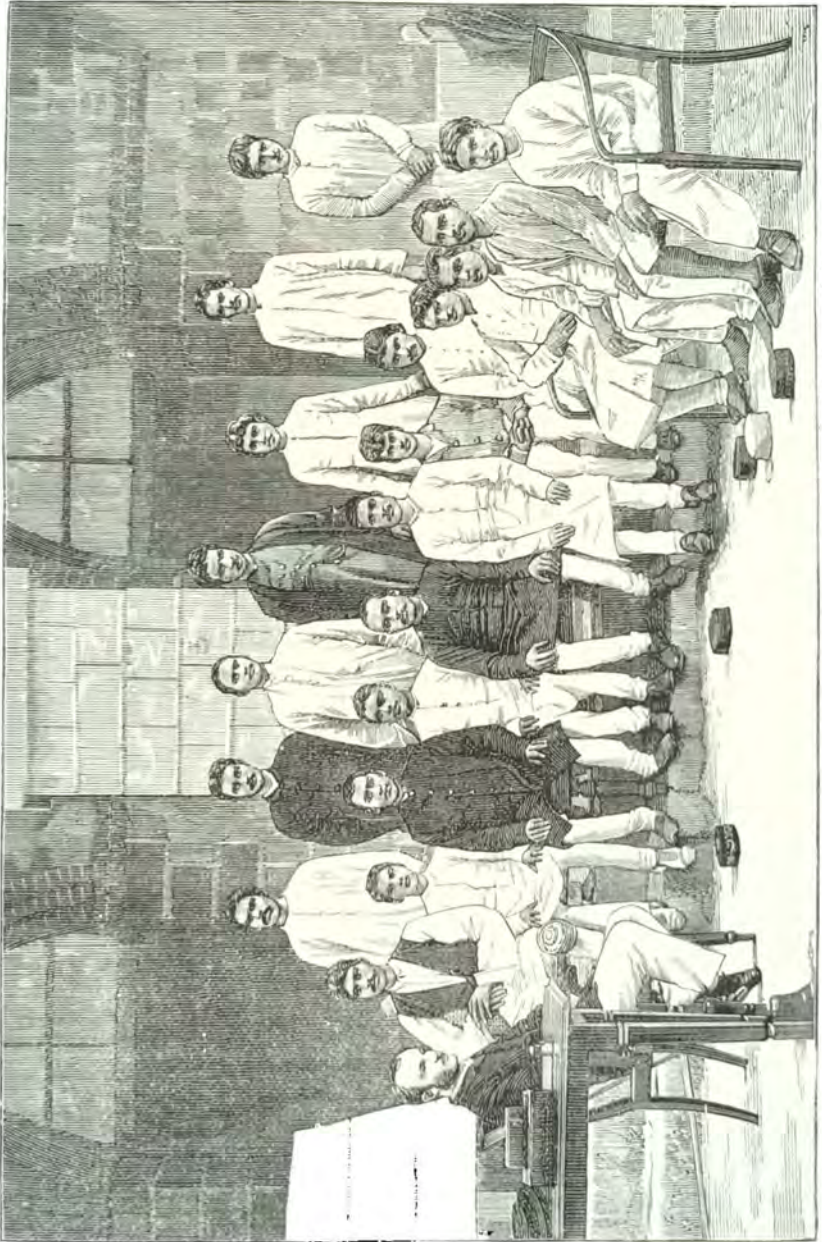


[THE MISSIONARY HERALD,
NOVEMBER 1, 1888.]



NATIVE CHRISTIAN STUDENTS, DELHI, N. W. P. — (From a Photograph.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD

OF THE

Baptist Missionary Society.

The 1888 Huddersfield Autumnal Missionary Services.

AS our recent autumnal missionary meetings, held in Huddersfield on October the 2nd and 5th, have been already so fully reported, doubtless most of our readers have become well acquainted with the proceedings; we therefore content ourselves with expressing our grateful thanks to the numerous friends taking part in them, and especially to the officers and members of the Huddersfield Local Committee for generous kindness and consideration, and to friends in Huddersfield connected with many sections of the Christian Church for warm-hearted hospitality and truly Yorkshire welcome.

To the chairman of the Local Committee, his Worship the Mayor of Huddersfield; the treasurer, E. Crowther, Esq., and the local secretaries, the Revs. F. J. Benakin and J. Porteous, special acknowledgements are due.

We are glad to be in a position to reproduce in this issue of the HERALD the closing address delivered at the valedictory and designation service by the Rev. J. Turland Brown, of Northampton, and we desire to record also our grateful thanks to the Rev. James Stuart, of Watford, and the Rev. Charles Garrett, of Liverpool, for the powerful sermons they delivered, which, assuredly, will long live in the hearts and memories of those who were privileged to listen to them.

We are also greatly indebted to John Barran, Esq., M.P., of Leeds, and to John James Smith, Esq., of Watford, for presiding at the morning and evening meetings respectively.

The young people's meeting on the Friday evening—a new departure—was, we are thankful to report, a decided success. The chairman, Edward Mounsey, Esq., of Liverpool, and the succeeding speakers, delivered bright and stirring addresses, the young people listening with rapt

attention. This meeting will now take its place among the fixed arrangements for future autumnal missionary services, and next year we hope to utilise the morning of the Friday for a missionary breakfast conference of officers and teachers of Sunday-schools and officers and committees of juvenile missionary associations.

Looking back upon the Huddersfield gatherings, we feel we have abundant reason to thank God and take courage; they have been full of Divine power and holy impulse, the fruits of which, we confidently believe, will appear in more thorough personal consecration to the service of Christ, and in a more intelligent and willing surrender of person and substance for the world-wide spread of the blessed Gospel of the Grace of God.

Missionary Designation and Valedictory Service at Huddersfield.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. J. T. BROWN TO THE DEPARTING MISSIONARIES.

From the short-hand notes of the Rev. E. S. LADBROOK, B.A.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I wish to thank you for the kindly words you have spoken respecting myself. I did not expect a little while ago that I should be able to be here to-day to do what our much-respected Secretary asked me to do. However, I am here, and let me say that it is my intention just to say a few words, not so much to the general assembly here as to our brethren who are present before me, and to whose voices you have listened this morning. And addressing myself more directly to you, my brethren, dearly beloved brethren, I may say that while the voice is mine, there are behind me a multitude of sympathetic hearts; and in the words that I utter I feel confident that generally I shall carry those hearts with me in expressing our affection for you, and our great desire on your behalf. To us, as well as to you, this is an occasion which touches various chords in our hearts. Many thoughts and feelings, wonder, desire, hope, rise up within us, as you stand on a kind of border ground between the shores you are about to leave and the countries to which you are bound. We do not regret your going. We rather rejoice that you are going. On your part, as we have been reminded by the words you have spoken this morning, it is your right good will to go and the fulfilment of a cherished desire. On our part, it is a matter of holy delight that there are men, whether from Wales or Scotland or England, to be found among us who have been made willing in the day of His power to enter upon such a service for the sake of the Lord Jesus. At the same

time, if I may interpret the feelings of others by my own, there is just a touch of pensiveness in our joy. Nor can we part with you without being conscious of that minor note which always sounds in the word "Farewell." But our gladness is greatest, and our hope prevails over our anxiety, as we think of you withdrawing from us and settling down in your chosen and remote homes. For a while you will be out of our sight, but, brethren, not out of our hearts. Our thoughts will travel, our prayers will go with you in your going, and they will follow you when you are gone, and our musing love will invisibly hover about you in your strange habitations and your arduous toils. There are very many reasons, personal and other, to give you a very deep hold—do feel that—a very deep hold upon our remembering affection and sympathy. You are sacred! When I think of some of your names, and look into some of your faces, you are sacred on your own account. You have won our esteem, and we feel you are worthy of it. You are leaving us not simply as fellow-servants, but as friends and brethren, dearly beloved. Most of you, as we have been reminded by yourselves, and by our Chairman and Mr. Baynes, are tried and proved, and you are going back to resume your work after temporary absence, as the deliberate choice of riper years and after previous experience. Only one is fresh to the work; but you, Mr. Duncan, share our confidence and our regard, too, as you sit there this morning, perhaps with some wonder—it may be a little trepidation—mingling with the ardour of your young heart as you start with your brethren to face the unknown. Then there are the countries to which you are going. Now you are together on this platform; shortly you will be scattered. One, Mr. Balfour—you touched me this morning—one to famous, inspiring Jamaica. Two to the mysterious and semi-romantic Congo, and two to vasty India, and these other two to the land of Sinim. And when we think of you and of the countries whither you are going, and much more—when we think of the nature of your mission, of what you are giving up—home, friends, endearments of our pleasant England—in order to pursue that work in the lands to which you are going, with all the perils that are there, some of which we have been reminded of—your relation to us, messengers of our compassion and mercy to China and Africa, and to the other lands to which you may go, and your relation to your Lord and ours, priests of the Lord and ministers of our God; and when we further think of the possibilities of every kind—or, at least, of many kinds—attendant upon your mission, how can we do other than be greatly drawn to you, and follow you, as we will, with tenderest interest, both on your own account and for the work's sake? It is not necessary—it would not be in keeping, perhaps—for me to remind

