

[ THE MISSIONARY HERALD,  
OCTOBER 1, 1887.



W. H. BENTLEY (Congo).  
F. D. WALDOCK (Ceylon).

T. RICHARD (China).  
G. H. ROUSE (India).

(See page 366.)

# THE MISSIONARY HERALD

OF THE

## Baptist Missionary Society.

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### The Congo Mission.

REPORT OF MISSIONARY ITINERARY SOUTH AND EAST OF  
STANLEY POOL.

BY THE REV. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY.

**T**HE following interesting report has been received from the Rev. W. Holman Bentley, dated Stanley Pool, June 30th:—

“After finishing my dictionary and grammar work, I felt out of sorts, and wanted a change, so I started on a missionary tour south and east of Stanley Pool.

“Before I went home such a trip would not have been possible, while of late there has been so much change and hard work here, and when the *Peace* was away only one at the station, so the itineration was not practicable. These difficulties are now removed, and the people have become used to hearing of white men, so a fitting time had arrived.

“LEMBA.

“The first town visited was Lemba, where resides Makoko, one of the most important chiefs of the neighbourhood. The road was perfectly flat

for nearly six miles, the greater part being the whitest of silver sand, sparsely covered with grass and a few bushes. Makoko was very cordial, and wanted to know why it had been so long before we paid him a visit. I soon explained that, however.

“I had been very curious as to what sort of man this great chief might be, and the town of which I had so often heard.

“MAKOKO.

“Rounding the side of a house, I came in sight of a man sitting on a mat on the ground, a log of wood before him. The guide told me that he was Makoko. We smiled and shook hands. I sat down in the shade near to him, and managed the first compliments. The hair of his head had been clean

shaved four or five days previously, and had slightly grown since. On his head a small, dirty skull-cap of pine-apple fibre, edged with a strip of red list. His face had been anointed a day or two before with palm oil, then sprinkled with powdered camwood, and after this, splashed with water. He appeared as if his face had been greased and then exposed to charcoal dust from the funnel of an engine. His dark-blue loin-cloth was very dusty. Altogether, royalty was not very impressive. He did not know that I was coming. All natives are obliged to clean shave their hair every now and then. The unction on his face is the highest fashion of the country; the dirty cap the sign of his rank, and worn daily. The dirty sand in the towns soon makes everything dusty. No chief always reclines on his leopard skins, so that, after all, the first hasty conclusions may be scarcely fair; but there is the picture of many a great chief as you catch him in undress. Very often the undress is more worthy than the grotesque splendours which appear on State occasions.

"For the last half hour I had been feeling very unwell; my eyes burning and slight head-ache warned me of fever. I almost hesitate to mention this, though, for you hear too much of fevers. Still I need scarcely make a secret of it, for seldom have I been ill on a journey. Only three or four times can I recall a fever when travelling; all cannot speak of such freedom. All necessary medicines were with me. I lay down for an hour in the house lent to me, but the people wanted to see me, and grumbled at my seclusion. Although I felt unwell, I got up and walked round the town with the chief's son and some other lads. It is large for an African town, and is composed of a number of clusters of houses,

separated by a few yards of jungle. The chief's enclosure, for instance, consists of twelve or thirteen houses radiating from the centre of a clear circular court about twenty yards across; one house being larger than the rest. He used to have fifteen wives, but three are dead; he, however, seriously thinks of bringing up the establishment to the original number. His children have been sixteen sons and two daughters. The town is composed of such clusters, ranging from four to eight houses each. I passed through a great number of these groups of houses. In one of the first, the people felt awkward and did not know what to do or say. A little boy was very frightened, so I sat down near to his father to soothe these fears, and we were soon chatting together as best we could. The people are Bambunu, and their language differs a good deal from Congo; but many Congo traders go to the town, so that simple matters are fairly understood. After a little we resumed our tour of the town. As we neared one compound the head of the household called out that he knew nothing of my business, so the boys who were piloting me about said: 'Let us go away, he does not want you.'

"Some conservative souls think that the advent of white men is an unmixed evil. Without a word, I followed the boys elsewhere. No one else was in any way discourteous; most were very pleased at the visit.

#### "OLD FRIENDS.

"While wandering in the town a boy came smiling up, 'Do not know me Ngélese (English).' I could see some familiar features in the face, but it was fully three years since I had seen him. 'I remember you, but what is your name?' 'Manjele. Do you not remember, I used to teach you Kiteke





at Kintambu?' Then I recollected the boy who used to hobble up the hill with his bejiggered toes, and give me words. Manjele joined my pilots, and soon an old mate was coming towards us. 'Mpeo!' shouted Manjele, 'here's Bendele.' Mpeo asked if I knew him. I remembered the face, and of course knew his name, for it had just been mentioned. He was delighted at the recognition. The old friendships with these boys will not be forgotten by them, and will always give us a special influence over them.

"On returning we found that three fowls had been bought. We had tried in the town, but prices were too high; they were not satisfactory either in the case of those bought. The chief's son interfered and got back three brass rods, and gave one to the seller of one fowl which was too cheaply sold.

"Such interference indicated a very kindly and just feeling.

"I was now in a fairly high fever, so was glad to get into the house and lie down again. My fevers run such a simple course, that I did not fear any evil result from walking into the town.

"Very soon after I lay down, the chief came in to see me, bringing a calabash of palm wine, and a lot of friends and retainers who filled the house. I declined to drink, but it was all with such good intent that I would not ask them to go. They honoured me in what is considered a most proper style. Had I cleared them out, they would have considered me proud and ungracious, and much harm would have been done.

"Makoko makes quite a State ceremony of drinking palm wine. First, he rubbed his finger on the ground and made a dusty line round his waist, then from his throat to the line, took off his girdle to which his knife was attached (a wise precaution before incurring any

risk of drunkenness). As he raised the cup to his lips, a man sang an ode fitting to the occasion, Makoko occasionally suggesting themes to be brought into the song.

"Each time he partook of the wine, which was rather frequently, some one sang a song.

#### "MRS. MAKOKO.

"Mrs. Makoko was by his side, and when her turn came to drink no one paid much attention, so Makoko asked whether they did not sing whilst mamma was drinking. At once a song was started. The calabash contained a good quantity, and we chatted between times, Makoko resting his back against my travelling bed. Sometimes he felt my hot hand to see if the fire in my body was lessening. He suggested that when he was gone I should have a wash in cold water to cool me. When they did go, I found that my temperature was not much above normal, so I took a good dose of quinine and arranged things for the night.

"The next morning there was no fever, but I felt just a little bit shaky.

"Makoko was glad to find my hand cool.

"There was no arranging any service. The people had never heard of such a thing as massing themselves to listen to the Lord's palaver; I did not even try. Anything like that takes time, and much greater intimacy than one journey could bring about. Instead I tried to find opportunities for talk, and five or six times during the day I talked to Makoko and those who were about. Most of the talk in broken Congo, interspersed with Kiteke; and when that failed, I appealed to the interpreter. I was thus able to give Makoko a good idea of our errand and the blessed message we brought. He hoped that we should soon come again, and I told

Makoko to expect my brethren before long, and many visits. I was going up the river, but should not like to have gone without visiting him.

"Makoko had visited San Salvador, and stayed with the King a long time ago.

"The interpreter and guide was Masanda, a Muteke from Kinshasa, who has been for some time in the employment of our friend and neighbour, Mr. A. Greschoff, of the Dutch Trading Company. He willingly lent me his man, who knows the country well and speaks good Congo. Masanda persuaded me to extend my journey, and to visit Nga Nkari, a great chief of the Bamfunu, who live east of Nkari, Stanley Pool. Their tattoo is like that of the Bateke, the face being scored with fine cicatrices about one-eighth of an inch apart. He assured me that the town would not be more than two good days from Lemba.

#### "JIDI TOWN.

"Accordingly, on Monday morning I sent a message to Arthington, and started again on the extended journey. Down a long steady slope and across the plain eastward for one hundred minutes brought us to the Jidi River. Beside it was the town of Jidi, Ngwa Lulala's. A number of Bayansi traders from the Upper River ascend the river so far to trade with Lemba people, and the Bakongo come there to buy from them and carry to the coast. We did not enter the town, but passed on to two Bayansi colonies, a little lower down. The first lot were agreeable, but the second asked us not to go on to them, but to ferry where we were. Bakuti, the chief, is a huge fellow, over six feet high, and thick-set even out of proportion to his height, his face marked with small-pox. I had often seen him at Kinshasa. The river was fifty yards

wide and four feet deep, and a swift current and sandy bottom. We must have been four or five miles from its mouth. Some of the men waded, but I crossed by canoe. Two miles further on we crossed a very small stream, and entered Kimbangu. This little stream, a yard or two wide, affords a navigable waterway from Stanley Pool to Kimbangu, a distance of about three miles. The Bayansi push their canoes along through the grass, which almost meets over it, and they muster in good numbers at Kimbangu. The chief, Mongadi, is a Mumbunu; he was pleased to be thus visited, and was very agreeable. I took lunch in the town, and walked about to see the people. There were swarms of children, many of whom were slaves.

#### "DR. MACLAREN.

"It was a large town, but I did not feel sure as to the distance to be traversed, so pushed on five and a half miles further to Mikunga. The chief was away selling ivory, and no one knew what to do, or cared to talk, so I took up the last *Baptist Magazine* and read. Two or three wanted to see the book, so I showed them the portrait of Dr. Maclaren. They were greatly astonished; it looked like a real face, but yet it was a book. Others came, and we very soon were on a pleasanter footing. There were a good number of the Bayansi there. The houses of their colony crowded together at the head of a little creek, which affords a waterway through the grass from Stanley Pool.

