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*From a Photo*

THE YUNGFRAU FROM THE SCHEIDECK PASS.

[by Dr. Harry Guinness.]

*For the mountains shall  
depart & the hills be removed  
but my kindness shall not  
depart from  
thee.  
Isaiah LIV. 10.*

# THESE THIRTY YEARS.

The Story

of the

R.B.M.U.

... By

Dr. Harry

Guinness.

"Lo, I am with you all  
the days."

CLIFFE COLLEGE,  
17 ON HOUSE,  
17 ON ROAD,  
COVENT GARDEN,  
LONDON, W.C. 2

Photo by]

[Wharton & Co.]

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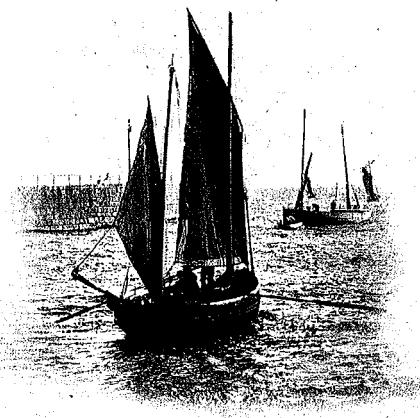


Photo by

[Wharton & Co.

## PREFACE.

THE warm appreciation elicited by the earlier edition of "These Thirty Years," has encouraged us to conserve in permanent form this special issue of "Regions Beyond." A few emendations and improvements have been effected, and an important supplementary chapter added. Our

readers will find that instead of a formal report for 1902, we compiled an illustrated survey of the entire work of the R.B.M.U. Our only regret was that lack of space compelled us to omit all reference to the noble efforts of the men and women who have gone forth from our midst to become identified with other Missionary societies, and in some instances to establish Independent Missions in hitherto unreached spheres.

The record was sent forth with the earnest prayer that it might stimulate a deeper interest in the Missions identified with Harley House, and we gratefully acknowledge the kindness and sympathy with which it has been received. Those who still desire to help us can render effective service by introducing this volume to Christian people who may not be acquainted with the work. We shall greatly appreciate any such effort to widen our circle of helpers.

*H. Graham-Guinness  
M.D.*

HARLEY HOUSE,  
Bow ROAD,  
LONDON, E.  
*July, 1903.*

# These Thirty Years.

*"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."*

**W**HAT a fascination there is about the past! And what an absorbing interest attaches to the beginnings of any movement with which we are familiar!

On the table before me lie a series of the early reports sketched by the gifted pen of my beloved mother. They read like a romance, and one is tempted to spend hours in turning over the thin pages, with their somewhat antiquated type.

I find that it was in January, 1873, that all those impulses which for years had been moving the heart of my father took shape in the foundation of the "East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions." Thus thirty years, to the very month, have actually elapsed since the days of "29, Stepney Green"—whence the title of this brief retrospect.

\* \* \*

In spite of the perpetual alterations by which modern taste and enterprise are rapidly transforming the Metropolis, here and there may be found picturesque remains of old London, still standing amidst the rushing stream of modern life. Many new features have transformed even the appearance of the East End. Vast improvements have altered, almost out of recognition, our great Hospital and its Medical School, whilst splendid new structures, including Art Galleries, Public Libraries, the People's Palace, and modern municipal buildings beautify the streets near the very region described by Sir Walter Besant as "the joyless city."

"Stepney Green," however, remains very much what it was a generation ago, only more Jewish than of yore. Hayfield Passage still leads from the great brewery and the crowded Mile End Waste to the seclusion of the ancient enclosure. And when I recently paid a visit to the old spot, I was glad to find

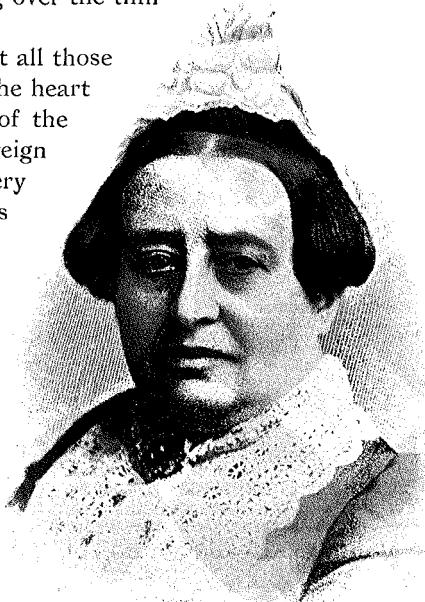


Photo by

Elliott & Fry.  
THE LATE MRS. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

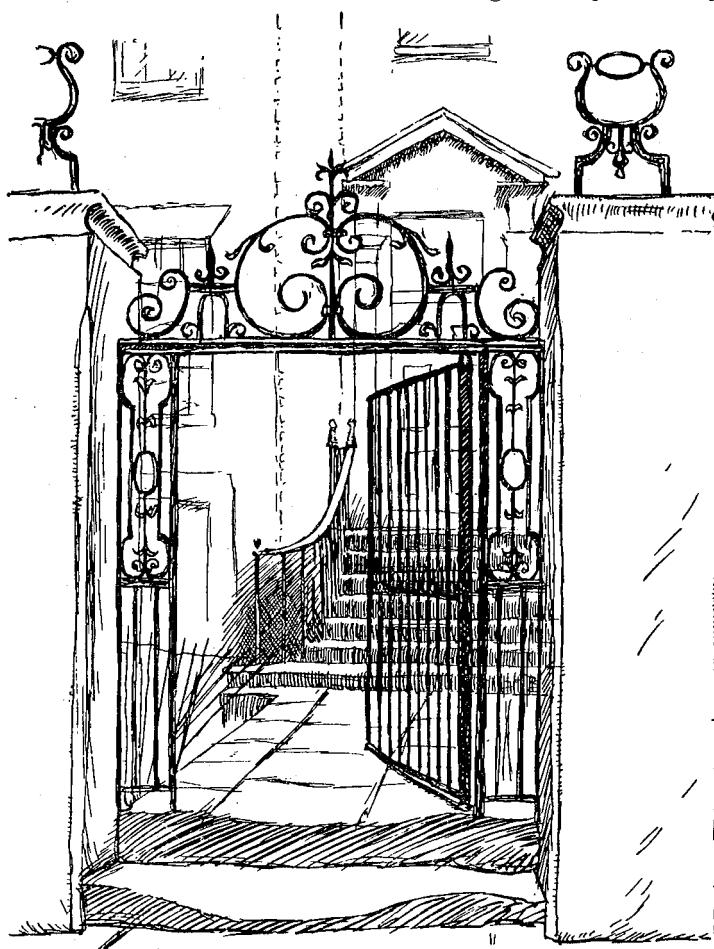
that the tide of change which is ever effacing the landmarks of bygone days, has left the birthplace of our Missionary Institution just as it was when I was a lad. For the last fourteen years it has been used as a Home for Working Girls, and when I called the other day, the bright-faced Matron willingly showed me over the dear old place. There was the dining room where my father and Dr. Barnardo, then in the early days of his work for the little ones, used to preside at meal times; the little class rooms; the old fashioned hall and well-worn oak staircase; and the prophets' chambers where the early group of students lived and prayed. The garden too is much the same, with its tall plane trees, and clinging vine. But ugly yellow brick houses have replaced the extensive wood-yard which used to be our boundary, and once afforded a well-worn joke about the garden being "well timbered!"

\*     \*     \*

And now the dear one who rejoiced over those beginnings so full of promise, and who for eighteen years laboured incessantly night and day in the establishment of the rapidly growing Institute, rests from her labours. Dr. Barnardo is known for his glorious philanthropy the world over. My

beloved father, still hale and hearty, with an aureole of silver round his brow, contemplates with gladness the results of those years of unremitting toil, and the little lad, many of whose joys were associated with the well remembered "students" of the new-born Institute, has been privileged to succeed to the heavy duties and responsibilities entailed by the growth and development of this missionary movement.

The full story of these thirty years, freighted as they have been with divine mercies, demands a permanent and worthy record, and some day, please God, shall obtain it. But for the present, amidst the pressure of



THE GATEWAY, NO. 29, STEPNEY GREEN.

daily service, all we can do is to glance at some of the more important streams of missionary effort, which owe their origin, humanly speaking, to the workers of those early days.

The group of children which lived at Clapton, near the Hackney Downs, has scattered. The names of the two youngest are inscribed on a simple stone in the quiet cemetery at Abney Park. The others are engaged in the same glorious task to which their parents devoted their lives. Two of them,

Mrs. Howard Taylor and Dr. G. Whitfield Guinness, are honoured workers in the ranks of the China Inland Mission. She whose facile pen for years edited our magazine is now engaged with her husband, Mr. Karl Kumm, in the inauguration of a new movement to the Soudan. And at Harley House another merry group of children is found, whose parents' supreme joy would be to see them presently enter the same noble sphere of service.

\* \* \*

But, though the workers pass, their labour abides, for that which is done by God is stable and enduring. The foundations of yesterday are only intended by Him to bear the noble structure of to-morrow. When the Lord builds

*Photo by* [Elliott & Fry.  
THE REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D.

the house, they do not labour in vain that build it. That which to us appears temporary and transient may be the necessary link which will bind small beginnings to larger issues. And so we look back not alone with interest, but with wonder and gratitude at all the way in which the Lord our God has led us. The path has sometimes seemed circuitous, but has always proved safe. And perhaps it has not been the less speedy because with us, as with Israel of old, it has been true that "the Lord led them about."

If the story of all the answered prayers could find a fitting record; if the



marvels of divine guidance and provision could be marshalled before our gaze, we should have as striking an example of modern miracle as could well be found. Surely the vitality of a missionary movement which has outlived the pressures and difficulties of so many years can alone be found in the divine heart of compassion for the perishing, and the upbearing strength of the arm of God.

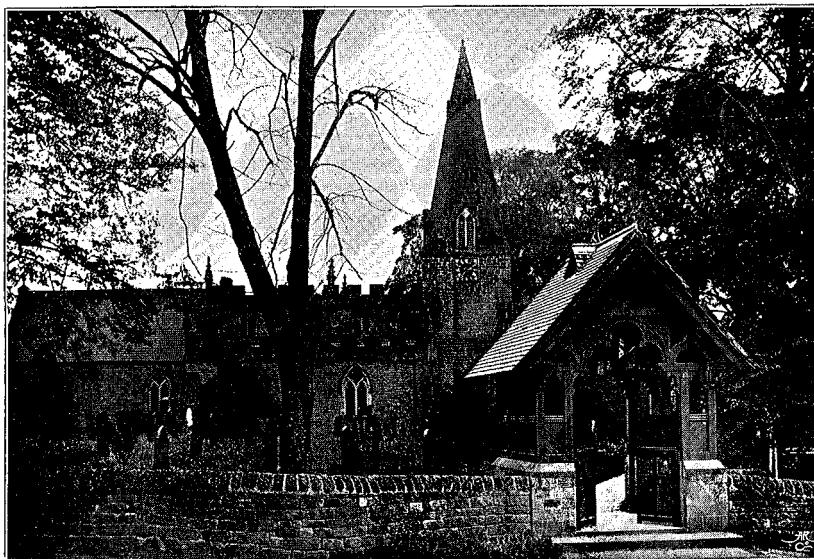
Nothing in the pages of the Bible affords greater support to the courage of the Christian worker, than to find how, on the death of Moses, the Lord bade Joshua to "arise" and "go over this Jordan," assuring him that whereas Israel's noble leader had passed away, yet his people's hope for the future lay not in man, whose breath was in his nostrils, but in the *Continuity of God*. The divine presence was ever with them, and the purposes, promises, and power of the Unchanging One constituted an immovable foundation on which the nation might well repose in the hour of its bereavement.

Surely this is the lesson we ever need to learn more deeply—

### THE CONTINUITY OF GOD.

"Lo I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the age."

*"In Thy strong hand I lay me down,  
So shall the work be done,  
For who can work so gloriously  
As the Almighty One."*



*Photo by]*

BASLOW CHURCH—NEAR CLIFF

[*Valentine.*]

## "The Child Grew."

**B**OYS will be boys," expresses the proverbial verdict on rampant youngsters; but the dictum, "Boys won't be boys," is also true. How soon they grow out of the knickerbocker condition into more manly garb, and, ere we are aware of it, the fleeting years have ripened them into early manhood. Growth is the especial characteristic of young life, and certainly it marked the beginning of Institute experience.

Within the first year, one hundred students had applied for training, and expansion became unavoidable. GOD was in the movement. It was meeting an undoubted demand, and thus Harley House came to be secured in 1874. How well I remember the old house as it was in those days, with its long, narrow garden terminating in a ditch, over which a tiny bridge led into the paddock beyond. Strawberries, pears, cherries, walnuts and figs might then be found within its borders, but now, alas! Time can say, "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*"

But Harley House, after all, was very small, and soon involved additions and alterations. Meanwhile, in 1875, Hulme Cliff, a lovely place in Derbyshire, was offered to my father for use in connection with the preparation of missionaries, and it was duly enlarged so as to accommodate a goodly number of students. How many generations of men love dear old Cliff, and what tender memories are associated with its history. In 1879, Harley College was built in the grounds at Bow, and thus, six years after the origination of the work, it stood possessed of two capital Colleges and sundry other buildings suited to its

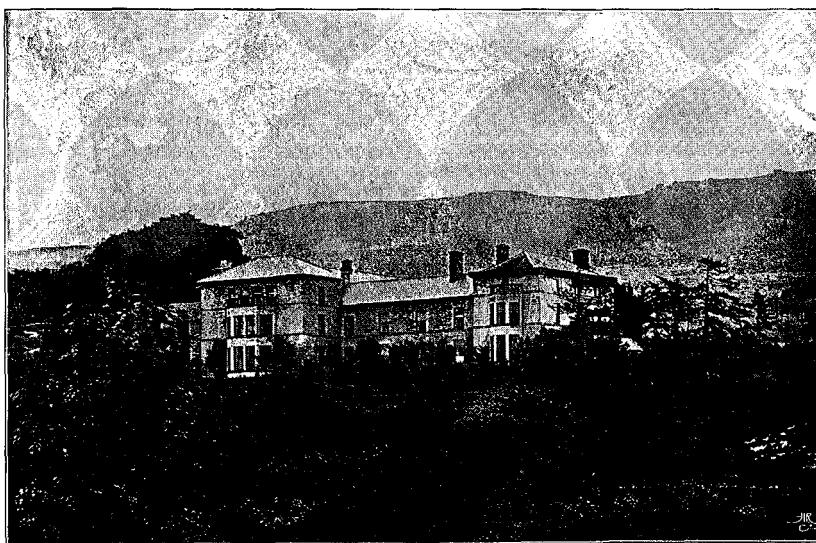


Photo by]

CLIFF COLLEGE.

L Valentine.

various needs. Doric Lodge, for the training of lady missionaries, was established by my mother in 1884.

In 1878, came the foundation of the first Mission in connection with the Institute (as narrated in our Congo section), and the beginning of the process which has inevitably led us into the responsibilities of a Missionary Society.

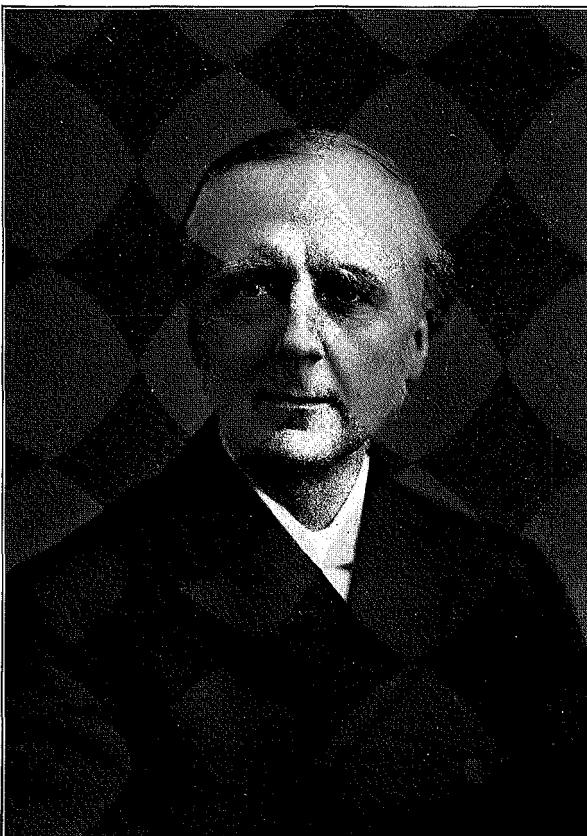
When, in 1885, at the close of my medical studies in London, the way providentially opened for me to spend nearly two years in evangelistic labours in the "Colonies," as they were then called, it had not been decided what my life-work should be. My training had fitted me for the career of a medical missionary, and indeed it was with this purpose in view that I had prosecuted my studies at the London Hospital.