you of the work or of its difficulties. You apprehend it, as we have heard, and the difficulties you know better than I can tell you, though I do know some of the difficulties, perhaps, more than some of my brethren who may be round about me. I cannot help saying—and you will pardon me in what I am now saying—you cannot think too much or too highly of that work. It is beyond your loftiest conceptions. Most honourable, most responsible, invested with a grandeur and an importance at once to inspire and to awe the soul. For what are you going to do, and what is your life's business, brethren? It is, oh! the most wondrous thing that man can do. It is to carry the light which is life to people that are sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death; to preach the good tidings of the Gospel of peace to troubled peoples and troubled nations; to tell them of a God who loves them, of a Christ who died for them, a Kingdom of Heaven free for them to enter. It is on your tongues to repeat in the ears that have never heard the precious words first spoken by the Lord Himself, and so full of healing virtue, sweetness, music for weary, sick, and joyless hearts. But that is not all, brethren. You are more, and your work is greater. Like your Master, you have not only to preach, but you have to live among the people. You have not only to be heard, but you have to be seen; representatives of the unseen, loving Christ, to be for that Lord—in your measure at least—what He was to the Father, so that every man may see Him because they see you; and that you may reflect something of the purity, some of the wondrous, tender pity for sinners, of the yearning heart, or of the all-attractive beauty, of the lowly, gentle love of your Lord. That is your high calling, and, pardon me if I say it, that it is while the divinest, the most arduous part of your work, and that more will depend on what you are—on your spirit, character, life—than on what you say, and your words more powerful to win souls for Christ when they come from your men whose faces shine with the glory, the gentleness, the sweetness of our Jesus. You have to exercise this ministry under hard conditions, almost alone, in an atmosphere without the brightness and glow reflected by such assemblies as these; almost alone, and yet with sights and spectacles before you tending to depress energy and make you faint by their very enormity, or else, which is still worse, tending by familiarity to deaden your keen sense of their evil and awfulness. With such prospects is it any wonder, or will it be, that in such scenes you sometimes feel very lonely; in a desert with so little of verdure to refresh the eye, and so little companionship to cheer the heart; if at times you fall into despondency, and like the great prophet throw yourselves down under the juniper tree, o'er mastered by the depression and toil, wish, yes, wish that it were over? With all that before

you, all that within yourselves, that you know best, and all without to dishearten, how can we bear to see you go, how dare *you* go, if it were not for the confidence that He who sends you pledges Himself to be with you? And that in that one fact you have everything you need to relieve pressure, to lift you up, to make you strong, courageous, victorious, in your work? Aye, in Him alone you have a greatness of resource that no necessities can transcend; you have a companionship that will make the most solitary places glad, and Patmos like heaven; you have an infinite fulness of grace and love which no draughts upon it can possibly exhaust. *We* shall think of you; *we* shall pray for you, but what of that? Incomparable, chiefest of all, the one thing sufficient by itself is, "I shall be with you." Who is He that says I? "*I shall be with you.*" In the most intimate sense He will be with you, and with you always. Saddened by what you witness, disheartened by your own conscious infirmities, in your low moods and in your difficulties, look up! Looking to that face energy will come with freshness. Your own faces will grow bright, and the heathen will see it. And by communion with Him your hearts will be kept pure and strong, hopeful and glad. When the apostles were with their Master their spirits were high, they walked in sunshine, they found relief for every doubt and every fear; and when afterwards they realised that in another form He was with them still, their faith in His interest in them, in His personal love, in His unlimited power, made them strong out of weakness, courageous and cheerful and victorious in all their work. You have Him; you have all they had. You have all that has sufficed for the martyrs, the heroes, the noble workers, our missionaries, our fathers, through all the past ages. You have everything with the Saviour; you for Him and He for you—this is all in all. And in parting with you can I do anything better than as, if I shook you by the hand—as I hope to do—one by one, just to say, and I could not better express our feelings, in the words of Paul to Timothy, "The Lord Jesus be with thy spirit." It may be that after a little while you will return and tell us of the sheaves you have gathered, and we shall rejoice together with you. It *may* be—it may be that, like others—you will fall on the field; and what then? You will be precious—precious to your own Lord; your memory a power that will continue to help the cause to which you have devoted your lives—and you? How with you? Why, you shall be in closer, happier fellowship with Him and in higher service; and we, brethren, if not on earth then in heaven, shall look to meet you again. With our whole heart we commend you to God. You are dearer to the Lord than you can possibly be to us, and we leave you in the care of His infinite love. May

the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, our Heavenly Father, the communion and fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you now, henceforth, and for evermore. Amen.

The Congo Mission.

WORK AFIELD.

THE Rev. Thomas Lewis sends the following account of a recent tour in the San Salvador district:—

“San Salvador,

“Congo River,

“Sept. 4th, 1888.

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES.—In my letter last month I wrote about our intended visit to Madimba—a large district to the south and south-east of San Salvador. For a long time past the brethren have been considering the advisability of ‘working up’ this district, as it is the stronghold of witchcraft and almost everything that is bad. Here, at San Salvador, the natives are too much afraid of the ‘white man’ to practise any of their horrible ‘Ngombo’ rites, and they find it very convenient to spend a few weeks somewhere in the Madimba district, where they can do as they please. We have felt this keenly on many occasions when some of our people go away for a month or so, and on their return we are pained to the heart to find that much of the good they had received from us has been undone. You will, therefore, understand how very anxious we are to do something to improve this very important district.

“THE START.

“With this in view, Mrs. Lewis and I started on a nine days’ journey, and were accompanied by Matoko, one of our most faithful members, Kivitidi (native evangelist), Mrs. Lewis’s three girls, and my personal boy Elembe. Of course, we travelled in hammocks,

as it is out of the question for ladies to walk on an African ‘road.’ It is now nearly the end of the dry season, and the grass nearly all burnt, so the roads on the whole are not very bad.

“On the first day, 16th of August, we made a five hours’ march over hills and valleys. The scenery in some of the ravines was most refreshing to eyes accustomed to look on barren hills and grass, for there is hardly anything else to be seen at San Salvador. We passed through several towns, but the people were not at all friendly, and would hardly respond to the customary salutations. About two o’clock we came to a place called Lombo, where we had considerable difficulty in getting a house to sleep in, the people at first refusing to talk about it. We, however, soon found a house suitable, and were allowed to take possession of it for the night. After having some refreshments and rest, my wife and I, in the cool of the evening, took a stroll through the town, but could only induce one or two people to speak to us. The chief did not appear until next morning, and he came then only in the hope of receiving a present, which, however, he did not get.

“KIAMALA.

“At the next place we stayed at it was very different. This was Kiamala, a town about three hours’ march from Lombo, and the chief is Futila, who is the most important dignitary in the

whole district of Madimba. He is a nephew of the King of Kongo, and is the one likely to be the next king. He has received a little education from the padres, and was taken to St. Paul de Loanda for that purpose when he was a boy. For some reason or other he is not on good terms with the padres, and he absolutely refuses to have them in his town, though they have built a station not far away, and a padre is there in charge. Futila gave us a very hearty welcome, gave up his own house for our use, and made us a present of a goat. I ought to have said that he is always inclined to be friendly with us, always pays me a visit when he comes to San Salvador, and he has often invited us to come to his town. So we now met, not as strangers, but friends. In the evening I had a nice talk with him. I showed him a copy of Mark's Gospel, and read to him several passages out of it. He was very much interested, and asked me to tell these things to his people. Then he called his people together in front of our house, and we had a nice little service on this beautifully clear moonlight night. As we knelt in prayer before going to rest that evening, we could not help thanking God for giving us this proof that He was with us, and that the people were so glad to listen to our message. On leaving next morning Futila pressed hard on us to come again any time we could find to spare.

"We then made a few hours' march over two or three hills, and came to Lovo, the native town of my personal boy, Elembe. Here again we were gladly welcomed, and a perfect model of an African house placed at our disposal. There are three towns joining one another here, and a splendid place for mission work as far as people is concerned; but, owing to position

of the towns, and the big swamps about, it is not advisable for a white man to stay any length of time there. We had intended at first to spend four or five days at this place, but for the above reason we thought it best to go farther on, and be content to remain from Saturday to Monday.

"OPEN-AIR SERVICE.

"On Sunday morning the people assembled in a spacious dancing-ground near the chief's house. The chief and some of the head men asked me the previous night if they might come and hear about God. We first of all sang a Kongo hymn, and by the time we had finished there were present about 200 people. I then endeavoured to tell the Gospel message in a plain way, and read to them portions of Scripture about the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. They listened very attentively for over an hour, and seemed much impressed; but I am afraid that, to many of them, hearing a white man reading in the language of the people out of a printed book was much more wonderful than the death and resurrection of Christ. But still we trust that many of them will remember what they heard, and that they will receive everlasting benefit from it.

"Mrs. Lewis invited the women to come and hear more about it from her, and the invitation was gladly accepted. In the course of the evening she had the pleasure of speaking to several batches of women. In the meantime I paid a visit to Kinsanga, about an hour's march from Lovo, and they were all pleased when they heard that I came to talk to them about God. When I returned to Lovo I found several men waiting for me, as they wanted me to tell them more about Jesus Christ. So we had a

busy day among willing and seemingly really anxious people.

"Next morning we took leave of the chief and his people, and went across the hills to Nsoni, a town situated in a beautiful deep valley, but the whole place was miserably dirty. Our boys remarked that the name 'Nsoni' (Kixi-Kongo for 'shame') was very suitable. We halted here for about three hours for food and rest, and had a long talk with the chief and the people about God. They were very unwilling to let us go away that day, but I told them we had to go farther on that day.

"KIUNGA.