"These Bayansi come down in such numbers from the Upper River that they become a very important factor in the population of all the Pool-side towns. 'Cute traders, brave, hardy, and enterprising, they are likely, before long, to become masters of the situation about here

"As it is, they have it much their own way now. If they cannot get their debts paid, they seize any one in the town, whether interested in the matter or not, and hold him as a hostage. They will even do this in the great town of Kinshasa itself. No town cares to quarrel with them, for they want them to bring their ivory there; and everyone fears them, they are so courageous in a fight. These are the kind of folk at Lukolela, where our brethren Richards and Darby are working. They found colonies at any point where there is a chance of doing any trade.

"Mikunga is a large township. We stayed at the Mmbanza, or chief town, and secured the chief of one of the small towns as guide for the next stage.

#### "BAMFUNU.

"Our road led us inland eastward. After two hours we came to a place to which, our guide told us, Nga Nkari comes every three years to receive tribute from all the towns on that side of the Jidi, including Kimbangu and Mikunga and some distance inland. A little further on we came to the first town of the Bamfunu. Here the people, language, houses, and style of life had all changed—quiet folk living in small villages scattered widely apart among the hills. The guides told us that there is not much water ahead. At 4.30 we emerge from a forest, and I got on to Masanda's back to pass a stream called Mpieme (pipeclay). After a step or two he went up to his knees in soft pipeclay; he floundered about and went deeper. I managed to get off on to a stick and thence to some grass, and, treading down the grass, passed safely. This stream came from a gorge in the hills to our right. 'Hill' is, however, a misnomer, for the main level of the

country is more than 1,000 feet above the Pool, and what appear as hills are escarpments of the ancient plateau. The rock is very soft white sandstone, composed of silver sand cemented with pipeclay. In some places the sandstone is hard and even quartzitic. The streams issuing from the base of the escarpment have cut gorges in several places, showing 100 or 200 feet of white precipice gleaming from the dense forest which otherwise clothes the steep slopes. Where no such springs exist the surface is covered with grass.

"I did not believe the guide's story of no water; so often—indeed, invariably—have we proved such an excuse false. After half-an-hour we came to the ascent to the plateau level, a final climb of 500 feet. Again the guide insisted that there was no water ahead. 'But there are towns you speak of—Bwende, &c.?' 'Yes, but the people have to go miles for water.' I remembered the stories of waterless tracts of country on the opposite side of the Pool, and began to fear that it might be true; so after further cross-examination, I determined to sleep in the little copse beside us.

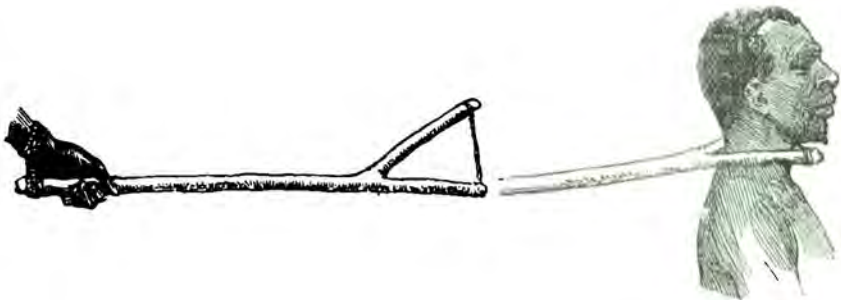
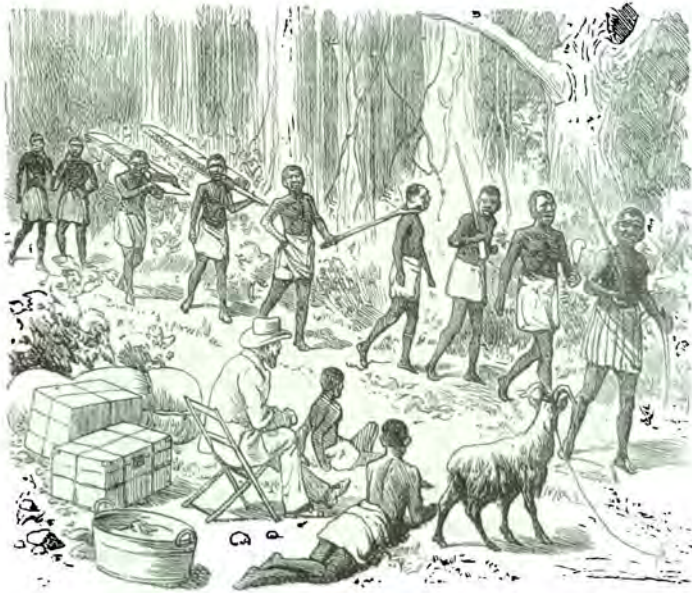
"Two men fetched water from Mpieme, half-an-hour distant (the water clear and bright). Presently some Bamfunu came down the hill. They were coming from Nga Nkari's, and were conducting a man, whose neck was fast in a forked stick, the end of which was attached to the wrist of his leader.

"It was the first time I had seen the 'fork' used. I first felt sick at the sight, then angry, then asked—'Why, what were they going to do with the man?' They said that some people in one of the quiet little towns recently passed had captured one of Nga Nkari's people. They retaliated by catching another man of that town, and now



they were going to exchange captives, and so settle the palaver. It was not so bad, then, after all. When the leader of the party learned that we were going to Nga Nkari, he was pleased, for Nga Nkari wanted much to see a white man. He said that

The captive was in a hurry to get home. Climbing the hill next morning, we crossed the plateau for two and a half hours without a sight of water, or a likely place for it even, the level of underground springs being five hundred feet below us at least.



without a guide we should miss the road, and certainly be unable to cross the Ntsele River. If we would give five brass rods to the other folk, he would stay and return with us. This cheap bargain was agreed to, and he slept with us, while the others went on.

#### "BWEDE.

"From the point reached we could see Bwende, and our guide indicated the road to the spring whence the townfolk obtained water—nearly an hour's walk each way! After crossing a deep valley we reached Bwende, a

small village in a dense forest. I had an aneroid barometer, and was taking register of altitudes, as well as careful bearings of important points. From Bwende the road wound about on the edge of the forest for a while, then we entered it and descended a strange ridge, on either side almost too steep to climb, densely wooded; the ridge down which our path lay often not more than 10 feet wide, sometimes less. Forest everywhere; what we could be coming to it was impossible to tell. The ridge led us up a little to the summit of another descent. Trees had fallen across the path, and sometimes the men had to put their loads on the ground, crawl under a tree and drag their load after them, the undergrowth being too thick to allow us to pass round the obstacle. Presently we came to daylight, and emerged on a narrow ridge. On one side a steep forest slope, on the other a grand sight—a gorge 900 feet deep, and half a mile wide, extending far into the plateau; the blackest forest everywhere in it and on its sides, except a cliff of gleaming white sand of about 200 feet in height, commencing from about 500 feet up. In front lay the beautiful valley of the Ntsele, flanked on either side by the plateau, 1,100 feet above the river. On the opposite plateau was Nga Nkari's; much forest everywhere. Behind we saw Bwende village perched on the edge of a precipice almost perpendicularly over the cañon.

#### “THE RIVER

“The Ntsele valley is about five miles wide, 1,100 feet deep. The river, a swift stream, about 30 yards wide, no sounding at 6 feet.

“The bridge consisted of a rope of liana from one side to an overhanging tree; two others suspended one above the other and connected with the under-

most by a web of lianas. To cross it the passenger faced the web and clung to it, progressing sideways. The loads had to be unpacked, and our worthy guide tied the most awkward things on his back—as a mother does her child—and so things were passed over. When I crossed I was knee-deep in the swift water, feeling my way carefully along the rope.

“The ascent to the opposite plateau occupied an hour and a quarter, a very steep climb. The slopes on both sides were cleared in many places, plantations of Indian corn and manioc of hundreds of acres. On the Kwangu River we often wondered at the enormous plantations made by these people. The plateau near Nga Nkari's is not broken by gorges, and stretches eastward far away beyond the horizon. After flanking the valley for an hour, we drew near to the town. Our Mumfunu guide had hastened on ahead. Presently the Kimbangu man said that we must wait for a favourable word from the town before proceeding further.

“This augured trouble ahead, and made me a bit apprehensive, for a like proceeding was the beginning of our serious danger at Kinshasa in 1881. I insisted on not stopping. The third time the fellow refused to go on, and went aside into the grass. Our interpreter advised me not to wait. Presently the fellow came running after us, one eye being smeared with indigo blue. He had a ball of washing blue among his charms, and did not like to enter the town without making himself a bit hideous. Another piece of nonsense he tried—to make both the interpreter and me open our umbrellas. I refused to carry mine even; he opened his. In the town I made him close it. He had only been trying to get up what he considered would be a display. It was a fine old town; great

trees, broad, clean paths. Soon we came to an avenue, midway in which sat a man on leopard skins with a number of people before him engaged in some palaver. We passed him and went on to his compound without speaking.

“NGA NKARI.

“Nga Nkari soon rose from the palaver and came near us. His two beautiful leopard skins were spread, everyone sat on the ground, and, when all was still, Nga Nkari sat down. Then a long awkward pause. Someone came and shook hands. Others followed suit. Then the heir-apparent, having a broad stripe of yellow ochre down his forehead. Then Nga Nkari rose and came forward, and I stood up to shake hands with him. He was a little nervous, his hands trembled. After this we took our seats and examined each other. He is a tall, well-made man; a long face, grey hair, wearing a good cloth edged with red list, of a dignified bearing; a more chieflike man is not often met with.

