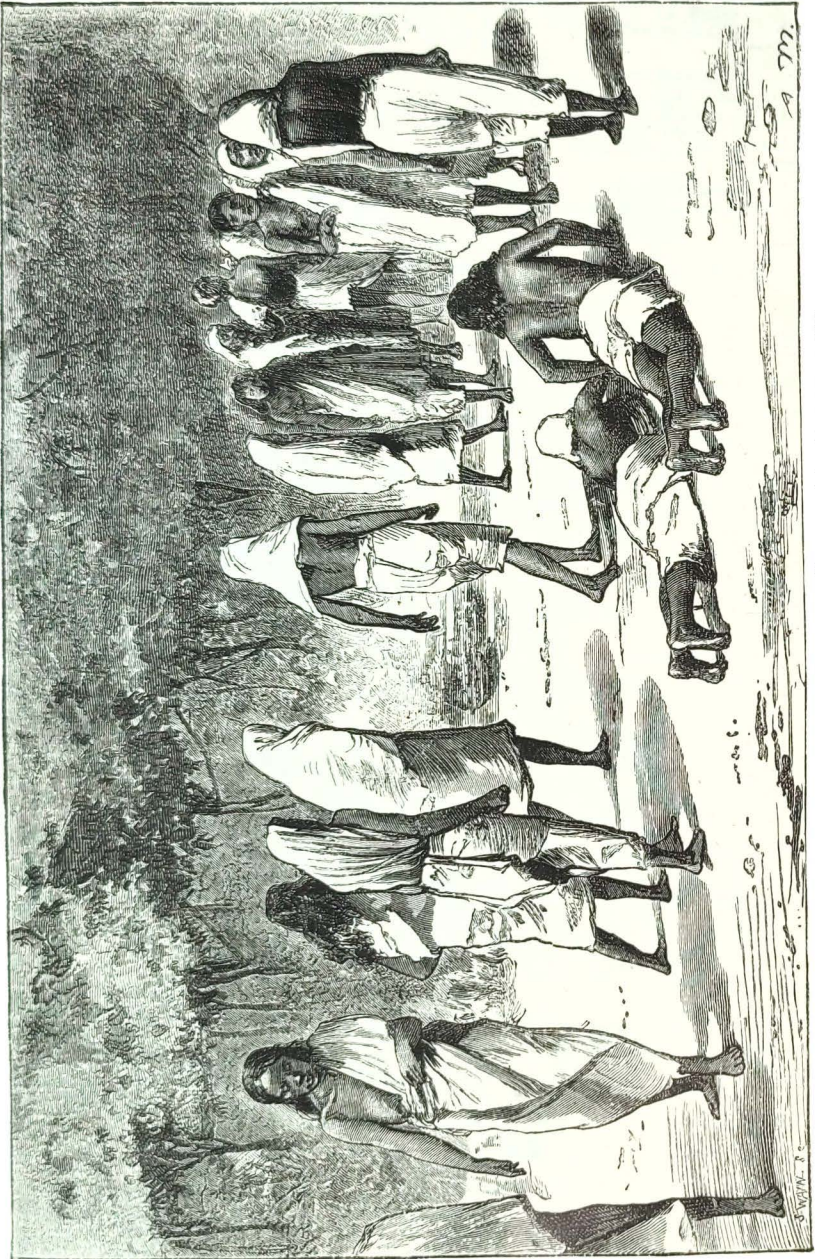


[THE MISSIONARY HERALD,  
OCTOBER 1, 1886.



THE TARKESHOR MELA.—(From a Photograph.) See page 429.

# THE MISSIONARY HERALD

OF THE

## Baptist Missionary Society.

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### THE CONGO MISSION.

#### THE STANLEY POOL FIRE.

**I**N the **MISSIONARY HERALD** for last month, the estimated loss consequent upon the disastrous fire at Stanley Pool was stated at £3,000. By the last Congo mail, a letter was received from the Rev. George Grenfell, dated "Stanley Pool, July 29th," giving detailed information relative to the actual loss, from which it appears that, instead of £3,000, it amounts to a little over

**£4,000.**

On the receipt of this definite information, the Committee, after careful consideration, resolved to issue an appeal for special help towards the Fire Fund to pastors of all our churches, feeling confident that even the least wealthy of our churches would desire to do something to show their deep and sympathetic interest in the Congo Mission, specially in such a season of grave and urgent need as the present, and that a united effort would immediately produce all that is required to replace the destroyed stores and buildings.

Already, in response to the statement in last month's **MISSIONARY HERALD**, and private appeals, a noble sum has been contributed, more than half the total loss having been already received.

Gifts from the rich and the poor, the widow and the fatherless, the blind, the halt, and the lame; from sailors, soldiers, bargemen, scavengers, and labourers; from bed-ridden women, and hard-worked seamstresses; from colliers, costermongers, and watercress sellers, telling strange tales of privation and pressure, gladly borne for "love of the work," have revealed how deep a hold the Congo Mission has upon the hearts and sympathies, not only of the rich and well-to-do, but of the struggling and the obscure.

"Whosoever shall give a cup of water to drink because ye are Christ's, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

From all parts of the country expressions of sympathy and interest have been received of a most hearty and cheering character.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, sending £277 from the Metropolitan Tabernacle, writes:—"I hope every church is going to give a special collection at once." The Treasurer of the Society, sending a personal contribution of £200, writes:—"I believe we shall surely secure a large amount of sympathy and aid. The Congo Mission is very dear to our churches." "An Aged Widow," sending £2, writes:—"I send you this small gift out of my income of £30 per annum. I wish I could make it as many pounds as shillings. I well remember the great fire at Serampore, when the gracious Lord opened so wonderfully the hearts of His people to cover the entire loss, and I feel sure He will do so now on behalf of our Congo Mission. Has He not all power in heaven and on earth, and will He not appear for His own cause? I do not fear at all. I am very old, nearly ninety, but He never fails, and His blessed work must go on." "A Hard-worked Seamstress" sends 5s. for the Congo Fire Fund, the result of night-work, wishing only "she could work long enough to make the shillings into pounds." "A Sunday-school Teacher" can send £1 for the fund by giving up a new autumn dress, and "it is so blessed to give up something for the Master's work." "A Blind Girl" sends five shillings, her savings from the gifts of friends; and a "Watercress Seller" three shillings. Pages of the HERALD might be filled with similar extracts, showing how deep and widespread is the interest excited by the Congo enterprise.

The Committee confidently anticipate that, should the churches generally respond favourably to this appeal, the whole £4,000 will be raised without difficulty, and that they will be able to report, in the next issue of the HERALD, that the heavy pecuniary loss caused by this sore disaster has all been met.

The following is a list of special contributions received on behalf of the fund up to the date of going to press. To all the donors the Committee

return hearty and grateful acknowledgments for help, which has been doubly welcome because rendered so promptly and freely :—