"We then marched across the country towards the east, and passed several towns before we came to Kiunga, the principal town in the district, called Kukimbubuji. We had heard a great deal about this place, and were anxious to visit it. There is hardly any communication between this district and San Salvador, and the natives were very much afraid of us. They said they had never seen a white man before. When we arrived at Kiunga most of the men were out fighting, or rather helping a neighbouring town against a people further inland. The chief would not move from his house, and a messenger was sent for his fighting men to come at once. We had not long to wait, however, before we saw them coming, and then, with his men well armed, Kiangala (the chief) ventured to show himself. He stood at a little distance from us, evidently doubting the wisdom of getting nearer; and when I got up and offered my hand, he started back in great confusion, and wondered what would happen next. I then spoke a few words, asking him to come nearer, that we

had no 'palaver' with him. He was rather surprised to find that a white man could talk in his language, and he soon ventured to take my hand. I invited him to sit in a folding chair which we had, but he declined, saying that he did not know what it was, and would not trust us. At last he squatted down on a native mat and became a little more sociable, but still very suspicious. After making a few favourable remarks about his town, I told him where we had come from, and what was our object in visiting him. I told him that I had brought my wife with me, and we had no guns, and he could see that we did not want to quarrel with him. It just dawned upon him that there were such beings as white women in the world. Then Mrs. Lewis became the centre of attraction, but the women were very slow to make her acquaintance. I asked the chief and the people to come later on in the evening; that I should like to tell them some good news about God. Kiangala volunteered an answer, saying that 'his people were too much afraid of the white man to come after dark,' but these words came from his own heart. They would come when the moon had risen. They were faithful to their promise, but they took the precaution of being armed for an emergency. They were evidently pleased with what I said, and the chief acknowledged it was a much better 'palaver' than the 'Ngombo.' As he put it, 'the witch doctor on his arrival in a town demanded payment, and we must give him everything he asks for; but the white man's "palaver" about God is very different.' Then he asked if the women, too, might come to my wife and hear this 'palaver.' So now we were on a

friendly footing, and the women listened to Mrs. Lewis gladly. Very early next morning Kiangala came to me to say that he was very glad we did not have 'palavers' in the night, and my carriers 'slept well,' too. He was now begging us to remain another day. But as we were in a hurry to go on, he had to content himself with a promise that we would come again to see him and his people. Then he made us a present of three fowls, and we left for Lunda. We had a great deal of difficulty in finding the road, as none of our carriers had been this way before.

LUNDA.

"The Lunda is a very dirty town, situated in a very narrow valley, and the people were in perfect harmony with all the surrounding dirt. Our appearance put the whole place in great commotion, and the chief was so frightened that he ordered the people to get their guns in case the white man was going to do something bad. The chief made this confession before we left next day. At my request a number of the people came to hear what we had to say, but I am afraid it made little impression. Most of them were rather the worse for palm wine, which could be obtained in abundance. As far as our own comfort was concerned, we were glad when next day dawned and to be on the road again. We were now coming back by another route to Madimba district again, and about noon we arrived at Etoto.

ETOTO.

We were welcomed by the chief, who put at our disposal a respectable-looking plank house. This was the first house of its kind I had seen in Africa, built entirely of native ma-

terial and by untrained workmen. Etoto is situated on a hill, nearly all covered by trees. The vegetation around is decidedly luxurious. The town itself is built on two elevations and covers a good piece of ground. There are about ninety houses, and, perhaps, about 400 inhabitants. I soon came to the conclusion that this was just the place we were seeking for. Matoko and Kivitidi were of the same opinion. The next thing was to ascertain the feelings of the chief and people on the matter. It took the chief some time to believe that I was in earnest. It was too good for him to believe it, he said. In the evening he spoke to his people about it, and next morning they came to say how delighted they were to hear that we would start a station in their town. I took good care to explain that they were not to expect us to give them any cloth or beads; that we only came for the sake of teaching them about God. I am very anxious to make them understand this from the beginning, for I do not believe in giving away presents for the sake of making friends, much less for being allowed to come among the people to build a station. The natives ought to be taught that it is for their benefit alone we come to them, and not to bring presents. This having been properly explained, we came to the question of a site for our sub-station. There was no difficulty about this. The whole of the hill at one end of the town was free for us. We could appropriate as much as we wished for houses and farms. We then went over the ground and fixed a place to build a house. This little station ought to be very healthy. There are no swamps near, and it will be impossible for the drainage to be very

bad. We have a splendid view across the country to the Arthington Falls. Its position as a mission station is, I think, very good, Etoto being within an easy walking distance to many other towns. This is one of the most important things to be considered in starting a station, for we are anxious to spread our influence over as many towns as possible.

“OUR PLANS.

“Now as to our plans. In about a month's time I hope to take with me our native evangelist, Kivitidi, who has a good knowledge of carpentry, and start building a house of native wood and grass roof, having one of the rooms large enough to be used for services and school. Kivitidi will be left there to complete the house, and spending about two hours a day in mission work, and perhaps give lessons to a few boys and girls who would like to learn. By that time he will be married and his wife will be able to help him. Then, when the house is completed, Kivitidi will return to work up his usual district, and one of the church members will go for a few weeks with one of our most forward school-boys to help him with school work. I want the church at San Salvador to take an interest in this station, hoping that very soon they will work it altogether. I think it a mistake to spend European funds on these sub-stations; and the sooner the better for the natives to bear the whole expense.

“At present, however, they are not in a position to do more than support-

ing Kivitidi; but the expenses of building one native house will be very little, and I feel sure the Committee will consider it money well spent.

“One of us will run over as often as we can and stay a week or a fortnight, visiting the neighbouring towns as well. If things will go on satisfactorily for a year or so, we may find it worth while to appoint a regular native teacher who will be able to do the work alone.

“These plans are as yet vague and will have to develop according to circumstances; the above will give you an idea of what we intend doing. I am sure you will remember us and our work in your prayers daily. Pray for this our little sub-station that it may be the means of salvation to many souls, and be a ‘light in the darkness’ to many a weary traveller.

“Two days’ march brought us back to San Salvador, and we were glad to find Mr. Phillips and all the friends well.

“My wife and I enjoyed our trip immensely, and I think we both feel all the better for a little change.

“I hope this letter will not be a burden to you. It is simply the fruit of my desire to comply with your request to write as often as I can about our work.

“With very kind regards and best wishes,

“I am,

“My dear Mr. Baynes,

“Yours very faithfully,

“THOMAS LEWIS.

“A. H. Baynes, Esq.”

The late Mr. Michael Richards.

THE following letter has just been received relative to the lamented decease of Mr. Michael Richards:—

“Boma, Dutch Factory, S.W. Africa,
“August 23rd, 1886.

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I am very, very sorry to have to send you the sad tidings that our dear brother Richards fell asleep in Jesus, at Banana Hotel, on Sunday evening, 19th instant, at eleven o'clock, after six days' illness.

“Our brother accompanied my wife and Mr. Graham to the coast to catch the Portuguese mail, which was due to leave on the 18th instant. After two days at the hotel he complained of feeling unwell, and immediately afterwards went to bed. Shortly after his temperature rose to 106° (a very unusual thing in his case), and next day hæmaturia set in of a very severe nature. We sent for the doctor at once, who did all in his power to stay the disease, but to no purpose. He grew weaker and weaker, so much so, that he was unable to be removed to the Portuguese mail, when she came in to Banana. The doctor strongly advised us not to attempt to remove him in his then condition. And so our dear brother had to say good-bye to my wife and Mr. Graham, with whom he had hoped to have journeyed home. From this time he became so feeble that his power of speech entirely left him. When I spoke to him he would simply stare me in the face. Unconsciousness soon after set in, and on Sunday evening he breathed his last, and so entered into the presence of the Lord and Master whom he so delighted to serve.

“It was most heartrending to see his poor boy, Mansende (who was by his side all the time), pacing up and down the passage of the hotel, crying most bitterly, and saying, ‘Oh! my master; oh! my master, is he dead?’

“Dear Mr. Baynes, another messenger of the churches has laid down his armour while in the thickest of the fight. Another comrade has fallen by our side, while we were so much in need of his help. That we shall miss him you can well understand. He was doing so well at our Lukolala Station. The language was becoming familiar to him. The Gospel of Mark was partly translated in that language, it being his intention to finish it while home on furlough; and in the midst of all his earnest labours for the welfare of poor, dark Africa he was called away. May our Heavenly Father enable us all to humbly bow to His gracious will under this heavy and unexpected affliction, and may his dear parents at home be graciously sustained and upheld in their great sorrow! Our brother's remains were interred at Banana Cemetery on Monday afternoon, when several gentlemen representing the factories were present at the service.

“I must now close this painful letter, praying for you and the Committee at this trying time.

“Believe me to remain,

“Yours very sincerely,

“H. K. MOOLENAAR.

“A. H. Baynes, Esq.”

With regard to the immediate cause of death of Mr. Richards, it appears to have been caused by a clot of blood, obstructing one of the vital channels; the judgment of the Banana doctors being that “under such circumstances no medical or surgical skill could have prevented a fatal result.”

Recent Congo Mission Tidings.

THE Rev. H. R. Phillips, writing from San Salvador by the last mail, says :—

“ It has been my joy to baptize five more candidates on a public profession of the faith in Christ, and I am glad to add there are three or four more we hope to baptize very shortly.

“ We are now arranging for every male member of our little church here to visit regularly all the villages in the district on Sundays, and preach to them the good news of salvation. I beseech you, dear Mr. Baynes, to still pray for us, that much grace may be given us in dealing with the native church here and the young converts. Pray for us, I beseech you.”

The Rev. Samuel Silvey, writing from Stanley Pool, says :—

“ Here at Arthington, our hearts have been greatly cheered by getting a number of Kateke boys to come to our school.

“ Mrs. Grenfell has quite a large number of native girls and women waiting for our new missionaries, Miss Butcher and my sisters.

“ We are all most anxiously and longingly looking for speedy reinforcements.

“ Surely there are some devoted, young, well-equipped brethren at home prepared to come out here for Christ. Must we plead in vain and unheeded? Our alone refuge is in Him who says, ‘ Lo, I am with you always.’ ”

REINFORCEMENTS.