“After arranging about a house, he came to chat, and again after dinner. For the last two days we were in country where no white man had ever been, so that everything about me was wonderful—matches, a candle, the fire that burnt and burnt without consuming its fuel. ‘What oil; what is it?’ ‘Palm oil.’ They looked at each other as much as to say, ‘He does not like to tell us, and so says that it is palm oil; we know it cannot be that. Perhaps it is human fat. Who knows what these dreadful white men do!’ We are believed to be cannibals by many folk. They would watch a candle burning by the hour together; to them it was a miracle of nature. My compass, watch, boots, clothes, blankets; in fact, everything. The

next day I walked about the town, but could not talk to the people, or they understand me. I learned that they have communications with the Kwangu River and with the Bakundi people. The road was that by which I entered the town. The people have no markets, and there is not much trade and inter-communication in consequence, due also, I fear, to mutual distrust and greed. I should think, though, that these Bamfunu are the material for a fine people in the future.

“I could not do much talking, for the interpreter only spoke Kiteke. I tried several times to get them to understand something more fully about us and our message; but the uninterested look and inattention showed that little was fully understood.

“However, we made friends, liked each other. They showed their town, explained the weaving of mats and their own wonders to me. Nga Nkari wanted me to stop, for there was no beer ready. I did not want beer, nor could I stay. They evidently intended to have their beer notwithstanding, for they fetched a great basket of malted maize from the house; and in the afternoon ten women ranged themselves beside a long trough, and pounded it with pestles six feet long, laughing and chatting, singing and dancing, some with the baby tied behind them, shaken and shocked by every blow of the pestle; none the worse for it though.

“Two women sifted the malt meal by pouring it in a heap, and taking away the large pieces which rolled farthest away from the centre. Next day the brew, and then a carousal.

“Most people had something to do: basket making, mat weaving, cane splitting, house repairs, hoe handles, hair trimming, gun cleaning, baby to nurse; the boys rat hunting, making and setting traps, making string; girls

helping their mothers. A very quiet, simple life ; but still, like other men, underneath the peaceful exterior the hard, cruel, selfish heart; the unrenewed nature ; the same need of a Saviour.

#### "A ROYAL VISIT.

"In the evening, when all was quiet, Nga Nkari and two of his wives paid me a visit. He was very anxious that all the great presents which I should surely make should not be given in public : every one would want a share in the spoil. He had given a goat, and would actually be out of pocket.

"I explained that we had other aims and duties beside the distribution of untold quantities of cloth, and did not like the secret business he asked for. Would I let him see the present, and he would know what to suggest. I strongly objected to this ; but he was most urgent, and spoke of his difficulties and dangers. The interpreter pleaded, and I sent him out. Alone with Masanda I discussed the imprudence of so doing, but he urged me strongly, and I yielded. Nga Nkari was pleased, but he wanted more, wished one piece reserved, and there was much talk.

"In the morning the goat had been changed, and a small, wretched little beast stood in its place.

"I called Masanda and told him that I should return his goat, and the fine capons too, and should not give a present. The chief explained that the man from whom he obtained the goat was demanding an exorbitant price, since it was going to a white man. He had given, therefore, a goat of his own. I pitied him in his difficulty, but persisted in refusing the small goat. He then exchanged it for a fine goat.

"Then the presentation. He wished all the cloth to be given together ; after all, wanted more, and begged. The dignity and propriety were gone when

greed was aroused. I had to remember those who should come after me, our brethren of Bishop Taylor's Mission ; so seeing that I had done what was fair and generous, I suggested that he would not like me to tell the white men at the Pool all about Nga Nkari's meanness, and what he wanted in return for his goat. This appeal to his *amour propre* succeeded at once, and he was content, and wished me to speak well of him ; so we parted good friends, and he hoping to receive another visit soon.

"Poor man, he had a difficult game to play. Great chief though he was, he had his parasites—strong friends with whom it was necessary to keep on good terms, greedy, slanderous, with evil tongues, good as friends, bad as enemies. Very likely a pretty squabble as soon as I was out of the way.

"Certainly he is a great and powerful chief, very well disposed. With all his weaknesses, I like Nga Nkari. He would greatly like to have a mission in his town.

"The road descended at once from the plateau into the Ntsele Valley, and a march of about nineteen miles N.W. by N, (cor.) brought us to Kimpoko. We saw no towns in the Ntsele Valley ; all are on the plateau, where plenty of water is found. Below game tracks were plentiful. There must be many elephants and buffaloes in the valley.

"At Kimpoko the brethren of the American Episcopal Mission received me very kindly. There are there at present Mr. and Mrs. Elkins, Messrs. Teters and Shoreland, Dr. Harrison and Mr. Burr. Two of these brethren are destined for the Kasai.

#### "THE RETURN.

"From Kimpoko I took canoe home, having been absent eight days, and travelled overland about seventy miles.

"The journey has been very interesting. Valuable information has been obtained as to populations, languages, tribes; above all, friendships have been made, and the Gospel has in some small measure been published—very small perhaps; but it is not possible to do much the first time among strange people and languages. A good knowledge of the country is gained, and we can make our plans.

"The population in the country of the Bambunu is fairly dense for these parts of Africa. Plenty of towns are within easy distance of Lemba. Indeed, our station at Arthington has about it as large a population as any of our stations, and within as easy reach.

"The Bamfunu are beyond the valley of the Ntsele, and we had better direct our attention at first to the Bateke and Bambunu, who are so very much more numerous and near at hand. Two languages, besides Congo, are quite enough for the brethren here to manage at once, and there is ample scope for

their energies, Kimbunu being an important language.

"The Bamfunu afford a good field for our Kimpoko brethren, since they are living among them.

"Lemba and Kimbangu will be points from which to start for the Bambunu while there, and at the other waterside towns are great numbers of Bateke and Bayansi.

"We trust that Mr. Biggs is permanently fixed at Arthington, and Mr. Philip Davies will be his colleague for a time. It is a fine field for work; but here, as at all our stations, there must be more itineration, and wide and constant sowing of the seed. For this there must be a sufficient staff and permanent settlement at a place.

"I have thus endeavoured to give some description of the people about here and of their home life.

"Yours very sincerely,

"W. HOLMAN BENTLEY.

"A. H. Baynes, Esq."

## Faithful unto Death.

THE Rev. J. Ewen, of Benares, sends the following letter:—

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—In the Ninety-fifth Annual Report I find you have given an extract from my last year's report, which records the conversion of a Mohammedan pilgrim on his way to Mecca. You will doubtless be interested to know the end of the story. I finished the narrative by saying: 'He is now, I rejoice to say, joyously trusting in Jesus; a pilgrim to the better land.' When I wrote these words I had no idea his pilgrimage was so near its end. He, himself, however, had a strange presentiment that his days on earth were being rapidly told, and that he would

soon have to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. I was in favour of delay in regard to his baptism. He was all urgency, on the ground of this presentiment. 'I wish,' he said, 'to confess my Redeemer before I am called hence. I feel I have not long to live.' So urgent was he that I consented, although, of course, I did not in any way share his feeling. A quiet, unassuming man, he soon won a place for himself in the estimation of the neighbours and in the hearts of the boys he was appointed to teach. All went well till the outbreak of cholera in March

of which I have already told you. It raged with merciless severity for more than a month, carrying away in the earlier days of the outbreak over a hundred victims per diem. There was no time to burn them; the features were merely charred, the skull broken, and the loathsome, plague-spreading remains consigned to the purifying waters of the holy Ganges. At the new bridge works they were pushing off, I believe, about from fifty to seventy putrefying corpses daily. In going from house to house our brother contracted the fell disease. Joshua, who was the means, under God, of his conversion, did everything in his power to alleviate his sufferings, and at great personal risk, for no one would share his labours for hire. For myself, I was prohibited by medical orders from venturing into danger, as I have not yet thrown off the effects of the attack from which I suffered over two years ago.

"I did go to see him, however. When I reached his house he was in a semi-conscious state. Joshua tried to rouse him, and asked: 'Do you recognise who this is?' He did not recognise me. He raised his head slightly, looked vacantly round for a moment, then a gleam of intelligence crossed his features. It was the outward expression of a holy, comfort-

ing thought, ministered to him by the Holy Ghost in his hour of trial and suffering, and a rebuke to those who are ever sneering at our Indian Christians, and never see in them anything but the most consummate hypocrites. Slowly his parched, bloodless lips opened, and a faint voice whispered, loud enough for us all to hear: 'Jesus. It is all right with Jesus. He is my Saviour.' The head sunk back, the light faded from the eyes, while the exhausted body quivered under the momentary excitement. They would have roused him again had I not said: 'Let him rest.' The sleep of death had begun. Eternal rest had commenced to steal upon him at last. The pilgrimage was ended, his brief but faithful labours a thing of the past. I left them ministering to him to see him no more. My next melancholy task was to commit his dust to the earth in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection. Such is the end of the story, itself so full of brevity. I give it, as I feel sure those who read the beginning in the May HERALD will find a melancholy interest in the end.

"I am,

"Sincerely yours,

"J. EWEN.

"Baptist Mission, Benares."

## A Missionary Group.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

WE are glad to present our readers with excellent likenesses of four of our missionaries, all well known and much esteemed:—The Rev.

F. D. Waldoek, of Ceylon; the Rev. Timothy Richard, of China; the Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A., of Calcutta; and the Rev. W. Holman Bentley, of Stanley Pool, Congo River.



