster box filled with ointment of spikenard, very costly. Bending down, and never asking herself what the onlookers might think, she broke it open, and poured it on His head, and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment.

Her deed was not understood—was misunderstood and challenged—by the disciples. Blind to its love-motive, it seemed to them a piece of romantic, senseless extravagance, and they exclaimed, with angry surprise, “To what purpose is this waste?” It might have been sold, one of them computed, who had been reckoning up the value in pence while Mary was anointing her Lord for the grave—it might have been sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor, and if so, would have kept a little family in comfort for a whole year.

Could Mary's deed be vindicated? She says nothing for herself, she

attempts no defence ; but the Lord takes up her cause, and answers for her. To have sold the ointment, and bestowed the price on the poor, might have been a good and thoughtful use to make of it. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." But the use that Mary put it to was nobler still. She seems to have understood the Lord's repeated foretelling of His death ; and her deed in anointing Him for His burial was more seemly than if she had placed a garland of amaranth on His head, and crowned Him. Her deed told the price at which she estimated the Despised and Rejected of men, and expressed her love to Him—love pure, deep, fervent, single-hearted, the love of a woman's soul, love that counted nothing too precious to spend on Him. "She hath done a beautiful deed," the Lord says ; beautiful in spirit and meaning, beautiful in propriety and grace, beautiful by reason of the simplicity and truth of the doer. It was the deed of a spirit that soared above the commonplace and ordinary in its exceeding love. Of all the honours done Him on earth, this was the queenliest and rarest, and we do not wonder that wheresoever the Gospel is preached the deed of this woman is told for a memorial of her, and that, being told, it gives birth to deeds like itself in other lives.

"To what purpose is this waste?" This very question confronts us to-day in presence of the missionary enterprise. Reckon up the outlay ; valuable time given to it by men to whom time is gold—valuable time and much thought and energy ; a large amount of money contributed every year, not large, perhaps, when set over against what we are able to give, or what we spend on luxury and pride, yet very considerable and annually increasing ; and, lastly, a large expenditure of human life. In the beginning of our mission in India, sickness followed sickness, and man after man fell ; and in our youngest mission—that on the Congo—it has been the same, only more deadly ; indeed, to some onlookers, the going of our missionaries thither seems like that ride into the jaws of death at Balaclava. Every man who goes out goes at the peril of his life ; and we have no security, as yet, that the risk is materially abated.

"To what purpose?" The question is not put only by those who are out of sympathy with the missionary enterprise, who regard it as Utopian or Quixotic, who sneer and find fault, and who would see in its success no special gain to humanity ; but by some perplexed Christian brethren also who are full believers in the work of evangelizing the world. I wish, if possible, to reply not simply to the question itself, but even more to the mood of mind out of which the question springs. And inasmuch as the Congo is chiefly in the thoughts of those who propound the question, I shall freely accept that Mission for illustration.

In the outset, it is clear, that we at home have no right to push others into danger—even for the Gospel's sake. The summons—say, to go to the Congo—must come, not from us, but from Jesus Christ, and must be heard in the inmost soul of the individual man, and be personally responded to. Now, it should be remembered, as matter of fact, that under our missionary arrangements there is no conscription; there are no bought men; we have no medals, or clasps, or dignities, or rewards, or other bribes to offer; every missionary is Jesus Christ's volunteer, a volunteer who has been warned to count the cost, a volunteer according to the words, "Thy people shall be free-will offerings in the day of Thy power." I am not trying to relieve our Society of responsibility; undoubtedly we are accessories both before and after the fact. But as to the missionary himself, his going into the place of danger and service is, primarily, not a matter between him and a committee, but between himself, solitarily, and the Lord who bought him.

It is clear, still farther, that we are bound to place a high and sacred value on the lives of our missionaries; to pray for them, to use all the measures that science and experience suggest for their safety, and to man our stations sufficiently, so that no life may be endangered through the overstrain of care and labour in an unfavourable climate. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints; and precious should it be in our sight also.

All this being not simply admitted, freely and without burden, but insisted on, we can survey the mission field at large, or any part of it, like the Congo, and can face the question squarely, To what purpose is this waste—this expenditure of treasure and of life?

The first thing to take into account is, that we are acting under Christ's Commission, which requires us to carry the message of salvation to the whole world. As widely as the curse of sin extends, so widely must the tidings of mercy reach. This is not debateable matter, and therefore need not be dwelt upon. To argue it in such an assembly as this were a piece of foolish impertinence. It is settled among us, once for all. By the will of Jesus Christ, this round earth, in all its isles and continents, must hear the great evangel of heaven. Africa cannot be missed out. It has been put upon us in providential ways to undertake service of the most important kind in that continent, and in a special province of it. We are there because God sent us. There was not a mere vague Macedonian cry borne across the waters to any ear it might reach; but God assigned a share in the work to us as certainly, I believe, as He summoned Moses to bring Israel out of the bondage of Egypt. We should have been guilty if we had declined the service. We should be guilty if even in our hearts we

were to draw back now. Whoever may be counting up and grudging the price already paid to bring Africa to the feet of Jesus Christ, it is not our missionary brethren: they have endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and they give no sign of flinching; none of them has pronounced or whispered the word "Halt"; they are full—as full as ever—of devotion and courage and high hope. It is a good land, they say, let us go up and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it. If it be so that we are doing the bidding of the Lord, in His Word and His Providence, then is there no place for the word "*waste*." We cannot speak for our brethren who have passed from our midst, and tell what they would say from the high places to which they have attained; but I am persuaded they would tell us this, at least, that so far from grudging their lives in the cause, they did not know a nobler use to which life could be put.

Looking to the Congo for illustration, take into account next that our brethren are doing preparatory work of the most necessary and valuable kind. Though so recently since a beginning was made, yet already a piece of true work has been done that will not need to be done over again. "Navvies' work," I have heard it called. Yes, in a sense; but navvies' work that reveals to the people the Christian heart, and that will help them all the more easily and fully to grasp the Gospel in its true significance, and to understand the spirit of our blessed Master, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. They will be able to see the Christ in His servants, even more than through a book, though that book were the Bible. But you have read the story of the Congo to little purpose if you do not see that far more than "navvies' work" has been done. Fields of future labour have been opened and partially surveyed, instruction has begun, friendly feelings have been awakened, the name of Christ has been spoken, glimpses of that Face have been seen from which the glory of God shines forth, the languages are in the way of being mastered, and ere long the Scriptures will be given to the people, and they will be able to read in their own tongue, wherein they were born, the wonderful works of God. True, our brethren are not yet reapers; but, to use a parable, they are surveying the country, making roads, throwing bridges across the rivers, clearing the forest, trenching the moorland and wild, and preparing the soil, where immortal harvests are yet to wave. Are you impatient? Do you think God slow? Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath patience; be ye also patient. He that believeth shall not make haste.

Next, take into account how our missionary brethren, in their self-denial and labours, their hardships and perils, are asserting a great Christian

principle—the principle that nothing is to be held back from Jesus Christ ; that our whole being is to be surrendered to Him, freely and for love's sake. This principle, accepted in the heart, is an element—one of the greatest—in every true and noble life. You meet it everywhere in the Bible in one form or other ; it is the very genius of our religion. You find it (to take a single instance) in that brief expression spoken by Paul to the sailors and others on the reeling deck, where the ship with its two hundred and seventy-six souls was tossed in Adria, the very terror of the tempest giving emphasis to his words, "*God, whose I am.*" God's redemption, as Paul understood it, was not the mere breaking of bonds and delivering from death. It was not as when one comes on some wild animal caught in a snare, and undoes the snare, and lets the panting, struggling thing return to its wild freedom again ; but as if he tamed it and made it love and follow him. Paul felt himself the glad captive of redeeming love ; and he tells this out when he says, "God, whose I am." This is what gives truth and greatness to a human life—that is what keeps a soul in its orbit—the inwrought conviction, *I belong to God—I myself, body, soul, and spirit.* Now, apart from all successes in the mission-fields, our missionary brethren are doing us immense service at home—if we only saw and felt it—by their practical assertion that we are not our own ; and that our business is to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service. Count this in as not the least among the gains of our mission work.