With regard to reinforcements for the Congo Mission, we are devoutly thankful to report that since the issue of the appeal for immediate helpers in last month's *MISSIONARY HERALD* we have received a large number of offers of service from earnest young men in different parts of the country.

Many of these offers indicate a deep and self-sacrificing zeal, and a burning desire to urge forward the work of the Congo Mission.

The prayers of our brethren in the field are being manifestly answered in a very remarkable manner, and the Lord of the harvest is, we confidently believe, Himself thrusting forth more labourers into His harvest.

We ask the special prayers of our readers that at this important juncture the Committee may be divinely guided in their selection of reinforcements, so that the great work may be advanced, and the Redeemer's name glorified.

Delhi Native Christian Students.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

THE Rev. Stephen S. Thomas, of Delhi, sends the following interesting letter :—

“ Delhi, 4th August, 1888.

“ MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—It is very difficult to give a description of a group of men whom one sees so constantly and so closely as I do these

brethren. The photograph, on the whole, is good, though not sufficiently accurate to enable one to read the character of each man with much success. Some are better than they look; others look better than they are. Some cause me considerable anxiety as to what they will be fit for; others give promise of useful service. I will not attempt to describe each man, but I would like to single out the three whom the Conference will be asked to accept this year as evangelists, and also our mission doctor.

“Saul David, the doctor, stands in the centre of the back row. Despite his ferocious countenance, he is a good fellow, doing a good work. He was brought up in our school, afterwards studied at the Agra Medical School, and since then, in addition to his dispensary work, has read in the training classes with a view to becoming a more efficient preacher. He is an active deacon of the church.

“On his right, to the left of the picture, are (1) Silas, (2) Lál Mahammad, (3) Masíh Charan.

“Silas, a deacon's son, was a school teacher, but was rightly thought by Mr. Guyton to be capable of undertaking evangelistic work. One of his illustrations at a Basti meeting—to which he went with Mr. Smith and myself—is, I think, worth recording. We had been speaking on ‘He that believeth shall not perish, but have everlasting life’; to which a Chamár objected that Christians die as do others, and that, in the end, it is all one—a line of reasoning surely not confined to Indian shoemakers. Silas replied as follows: ‘Brother, in that you are greatly mistaken. It is perfectly true that all die, but that does not prove that there is no difference in the condition of those who die. Take an example: imagine a fort with but one gate. (The minds of the people would readily turn to the Delhi Fort, with its magnificent walls and royal palace, and some could remember when the coming out of the king was a matter of daily occurrence.) Through that gate the king in his splendour, and the scavenger in his meanness, must issue forth. You would not, however, argue therefore that they are equals. Between them there is the difference between heaven and earth. Death is the great gate through which all pass; but Christians go forth as kings “to the inheritance of the saints in light,” and they who believe not pass into outer darkness.’ ‘Well answered,’ said the people; and so thought I.

“Masíh Charan comes of a steady, solid—some would say stolid—Christian family, the best known member of which is Ibrahim, pastor of Sabíz Mandí. The influence of such a family is extremely valuable amongst a people who are by nature so unstable. Masíh Charan has all the family characteristics. He has done well in his examinations, not because he is brilliant, but because he is plodding and hard-working. Some of his sermons are really capital.

"Lál Mahammad, as his name suggests, is a convert from Mohammedanism, sent here by Mr. Price from Dánapur. He is undoubtedly the cleverest, ablest, and best educated student we have, and, therefore, the one of the three about whom I have the greatest hopes and greatest fears. It is a great comfort, however, that he will probably be under Mr. Price's care and guidance for the next few years. His sermons are often extremely good, though his language is sometimes too fine for our poor people to understand. These brethren preach in turn on Sunday evenings, and, until within the last month, when through extra pressure of work I have had no time for preparation, I have regularly taken them to bazaar preaching.

"A great need of the Institution is good men from other stations. Delhi alone cannot sustain it; and unless the brethren of the North-West will heartily co-operate by sending their best men for a period of study, the work can only be a failure. The loss it has sustained in Mr. Guyton's leaving is unspeakable. I can only hope that, by God's blessing, the Committee will be able to devise means for carrying it on in such a way as to promote Mr. Guyton's object in founding it, and make it contribute to the furtherance of the Gospel.—I am, my dear Mr. Baynes, yours very sincerely,

"STEPHEN S. THOMAS."

The Rev. R. F. Guyton, of Delhi.

THE following letters from the colleagues and associates of Mr. Guyton, in Delhi, has just been received, and the Committee have special pleasure in placing it before the readers of the HERALD as bearing gratifying testimony to the rare fidelity and ability with which Mr. Guyton has carried on his manifold labours in that most important centre of mission work.

"Delhi, August, 1888.

"To the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society.

"Now that it is definitely settled that Mr. Guyton is not to return to Delhi, we, his late co-workers, would like to bear testimony to the extremely valuable work he did here, and to the great affection and esteem in which he is held by us all. We feel that the Delhi Mission has suffered a severe loss, especially the Native Christian Training Institution which he founded, and the native church, to which he usually preached twice a week. His varied knowledge and sound judgment made him a valuable friend in time of difficulty; and all the mission circle esteemed his English sermons an intellectual and spiritual treat.

"In preparing for his classes in the Training Institution no man could have worked harder, and the bitter failures which so depressed him there were in our belief due to the character of the men he had to train, and not to his training, and were, indeed, such as will be incident to this training work for

many years to come. This, we are persuaded, is a true estimate of Mr. Guyton's work here, although it differs materially from that which he himself would give.

"We follow him to England with our prayerful good wishes, and trust that he will speedily find a church worthy of his superior preaching powers.

"We also venture to suggest that, whilst at home, his extensive and accurate knowledge of Urdu should be turned to account in teaching that language to intending missionaries, whether Zenana or Mardana. The advantage to the work would be immense, and the candidate would be saved from that feeling of utter helplessness which is so depressing during the first year or so.

"Signed:—Herbert J. Thomas, Bertha Thorn, Henry E. Crudgington, Stephen S. Thomas, H. K. Thomas, Harriet Crawford, Sarah P. Thomas, Harriet Crudgington, Isabel M. Angus, Agnes E. Rooke, Emily Beck, Gertrude M. Fletcher."

The Zenana Mission

A GENEROUS GIFT AND AN EARNEST APPEAL.

MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—Will you kindly allow me a little space in the HERALD on behalf of our Ladies' Committee?

Three weeks ago we received a generous and welcome gift which we wish very gratefully to acknowledge: the sum of one thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine pounds from "a warm friend to the Mission, who heartily condemns the rapacity of the Government in abstracting a tenth from legacies to missionary societies, &c., and who at the same time greatly laments that he cannot with greater fervour and devotion give himself and all that he has to that Saviour who for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich."

I need scarcely say that this princely donation is most encouraging, and we desire earnestly to thank the kind donor. But such a gift brings with it fresh responsibility. It means surely more workers and new work, and we feel it incumbent on us to press this reflection for the serious consideration of our friends. We *ought* to send out more workers. Hitherto our cry necessarily has been for the means to send them; but now very urgently must we plead for more labourers for our harvest field. We ask for the very best that our families and churches can furnish. India, with her thousands of eager listeners needs and deserves such; those who are called by God to His work, called by a yearning, burning desire to win souls to Christ, and by a complete self-consecration which is the outcome only of grateful love to the Saviour and His service; those who are the best educated, the most highly gifted, the most useful and earnest in Christian work. Such as these, as the willing messengers from the Christian homes of England, may by God's blessing be counted worthy to bid India's daughters to "shake themselves from the dust," and to "arise and shine, for that the light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen" upon them.

Believe me to be, yours sincerely,

AMELIA ANGUS, Hon. Sec.

To A. H. Baynes, Esq.

A Congo Family Group.

WHAT a contrast between the civilised cleanliness and comfort of our own bright homes in England and the dilapidated, rude surroundings portrayed in the opposite illustration! This is a representation of Congo home life. The mother, with her child upon her knee, is cooking some food over a wood fire; one of her daughters is sick, and the native doctor has been called in to use his charms to drive away the sickness. Of course, he has brought a fetish with him, just a rudely carved piece of wood, muffled up with a strange selection of nutshells, feathers, birds' heads, snake's bones, &c. The whole family have turned out to watch the proceedings, and they are so ignorant and superstitious as to believe that this fetish can exert an influence for good or bad over their sick relative. It makes us very grateful when we see that around our mission stations this belief in fetishism is dying out. The people begin to see the foolishness of it, and in many cases the presence of a native doctor with his fetishes and charms will be provocative of ridicule instead of fear.

PERCY COMBER.