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
A Friend, Coventry	1 0 0	Mathewson, Mr W.....	50 0 0	Enfield—	
A Friend, Ipswich	5 0 0	Medhurst, Mr W. T. C.		Arlow, Mr C. P. ....	5 0 0
A Friend, Hastings	1 0 0	and Friends	0 16 0	Field, Mr S. ....	2 2 0
A. H., John-street	5 0 0	M. E. ....	3 0 0	Harris, Miss. ....	0 10 0
Allen, Mrs E. P. ....	5 0 0	M. G. ....	10 0 0	Prentice, Mrs	1 0 0
An Aged Widow	2 0 0	Mitchell, Mr J. ....	5 0 0	Ridley, Mrs	1 0 0
Anon	5 0 0	Morgan, Mr J. ....	1 0 0	Shaw, Mr F. ....	2 2 0
A Sunday-sch. Teacher	1 0 0	Muntz, Mr G. F. ....	100 0 0	Taylor, Mr W. S. ....	1 0 0
A Sympathiser	1 0 0	Ness, Mrs	100 0 0	Whitley, Mr G. ....	10 10 0
Bagster, Mr S. S. ....	1 0 0	Nisbet, Mr H. ....	3 3 0	Whitley, Mr & Mrs T. ....	10 0 0
Barrow, Mr R. V. ....	10 10 0	Pedley, Miss. ....	1 0 0	Whitley, Miss S. ....	2 2 0
Baynes, Mr and Mrs		Peto, Sir S. Morton &		Whitley, Miss E. ....	0 10 0
A. H. ....	5 5 0	Lady	20 0 0	Under 10s. ....	0 3 5
B. M. N. ....	1 0 0	Pierce, Mr J. J. ....	5 0 0	Forest Gate	7 12 8
Benham, Mrs James	20 0 0	Powell, Mr J. ....	1 0 0	Greenwich, South-st.	7 14 6
Benham, Mr W. J.,		Price, Mr E. ....	0 10 6	Hampstead, Heath-st.	70 0 0
B.A. ....	15 0 0	Pullar, Mr R. ....	10 0 0	Hendon	1 0 0
Bennett, Mr J. ....	0 10 0	Rains, Mr J. ....	5 0 0	Kingsgate-street Sun-	
Betts, Mr J. ....	5 10 0	Rawlings, Mr E. ....	100 0 0	day-school	1 3 6
Bowen, Mr and Mrs	0 10 6	Rooke, Rev T. G.,		Leyton	1 2 0
Braby, Mrs	5 5 0	LL.B. ....	5 0 0	Lee	10 0 0
Briggs, Mr Arthur. ....	100 0 0	Rose, Mr C. A. ....	10 0 0	Maze Pond	7 0 0
Brown, Mrs Aaron. ....	5 0 0	Rose, Mr Hugh	20 0 0	Metropolitan Taber-	
Brown, Mr R. ....	1 0 0	Rough, Mr G. ....	2 0 0	nacle, Collection	277 3 6
Burchell, Mrs	1 0 0	R. S. ....	1 0 0	Bible-class, per Mrs.	
Burnett, Mr Egerton	5 5 0	Russell, Mr Jos. ....	50 0 0	Allison	2 2 0
Burns, Rev Dr D. ....	5 0 0	R. Y. D. ....	1 0 0	Notting Hill, Ladbroke-	
Burns, Mrs D. ....	0 10 8	Scott, Mr W. ....	5 0 0	grove	26 6 0
Butcher, Mrs	1 0 0	Serpell, Mr R. C. ....	30 0 0	Twickenham	2 2 0
Butcher, Miss	0 10 0	S. G. B. ....	3 0 0	Walworth-road	21 3 10
Casburn, Miss M.A. ....	0 10 0	S. H., E. H., & Mrs H.	3 0 0	Anstruther Sun.-sch.	0 10 0
Child, Mr T. S. ....	25 0 0	Sharman, Mr J. ....	50 0 0	Barnstaple	7 0 0
Chrystal, Mr J. R. ....	1 0 0	Short, Rev G., & Mrs. ....	5 0 0	Bath, Hay Hill	1 10 0
Churchill, Mr J. ....	14 14 4	Sing, Mr Joshua	12 0 0	Bourton	3 9 7
Clarke, Mr D. ....	5 5 0	S. M. ....	10 0 0	Caversham	5 16 0
Cockbill, Mr W. ....	0 10 6	Small, Rev J. M.A. ....	1 0 0	Cheltenham	0 10 4
Colman, Mr J. J., M.P.	20 0 0	Smith, Mr J. J. ....	50 0 0	Chippenhams, Station-	
Cory, Mr and Mrs R. ....	50 0 0	Summers, Mr T. ....	5 0 0	hill	1 6 0
Crowe, M. and S. ....	1 0 0	Swan, Mr A. ....	1 0 0	Crewkerne	0 15 1
Dickson, Mr. J. H. ....	2 0 0	"Sympathy" ....	10 0 0	Cullompton	1 11 0
D. J. C. ....	5 0 0	"Sympathy" ....	1 0 0	Cwmaman	0 7 0
D. L. ....	10 0 0	"Sympathy" ....	1 0 0	Diss, Sunday-school	0 6 0
Dodd, Mr J. T. G. ....	5 0 0	Tarring, Miss	0 10 0	Guildford	1 18 3
Eastman, Mr W. E. ....	0 10 0	Thank Offering	25 0 0	Jersey, St. Helier	7 3 3
E. C. W. ....	1 0 0	T. M. ....	20 0 0	Lancaster, Mr Shaw's	
E. H. ....	10 0 0	Tooth, Mrs R. ....	5 0 0	class	0 6 7
Field, Rev J. ....	1 0 0	Tritton, Mr Joseph. ....	200 0 0	Liverpool, Princes-gate	15 1 3
Fisher, Mrs	0 10 0	Turk, Mr T. E. ....	1 1 0	Llanfachreth	1 2 0
Foster, Mr C. F. ....	200 0 0	Underhill, Dr E. B. ....	5 0 0	Leicester, Victoria-road	
Gale, Misses	2 0 0	Upton, Mr E. J. ....	1 0 0	Sunday-school for	
Gilbert, Mr J. M. ....	5 0 0	"Upper Hill-street"	1 0 0	loss of J. G. Green-	
Green, Miss	1 1 0	Vinall, Mr J. S. ....	1 0 0	ough	0 0 0
Hallam, Miss, and Mrs		"Water" ....	10 0 0	Michaelstone Vedw	1 0 0
Birt	25 0 0	W. B. T. ....	0 10 0	Newbridge	1 0 0
Harvey, Mr E. ....	0 10 0	Weymouth, Dr	1 1 0	Newcastle-on-Tyne—	
Hepburn, Mr T. H. ....	50 0 0	Whale, Mr G. ....	1 1 0	Westgate-road S.S.	1 0 0
Hickman, Mrs	1 0 0	Whiffin, Mr W. ....	2 2 0	Newport, Commercial-	
Higham, Mrs	1 1 0	White, Mr Thos	50 0 0	street, Sunday-sch.	3 3 0
Hill, Mr	10 0 0	Williams, Mr R. Wynne	0 10 0	Oxford, Commercial-rd.	0 11 0
Hine, Bros., Messrs	5 5 0	Wills, Mr W. H. ....	5 0 0	Plymouth, George-st.	56 9 0
"Hope" ....	0 10 0	W. J. M. ....	0 10 0	Reading, Carey Ch.	12 0 0
Humphrey, Mr W. B. ....	2 2 0	Woodroffe, Mr C. G. ....	1 1 0	Do., Wycliffe Ch.	5 10 0
In Memoriam	1 0 0	York, Miss E. ....	0 10 0	Do., Wycliffe Sunday-	
In Memory of Rev		Young, Mrs J. C. ....	0 10 0	school	1 4
Hugh Stowell Brown	10 0 0	Under 10s. ....	5 1 0	Redhill	2 11 0
Johnson, Mr R. ....	10 0 0	Abbey-road Ch. ....	8 11 6	Redlynch, Bible-class	0 6 0
Johnson, Misses	1 10 0	Brixton, Kenyon Ch.		Richmond, Duke-street	
Johuson, Mr G. L. ....	1 1 0	Sunday-school	8 5 0	Sunday-school	1 8 2
Joyce, Mrs. ....	5 0 0	Brockley-road	40 0 0	Romford—	
Kemp, Mrs	50 0 0	Brondesbury Ch. ....	0 18 6	Jennings, Mr S. ....	1 1 0
Lane, Mr R. ....	1 0 0	Do., Sunday-school	2 2 0	Temploton, Mr J. ....	1 1 0
Lewis, Mr W. Pendaron	5 0 0	Camberwell, Cottage-		Rotherham	1 5 0
MacAlpine, Rev C. S.,		green	4 4 0	Shetfield, Attercliffe	
B.D. ....	0 10 0	Do., Charles-street	3 5 0	Sunday-school	1 6 6
MacMaster, Mr J. S. ....	20 0 0	Clapton Downs Ch. ....	50 0 0	Stow-on-the-Wold	2 10 0
Mann, Mrs. ....	5 0 0	Rickett, Mr W. R. ....	100 0 0	Swindon	3 14 0
Martin, Mr Thos. ....	2 2 0	Dalston Junction. ....	10 12 0	Torquay, Y. M. B. Ch.	1 0 0
				Worcester, Sun.-sch.	1 4 0

## A Special Appeal for Prayer from China.

**T**HE following deeply interesting appeal arrived by the last North China mail from the Rev. J. J. Turner, of Hsin Cheo, Tai Yuen Fu:—

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—The fact that you have published some of my letters emboldens me to write again, and, through you, to address the readers of the HERALD, on behalf of the work here.

### “NOT FOR MEN OR MONEY.

“The object of this letter is not to raise money, nor is it an appeal for more missionaries. The need of money is fully known to all who take an interest in the work, and almost every letter from the mission field is a prayer for more men. I am quite alive to these needs, but more than money, more even than new missionaries, we need here just now a band of converted natives; and I write to ask for special prayer on behalf of the enquirers at Hsin Cheo.

“I know the HERALD is read by the best men and women in our churches—earnest spirits, who would do anything for the spread of the dear Redeemer’s Kingdom among the heathen. I would not presume to teach such their duty, but I would earnestly and affectionately point out how they can best help this work just now.

“This is a comparatively new station, and we cannot tell of souls saved yet; but a few enquirers are gathering about us, and in view of the mighty possibilities of the future, I feel constrained to make this appeal for help.

“There are twenty or more men in this neighbourhood who are somewhat interested in Christianity. Many of these come regularly to the Sunday service, some attend an enquirers’ class during the week; others who live at a

distance only come occasionally; but they have Christian books, and they know a good deal about the Gospel. These are the men who (as the result of past efforts) have been brought into close contact with us, and it is in them that our great hope for the immediate future lies. At present they are ignorant and superstitious. Possibly some of them come to us from very mixed motives. But they are so far won that they are willing to learn—some of them seem very anxious to do so.

### “A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

“There is among them a man named Liu, who works hard for a living as a seller of ‘raro’ (a kind of rice pudding with dates in it). He has to be up at dawn, and he carries his tray of ‘raro’ about the city till dark. In the evening he comes to the enquirers’ class. He is an ignorant man, and can only read simple books with great difficulty; but he has a vast amount of energy, and has already learned a great deal of Christian truth. One day, when he had been telling me how he had to get up before daylight, and work hard all day to make a living, I expressed a fear that he would find very little time for reading and prayer of a morning. ‘Oh,’ said he, with a look I shall never forget, ‘I can easily get up a little earlier.’ Surely it would be worth while to help such a man by your prayers. Thoroughly converted, he might be of untold blessing to this city. For twenty years he has lit a lamp every night, and placed it in the gate tower of the south suburb, as a guide for travellers who may be trying

to find their way across the swampy plain to the city. Not a very great act, but it means something in a country like this, where most men are too utterly selfish to do anything that does not benefit themselves alone. I know men, not far from this city, who do all in their power to get travellers' carts stuck in the mud, so that they may make money by the job of getting them out again. But Liu, night after night, lights his lamp, and places it where it will best serve to guide the wanderer home. With the light of the Gospel that man might be the means of leading hundreds of souls to God. He is trying to learn. Who will help him?

#### "A HOPEFUL BUDDHIST.

"There is a carpenter in a town fifteen miles from here who is a zealous Buddhist. He is not a priest; but some years ago he went to a celebrated temple near T'ai-yüen-fu, received a course of instruction, and took most of the vows that priests take when they are ordained. I am told that he is a man of great influence, and that he has a band of fifty or sixty earnest religious men, who look up to him as their leader. He is not often in the city, but when he does visit Hsin Cheo he always comes to see us. He has read many of our books, and I believe he really prays. The last time he was here he told the evangelist that he believed the Gospel, but was afraid to break the solemn oaths he had taken (when ordained) of faithfulness to Buddhism.

"In the Western Hills, not far from this city, is an old man, of good family, who has spent the last three years looking after the repairing of a temple. He gets nothing for the trouble, but does it as a work of merit.

#### "PRAY FOR THESE.

"Twenty years ago that man was an

inveterate opium smoker. He had smoked heavily for fifteen years, but for some reason or other—it was not lack of money—he resolved to give up the habit. His friends said it would kill him to do so. He had neither doctor nor medicine, but, with a determination rarely met with in an opium-smoker, he shut himself up in a place by himself, and, after forty days of intense suffering, came out a free man. He told us that during the first part of that time he used to lie on the ground and writhe with pain, all night long. He is a Pharisee now—full of his own superiority to the common herd, and he is inclined to patronise rather than learn of Christ. I do not reckon him as one of our enquirers; but while talking to him I could not help wishing he were converted, and it is that wish that prompts me to ask you to pray for him.

"Not far from the city, in another direction, there is a young man who makes a living selling calico at fairs. A few years since he went on a pilgrimage to Wu-t'ai, a celebrated mountain, three days journey from his home, to ask the priests 'how he could be saved.' They told him he could do nothing but become a vegetarian, and worship Buddha, and they did not seem to care much whether he were saved or not. However, he followed their advice, till a few months ago he received one of our books, and heard for the first time the Story of the Cross. He has been to some services, and is learning what he can during his spare time, but he cannot attend services regularly just now.

"The evangelist saw him the other day, and he said that when the autumn fairs are over he should like to bring his bed, and food, and stay with us for a few weeks to receive Christian instruction. We will gladly have him do so.

"I could tell some such story of many others who are reckoned among the enquirers, but I cannot write a long letter this time.

"There are so many influences against Christianity here that men cannot remain mere enquirers long. They must be converted, and become out-and-out Christians, or fall back into a state of indifference to Christ. Every such lapsed enquirer is a dead weight to our cause, while every true convert becomes a missionary of the Cross to all who know him.

"BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US.

"Will not the readers of the HERALD pray that the enquirers at Hsin Cheo may be converted, and filled with the Holy Ghost, so that they may preach the Gospel to their fellow-countrymen, not for money, but from the necessity of souls filled with Divine power?

"This is what we need above all things. This country can never be evangelized by foreigners; but we have in these enquirers a band of men who could shake the devil's kingdom here—

if only God would convert them and fill them with His Spirit.