Consider, further, that the sufferings and losses which occur in the service are but in the line of the history of the Kingdom. No strange thing is happening. "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee." It has never been otherwise from the beginning. How was the Kingdom founded ? "He went forth bearing His cross." "Ought not Christ to have suffered, and to enter into His glory ?" All helpers of man must come within the circle of man's pain ; the more glorious the help they bring, the nearer the centre of that circle must they stand—He in the very centre, wearing the sharp regalia of thorns—the Helper with the bruised Heart. How could He lay hold upon men—how could He show them God—how could He conquer carnal, selfish hearts—but by the magnanimity of suffering love ? It is not the mere deliverance, however blissful, that does it. You sit, all unconscious of danger, within the spring of a tiger ; its eyes glare and its limbs quiver. One who sees your danger shoots the wild beast dead with his rifle. You owe him your life, and cannot help be thankful to him as your saviour. But suppose he had had no rifle, and had sprung in between you and dealt with no weapon

in his hand except a hasty snatched club, and had saved your life thus, coming forth torn and bleeding—how different your feeling! How your redeemed life would have been his! It is not the mere deliverance that binds you to him, but the love that wrought it freely by suffering. *Christ died for us*: that is the note which tells how deliverances have been wrought, and how the Kingdom has advanced and made way from the beginning. “The blood of the martyr,” they said in the old days, “is the seed of the Church”; and the principle of the words is as true and as applicable to-day as ever. On every victorious banner is blazoned a cross with this for motto, *In hoc signo vince*. If the laying down of Life for Christ’s sake were taken out of history, it would at best be a poor record of ignoble selfishness or mean ambition—the quenching of earth’s last glory—a record unutterably sad. It is the meek of the earth—the men who love not their lives unto death—that have carried forward the Kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. This is the line of advance, and has always been; and to-day, in the missionary service, the advance is being made along this very line. It is the line of victory. We know what the end shall be. He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for His law. We know on whose Head the many crowns shall rest. Earth’s monarchs, the proudest and highest-throned, shall shut their mouths and do homage before the Man with the marred countenance.

Consider another thing. The heroism shown in connection with missionary enterprise is in itself an immense contribution to the spiritual forces that are at work in the world for good. We are already compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, from the days of the man (in deaths off) who said, “Neither do I count my life dear unto myself,” down to the present. It humbles one, and restrains his speech, to remember how little of the heroic there is in his own life; but, at the same time, if there is anything in him to catch fire, the heroism of the mission-field enkindles holy ambition and endeavour. Those who know no better taunt us with serving for money. “Doth Job fear God for naught?”—with mere change of proper name that taunt is held out still. “Skin for skin,” the devil said, “all that a man hath will he give for his life,” and some are found to believe it. One has only to glance over the great missionary story from the first till now to find the disproof. Many in the missionary band I do not hesitate to call “*martyrs*,” ranking them with those who have gone to the stake or the scaffold for the truth’s sake, and who by their death have helped to pay the purchase-money of our religious light and freedom. They would never have been found in the sphere of danger but for

the name of Jesus Christ; they would have discovered creditable opportunity to slink away if they had not loved His service better than life. Do you think their quietly-heroic example nothing to this age? It is no breach of charity to say that there are too many of us who like a comfortable religion, with no Hills of Difficulty or Valleys of Humiliation in the way to the Celestial City, and who to the mail of olden heroes, with its "glorious dints," prefer the soft clothing of them that are in the king's houses. Does not the heroism of the mission-field rebuke our selfishness and love of ease? Does it not bring a sense of shame into our bosoms? Does it not appeal to all that is truest and noblest in our Christian manhood? Does it not make our heart beat high to think of it? Beyond its direct value in the foreign field—and that is very great—this missionary heroism is fitted to tell powerfully at home. It rouses from inglorious sloth and slumber like a trumpet-blast. The story of it is in inspiration—a new chapter added to the Book of Acts, written out in clearer characters than ever, "Ye are not your own;" "Yield yourselves unto God;" "Gird up the lions of your mind;" "Endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ;" "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." We feel—we are compelled to feel—as we read the great story that it is a sweeter thing to do good than to enjoy selfish ease and pleasure; a more satisfying thing to win souls than to build up a fortune; a nobler thing to suffer for Christ than to acquire world's renown.

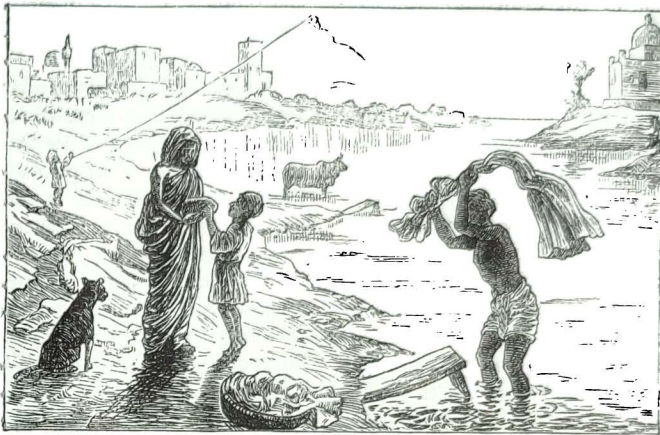
Some of our missionary brethren have been smitten down just as they were beginning their career, with great profitableness dawning for them; and their life, to look back upon, is seemingly incomplete, broken off, defeated in its purposes. Have they fallen in vain? Shall we raise them a broken column for monument? Does their death, so prematurely, mean so much "waste"? Or is it, by some Divine paradox, "gain"? One leaps into a boiling sea to save a child's life—do you experience no instant thrill of heart as he takes the plunge? Do you withhold your admiration till the child is brought safe to land? Do you measure magnanimity by success? And if two lives should be lost in place of one, do you call out "waste"? Do you not feel that history is for you the richer, and Divine influence the larger, by one golden deed, a deed finer in quality than David's three mighty men, who broke through the host of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate? And how shall we measure the influence of life laid down for Jesus Christ? Thanks be to God for the martyrs!

Once more; because our missionary brethren are doing Christ's work, we "know" that their labour is not in vain in the Lord. In due season

there shall be reaping. He has given us a right to count on that. For one day—far off or nearer than we think—“He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.” Good men have prayed and laboured and suffered and gone down to the grave without actually seeing much fruit; they have even at times taken up the lamentation, “I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain.” Their labour was not *really* lost—no labour done for God ever is; but they did not see what came of it. The Saviour shall *see*—shall see and *be satisfied*. The results, so to speak, overpay the sufferings. They shall be of a nature to give Him satisfaction, being wholly good. They shall be, moreover, of a measure to satisfy Him, being proportioned to the grandeur of His own conceptions and desires. *Our* cup holds but little, and is soon filled; as it is soon emptied again. What must it take to satisfy *Him*! And as none but Himself knew the travail—not the mere torture and shame of the cross, but what the Greek litany calls his “unknown agonies”—so He shall have a joy peculiarly His own—ineffable, measureless, corresponding to the grasp and quality of His own nature, so that *He* shall say, “It is enough.” The whole missionary enterprise throughout the centuries, so far from being “waste,” is a contribution toward this issue, and has its place in “the many-linked chain” that draws earth up to God.