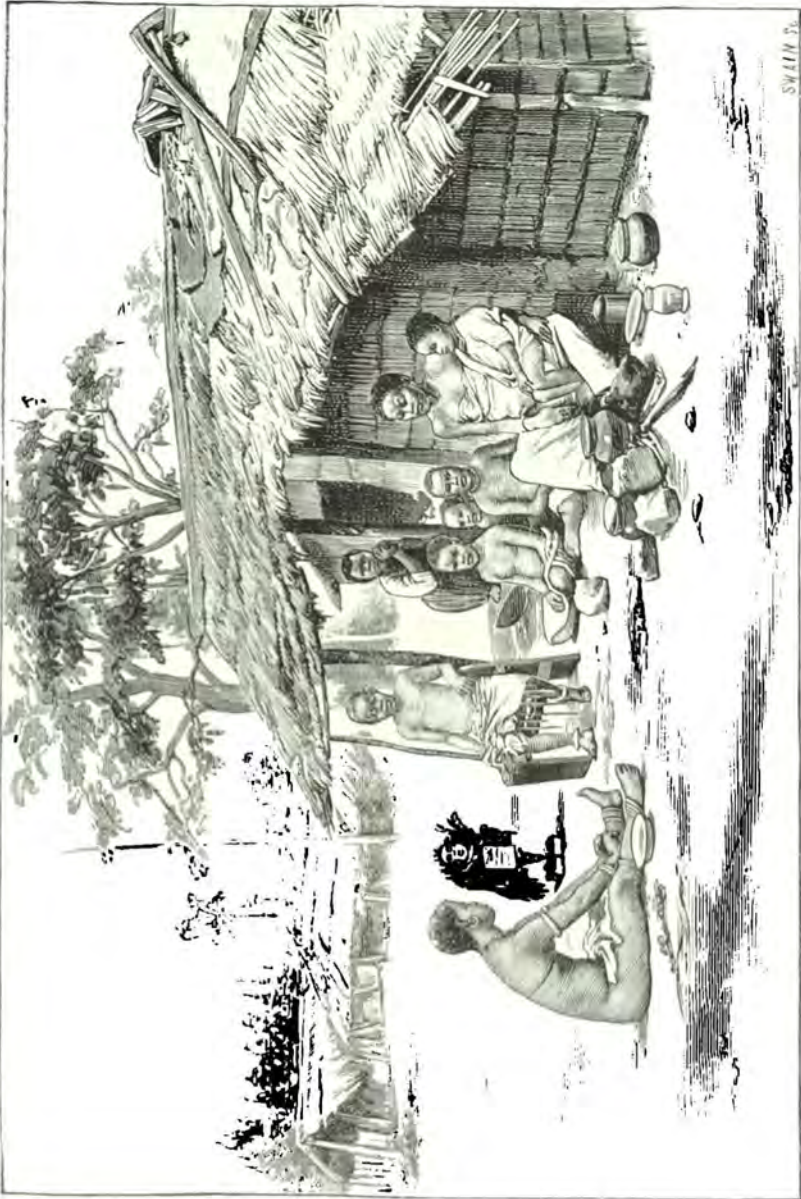
Notes from India.

THE Rev. W. J. Price, of Benares, writes :—

“On Sunday last an intelligent Hindu of the Kayasth caste, residing in a village at some distance from Benares, was baptized, and afterwards sat down with us at the Lord's table. His knowledge of Christ was obtained by reading first one of the Gospels, and afterwards a New Testament procured on his journeys to Benares on business. Having spent the Sunday with us, he returned in the evening to his village, where we have encouraged him to remain, to patiently bear the persecution he expects, and to witness for Christ.”

From Agra the Rev. Daniel Jones reports :—

“Last Sunday we had a happy day here. In the morning, after the native service, there were three baptized. The first, one of our *nominal* Christian young men, the next, the young Mohammedan that I spoke of in the last ‘letter,’ who was then an *enquirer*, and not an *engineer*, as reported, and the third, the sick man referred to in the last ‘letter.’ He was a Hindu of the Thakur caste, and respectably connected. He has returned to his village. He expects persecution, and, being ill and weak, I think *fears* it somewhat. He has a wife and three children, and he hopes that they will also accept Christ. It was in this village that our brother, Hari Ram, suffered so much for Christ. We hope for more fruit in this village, and think we see our way clear to planting a small church there, and starting a school, and also some work among the women. Will friends kindly remember the brother who has just gone back to his village, that he may be strengthened to witness boldly for Christ !



SWATH 76

A CONGO FAMILY GROUP.—(From a Photograph.)

[THE MISSIONARY HERALD,
NOVEMBER 1, 1888.

"On Sabbath evening, of the same day, after the service conducted by our brother, Mr. Kerry, of Calcutta, we had the pleasure of baptizing six men of the Manchester regiment. We pray that they may be kept steadfast to the end.

"But this happy day had a mixture of sadness about it. At the morning baptismal service our brother, Mr. J. C. Stark, well known to many in Calcutta was present, but not well, and on his way home was taken very ill. In fact, we did not think he would reach home alive; but he rallied somewhat, and we hoped that he would get over it. But on Wednesday morning he breathed his last. His end was peace. He was a native of Wellington, in Somerset. His parents and others of the family were Baptists, connected with the church over which the late Rev. Joseph Baynes was pastor; but for years he lived 'without God, without Christ, without hope,' and was an active agent in the service of evil. He was graciously arrested on his way out to India in 1884. A young lady, a passenger, on her way to China in connection with the China Inland Mission, by giving her testimony of the reality of Christ as abiding with her and in her, was made the means of his conversion. He made a bold stand for Christ, and was kept until the end. During his sickness he again and again told us of his readiness to depart if God saw fit to call him to Himself. We magnify the grace of God in our brother, who in these last years of his life has been enabled to stand up for Jesus. We ask prayer for his sorrowing widow, at the same time adding gratefully that the Lord is her portion, and is now upholding her in her present great sorrow."

Writing from Delhi the Rev. Herbert Thomas reports :—

"Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., was visiting here last cold season. He volunteered a gift of books to the library of our Training Institution, if I would furnish him with a list of such as I thought would be useful. The result is, the arrival of a box containing a complete set of the Speaker's Commentary, Old and New Testaments and Apocrypha, Cremer's Biblico-Theological Lexicon, Hughes's Dictionary of Islam, Letts's Popular Atlas, and Robertson's Church History (8 vols.). The books are all new and must have cost quite £20. Mr. Caine has our heartiest thanks for this handsome gift."

From Simla, Dr. Carey reports :—

"Our second baptismal service this year has just been held. There was a good attendance, both European and native, the chapel being quite full. The forenoon service was conducted by the Rev. James Smith, and I baptized the candidates.

"There were eleven men baptized, Hindus, ten of whom reside in the district, while one is a domestic servant at Simla. All ten from the plains are cultivators. Of the converts, five attribute their conversion under the Divine blessing to the example and influence of members of their families baptized here some years ago and to the teaching of members of this church; two to village preaching, and four to preaching at melas by our evangelists and colporteurs. One is a bearer in service at Simla. A kidmatgar, who has been under instruction for several weeks, failed to present himself at our last church-meeting, and was consequently debarred from being received on this occasion. We hope he, together with others now under instruction, will be baptized later on.

"After the baptismal service the new members gathered with us around the Lord's table, at which I presided.

"We hope these converts are the first-fruits this year of a large gathering into the church at Simla of believers from amongst the heathen."

The Rev. W. R. James, of Serampore, writes :—

"The other day, one of our students, who is a convert from the district of Furreedpore, brought to us an old Bengali Testament. He had obtained it from his uncle, who was a Christian. It was in good condition and had evidently been carefully preserved. On looking into the title-page we discovered that it was a copy of Dr. Carey's translation, and that it was issued in the year 1813. So it must have been seventy-five years in circulation. It rejoiced our hearts to see it, for our faith was strengthened in the promise, 'My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.' 'Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after many days.'

"Other similar instances of copies of the whole Bible or of the New Testament have come under my personal observation, and I have now and then read of others being surprised on finding God's Word being preserved by Hindus and others. But every copy I saw or read of was a complete Bible or a New Testament. I have never, if I am rightly informed by my memory, come across a Gospel or any other such portion of the Holy Scriptures similarly preserved. I suppose there must be many instances though, for I have known cases of *tracts* being kept and lent again to others by persons into whose hands they fell. I am only giving my experience. But it stands to reason that a large book, well bound, has a much better chance of being preserved than a Gospel or an Epistle in paper cover. A person is much more likely to preserve with care, and regard with reverence, a large and costly book than a smaller and cheaper one. This would apply if both kinds were given away gratis. When we add to the value of the larger book the price that the buyer has to give for it, the chance of preservation is greatly increased. Besides, a copy of the whole Bible sold for a rupee or a little more, is not nearly so likely to fall into unworthy hands as a portion would be. Which is likely to be productive of greater good, a single copy of the whole New Testament or a thousand tracts?"

The Rev. Gogon Chunder Dutt writes from Khoolna :—

"Towards the end of the last month I worked in and about Trimohony and Jhingargatchy for twelve days. Mr. Tregellus, of Jessore, was with us as far as the latter place, where we preached the Gospel and distributed medicines for three days. Among others, two men who were suffering from eye-disease for a long time were wonderfully cured. After preaching at Jhingargatchy haut a number of Moochee Christians, who are now Roman Catholics, followed us to the dawk bungalow, and gave out that they are dissatisfied with Romanism and Romish priests, and they will return if we look after them. You remember, I believe, that Mr. Anderson commenced work among the Moochees about thirty years ago and except two families all were enticed away by money by the Romish priests. The agents of Rome found their mistake. They thought of building the church

of God by money. When pecuniary help ceased, most of the Moochees left the Romish priests, and became Hindus again, and those who are still Romanists are discontented.

"More than a week I worked at Trimohony dawb bungalow. Trimohony is about three miles from Begumpore station. Every morning till twelve the compound and verandahs used to be filled with patients and their friends. Our work was first to read a portion of the Bible, pray and preach, and then distribute medicines. I have had no less than fifty invitations to visit the patients in their villages, but I could only visit seven villages in the afternoon during my stay. You know that the *Karta Bhojas* (a religious sect) do not take medicine, but this time many, both men and women, came for medicine and were wonderfully cured, and about thirty families of this sect in and about Trimohony turned favourably towards Christianity. Please pray for our humble work."

The Rev. Denham Robinson, of Dinagepore, reports:—

"I have just received a letter from Surjya Babu, who has just returned from a visit to Kuaron and Dakra, where our Kol churches are. He says that nineteen Kol Christians (nominal) have been baptized, of whom ten were men and nine women. This news is very encouraging to me as a proof that the spiritual life of these churches is increasing, and I trust that by the blessing of God these churches will continue to grow in power, absorbing into their own community the Polias, Santals, Nagporeans, and others by whom they are surrounded; and this does not seem unlikely when we bear in mind the seven baptisms which took place there recently, all of which were cases of converts from Hinduism."