## Cheering Tidings from Backergunge.

**T**HE Rev. John G. Kerry, of Barisal, reports the following incidents:—

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—While thinking over the work of the past cold season, I have been struck with the many cheering incidents that have occurred—incidents which help to show the influence that Christ and His Gospel are having upon the people of this land. I have been much encouraged by them, and believe that a glorious day is soon coming.

### “A POLICE INSPECTOR.

“Many of the educated Baboos, though they do not openly profess themselves Christians, yet in many ways show their sympathy by helping us in our work. One day when I was speaking in the Bauphal Bazaar, a police inspector stood and listened very attentively. When I had finished, he began to help me in the sale of the books I had with me, and proved a very efficient salesman. Knowing the people well, he called those who could read by name, and with a little explanation and encouragement, persuaded them each to purchase a copy of the Gospel. In this way we sold seventeen or eighteen books. This Baboo had been educated at one of the Calcutta Missionary Colleges.

### “AN ILLITERATE MOHAMMEDAN.

“Eight or nine years ago, all books and tracts used to be given away, and it was difficult to get the people to take them; now we sell the books, and the demand very often exceeds the supply. At a market called Kaloia, Mr. Anderson and I in one day sold from three hundred and fifty to four hundred books. Among the purchasers was a Mohammedan, who could neither read nor write. Seeing another man hesitate

about buying, he stepped forward, and, paying down the price for five books, handed them over to his co-religionist, saying, ‘What the Sahib has told us is good; and though I cannot read myself, still I would like all who can to know more about what the Sahib has spoken. At this same market there were some people called Bebjiyas, or gipsies, who bought about fifty books, with the intention, they said, of selling again. Not a very noble motive certainly, but in this way the Gospel will be carried to places which we cannot reach.

### “THE BRAHMIN LANDLORD.

“When I was at Morakati, a short time ago, I was visited by a Brahmin, from whom we rent some land in that place. We conversed on many matters in a friendly way. In course of conversation, I asked him what he thought of “widow re-marriage.” He answered that, though the Hindu Shastras forbade it, yet he felt it to be the right thing. He further said that petitions had been forwarded to the Queen-Empress to beg her to pass a law commanding widow re-marriage, and that if such a law were passed the people would willingly obey it. Not only so, but they would also be glad of laws forbidding polygamy amongst Kulin Brahmins and the sale of brides. ‘Among Christians you have none of these evils,’ was his closing remark about the matter. ‘People are losing faith in Hinduism.’ ‘They do not support their spiritual leaders as they once did.’ ‘I can hardly make both ends meet now,’ was the complaint of my visitor. Does not all this show how the leaven of Christianity is gradually leavening the whole lump?

"Another noticeable fact is that many of the most influential Brahmins, the Pundits of the religion, are going about the country lecturing, in the hope of propping up the crumbling ruins of their faith. The teaching of their books, which they used to take literally, they now take spiritually. Formerly they used to teach that the idols worshipped were parts of God; therefore, to worship them would be the same as if they worshipped God. Now they teach that these idols are no gods at all, but being forms on which one can fix one's attention, they are aids to the worship of God.

#### "GOVERNMENT SCHOOLBOYS.

"The last fact I would mention is the readiness with which the schoolboys in the district come to us for a talk about Christ and Christianity. A class of ten of them meets Mr. Herbert Anderson four times every week. Two of these

lads come to see me regularly. They profess themselves believers in Jesus, but, being under age, they are unable to confess Him openly. They have often walked down to the bazaar with me and induced their school-fellows to buy books. On one or two occasions they have helped me to distribute tracts. A few days ago I went to the home of one of them at Basenda, and was introduced by him to the village school, when I obtained the opportunity of speaking to the boys and their masters.

"These are but a few of the many incidents which have cheered me in my work during the past four months. 'Are not the fields white already to harvest?' I pray that we may not be short-handed when the Master gives the command to gather it in.

"JOHN G. KERRY.

"A. H. Baynes, Esq."

## Aggressive Work in Dacca.

THE Rev. T. H. Barnett, of Dacca, sends the following account of a Christian Sankirtton in Dacca:—

"Dacca, August 11th, 1887.

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—For the first time, I believe, in the history of Christian work in this city, a Christian Sankirtton was held here on the 16th and 17th of July—that is to say, the native Christians have paraded the public streets, singing Christian hymns to the accompaniment of their musical instruments, pretty much as the Primitive Methodist or Salvation Army friends parade the streets in England. The idea originated with the native evangelists, and it was taken up most enthusiastically by our Christian community. Special hymns were selected, practised, and printed for the occasion.

Flags were made of scarlet cloth, bearing Christian texts in white letters.

#### "THE START.

"On the morning of July 16th we met in the chapel at 7 a.m., and held a short service of song, and sought God's blessing on the new movement. Then, leaving the chapel, we formed a procession, and slowly walked round the chapel compound, singing as we went round. There was not a little misgiving as we faced the chapel gate, and met the large crowd that had been attracted by the unusual commotion in the Baptist Mission Compound. 'How should we be received?' Would the people suffer us quietly to do our work,

or would they treat us with contempt and even molestation? These were the questions that went round among us. Other questions there were, of which I knew nothing till the proceedings had come to an end. Some of the native Christians feared that they would be treated with ridicule and scorn for singing religious hymns with their shoes on; some thought that to keep their shoes on would be only to bring Jesus Christ into contempt; some wished to put off their shoes and go barefoot, and some did not. Hence there was a momentary disagreement, which I felt but did not understand. Had I known anything of this difficulty at the time, I think I should have solved it, under the impulse of the moment, by loosing my own shoes. But not knowing anything about it, and seeing that hesitancy in the face of the crowd would prove fatal to our enterprise, I gave the word for a forward move, and then, with the beating of gongs and drums, the clashing of cymbals, the waving of flags, we passed through the chapel-gate into the public street, the native Christians singing a hymn, in the highest possible notes, the drift of which was this, 'O brothers! No one but the Lord Jesus Christ can save you from sin, and give you eternal life.' The crowd that gathered about us was very great, and, as the streets in the native part of the town are very narrow, it was with the greatest difficulty that we made our way along. The printed hymns, which had been gummed to tracts, were freely distributed—not to the boys and college youths, but to the men, many of whom wore nothing over their shoulders but the sacred thread, and who were quite as eager to get the hymns as the boys.

#### "THE SHELL BAZAR.

"Our way on the first day of the

procession lay through the Shell Bazar. You may remember this street—a long, narrow, winding, dirty lane, lined on either side by very high houses built of brick and crowded with inhabitants. It was here, Mr. Baynes, that you were interested in watching the men making bracelets and anklets and napkin-rings out of shells. It was here, too, that you were amused to see the women run away from their 'bedroom windows' the moment they saw you. I have heard Mr. Bion say that in this street he used to be threatened with a beating. Well, we passed through this street. Doors, windows, and house-tops were crowded. Everyone seemed to be delighted with the singing. It was here that a scene occurred, half sad and half amusing. Well, no. I see nothing amusing about it now. When we were in the dirtiest part of the street a woman, apparently about fifty years of age, came from her house and prostrated herself full length in the mud at our feet. When she got up and saw me in the procession she turned, and, with an expression of amazement and horror on her face, fled into her house. Coming out of the Shell Bazar, we entered Babu Bazar, one of the principal streets of the city. Near the central police-station we found the crowd so great, and the requests that we should stop there awhile so many and urgent, that we decided to stop; and here we sang and talked and distributed hymns and tracts till 10 a.m., when we had to stop and return home, according to the order of the superintendent of police.

#### "THE NEXT DAY.

"On the following morning, Sunday July 17, we met in the chapel for the usual service. At eight o'clock we began to repeat the programme of the previous day, taking a different direc-

tion. We were even more successful on this occasion than on the previous one. The people would not let us proceed. Again and again they got round us, and constrained us to sing our hymns. Scores of elderly, orthodox Brahmans stood in the crowd, beating time to the music with their heads, and some of them were heard to cry repeatedly: 'Good, good, very good!' As we proceeded on our way, I got quite accustomed to see men prostrate themselves before us. (I fancy they must have believed us to be Hindus or Brahmans.) In one instance sweetmeats were showered upon us from the portico of a Hindu's house—"a sign," said a Brahman of whom I asked the meaning of the act—"a sign that the occupant of the house blessed us." We distributed all our tracts, and then, the church clock striking ten, returned to the chapel. After the evening service, the native Christian females, desiring to hear the hymns, and no permission being required to sing on our own premises, the native brethren sang their

hymns in the chapel compound. The chapel gate was thrown open, and very soon the compound was filled by Bengalis and Mohammedans. The singing continued till 6.30, when I had to conduct the English service. Thus ended an effort to reach the people, 'the like,' said one of our oldest native Christians, 'has never before been seen in Dacca.' Let all credit be given to the native brethren who conceived and carried out the plan; who, singing continuously for two hours on Saturday morning, and again for two hours on Sunday morning, regardless of the burning July sun, and yet again for an hour on the Sunday evening, sang till they were quite hoarse. Nay, let all the honour and thanksgiving be given to Him who inspired them with the idea, whose praise we sung, and whose glory we humbly endeavoured to promote.