Put these things together—that our missionary brethren are carrying out Christ’s Commission; that they are laying foundations or building thereon; that in doing so they are practically asserting the great Christian principle that nothing is to be held back from Jesus Christ; the sufferings and losses sustained are in line of the history of the Kingdom; that the heroism shown in the missionary enterprise is itself an immense contribution to the spiritual forces that are at work for good; and that the labour expended is not in vain, but must be followed by a reaping time of joy—put these things together, and let them have their full weight, and we shall not regard the expenditure of life and treasure as so much waste, but rather as the precious seed of the great Harvest of God.

In the meanwhile, in one closing word, I remind you of Christ’s appeal to His people through the missionary enterprise—the appeal that comes most directly and powerfully home to the Christian heart. He understood us best. He does not allure us with the promise of a terrestrial paradise, or this world’s renown. He looks forth into our midst—looks into this gathering to-day,—looks into our eyes with those eyes that closed in death to save us, and asks: *Who among you will die for Me?*



Indian Washerman.

CLOTHES are washed by *men*, seldom by women, in India. The washerman stands knee-deep in the water at the river-side. Before him is placed a stone slab, on which he beats the clothes after rinsing them in the water. No trouble about bleaching, or, generally speaking, about drying clothes either, in India, the land of the Sun.

The late Rev. John E. Henderson, of Montego Bay, Jamaica.

THE Rev. J. E. Henderson was born in London on March 11th, 1816, and had therefore passed the sixty-ninth year of his pilgrimage on earth. His parents were godly people, who lived and died in the fellowship of the gospel of Jesus Christ. They had three sons, of whom the subject of this sketch was the eldest, and all of whom became ministers of the Gospel; two in Jamaica (the Revs. J. E. and G. R. Henderson) and one being the pastor of an important church in London until a short time ago, when he resigned.

Early in the year 1835, when Mr. John Henderson was nineteen years of

age, he was converted to God, and was baptized at Waltham Abbey, by the Rev. J. Hargraves. As soon as he became a partaker of the blessings of redemption through Christ, he was anxious to do all in his power to give those blessings to others, and at once began to engage in Christian work of various kinds. A dear friend who knew him intimately at the time, in recalling those early days of his Christian life, speaks of them as days in which he threw himself very earnestly into efforts for bringing his friends and acquaintances to the knowledge of Christ. Both as a Sunday-school teacher and as an occasional

preacher, he was distinguished for his fidelity and zeal; and though often engaged in business from early morn till late at night, he gave much time to the acquisition of useful knowledge, and to preparation for such Christian service as he felt he must render to his Saviour and Lord. Nor did he labour in vain; his efforts were owned of God, and were made the means of the conversion of many: and often in after life did he refer, with inexpressible pleasure, to those early proofs of the Divine favour, and to the indications which they supplied of his call to the work of the ministry.

The youthful and zealous worker for Christ soon excited considerable attention, and his pastor and other friends connected with the church of which he was a member were deeply impressed by the grace and talents which he evidently possessed. They strongly advised him to consider the question of entering the Christian ministry. After much anxious thought and earnest prayer he decided on doing so, and went to reside with the Rev. S. Brawn for a few months, to pursue a course of preparatory study.

In the beginning of 1838, he was accepted as a student of Stepney College (now, Regent's Park), where he diligently applied himself to the attainment of classical and theological knowledge, under the direction of the excellent Dr. Murch. He had as college friends many worthy men who have made their mark as ministers on both sides of the Atlantic; and he was certainly not the least worthy amongst them.

He appears to have enjoyed the benefits of that Institution for about two and a half years. Then, in 1840, William Knibb was in England, and pleaded most pathetically and powerfully for additional labourers to come to

assist in the glorious work that was going on in connection with the Jamaica Mission. Amongst those who responded to his fervid appeals was Mr. Henderson. He was accepted for service, and forthwith prepared for the voyage to Jamaica. In consequence of some trouble in the church at Falmouth, during Mr. Knibb's absence, it was deemed urgent that Mr. Henderson should start for Jamaica immediately after his acceptance. Accordingly, with only a few days' notice, he left the College, got married, made all arrangements for outfit, &c., and came away. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson sailed from England in July, 1840, and landed in Jamaica in the following September.

During the early part of his missionary career Mr. Henderson was closely associated with Mr. Knibb, and for some time had charge of all Mr. Knibb's work during the latter's absence in England. He must have been greatly influenced in his spirit and habits by that great man, with whom he was brought into such intimate contact, and often have we heard him give full expression to his sense of indebtedness to William Knibb. On several occasions when young ministers have gone to him, perplexed on account of some difficulty in church affairs, we have heard him say, "Knibb gave me my first lesson in managing a church meeting. It was this:—*Always let your Deacons and Leaders have their way, but be sure that you have yours also.*" We believe he acted on this principle throughout his life, and it contributed largely to the peace and comfort with which he generally carried on his work.

Like Mr. Knibb, Mr. Henderson was distinguished for an innate hatred of oppression and love of right. He brought this with him, and his association with the Champion of Liberty only tended to strengthen and develop this

feature of his character. When he came to Jamaica, Freedom was only two years old in this island; and many and cruel were the devices of the pro-slavery party to oppose and ill-treat those who had just been liberated. The heaven-born blessing of Liberty having been bestowed, the ex-slave owners and their friends did all in their power to reduce its enjoyment to a minimum; and they regarded, with feelings akin to bitterest hate, those good men who dared to stand up for the people's rights. Mr. Henderson was one of these. It required no little fearlessness, fidelity and sound judgment to pursue the right course; and these traits of character our departed friend was blessed with to a very large extent.

"In the wide breach of violent laws,
Through which the torrent of injustice rolled,
He stood, with zeal unconquerably bold."

Mr. Henderson's first pastorate was over the churches of Waldensia and Unity, in the parish of Trelawny. He laboured with much comfort and great acceptance and success in this sphere for about twelve or thirteen years; and many people are still in connection with those churches who attribute their conversion to his faithful preaching of the Gospel, and who were "built up on their most holy faith" by the sound doctrine which he was wont to inculcate.

It is said that during these early years of his ministry, his preaching was chiefly of the solidly evangelistic type; and his pathetic and penetrating appeals to the unconverted will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear them. We praise God that he did not labour in vain. Many were brought to Christ who will be his "joy and crown" in that day.

In 1854 Mr. Henderson was invited to become the pastor of the Second Church in the town of Montego Bay.

Then, and for many years afterwards, the church met in the upper portion of a large dwelling-house, which was purchased and utilised as a place of worship. Mr. Henderson accepted the invitation, and at the same time became pastor of the Watford Hill Church in the parish of Hanover. In this new sphere his labours were abundant and eminently successful; and his influence in the town and parish was second to that of no other Christian minister. Fortyeight years he continued his ministrations at Montego Bay; and in addition to the more spiritual duties of the pastorate, he exercised a keen watchfulness over the general interests of the people, and both by pen and voice, as occasion required, defended the right and denounced the wrong. There were few subjects of social and public interest to which his powerful advocacy was not freely given.

In the latter years of his ministry at Montego Bay, Mr. Henderson had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the large congregation to whom he ministered worshipping in a handsome and commodious chapel, in place of the old and inconvenient house which had so long been used. The new chapel was erected in a surprisingly short time for Jamaica, at a cost of nearly £2,000, and Mr. Henderson was privileged to see the building out of debt before he retired. In this great work he was most nobly assisted by his faithful friend, Mr. G. R. Phillips, whose efforts were untiringly devoted to the accomplishment of the undertaking. The church and congregation also wrought excellently to finish the work.