The Women of China.

MRS. WHITEWRIGHT, of Tsing Chu Foo, Shantung, sends the following account of work amongst the women of the district:—

"June 7th, 1888.

"DEAR MR. BAYNES, — I have thought perhaps a short account of work amongst the women here may be of interest to some readers of the **HERALD**, if you would have room to insert it. I have for some time, as frequently as possible, been visiting our stations outside the city. These stations, as you know, are at distances varying from four to forty miles.

"I have only visited the stations within fifteen miles of the city, as I have hitherto returned in the same day. I am hoping to visit those at the longer distances when the cool weather comes again. Ten miles seems very little in England to travel, but

here it is quite a long journey, being twenty there and back for the day, and meaning five hours of travel.

"I have travelled on a wheelbarrow when another lady has been with me, but when alone I go in a sedan chair, carried by four men. We reach the station usually about ten or earlier. If I am visiting the station for the first time, I am always sure of the village, as the Christians are expecting me, and there is always a group outside the house in which they have set apart a room for service. These rooms have been described before; the poorest mission-hall in England that I have seen being quite a grand place in comparison to many of them.

A WARM WELCOME.

The people are so glad to see me, and give me such a warm welcome. The first question they ask is, 'Are you well? Have you suffered inconvenience on the road?' After answering them they show me into the room, and give me the only chair perhaps there, and I sit and talk with the women until service, which begins about eleven. They have no watches or clocks, so go by the sun. At all these stations they have one member who is leader, and either he or one of Mr. Whitewright's students usually conducts the service, which lasts until about twelve o'clock. After service the women stay a while for more conversation, and then go home to their dinner, leaving one or two with me while I take my lunch, to keep me from being lonely they say. They often press me to take some of their food, but I tell them I have brought lunch with me. I do not usually take any lunch from them, as they are mostly very poor, and they would try to get for me better food than they could afford. When they are very pressing, and there is no help for it, I sometimes take a little. After lunch the women come back, and I have service with them; they sit round me on forms, and are always attentive and willing to learn. We usually sing a hymn first, pray, and then I read. After reading we sing again, and I take a portion of what I have read and explain to them.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

"Two Sundays ago I was at a station about eight miles from the city. There were in the afternoon, with the outsiders, between thirty and forty women in my class. They were all so attentive while I read and explained the 14th chapter of John, which I had taken for my lesson that day.

They asked me many questions, and I knew, from what they said to me, that very many of them realised all that was contained in that chapter. After we had finished our lesson they very much wished me to teach them the tune to 'Here we suffer grief and pain.' I commenced, but it was very hard work, as some of the women were over fifty, and rather old to begin singing. They have very little idea of singing, and yet are so fond of it, and proud to learn a new tune. They will labour day after day trying to learn a tune, and seem never tired of going over it again and again. When I was leaving they begged me to come back soon, saying, 'Mrs. Whitewright, if you came here every Sunday we should learn so much more. You help us very much, and our hearts are better for your coming.' I tell them I would like very much to be with them every Sunday, but there are sixty other stations, and I am anxious to go to them all.

REAL RELIGION.

"I was at another station a few months ago. The road was very bad indeed, over high hills, and I found it very difficult to travel even in my chair; yet one or two old women over sixty walked nine li (three English miles) over the hills to meet me and come to service. This is not like walking at home; these poor women, with their bound feet, taking four or five times as long to walk it that we would do. They are real Christians, and it takes a very great deal to keep them from worship. Some of them walk every Sunday three or four miles, and these not young women. Their religion is a very real thing to them.

"You know that the women in China very seldom learn to read; I suppose not one in ten thousand before they become Christians, from the

class from which our Christians mostly come, learn to read. Yet many of our poor old women learn to read the hymn-book, catechism, and other Christian books. One often sees an old woman over sixty sitting with her hymn-book, and another woman about fifty learning from her to read. It is not easy to learn to read Chinese. I am often astonished to see how eager they are to learn, and what an amount of patience they have. I often hear them repeat hymns when in the country, and a great many of them can begin at the beginning of our little hymn-book and repeat right through, and the same with the catechism.

VISITORS.

"A few Sundays ago two old women, from a station thirty li (ten miles) from the city, came in to see me. They said, 'We thought of you so much we were bound to come and see you; we couldn't wait any longer.' After service I had them to a Chinese meal with me; they told me about the other members at their station, and begged me to go there again soon. The eldest of the two old women said, 'We would like to come oftener to see you, but the journey from our home is so very trying we are not able to come as often as we would like.' She is a dear old lady, and one of my oldest friends in China. Before I could speak a word of Chinese she came in to see me, asking me a great many questions, which, of course, I could not understand. Still she talked away and seemed to have enjoyed the visit very much, examining the things in the room, and my dress. This old lady was noted for her kindness before she became a Christian, especially in the famine time. There are very many such good old women, and it does

one's heart good to meet and talk with them.

"We are staying now at a village twenty-five li from this city, called Tai-Wang-Tang. We came here a few days ago in order to try and escape the great heat for a few weeks. There are no Christians here, but the people are very friendly and kind.

"Mrs. Forsyth and I went out the other evening, and were sitting resting on a bank, when quite a little company of women and children came around us. We sat quite a while, and had a very pleasant talk with them. We hope to have many more talks with them before we leave.

READY LISTENERS.

"The people in the country are far more willing to listen and learn than the city people. We were a little afraid when coming out that we might have some trouble here, as the people, many of them in this out-of-the-way place, have never seen a foreigner before; but they have been very friendly indeed. We have a station within two miles of this village—a very good station, numbering between forty and fifty people. I hope to go out and see and talk with the women during our stay here. The work is very interesting, and the little I can do I enjoy very much indeed. The more one sees of these women the more anxious it makes one feel to do more work amongst them. I wish you could see and talk with these women. They make one feel it has been worth leaving home and friends and coming to this far country to in some little way help and teach them.

"I am,

"Yours very truly,

"A. WHITEWRIGHT.

"A. H. Baynes, Esq."

New Station at Bolobo, Upper Congo River.

THE Rev. George Grenfell writes:—I send you a photograph of one corner of our new site at Bolobo, showing our first encampment there (early April, 1888).

Our chapel is to be built under the tall trees just behind the grass-thatched hut.

The opposite bank of the river is faintly shown over the top of the left-hand tent.

Just beyond the trees in the background is the commencement of the Moie town, which stretch continuously for nearly three miles to the northward. The Bolobo towns commence about four hundred yards behind the point from which the photograph was taken, and stretch away southward more than three miles. We have here one of the most magnificent spheres the Congo affords for real missionary work.

“Praise God!”

NATIVE Christians in Bengal are not given to shouting during the time of service. They are too absorbed in the sermon or singing to think of such a thing. But the other Sunday, one of the deacons of a large church could not help saying out loud how glad he was. I will tell you why.

Twelve persons wanted to be baptized. Among them was a poor wrinkled old woman. As the names were mentioned one by one, her name occurred. At the sound of it the deacon said, “What! is it Sonaton’s mother?” Then, when he was certain it was she and no other, he rose before them all, and with folded hands and eyes uplifted, said aloud, “I praise God for this! She is so old, and has been hearing without believing nearly all her life. There are others among us whose children have become believers, and been baptized, but they have not.”

And I could not help feeling that we should all say “Praise God!” for such a change after so many years. There are many who have come out of heathenism who come regularly to the Sunday services and think that is enough. But it is not. We long to see them at the feet of Jesus like this old woman. Will you ask God to bless *all* who come to us, so that they may do more than forsake dumb idols? Ask that they may serve the living God.

The last of the twelve baptized by me that day was a bright, intelligent boy of fourteen. “Praise God” that He has not allowed this dear boy to grow up to manhood and old age without salvation! What a blessed life will be his compared with that of the aged woman! For some time past it has been his duty to lead the large congregation in the Lord’s Prayer at the end of each service. Who asked him to do it I cannot say. One thing I know, that it is quite helpful to hear his clear, strong voice pronounce each clause distinctly, while nearly all present repeat it after him. If the people paid no attention to any other part of the service, they at least join in this.

Nadaripore, East Bengal.

[ROBERT SPURGEON.



NEW STATION AT BULOBO, UPPER CONGO RIVER.—(From a photograph taken by Mr. Grenfell.)

Work in the Allahabad District.

THE Rev. G. J. Dann sends the following account of Mission work in the District of Allahabad :—

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—It is about fifteen years since I heard read at a missionary prayer-meeting in Bradford a letter from Mr. Bate, giving an account of an itineration in the Allahabad district. From that time my thoughts and aspirations never left, for any length of time, the object of India and the work there. You may imagine how thankful I was when last cold weather I saw the camp requisites all safely loaded upon two bullock-carts, and, with Mrs. Dann and the little ones, I drove on ahead to find out a suitable spot for our first camp. Mr. Bate advised me to go out unattended by any native brother, partly for my own sake, that I might learn to rely upon my own resources, and thus be able at any time to work single-handed, and partly because we are so short-handed that my taking the brethren out would have stopped the in-station work. So out we went, beyond the cantonments and the octroi barrier, beyond our ordinary morning preaching-stations, out on the Cawnpore road, rendered historical to every Baptist as the route taken by Havelock when on his way to relieve Lucknow.

“BAMROULI.

“About eight or nine miles out I saw a large village, which I recognised from descriptions which had been given me as Bamrouli; and as this was my first intended position, we lost no time in making for the nearest mango-clump. We soon discovered a nice place close beside the road, with fields of millet and wheat on three sides, and a threshing-floor on the third side. By the time the day had become hot

our tent was pitched, and we set to work to get everything into order before night.