"Oh, that the most earnest members of our churches all over England would take this matter up, and publicly, and privately, plead with God for these men—that those of our readers who know the power of prayer would wait upon God in daily importunate prayer for these men. Surely God would honour their faith!

"We often hear that, if every member of our churches would contribute a trifle each week to our funds, the income of the Society would be vastly increased. Surely if every member would spend a few minutes daily in earnest prayer for these enquirers we should soon have to rejoice in an abundant increase of spiritual blessing.

"Commending this matter to the consideration of all who sympathise with the work,

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Yours very sincerely,

"JOSHUA J. TURNER.

"A. H. Baynes, Esq."

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## Indian Thought about Christ.

BY THE REV. G. H. ROUSE, M.A.

"I WILL draw all men unto Me," are words which are being fulfilled in India as elsewhere. Around the person of Christ the battle thickens at home, and it is the name of Christ which is emblazoned on the banners borne by the soldiers of the Cross abroad. Whether they will or no, men must hear of Christ, they must accept or reject Christ. Even in the last few years we have made considerable advance. Not very long ago people in India did not care to hear the name of Jesus. We might preach against idolatry and men would listen; but as soon as we began to mention the name of Christ our congregations would disperse. It is different now. People in the streets are more desirous to hear of Christ, and many experienced missionaries have given it as their experience that it is now rather an advantage



than otherwise to have the name of Christ on the books we seek to sell. People will buy a Gospel called "The Life of Jesus Christ"; but if offered Isaiah, or Daniel, or Acts will say, "We do not want that book."

If this is the case with those who know only the vernacular, it is still more so, I believe, with the educated, at least in Bengal. The late Mr. Vaughan, a devoted Church of England missionary, in his book, "The Trident, the Crescent and the Cross"—one of the best books to read in regard to Mission work in Bengal—says that in the course of many years' work among educated natives he had never heard one word spoken against Jesus. So it is still; men may speak against Christians—they have too much reason to do that—they may speak against the Christian system, but Christ Himself they can only praise as one of the best of men and greatest of teachers. Some of Keshub Chunder Sen's most eloquent lectures were on such subjects as "Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia"; "India asks, Who is Christ?" The great Brahmist leader spoke of Christ in terms of so great reverence and love that many regarded him as almost, if not quite, a Christian, though more meaning was thus put into his words than they were meant to convey. But a recent article in a Calcutta paper is even more striking, because of the source from which it comes. A few years ago, owing to Keshub Babu's marrying his daughter under the legal age to the Raja of Kooch Behar, there was a secession from his branch of the Brahma Samaj. The seceders, who comprised the largest and most intelligent section of his followers, formed what is called the Sadhāran, or General Samaj. They have their own institutions and papers, in English and in Bengali. The English paper is called the *Indian Messenger*, and it has contained recently a series of articles headed "Christ's Opinion of Himself," which are very noteworthy, especially when we remember that this branch of the Samaj started with a tendency to a lower view of Christ than that held by Keshub and his party. I have not seen the articles, but quote the following from a review of them published in the *Indian Christian Herald*. It may be noted here, as one of the signs of the growth of spontaneous effort in the native church, that this paper, which is published in English, has been started, conducted, and supported for many years entirely by native Christians. The editor writes:—

"Let us look and give a place in our columns to the remarkable admissions made. Here they are:—

"1. 'Christ believed Himself to be a superhuman being with Divine powers,' or, as otherwise expressed, 'Christ believed and represented Himself to be a superhuman being with Divine powers, . . . so that it might be evident that the Christ of the Gospels . . . is not the

mere human prophet and teacher of modern Unitarians.'

"2. 'Christ believed Himself to be the Son of God in a special sense not in that sense in which all men are sons of God, nor merely in that higher sense in which men of extraordinary power and holiness may be said to be sons of God . . . according to this the other prophets and teachers who came before

Jesus were mere servants, but He Himself was *the Son* of God . . . so Christ not only believed Himself to be the Son of God in a special sense, but also to have possessed the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the right of giving them to others. The following extract brings out most clearly the speciality of Christ's supposed relation to God:—  
 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life.' Now, whatever the full and exact meaning of 'begotten Son' may be, it cannot mean anything less than a 'son who shares the father's substance or essence,' in however small a measure. So that a 'begotten son' of God must mean one who shares the Divine essence—a Divine Being, a God, though not God [the Father] Himself. . . . It is evident that Christ believed Himself to be the only begotten Son of God. He ignored the divinity of man as man, claimed an exclusive share in the Divine essence, and believed Himself to be the only being who was Divine.'

"3. 'Jesus believed that God had committed the moral judgment of mankind into His hands, and that at the end of the world He would come to judge the dead and the living.'

"4. 'Lastly, Christ believed that He existed with God even before the creation of the world.'

"Summing up this part of the subject, the *Indian Messenger* concludes:—

It is evident that He believed Himself to be a Divine Being, and not a mere man, to bear a relationship to God which no man or angel bore, to

have existed with God before the creation of the world, and to be the moral judge of mankind.'

"Now turning from Christ's opinion or beliefs concerning Himself, let us see what the *Indian Messenger* thinks or Him. Well, to begin with, he utterly repudiates the idea of His having been an impostor. On the contrary, 'Jesus was a true *Yogi* [spiritual ascetic]; He enjoyed the deepest communion with God. With the clearest and brightest faith He beheld the face of God. His heart flowed with the deepest love; and His will was in perfect harmony with the Divine will. Thus in heart, mind, soul, and will He felt the closest spiritual union with God. Of this deep spiritual union He saw no other illustration around Him. Of all whom He saw and came in contact with, He alone felt and realised that union. Around Him He saw only sin, degradation, unbelief, dryness, and worldiness.'

"The moral and spiritual teachings of Jesus Christ commend themselves to us by appealing to our Reason, Conscience, and our Spiritual Instincts. It is on this ground alone . . . that we accept Him as a prophet and teacher.'

"These are remarkable admissions by the acknowledged organ of the Sadharanite Brahmos. We hope their future teaching concerning Him will, at least, be consistent with these. We are not at present concerned with the negative, destructive, or modifying positions laid down at the same time, nor are we concerned as to whether they are consistent with these large and valuable admissions of what the editor truly calls 'the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.'"

## Zenana Mission Work in India.

**A** FRIEND, deeply interested in Zenana Mission work, writes :—

“A very interesting private letter has just been received from one of our Zenana workers in India, giving an account of untiring efforts on behalf of the women and children. Our missionaries have but little time and strength left to write to friends in England in the midst of multiplying and constant claims. Will our friends earnestly take to heart the solemn call for quick and ready help contained in the following extract? It is in reference to training advanced pupils for medical and educational work :—‘Christian girls must head the lists for some years, their education is so much better than that of the heathens; but the heathen, in every direction now, are rousing themselves. I wonder if Christians at home know or consider that the opportunity for their giving the Gospel to the women of India is fast passing away; that we are daily giving instruction to the Mohammedan and Hindu girls, who themselves, in a few years, will be able to teach their co-religionists, and will not then value the Christian teacher as they do now. Believe me, a heavy responsibility rests on the Church to-day; more doors are open on every side; we cannot do half the work we might do. People beg us to teach them, but it will not be always so. Pray for us; we need your prayers; never have we needed Divine guidance more than now. Yet we know truly that He upholds us day by day.’ There are several young friends who have consecrated their lives to this service for their Lord, waiting to be accepted and sent forth, either to relieve those who are at present over-worked, to occupy new ground, or to fill places that will soon be left vacant. One of these who desires to receive a short preliminary medical training, but whose object during school-life has been to prepare herself for this special work, writes thus :—‘I am now nineteen; ever since I was nine years old I have been asking God to send me to work for Him in India, and now my desire is stronger than ever to go and tell heathen women and children of the love of Jesus.’ Christian friends, shall she go? We might ask the same question for many others. Whilst there is an increasing debt on our Mission, what ought we to do?”

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## Portrait of Nil-Kanto.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SPURGEON, OF BARISAL.

**T**HE preacher now introduced to the readers of the HERALD is one wholly supported by the children of Newbury Sunday school. It was for *them* that the photograph was taken and the following account written; but I trust all will be interested in the account translated.

“BARRISAL, April 17th, 1886.

“MY DEAR MR. HUGHES,—Enclosed

is the first ‘proof’ of Nil-Kanto’s

portrait, with an account of himself. I forward it to you, through Mr. Baynes, so that he may, if he desires, print the whole in the HERALD. Being a literal

translation I felt that what I have inserted in parenthesis would be helpful to a better understanding of the whole. The other copies of the photo shall reach you as soon as possible.

“ Please give my warmest love to all

the friends at Newbury. Hoping to hear from you shortly,

“ I remain, with fraternal regards,  
 “ Yours in the Master's service,  
 “ ROBERT SPURGEON.”

Nil-Kanto Chokroborttee's account of himself literally translated :—

“ I was born in the English year 1840, in a Brahmin family, in the village of Uneshea, in the sub-division of Kotálepára, in the district of Backergunge. At the age of ten I received the title of ‘ Twice born,’ and wore the poita. (Brahmins all wear the sacred thread called the poita over the left shoulder and passing under the right arm. On donning this they become ‘ twice born,’ and enter at once on their priestly duties. The ceremony of initiating is as follows : The head is shaved, and the ears pierced ; and after bathing, the poita is put on by the gooroo. A sacred sentence is then whispered in the ear that must never be uttered aloud to anyone. A staff is put in one hand and a bag in the other, indicating the mendicant character of the life now entered on. For twelve days the youth has to beg from door to



PORTRAIT OF NIL-KANTO.  
 (From a Photograph.)

door, and live on the food bestowed.) At the age of thirteen I was initiated into the worship of our household god by another sacred phrase whispered in the ear. But at this time I could neither read nor write. My before-born (elder brother) once compelled me to begin by beating me. But as soon as I could write my name I thought, ‘ This is enough. I am by caste a Brahmin. I shall be able to live by my priesthood.’ However, I was greatly ashamed once at a feast by some youths who asked me to spell. What could I do? I was immersed in

sadness. One night I was lying down when suddenly I thought, ‘ It is better to hang oneself with a rope than live a fool.’ I arose from my mat, took deadly poisons with me, and went out. But I was afraid to die. So I fled to

another part, and after three days arrived and took refuge in the house of a Brahmin in the village of Kiowalie Para, near Dacca. After refreshment, the master of the house advised me, saying, 'You stay with me and read,' and I, much obliged, remained three years. After passing the minor examination I resolved to return home. Taking farewell from the feet of my teacher I went to Jessore, and spent two years in the village of Nohatta with another Pandit. Then I returned home.

"Three years after this, one of my brothers became a Christian. He began to press me to accept that religion; and at the age of twenty-one I did so. But I knew nothing about the religion. So Sookeeram, now in heaven, began to instruct me. Gradually all my faith in Hinduism disappeared, and faith in Christianity increased. At this time the illustrious Page Sahib placed the Soogram school in my hands. I was married soon after. The Sahib brought me into Barrisal, and gave me a Bible. I have it still, and read it. In 1862 I was baptized.