In 1880 Mr. Henderson, finding the pastorate of two large churches involved duties too onerous for his advancing years and declining health, retired from the charge of Watford Hill, and confined his efforts to the work of the town

church. But it was evident that Mr. Henderson's health was giving way to such an extent that he could not be expected to continue much longer in active service. To none was this more evident than to our dear friend himself. Accordingly in 1882 he resigned his pastorate so as to make way for a successor. For a few months after his resignation he was able to go about and do a little work ; but for about two years before his decease he was entirely confined to his home, and, at times, experienced great suffering. In July of the present year it was manifest that his end was approaching, and shortly after mid-day on the 10th, he passed away, after a succession of most painful convulsions. Mr. Henderson's life in Jamaica was a very chequered one. Though blest with a good constitution, he passed through some very severe illnesses, and was more than once, as it seemed, brought near to the grave. In consequence of illness he was under the necessity of visiting his native land about four times during his forty-five years' residence.

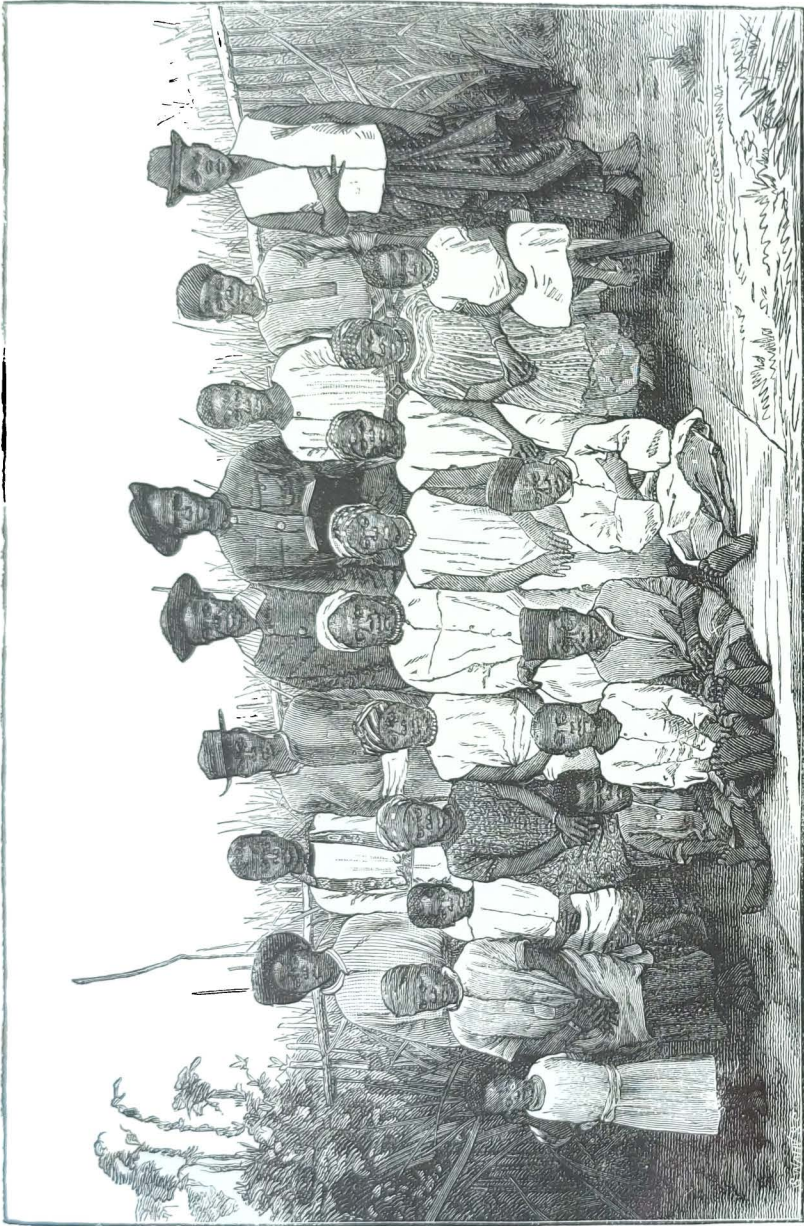
Mr. Henderson loved the Jamaica Mission with an intense affection, and all our denominational institutions had in him an ardent supporter and friend. He was one of the originators of Calabar College, and of the Jamaica Baptist Missionary Society. For many years he was the honoured Treasurer of this Society, in which position he was most efficiently and lovingly aided by his noble and devoted wife. How thoroughly his heart was in this work no words can tell. He often took long and costly journeys to serve the Society, and about fourteen years ago he visited the island of Haiti, in company with his brother, for the purpose of spying out the land, and preparing the way for the establishment of a Mission there. His advocacy of the claims of the

Society on missionary platforms was exceedingly effective, and none who heard his addresses, in the days of his power, will be likely soon to forget his touching and forceful appeals. In the Jamaica Baptist Union his brethren delighted to honour him. Five times he filled the presidential chair, and for many years there was no minister among us whose counsel was more frequently sought, and more highly valued.

As a Christian, Mr. Henderson was consistent, tender-hearted, generous. As a citizen, fearless and outspoken. As a pastor he was faithful, diligent and sympathetic. And as a preacher of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" he had few equals in the island. His sermons were carefully prepared, abounding in Gospel teaching, clearly expressed and aptly illustrated. His was pre-eminently a thoughtful teaching ministry, and the results of his labours will be seen "after many days." His "fruit shall remain." "His works do follow him." As we think of him as gone, we miss him and mourn for him; but when we think of all that (through Divine grace) he was permitted to do on earth, and then raise our thoughts to the rest, the joy, the glory into which he has passed, we exchange the note of mourning for a triumphant expression of thanksgiving and praise.

"Captain and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry !
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.
We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee ;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.
We thank Thee that the way-worn sleeps,
The sleep in Jesus blest ;
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.
We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard ;
We bless Thee for his blessedness
And for his rich reward."

[THE MISSIONARY HERALD,
NOVEMBER 1, 1886.



ARTINGTON (STANLEY POOL) SCHOOL.—(From a Photograph by Rev. Geo. Grenfeld).

The Congo Mission.

WE are glad to give our readers this month a good likeness of the Rev. T. J. Comber. It is engraved from a photograph taken by Messrs. Debenham and Gould, of Bournemouth, just before Mr. Comber left England for the Congo.

The Rev. George Grenfell, writing from Stanley Pool, says:—

"With this letter I send two photographs; the first, Arthington, or Stanley Pool, school children.

"The girls are entirely under Mission control. One, the second from the right-hand end of the row, was placed with us for a time by our brethren of the American Baptist Missionary Union, as they have no other little girls. Number three and number eight (counting the same way) were placed in our hands by the Association International. The little ones at each end are orphans. The mother of one of these two was killed and eaten by cannibal neighbours. Number four has just returned from the coast, whither she went in company with my little daughter, whom Mr. Comber took to England. Soon after this little girl's return, her master came to take her back to his town (her parents were killed in some witchcraft palaver), but she was unwilling to go, and I was able to persuade her master to allow me to redeem her. I had to pay rather dearly—nearly five hundred yards of cloth. The two little orphans were held up by the arm, and offered to us for less than three shillings each. It is extremely improbable that either of them would have been alive now had we not redeemed them. The two big boys in the back row are from San Salvador. They work in the printing office, and help to teach the younger ones. Of these two, the one to the left is supported by the school at Eden-

bridge, Kent. He is a good, faithful lad, and has travelled nearly 7,000 miles with me during the last two years. He is now helping me translate 'Line upon Line,' and setting up the type, with a view of putting a portion of that work through the press for the advantage of our scholars.