But I was not long to remain in doubt. A remarkable letter, penned by my dear mother, reminded me that for years she and my father had been seeking for a partner in the work of the Institute, and had not yet been guided to one; but it was now their united desire that I should join them in the growing missionary responsibilities that devolved upon them.

This letter was to me "THE PARTING OF THE WAYS." I knew and felt that it was the guidance of God. Not

even for five minutes was I in doubt of this. And so, at the end of the arduous Gospel campaign, which with so much joy I had been privileged to undertake, I returned to England at the close of 1886, and gradually assumed the duties of London Director.

In March, 1887, I was united in marriage to Miss Annie Reed, the daughter of the late Henry Reed, Esq., so well known alike for his Christian philanthropy and for his fearless proclamation of the Gospel of Full Salvation in Tasmania and in the old country. My father and mother eventually



*Photo by]*

[*Gardiner, Worthing.*  
THE REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.]

moved their home to the country branch of the work at Cliff, and my wife undertook part of the secretarial burden borne by my beloved mother for eighteen years.

In 1892, the “REGIONS BEYOND HELPERS’ UNION” came into existence—a most effective tie between our many helpers.

In 1898, the Rev. F. B. Meyer united with my father and myself in the directorate of the work, but ever since 1887—when he was the popular minister of Melbourne Hall, Leicester—he had lectured to the students and helped us in many and varied ways. For his unselfish, gracious, level-headed labours as Honorary Director we are deeply grateful, and we cannot help referring once more to the noble way in which, after my severe attack of typhoid fever two years ago, he undertook the responsibilities of Acting Director of the entire work during my prolonged absence in Australia.

In 1898, my mother, who had so loyally helped my father in the foundation and subsequent conduct of the Missionary Institutions connected with his name, passed into the presence of the King. The last seven years of her life had been an Indian summer of rest. Paralysed in 1892, just ere I returned from the Congo, she had finally to abandon the labours in which she had so freely spent and been spent. Her closing days were cheered by seeing all her children engaged in the Master’s service, and the work she had laboured so abundantly to establish prospering through the goodness of a faithful God, although other hands had taken up the duties she resigned.

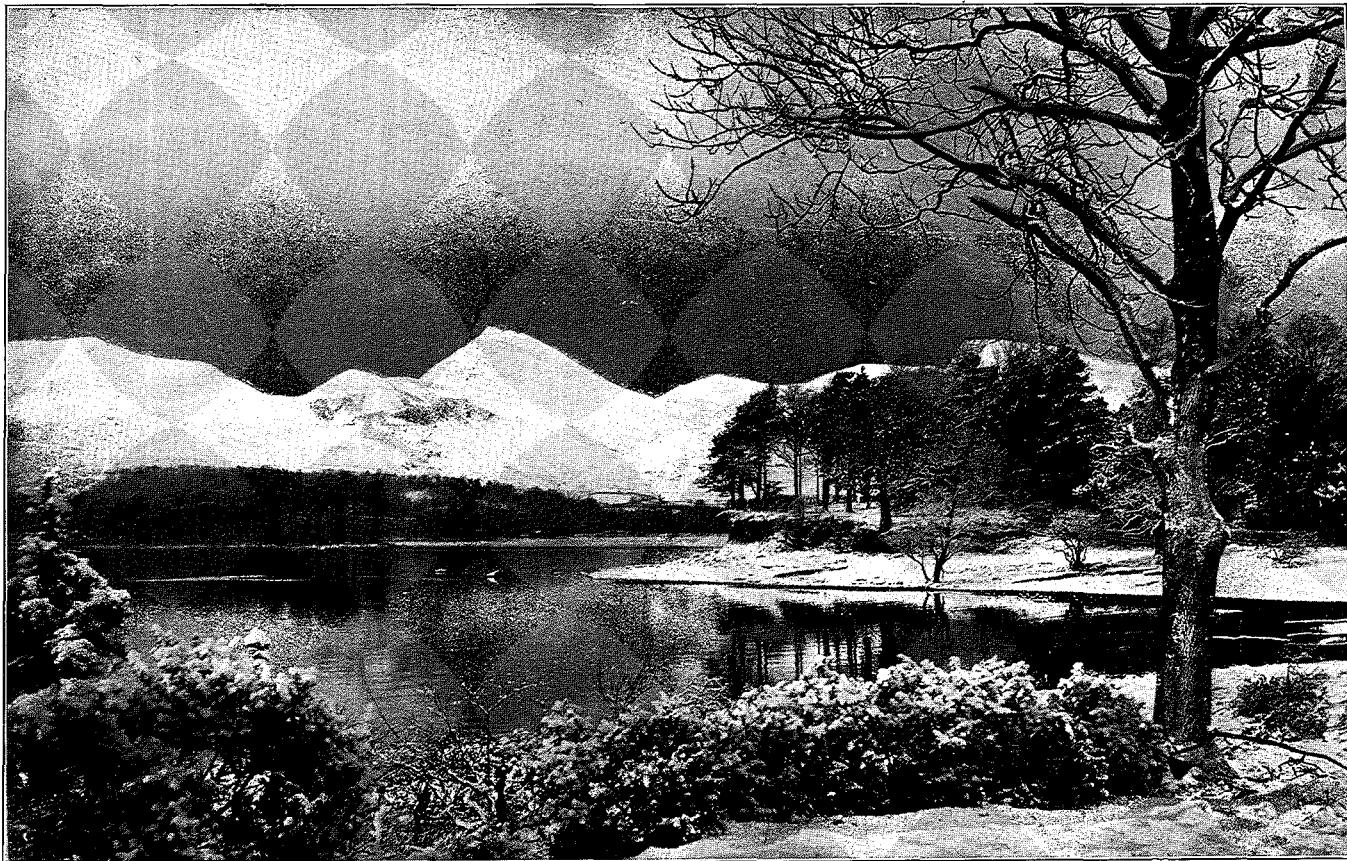
In January, 1899, the whole organization had outgrown its early name and adopted a more comprehensive designation, the “REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION.”

We received our new title at a time of deep significance. Then, as now, the Christian Church stood face to face with unbounded opportunities for missionary service. The century behind her had opened wide the doors of every Moslem and of almost every Pagan land. “Yet,” as my sister wrote, “she loitered on half heedless of her obligations towards those

“REGIONS BEYOND of populous LANDS to which she had never gone ;  
 REGIONS BEYOND of LIFE CONSECRATION to which she had never risen ;  
 REGIONS BEYOND of unknown FINANCIAL DEVOTION to CHRIST ;  
 REGIONS BEYOND of undreamed-of SPIRITUAL BLESSING springing from  
 PRACTICAL OBEDIENCE to her LORD ;  
 REGIONS BEYOND of WORLD-TRANSFORMING POWER to which she was still a  
     stranger because she knew so little of the  
 REGIONS BEYOND of PRAYER.”

Alas ! that those words should still be true of the Church to-day. Nevertheless, we rejoice to believe that an awakening is at hand.

Our lovely illustration, “A Winter Morning on Derwent Water,” shows Friars’ Crag beneath a veil of snow, and the still hills wrapped in icy solitude. Oh ! that the Church of CHRIST might waken from her winter sleep and blossom with renewed devotion to the One whose name she bears, but whose last command she still reluctantly obeys.



*Photo by]*

"A WINTER MORNING AT DERWENTWATER."

*[Abraham, Keswick.*



HARLEY HOUSE FROM BOW ROAD.

## Our Training Institutions.

**H**VALUABLE element in connection with our College work has been the testing of thousands of applicants for missionary service. We have, on an average, one written application every day, but we never hear again from many of these after the initial correspondence.

When, however, these would-be missionaries fill in all the necessary forms, we carefully investigate the case and communicate with their Pastors, employers and other referees. No pains are spared in order to assure ourselves of the physical, mental, moral and spiritual fitness of every student received into the College. Only one-third of those who formally apply are found to be suitable, and these are invited to come up to Harley House for a month's probation. Here, each man faces a simple entrance examination in Scripture and general educational subjects. Our Medical Referee, Dr. Milne, carefully tests the physical fitness of every candidate and we are particular to ascertain that no disqualification exists in this direction. I personally conduct an evangelistic mission each September, in which the new men are employed. We thus get to know something of their common-sense, tact, zeal, experience, and love for souls, as also of their ability to speak in the open air, or to conduct special services for young people. About ten per cent. of the men are rejected during the month of probation. If, after a further trial, it becomes evident that any student is unfit for the work, arrangements are made for his retirement. I am thankful to record that only in three instances during the last ten years have men turned out unworthy after completing their full course.

### HARLEY COLLEGE TRAINING

is evangelical, practical, and thorough, as far as we can possibly secure, and the tone is deeply spiritual and earnest. Our efficient staff of resident tutors, under Principal Forbes Jackson, M.A., is securing a satisfactory standard of Educational, Biblical and Theological work. The length of training varies

according to the individual need. In the cases of those who become medical missionaries, it occupies five or six years. The ordinary course, however, lasts three or four, the final year in many cases being devoted to the special medical training given at Livingstone College, which affords valuable aid to men in the Foreign Field, but in no sense entitles them to the name "medical missionary," which ought only to be applied to fully qualified men.

AT DORIC LODGE, now superintended by Miss Styment, owing to Miss Duff's retirement through ill health, the deaconesses receive three years' practical training to fit them for the foreign field.

The Nursing Department is centred at Bromley Hall, a fuller description of which will be found in another article.

DR. MILNE.

Situated as we are, in the heart of East London, we have a million people surrounding us, amongst whom our widespread Gospel ministry is not only greatly appreciated, but deeply needed. Our main evangelistic centre is at Berger Hall, Bromley, where we conduct all kinds of preaching and evangelistic services, night schools, soup-kitchen, and medical mission work of an important character. The new building for the latter, called the Mackenzie Memorial, was erected in 1898, at a cost of £3,000, and has proved eminently suited for the work of dealing efficiently with the thousands of patients who come up every year for treatment.

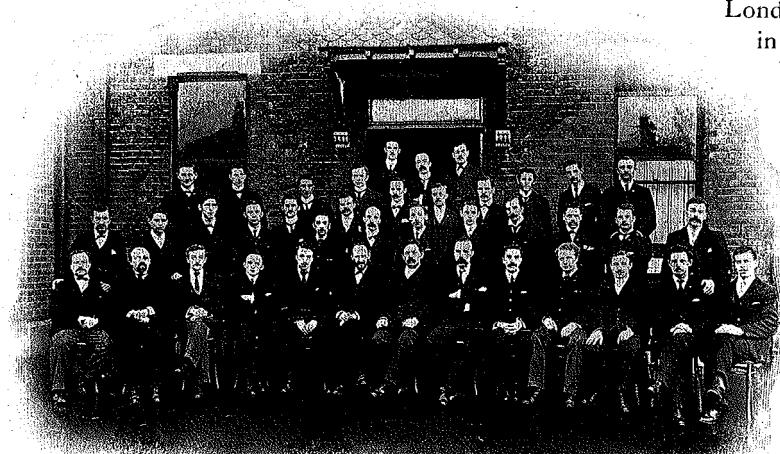
The mental training of both students and deaconesses is thus balanced by practical efforts to

"Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind,"

and the flame of spiritual zeal is kept brightly burning during the years of College life.

Apart altogether from the work identified with Berger Hall, our students render help to the Evangelization Society, and to many of the Pastors and

Missions in and around London. And thus in Chapel, or Y.M.C.A., in the open-air and lodging-house, as well as in country towns and villages, by means of Bible-waggon or Tent, our brethren find a wide sphere of activity



awaiting them in those hours that are set apart each week for Evangelistic Work, and also during the long summer vacation.

Since the commencement of the work in 1873

**887 men and 281 women**

have passed through the Colleges of the Union, making in all

**1,168.**

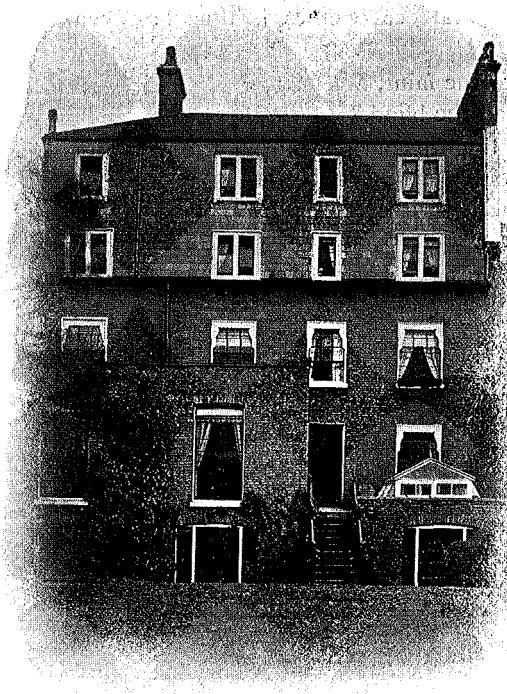
Their distribution throughout the world has been as follows:—

		MEN.		WOMEN.
<b>Europe</b>	=	<b>233</b>	=	<b>18</b>
<b>Asia</b>	=	<b>182</b>	=	<b>80</b>
<b>Africa</b>	=	<b>215</b>	=	<b>88</b>
<b>America</b>	=	<b>170</b>	=	<b>29</b>
<b>Australia</b>	=	<b>26</b>	=	<b>1</b>

Eighty-five students and deaconesses have left us to undergo further training at various denominational colleges, hospitals or institutions, prior to entering foreign work, whilst of those compelled to remain at home on account of health many have become excellent workers.

The men and women who have thus come to us represent nearly forty different nations, and about thirty denominations; they have gone forth to work with forty Protestant Missionary Societies. The Inter-denominational character of the work is, therefore, apparent; not so much stress being laid upon minor distinctions as upon the moral, physical and spiritual fitness of candidates for the supreme work to which they desire to devote their lives.

Many who were once amongst us have now passed onward to their rest. Some of these, including noble Oliver Tompkins, of New Guinea, and twelve Chinese workers, won the crown of martyrdom before they reached the goal.



DORIC LODGE FROM THE GARDEN.



HARLEY COLLEGE.

## Harley's Daily Round.

BY ONE OF THE STUDENTS.



H that bell! It seems as if one had scarcely laid his head on the pillow before its clamour calls to another day's activity; such is the dreamless sleep that enwraps, night after night, the tired but happy Harley student.

In a few minutes, the whole college is astir; slamming doors; pattering feet; snatches of song, tell how quickly the summons has been obeyed; and from six to seven a.m., each man devotes his energies to those duties which, in an Eden without an Eve, must needs be done by Adam!

At seven, the bell peals out again calling everyone from the humble though necessary Martha-like tasks to that good part which Mary chose,—even to sit at the Lord's feet and listen to His teaching. For an hour—a precious, silent, soul-strengthening hour,—each man, heart and mind concentrated on the Word, gathers the manna according to his eating.