A little afterwards I joined the police, but falling ill, had to give it up. I was now very poor and helpless. I had to beg from door to door. But the Sahib, glancing pityingly on me, sent me to help a preacher at Anondspore. Thus my Heavenly Father opened for me a door that I might obtain more knowledge of Him and His fear. When the illustrious George Pearce Sahib opened a class at Serampore I was sent as a student, and was accepted. At the end of two years I returned, and was appointed to a church; but having to carry on a great law-suit against some Hindus, connected with breaking of caste, I was suspended (by the missionary in charge) for six months, and was in great distress. The Lord did not forsake me, but once more raised me to work in His vineyard. Through His grace I have laboured for the last twenty years, and on the 12th of this January was appointed helper to the illustrious Robert Spurgeon Sahib in preaching the Gospel, and I live in Barrisal. My age is forty-five and six months."

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## The Tarskeshor Mela.

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

(See *Frontispiece.*)

**A**T the Zenana breakfast in Cannon Street, I mentioned one of the most distressing sights I had witnessed in India, and now I send an illustration taken upon the spot, hoping it will bring vividly before the minds of the readers of the *HERALD* the sad spectacle. As will be seen from the picture, it represents men and women making their way to the temple of Tarskeshor by measuring the hard roads with their bodies. Two, a woman and a man, are seen prostrate on the ground. To the right of them there is another man about to cast himself down in the same way, and to the left there is a group, consisting of three women and one man, on the point of

doing the same thing. These people are making their way to the temple, about a quarter of a mile distant, and every inch of the distance they will cover with their prostrate bodies. You see they cast themselves upon the ground with their faces downwards, and then stretch out their arms to the full length, making a mark on the road with a nail or piece of brick which they carry for the purpose. This mark serves as a starting-point for the next prostration. Before commencing this wearisome journey, they bathe themselves in a tank. The water dripping from their bodies soon makes the road wet and muddy, and through this mud they have to go. I shall never, never forget the shock I had when I first saw these poor creatures. I had no idea that in the enlightened India of to-day such degraded fanaticism existed. And suddenly to see a stream of women and men madly prostrating themselves in this fashion, covered with dust and mud, trodden under foot by the surging crowd, weak and faint with the exertion, was a sight never to be forgotten. I wish I could take the readers of this to the spot and let them witness all I witnessed. I am sure your hearts would bleed within you, and you would experience a sorrow you had never known before. And this I wish, not to unnecessarily sadden you, but to fill your hearts with Divine love and sympathy for these poor creatures, who know no better, and hope by extraordinary sufferings of this kind to obtain salvation.

Dear readers, how can you hope to be for ever happy in the presence of the Saviour in heaven until you have done all in your power to rescue these poor brothers and sisters of yours? Would not the consciousness of having left these to die in their misery and sin make the smile of Jesus a rebuke rather than a joy to you?

I was sorry to observe that the majority of these prostrate pilgrims were females. And I learned, too, that they were chiefly widows. What a sad tale this tells! Widowhood anywhere is bad enough, but in India it is crushing. In England, it has all the love and sympathy of a sympathising public; it has the never-failing consolations of our Divine religion to support it; and it may in time cast aside the robes of mourning and put on again the bridal robes. But in India there is nothing of all this for the poor crushed widow. All her hopes of earthly happiness die with her husband, and she is cursed by her friends and relations, and cursed by her religion. Every comfort she is compelled to set aside, and live the life of a recluse, despised by all about her. Having no hope in the present world, she performs the most difficult pilgrimages, and undergoes the most terrible sufferings, in the vain hope of ameliorating her condition in the world to come. And this explains the presence of so many widows at Tarskeshor. I have seen some of these widows coming the distance of a mile or more in

this slow, painful way. Some of them had become so weak that they could hardly raise their bodies for the next prostration. One woman, I noticed in particular, had become hysterical, and was rolling about wildly on the bare, heated road. Her long dark hair was spread all about and covered with dirt. Her body was partly naked, and pushing about around her was a dense crowd of pilgrims, all shouting out at the top of their voice the praises of the god. It was, indeed, an awful sight, and made my heart sick within me. I felt I could run away and weep rivers of tears. I told the people how foolish, how debasing to themselves, and how displeasing in the sight of God were the things they were doing, but my words only added fire to their enthusiasm, and drew forth from them louder and louder shouts to the praise of their god. O, God! that on this fair earth such a religion as this can exist, and that in this nineteenth century of Christianity such deeds as these can be performed! We shall deserve God's severest condemnation if, with the blessed Gospel in our hands, we cease in our efforts to rescue these perishing people.

These processions of prostrating pilgrims continued for several days. But before the festival was over a terrible calamity befell the place, as if a judgment from God was poured down on the town. A house caught fire, and the fire spread until the whole town was in flames. That was another sight I shall never forget. The pilgrims and townspeople were rushing away from the burning town, loudly bewailing their fate and madly demanding of their god why he had brought this great calamity upon them. Others sorrowfully exclaimed that their god had gone away and forsaken them. Nearly every house and shop—and there were some hundreds—were burned down. I did all I could to arrest the progress of the fire. Failing that, I went round the thousands of pilgrims, beseeching them to let this fire show them the inability of their god to do anything for them, and to worship only the true and living God we had preached to them.

T. R. EDWARDS.

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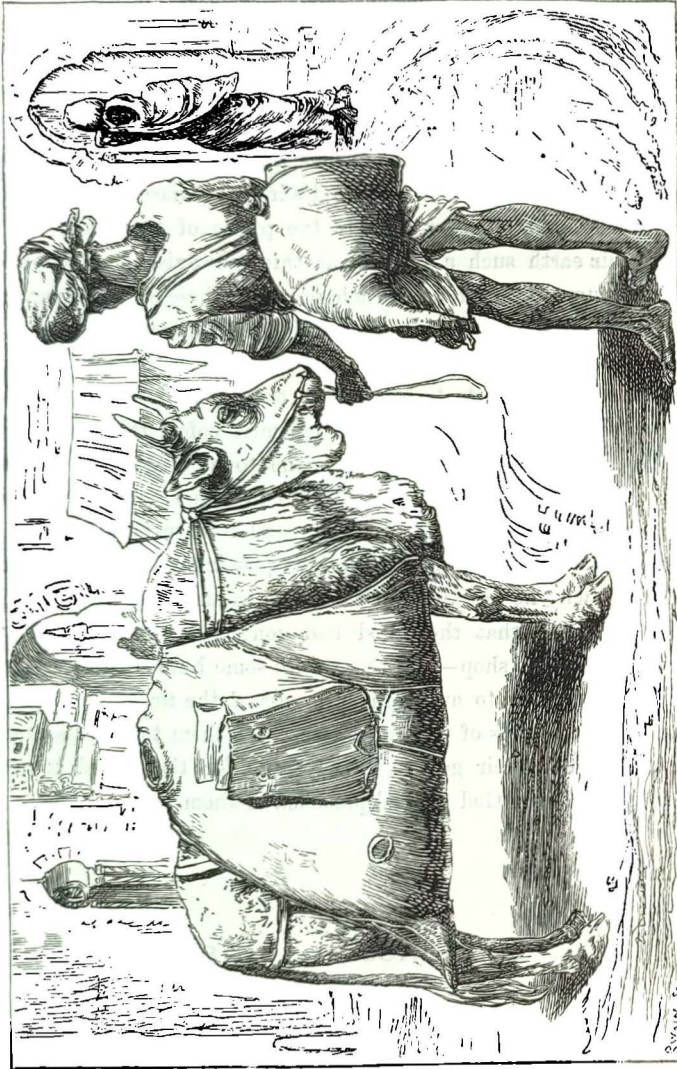
## Sketches in India.

### No. IV.—AGRA.

**T**HE member of the Agra Mission whose portrait accompanies this notice is the necessary water-carrier of the compound—a gentle-eyed, useful creature, rejoicing in the name of a Brahmin Ox. The two large skins of water balance one another on either side; and so burdened, but noiselessly, the little creature plods along, doing the work which India—hot, sultry

India—needs so much. The man who follows, and also bears a water-skin, is called the “Bihishti,” or “Man of Paradise.”

I know that our friends in Agra will pardon me if, in order to describe their work as lucidly as possible, I say they belong to the Bihishti caste.



THE AGRA WATER-CARRIER.—(From a Photograph.)

Their work is as unremitting and as necessary to the soul as the life-giving labour of the “heavenly ones” is to the body. Varied as their employments may be—preaching, healing, learning, or teaching—the great aim ever kept in view is to bear to the thirsty souls of India health-giving



draughts from the fountain of life; and surely such manly and womanly efforts, sanctified by a Christly love, *must* eventually succeed, as Christ counts success.

The work here appeared to be prospering cheeringly when I recently visited the city. Brethren Potter and Mackintosh were devoting their time to vernacular preaching, and generally directing the native helpers. Good congregations seemed to reward their earnest toil; and while I was with them three Hindu women were received into the church by baptism. Mr. Wood, as pastor of the English church, whose place of worship is called by the honoured name of Havelock, has abundant opportunities of usefulness among the soldiers in the Fort; and anyone who knows his zealous spirit will rest confident that none is wasted. Mrs. Wilson numbers her patients who attend the dispensary by thousands, while her skill has won for her a name which many physicians might envy. During the first half of last year 3,006 *new* patients applied for help, and through the week of my visit the average number of applicants was one hundred per day. It was quite a picturesque sight as the poor women gathered in the court, many with their little children and very wretched; some veiled entirely, being Mohammedans. These all carry a text of Scripture on their cards of admission, and listen, while waiting, to the Gospel of Christ from the lips of a Christian woman. So the seed is sown. In connection with the Zenana Mission also an active work is carried on. Schools are also conducted by Miss Thomas, Miss Smith, and other ladies.

A little beyond Agra the marble Taj glitters in perfect beauty, and wonderful art, over the low banks of the Jumna, while every traveller is attracted to its shrine. But what of the temple of the living God—no pure white tomb, however beautiful, but a building instinct with life—which these quiet workers are rearing?

A complaint which our missionaries have made in many places is well worthy of our thought. Tourists so seldom in passing through these districts make any effort to find what is being done. They move in another circle—stay at hotels, visit the chief wonders, and pass on to give the idea that missionaries are either insignificant elements in society or pure creatures of the imagination. They have not seen the men, and to a large extent have not heard of them. If, however, they would go into the bazaars and mix with the people; if they would find out the dispensary, buried in the midst of a wretched population, or look for schools where best school work can be carried on—they would find something more to win their admiration than Taj or Fort in Agra, and wonders of self-denial to record in India, as well as wonders of art.

## Students from the Delhi Training Institution.

**T**HE Rev. R. F. Guyton, of Delhi, sends the following interesting details relative to three of his students, who have just been sent forth for mission work amongst their fellow-countrymen:—

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—The other day I sent you photographs of the three men who have just been sent out from our training class to labour in Agra, Dinapore, and Gyā. If you should be able to find a place in the HERALD for their portraits, the following information will be acceptable to its readers:—

“JAIMAL SINGH.