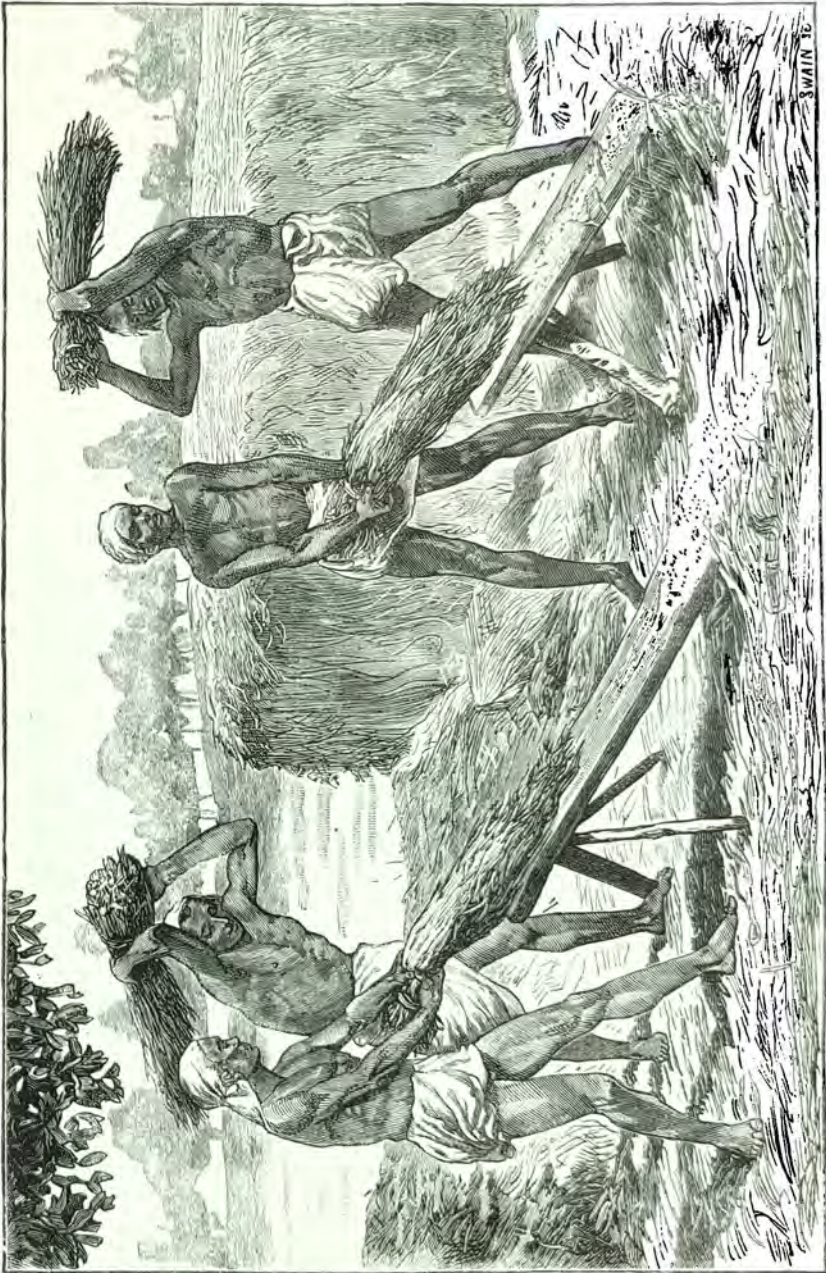
"Affectionately yours,

"T. HARRY BARNETT.

"A. H. Baynes, Esq."

## Threshing and Storing Rice in Bengal.

**I**N Bengal they adopt various means for threshing the paddy. Paddy is the name for rice before it is threshed and husked. Some of the threshing processes are very primitive. I have seen men treading it out with their feet; in other places bullocks, and even buffalos, are used for this purpose. When these animals are used, six of them are placed side by side and harnessed together, and the whole of them are driven round a pole trampling upon the paddy, which is freshly turned up after each circuit they make. But by far the most common process is shown in the accompanying illustration. Here four men are seen at work. They have before them planks which are raised the ends next to them. They take up the paddy handful by handful, and bring down the ears with all their might upon the planks. Two men work upon each plank, and time their blows so as not to interfere one with the other. About two or three blows are required to separate all the paddy from the straw. This done, they chuck



THRESHING RICE IN BENGAL.—(From a Photograph).





the straw away and take up another handful very rapidly. In view of this sort of threshing the paddy, when cut, is not tied into sheaves, but into handfuls. It is a slow and tedious process to thresh in this way. When describing to them the threshing machines we have in England, they listen with open-mouthed wonder. The growth and preparation of rice, as it is known to the English people, is an unpleasant and laborious task. The ground can only be properly cultivated when it is in a state of soft mud. It is nothing to see the ploughman with his yoke of oxen wading knee-deep in the muddy soil. The plough does not turn the soil over at all, but simply "moots" it up. When this is done sufficiently, the oxen are attached to a short ladder, which serves the purpose of harrows. This is dragged over the mud with the driver standing on the top. The effect of this harrowing is to give a flat, smooth surface to the slush. This completes the tilling process. The next thing to do is to plant the paddy. Paddy plants are brought from a seed-plot where they have been previously sown, and half a dozen to a dozen plants are pushed into the soft mud with the hand. This is repeated every foot or less until the field is finished. Water is now let into the field and kept upon it, so as not to cover the plants, in which case they would rot. Some seasons, when the rainfall is unusually heavy, the paddy gets flooded and rots under the water. Provided the paddy can keep its head above water it does not matter how high the water rises.

In about five or six months from the time of planting the paddy crop is ripe. Where the water is deep the men go out in boats and cut off the heads only, and bring them home in bundles. But where the land is dry they cut out the straw with the paddy, and tie it up in small bundles, as above described. The threshing floor is a great place of interest in rural places. It is there that the year's debts and dues are discharged. The zemindar takes a good large proportion as his rent for the land; the mahajan, or money-lender, gets a large quantity as the interest only for capital lent—he is never eager to realise his capital, as the interest is so great. The barber, doctor, schoolmaster, and washerman all come in for a share due to them for services rendered during the year, and happy is the cultivator who, after meeting all the demands made upon him, has a surplus for himself and his family during the coming year. This practice of paying in kind, though, is beginning to die out, and payments in money have to be made instead.

The other illustration with this is of a paddy storehouse, or granary. The paddy, after it is separated from the straw, having yet to undergo a tedious process before it is fit for the market, has to be stored for months, and sometimes in plentiful seasons for years. In the courtyard of nearly every

cultivator's house you may see one or more of these round beehive-like structures. They are made with straw and straw ropes. The straw is put to stand upright all round for walls, and the ropes are wound round to keep it firm, the centre being filled with paddy. When full it is thatched, and looks very much like an immense beehive. This is the kind of granary used for storing paddy. It is called golaghor, or the round house.

Before the paddy becomes rice it has yet to undergo boiling, drying, and pounding. The whole of this labour is expended upon it in order to get the husks off. The paddy, in shape and colour, is very much like English barley, and has a thick rind upon it which must be taken off. To accomplish this it is first boiled, then it is spread out in the sun to dry.



A PADDY STORE HOUSE.

When it is well dried it is taken and put under the pestle in the mortar. With this it is well pounded, but not crushed, and the husk or rind, brittle with boiling and drying, falls off and leaves the grain white and clean. After it is winnowed it is fit for cooking or for exportation. All this work of boiling, &c., is accomplished by the women. It means a lot of work for them. Rice is a great article of consumption all over India, especially in Bengal. There the natives have no kind of bread whatsoever. Rice, fish, vegetables, milk, and fruit form their chief articles of diet. Beef, mutton, bread, butter, cheese, are never eaten by them. Bread, however, is beginning to be liked by the people, and there are no caste prohibitions against it as in the case of the other articles just named.

T. R. EDWARDS.

## Letters from Natives in Eastern Bengal.

THE Rev. T. H. Barnett, of Dacca, writes:—

MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I feel sure you will be interested in the perusal of the following letters, which have come to hand within the last few days.

“Panchabati,

“May 6th, 1887.

“The missionaries of Dacca are hereby informed that three or four men have a strong desire to be baptized, and request that a missionary come to the village Panchabati, Bhoyrub sub-division, on the Megna, as soon as possible.

“KALIMOHUN PAPUL.”

Having a colporteur in the neighbourhood of Bhoyrub, I communicated with him at once, and requested him to go to Panchabati, and make inquiries touching this matter. I give the colporteur's report:—

“May 21, 1887.

“RESPECTED SIR,—Having received your letter, I went to Panchabati, and inquired for Kalimohun. I found that there are at least four men who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and who wish to be baptized. Kalimohun is a jogi, and is supported by his followers, two of whom are of the number that wish to be baptized. One of the inquirers is a carpenter. They wish to be baptized by a European. If an evangelist could stay at this place for a while, I think great work might be done for the Lord.

“RAM CHUNDER DAS.”

The mail that brought me Ram Chunder's report brought me a second letter from Kalimohun. It runs as follows:—

“Panchabati,

“May 21st, 1887.

“VENERABLE SIR,—Ram Chunder, of Roipur, has been to my house, and asked me a number of questions. He promised to write you all particulars regarding us as soon as he got back to Royapur. I do not know whether he has done so. My followers number about 1,000 families, and they have supported me for the last ten years. I believe in the Holy Spirit. I have heard that true salvation springs from faith in Christ, as the branches of a tree grow out of seed.

“KALIMOHUN PAPUL.”

The following letter has been received from Cachar:—

“Borsangan,

“P. O. Silchar, Cachar,

“May 20, 1887.