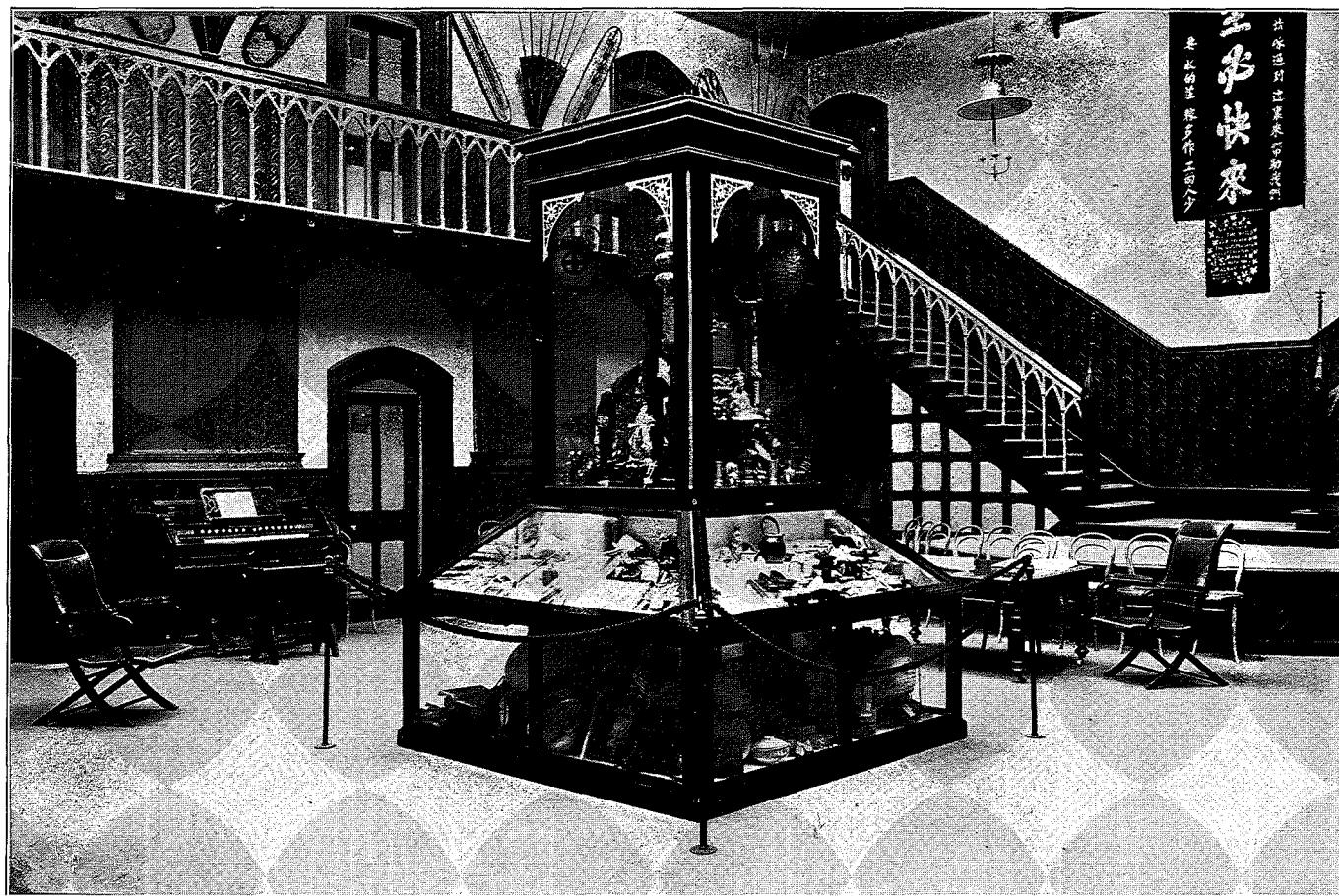
Breakfast follows; then a stroll through the grounds, book in hand, or any little task yet remaining to be done, passes the time till nine o'clock, when all meet for morning worship. Here all that lies enfolded within the day is dedicated to God; His help and blessing invoked on all the work of our hands; and short but exceedingly helpful words of exposition or exhortation are received through our beloved Principal or one of our tutors,—choice blossoms, gathered doubtless like edelweiss, high up on the mountains of God.

Then the real hard work of the day begins. From 9.30 to 12.45, our tutors take us in hand and, with patience and skill, endeavour to train both mind and heart for the work of the future.

During those hours the student discovers how little he knows even of the riches of his own language and learns to grasp it before attempting to acquire the strange speech of other lands. Then Greek, "the most subtle and powerful language that ever flowed from the tongue of man," is another tool by which the intellect is sharpened; fortunately, its difficulties are lightened by the delight of knowing something of the very words that fell from the lips of the Apostles.

Many other subjects find a place in the curriculum but the Bible is the master study to which all others are subordinated, since, after all, it is the inspired Scriptures that equip the man of God and furnish him unto every good word and work.

After dinner at one o'clock, the student's time is practically his own until the tea-bell rings. Tennis and hockey courts; a croquet lawn and gymnasium are to be found in the spacious grounds surrounding the college, and these, with cricket and football in their season, afford many opportunities for that bodily exercise which though "profitable for little" is yet very essential to the maintenance of a student's vigour. The tennis shield which adorns the college walls is sufficient testimony, that, in play as well as work, Harley can hold its own.



THE LARGE HALL AT HARLEY COLLEGE.

The work at Doric demands much prayer. We need to guard against the tendency to sink into dead routine, and in order that we may maintain a deep-toned devotedness we meet together for prayer from 5.30 to 7 o'clock on Monday evenings. Besides this general Prayer meeting, we also gather in little bands to pray for the different Mission fields in which as individuals we are specially interested.

In bringing this sketch to a close, perhaps a brief reference to the social intercourse at Doric will not be out of place. For who that has spent one or two sessions there can ever forget the happy friendships formed—friendships which will endure as long as life itself shall last; nor will they end then, for

“ All our dear ones, far asunder  
Each shall join the anthem-thunder ;  
In our future joy and wonder.”

God grant that the many privileges enjoyed by us in our time of preparation may be utilised to the full in our future life as His ambassadors; and may each of us do our share in responding with loyal devotion to that grand watchword—

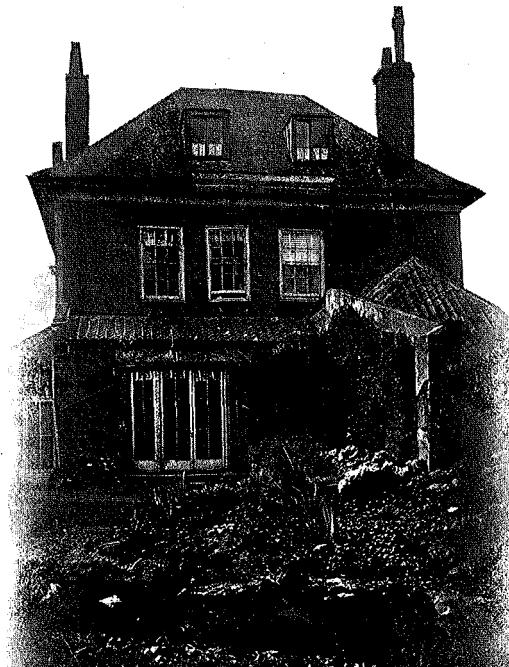
“ The Whole Wide World for Jesus.”

L. L.

## Amongst the Nurses at Bromley.

BROMLEY is a poor neighbourhood—poor, but not squalid. Amidst the thousands who live in its narrow streets and tiny tenements, the warm love of God has made itself felt through the persistent efforts of the devoted workers at Berger Hall. The whole neighbourhood is cleaner and more respectable for that hive of busy bees, and many of our missionary friends who used to know its streets and alleys in olden times would scarcely recognize them to-day, so much have they changed for the better.

Two vast residential neighbourhoods converge at Berger Hall, one



BROMLEY HALL.

stretching like a parallelogram to the Bow Road, and the other, like a long triangle, to the Commercial Road and the Docks. At the apex of the triangle and the base of the parallelogram stands Bromley Hall, the only large house in the neighbourhood, like an island of respectability amidst the sea of dull, yellow brick lapping it on every hand. The old hall boasts a past of historic interest, dating from the fifteenth century, and amongst other features of note are the remains of two secret passages leading towards Upton Park, and to where the old hunting-lodge of King James stood until it was recently demolished.

Behind the house is a patch of garden which affords an invaluable

breathing space to the  
brave deaconesses  
who live and  
labour there.  
Under the  
supervision  
of Dr. Milne  
and the gu-  
dance of  
Miss Smith,  
a group of  
six nurses  
undertake  
the mater-  
nity and  
nursing  
work which  
is so appre-  
ciated by the  
poor, over-bur-  
dened mothers of  
the neighbourhoood.



MISS SMITH AND HER STAFF OF NURSES.

be attended in their own homes—all that is necessary being undertaken by kindly hands for a period of ten days; or, whenever desirable, the poorest of the mothers can come and stay in the Home for a while, and share the comforts of the simple little ward into which the old oak-panelled dining-room has been transformed.

About two thousand, six hundred cases have been attended during the last eight years, and thirty-two thousand visits have been paid to the homes of the people. The practical experience thus gained is invaluable to the deaconesses who by means of it are enabled to secure the diploma of the London Obstetrical Society, and to fit themselves for usefulness among the women of India and other heathen lands. About twenty-six students take the course every year and our staff has lately included an unusually large number of Christian workers and Hospital nurses. These are generally able to defray part of the cost of training.

The latter can either



A MOTHERS' TEA-PARTY AT BROMLEY.

nurse, now in India working under the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, are of interest:—

"DEAR NURSE,

I was glad to know that you are going to try and bring them poor women to know that there is Someone who cares for them and wants their love. I am sure that you will bring them to love our Saviour, same as you brought me to know that there was Someone who loved me and wanted my love. I can safely say I am a different woman since I learned to know JESUS CHRIST as my Saviour and Friend. Before we know who JESUS really is we poor people think we have nobody to share our troubles, and now we know that JESUS CHRIST is the same to-day, and to-morrow, and for ever."

## The Work at Berger Hall.

BY ONE WHO LOOKS ON.

Once again a wave of trade depression is sweeping over London, making the winter of 1903 sadly memorable in the annals of the poor. The grim shadows that always haunt our dreary East End streets—drink, poverty and crime—now challenge the attention of every passer-by. There seems no time to enquire into the conditions that have caused this state of things—much as they need investigation—we only know that the people suffer and they must be fed.

Here, in a tiny room, in one of the meanest of mean streets, is an old woman of eighty years of age, still struggling to keep herself alive. But the coarse aprons which she makes and sells are not wanted when trade is bad, and a deaconess found her the other day when she had been forty-eight hours without food. How wearily the moments must have passed! In another house near by a group of children are spending the day in bed. There is no food to give them, and they are too weak to go to school without it. Let it not be forgotten that food is the last thing the people lack—their homes are stripped bare indeed before they starve. Nevertheless, thousands are doing that this winter in spite of England's boasted wealth.

One of the effects of giving such welcome help at a period when it is most needed and appreciated by the mothers, is that, in many cases, the hearts of the latter are opened to the love of God, and a new radiance is brought into homes where only darkness once reigned.

The following lines, penned by one of these poor women to a former

Enter a lodging-house kitchen and sit down by this decent young fellow with clear and honest eyes. Let him tell you the story of his search for work. Day after day, and week after week, he has tramped the streets, and now he is still hanging on, waiting to obtain a half-promised job. If that hope fails he will enlist. He does not want to, but it is his last resource. When further questioned he admits he has not a penny left—he must leave the lodging-house when it closes for the night and walk the streets till morning comes again. The strength of a nation is in its men—what will become of England's might if she lets her workmen starve? Yet 10,000 men were unemployed in the borough of West Ham as the year of Peace and Coronation closed.

But we dare not state that only poverty lies at the root of the people's suffering to-day. How sordid are the vices of the poor! How much they need to be helped by those who understand that the work of redemption must begin within—that a man or woman's outward circumstances can only permanently change for good when the soul turns willingly to God.

For this reason we rejoice in the work of Berger Hall. Its beacon-light has shone out steadily for the last eighteen years, and again and again it has proved the power of the Saviour as the One Remedy for suffering and sin. How has the work been accomplished? Let us visit it and see.

#### A CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

What does this little fellow think of Berger as he hurries thither on a raw cold morning as soon as he leaves school? Follow him and we shall know without exchanging words. A cracked basin and a spoon suggest his destination, and soon we see him amongst a crowd of youngsters as happy as himself.

Grimey, undoubtedly; poor, unmistakably; but made rich for the moment by those who serve him for CHRIST's sake. Two hundred of such children receive bountiful supplies of soup and pudding four days a week at Berger Hall.

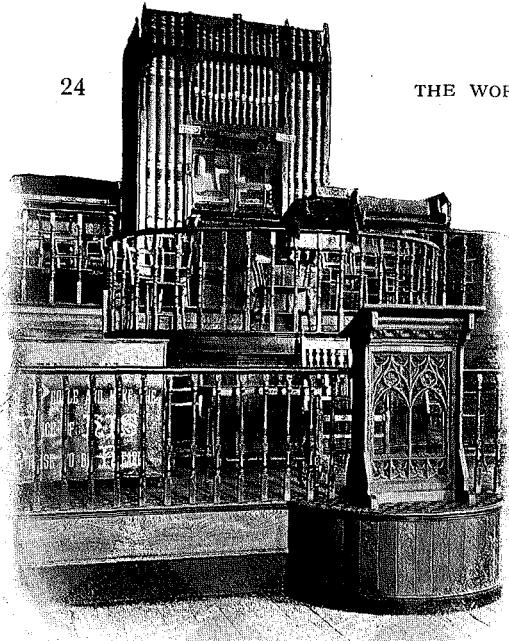
On Sundays also these



READY FOR A MEAL.



THE DISPENSARY



THE PLATFORM AT BERGER HALL.

tots are full of promise for the future of the mission—indeed, some of those who teach them now were once in the Infant Class themselves. Much of the strength of the work lies in the fact that it is supported by a faithful company of staunch old friends. Students and deaconesses must necessarily come and go, but in every department of the work one meets with those who have known and loved the place for years.

But we must not linger amongst the children—not even to describe their Christmas treats—when Berger Hall becomes a Paradise indeed.

Others besides the little folks approve of our home mission centre. To the factory girl it is

#### AN ABODE OF PLENTY—

a place “what does a roarin’ trade.” She rushes in at its iron gate as soon as the dinner-hour comes, and, flinging down some coppers, demands a “2d. meat puddin’ and a ‘aporth of ‘taters.” Then, sitting by a big fire, with a few of her chosen mates, she eats her meal in peace and comfort.

That is Berger, to the girl who has an hour’s walk to the factory next door, but some of those who live in the adjoining streets know it better still. Their night-school meets twice a week, whilst many other gatherings are attractive to a girl who loves a little life at the end of a long, hard day. How the shadows come and go across the faces of these factory “hands” as they chatter to their friends. Listen—they are counting up the girls they know who have fallen victims to “phossy jaw”; or talking of slack times; or yawning wearily at the remembrance of their work. Life—life and love—that is what the factory girl desires. Something to satisfy her restless eagerness and relieve the monotony of tending a huge machine. It is worth while to give her what she needs—and indeed, only genuine sympathy unlocks her heart. Attempt to patronise and you will be received with jeers, but once win her friendship and you may depend upon her loyalty and love.

children and many others who come from brighter and better homes find happiness within its walls. Visit it then and you will be sure to think that the boy who said he paid for Sunday School—he paid attention—must be amongst these model scholars. Order is everywhere, and yet we cannot detect a trace of the rigid discipline that rules by fear. The able superintendent, Mr. Heath, has learnt a better way. In various halls and rooms over 1,300 children and young people gather every Sunday afternoon, and the work produces rich results. The five hundred infants have been crowded out from Berger and find shelter in an adjoining board school. Such happy little companies of tiny

Working lads and men also join the throng that gathers when our soup kitchen opens four days a week at noon. What good things are made there by busy hands all through the winter! The place, through the generosity of an old friend, is splendidly adapted for the work. The food provided is most excellent—it is not surprising that one hundred gallons of soup and two hundred and thirty Meat and College Puddings are sold there on a single day. Often the hot soup goes back to fireless homes and brings a little warmth to make the bitter cold more bearable.



DR. MCRAE.

#### A PLACE OF HEALING.

Twice a week, soon after the hungry crowd has been supplied, another work of mercy begins at our home mission centre. Early in the afternoon Mackenzie Hall is filled with those who need a doctor's aid. All the small troubles that flesh is heir to are represented in the motley gathering. How pathetic are the tiny babies in their mothers' arms—will they ever have life enough to struggle for existence? Quite as sad are the faces of the old folk who are wearily plodding onward at the other end of the long day, wishing they were not quite so old, since work is now more difficult than ever to obtain, and one feels the lack of comfort more. Nevertheless, since they must go on, they gladly welcome Dr. McRae's kind help. That faithful friend has had charge of this department of the work for many years, and sees about six thousand patients in a year. By good advice as well as medicine he helps many to make themselves healthy by avoiding those things that do them physical and moral harm. The fee the people pay is merely nominal, and includes the necessary medicine.

Whilst the doctor prescribes, students or deaconesses talk to the waiting crowd or sing simple words to them until the room is hushed to silence, and some remember the great Healer Who is waiting to give them strength. After all, that is the great work to be done amongst these people. They can tell you wondrous stories of changed lives at Berger Hall; of conquered sin; of persistent and strenuous struggle against difficulty; of men and women who have died in peace because they had received the Life indeed. How



THE ENTRANCE TO MACKENZIE HALL.