“The eldest, Jaimal Singh, a Mazhaki Sikh by birth, has been for some years a teacher in one of our low caste schools. When this class was begun, now more than two years ago, he expressed a great desire to attend it, and so fit himself more completely for his work. He has shown great aptitude for learning, and has been uniformly punctual and diligent in his attendance. In all Christian work, he has been among the foremost in visiting melas, bazaar preaching, and in the basti meetings in the city. His sermons in our Christian service have been warmly appreciated. Your readers will at once recognise him by his spectacles and long beard. His wife, Sarah Singh, has been a most useful and trusted worker in connection with the Zenana Mission.

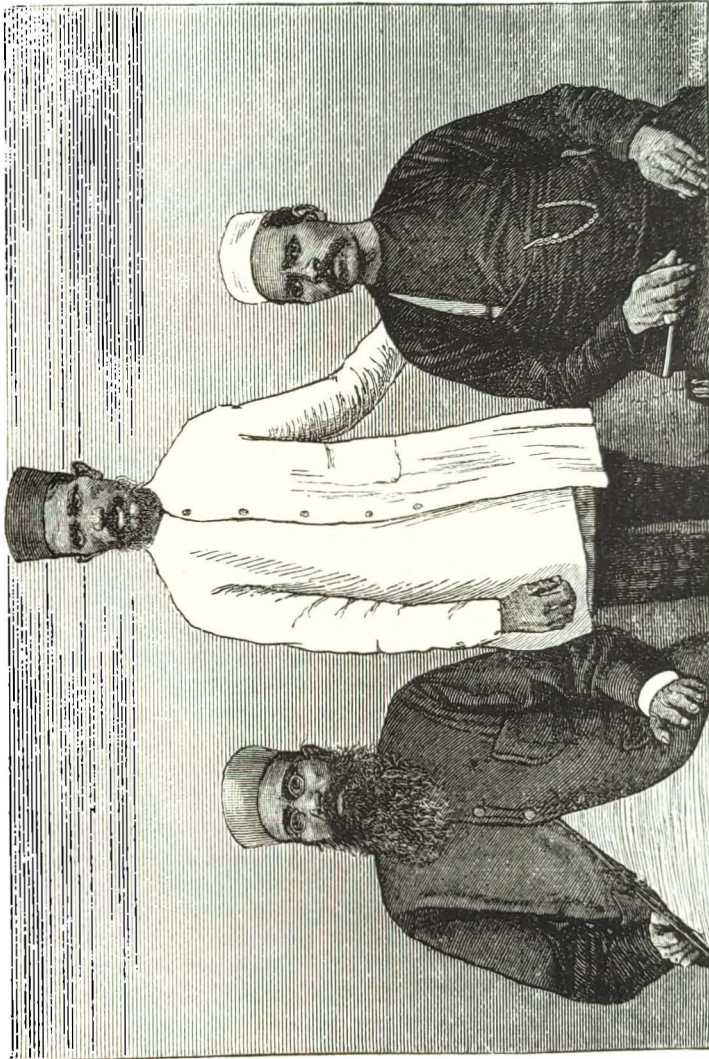
“ALLAH BAKHSH.

“Allah Bakhsh, who is standing in the centre of the group, has also been engaged as a teacher in our low caste schools. His story is a singular one. Many years ago, during a time of great distress, he was placed in a Christian boarding school at Gyā. After a short

period he ran away from school, and found his way to Allygurh, and mingled with his co-religionists, the Moham-medans of that place. He soon found employment with some of the wealthy people of that city, and, to all outward seeming, the knowledge he had gained in the Christian school was lost. The Bible he brought away from school was taken away from him by force, and thrown down a well. But the results appeared after many days, and the seed sown brought forth fruit. He became anxious to find the way of Salvation, and it was our pleasure here to receive him for instruction in the way of peace. He has now been for some years an honoured and consistent member of our Church. Now he is sent back in the Providence of God to the same place whence he ran away, taking back with him to the place where the first seeds of Christian truth were sown in his mind the trained and matured Christian life of his manhood. I grieve to say that a terrible trial awaited him there. In less than a week, his wife and infant child were burnt to death during his temporary absence. I had a letter from him a few days ago, in which, though greatly sorrowing, he expresses the most complete resignation to the Divine Will. I am sure your readers will offer for him their sympathetic prayers.

“YAQUB.

“Yaqub, the third of the group, was at one time caretaker at the mission



JAIMAL SINGH, ALLAH DAKISHI, AND YAQUB, STUDENTS FROM THE DELHI TRAINING CLASS.  
*(From a Photograph.)*

[THE MISSIONARY HERALD,  
OCTOBER 1, 1880.

chapel in Chandui Chowk. He showed so much devoutness and eagerness to learn, that I felt it my duty to offer him the opportunity of preparing for the Lord's work. He has been a great comfort to us. His earnest Christian spirit, consistent life, and ready willingness to do anything asked of him, has made him dear to all of us, in parting from him we feel we have separated from a friend. But he seemed to us fitted for the growing work at Agra, and a helper was needed there, so we separated him for the work to which we felt he was called. So far as we can judge, these three have gone forth in the true

spirit of devotedness to the Saviour's cause, and will, we trust, be greatly helped and blessed.

"I am confident that the readers of the HERALD will remember these dear brethren in their prayers; and they will, I hope, remember also the training classes from which they have been sent. We all, teachers and students, need their prayers that the Spirit of God may rest upon us.

"With sincere regards, I am, dear Mr. Baynes,

"Yours sincerely,

"R. F. GUYTON.

"A. H. Baynes, Esq."

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## The Congo Mission.

THE following interesting letter has been received from Mr. Michael Richards by Mr. Palmer, of Scarborough:—

"MY DEAR MR. PALMER,—In a few days from now I shall have been in Congo six months. Doubtless you are thinking that I must have seen much to write about. Well, at last I find myself relating to you something of my experience in this dark, degraded land, a country full of superstitions.

"The first six weeks of my time was spent with Mr. Charters at the Bayneston Station, after which I journeyed hither to join Mr. Percy Comber, and he and I are in charge while Mr. Comber is at the coast on business, before he returns here to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Weeks to San Salvador. We look forward to his returning in about three weeks. I then expect to go to Stanley Pool. Possibly Mr. Whitley and I will go up river to open a new station.

"I have had very good health on the whole, but of course have had my share of fevers. Thanks to God for all

His care and mercy. I have never regretted the step I took, and it is my sincere wish to live and die labouring among the heathen for the extension of the Master's Kingdom. 'Sowing the seed, casting the bread, and what is the promise? 'My word shall not return unto Me void.' The work is hard, but glorious. We have our Master's words to cheer us, 'Lo, I am with you alway,' and 'I will never leave thee.' I feel it to be a great privilege to be engaged in this work—a work which brings much gladness.

"I have thoroughly enjoyed the 200 miles of walking, and, seemingly, even the black people knew my enjoyment; for, ere I arrived at Bayneston, my African name was given me. It was 'Mfumu Njimba,' which means 'strong man to walk the road.' The 'roads out here are about half-a-yard wide through grass varying from one to eighteen feet. The traveller has to go

up hills of all heights—one from the Mpozo River to Mpalabala, 1,600 feet ; not bad, if one is not in a good humour for climbing, is it ?

“Down he goes again into a valley, crosses a rivulet or a stream, or a fast-flowing river, through a wood, the trees swarming with birds, the bushes with insect life. Up again some 800 feet across a plateau, now riding in a hammock carried by two strong blacks, singing a native song as they briskly walk or trot through the long-standing grass. Halt ! here is our luncheon-place or sleeping-place. If luncheon, Munde (white man) shouts, ‘Tiam’ e nkuni. Lung’ o tiya nswalu’ (‘Go for wood, and light a fire quick’). Soon the water boils, and he sits drinking his refreshing cup of tea, which is enjoyed, whilst a fowl is being made into soup, &c. If it is the sleeping-place, up goes the tent, out comes his travelling bed, while one or two are busying themselves in preparing the evening meal. A good sleep ; if otherwise, it is all the same. Up at five o’clock next morning, and by six the ascending and descending and crossing plateaus begins. Four, five, or six days, and the missionary is at his station. Now, what is his work ? Building, brick-making, doctoring, teaching, preaching, &c. Here, at Wathen, there is sufficient work for three missionaries. The towns about us are large and well kept ; but, notwithstanding, we get every morning a good deal of medical work. The boys in our school are making marked progress. They are very happy boys, and I believe all are anxious to be better men than their fathers. I am teaching them the English hymn, ‘Jesus loves me, this I know ;’ and it is surprising how quickly they learn the tune and words. The preaching in the towns has been postponed for a time in consequence of the death of Mfumu

Ngombi, the chief of this district. He is to be buried next Sunday. His coffin is about four feet high, and the same broad. The reason of this enormous sized chest is because all the people out here wrap round their dead all the cloth the deceased possessed.

“When the services are held we always get a good congregation whatever town we visit. We take our school-boys with us to sing. One goes round the town ringing a bell, and soon we have two groups seated in front of us—one of men, around their chief ; the other of women ; both groups being dotted with children. This would make a very interesting picture, shaded, as we are, by some large tree. We have lately beautified our plateau with a new boys’ house, a new school, a new store, a new fowls’ house, a goats’ house, and a small garden. We have four Accra brickmakers here, and soon we shall hope to commence a brick house for the white men. An iron store arrived yesterday. The heavy rains of late have broken down the bridge that crosses the Tombe close by. So we have a good deal of work yet before the station and its surroundings are complete.

“I am very thankful to be able to say that every branch of our work at this station is prosperous. It is the Lord’s work, and He is blessing it. The week consists of four days in Congo. Every day there is a market somewhere near. Every eighth day there is a great market at Makwekwe on Konzo. I visited this market some time since, and I don’t think it will tire you if I give a short account of what I saw.

“On approaching the market you hear the hum of 2,000 voices, men, women, and children, as they are bartering. The Congo have the English fashion of departments. In one department you have mats, bags, baskets, and cloth ;

in another, gunpowder ; in another, fowls, goats, and pigs ; in another, native-made implements of agriculture. There is also the eating-house department ; and, should you be hungry, your hunger could be satisfied with soup, rats, bats, beetles, caterpillars, pork, &c., all served up on large leaves, or in baskets. If you refuse all these dainties—well, one is left in the shape of fish, which may not have seen water for some time. I can assure you none of these things tempted me, and I waited till I arrived home before I partook of my midday meal.

“A day or two ago I went to a large town close by, Kindinga; and, hearing singing and drum-beating, inquired what had happened. A child had died, and the women were mourning its loss by drum-beating and singing the following: ‘Ngyele, mandumba, kana kisadidi ko, yavwanda jala mandumba’ (‘gone a long way; we shall not see him again; he only sat down; he never did any work to be seen by his chief’). What else could a child do? The following is an account of a witch palaver in consequence of the illness of a child. It took place in Lutete, close by our station here:—

“A great many women, married and single, and children were gathered together, seated around a woman who held the palaver. The ‘doctress’ had on her knees a plate containing a mixture of native cabbage, red earth, and palm wine. Around the plate was placed, at equal distances, gunpowder, which was ‘let off’ amidst singing, the ‘doctress’ pointing to the smoke. All the mothers present drank a little of the contents of the plate; then the children took their share, lastly coming the sick child. Poor little innocent thing; it refused to drink, so the mixture was forcibly administered. We offered our medicine. This was refused

by the ‘doctress.’ She was not willing to forfeit a few beads, a piece of cloth, or a brass rod or two.