“Our kitchen was a large tree, our larder a wire cage hung upon another tree, our dining-room the preaching awning tied by each corner to a stout tree. This also served me as a place in which to see visitors and meet inquirers. I was not long in making my way to one of the neighbouring villages, which lie very thickly together in our fertile district, the land between the mighty rivers, Ganges and Jumna. My plan in the mornings was to be at my village just after sunrise, when people are just going out to their work in the fields. I would first penetrate the labyrinth which goes by the name of a village here. No road—for no wheeled carriages ever go nearer than the high roads. You come, perhaps, upon a big pond, round which goats, sheep, cattle, pigs, and poultry are feeding. After a search, in the course of which you narrowly escape falling into a blind well or two, you find a pathway that seems to lead to a bit of impenetrable mud wall. Go boldly up to it, and you find an opening big enough to admit a cow or a man. This is one of the entrances to the village street. You wind your way along, among cows, and bulls, and goats, tethered in this yard-wide gully, until you come to a turn in the lane, with a well standing in a courtyard in front of a house. If there are signs of human life about, and the human beings are not in full flight from the stranger, who may turn out, for all the villagers know, to be a vaccination officer, or a sahiib come to tax them, or they know

not what!—if you can get anything in the shape of a featherless biped to stand, you begin a friendly conversation. In course of time those who have been timidly peeping round corners, and discover that the bold spirit who has dared to speak to the sahib is yet alive, come round. Line upon line, and precept upon precept, you give them the old, old story. We usually finish up by offering our Scripture portions and tracts for sale, and of course I did my best to spread the written Word right and left. If the village had a pretty plain bit of road in it, where one could walk two or three yards at a time without dodging cows and bulls, I used to adopt a much shorter method of getting a congregation. Selecting a bhejan, I would sing as I went along, and eventually all the youngsters in the place would be at my heels, with many of their elders, and over every wall I could catch glances at the women listening in a half-frightened manner to the sahib singing their own native tunes. The people greatly preferred the singing, of course, so I used often to make up a 'song service,' selecting bhajans which illustrated various phases in our Lord's life, teaching, work, and atonement, interspersing them with short addresses.

"MY WORK.

"In the larger villages I never failed to get a good congregation, and often preached and sang in two or three different parts. Then the zamindar or the maulavi would come and invite me either to the zamindar's house, or to the open space in front of the masjid, or into the village school. I didn't have it all my own way here. Hour after hour of answering objections, clearing away the misconceptions and lying legends by which the great Arab Antichrist has managed to mask a Christ-

ianity which he could not destroy, with many an appeal to the Sacred Books which a Muhámmadan is bound to listen to—the Law, the Psalms, and the Gospel—together with a reference here and there to his own Qurán. At last the objector gets to the end of his tether; his stock of questions and his lung-power alike are exhausted. A few searching words from Scripture, teaching the true nature of sin, the need of a living Saviour which nothing but the Gospel can satisfy, a plain statement of that Gospel, its freeness and its efficacy, and it is long pasttime to be going back to camp. I usually parted from my Muhámmadan friends with a word of prayer. This is an awful system, so like the truth in many respects, but only doing for its devotees what Pharisaism did for those who rejected Christ, the teacher making his proselyte tenfold more a child of hell than himself.

"HINDU WORK.

"In another village I would find a Pundit; and here, of course, the objections raised would be of the true Pantheistic sort. Many of our friends at home seem to be under the impression that Hindu work is easier than that among Muhámmadans. I may be wrong, but I think Pantheism a more difficult foe than even fanaticism; and Hinduism is not vulgar idolatry, but a cluster of systems vastly more difficult than anything Fichte, Schelling, or Hegel ever worked out; and it is more difficult to deal with the out-and-out Oriental Pantheist than his Occidental imitator, for he has a boundless faith in his system, and not the *slightest sense of humour*. If any man just gets up and scoffs at the idols, the humblest and stupidest villager can defend his idolatry as skillfully as a Roman Catholic or Ritualist priest his theory of transubstantiation. Paul found the Greeks

as difficult to deal with as the Jews ; and we have the two old types in the Semitic fanaticism of Mecca, and in the philosophic Pantheism of Benares.

"In the evenings I usually went to the large markets, held thrice a week in many of the larger villages. There I would take my stand in a crowded bazar, among piles of calico, sheaves of sugar-cane, flocks of sheep and goats, piles of grain of various sorts, spices and salt—such are the staple in these markets. I usually preached and sold books until I could not, for very weariness, go on any longer. And then the going home to camp! In nine cases out of ten there would be no road. Steering by the after-glow in the west, or the earlier stars or moon, I would make my way back along the edges of the water-courses which divide and irrigate the fields, pushing my way through sugar-cane and millet until I reached my camp. Then a quiet dinner after the day's work—early to bed and early to rise. When I got further up the district, I often had to cross bits of jungle in the dark ; and one evening, when I came upon the road a mile from camp, I had to ask some travellers to direct me to the village near which we had pitched. 'Háu, sahib, úp ne leaví chakkar kháf' ('Yes, sir, you have eaten a great wheel'), said they, meaning that I had 'fetched a great compass.' I explained that I did not relish jungle paths at night, especially as we had a lot of wolves and wild boars about. It was not far from this very same village that a rather amusing thing happened. I went into a small village and met the zamindar, a Muhámmadan, in the first lane I came to. He went round from house to house, and drove men and women before him into a large enclosure—the enclosure of his own home. Then telling them all to sit down on

the ground, he ordered out a charpoy for me to sit on, and said, 'Bring them into the religion!' 'What dúí?' (religion), I asked. 'Oh, there is no God but God, and Muhámmad is His Prophet,' rejoined the old gentleman. I gave him a little plain speaking for his own personal benefit to begin with, and then began to tell my message to the eager congregation before me. As I spoke of the love of Christ, the discourse by the well of Sychar, the old zamindar would interject such remarks as : 'There now, that's better than your Kálí mother, is it not?' I did my very best, as I promised the old gentleman, to bring, not only his ryots, but himself also into the true Dúi.

"THE DOCTOR SAHIB.

"One great difficulty always is getting at the people. There is so much wicked oppression practised by the native officials who attend Government officers on their tours, that I had to labour very hard to remove the fears of the people on seeing a camp and a white face. To obviate this difficulty some missionaries, in former days in our Mission, used to go without tents and live in the *sarais* or native inns. But our district is so densely populated, and the *sarais* are so far apart, and so far from many large villages lying off the main road, as to put that method out of the question. The problem was providentially solved for me. One of my servants suffered from a bad cough, and as I was giving him some medicine, a villager stopped and inquired if I was a doctor sahib. My people told him no, but I had a lot of wonderful powders and draughts and pills. Next day a contingent of people suffering from malarious diseases, rheumatism, and other complaints, came down to my camp about noon. From that time forward I always had a ready entrance

to all the villages and a good congregation of hearers; for my quinine and other remedies going before me procured me a hearty welcome. Of course, I had the consciousness that I was an awful quack, and, for that reason, hazarded no dangerous experiments. Ocular cases I referred to the free dispensaries in Allahabad; fever and rheumatism, and the thousand-and-one complaints arising from malaria, exposure and bad food, I could deal with. One old woman came with a grandchild, a poor child of about eighteen months old. She told me she had heard of a 'Gora Brahman Deota' (white Priest-God) who was working miracles in the name of Rama; and she had brought the hope of her family—the male heir—to see if I could do anything for him. I told her the true state of the case as regarded myself, and soon discovered that the child's complaint was well within my scope. The old woman came again two days later, and wanted to kiss my feet. With her came two Brahmans, who actually took quinine and fever powders from my hands, an unclean nelechcha though I was. Best of all, these men patiently

listened to me while I told them of the true Physician of souls, and when they went away took a Sanskrit Gospel and some tracts with them. I often lamented my want of accurate medical training and the narrow range of my remedies; but I as often thanked God for the good I was privileged to do directly upon the bodies of my patients, and indirectly towards breaking down prejudices and overcoming opposition and hatred to the Gospel through this auxiliary means.

"It is a glorious work, although apparently very prosaic. It means taking the bread of life to hungry souls; and although I could not return with glowing reports of hundreds baptized, yet I returned qualified to testify that the heaven is spreading among the people; and in the Lord's good time the barriers of caste and custom will give way with a rush, and not in units, but in crowds, these people will bow the knee to Christ and confess Him Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

"With kindest regards,

"Yours very truly,

"GEO. J. DANN.

"A. H. Baynes, Esq."

Acknowledgments.

THE Committee gratefully acknowledge the following welcome and useful gifts, received up to October 14th:—A case containing garments, &c., from New Park Road Chapel, Brixton, for Delhi Mission; two parcels from Miss M. Simpson, Innisora, for Mrs. Wall, Rome; a box containing illustrated magazines, from Victoria Baptist Sunday-school, Wandsworth, per Mr. T. W. Palmer, for the Rev. R. Spurgeon, Barisaul; two parcels containing fancy articles, from Kingston-on-Thames Church, per Mrs. Wright, for Miss Thorn and Mrs. Anderson; a bale containing garments, aprons, &c., from Miss Trusted, West Bank, for Mrs. Wall, Rome; a bale containing waterproof suit for immersion, from Miss Barcham, for Mr. Wall, Rome; two parcels containing Scripture cartoons, wearing apparel, &c., from Salem Chapel, Dover, for Rev. J. Stubbs, Patna; two parcels containing useful articles, from Mrs. Harvey, Sandwich, for Mrs. Stubbs, Patna; a quantity of haberdashery, from Mrs. Yates, Stroud, for Mrs. Wall, Rome; a quantity of clothing, from Camden Road Ladies' Missionary Working Party, for Rev. H. J. Thomas, Delhi; a box

containing fancy articles, from Mrs. Willis, West Kilburn, for Rev. H. J. Thomas, Delhi; a parcel containing garments, &c., from Bryon Hill Working Party, Harrow, per Mrs. D. Davies, for Mrs. T. R. Edwards, Serampore; a box containing useful articles of clothing, &c., from Young People's Missionary Working Missionary Party, Falmouth, per Mrs. Renfree, for Rev. R. Spurgeon, Barisal; a box containing wearing apparel, &c., from Mr. W. Potter and friends at Peckham Park Road Chapel Sunday-school, for Rev. J. G. Potter, Agra; a bale containing garments from Missionary Working Party, Sutton, per Miss Starling, for Mrs. Lewis, San Salvador.