“RESPECTED SIR,—With due respect I beg to inform you that I married about four and a half years ago. God has very graciously given me one son and two daughters. Two of my children—first the boy and then the third child—have been taken from me by their Heavenly Father. Although I am in a sea of trouble, I have consolation in the remembrance that ‘the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.’ Two weeks after the death of my third child, my second child was taken seriously ill, and I had no hope of her life. In my great trouble, I cried and prayed to the Lord: ‘O

Lord ! Wilt Thou make my arm childless ?' I am quite sure God heard my prayer, for my child gradually grew better. In my joy I promised God that I would send the Baptist missionaries at Dacca Rs. 10 for His work, as a thank-offering. Accordingly I send you herewith P.O.O. for Rs. 10. Kindly accept this small sum, and use it for the work of the Lord.

“(MRS.) B. C. GHOSH.”

I am, my dear Mr. Baynes,

Affectionately yours,

T. H. BARNETT.

Mission House, Dacca,  
May 30th, 1887.

## Work in the Dinagepore District.

**T**HE Rev. Denham Robinson, who has taken up Mr. Bowen James's work at Dinagepore, writes :—

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I send you an account of our last tour, which may furnish you with incidents for the HERALD, if you think them interesting enough for insertion.

### “THE NECMURD MELA.

“This mela, or fair, derives its name from that of a Mohammedan saint, whose tomb is built close to the principal road leading through the fair. Who was St. Necmurd ? when did he live ? and what work did he do in the world ?—these are questions which are of small consequence to us. Every day the ignorant and superstitious people bring offerings of milk, rice, &c., and lay them down at the tomb ; but since there is no St. Necmurd to consume the proffered gifts, the holy (?) men who guard the tomb sell the milk and pocket the profits. But, apart from this, there is nothing of the religious element in the mela, neither has the trade in horses, camels, and elephants anything to do with Necmurd, or any other saint. In fact, it is a peculiarly unsaintly mela, a centre of concourse for all the lying and thieving vagabonds of the district. But, to begin with the beginning, let me give some account of our journey to the fair.

### “OUR START.

“We started from Dinagepore on the night of April 6th. It was bright moonlight, and the sandy road glistened white as it wound through the dark tangled jungle on either side. As almost all travelling in these parts is done by bullock-cart, we wended, or rather jolted, our way along the uneven road, up hill and down dale, the bullocks toiling along with true bovine patience, and sustaining showers of abuse from the drivers, who seemed to reserve their kinder and more endearing epithets for special occasions, such as the traversing of unusually rough places, or the crossing of rivers. At such times their abuse would change to honeyed words of encouragement addressed to the oxen, such as, ‘Make an effort, brother ; just a little more remains. Come, do lift up your foot, brother !’ These expressions would be interspersed with unearthly yells and ejaculations, unintelligible to all but those who understand the language of cows, and accompanied by whacks, scarcely calculated to augment brotherly feeling between drivers and oxen.

### “BOCHAGUNGE.

“Early next morning we arrived at a

small fair at Bochagunge, where we put up for the day, since it would have been impossible to continue the journey in the heat of an April sun. So we obtained a large, empty hut and two sheds, which enabled us to rest comfortably. We were informed that the Bochagunge mela would break up in a day or two, when the shopkeepers would remove their goods to the Necmurd mela. Hundreds of pilgrims from distant parts kept passing through the village, intending, not so much to visit the shrine of Necmurd, as to make purchases and drive bargains. So the stream of human beings wound on, while, now and then, horses, camels, or elephants would arrive, and rest under the shady mango groves. It was very interesting to watch the various specimens of humanity as they arrived, hot and tired with their journey, to rest awhile in the shade. There was the Bengali, with his lithe, dark, oily body, his glossy hair and sharp intellect. There was the up-country Hindustani, with his air of conscious superiority and his musical tongue. There were the broad-faced, almond-eyed Polias, with short, thick-set limbs, derived from the hill tribes from which they have sprung. While Surjya Koomar Babu was addressing one of these mixed groups, the Hindustanis smiled, and pointing to the Polias, who were listening intently, said: 'What is the use of speaking to them? they do not understand the meaning of what you say.' The fact is that the Polias are somewhat thick-headed, but their hearts are in the right place; and, although they do not understand so much of the Gospel, intellectually, as Bengalis and Hindustanis, yet they manifest more spiritual feeling, and invariably hear with more attention those simple Gospel truths which may be understood by all races and conditions of men. We have more

hope for the Polias than for the other inhabitants of these parts; and there is no doubt that when they do receive the Gospel they will form a distinct type of Christians.

#### "MAHOOTS AND ELEPHANTS.

"There were several elephants at the village, and one of them attempted to blow dust at us through its trunk, because we had not offered it any food. When we asked the Mahoots (elephant drivers) what method they adopted for taming wild elephants, they replied that a number of men stand round the animal and beat it with their bamboos. This is a sort of accompaniment to a set of songs which they sing with a view to subdue the elephant, and, by the charms of music, soothe its savage breast. The elephant appreciates this fine combination of kindness and firmness—the soothing melody of native music together with a just application of the rod. And when to these means are added the potent charm of 'mantras' (magical incantations), the elephant can stand it no longer, but gives in, and becomes tame.

#### "VOISHTOBS.

"At intervals during the day we were treated to some fairy-like strains which came stealing from the huts of a party of Voishtobs, or followers of Vishnu. These people have the true gipsy nature, and go wandering about the country, building their rude huts in any convenient place, or else dispensing with all shelter and living beneath trees. They do absolutely no work, but depend for subsistence upon what they can glean from the people by singing songs in honour of the gods. It need hardly be said that they are in a horribly degraded and wretched condition. At ten o'clock in the night we left the village and resumed our

journey towards the Necmurd mela. We had not gone far when we perceived in the moonlight the trail of a huge snake which must have recently crossed the road. Some pilgrims came up at that moment, and, on seeing the trail, stopped short with the exclamation, 'Poka' (worm)! It seems to be the custom among the natives of these parts to call a snake 'worm' at night, owing to a superstitious belief that if in the night-time the word snake is uttered, one of those reptiles is sure to come upon the scene. For the same reason they never speak the word 'Bagh' (tiger) at night, but always call it 'Jahnwar' (animal).

"AT THE MELA.

"Early on the morning of the 8th we were still toiling on in the bullock-carts amid clouds of dust, for the road was covered with loose sand. The large parties of pilgrims which passed now and then convinced us of our near approach to the mela. At about six o'clock we reached the place, and pitched our tent under a magnificent mango tope (grove). In front of the tent were numbers of camels, ready to be bought up and sacrificed by Mohammedans, who, after killing the animal, feast upon it. Behind were the elephants, flourishing their trunks and waving their fan-like ears as they calmly consumed their modest dinner of plantain trees. All formed a most picturesque and truly Oriental scene.

"In the afternoon we preached, but without much satisfaction, for the people were all Mohammedans of the lowest and most ignorant type, ready to argue and object at every opportunity. It was not until a day or two had passed that we obtained mixed and really appreciative audiences. On the 9th we again preached morning and evening, and were cheered by the arrival of three Kalkipore Christians.

These men were neither Bengalis nor Polias, but 'Coles,' the descendants of the hill tribes of Chota Nagpore. They, of course, took up their dwelling near our tent, and joined us in worship in the evenings. They had come to the fair to buy buffaloes, and, after securing three fine animals, wandered back again to their own village.

"AT WORK.

"On the 10th the mela began in earnest. Thousands of people came crowding in from distant parts, among whom were our friends the Polias, who listened attentively to our preaching. One of them, an old man, said to me: 'I am working for Christ, but have not found Him yet. I do not know how to believe.' How can these poor people know the way unless there is someone to tell them of it! What they want is light; that is, oral teaching, and such elementary education as will enable them to read the Gospels for themselves. But the villages where the people seem most ripe for the Gospel are far from Dinagepore, and we shall not be able to pay them a visit until next cold season.

"On the afternoon of the 11th we preached as usual. A native of Dacca, named Chondranath Dutta, who is now teacher of a patshala (village school) near Raygunge, held a conversation with Surjya Babu and showed a decided desire to embrace Christianity. He is a Voishtob, of the Karta Bhaja sect, yet he keeps telling people his impression that Christianity is true. There are many such among the Polias who come to hear our preaching, but the greater number hid themselves in the crowd, and avoided direct conversation with us, most of them being Karta Bhajas—that is, belonging to a sect which holds to a rude kind of hero-worship, or Guru worship. A man noted for his piety is regarded as a Guru, or spiritual teacher



and the ignorant people pay him their offerings and their worship. Connected with this main element are superstitious rites, some of which are too horrible to be mentioned. Among their Gurus, and as some think the chief of Gurus, is Jesus Christ, whom many venerate, but whom few obey. On the 13th, Surjya Babu held a conversation with a Mohammedan who for the past five years has been a Christian at heart without having had the courage to confess Christ openly. This time he seemed particularly anxious to be baptized, but was still influenced by the thought of the worldly losses he might sustain. He even wept, and promised to speak his whole mind upon the subject; but when we went afterwards to try and bring him to a decision, we found that from pure fear he had taken all his goods and made his escape from the mela. This was, of course, disappointing; but we have cause to think that although his courage failed him this time, it will not be long before he confesses Christ openly.