“We were told that she would name her charge in a song she would sing in the night.

“Some of the people are very superstitious; others, seemingly, have little faith; for I bought a very important fetish some time since with a half a box of Bryant and May’s Patent Safety. At Nyungi I was informed that if I touched a certain stuffed shell I would die. I touched the shell. No death. ‘If you put it on the ground it will kill you.’ This was done. No death. It was very disobedient, doing everything opposite to what the owner said. So I bit it, caressed it, &c., &c. Still no death. ‘Ah! it will not kill white men.’ So I tried black boys; and, having four schoolboys with me, handed it to them. They fearlessly played with it. No death followed; and the owner, rather angrily, said: ‘Oh! put it back, and leave it alone.’ We obeyed in this. I did not leave until I had denounced all fetishes, and spoke of God’s love. The people out here have fetishes that are supposed to make them strong when carrying; to keep away sickness and death; to find out who is the cause of death; to bring rain; to make wise; to protect during the darkness of the night, &c., &c.

“Nothing but the Gospel of Jesus Christ can remedy the sins and sorrows of the degraded Congos. Millions of people, and a mere handful of men to tell out the blessed tidings of the Gospel!

“Why, sir, the other day two explorers called here on their way home; and they report finding three large rivers wending their way to the Congo.

“They found fine people; large, well-kept towns; found the country abounding in elephants and buffaloes; the

people hunting and filling their towns with ivory.

"God, in His providence, is opening up countries, and smoothing the path for the advance of the missionary. He is saying to-day, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'

"I say to young men, 'Come over and help us,' and if any should hear the voice of God bidding them, let them manfully take up the cross and go forward, and I doubt if any will ever regret the step they take.

"I believe there are great things in store for Africa. The souls of these poor people are so dark that the light

we bring is too dazzling at present for them.

"I must now close, having many letters to answer by this mail. Before I sign my name, however, I would ask a continuation of your prayers at Albarmarle. I have not forgotten you. Without the prayers of the churches at home we become weak; but, if our hands are held up, if we are sustained, then we become mighty.

"My Christian love to all the friends at Albarmarle, to yourself, and Mrs. Palmer.

"I remain, yours very sincerely,

"MICHAEL RICHARDS.

"Wathen Station, Ngombe, Congo River, March 21st, 1886."

## Kalo Megha.

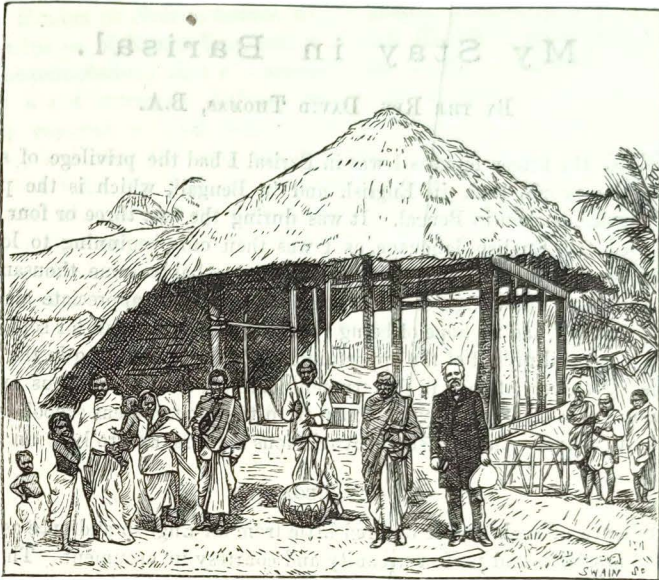
BY THE REV. G. H. ROUSE, M.A.

**K**ALO MEGHA is a very small place, not far from the sea, in the district of Backergunge, in Bengal. Mr. Anderson and I paid it a visit in February, 1885. A man belonging to the Christian community, in the northern part of the district, some years ago was compelled to leave his home owing to some misconduct. He went far away, and was lost to sight for some years. He built a house at Kalo Megha, where he keeps a small shop. In course of time he redeemed his character, and sent for one or two relatives to live with him. They all live in one homestead, and they are the only Christians for miles around. He has built a little chapel, which is represented in the picture, and there he holds service every Sunday, and at other times, inviting his neighbours to join him, and to learn about Christian truth. He is seen in the centre of the picture, prepared to beat the drum at his feet, with which he announces the time of service to his

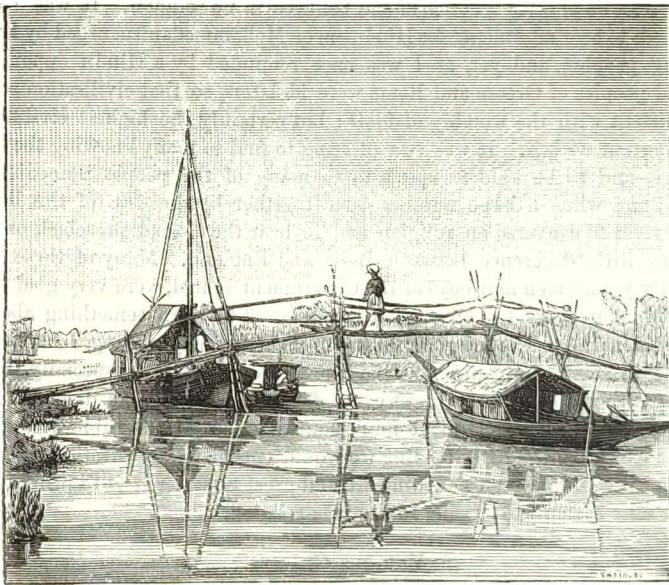
neighbours. To his left is John Sircar, who has been for so long assistant missionary in Backergunge. On his left stands Mr. Anderson. To the right of our good brother with the drum stand members of his family.

The other picture represents the mission boats, as they were moored at Kalo Megha, and a bamboo bridge across the stream. These bridges are very common in Bengal, as they can be so easily put up and taken down. It is difficult even for Bengalis, with their bare feet, to walk over them without slipping—it would be almost impossible for persons with boots to do so. As we were sitting at breakfast the day we were there, with the windows of the boat open, we found that about twenty persons were standing or sitting on the bank, staring at the strange process of seeing white men eat. We felt that we could sympathise with the inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens when the crowd gathers to "see the lions feed!





KALO CHAPEL, MEGHA.—(From a Photograph.)



KALO BRIDGE, MEGHA.—(From a Photograph.)

## My Stay in Barisal.

BY THE REV. DAVID THOMAS, B.A.

**D**URING the fifteen months I was in Barisal I had the privilege of speaking to the people both in English and in Bengali, which is the principal language spoken in Bengal. It was during the first three or four months that I used the English language, as I was then only beginning to learn the language of the people. In Barisal there are probably some thousands who possess sufficient knowledge of the English language to appreciate an English address; and as I had no hope of being able to speak in Bengali for some time, I was happy to avail myself of the opportunities offering of speaking in the English language. Numbers of men in Government employ, and some Babus or Hindu gentlemen, and a great many young men from the Government school, appeared very glad to converse in English about religious matters, and to hear an address.

### MY CONGREGATION.

An audience of such people differed little from an English audience as regards respectful attention and perfect urbanity and courtesy in argument. There were among them some who were favourably inclined to the Christian religion; but the greater number, notwithstanding the English education they had received, were firm believers either in Hinduism or in Mohammedanism, while some belonged to the Brahma Somaj, the society founded by Keshub Chunder Sen, and there were some who affected scepticism and believed in no religion. It was a strange experience to hear arguments for Hinduism or Mohammedanism urged by English-speaking people; and yet, as I was once reminded by a Hindu opponent, the civilised peoples of Greece and Rome were idolaters, so that civilisation seems to be consistent with the worship of idols; but certainly the highest civilisation is not consistent with it. It was very pleasing to find so many knowing the English language, and to be able to speak to so many of the people immediately on arrival; and when a large number came together by the side of the beautiful Barisal river to converse on religion and to hear the Gospel preached, one often felt very little difference between India and England. Many of these people, especially young men and boys of the Government school, were very glad to come to the Mission-house to converse in English and to learn something about any matter belonging to European civilisation. Seeing many coming, I invited them to come in small companies to read the Bible in English, especially the New Testament; and they came almost every day, one company one day and another company another day, for about four months, and read the Bible with me and received expositions. After reading we would engage in conversation, and it was then that it could be seen how difficult and great a matter it is to bring men out of their false systems to a belief in the true religion.

### VARIOUS CLASSES.

There were, as it has been suggested, some four or five different classes of men to deal with—Hindus, Mohammedans, members of the Brahma Somaj, and men who believed in no religion; but as the great masses of the popula-

tion are Hindus or Mohammedans, so the greater number of those who came were Hindus or Mohammedans, and it is with Hinduism principally and then with Mohammedanism that a missionary has chiefly to contend. One might think it a not extremely difficult matter to convince an intelligent Hindu who has received a good English education that idolatry is wrong and degrading, and that the best and the only true religion is the religion of Christ; but I did not find it a more hopeful task with educated Hindus than with people who had had no advantages, and I am inclined to believe what one of the Bengali preachers told me—that the educated and wealthy classes are less open to conversion than the illiterate and common people. Still, some among those who came to read evinced an inclination to leave idolatry and to become Christians; but when they were pressed to confess Christ openly, they made the excuses that their parents or guardians would not be willing, that they would be driven out of society, that they would lose their caste, their property, and their prospects. These excuses, doubtless, constitute the reason why it is so difficult to persuade the educated and wealthy classes to enter the Kingdom of God. But the masses of the people have not so much to lose by making a public confession of Christ, and they can see and feel that the religion of Christ brings them out of the ignominy attached to their castes by the higher classes; so that there is greater hope in labouring among the masses than among the educated and wealthy. At the same time, one class influences another, and as the more wealthy and educated are made to see the great error of idolatry and brought to a better appreciation of the truth of Christianity, they will offer less opposition to the conversion of the poorer people, who are at present to a large extent morally guided and governed by them. When the leading people of a nation are in the depths of darkness, the condition of that nation is very low indeed. How can we enlighten the leading men of India, the educated and wealthy? Much has already been done in this direction, and the bitter opposition which converts to Christianity are apt to experience from landowners is not so great now as it was. The work must go on chiefly in the most promising field, and that field is the common people; but it is not to be overlooked that, as with Christ and the Apostles, so also with the missionaries in India, there are, and there will be, among the educated and leading people, men who will not be ashamed to confess Christ and who will prove themselves of great worth in His cause.