"The other photograph (*see* p. 456) was taken as the 'Peace' lay alongside a sandbank in the Pool. John Greenough stands immediately in front of the boiler, James Showers next to him, Jonathan Scott third, and Robert Campbell ('Bob'), the fireman, fourth. These, at the present time, constitute the principal 'hands' on board the 'Peace.' John, like most of mission-trained boys, is able to serve in more than one capacity. By trade he is a carpenter; while the 'Peace' was being built, he was rivetter, having done the lion's share of it. On board he is pilot, mate, quartermaster, and engineer by turns. Now he is engaged in making bricks, and showing the Loango work-people how to make them, for the new houses we are purposing to erect at Arthington. James is the chief engineer, Jonathan a capital second; he also acts as storekeeper, and helps Mrs. Grenfell to teach the girls. 'Bob' is fireman and general caretaker of the 'Peace' when she is in port. The boy standing next to him, Kirkuba, from a town near Wathen station, is his assistant."

In a letter received by the last Congo mail from Underhill station, Mr. Moolenaar writes :—

"I am indeed rejoiced to hear that five new missionaries are coming out to the Congo. This is indeed very encouraging, and will, I am sure, stimulate us all to greater devotion in the Master's work.

"God grant that these five new brethren, who will have a most hearty welcome from us, may be long spared to tell forth to the dark Africans the blessed tidings of salvation by Christ."

Mr. Frank C. Darling, writing from Wathen, Ngombe station, on September 4, adds :—

"Thank God for cheering tidings of five men coming out to the Congo ! How greatly and urgently they are needed friends in England cannot

really and adequately understand. All well here, and the prospect most cheering. *The work goes on, even though the workers fall.*"

Work in Khoodna District.

THE Rev. Gogon Chunder Dutt sends the following notes with regard to his work in the Khoodna district :—

You will be glad to hear that a Hindu gentleman, in memory of his beloved wife, is building a house for my use in which to dispense Homœopathic medicines. The house will be the property of the Mission, and when it is finished it will be a splendid place for preaching and healing. The veranda of my house is crowded with sick men, women, and children, every morning, and I look forward with pleasure to the completion of the house after a month. The place selected for the dispensary is in the front of the Mission building on the river-side. I am extremely grateful to Mr. Clifton of Ipswich and his good brothers for supplying me with a big chest of medicine. During my absence, Ram Churien Ghose and others will be able to take charge of the dispensary. Whether I am at Khoodna or travelling in the district, I dispense medicine and preach the Gospel.

OUR MELA.

Our Kuddienedy mela commenced,

as usual, on the 3rd of March, and lasted for eleven days. The attendance of the people was satisfactory, and we were obliged to keep the mela open for a few days more than the usual time. During the mela about 500 people received our medicine, and about 6,000 heard the Gospel attentively. In the evening services many shopkeepers who attend our mela every year worshipped with us, and sang our Christian hymns.

Recently I have been engaged with my helpers in preaching tours and visiting churches. I conducted twenty-five meetings, and was very much encouraged in my work. I extract a few incidents from my journal for your information :—

OUR WORK AT PANIGHAT.

Panighat is one of our new stations between Khoodna and Bagerhaut. As the Kalli of Calcutta is notorious in Bengal, so the Kalli of Panighat is much thought of by the people of this

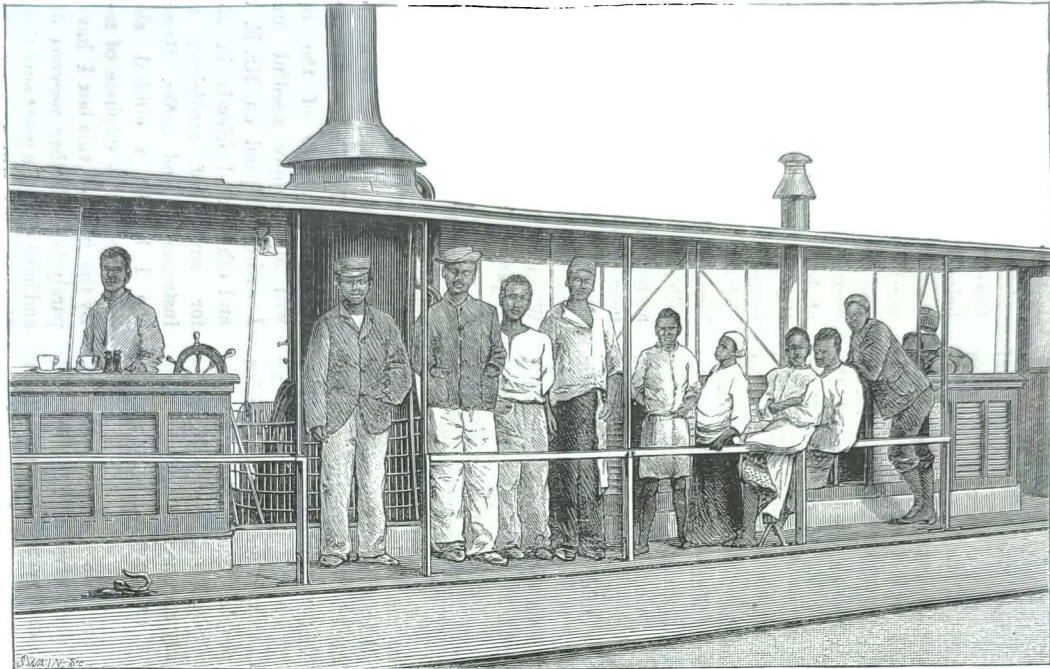
district. About twelve years ago a man was sacrificed before the hideous Kalli of Panighat, and the police could not detect the people who committed the horrible crime. Some years ago we attempted to preach here again and again; but our attempts proved a failure, on account of the bigoted priests of Kalli. Now we have a Christian family and a preacher supported by our churches there. During my tour, I visited the village, and have had the great pleasure of baptising a woman named Doorga (wife of our convert here), in the tank belonging to the temple of Kalli. I preached thrice in the village to the men, women, and children, in the houses of the priests, and distributed medicines. While engaged in preaching and dispensing medicine in the house of a priest, a sickly barber came to me and requested me, with tears, to see his two children, who were on their sick bed. The eldest boy, who was suffering from dysentery, fever, and a large abscess, became blind by constant crying. I found him in a dreadful state, crying, and uttering the following words: "Oh, dispenserer of all thou wilt, take me to-day or to-morrow! How shall I pay my debts to my father and mother?" The abscess was operated upon, and I gave needful medicine. Two days after I heard the boy was doing well. In this village we gave medicine to 250 people. Seeing the sufferings of the people, I could not help thinking that my countrymen in the villages are indeed as sheep without a shepherd.

There are two companies whose steamers ply between Kholna and Barrisaul, and I secured free passes from one of these companies for myself, my helpers, and the Barrisaul missionaries. This arrangement with the company is a great help to us to preach among the passengers, and to work in the principal places in the two districts where

the steamers stop to take and land the passengers.

MEDICAL WORK.

Our medical work affords bodily relief to thousands, and most of the patients and their relatives have been spiritually benefited by hearing the Gospel preached by me and by my helpers. I did not expect that as many as 150 men, women, and children, would come to my house daily for medicine, and I should have the opportunity to preach to them. While at home I am very often invited by the villagers to heal their sick, who cannot come to my house. These visits have done great good to the villagers. While I am in a particular village, the villagers are gathered around me with their sick when they hear I am in the village, and I, with my helpers, commence the work of preaching and distributing medicines. When we leave the village I find the people most grateful, and by our work we convince them that we are servants of God, who take interest in the salvation of their souls, and in the relief of their bodily sufferings. My dispensary will be opened after a couple of weeks, and the Hindu gentleman who paid the expense of the building will also supply needful furniture. I entirely depend on Mr. E. Clifton and other kind friends in England for supply of medicines, medical instruments, and books. Some time ago I bought a clinical electrical box propelled by sulphate of mercury. By the help of this box I have cured paralysis and other nervous diseases, and have created a great sensation in the district. By using constantly, my electrical box is out of order. I shall feel greatly obliged if any English Church will supply me with a good and lasting clinical electrical box for our new dispensary. I think a charit-



MISSION STEAMER "PEACE," AT STANLEY POOL.—(From a Photograph by Rev. George Grenfell.)—See page 453.

able homœopathic dispensary is a novelty in the history of Indian missions. I plead before our English friends to help me, not for its novelty, but for its usefulness and help for the extension of Christ's kingdom. In India, I can safely say, all religious teachers should study the healing art to some extent, because the people expect from the religious teachers bodily relief first, and then spiritual instruction.