PASTOR HAYES.

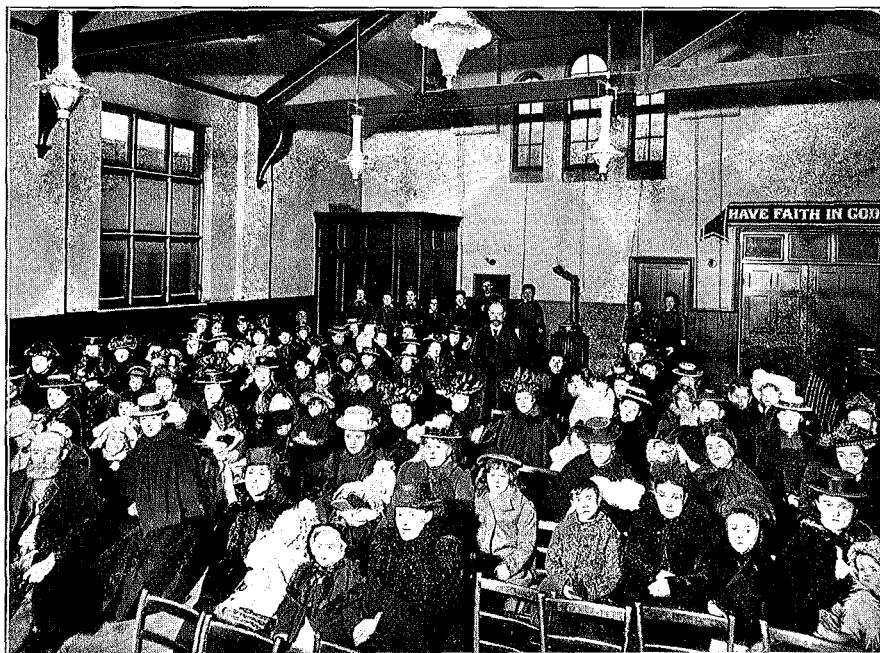
many and varied are the means adopted! Night after night and day after day, year in and year out, the work goes on—and whether it be by a P.S.A.; a Mothers' Meeting; a Fireside Club; a Self Help Society; a Crusaders' Band; a Temperance Meeting, or an Open Air Address, it matters little so that the great aim is accomplished and the people learn to trust in God.

To engage in such service is surely

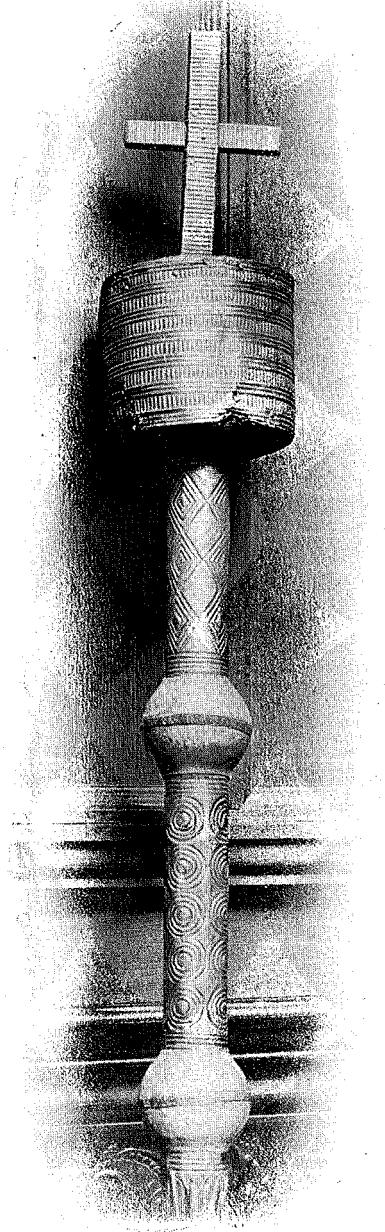
#### A PRIVILEGE INDEED!

Undoubtedly, those who work there understand the joy of service, although the burden of the suffering poor is now pressing heavily upon them and they need more help. Its devoted Pastor, Mr. Hayes, is full of admiration for the way in which his helpers struggle on—we will not tell him what they think of him. As Pastor Archibald Brown says:

"It is seldom that an investment yields such splendid dividends as this has done. Were the place closed to-morrow, it has paid for itself over and over again. It always rejoices my heart to visit the Hall and meet with the warm-hearted worshippers that fill it. The influence of this live church has been felt all over the neighbourhood, and the place is a worthy memorial of the honoured name it bears. Would to God there were churches like that at Berger Hall all over this great city! It is a witness for God and His truth."



WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.



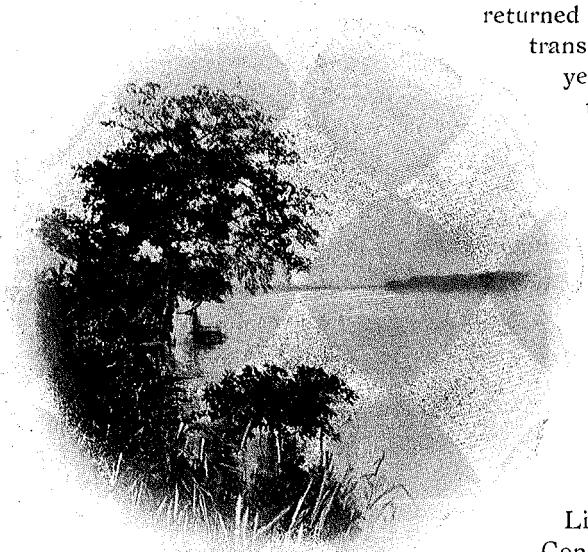
A CONGO CROSS.

The . . .  
Congo  
Balolo  
Mission.

X

Founded 1889.

## Our Missions on the Congo.

THE consecration and resourceful energy which had created the East London Institute, whose sons were going forth as messengers of peace to many lands, forbade anything approaching apathy towards the urgent claims of those enormous unreached areas of the foreign field. It was morally impossible that the training work of the Colleges should continue to abide alone, and the opportunity and inspiration for advance came with the revelations of 1877, when Mr. Stanley returned to Europe after his remarkable trans-continental journey of three years, in which he had laid bare the majestic course of the mighty Congo and unveiled the accessibility and needs of the millions of Western Equatorial Africa.

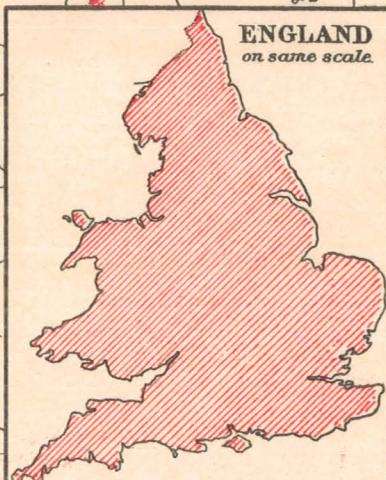
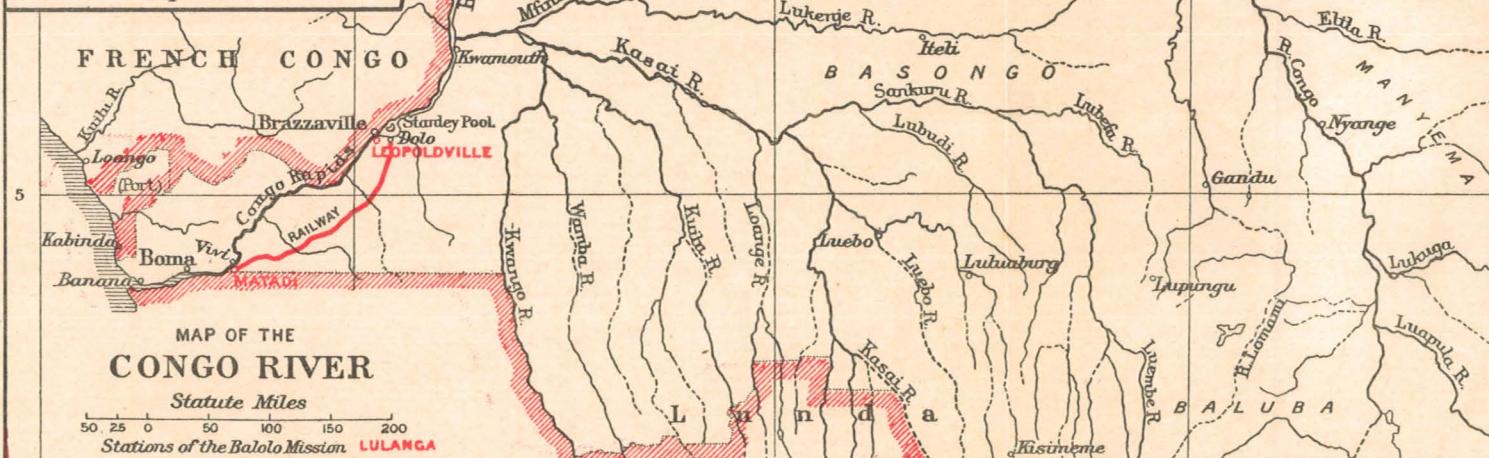
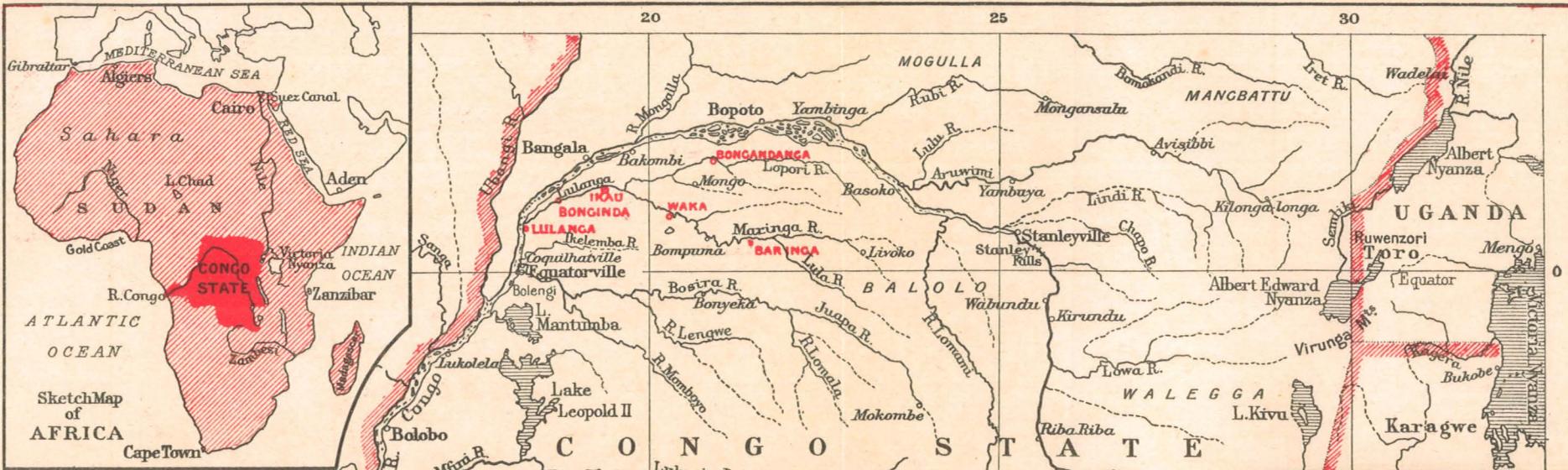
ON THE LULANGA.

The actual development of Foreign Missionary enterprise as an integral part of the life-work of my beloved parents began in 1878, when in association with a small Committee of friends, they undertook the formation of the Livingstone Inland Mission to the Congo. The name suggested both *a noble example* and *a definite aim*, and the early workers who went forth from our midst were worthy followers of the great-hearted

Scotchman who died on bended knees by Bangweolo's shore !

They founded station after station on the lower Congo and in the cataract region, reaching Stanley Pool on the upper river after years of toil and suffering. They carried the Gospel as far north as the Equator, and, grappling with various native languages, gradually reduced them to writing, and helped in the work of compiling grammars and vocabularies, and in the translation of the Holy Scriptures. In spite of frequent sickness and deaths oft, they struggled on with a most admirable heroism, until Pentecostal blessing crowned their labours and another chapter was added to the miracles of modern missions.

In 1884, the movement, then six years old, was handed over to the American Baptist Missionary Union, as the responsibilities in connection with its prosecution had grown too heavy for the hands of the already over-taxed Secretary at Harley House. The Swedish brethren in our ranks, when the Mission passed under American management, formed themselves into a separate



Society, and have since done very important and blessed work on the north bank of the cataract region of the Congo. One of their number, Nils Westlind, translated the whole of the New Testament, and he and others have gathered thousands of converts into the Kingdom of God.

\*     \*     \*

With 1887, however, the great changes elsewhere referred to, came to the ranks of the workers in London, and this added strength in the administrative department of the work enabled us to respond to the earnest appeal of one of our brethren, John McKittrick, on behalf of the unevangelized Lolo people of the Upper Congo, whom he had visited during his first period of service in Africa. And in April, 1889, a little more than four years after our first Mission was adopted by the American Baptists, a second movement was originated to the Mongo section of the great Bantu race inhabiting the horse-shoe bend of the Congo. The new Mission has since that time been prosecuted with vigour. It established four transport stations in the cataract region during the years that elapsed before the completion of the railway in 1898. Of these only Matadi and Leopoldville are now required, and at the latter centre our Mission undertakes at the present time the storage and trans-shipment work of two other Protestant Missions engaged on the upper river.

\*     \*     \*

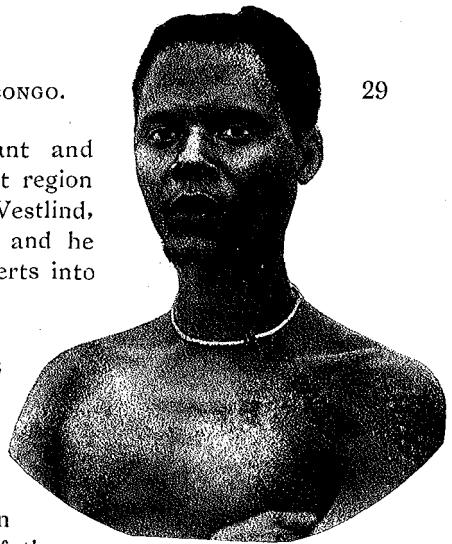
#### AN IMPERIAL RIVER.

At this point it may be well to add a few words with regard to the magnitude of the Congo Free State, and the character of the noble river which gives access to the entirety of its enormous extent.