#### LEADERS.

One of these guides of the nation, a Brahmin and the son of a wealthy landowner, often came to the Mission-house for conversation on religion. When he first came he was inclined to believe in the religion of the Brahmo Somaj, but he had not openly joined that society for fear of losing his caste and his property. The claims of Christ were set before him and, after repeated conversation, he came to the state of mind in which many are found in India, a state of inclination to believe in Christ, but of inclination only falling short of that belief which is essential and which leads to the public confession of Christ. When I left Barisal, he had not made up his mind to own Christ openly. Still I have much hope concerning him. Mr. Anderson, our superintending missionary at Barisal, said, after conversation with him, that he was a most intelligent inquirer and was very pleased to speak with him.

Another young man, who was a landowner and attending the Government school, often came to converse about religion. He was one of the most thorough idolaters that could be met with; but after many months, during which he heard preaching and came for conversation, he greatly changed in his belief, and on being asked about a month before I left Barisal what his opinion then was, he said that he believed that all the gods did not after all come to more than one God, but added that he had not yet settled his belief. Such a change was very gratifying, for he used to speak for polytheism with great determination. Another who came to read the Bible in English said, even when he first came, that he believed in Christ and that without Him he could not be saved, but that his guardian would not allow him to become a professed Christian. I often told such young men that their parents and guardians acted very unreasonably and tyrannically, and that everyone ought to be left free to do as he chooses in religion; and I showed them the superiority of English civilisation in this respect. The children are, as a rule, kept as it were in iron chains by their parents and guardians, who use most dreadful threatenings to prevent them from professing Christ. A fourth example of an increasing class of persons, who are to all appearance not far from the Kingdom of God, was an intelligent young man who was attending the school and had won a scholarship to sustain him there; he also made the usual excuses for not professing Christianity. One time as I was arguing on the road-side with some very zealous Hindus, this young man came to my side and spoke very firmly with me in favour of the religion of Christ. Such conduct came near to open profession, but still he remained a professed Hindu.

#### THE BRAHMO SOMAJ.

Those who are idolaters are more open, as a rule, to Christian truth than those who have left idolatry without becoming Christians. Such are the sceptics and the members of the Brahma Somaj. These people seemed to have the conviction that they had just discovered the true way, and that they were not in need of any more light. The Brahma Somaj recognise no authority in religion besides their own judgment and their own conscience; they profess to receive what they judge to be right in all religions, and they appear to have as much regard for Mohammed and Chunder Sen as they have for Christ. Their religion is a kind of ecstatic Deism, and their unbounded ecstasies in public worship seem to be a kind of re-action from the barrenness of their creed. When they said that they believed in Christ I was obliged to say that they did not believe in Him, because they did not believe that He was the Son of God, and that, since they rejected His teaching concerning Himself, they did not accept the great doctrines which are the authority for all His other teachings and their spirit and life. To believe in Christ is to believe in His Divinity, and the Brahma Somaj have not this belief.

The scepticism of this country naturally appears in India among those who have a natural tendency in that direction. Two or three sceptical men came one evening for conversation, and urged that the writings of Darwin and Herbert Spencer set aside the Bible and made it antiquated; and I took the opportunity of impressing upon them the necessity of choosing Him as the highest teacher who had given the strongest credentials and proved Himself possessed of Divine authority. As in this country, so in India, men will choose a sceptical life and

follow sceptical leaders, not because of the intrinsic worth of the scepticism they affect, but because it is more in agreement with the natural tendencies of their own natures. Such men were but little inclined to become believers in Christ. There is so much pride of intellect belonging to the sceptic that he appears far more anxious to make a display of knowledge and intelligence than to earnestly endeavour to find the truth. There is room for doubts, and great doubts, in religion, as we see in the case of Thomas; but a life of doubt is sinful, and betrays a sinful nature.

#### THE HINDUS.

The Hindus are much given to argument, and they are always very cool in arguing; they are very desirous of learning; they have many good social qualities; and they are the really leading people among the native community, having given their language and much of their religion—I mean, more especially, the caste of their religion—to their former conquerors, the Mohammedans. The latter people are stronger and more active physically than the Hindus, and they are a more earnest and practical kind of people, but they are apt to be fanatics, and they are not disposed, like the Hindus, to argue much on religion, and they are less open to conviction. There were, however, many among the Mohammedans who appeared to hear without much prejudice, and sometimes even with a decided inclination towards the religion of Christ.

(To be continued.)

## My First Visit to the Beels.

BY REV. R. H. TREGILLUS, OF BARISAL, EAST BENGAL.

**W**E commend the following graphic account of a visit to some of the Backergunge churches to the special attention of our readers:—

A visit can only be made once in a lifetime. During the trip from which I have just returned I paid my first visit to the Beel district, so I may be permitted to say something of the trip. I left Barisal on Thursday evening, August 5th, in company with Mr. Spurgeon, in the new mission boat, *The Manchester*.

#### A MERCIFUL PROVIDENCE.

An incident, which might have been attended with very serious consequences for us, marked the opening of the second day. As a huge river steamer, with a large barge on either side in tow, swept round a bend of the river, it came perilously near our little craft. As it

was, we grazed the side of the barge nearest us from the centre to the end. It was the sudden rounding of the corner which brought us into such danger. We were devoutly thankful when the peril was past. During the remainder of that day we made steady progress on our journey. Towards evening we passed some delightfully wooded parts; the growth was as luxuriant as any I had previously seen. A very narrow water-way was left us for some distance. The boat had literally to creep along midst overhanging branches and bushes. These swept our sides and roof with considerable force. Such a delightful retreat

would be much valued by London people, were it but within their reach.

#### THE BEELS.

On the Saturday I was properly introduced to the Beels. This district has often been described at home by our Barisal missionaries. Whilst I pretend not to describe, I may be able to say something of what I saw. It is known that the Beels during the rainy season are covered with water. The depth of water varies from three or four feet to nearly twenty feet. At one time this district was considered uninhabitable. A colony of people being driven thither formerly by the curse of a Brahmin, found themselves obliged to make it habitable. This was done by raising mounds of mud, on which they built their dwellings. In many cases the cavity from whence the mud was taken served as a tank, in which water was stored for the dry season. The greater part of the submerged districts are under cultivation. Here rice will flourish; whatever the depth of the water, the rice plant rises above it to the height of two or three feet. Boats are propelled through the rice by means of bamboo poles pushed against the soil beneath. Men, women, and children are proficient in this art of propelling boats. Boys, apparently not more than five or six years of age, balance themselves with ease in the slender native boats, and glide along at a rapid rate. A boat leaves no long track behind it, as the rice plants when pressed under water soon raise their heads again. (All things are not what they seem: this, I think, is beyond dispute. As I have commenced by speaking of things as they are, a word or two as to what they seem may not be amiss.)

#### THE BEAUTY OF THE BEELS.

Sailing along through the rice,

you appear to be gliding, without the noise of wheels, across an extensive English park. There is a sound as of a distant sea. This is occasioned by the corn sweeping the sides of the conveyance. A most delightful green sward seems to stretch in every direction, constantly relieved by clusters of trees. These clusters mark the positions of the raised homesteads. It would almost appear that these trees wish to keep the fact a secret, for only here and there can glimpses of thatched roofs be obtained. The horizon generally seems bound by an unbroken line of trees. As you approach, this line becomes separated into distinct clusters, and another such a line is still before you. On my first day in the Beels I had a good opportunity of watching the approach of a storm. The advance of the wind could be marked by the motion of the trees and the commotion amongst the rice. The trees of one cluster after another began to nod their heads more and more violently. It might be said that these trees were shaking their heads as though to rebuke some mischief contemplated by the wind. Clearly there was mischief in the gale. When it reached us it took our sail and spread it like a flag; one of the ropes of the sail relieved Mr. Spurgeon of his large sun-hat, and away it flew to explore the rice-fields on its own account. One of the boatmen soon recovered it. The wind was now accompanied by a deluge of rain. For a while we were busy in protecting our things from the rain, which would find its way inside.

#### ASKOR CATHEDRAL.

By the time the storm subsided we had reached Askor. This was not our first destination, but we stayed a little while that I might have an opportunity of seeing the

chapel. Askor Chapel is known as the cathedral of the district. It certainly does present a cathedral-like appearance when it is compared with the other native chapels. The building is in shape like a cross, and the centre is surmounted by a dome. Over the porch stands a modest cross. There are neither cloisters nor vestries. As you enter you can see the whole of the interior. In place of seats there are mats; instead of pulpit or desk there is a plain table, where the pastor stands when preaching. On Sundays the building is well filled by about 400 people. The church is quite independent, and has a membership of more than 200. The church life is vigorous. Many schools are sustained in the neighbourhood. If this spiritual oasis were alone in the district, Baptist missions in Backergunge could not be spoken of as a failure.

#### SUAGRAM.

Our first stopping place was to be Suagram. On our way we made a short call at a native market. The market sheds, upon a mound of mud, presented a busy scene. Crowds of boats were outside, but still from different directions people were gathering to do business. We reached Suagram early on the Saturday evening. The chapel here is more of the native type; its roof is of thatch. Correctly speaking, there are two roofs. The centre roof is higher than the other, and covers a sort of upstairs loft. The building rests upon rough posts. The appearance of the place suggests catholicity of spirit and breadth of view, for the people inside are not walled around. There being no walls, it is not easy to say which is the entrance. There are not mats to cover the mud floor, but the people sit upon forms about two inches high. The

chief service arranged for that Sunday was for the setting apart of the new pastor for his work. This service had to be postponed a day in consequence of the heavy and continuous rain.

#### A RECOGNITION SERVICE.

There was an early service for the children, an adult service at 10.30 a.m., and another service in the afternoon. Early on the Monday morning a fair number of children and adults were gathered in the chapel. Mr. Spurgeon showed and explained a series of pictures, which illustrated various scenes of the life of Christ. Early in the afternoon the rain began to fall very heavily, and we feared that the recognition service might again be interfered with. First there was the exhibiting pictures, illustrating "The Pilgrim's Progress." Before this had been completed the rain was less, and a large congregation had assembled. The recognition service was then proceeded with. The address to the church was delivered by Sree Nath, of Ooturpar; the charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Spurgeon; and Pastor Dulie, of Ombolia, offered special prayer. The Suagram Church has recently become independent, and this is the first pastor they have begun to support. The pastor seems to be a man of a truly Christian spirit. There is an untried future before him and the church, and both deserve our prayers.

#### DHARABASHAIL.

We left Suagram on the Tuesday afternoon, and began our journey towards Dharabashail. We went on quietly until it became dark, and anchored for the night in a clear space of water. It seemed almost as though an invitation had been issued to the insects of the district to come and inspect our dining cabin. When the lamp was

lighted, these came in such swarms that we were obliged to retreat to our bedroom for our dinner. We reached Dharabashail on Wednesday morning shortly before eleven o'clock. Our boat was moored by the side of what had the appearance of a rather rough landing-shed. I soon learnt that this was the Baptist chapel. It will be understood from this that there was nothing intricate in the building. The chapel and furniture consisted of a thatched roof, sixteen posts, a raised mound of mud, and five rush mats. I may here remark that, in my opinion, a chapel of this kind, provided the roof be sound and the mats clean, is far better suited to the requirements of the natives than any thing more elaborate. On the afternoon of our arrival, the pictures of the Life of Christ were shown.