You will be sorry to learn that Ramjebun Lucar, one of our oldest preachers, has been killed by an alligator while he was bathing in the river

Bhyrub, near Panighat, one of our new stations. Our brother used to be entirely supported by the Khoolna churches. I can testify, though he was old, yet he worked in the vineyard of the Lord with great enthusiasm and earnestness till the end of his life. We have his children and grandchildren in our midst, and they are mourning his sad loss.

Miss Cook and Mrs. Ellis were here recently for a week, and I fitted up our dispensary house for their short stay. Their kind visit cheered our hearts, and did us all great good.

Parting Words.

THE Rev. Daniel Jones writes from "Cardiff, Penarth Dock, October 20th :"—

"DEAR BROTHER BAYNES,—We are just on board the s.s. *East Anglian*, comfortable and happy : children all well.

"Friends have laden us with good things. I can never feel sufficiently grateful to dear Brother Winks, of Cardiff, for his loving help and sympathy. We had, indeed, a most memorable farewell meeting in his church in Cardiff on Sunday evening.

"Yesterday my dear old father came to say farewell ! The dear Lord remem-

ber and preserve him. Thanks be to God for all the help He has given us.

"In a few hours we shall be off on our way back HOME, and right glad we are.

"We call only at Port Said, and hope to be in Bombay in about thirty days.

"My brave wife is at my side as I write this, and she sends you her true Christian love. Farewell, dear Mr. Baynes, until, by God's blessing, we meet you once again in dear old India.

"DANIEL JONES."

The Rev. Robert M. Spurgeon writes :—

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—May I find a corner in next month's HERALD to utter a farewell word of gratitude to numerous friends in various parts of the country for their hearty, Christian, and sympathetic welcomes, extended to me while on deputation work. We shall be on our way back to India when these words will be in the hands of friends ; and before another issue we

shall be again fully in harness and at work. Between the excitement of daily preaching to the heathen, we shall often recall words and faces that have so lovingly helped us during our stay in England.

"Please acknowledge also, with intensest gratitude, the following useful presents I have received from enthusiastic helpers :—From Leytonstone

Sunday School, two sets of diagrams ; from Mrs. Joseph Spurgeon's class, a parcel of jackets for our Christian women ; from Newbury Sunday School, a large box of toys, and useful articles, same for the preacher whom the School supports ; from Southampton, per Rev. H. C. Mackay, a fine box of tools for our new station at Madarepore ; from the Work Meeting at Halstead, per Mrs. Clover, a parcel of jackets and buttons for the women of India, and a number of rulers from Mr. James Rawlings ; from Mr. Dutton, of Brampton,

some illuminated texts ; from Rev. J. T. Bennett, a set of diagrams ; from Devonshire Square Chapel, two excellent flags for the new mission boat, sent by Mr. S. Elgar's class ; from Miss How, Luton, a beautiful banner worked in straw-plait ; from Lancaster, Mr. Lawson's class, a splendid cyclostyle ; from Maidenhead, a large homeopathic medicine chest ; from Mr. Bloomfield, a telescope ; and from a friend at Ipswich, a fog horn to carry on the new Backergunge mission boat.

“ROBERT SPURGEON.”

On Wednesday, the 14th of last month, the British-India steamship *Navarino* left the Albert Docks for Calcutta, having on board brethren R. Spurgeon, W. R. James, Tregellus, Thomas, and Martin ; Mrs. Spurgeon ; the three new Zenana missionaries (the Misses Maslin, Taylor, and Bell) ; Miss Oram, engaged to Mr. Teichmann, of Serampore, and Miss and Master Williamson, children of Mr. Robert Williamson, of Circular Road, Calcutta ; also Mr. and Mrs. Pike and family, of the General Baptist Mission, returning to Orissa.

We earnestly commend these beloved labourers and friends to the protection and blessing of Almighty God, and trust also that they will be specially remembered in the prayers of our readers.

Outpost Duty in China.

BY REV. A. G. JONES, OF TSENG CHE FU.

A FEW days ago Mr. James came over in the evening and told me he had heard that in one district of our stations they were starting a kind of company for opening a silver mine in the adjacent mountains, mentioning various circumstances to support what he said.

I knew from experience that it was a matter very dangerous to the faith and practice of Chinese Christians, and so I thought over what was to be done as to dissuading them from it, but until the next day without arriving at

any conclusion as to the best means to be used.

Next morning I did not feel much clearer, and began casting around to think what proper and legitimate means I could adopt as a missionary, and without overstepping the line that divides us off from meddling, as foreigners, in their private affairs.

“Well,” thought I, “there is nothing like private conference for this”—a face to face talk—and so, taking up my list, I saw that that very day was the day for the monthly prayer-meeting

of the district adjacent to the one in which this excitement was going on, and so the very district most likely to take the contagion.

The prayer meeting was to begin at eleven, and it was now half-past ten exactly—but I was eighteen miles from the place. No train, no telegraph, and rain and wind all the morning. I revolved the thing a time or two in my mind, and decided to go, anyhow.

I got together a few biscuits, some money, and a change of inner clothing, and started off in the rain to Mr. James's.

"Well," I said to him, "I am come over not to parley, but to ask a loan of your horse to go down at once to Chên-kia-tien-tsz." No sooner said than granted. In a few moments the horse was round and led out to the front, and before long I was outside the south gate of the city. It was raining and blowing heavily, and the by-paths were very, very slippery. I soon faced round by the east suburb, and got on a by-path leading into the main road eastward. Now for it. One tip, and away went the horse at a gallop along the path. The rain right in my teeth, and I in the teeth of the rain, pelting down as hard as it could on my summer clothes, and wetting me through and through the first few miles. Three miles from the city I drew up and re-arranged the saddle cloth, trotting on a mile or so past a village, the clay or mud horribly slippery, and the horse often making great slips and recovering himself with difficulty. At last I got to the slope down to the river, and then off we went again, winding along the narrow slippery path as hard as ever we could tear, sweeping round the curves of the path, and feeling as if shooting through the air, first past this village and then round that one, over the ford, up the opposite slope, then along the same kind of incline, galloping

every inch I could. No sun to guide me in time. Just clouds and rain without end, till at last I began to feel the rain-cold striking in to my bones, and the horse also began to give out on the thirteenth mile, I, too, having got as far as I knew the road.

Accordingly, I gave the horse a flour drink, and went at it again, till at last I came to the place and knocked at the door.

"Why," they said, "whatever brought you such a day?" and I walked in amidst their wonder and their warmest greetings—none too warm, for I was dripping wet.

It was the first time I had been there. A wretched entrance gate, old and worn; a small court-yard in a unique state of disorder, about eight yards square; their house, and an out-shed. That was all. Evidently people of the most attenuated means. The thatch was old, weatherbeaten, and irregular, the walls crumbled and broken-topped. The interior poor to the extreme. Those who had come to the meeting were at lunch—canary seed, wafer-bread and pickles were the main items on the menu, all washed down with bean-tea. Of course I had anticipated I would catch them before dispersing, as I knew they had church business, besides the proper matter of the prayer-meeting; and so it was.