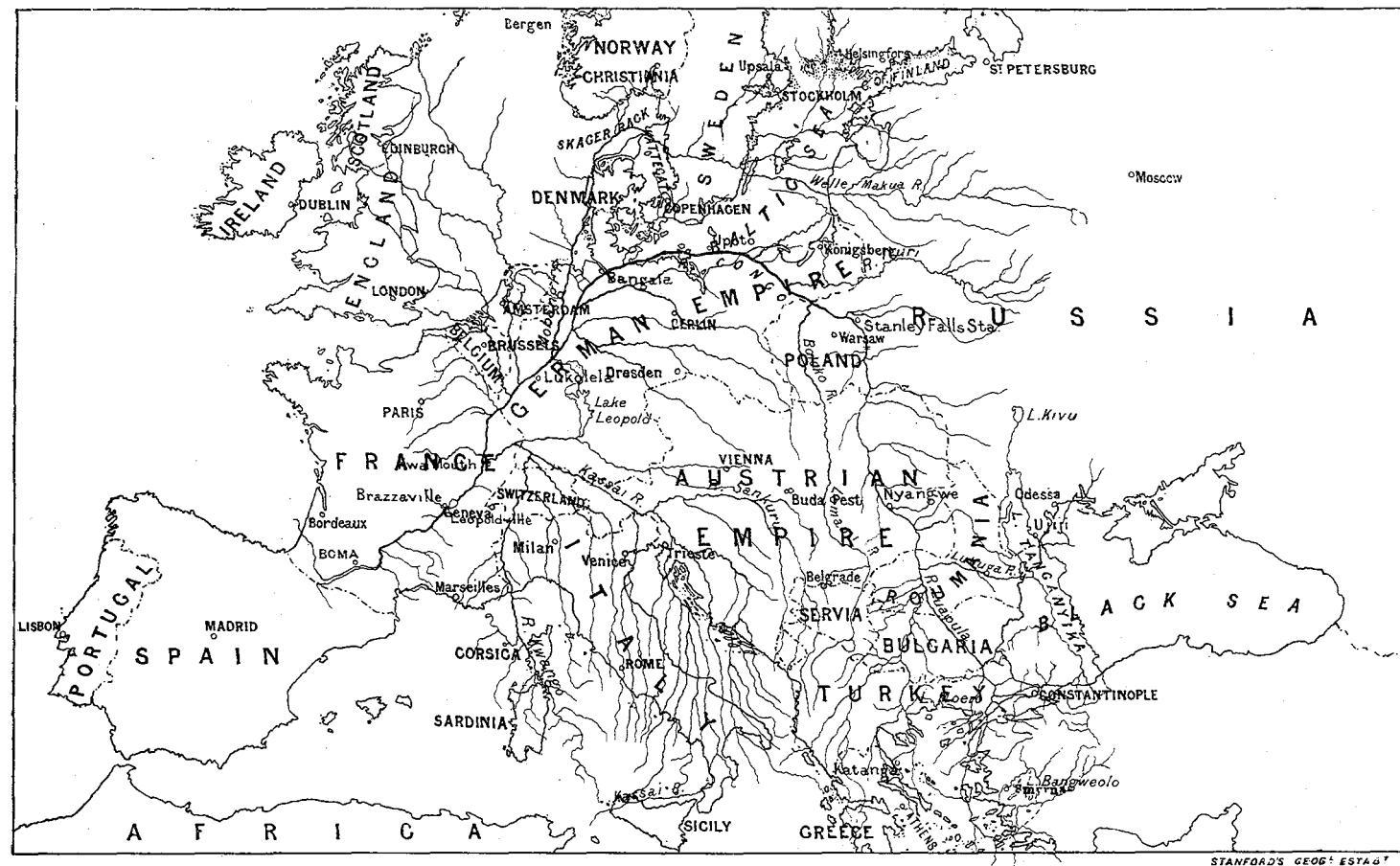
It was once supposed that the area of the Congo Free State was larger than that of British India—as a matter of fact the latter comprises about 1,500,000 square miles, and the former 900,000 approximately.

The wonder is, however, that a single riverine system should give freedom of access to so enormous a territory. The Congo and its tributaries form a longer line of navigable water than *the whole coast-line of Europe*, and this fact makes it one of the most important rivers in the world. It has already been explored to a length of eleven thousand miles, giving *twenty-two thousand miles of river-bank peopled with native villages*. All these can be easily reached by the noble water-way which traverses the Congo Free State in every direction.

It is difficult for us adequately to conceive the magnitude of such a river, but the accompanying diagram represents it projected carefully to scale upon the map of Europe, which it covers in its entirety with the exception of Russia and Spain. The eight-miles-wide mouth, through which one million tons of



A CONGO NATIVE.



MAP OF EUROPE, SHOWING THE CONGO ON THE SAME SCALE.

STANFORD'S GEOG. ESTAB.

water empty themselves every second into the Atlantic Ocean, corresponds on the map to Bordeaux. If we trace the river upwards, we find it traversing the whole of France and Belgium, and embracing Germany in its mighty bend, ere turning southward through Austro-Hungary, Servia and Turkey to the Black Sea. Its tributary streams would stretch from beyond Upsala in the north to Sardinia and Corsica in the south; and from Smyrna in Asia Minor in the east to the Bay of Biscay in the west.

From what has been already stated as to the sphere of our second Mission, it will be seen that the area it seeks to enter with the Gospel is as large as the whole of Germany. Bounded on three sides by the Congo horse-shoe bend, it is opened to navigation by a series of magnificent tributaries to the main river. Along these highways we have free access to countless native villages, some of which are close to the bank, whilst others, from considerations of safety, are built at some distance from the water, in vast clearings of the forest. Some of the most important centres of population appear to be on the higher ground which constitutes the watershed between the various rivers. But even these are comparatively easy of access, as probably no portion of the country is more than fifty miles removed from one or another of its many streams.

The population of Lolo-land is unknown, but it is certain that the early estimate of Stanley, giving approximately ten millions, is inaccurate. As a matter of fact we have actually come into contact with hundreds of thousands of poor benighted savages in those tracts of country, which, during the past decade, we have been able to enter in the Master's name. And hitherto we have only very imperfectly reached one river and its tributaries. The Lomani still waits, and the Ikelemba, the Juapa and Bussira.

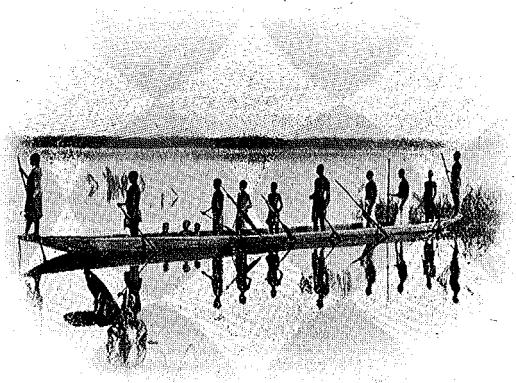
There is yet much land to be possessed! And our deep desire is to press forward in the accomplishment of the Divine task of carrying the good news to the multitudes who still lie enveloped in the unrelieved blackness of heathenism.

\*     \*     \*

#### DIFFICULTIES VANQUISHED.

Through the help of God all the main difficulties that assailed us when first the Congo Balolo Mission was launched, have been steadily vanquished.

It may fairly be said that years of patient toil have at last broken the neck of linguistic intricacy. Two native languages — *Eleko* and *Lomongo*—have been reduced to writing, and a large amount of translation work accomplished in the latter.



A CANOE ON THE CONGO.

*The transport of missionaries and their goods by land and water constituted one of the main hindrances to reaching the heart of the Continent, and until the completion of the railway, all our missionaries had to encounter the initial difficulty of walking past the cataract region, our ladies being carried in hammocks by the natives. Now, instead of undergoing the fatigue and frequent fevers incidental to, and almost inseparable from, this walk of two hundred and thirty miles through very difficult country, we can avail ourselves of the narrow-gauge Congo Railway, which in two days lands us safely at Stanley Pool.*

The Mission is served not alone by the "Pioneer," now largely worn out by years of excessive work, but by the comfortable and excellent s.s. "Livingstone," which, through God's mercy, we were able last year successfully to launch on the waters of the upper Congo. The completion of this task represents

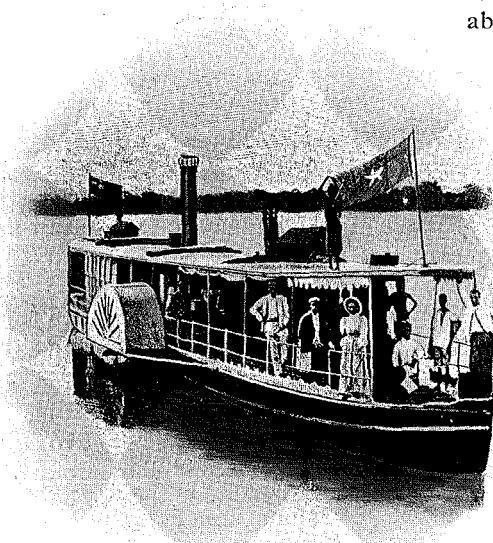
a most important step forward, and our gratitude to God for all the supplies which brought about this issue, so long desired, can never be fully expressed. We now have ready access, as far as steamer help is required, to all the many rivers of Loland, and hope that ere long we may be enabled to plant the Gospel banner at other important centres where the sound of JESUS' name has never fallen on human ears.

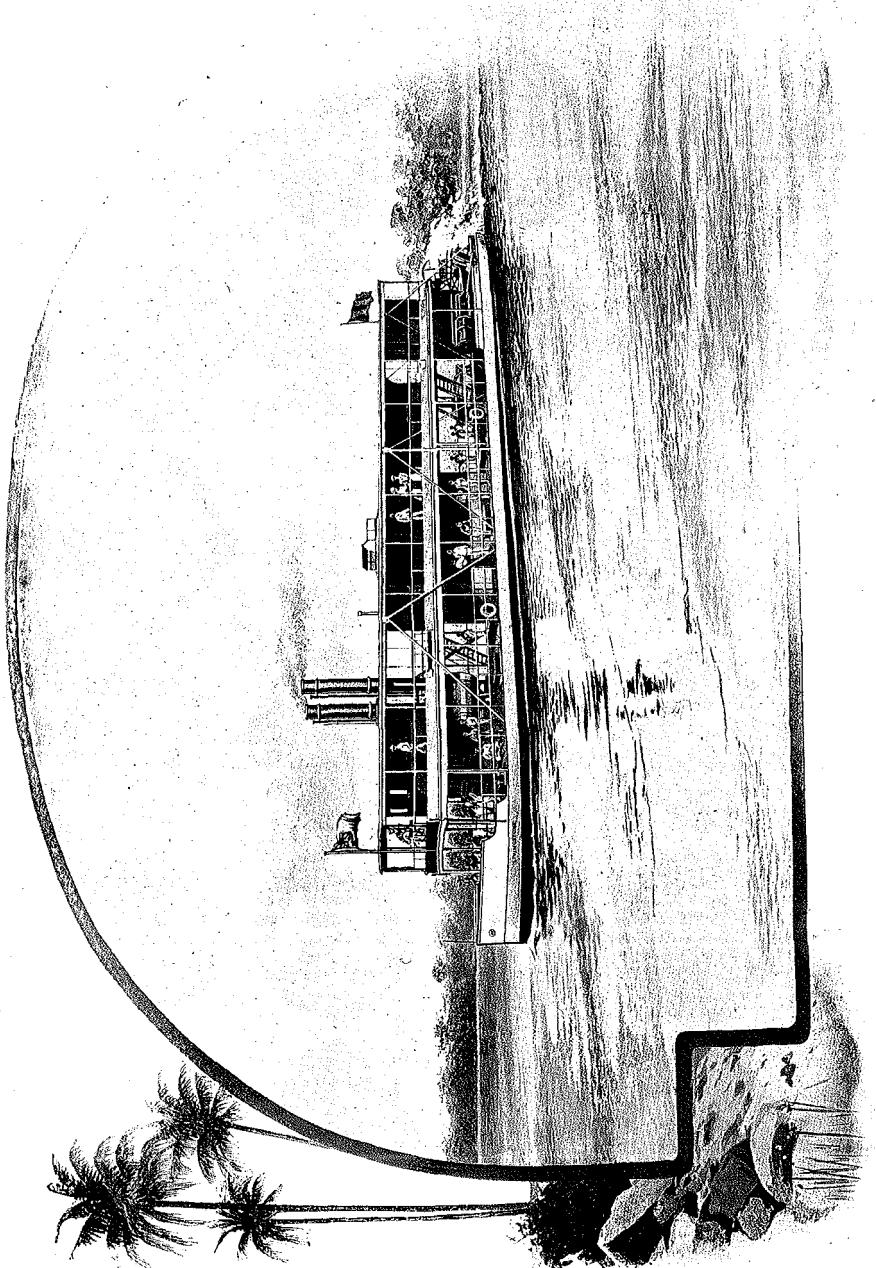
THE S.S. "PIONEER."

Through the labours of the good brethren in the Building Department of the Mission, aided by our other missionaries, substantial and suitable wooden houses have been erected at four out of our five stations on the Lulanga, Lopori and Maringa rivers, and though there is yet much to be done in this department of the work, we have deep cause for gratitude for the position in which we find ourselves to-day.

Though the mortality was severe in some of the early experiences of the Mission, we thankfully note that the last two years have been almost free from any serious sickness, and we hope that fresh food and common-sense care may enable us to maintain effective health even on the Congo! (see page 57.) The new steamer will be of the greatest value to us in this connection, affording a complete change to missionaries enfeebled in health, and thus sometimes saving a serious breakdown.

During the past thirteen years, ninety-six missionaries have been sent out, of whom thirty have laid down their lives for CHRIST's sake. Thirty-five





THE S. S. "LIVINGSTONE" ON THE CONGO

remain to-day on the Mission staff, and, of the remaining thirty-one, six are in connection with the home side of our work, eight have joined other Missions, nine retired through ill-health, and eight proved unsatisfactory. All the latter, however, were members either of the Engineering, Transport or Building departments of the Mission.

\*       \*       \*

### THE NATIVE AS WE FOUND HIM.

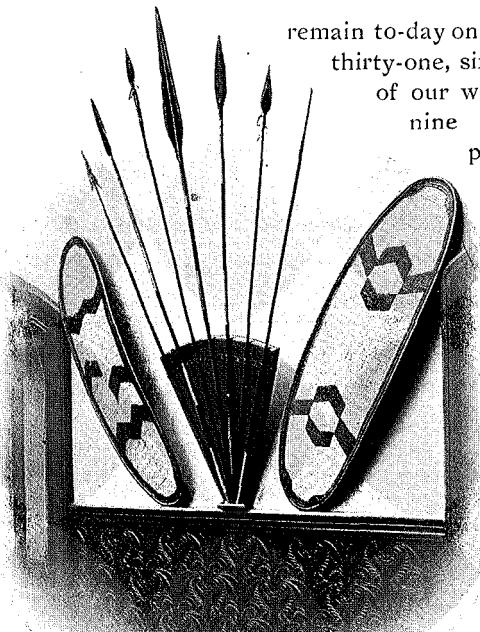
Some missionary critics pretend to think that it would have been better to leave the natives as they were, without troubling them with more complex views of life. This fallacy of the "happy, simple native" was, however, rudely in contrast with the facts of the case as we found them when our missionaries first went to the Congo, and, in order rightly to appreciate the results of Christian Missions in Lolo-land, it is necessary to

understand something of the actual condition of degradation in which the people lived.

*At that time cannibalism was in full swing, and canoes frequently might be seen descending the Lulanga, laden with slaves to be sold as human food on the Mobangi river. Not alone were the slain in battle devoured by their conquerors, under the impression that they could in this manner acquire the strength of the vanquished, but the lowest forms of anthropophagy were practised by the tribes of the interior. These were the people who pursued Stanley with cries of "Meat, meat, meat."*

*Cruelty was universal, and characterized even the most ordinary commercial arrangements, such as the ratification of an important bargain. The custom in such a case was to fracture the arms and legs of some poor slave, and leave him to perish without either food or water.*

*The horrors of domestic slavery were universal, and it would be easy to fill a volume with the recital of the miseries entailed by this cursed traffic in flesh and blood. One typical instance must suffice. When a chief died it was customary to kill some of his slaves in order that these might accompany him into the unseen world. The number murdered (as shown in the accompanying illustration taken from life by the writer) would depend upon the wealth of the deceased, and frequently involved the destruction of ten or twenty victims, occasionally of one hundred or even more. Some of the chief's wives were not infrequently buried alive in the grave under the corpse!*



CONGO SHIELDS AND SPEARS.

[*of The Graphic.*

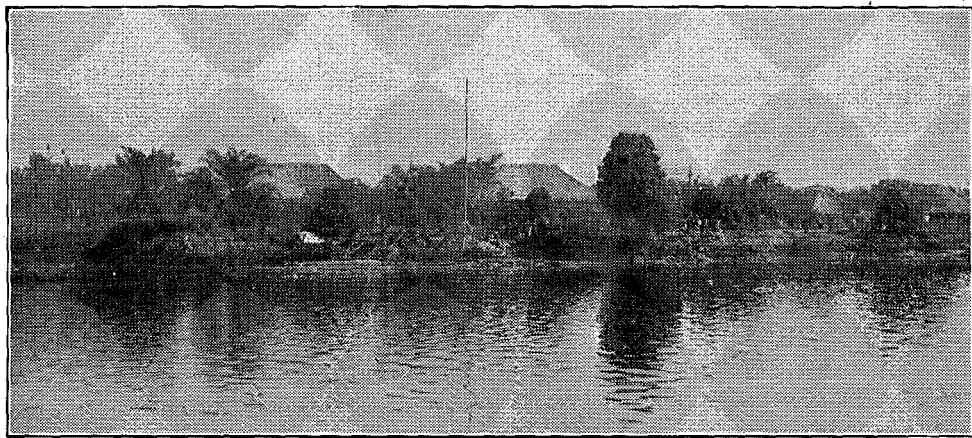
A CONGO SCENE. SLAYING A DEAD CHIEF'S SLAVES.