#### “THE RETURN.

“I now close my account of the mela with two incidents of our return journey. On the night of our departure a daring robbery was committed on the road by which we travelled, our carts arriving upon the scene just after the dacoits (robbers) had made good their escape. Not far from the mela is a small river which has to be forded, and at about midnight a party of thirty men, traders, who were returning from the fair with a number of cows they had purchased, laid themselves down to rest by the banks of the stream. No sooner had they fallen asleep than a party of dacoits sprang forth from the jungle and attacked them. Each dacoit was armed with an earthenware pitcher, which he aimed at

the head of some victim. For a moment there was a terrible crashing—earthenware pitcher against human cranium; but the skull of a native is no fancy article, and the pilgrims thus rudely aroused from pleasant dreams rose up to defend themselves. But the dacoits were too strong for them, and, in the midst of the confusion, made away with fourteen cows, leaving the unfortunate owners sorely bruised, and thankful to have escaped alive. Just then Surjya Babu came up with two of our carts; the pilgrims ran to him for protection, and, as he had a gun with the baggage, they would not be persuaded to leave him until Bochagunge was reached.

#### “A NIGHT’S EXPERIENCE.

“Our next adventure was on the night following. We left Sadahmahal in the evening, and, for six miles or so, were obliged to pass through a tract of thick jungle. At about half-past eight o’clock the sky grew black with clouds, and, seeing that a storm threatened, we rested under some large trees, close to which were two huts and a shed, under which a number of pilgrims had taken shelter. Before us was a river. Very soon the storm broke. The rain, which fell in torrents, made a deafening noise, broken by the roar of thunder and the howling of the wind, which threatened almost to blow off the mat roofing of our carts. Egyptian darkness fell over the scene, relieved now and then by vivid flashes of lightning. All we could do was to cower in our carts, growing wetter and wetter every moment. To increase our discomfort, my horse, which had been tied to the native preacher’s cart, took fright at the arrival of two elephants, the huge bodies of which it saw looming in the darkness, reared, broke its halter, and in so doing destroyed the equilibrium of the cart, which went

over backwards with a crash, throwing the occupants well-nigh upon their heads. As soon as everybody had restored his own equilibrium as well as that of the cart, some took to shouting, others to mutual abuse, so that for awhile confusion reigned supreme. At last a hurricane lantern was lit, in spite of wind and rain, by a sudden and adroit movement on the part of the cook, and a party set out in search of the horse, which they found after a while, but did not secure until it had led them a dance through the tangled thickets as far as the river banks. In order to avoid a second catastrophe with the cart, we now tied the animal to a tree, but just as we were employed in doing so, the very thing we feared came to pass, though in an unexpected manner. The driver of my cart had incautiously unyoked his bullocks, and left them as they were; thereupon the more wicked of the two managed to give the yoke a sudden push upwards by a toss of its head, and so accomplished for my cart what the horse had done for the native preacher's. Fortunately, I was not inside, for the cart went over with a crash. Another scene of confusion followed. All turned their wrath upon the careless driver, who in turn vented his indignation and remorse upon the offending bullock by a vigorous application of toes and heels. It was a comical scene, but we did not laugh at the time. In about half an hour we were once more ready for our journey, although most were wet to the skin, and usefully employed the remainder of the night in drying themselves.

"With regard to the Necmurd mela, I may say in conclusion that it does not furnish the best opportunities for Christian work. Although there is a vast concourse of people, yet the heat,

dust, and noise, together with the fact that everybody is busy buying and selling, must, to some extent, render our preaching ineffective.

"Still, hundreds have heard the Gospel message, and the results are in God's hands.

#### "INQUIRING COLES.

"May 5th.—Yesterday, three men from Peregachi, a village near Raygunge, came to buy books, and ask for Christian teaching. They are rough, honest-looking fellows, and are 'Coles by race. They first heard the Gospel at Raygunge mela, where Mr. Bowen James and Surjya Koomar Babu preached some seven years ago, and the seed that was sown then has been germinating ever since. Now they come to tell us that they are Christians, and have been of this mind for the last two years, reading in their own ignorant fashion what books of Christian instruction they could obtain, and meditating on the words they heard at the mela. For the last two years they have been believing and resting in Christ, and now have come to declare their desire to confess Him openly. They say that there are seven families at Peregachi ready to become Christians. Surjya Babu is about to accompany them to their homes in order to arrange about a place of worship, to baptize, and give such instruction as is needful at this stage. We have every cause to think their faith is sincere, and that they are true Christians, although much in need of instruction. So that we may now hope to have a new mission station. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'

"Yours affectionately,

"DENHAM ROBINSON.

"A. H. Baynes, Esq."

## Story of Prem Dass, a Converted Priest.

BAPTIST MISSION HOUSE, AGRA,  
*March 7th, 1887.*

**M**Y DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I enclose herewith a sketch of the small shrine referred to in my account of Prem Dass, of Gandouli. The temple, as seen in the picture, is built of brick. It is surrounded by a raised platform, within which the ground was considered sacred. Within the doorway is seen a portion of the mound shaped like a Mohammedan tomb. This tomb represents that of the Mohammedan saint Lultan, whose real tomb is in Multan, 600 miles away. To the left of the building is seen the sacred banyan tree. The whole is situated in a grove of mango trees which do not appear in the picture. In former times the platform around the building was kept so clean that food could be placed



PREM DASS'S SACRED SHRINE.

upon it without being soiled. Now the place is overgrown with weeds, which have sprung up since its owner became a Christian six years ago. It now stands as a trophy of the triumph of truth over error.

JAMES G. POTTER.

During a recent visit to the converts of the Simla Mission, it was my privilege to become acquainted with Prem Dass, a converted priest. His story deeply touched me; hence, as an instance of what the grace of God can do for a heathen man, I take this opportunity of recording it. Prem Dass, whose name translated into English means "Servant of Love," was in youth

a follower of a Hindu saint who lived in the jungle, near the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. This saint, before his death, about forty years ago, gave to his disciple, Prem Dass, the position of teacher or priest. Having received this gift, he established himself at a village called Gandouli, about seventy miles from Simla, at the foot of the hills. There he built a shrine or

temple, near to a sacred banyan tree, and planted around it a grove of mango trees. This shrine contained no image, except a model of a tomb erected in Multan in honour of a famous Mohammedan saint named Lultan. This saint is much revered, and, in fact, worshipped, by both Mohammedans and Hindus in the Punjab. His position was soon established amongst the people of the neighbourhood, who came in large numbers to the shrine. As none came empty-handed, Prem Dass soon found his position a source of wealth as well as honour. Goats, young buffaloes, and presents of money were freely made, especially during the time of the annual mela, which he established. Amongst other presents, he received a large iron bell from a neighbouring prince who visited the shrine, which, when sounded, could be heard by the village people for many miles round. Perhaps the most valuable present, however, in his estimation was that of a little boy, who, with 100 rupees, was made over by his parents to be Prem Dass's disciple, to learn from him the sacred mysteries he was supposed to be able to impart, and possibly to succeed him in the priesthood. When the boy grew up, Prem Dass took him, with twelve other disciples, on a long pilgrimage to the sacred shrines of India. They visited Allahabad, Benares, and other places of pilgrimage, and went even as far as Jaganath Temple, in Orissa. They travelled by road the whole distance, and were away on pilgrimage for three years. Things went on thus for nearly thirty years, when one day, during the annual mela, a Christian preacher visited the shrine. This preacher had already been used of God to the conversion of Prem Dass's chief disciple, and now came to speak to the priest himself of Christ and salvation. On approaching the temple

he was told to take off his shoes, as the place was holy. He did so, not in reverence for the place, but in order to be able to sit and converse with the priest in charge. God blessed the message. After a long and earnest conversation, the priest took the preacher to his home. The following day he went with him on a long tour lasting nearly two months. Day by day they talked of Christ Jesus the Saviour; and, at last, the priest confessed his faith in Jesus. He then went to Simla, where he remained under instruction with the Rev. Dr. Carey, then in charge of the work there. After two months' instruction he was baptized and returned home. Old things had passed away, all things had become new. The heathen mela was stopped and the temple deserted, as the priest, having sat at the feet of Jesus, no longer sat at the temple to receive the idolatrous offerings of the people. His conversion created a stir amongst the people, who declared that he had gone mad. Honour was exchanged for scorn, which he meekly bore for Christ's sake. As a Hindu priest, his presence had sanctified in their eyes the precincts of the temple. Now, as a Christian, his touch would defile the village well. So they thought, and forbade him to draw water therefrom. Six years, however, of quiet Christian living have enabled him to show that to become a Christian is not to go mad, as they supposed, but to learn to love God with all the heart and one's neighbour as oneself. Whilst showing kindness to his heathen neighbours, the converted priest has shown especial kindness to his poorer brethren in Christ. Three years ago he held a Christian mela on the spot of the old heathen mela. About 150 gathered, whom for several days he fed at his own expense. Mr. Goolzar Shah was

present, and from all accounts the days were days of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Prem Dass possesses some land part of which he desires to give to the Mission for the erection of Mission premises. Already he has done something in this direction by the erection of a room in connection with his house, where some of the Christians in the neighbourhood meet for worship. During our stay Dr. Carey and I were accommodated in this schoolroom. It was to us a source of great joy to hear from our host's lips the story of his conversion. He told us that he had given up a good deal for Christ, but gladly acknowledged that in Christ Himself he had found unsearchable riches. Two of his sons have been baptized, also his brother-in-law and daughter-in-law. The last named, who was baptized by me in July of last year, has died during the interval. At

the services held in the schoolroom, none listened with more intelligent interest to the exposition of the Word of God than our host, the converted priest. We were shown the old temple bell, now rusting away; we entered the old temple, now overgrown with weeds, and, with Prem Dass as our guide, we also visited the Christians of the neighbourhood, many of whom had heard from him of Jesus. In the old temple we sang a native hymn in praise of the Lord Jesus, and prayed that the time would soon come when every other heathen temple might thus resound with the praises of Jesus. Those who read this letter will, I feel sure, join me in the wish that the old heathen grove and little temple should become a centre of mission work, and thus be consecrated to the service of our Lord Jesus Christ.