I was introduced to a small room off the main building, and there commenced to change my clothes, they watching to see what was going to come off next. At last I came to my inner gauze vest—the only foreign garment I had on—and this was shrunk on me and literally sticking to my ribs with the wet, so I *had* to call out for some one to come and help. Everyone jumped to the rescue. I had the room full of assistants; and in proper foreign style the vest was drawn up over my

head, as *we* do, but to *their* intense amusement and amid roars of laughter from everyone. I was soon at my post, and then, after some bird-seed bread and hard-boiled eggs we got to the matter in hand, which I duly explained to them, finding them sound on the whole thing, having already stood the siege. Thank God, I got off without a chill, had a very pleasant afternoon and much talk with them, made a lot of acquaintances I had not before, visited next day two or three stations besides, and returned stiff in every muscle, but none the worse.

I was very pleased with the whole thing. It was a far-off station. They were very sincere people. I found them, according to rule, meeting when there was no idea among them that I

could come on such a day, and I came back with my heart filled with brighter hopes for the near future of the church in China.

The next day was bright and cheery, I rode back a different way, over a low range of barren hills, composed apparently of volcanic scoria; but even there I came on a narrow ravine or gully watered by a little tiny rivulet, which, small though it was, nourished a strip of grass along its course in verdure of dazzling brightness, and even sustained some fairly large trees in vigorous life. "Emblem," thought I, "of the place I have left—just a spot of spiritual brightness in this wild and worldly desert."

A. G. JONES.

Tseng Che Fu.

The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

THE Rev. John Bloomfield, of Gloucester, under date of October 5th, wrote:—

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I have a little good news to tell you. Our old friend, "The Working Man of Gloucestershire," brought me to-day £15 for *our Mission in China*. Fifteen sovereigns saved out of hard earnings and given to the cause of Christian Missions, means great love and self-denial. Our friend believes that the Christian religion is a religion of love and self-sacrifice. Some of our people have considerable imitative faculties, but they want development and inspiration. The gift of this working man may be of some encouragement to them."

Once again "R. D.," of Newbridge, near Newport, sends £4, from "the sale of preserves," for helping on the Congo Mission, and writes:—

"I have much pleasure in sending you the enclosed £4 for helping on the glorious Congo Mission. I am truly thankful that I am spared, and enabled once again to make this little effort, in addition to my annual contribution, which I wish could be much more. It is an expression of my love for, and sympathy with, this blessed and grand enterprise—to win Africa for Christ. May He hasten the time when 'Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God,' and may He abundantly bless and preserve His faithful servants, whom He has called to the fore-front of the battle, that they may endure as seeing Him who is invisible, and be cheered for the joy that is set before them."

E. J., from Colchester, sends a pair of silver-framed spectacles and three shillings, and one shilling from a poor woman who cannot send more.

Mr. Henry Mowbray, of Bowdon, sends a small box of jewellery, "from a few friends in Fifeshire for the Congo Mission."

A Friend at Harrogate forwards £3 for Japan, China, and Congo Missions, writing at the same time: "I quite intended spending these three pounds upon myself, but thought otherwise, after reading St. Lu. e xii. 21."

"A Domestic Servant" sends a silver chain for the Congo Mission, feeling she cannot wear it when it might be turned into money, and so help to send the light of life to poor, dark, degraded Africa.

"An Oxford Student" forwards a gold ring for the Congo Mission, and "hopes to send himself when his College course is completed."

"A Collier's Widow" at Barnsley sends an old silver watch, the most valuable thing she has, with prayers and earnest wishes for the missionaries on the Congo; and adds, "these dear missionaries are just going down into the mine, and we at home must surely do something to hold the ropes."

We have also received the following most welcome and generous gifts. May the Gracious Master reward the donors a thousand-fold:—

A Friend, £100; Miss Scott Makdougall, £100; do., for *Mr. Wall's work in Rome*, £15; Two Yarmouth Friends, £75 (£70 for Congo); Mr. John Marnham, J.P., £30 (quarterly subscription for *support of Congo Missionary*); Mr. D. Harmer, Gloucester, for *China*, £15; Mr. W. Duncan Knight, £20; Mr. R. Cory, Cardiff, for *outfit of new Missionaries*, £10; Mrs. S. Davies, West Cross, Swansea, for Congo, £10.

Our Heroes.

In memory of those brave and noble men who have lately passed from the banks of the Congo River to the banks of the "River of Water of Life."

WE talk sometimes of the days long past,
 Of our ancient chivalry.
 We praise the deeds of the knights of old,
 Their courage and courtesy.
 They faced the foe on the battle-field;
 They crossed o'er the deep sea wave;
 They travelled far into Eastern lands,
 To save from Islam's cruel hands
 Their Lord and Saviour's grave.
 In many a ballad quaint and old,
 In many a poet's rhyme,
 The names and the famous deeds are told
 Of the knights of "ye olden tyme."
 Say ye that men's hearts are colder grown
 Than in days of long ago—
 That this age knows nought of chivalry—
 That only for wealth, or station high,
 Great deeds are attempted now?
 But the deeds I tell and the men I praise
 Belong not to days of yore;
 Brief is the time, and the months but few,
 Since these heroes left our shore.

Yet never Crusader among them all
 Had courage more brave and high,
 Nor among King Arthur's Table Round
 Could knights with nobler aims be found,
 Or more perfect courtesy.

They went not to rescue the sepulchre
 Where once the dear Lord had lain ;
 But to raise a land from age-long sleep
 Into life and light again.
 For long over Afric's streams and plains
 A dense, dark veil was spread.
 That veil had in part been lifted now,
 They saw that ignorance, sin, and woe,
 Were hidden beneath its shade.

'Twas not for the sake of a " ladye fayre,"
 'Twas not for an earthly home,
 That they bade farewell to their native land
 And crossed o'er the ocean foam ;
 But a tender pity filled their hearts,
 For their brethren across the sea ;
 They heard a wail from those far-off lands,
 They saw, in fancy, those " stretched-out hands "
 Stretched out in their misery.

They went by command of no earthly king,
 They followed no captain here ;
 Yet an order, clear as a trumpet call,
 Fell on each listening ear.
 " Lord, what wilt Thou have me do ? " they prayed,
 And swiftly the answer came,
 " Go seek thy brothers on Afric's shore,
 They perish in darkness, their need is sore ;
 Go, tell them of Jesu's name."

Go, tell of the Father's wondrous love,
 How He gave His only Son ;
 How the Saviour left His home above
 To ransom them every one.
 Tell of His wondrous life on earth,
 Of the tender words He spake ;
 Tell that he died for the black man's sin,
 That He rose from the dead and the fight did win,
 And their sleeping souls will wake.

O ! gladly they followed their King's behest,
 Fearlessly crossed the sea.
 Yet they little dreamed that in Afric's land
 So brief would their labour be.

But the summons came from the King they loved,
 And they knew His will was best.
 They laid down the task they had just begun ;
 They put off the armour so late put on ;
 And peacefully sank to rest.

Calmly they sleep by the Congo's stream,
 'Mid those that they yearned to save ;
 Yet a voice still speaks to the black man's heart,
 As he stands by the white man's grave.
 Telling of patient toil and care ;
 And of tender sympathy ;
 Leading their thoughts, through the human love,
 To the Father of black and white, above,
 To the Saviour of bond and free.

Were they not heroes ? These men I sing,
 So tender, so true, and brave.
 O ! who will finish the task they left
 To rest in the peaceful grave ?
 Ah ! we know the heroes will never fail,
 Till the heathen are gathered home,
 Till the Afric joins in the glorious song,
 Till the whole wide earth shall to Christ belong,
 Till the Kingdom of God is come.

August, 1885.

H. S.

Women's Work in India.

THE following letter from Mrs. Ellis, widow of the late Rev. R. J. Ellis, of Jessore, now associated with the Zenana Mission, Calcutta, gives a very interesting account of a recent journey which she took in company with Miss Cooke, daughter of the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke :—

“DEAR MR. BAYNES,—Knowing well that you still take an interest in my work, I send you an account of a trip Miss Cooke and I have just made to Jessore, Kholna, and Barisal. We were absent eighteen days, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Our chief object in going was to try and stir up our dear Bengali Christian women.