*By kind permission]*



*Lying and stealing were rather accomplishments than otherwise, and truth was a rare commodity. Polygamy was universal and morality, as we understand it, was practically non-existent.*

*The religion of the people was demonology, a perpetual attempt to propitiate evil spirits by the wearing of charms. They believed in a Supreme God, who was the creator of all things, but, as he was good and would not harm them, there was no need to pay any attention to him. Their whole effort was therefore concentrated upon appeasing the malevolent spirits by which they believed themselves to be surrounded, and the witch doctors, whose supposed supernatural powers of detecting and opposing demoniacal influence gave them a position of great importance among the ignorant and credulous masses, were a source of perpetual danger to the community. Thousands of lives were sacrificed every year at their instigation, and they constituted one of the most difficult elements of opposition to the advance of the Gospel.*



STATION AT BONGINDA.

To-day, I am thankful to say, the atrocities to which we have referred are entirely a matter of the past wherever missionary influence has been felt. Cases of cannibalism are also becoming of very rare occurrence.

But from the high ground occupied by our station at Bongandanga you can look northward across the Lopori river over a vast extent of virgin forest, in the clearings of which are scores of villages whose presence is betrayed to the eye by thin ascending wreaths of smoke. Among the savage Ngombe who inhabit this tract of country, and who are as yet untouched by missionary restraint, may be found all the horrors which I have described. And when this dreadful condition is burnt into heart and brain by actual contact with such terrible depravity, one longs inexpressibly that the prayer we have been taught to breathe may speedily be answered, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

\* \* \*

A Report of the First United Conference held amongst the missionaries of the Congo has just been published, and is thrilling reading for anyone who

SOME OF OUR CONGO MISSIONARIES.



1. Mrs. Lower  
2. Mr. Ellery

3. Mrs. Jeffrey  
4. Mr. Lower  
5. Mrs. Jeffrey  
6. Mr. Jeffrey  
9. Mr. Stannard

7. Mr. Frost  
8. Mrs. Frost

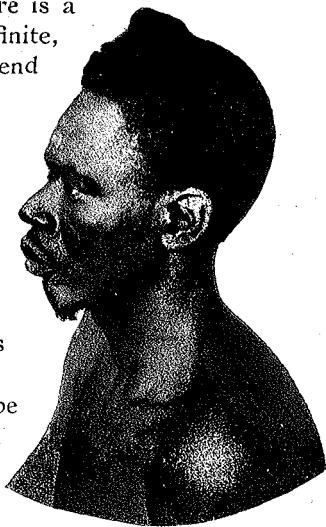
has followed the work from its commencement. From its pages I quote the following facts and figures:—"There are to-day 211 Protestant missionaries on the Congo, belonging to 8 various Societies. There are 283 native evangelists, and 327 native teachers; 40 main stations and 192 out-stations; 6,521 communicants and 1,470 catechumens; Sunday School attendance 5,641, and Day School 10,162." The latter figure is of immense importance with regard to the future. Pray for the children!

The majority of the communicants are found in the cataract region of the Congo, in the ranks of the American and Swedish Missions, whose Church Roll together numbers 4,876. With the Congo Balolo Mission it is still the day of small things, as far as Church membership is concerned, but our missionaries are greatly encouraged lately at the evident tokens of spiritual awakening manifested by many of the enquirers. About one hundred of the latter are being dealt with in special classes, and we trust that ere long the glorious experiences of the Lower Congo may be repeated at all the stations on the upper river. Concerning this there is a great expectancy in our midst, and we crave the definite, earnest prayers of the LORD's people that He may send upon us an overflowing blessing.

Amongst our little group of Church members, there have already arisen men spiritually gifted as native evangelists. For this we are devoutly thankful, more especially when we see the remarkable providences which in certain instances led to their conversion, and which persuade us that the HOLY SPIRIT is at work fashioning instruments by which multitudes may yet be gathered into the Kingdom of our LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Another very hopeful feature of the work is to be found in our Day Schools, where over thirteen hundred children are continually under the sound of the Gospel, without counting the schools held in the villages. Surely by the blessing of God, these schools are destined to become instruments of incalculable blessing to the rising generation. In this connection, Mrs. Ruskin's article will be read with considerable interest.

Will you not join us, dear friend, in the prayer that the blessing which all unexpectedly swept hundreds into the Kingdom at M'Banza Manteka, may be vouchsafed to us in Lolo-land, and the ancient prophecy and promise fulfilled—

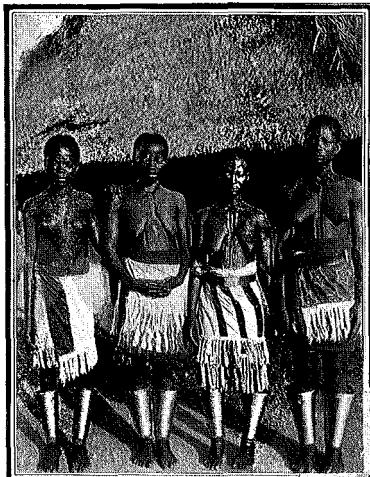


BONGOLI, AN EVANGELIST.



## A Day in Lolo-Land.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY.



get a quiet hour for reading and prayer before the breakfast bell rings at 7.30. A run round the station while the meal is in progress shows us men engaged in building, in the carpenter's shop, or in the garden; a group of girls hoeing in their own piece of garden; and the boys busy in various ways,—

some washing clothes by the side of the river, and pounding them on large flat stones; others sweeping the paths, attending to the goats, etc. Breakfast over, we have our English reading together, while the natives go to their morning meal.

This is followed by service in the Chapel. While the *Lukole* is sounding, the folk gather from the villages round about. Punctuality is not an African virtue, and so the warning call is sounded at intervals for nearly half an hour before the congregation

“**E**ARLY to rise” is a motto which finds favour with us all in Central Africa. A few years ago, when there was no railway in the Cataract region, we have often dressed by candle-light, and started out on our long tramp through the dewy grass directly the sun rose. Even when settled on one of our Mission stations, we find the early hours of the morning are the pleasantest, and try to make the most of them.

By six o'clock, when the wooden drum which calls the natives to their work is beaten, we are ready to begin the day. Soon, all are busy, apportioning the work to the workers, indoors and out.

When they are fairly started, we can generally



CONGO WOMEN



A VILLAGE BARBER.

assembles. The numbers vary considerably; sometimes the Chapel is full, and people squatting all over the floor; on other days we have hardly anybody besides our own station folk. White men and black take part, and the missionary who is anxious to reach the hearts of the people, will often learn much of the native methods of thought and expression from the young evangelist or teacher who speaks to his brothers and sisters of the love of God in very homely, and perhaps undignified language.

Marketing, housekeeping cares, medical work and school, occupy the morning.

#### ONE OF THE MISSIONARIES

opens the store and hands out to the expectant natives, cloth, cowries, beads, brass rods, knives, spoons or anything else they may require in exchange for the building material or food they bring. This is not a pleasing task, very often a dirty, disagreeable one, but the natives generally enjoy it thoroughly.

Housekeeping, too, is oftentimes rather depressing and unsatisfactory. One really cannot provide a decent dinner from manioc and palm-oil, and to this I have sometimes been reduced. At some of our stations there are plenty of vegetables, and then the difficulty of catering for others is much simplified.

The work of attending to the sick and wounded sometimes lasts nearly the whole morning. In the pioneering days of the Mission we had a great deal of plastering and even sewing up of broken heads and bodies to do, the result of continual fighting. These cases are rarer now, but the Missionary in charge of this department always has his hands full. The washing and dressing of the dreadful sores from which the natives suffer is very trying, and has often turned me quite faint. One needed special grace for this task. Now there are Christian natives who are willing to help as far as they are able, but in the early days not one would give any assistance.

#### THERE IS A SPLENDID OPENING

*for a qualified medical man in Lolo-land, and any amount of work.* So far we have had to do without one, though we have treated hundreds of patients. Pneumonia, dysentery, and small-pox are very common among the people, also beri-beri and other tropical diseases.

There is no department of the work more encouraging than the schools. One of the missionary sisters takes charge of the station school, and some of the former scholars act as junior teachers. Hundreds of young folk scattered up and down the country have learned to read the Gospel while staying with the missionaries, and on returning to their own homes carry the light of God's blessed Word to places where no missionary has ever penetrated.

At mid-day, work ceases for a time, and the men and women who gather

round the dinner table are glad of a rest. The afternoon is spent in various ways. One missionary goes to conduct a school in a neighbouring village; another has a women's sewing-class; a third goes off in a canoe to visit a more distant district; and one is always employed on the station looking after the workmen.

There are three or four town schools in connection with some of our stations. The arrangements for these are very primitive. A chief lends us a palaver-house, or the little ones meet in the open-air. A native teacher starts off, bell in hand, ringing as he goes, and the children follow him by twos and threes, and he arrives at his destination with a long tail behind him. Often when out visiting I have heard the voices of the children as they try to sing *Yesu an danga*, Jesus loves me; or have stopped to listen to them repeating in unison some Gospel text.

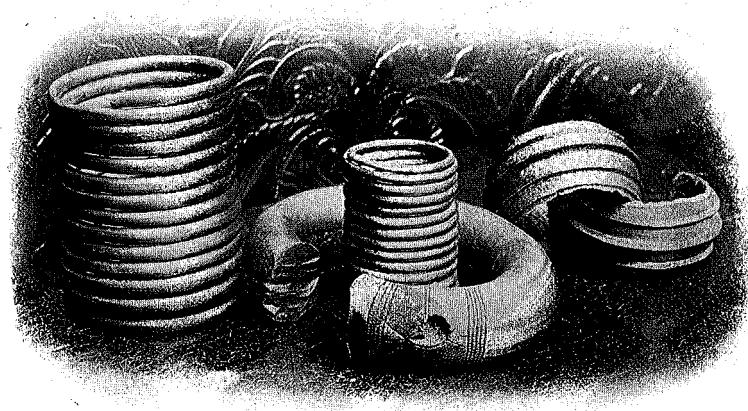
The sewing-class is not a great success from the needlewoman's point of view, but the women are improving, and above all this class affords

#### A GOOD OPPORTUNITY

for talking to our dear dark sisters of the Saviour who loves them.

With sunset comes quiet; the men and women, who, as long as daylight lasts, come and go about the station, leave us for the night, and we can take our evening meal in privacy and peace. Throughout the day, whatever we may be doing, curious eyes, critical or kindly, are upon us, and cheerful chattering tongues all around, so we fully appreciate the rest that evening brings. After supper, we have special classes for the Christians, enquirers, and native teachers respectively. If the moon is bright some of us may go off to hold meetings in the villages. Many a hallowed and happy hour is spent sitting among our dusky friends with God's beautiful sky above, the soft rays of the moonlight illuminating and transforming the scene around us.

The day is over, and as we go to rest our hearts are filled with deep thankfulness that we have been permitted in any way to care for and lead to the Good Shepherd, some of those "Other sheep" to whom He has sent us.



CONGO BRASS ORNAMENTS.

SOME OF OUR CONGO MISSIONARIES.



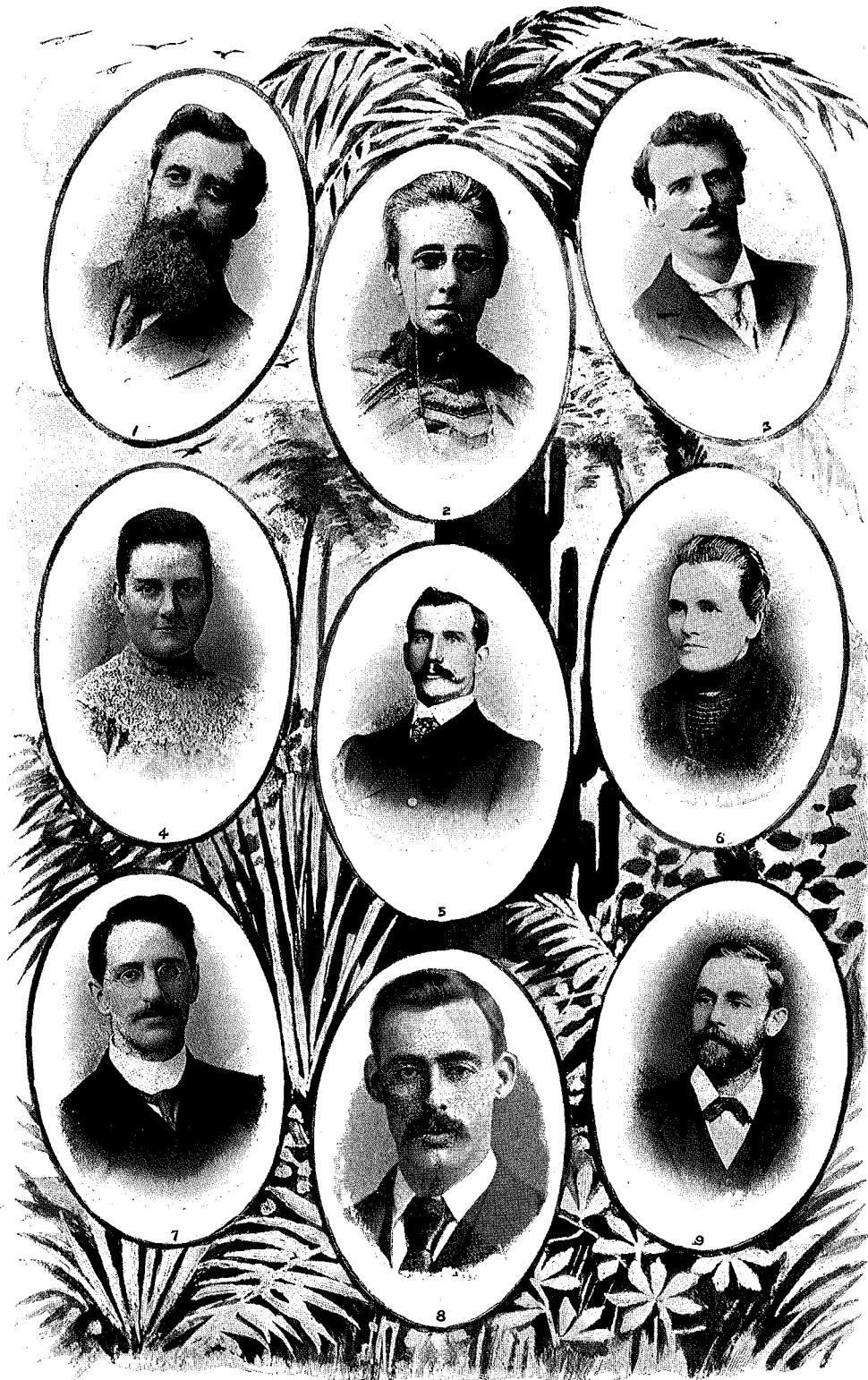
1. Mrs. Harris  
2. Mr. Harris

3. Mr. James Wallbaum  
4. Mr. Whiteside

5. Miss Amory  
6. Mr. Steel

7. M. Boudot  
8. Mr. Nye

SOME OF OUR CONGO MISSIONARIES.



1. Mr. Ruskin  
2. Mrs. Ruskin

3. Mr. Black  
4. Mrs. Gamman

5. Mr. Ellis (the late)  
6. Mrs. Harber  
7. Mr. Gamman

8. Mr. Wilkes  
9. Mr. Harber

## Writing "The Word" in Lomongo.

*"What wrong repressed, what right maintained,  
What struggle passed, what victory gained,  
What good attempted and attained?"*



HE native ran as the missionary cried "*Bónólu yela baele*," meaning: "Boy, bring the cartridges," and came back again with six tins of condensed milk! The ducks enjoyed a longer lease of life, whilst the missionary meditated upon the intricacies of a language in which a change of accent could work such dire result!

Many are the pitfalls that beset the learner of Lomongo, the native language of the Mongos, amongst whom most of our missionaries live in Congo-land.

Several of our workers have specially devoted themselves to the arduous toil of reducing this quaint tongue to written signs. In the early days of the Mission, Mrs. McKenzie worked untiringly at the language spoken by the Bonginda people, and her useful little grammar formed a foundation for much of the work now being carried on by Messrs. Ruskin, Gilchrist and Bowen.

After eight years of splendid effort at Bongandanga, Mr. Ruskin recently brought home the following translations:—the Gospel of Mark, the Gospel of John, 1 and 2 Thessalonians, 1 and 2 Timothy, Titus, Philemon, James, 1 and 2 Peter, 1, 2, and 3 John, and Jude. The British & Foreign Bible Society has generously undertaken the publication of these valuable results, in addition to Mr. Bowen's translations of the Gospel of Matthew, the Acts of the Apostles, and 1 and 2 Corinthians.