JAMES G. POTTER.

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## Appeal on Behalf of the Congo.

WE have received the following letter from Miss E. Pewtress, who, last year, as our readers will remember, worked so generously and successfully on behalf of the Congo Quilt:—

*“ To the Readers of the MISSIONARY HERALD.*

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The loving, chastening hand of our God is upon us, and we are dumb because of the heaviness of the stroke, and because He, Himself, hath done it. And yet, ‘Africa for Christ’ is *still* our motto, and the voice of our dear friend would *STILL* urge us to go forward, aye, with hundredfold earnestness now that he sees with eyes undimmed by the sorrows and sins of earth the fields ‘white unto the harvest.’ Let us arise and give thanks for all that our dear and honoured brother has been to us and to our Mission by raising, as an ‘In Memoriam’ tribute of affection and love, a fund for defraying the passage and outfit of some of those who are waiting (as we are told in last month’s *HERALD*), for lack of funds, to be our messengers. Who will join me in this effort? Hopefully would I look to those who last year so cheerfully sent their shillings for the ‘Quilt.’ Dear friends, shall we not try again? I will gladly acknowledge anything you may like to send for the Missionaries’ ‘In Memoriam’ Passage and Outfit Fund.—Your fellow-worker,

41, Penn-road, Holloway, London.

“ E. PEWTRESS.”

## New Missionary Books.

**W**ILLIAM CAREY, THE SHOEMAKER WHO BECAME THE FATHER AND FOUNDER OF MODERN MISSIONS. By the Rev. JOHN BROWN MYERS, Association Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society.

ROBERT MOFFAT, THE MISSIONARY HERO OF KURUMAN. By Mr. DAVID J. DEANE.

LIFE ON THE CONGO. By the Rev. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY, of Stanley Pool, with an Introduction by the Rev. GEORGE GRENFELL, the Congo Missionary and Explorer.

*One Shilling and Sixpence each.*

We desire to call the attention of our young readers especially to the three new missionary volumes mentioned above—the first two published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge, of Paternoster Row, and the third by the Committee of the Religious Tract Society. They are all beautifully got up, with numerous woodcuts of a very superior kind.

The story of Dr. Carey's life and labours is most graphically told by Mr. Myers, who evidently has thrown his whole soul into the work, and given us a book that cannot fail to charm and inspire. We earnestly commend its perusal to all our readers.

For Sunday-school Libraries, Young Men's Associations, and Bible-classes, Mr. Myers' book is a most suitable gift, and we confidently anticipate it will have a large circulation.

The Life of Dr. Moffat, and the Story of the Congo, are also deeply interesting publications.

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## The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

**T**HE grateful thanks of the Committee are given to "One of the Lord's People" for three silver bracelets for the Congo Mission. "Thankoffering" of £5 for partial recovery from a lingering illness. "A Member of Baptist Church, Rothesay," for clothing for the Congo Mission. "Young Friends at Saxmundham," a birthday gift for the Congo. "One who fain would do Something for the Congo," £1, who writes:—

"Taking up a paper last night I read, with intense distress, of the heavy blow the Congo Mission has sustained in the death of Mr. Comber, whose name to many of us is synonymous with all that is noble and heroic; and it came home to me in a flash how can any of us dare to hope to be able to meet and look such men in the face hereafter if we withhold our money from the cause from which they did not withhold their lives—a cause for which they thought little of laying down those lives; and in very shame I decided there and then that I simply must send you a sovereign out of some money which I have been trying to save for another purpose. I do wish it were more, but please accept it. I send it thinking of the Congo, where all my interest centres."



“Mr. W. Hawkes,” of Moseley, Birmingham, for a gold watch and chain. “An Old Pastor,” for a silver pencil case for the Congo Mission, who writes:—“Surely the last news from the Congo will quicken us all, and lead us to more thorough earnestness in the work. It seems to me we are now, more than ever before, bound to prosecute this noble Congo enterprise with completer consecration and more loving willingness.” “A Widow,” for a silver bracelet for the Congo Mission, who writes:—“I trust recent losses will only call us to further effort. This noble Congo enterprise must be dearer far to us to-day than ever before. We have a large investment in it now, and those who have been thus early accepted by the Master are so many proofs of His favour. Workers may die I know, but His work goes on, and surely we dare not now draw back or feel faint-hearted. This must never be. He calls us on, and on we must go.” “An Old Soldier,” for an old silver watch, “all that he has to send, with many earnest prayers for the progress of the Congo Mission.” The warm thanks of the Committee are also presented to the following friends for most timely and generous gifts:—Anonymous, £500; Mr. H. S. Perrin, in memory of the late Miss E. Turner, £200; Mr. Geo. Sturge (half-yearly instalment of £1,000), £100; Mr. John Cunliffe, £100; Matthews vi. 1—4, for support of Congo missionary (half year), £60; Anon, per Bankers, £50; Mr. Geo. Angus, £50; Mr. J. Payne, £21; G. W. R., £20 10s. 9d.; A Lover of the Cause, £36; A Cheerful Giver, Kentish Town, £5; The Baroness Solvyns, for Congo, £10; T. W., for Congo, £10; C. A. M., per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, £10; Mrs. Allen, £10; Mr. J. W. Clark, Leicester, £10; a Thankoffering “S. A.,” for Congo, £10.

### Acknowledgments.

THE Committee gratefully acknowledge the following welcome and useful gifts, received up to the 12th September:—A parcel of shirts from Mrs. Taunton, Redlynch, near Salisbury, for the Congo Mission; a parcel from Mrs. Benham for Mrs. Wall, Rome; a rug from Mrs. Hunt, Bournemouth, for Rev. G. Grenfell, Congo Mission; a parcel of garments, &c., from Junior Dorcas Meeting of the Tabernacle, Gosport, per Mrs. Hoare, for Congo Mission; a parcel from Salendine Nook Baptist Sunday-school; a book from Mrs. H. J. Sturge, Birmingham, for Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell, Congo Mission; a parcel from Mrs. Darling, Sheffield, for Mrs. Bentley, Congo Mission.

### Recent Intelligence.

WE desire again to call the special attention of our readers to the following recent resolution of the Committee, brought forward by Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., viz.:—“That, in view of the lonely position occupied by so many of our missionary brethren in distant fields of labour, and their practical exile from home, friends, and associations, the Committee feel it most desirable that efforts should be made to secure for each missionary in the field some friend, or friends, in this country who will undertake to keep up personal sympathetic communication by periodical despatch of Christian literature—say, of papers, magazines, pamphlets, and books, and occasional correspondence—it being the judgment of the Committee that such sympathetic thought and consideration will tend greatly to the happiness and encouragement of their missionary brethren,

who are now bearing the heat and burden of the day." We desire very earnestly to commend these suggestions to the thoughtful attention and practical sympathy of all our friends. We shall thankfully correspond with friends who may feel drawn to render personal aid in the manner suggested by this timely and welcome proposal. To our brethren on the field such expressions of thought and sympathy are more cheering and refreshing than words can tell. Already we have received numerous responses, and have arranged with friends in different parts of the country to place themselves in direct communication with brethren on the field. We earnestly plead for further offers of help in this direction. Communications to be addressed to Mr. A. H. Baynes, at the Mission House, 19, Furnival Street, Holborn, London.

The friends connected with the Havelock Baptist Church, Agra, N.W.P., have appealed to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society to use their good offices to secure a pastor.

The church suggests that the new pastor might, with advantage, be about twenty-seven years of age; physically strong; mentally up to the average; unmarried, a total abstainer, and with two or three years' experience of a home pastorate; a devout, evangelical, godly man, with warmth of heart, genial disposition, and accustomed to look at the cheerful side of things.

The General Secretary, Mr. A. H. Baynes, will be glad to receive communications relative to this important and promising post.

With a view to secure thoroughly efficient medical and surgical treatment for the brethren of the Congo Mission, the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society have resolved to appoint and send out, at the earliest practicable date, one or two fully-qualified and well-equipped *medical missionaries*. Detailed particulars can be secured on application to the General Secretary, Mr. A. H. Baynes, at the Mission House, 19, Furnival Street, London, E.C."

Mr. Moolenaar, writing from Underhill Station, Congo River, reports that 'the school is greatly prospering, and that many of the lads are anxious about salvation, their altered lives bearing witness to their sincerity and earnestness.' He also adds that "large congregations gather to hear the preaching of the Gospel, the people listen most attentively, and frequently question the missionary if they fail to understand what he says. Evidently several of the people are not far from the Kingdom."

Mr. Lewis reports from San Salvador: "I am busily engaged in furnishing our new home. We hope to move into it by the end of September. We are all here enjoying splendid health. Our services and schools are most encouraging, and the good work goes on most cheerfully."

Mr. H. Ross Phillips reports: "Here—at San Salvador—Mrs. Lewis has already gathered a fine class of girls and a women's class also. Great interest is being shown by the women here in the new work; and evidently it is much appreciated."

Mr. E. C. Smyth, writing from Tsing Cheu Fu, under date of June 9th, says: "I am happy to inform you of my safe arrival at Tsing Cheu Fu. I had a very pleasant voyage as far as Hong Kong, then a bit of rough sea up to Shanghai. I stayed in Shanghai three weeks, and then proceeded to Chefoo, and was met by



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It is requested that all remittances of contributions be sent to ALFRED HENRY BAYNES, Secretary, Mission House, 19, Farnival Street, E.C., and payable to his order; also that, if any portion of the gifts is designed for a specific object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, & Co., and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.