A WARM WELCOME.

“At Jessore we spent five days, lived in a neat house, had a room in which were two clean wooden beds, and ate the food prepared so carefully by our poor but hospitable friends. We were

astonished at the thoughtfulness they displayed in arranging for our comfort, everything was so well done. Although well nigh ten years have passed since I left the place, it was most gratifying to be so warmly welcomed by both Christians and heathen. Several of my old servants came to see me, and my ‘Khan-sarnah,’ a great favourite of my dear husband's, who had served us seven years, and had often accompanied us on our missionary tours, was determined to show his gratitude by feeding us. I consented, very reluctantly, and was surprised when he brought our dinner (cooked in his house, a mile

distant) to find he had not forgotten my taste. His kindness touched me. I asked him why he was so good to me? His answer was, "Can I forget your kindness to me?" Before he left, I had a few serious words with him, and told him I hoped we would all meet in heaven. He looked at my brooch, in which are two precious photographs, and was quite overcome, and could scarcely speak. This man is a Mohammedan. An ayah of mine, who is in very reduced circumstances, brought me a few sweets and parched rice. We were asked out several times by our Bengali friends, either to breakfast or dinner. Present of lovely flowers and fruit were sent to us. Garlands of the sweet-scented 'Bael' flower were made by loving hands and put round our necks.

MISSION WORK.

"I conducted the Sabbath evening service, at which twenty-four were present. My talk was chiefly meant for the sisters, whom I tried to rouse from their lethargy. Two of the brethren and I prayed. All were very attentive. I trust some good will result from this feeble effort of mine.

"On Monday evening, with Mrs. Banerjea (Brother Romanath's wife) we went to a village $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, and then walked across a field. Two families have there lately become Christians. We sang and preached. Quite a crowd gathered round us. I gave a few tracts to those who could read, after which we were regaled with sweets, and returned home. On Tuesday afternoon we visited a village, where a number of women listened to us, or sung some sweet Bengali hymns, which pleased them vastly. On Wednesday morning, we went to the Government Hindu Girls' School. I gave them a short Bible lesson, and we sang; and on leaving gave each a tract and one of Mrs. Grimkie's pretty text-cards.

KHOOOLNA.

"At Khoolna we spent six days, and were the guests of our worthy friend Gogon C. Dutt. We thoroughly enjoyed the meetings, &c., conducted by him. There, indeed, we saw life. His second son is quite a musician, plays on sound instruments well. He and Miss Cooke used to practice Bengali tunes. She has learned a few which will be of use to us in our work. The amount of kindness shown was astonishing. One dear woman, whom I had not seen for fifteen years, on meeting me dabbed her cheek against mine, and kissed my hand; and one of my orphans, who is now the mother of two children, on my saying how are you N——? sobbed violently at the sound of my voice. It brought back the happy past, to be surrounded by so many of my dear husband's people. Time has worked no change in their affections.

BARISAL.

"At Barisal we spent seven very happy days with Mr. and Mrs. Kerry in my dear old home, which I left seventeen years ago. The station has altered little, but I missed many familiar forms and voices. Fir trees, planted by my husband, are now towering above the house.

"On Sabbath morning we accompanied Mrs. Barrow, and her worthy Bible woman, to two villages, where we sang and preached. Mussulmani-Bengali is the language used in these parts, so I found it rather difficult. During the week we went to two Zenanas, and had a little work, and one evening we dined with a Bengali and his family, and after dinner Miss Cooke played and sang some of Sankey's hymns.

"The trip from Khoolneh to Barisal by steamer occupied ten or twelve hours, and is very pleasant, such an improve-

ment on the former slow mode of travelling by boat. I distributed a number of tracts on board, and got one of the steamer's servants to help me, and sold one hymn book. The Baba who issued the tickets, &c., on hearing we were missionaries, was exceedingly kind, charged us 'Intermediate' fare, but let us travel first-class. At the railway station, too, we received a great deal of kindness from the Bengalis. On the platform I had quite a crowd round me, who listened while I spoke, and willingly took the tracts I offered. God

grant that the seed thus sown by the wayside may ere long spring up and bring forth fruit to life eternal! How many opportunities we have for doing good, if we would but improve them. Before closing, I must ask you to remember us and our work very specially in your prayers.

"With kind Christian regards, in which Miss Cooke unites,

"I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"MARY ELLIS."

Recent Intelligence.

We are thankful to report the safe arrival in England of the Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A., LL.B., of Calcutta; also of Mrs. Bate and children, wife of the Rev. J. D. Bate, of Allahabad, N.W.P.

The Missionaries now on their voyage to India in the s.s. "*Navarino*" will be stationed as follows:—

The Rev. Robert Spurgeon will return to the district of Backergunge, East Bengal, and open up a new station at the great centre of Madareepoor; the Rev. W. R. James, will resume his important work at Serampore College, in connection with the Native Christian Training Institution; Mr. Tregellus goes to Barisal; Mr. Stephen Thomas to Delhi; and Mr. Martin to Allahabad.

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Committee at Swansea, on the 6th of last month, two new brethren were accepted for mission service:—Mr. Scrivener (late of Southampton), for work on the Congo River, and Mr. Wm. A. Wills (formerly connected with the China Inland Mission), for the North China Mission.

A lady who has shown great interest in the work of our Society requests us to call attention to the success of special efforts. Recently she has adopted a regular system of collecting subscriptions of 1d., 1½d., 2d., and 6d. per week. The plan has worked well, and proves that there is a wide field for action in this direction. The MISSIONARY HERALD is also regularly circulated as a means of creating and sustaining a missionary spirit.

The Committee have recently decided to appoint an additional missionary for work in Ceylon. They will be glad to hear of some suitable brother for this deeply interesting field of labour, where the prospects are just now so encouraging, and the fields so white to harvest. The Committee feel that—in the words of an old resident in Ceylon, what is wanted is "a God-sent man, full of sympathy, and with a passion for Mission work; one who lives and preaches the old Gospel as

the only message that can meet the need of sin-stricken souls; and who is genial in temper and hopeful in spirit."

It may be added also that his age should not exceed twenty-six, he should be unmarried, and of good constitution. A little previous experience in the Home Ministry would also be a great additional advantage.

With a view to secure thoroughly efficient medical and surgical treatment for the brethren of the Congo Mission, the Committee of the Society have resolved to appoint and send out, at the earliest practicable date, two or three fully qualified and well-equipped *medical men*, for a limited term of service, under certain special and well-defined conditions, such professional men being of course Christians, in full sympathy with Christian missions, and ready, to the full extent of their opportunity, to engage in mission work. Further details can be secured on application to the Secretary at the Mission House.

The Baptist church at Dinapore, in the North-Western Provinces of India, is anxious to secure a pastor from England. The chapel has just been rebuilt, and is in all respects a most admirable and substantial structure; and the district of Dinapore presents a very encouraging field for Christian effort. The Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society have undertaken to use their good offices to secure and send out a pastor, "who should be not more than twenty-eight years of age, unmarried, and a total abstainer, thoroughly evangelical in sentiment and in spirit." The Secretary of the Society will be glad to hear from brethren who may desire further particulars.

The Rev. T. J. Comber sends us the following note :—

"I decided some time ago," said a Christian friend to me, "upon the following systematic giving to the Lord's work. If in my business I made £400 a year, I would give a twelfth; if I made £500, I would give an eleventh; if £600, a tenth; if £800, an eighth; if £1,000, a sixth; if £1,500, a fifth; if £2,000, a fourth." This friend has a large family, and a business which is subject to fluctuations. Is not this what Paul meant when he told the Corinthians to lay by in store for the Lord, "every one as God had prospered him"?

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