Mr. Ruskin has also ready for the press a Lomongo grammar, a school book containing many translated portions of the Old and New Testaments, and a number of new hymns, whilst Mr. Gilchrist is at present engaged on an Eleko grammar and dictionary.

We are indebted to Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Bowen for most interesting descriptions of the way in which their work is done. Whilst Central African languages are not as difficult as those of India and China, yet great patience and perseverance are necessary in order to acquire them, and years have been spent in reducing the words to written signs.

Mr. Arthur Bowen writes :

" How well I remember going out into the villages in the early days of our work, note-book in hand, intent on acquiring new words. Pointing to articles one after the other, the natives would tell us their names, which we immediately wrote down phonetically. After a few months of assiduous labour, we were

able to make ourselves understood amongst our house-boys upon domestic matters, but our ambition was to talk fluently, and preach the Gospel well. While the natives are not idolaters in the usual sense of the word, they yet have ideas concerning the spirit-world which we need to know in order to point out errors as well as preach the truth. They have many interesting traditions concerning the creation, such as the one which tells how God (*Nzakomba*) came down the river many generations ago and created the palm-trees and their fore-fathers. They also tell how their first parents ate forbidden fruit and were turned out of the village where God had placed them. Such ideas can only be entered into by missionaries who really know the language.

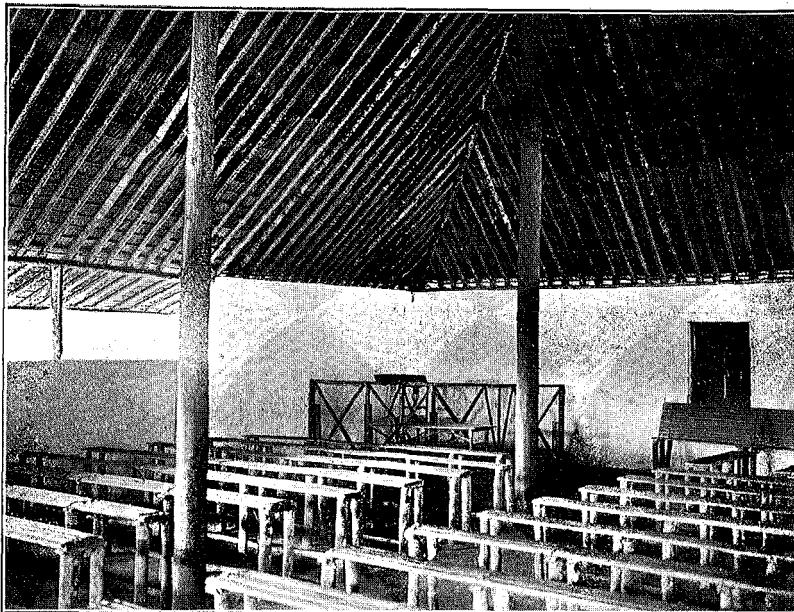
"Those who were engaged in its study frequently exchanged their newest discoveries. I remember how anxiously my brethren looked for native words to describe the different parts of the Mission steamer. They called the boat itself by the word for canoe, (*watu*) making a difference by adding the word *nkuka* (the bellows used by the native blacksmith) which was suggested by the noise made as the steamer moved along.

Mr. Scarnell discovered a word for the side-paddles of the s.s. "Pioneer"—the word *bafafu*. It means wings, and the natives thought the paddles resembled such swift messengers!"

Mr. Ruskin writes concerning the Lomongo language:—



MR. AND MRS. RUSKIN AND TWO NATIVE BOYS.



OUR CHAPEL AT BONGANDANGA.

"After persistent study and sustained application we have discovered that whilst it is not adapted to convey Christian ideas, or to express the highest thoughts and worthiest feelings of the intellect and heart, it is nevertheless rich in fables, allegories, parables, forcible figures and idioms. It also contains a store of folk lore, the study of which gives a wonderful insight into the workings of the native mind. It belongs to the great Bantu family of languages, its distinctive feature being the alliterative concord. Although we found Lomongo unwritten, we soon discovered that the natives had many grammatical rules which they strictly observed. One scarcely ever hears a native make a mistake in speaking his own language, and if by chance he should do so, he will immediately correct himself. Occasionally a boy will make grammatical errors, but only as the result of his acquaintance with the white man's phraseology. Consequently, the missionary needs to use the utmost care and note every different inflection and intonation of the voice, since by mistaking even the slightest of these, serious errors may arise. Take, for instance, the conjugation of the verb, '*kela*' to do.

N KELAKI (lowered tone) I did (recently).

N KELAKI (raised tone) I did (long ago).

NSO KELA (lowered tone) I have done.

NSO KELA (raised tone) I will do.

"This is only one pitfall out of many, and words similar in sound but very dissimilar in meaning, are not at all rare.

"A certain young missionary, after making his first attempt at prayer at Bongandanga, noticed that several natives were talking about him. He made enquiries as to the reason, and they answered: 'You ought to be more careful, white man.' 'Why,' said he, 'Did I make a mistake?' They answered: 'Yes, you did. You said '*O n sakol' eu*' (thrash me). You ought to have said, '*O n sakel' eu*' (bless me)."

"The translating missionary, labouring as he does in the midst of almost insuperable difficulties, and many obstacles, needs above all else the presence of the HOLY SPIRIT to inspire and to sustain. We do most gratefully bear record that in seeking to give the bread of life to the starving thousands of darkest Africa, we have ourselves been fed, and now ask for continued prayer that the written word may prove effectual. We have already seen that it can change the heart of a cannibal, and believe that even if all the missionaries were expelled from the country, the Word of GOD in native hands would be sufficient to gather out a people unto the Lord."



SAYING GOOD-BYE TO MR. AND MRS. RUSKIN.

SOME OF OUR CONGO MISSIONARIES.



1. Mr. Morgan  
2. Mrs. Morgan

3. Mr. Gilchrist  
4. Miss Cork  
9. Mr. Armstrong

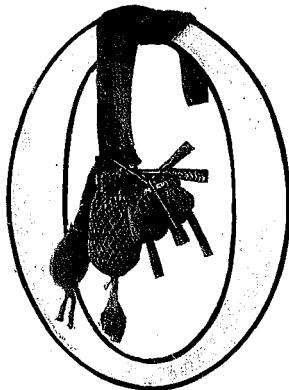
5. Mr. Bond

6. Mrs. Randall

7. Mr. Clarke  
8. Mrs. Armstrong

## "Our Children."

BY MRS. RUSKIN, OF BONGANDANGA.



ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FEATURES of our missionary work in Central Africa, is that part of it which is carried on amongst the young, since the future of Africa—socially, morally and religiously—depends almost entirely on the foreign influence brought to bear upon the children of the present generation.

The work is hopeful,—chiefly because the children are still to some extent untainted by evil and unprejudiced in their attitude towards the missionaries. They also possess remarkably quick perception, a wonderful power of mimicry, and marvellously retentive memories. Thus we have good material to work upon, and are

sure that if God's truth is once written on these young hearts, their souls will be saved and their lives uplifted as the outcome of our toil.

In order to give some idea of the real nature of our school work, let me sketch two portraits. The first shall be of the child as we find him amid heathen surroundings, and the second as he appears when brought under the uplifting influence of

### THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST.

But may I first point out that we do not consider school work to be in any sense the end of our aim. It is *simply an aid to the object we have in view—the salvation of the souls of the children entrusted to our care.*

Congo boys and girls in their primitive condition are only diminutive specimens of the savage or cannibal, as these characters are exemplified in their fathers and mothers. Their naked brown bodies are rubbed with *Ngola* or cam-wood powder and palm oil, their hair is plaited in the latest and most approved fashion of their particular town, and lavishly besmeared with the same concoction as their bodies; their whole toilet emits a most objectionable odour, and leaves its mark on everything they touch. Very small children are absolutely nude, but those over six or eight years of age are clothed, according to native ideas of the necessity of such a thing. The boys wear a small loin-cloth suspended from a belt made from the skin of an animal, while the girls are content with a few leaves hanging from a cord or a string of beads worn round the waist. Many of their bodies are almost covered with tattooing, a custom which often costs them much suffering, but they would rather bear pain and be considered beautiful, than endure the shame of a plain skin.

"And what do they do all day?" some friends will ask. Well, like the boys and girls of England, they are fond of play, but must also do their share of work. As soon as a boy is old enough to dispense with his mother's care



ONE OF OUR FIVE CONGO SCHOOLS.

and nourishment, he becomes his father's helper. If a house is to be built, the boys assist in choosing the posts, in cutting bamboos for the foundation of the roof, and palm fronds for the thatching. Boys also help to hunt antelopes and wild boars, and soon become expert marksmen with the spear or harpoon. Fishing also falls to the boys' share, but one of their most usual employments is that of listening to the "palavers," which are always in process of settlement in some part of the town. Thus the boys learn their language, and unfortunately, evil things as well, since many of these palavers are quite unfit for the ears of children.

The girls are kept well employed in all household duties, as these are understood in Africa. They fetch water from the springs; cut and carry firewood from the forest in great quantities, and often long distances; and learn from their mothers the art of gardening, since a woman who cannot sow the seed and reap the fruit or grain is counted of no use on the Congo. Girls also undertake fishing expeditions in company with their mothers, and often add materially to the food supply of the family by this means. All the cooking and preparing of food comes upon the female portion of the family, so the girls are early initiated into the art and science of cookery *à la Mongo*.

The system of betrothal which exists on every hand, and the terribly lewd and immoral games and dances in which both boys and girls indulge so freely are

#### OUR TWO WORST DIFFICULTIES.

Nearly every girl is betrothed before she is five years old; they almost all become wives at the age of twelve, and sometimes mothers at fourteen.

The children, as we have tried to show them, are absolutely without knowledge, education, or law, if we except the law that is always written in the heart of the youngest child. But, too often, this law is thrust aside, and the child who should be innocent is unchaste and immoral, crafty and deceitful, with a heart filled with longing after evil, instead of love to God.

But now, let us visit our Mission school at Bongandanga, and there observe what may be seen at any of our C.B.M. Stations. It is 9.30 on a bright, sunshiny morning, and as we go up the path we can hear the buzz of many little tongues, which will not be quieted until "Mama" comes. Once inside, I can imagine that you will say: "What! are these the same children whom we saw in the town the other day?" Yes, the same, only now they come to school. What a crowd it is! There are nearly four hundred of them, and yet how orderly they are. They have just come up from a bath in the river, and are a pleasing sight. Many of them have such sweet little faces that you cannot help loving them at once.

School begins with a hymn and prayer; then another hymn and the calling of the roll—a long list of lengthy names. Then the children recite together a portion of Scripture, such as the Beatitudes or the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians. Truly their memories are wonderful! Some of them are only three or four years old, and the eldest is about fifteen.

After the recitation is over, the children divide up into classes; the

infants go into a separate room with a native teacher, leaving five other divisions to pursue their studies in peace. Let us see what these are doing! Some are reading cards of syllables, others, more advanced, words and sentences; another class is writing a copy, and a third is engaged in arithmetic, as puzzling to young Africa as to young England! Yet, some of our little savages have managed to conquer this enemy as far as multiplication by two and three figures. At another time they are writing from dictation, and few indeed are the mistakes we find. Again, they are composing an essay on the Prodigal Son or some such Bible story, or the first class may be receiving a Bible lesson on the wanderings of the Children of Israel. The interest evinced is remarkable, and, once their attention is gained, they never forget what they have learned.

Let me call up one or two of our boys and introduce them to you. Here comes IFALI, one of the pigmy tribe. He is short of stature and broad shouldered, and two or three years ago was in the densest darkness as regards education. Now ask him to read from any translation of the Word of God, and he will not hesitate.

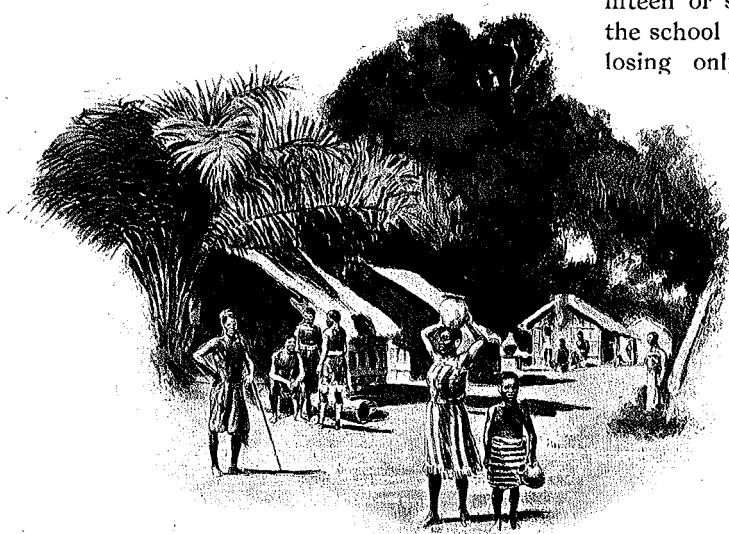
BOMOLONGO is a little lad of about seven or eight, the smallest in his class. Until recently he was quite ignorant, but now he is the best reader of them all.

We call a girl from one of the lower classes, because our girls have not long been sent to school, but even the girls are capable of rapid progress. The little one who took our first prize in the infants' class last year was only just over four years old.

How glad we are to say that some of these children are yielding to the influence of the Gospel, both boys and girls, whilst others are already converted to God. Our senior boy in the school, BATANGU, is one of our brightest and best Church members, and one whom we believe God will use to the extension

of His Kingdom. He is about fifteen or sixteen, and passed all the school examinations last year, losing only two marks in the week. He has a remarkable gift of prayer and intercession, and is most earnest in proclaiming the Good News.

We ask your prayers for these children and for all engaged in the grand work of seeking to win them for JESUS.

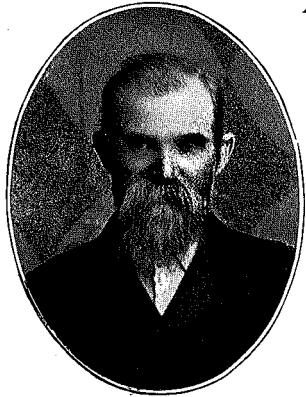


A CONGO VILLAGE.

# The Congo Outlook.

BY THE REV. C. H. HARVEY,

*A Veteran Worker on the Lower River.*



THE REV. C. H. HARVEY.

WENTY-TWO years ago, when sailing to the Congo for the first time, full of enthusiasm for the new field, and confident that God had said "Go!"—there seemed no limit to our expectations concerning the work to be accomplished. Our joy at carrying the Gospel message was only chastened by the consideration that we might not long enjoy that privilege. One after another of our missionaries had succumbed to the deadly climatic influences, and we, too, might not be permitted to see the results of our labours, or even be allowed to labour at all after reaching

Africa. But these considerations did not weigh heavily upon our hearts. The same Word and the same Power which had accomplished such wonders in Fiji, Madagascar, South Africa and elsewhere would accompany us. Whatever our fate, the outlook was a bright one for the work. There could not be failure in Gon's own endeavour.

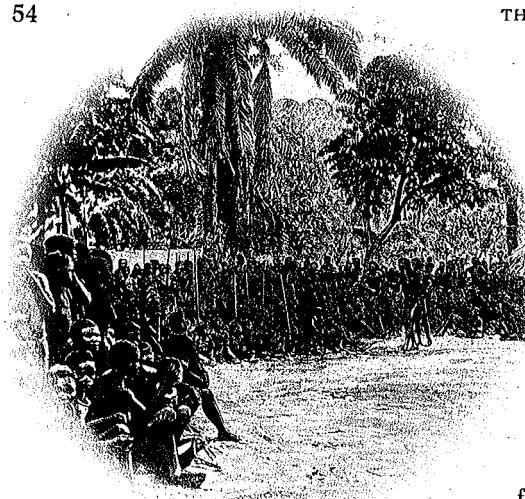
A year afterwards we found ourselves confronting missionary problems in the field. At home we had not realized them. Surely it would be easy to love those dear black fellows we had heard of at missionary meetings, but the Congo natives who surrounded us were mean and treacherous and cruel; shamelessly untruthful, dishonest, and vile—in short, so utterly *unlovable* that one could scarcely keep from actually *detesting* them. Yet we knew that we must love them, or fail in influence, and cease to desire to be in full sympathy with our Lord and Master.

In those days God's love seemed more wonderful than ever before. He "so loved the world"—even those defiled corrupted savages from whom we shrank. The thought was too wonderful for us, so high that we could not attain unto it, unless He Himself did the loving in us. There was our only hope. If one had asked us then as to the prospects of success, we should not have spoken with our first glad confidence.