Mr. Grenfell in a recent letter asks that grateful acknowledgment be made of the receipt of the first package of the lathe (value £60) presented by the Birmingham friends. He writes:—"I am hoping it will soon be all here, for it will save us a lot of trouble, and enable us to do important work in connection with the steamer, which we cannot so much as attempt under present circumstances."

A Welcome Gift.

DURING the past month we have received a further welcome and timely gift of £2,297 17s. 3d. from "A Warm Friend to the Mission, who heartily condemns the rapacity of the Government in abstracting a tenth from legacies to missionary societies, &c., and who at the same time greatly laments that he cannot with greater fervour and devotion give himself and all he has to that Saviour who for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich."

This generous donor desires again and especially to call attention to the fact that a tenth of all legacies is lost to the funds of the Mission owing to legacy duty. "Will not," he writes, "rich men think of the great advantage of giving to the *Society in their lifetime* and NOW?"

The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

THE grateful thanks of the Committee are given to "A Friend, Wiltshire," for a gold chain, "E. A. W." for a Mizpah ring for the Congo Mission; L. S., Chudleigh, Devon, for a silver bracelet for the Congo Mission, per the Rev. Joseph J. Doke; Captain Ottmann for £3 14s. from the Russian Baptist Church at Windau, Courland, for the Congo Mission, per the Rev. James Owen, of Swansea, who writes, under date of September 25th:—"Last Sunday the captain of a Russian schooner, who attended our services, came into my vestry, and said he had a sum of money which he had been entrusted with for the Missionary Society. Last evening he came to my house, and gave me £3 14s., being contributions from the Baptist church at Windau, Courland, Russia, for our *Congo Mission*. I was very glad to receive this striking evidence of the hold our Society has on the affections of Christian brethren, most of them very poor, in Russia. The captain, a devoted Christian, was very pleased to be the bearer of the sum, which I now have the pleasure of remitting to you." A pilot of the German Ocean, for a silver coin for the Congo Mission; an old man, over ninety years of age, for a silver ring for the

China Mission; Miss Daisy Clarke, of Havenfield, High Wycombe, for 8s. 6d., who writes:—"I enclose with this postal orders for 8s. 6d., the amount I have received for the Congo Mission since the £1 Os. 7d. I sent you in June. I see you acknowledge that simply as coming from High Wycombe; but if it is not asking too much, would you this time acknowledge it under the heading of "The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver"? I ask this because I have received the amounts by means of letters, mostly in threepences and sixpences, with the exception of 4s. 6d. kindly sent me by Mrs. Redfern, of South Shore, Blackpool; so that by seeing it thus acknowledged in the HERALD is the only way the friends will know that I have remitted the money to you; and it may be the means of inducing others to send more, which I will then gladly forward to you. I only wish that I had more to send now, for I long to be able to do something for our missionary work, which I have greatly at heart, and help in removing the debt, which I see by this last HERALD is very large. I do pray that God will raise up and send you, in some way, means to carry on the work—His work—so that you may be able to go forward with it, instead of standing still or retreating." A Governess, for a silver pencil case, for the Congo Mission; a Stewardess on a P. and O. steamer for an old coin, for the Indian Mission.

The cordial thanks of the Committee are also given to the following donors for most welcome and timely gifts, the financial needs of the Mission being never more urgent than to-day:—Mr. T. M. Russall, per Rev. J. Stephens, M.A., £200; Mr. Chas. F. Foster, Cambridge, £100; Miss E. Foster, Norton Saint Philip, near Bath, £100; Mr. W. Thomas, Llanely, £100; Mrs. W. Thomas, Llanely, £10; Mr. H. Thomas, Llanely, £10; the Misses Amis, Yarmouth, £75; Mr. J. Marnham, J.P., (quarterly), £75; Mr. A. Campbell, for Congo, £30; Mr. Arthur Robinson, Bristol, for Congo, £25; a Gloucestershire Working Man, £15; A. B. C., £5; Mr. Joseph Wates, £15; Mr. W. O. Houghton, £15; Mr. Ebenezer West, £14 4s.; E. G., Hertfordshire, £10; Mr. R. Morgan, £10; Mr. Joseph Nall, £10; Mr. J. Masters, £10; a Thankoffering, £10; F. C. D., £10; Mr. J. T. Stevenson, New Zealand, £10.

Recent Intelligence.

THE Revs. Francis James and Moir Duncan, M.A., left London on the 20th ultimo for China in the P. and O. steamship *Victoria*. Mr. James undertakes important work at Tsi Nan Fu, the Provincial Capital of Shantung, and Mr. Duncan is designated to Tai Yuen Fu, in Shansi Province.

On the 25th ultimo, in the P. and O. steamship *Ganges*, the Rev. A. and Mrs. McKenna, Miss Allen (engaged to be married to the Rev. Herbert Anderson, of Barisal), and three zenana missionaries—the Misses Blackwell, Dean, and Saker—left London for Calcutta.

Mr. McKenna will resume work in Soory, Beerbhoom, where he has so successfully laboured for the past eight years.

We have much pleasure in informing our readers that the Camden Road Sunday-school Missionary Association have arranged to hold their Annual

Congo Mission Sale on Wednesday and Thursday, the 28th and 29th of the current month. In this work they are largely assisted by the ladies of the congregation, but will, as on previous occasions, be very glad of any help from friends at a distance. Contributions of work, &c., will be gladly received by Mrs. Jonas Smith, of 26, Carleton Road, N.; the Secretary of the Ladies' Working Party, Mrs. C. Tidmarsh, of Mayfield, Anson Road, N.; or by Miss E. Ball, of 122, Elthorne Road, Hornsey Rise, on behalf of the Sunday-school.

Many of our readers will be glad to know that the Rev. George Dunnett, of Coseley, Bilston, Staffordshire, has recently taken some excellent photographs of Mr. Romonath Bay Chowdhery. Mr. Dunnett writes:—

“During the visit of our friend Mr. Chowdhery, as our deputation, as he had not had his portrait taken in England and had been asked for it, I have taken some for friends in our churches here. But it occurred to me that some in other parts might like one; if so, they can have the cabinets at 1s. and the carte de visites at 6d. each, and all the profit shall go to the Missionary Society.”

We have already received £1 from the proceeds of sales.

We desire to call the special attention of our friends to the forthcoming Report of the recent General Missionary Conference, to be published in two large volumes of about 600 pages each for the small sum of five shillings, provided orders are sent in to the Secretary of the Conference, the Rev. James Johnston, Exeter Hall, on or before the close of the current month.

We trust many of our readers will avail themselves of this tempting offer.

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.

We are glad to report the safe arrival in England of the Rev. Philip Davies, B.A., Ngombe Station, Congo River.

Mr. Davies had a very severe attack of fever just before he left the Congo, but has been much benefited by the voyage home.

In the last Annual Report of the Mission the following entry should have appeared in the list of West Croydon annual subscribers—viz., “Mrs. Hart, ten shillings,” and the total of sums under ten shillings £7 2s. 2d. instead of £7 12s. 2d.

Middleton-in-Teesdale		NORTHUMBERLAND.	Eccleshall	1 0 2
Do., for Rome	1 0 0	Newcastle and Gateshead Aux.	Heaton	9 9 4
Do., for Congo	0 5 0	Newcastle, Westgate		112 1 11
South Shields, Westoe-		and Jesmond		9 15 2
lane	10 0 0	Do., Rye Hill		102 6 9
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				Scarborough
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				Shipley, Bethel
				2 16 6
				SOUTH WALES.
				BRECKNOCKSHIRE.
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				GLAMORGANSHIRE.
				Canton, Hope Ch.
				6 2 2
				Swansea, Mt. Pleasant
				13 8 10
				Do., Sunday-sch., for
				Congo
				12 13 2
				Do., United Schools
				4 12 0
				Do., United Public
				Meeting
				7 16 7
				Do., United Prayer
				Meeting
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				SCOTLAND.
				Bridge of Allan, V.P.
				Church, for Congo
				5 11 0
				Glasgow, for Italy
				10 0 0
				Do., John-street Ch.
				14 0 0
				Do., Queen's Park
				10 16 5
				Do., do., for China
				0 8 6
				Do., do., Sunday-sch.
				2 10 0
				Helensburgh, Sun.-sch.
				0 8 0
				Kirkcaldy
				2 16 2
				Do., Sunday-sch., for
				support of Congo
				boy
				1 5 0
				Leslie
				6 11 2
				CHANNEL ISLANDS.
				Jersey, St. Hellera
				8 14 3
				Do., for China
				0 5 0
				FOREIGN.
				Russia, Courland, for
				Congo, per Rev Jus.
				Owen
				3 14 0

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

It is requested that all remittances of contributions be sent to **ALFRED HENRY BAYNES**, Secretary, Mission House, 19, Furnival Street, E.O., 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.