#### A NATIVE CHURCH MEETING.

Early the next morning there was a preaching service, followed by a church meeting. There was much of a novel character connected with that meeting. Each member was anxious to say something more or less connected with the business in hand. It was quite new to see members, as business proceeded, go off to smoke the "hookah." One member of the church unites in himself the offices of church secretary and treasurer. As he possesses neither the gift of reading nor writing, his accounts are kept by proxy, and when read to him he tests their accuracy from memory. We visited Heeron on the Thursday. There are but a few Christians at this place, and, unfortunately for those few, there is no

preacher in charge. On the second day the chapel, by far the worst I have seen, could scarce contain a half of the crowd that gathered as the Life of Christ was sketched by the aid of the pictures. The majority present were Hindus. Saturday and Sunday were spent at Mandrah.

#### GROWING INDEPENDENCE.

The Mandrah Church is to become independent at the end of the year. An earnest prayer-meeting was held on the deck of the boat on the Saturday evening, as the moon was shining clearly. The services on the Sunday were well attended. Two or three hours on Monday morning were spent at Pakor. As is so often the case where members are few and weak, there was trouble in the church which needed Mr. Spurgeon's attention. We left this place about nine o'clock, and the rest of the day was needed for our journey to Madaripore. Tuesday and Wednesday were spent at Madaripore. Arrangements were concluded by which additional land was procured for the site of the new Mission-house and compound. We safely reached Barisal on Friday evening, August 20th. All who know anything of native Indian churches must allow that there is much room in the midst of them for spiritual growth. Remembering, however, the state of heathen society from which so many of them have been brought out we may well exclaim with grateful wonder—What hath God wrought! Blessed be His Name!

R. H. TREGILLUS.

Barisal, East Bengal.

### The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

THE grateful thanks of the Committee are given to "X., Crewkerne," for a gold ring for the Congo Mission; "F. S., Hampstead," for a silver brooch, locket, and bracelet for the Congo Mission; "Forest Gate Church," for gold pearl ring, given at collection for Congo Mission; to the Rev. Richard



Richard, of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, who writes: "I enclose cheque for £4 2s. and postal order for 2s. 6d., which represent the proceeds of the sale of certain articles of jewellery which a lady entrusted to me to dispose of in the interests of our Missionary Society. I do not know the lady's name; she attended one of our services a little while ago as a perfect stranger, and was so impressed with a sermon which I preached on 'The Widow with her Two Mites,' that she brought me all her jewellery to dispose of a few days after, without leaving either name or address." To "R. D.," Penner, Newbridge, who writes: "I am very thankful and glad to be enabled to send you the enclosed Post-office order for £6 3s. 10d. from the sale of my preserves and some wool-work which I have had exquisite pleasure in doing to help on the cause of my dear Redeemer in Africa. I am wishful that £1 shall be devoted towards the sad losses at Stanley Pool Station, and £5 3s. 10d. for the Congo Mission. I feel an increasing desire that this grand work shall go forward and prosper greatly, till the knowledge of the love of Christ shall cover the whole earth; and I esteem it as a great privilege as well as duty for us, who are daily praying 'Thy kingdom come,' to labour earnestly in some way or other, to the utmost of our ability, as if it were our very own business, in order to hasten on that glorious time." "A Friend," Brighton, for necklet and locket for the Congo Mission, who writes: "These were given to me as a twenty-first birthday present by a very dear friend, and I have prized it very much, but I feel that my Father has asked for it, and I cannot keep it back; I wish I had more to send. I was delighted to see the account of the first Congo baptism in the MISSIONARY HERALD. How we ought to rejoice over the first fruits! May our Father hasten the time when the small one shall become a strong nation." To the Rev. Richard Glover, who writes under date of September 20th: "Yesterday an aged man came into my vestry, declining to give his name or even tell me whether he belonged to Bristol, who, having said he understood I was a member of the Missionary Committee, wished to send a gift to its funds. He gave me in cash £150. You are requested to insert acknowledgment of the same in next HERALD thus: T. T., per Rev. Richard Glover, for India, £100; for Congo, £50." To Mr. and Mrs. Gray, of Edinburgh, for several small articles, wedding presents, to be sold, and the proceeds placed to the Debt Liquidation Fund. "An Old Soldier," for an old coin for the China Mission. "A Governess," for a silver locket for the Indian Mission. "A Watercress Seller," for a silver spoon for the Congo Mission, left her as a legacy by her grandmother. Very grateful thanks are also given to the following friends for most welcome and timely contributions:—Mr. T. M. Russell, per Rev. J. Stephens, M.A., £200; T. T. R., £70; A Friend, £50; Matthew vi. 1-4, for *Support of Congo Missionary* (half year), £60; Mr. W. C. Houghton (*Congo*, £10), £15; Mr. J. T. G. Dodd (*Congo*, £5), £10; Bootleite, for *Congo*, £10; Mr. Ed. Bennett, Bury, £10. For *Debt*: Mr. Crew, Bristol, £50; Mrs. Barran Leeds, £25; Mrs. Gurney, £20; Mrs. J. Benham, £10; Mr. W. J. Benham, B.A. £10; A Friend of Missions in Westmoreland, £10 10s.; A Friend, H. R., £10; Northampton, College Street, £16 14s. 2d.

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## Acknowledgments.

THE Committee gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following gifts :—  
 Messrs. Sutton & Sons, of Reading, for a box of seeds for the Rev. W. H. Bentley, of the Congo Mission; Erskine Beveridge, Esq., of Dunfermline, for two cases of medicines for Youhannah el Karey, of Nablous, Palestine; "A Friend," Sheffield, for a parcel of cutlery for the Rev. Robert Spurgeon, of Barisal; Mr. Bloomfield, of Maidenhead, for a clock and pictures for the Rev. R. Spurgeon, of Barisal; Mrs. Hunt, of Bournemouth, for a parcel for Rev. T. J. Comber, of the Congo River; the members of the "Greenfield Missionary Sewing Meeting," Llanelly, for a parcel of clothing for the Congo Mission, per Mrs. Thomas, of Wellfield House; also for the sum of four shillings, sent "in memory of a beloved Sunday-school scholar," by Mrs. Thomas, of Wellfield House.

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## Recent Intelligence.

GOOD tidings have been received from the Congo Mission party, now on the way to Africa, from St. Vincent. Mrs. Bentley writes :—

"We have had so far a beautiful passage, and most of our party have borne it well."

Mr. H. Ross Phillips reports :—

"We greatly rejoice to feel that at last we are now really on our way to the Congo, and we are looking forward with bright hopefulness to the future. Brethren Shindler, Graham, and Darby are all well; so is our dear leader, Mr. Bentley."

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The Rev. Timothy and Mrs. Richard, the Misses Corpe, Maitland, and Weedon, and Messrs. Nickalls and Farthing, embarked at Marseilles, on the 12th of last month, for Shanghai, in the French mail-steamer *Oxus*. Will our readers specially remember these friends at the throne of grace?

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The following letter from Miss Pewtress refers to the Congo Mission Quilt :—

"Your readers will doubtless be glad to know that the 'Quilt' noticed in the last *HERALD* has made good progress. The applications for squares have already exceeded 1,200. The greater part of these have been distributed in about a dozen churches only, but Mr. Comber must have friends scattered through hundreds of our churches whose attention has not yet been directed to this movement.

"If the secretaries of the missionary working parties in every church would introduce the idea at their meetings, or the teachers of senior classes to their members, a real enthusiasm would be quickly stirred, and a noble result achieved bringing substantial help to the Mission Fund, while the whole cost will be borne by a few friends, and every shilling contributed will find its due acknowledgment by the contributor's own initials appearing in the quilt itself, or in one of the quilts which the great number of squares may render it necessary to make up.

"I shall be glad to correspond with any ladies who are willing to forward the movement in their own locality."

The author of the deeply-interesting sketch, entitled "Our Foreign Mission Work," with a view to further the interests of the Society, authorises us to say that he is prepared to offer a copy of this work for any Sunday-school library for the cost of the postage only—viz., twopence. Applications should be made direct to the publishers, Messrs. Alexander & Shephard, 21, Furnival Street, Holborn, London.

We hope next month to publish, in the HERALD, the various papers to be considered at the approaching Missionary Conference, in connection with the Autumnal Missionary Meetings in Bristol, on Tuesday, the 5th inst. In the meantime, we beg the prayers of our readers on behalf of these gatherings, that they may be marked by special blessing, and be memorable as a fresh starting-point for increased consecration and more earnest effort.

We are glad to announce the arrival in England of the Rev. A. Papengouth, of Jacmel, Hayti. Mr. Papengouth is in somewhat broken health, but it is hoped that a season of rest and change may speedily restore him to strength. He is at present staying in Naples on a visit to Count Papengouth, his father.

In connection with the Missionary services to be held in Bristol, we are glad to announce that at three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 6th inst., there will be a meeting in connection with the Ladies' Zenana Mission in Old King Street Chapel. Chairman: Howard Bowser, Esq., of Glasgow. Speakers: Mrs. Ellis, of Calcutta; Mrs. Campagnac, of Bristol; Miss Compston and Miss Toone shortly leaving for Zenana work; and Rev. C. W. Skemp, of Bradford. A collection will be made on behalf of the Zenana Mission. Also, on Thursday afternoon at 3.30, there will be a Ladies' Conference on Zenana Mission Work in the Lecture Hall of Tyndale Chapel, to which all ladies visiting Bristol are cordially invited. Tea will be provided.

## Contributions

*From 16th August to 15th September, 1886.*

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*.

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Matthew vi. 1-4, for		Butcher, Miss, Black-
Congo		head
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Wimbledon .....	4 6 6

**SUSSEX.**

Worthing Sun. Sch. ... ..	3 0 0
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**WOBCESTERSHIRE.**

Evesham .....	6 4 4
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**YORKSHIRE.**

Armley Sun. Sch. ....	0 12 6
Farsley, for Debt .....	2 16 0
Harrogate .....	23 6 7
Leeds, South Parade ... ..	18 11 10
Mirfield .....	0 8 5

**NORTH WALES.**

**ANGLESEA.**

Holyhead, for Palestine .....	0 10
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**SOUTH WALES.**

**GLAMORGANSHIRE.**

Aberdare, Gadlys .....	6 11 0
Ferndale, Bethel .....	0 18 3
Pengam, for Congo ... ..	0 12 0

**PEMBROKESHIRE.**

Broadhaven .....	3 0 0
Penybryn .....	4 12 0

**SCOTLAND.**

Glasgow Auxiliary, for Italian Mission .....	25 0 0
Do., Adelaide Pl. ....	25 0 0
Granttown .....	1 16 0

**FOREIGN.**

Netherlands .....	2 0 0
Jamaica B. M. S., for West Africa .....	50 0 0
Do., for Congo .....	50 0 0

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