A few years later, we were

## STILL STRUGGLING ON.

Many from our ranks had gone to their reward, and we were left to carry on the work that they had tried to do. But to what end? Where were the results of all the seed-sowing, all the prayer and effort, and the lives laid down? "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord made bare?" That was our hearts' cry, and no voice answered.



A NATIVE PALAVER.

Still more trying was the assertion of many others that they believed in CHRIST. Frequently, when a missionary entered a village to preach, he would be met by the assurance: "White man, you need not come here for we are all Christians! We all love God and keep His commandments." Yet, these people, loud in their professions of attachment to the Gospel, were leaders in heathen abominations. What a crafty device of Satan! By giving a hypocritical assent to our teaching, the people effectually warded off attacks. Encased in this armour, they seemed to be able to defy even the Lord and His anointed.

#### WHAT WAS THE OUTLOOK THEN?

It must be confessed that some of us wavered in our faith. Surely the triumphs of the Gospel, except on a very small scale, were not to be given to our eyes to witness. For awhile, some of us lost sight of that Power which can make the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and raise even those long dead into newness of life. "O, ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt?"

Not long afterwards, a great change occurred! Many people showed real spiritual anxiety, and indifference gave way everywhere to a deep interest in the Gospel message. In some cases, this resulted in its hearty acceptance, but in many others a bitter hatred sprang up when the real meaning of Christianity was realized. This opposition was stirred up by the *zinganga*, or medicine men. They were shrewd enough to see that should the white man's religion prevail their gains would be gone. A fierce persecution broke out, and men and women were done to death under the pretence that they were guilty of witchcraft. They could have saved themselves if they had been willing to give up CHRIST, but they counted not their lives dear unto them that they might be found in Him. The more Satan raged, the more the work of God spread amongst the people. Great indeed became the company of the

During those first years we had gained experience of heathenism and fetishism, and knew they were adversaries not to be despised. The native beliefs, though absurd, could neither be laughed away, nor destroyed by reasoning. Many of the people were as tenacious of their superstitions as we were of our faith. Nay, were not some of them even more confident? They were bold in championing their fathers' creeds and in denouncing the foreign worship which they held to be unsuitable to the Congolese, however adapted to white people.

preachers ! The amount of Biblical knowledge was small, but, like the blind man of old, each knew one thing—"Whereas I was blind, now I see."

From the beginning of this movement, certain converts manifested special gifts of speech, and naturally came to the front at the meetings. Many of them have now developed into successful evangelists, and are to be found at outlying districts, not only holding the fort, but continually carrying the war into the enemy's country. Indeed, a few have even become foreign missionaries, and left their native land for the Gospel's sake. May their number increase !

### THE PRESENT OUTLOOK.

Several features of the work lead us to expect great things in the future.

1st. It tends to become self-supporting.

The native Christians are becoming generous in their contributions towards the support of their own pastors and teachers, and wish to build and repair their own places of worship.

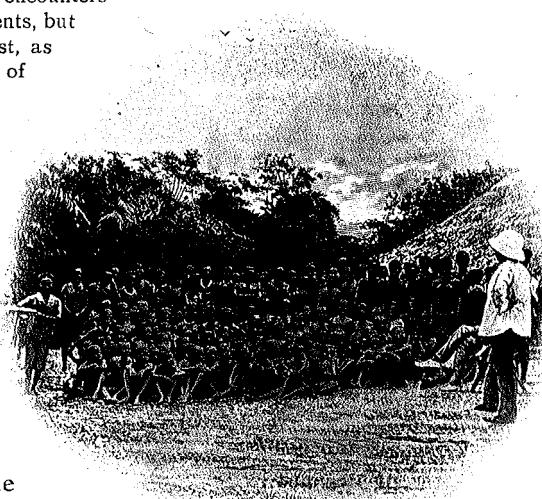
2nd. There is a tendency towards self-government.

After the formation of a Church the responsibility of its management is generally placed upon its own shoulders as far as possible. Of course, there are many grave and complex problems to be solved, and at first the church must be guided in every step. Nevertheless, its rapid advancement is remarkable, and as a rule the members become capable of dealing with nearly everything that comes before them. This is so true that we may look forward to the time when many of the missionaries now engaged in pastoral work on the Congo will be set free for service in more needy districts, while native helpers will safely and successfully conduct the churches already established.

3rd. The people are being well instructed in the Word of GOD.

At present, the Congo Christians have practically but one book, the New Testament. Most of them are familiar not only with the gospel stories and parables, but with the maxims and doctrines of CHRIST and His apostles. They have proved themselves again and again well able to hold their own against heathenism, and also against Romanism. There are many encounters between Catholic and Protestant adherents, but in most cases it is a very unequal contest, as the native Catholic is grossly ignorant of Christian truth, while the Protestant is able to appeal to the law and the testimony, and can wield the sword of the Spirit with success. Indeed, it is not too much to say that if in the providence of God our missionaries should be withdrawn, as was the case at Madagascar, there would be little to fear regarding the ability of the native Christians to carry on the work of God on the Congo, and probably, as in Madagascar, it would even grow and be extended in spite of persecution.

Lastly. The work is self-propagating. This is, perhaps, one of the most hopeful features of missionary work in Africa.



AN OPEN-AIR MEETING.



STARTING FOR AN EVANGELISTIC TRIP.

A Congo heathen, when soundly converted, realizes that he is not saved simply in order that he may be happy, but that he may be good and help others to become so. He sees that it is not only a duty, but a privilege to be the means of bringing others to the Saviour in Whom he himself is trusting, and especially those of his own household. There is one Christian custom which has grown up amongst them which has largely promoted the spread of the Gospel. In every village where there are even only two or three Christians they meet every evening after supper and sing hymns, read the Scriptures, and pray. Usually, someone in the company will rise and either give his testimony to the power of CHRIST to save, or a word of exhortation. The heathen neighbours usually refrain from attending these services, although cordially invited, but none the less, in the stillness of the Congo evening they hear the words spoken and the hymns sung. Thus the good seed is sown in many a heart, and the work grows and spreads notwithstanding the world, the flesh and the devil.

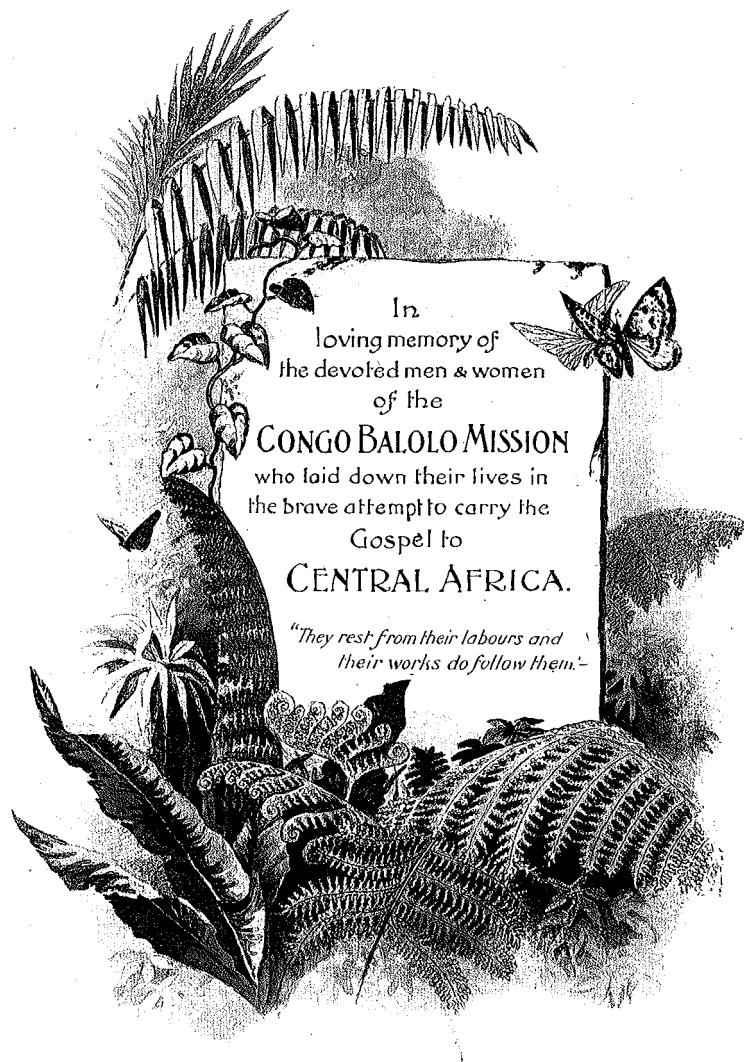
Who shall presume to draw limits to this self-extension of the Gospel?

But, after all, the most hopeful and comforting consideration is that the work belongs to GOD. It is this above all that makes us confident for the future. He who hath begun this good work is

**ABLE TO PERFORM IT,**

**AND WILL PERFORM IT.**

**AMEN.**



"I Know their Sorrows."

Since writing this brief account of the Congo Balolo Mission, we have been called upon to surrender another of our workers. On October 24th, 1902, WILLIAM ELLIS passed away at Bongandanga, as the result of a most severe attack of fever. He joyfully accepted the command, leaving behind him a noble record of work well done, and many happy memories in the hearts of his friends, to whom his loss came as a great sacrifice.

# HOW MUCH LONGER?

BY THE REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D.

**H**OW much longer shall this state of things continue? How much longer shall more than half the human race be allowed to remain in ignorance of the way of life? How much longer shall the command of Him we call "OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST" to go into *all* the world and preach the Gospel to *every creature* be neglected, disregarded, and ignored?

We plead for these neglected millions. We raise our voice on their behalf. They cannot speak for themselves. Distance makes them dumb. Strangerness silences them. They wander in moral midnight. They know not what they do. Year after year, age after age, they fall and perish as though of no more worth than the withered leaves of autumn. They have fallen by millions, and no one has cared for them. Torrid sun and sweeping rain have bleached their bones or blanched their sepulchre. Melancholy winds have moaned their requiem. Relentless Time has rolled over their generations the billows of oblivion. They have perished from the earth, gone into a dark and dread eternity, without ever having heard of Him who died and rose that men might live, who was lifted up from the earth that He might draw all men unto Him, and who cries aloud to a ruined but redeemed humanity: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We plead for the neglected millions of heathendom. We say to the Church of JESUS CHRIST: "Behold them! They are our own brothers and sisters in a common humanity. They are one with us in sin and ruin—let them be one with us in the knowledge of Salvation. Awake, O selfish, sleeping, forgetful Church, arouse thee to thy neglected duties; fulfil thy solemn mission; bear thy testimony; send forth thy sons; proclaim thy glorious message; gird thyself, and give thyself, in the name of JESUS CHRIST, to the tremendous task of evangelizing the uttermost parts of the earth."

# At Work . . . in the Neglected Continent.



As one of her own poets has said, there is "a future for Latin America, immense as her mountains and her seas, brilliant as her skies and her resplendent stars."

MARMOL.

## Argentina's Open Door.



GAIN and again, during the last twenty years, Harley College has sent forth new recruits to help to win South America for CHRIST. Many of these have already finished the hard fight—their names are held in honoured memory amongst us. Others, still in the midst of the struggle, are scattered throughout the various Republics—a noble band of self-sacrificing workers, whose stories would be full of stimulating interest if it were possible to tell them here.

But such is not our present purpose, nor is it our intention to dwell upon the great necessity for mission work throughout the length and breadth of South America. Its problems are vast and terrible; it presents an appalling picture of spiritual destitution, and despite the earnest efforts now being made on its behalf, its peoples must still be described as those that sit in darkness and in the shadow of spiritual death.

Nevertheless, athwart that shadow the light is breaking, and it is our privilege to tell the story of its coming, as seen by the little band of workers who represent the R.B.M.U. in Argentina and Peru.

The contrast between those two spheres of labour is immense. Let us first describe Argentina, where our missionaries are labouring in three centres—Buenos Aires, Las Flores, and Coronel Suarez.

### A LAND OF PROMISE.

Leaders of modern enterprise naturally turn towards the Land of the Silver River, the largest State in South America, after the Republic of Brazil. The untold riches that lie beneath the soil; its boundless plains and countless cattle; its genial climate and wealth of trees,—all testify that it ought to possess a future of great material prosperity.

But to the missionary also, Argentina is a land of promise. Having attained religious freedom, it is shaking off the yoke of Rome, and now requires a lavish expenditure of heart and life, that it may learn the value of spiritual riches—the only basis of lasting wealth.

The breadth of view of its political leaders was strikingly illustrated not many months ago by a contest which occurred in the National Congress of Buenos Aires. Mr. W. C. Morris, of the South American Missionary Society, carries on a splendid work by providing schools for the poorest children in the capital. Over two thousand have already been educated by him, but his application for a small Government grant was opposed in the Chamber of Deputies by Bishop Romero, who represented the strongest forces of the Church of Rome in Buenos Aires. Nevertheless, Mr. Morris received his grant by the unanimous vote of all the deputies and senators, with the single exception of his illustrious opponent, and the attempt to injure his enterprise



THE R.B.M.U. AT WORK IN BUENOS AIRES.

1. The Mission-House.
2. An Evangelistic Centre.
3. A Sunday School Group.

only produced many striking testimonies in its favour from men who, whilst perhaps unsympathetic towards evangelical teaching, believe in the moral value of the general education given. We commend our readers to study the recent report on this subject issued by the South American Missionary Society.

Thus, it will be seen that Buenos Aires presents an open door to the teacher of Protestant truth. That magnificent city with its cosmopolitan people and corrupt social life; its growing materialism and Catholic superstition, has much need to listen to the message of the CHRIST. Yet how few amongst its population of eight hundred thousand, including many English-speaking people, are willing to be taught!

There, as in other parts of Argentina, the missionary's best hope is in the children. Pastor George Smith, who has charge of our work in that city, reports a constant increase both in his Day and Sunday Schools, which now contain over eighty children, as well as a growing desire on the part of the people to attend

#### GOSPEL SERVICES.

Our friend is full of hope that the result of much seed-sowing will soon appear, and Buenos Aires be moved as by the mighty hand of God.

Another most promising mission-station is to be found at Las Flores, where Mr. and Mrs. George Graham have worked since 1891. This little town of about five thousand people is at the junction of two railways and the centre of an important agricultural district. It is a difficult sphere, since bigotry and priestcraft have a strong hold over many of its people, but patient and persistent effort has resulted in the creation of a little company of happy Christian believers, whilst the splendid school work which Mr. Graham carries on so faithfully will undoubtedly produce more and more fruit as the years go by.

During Mr. Graham's visit home last year,

#### THE WORK AT LAS FLORES

was under the care of Mr. Robert Elder, assisted by his wife and Mr. Strachan. It was not an easy task to carry out Mr. Graham's weekly programme.

"On Sunday there is a service in Spanish at 10 a.m.; at 2 p.m., the Sunday School, which he superintends; at 8 p.m., another Spanish service. Once a month there is an English service. Before 8 a.m. on Monday morning all the forms must be removed from the "salon" and be replaced by the school desks. Not being rich he cannot afford a Chapel-keeper, so throws off his coat, and aided by his assistant teacher, or his wife, does it himself. At 8 a.m., five days in the week, School commences; at 4 p.m., it closes. On Wednesday evening, there is the week-night service, while on Friday night he takes the Sunday School Teachers' Preparation Class. Add to this the time required for the study of three addresses, and the Sunday School lesson, for visiting and attending to School accounts and correspondence, and the idle moments will not reach a grand total."

Our readers will be surprised to know that the room in which all this work has been carried on is only six and a half yards long, and about five wide, with a smaller class-room opening out of it. A new chapel is much required, yet,



SOME MEMBERS OF PASTOR GRAHAM'S CONGREGATION AT LAS FLORES.

Mr. Graham has been obliged to return to his work with only £400 towards the £700 required. Surely there must be money waiting somewhere which ought to supply this need. Every recent report from Las Flores testifies to the efficiency of the self-denying work which Mr. and Mrs. Graham carry on. Conversions are frequent, and as Mr. Elder says :—

" Pastor Graham's work bears the stamp of thoroughness upon it. His message to the people is the purest Gospel, and the effect of it is seen in the band of faithful Christians around him."

We are also indebted to Mr. Elder for a description of our Mission station at Coronel Suarez, where Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Miss Beamish and Mr. Wilson hold the fort. Mr. Elder first visited this station soon after his arrival in Argentina in company with Don Pablo Besson. He thus describes his first impression of the town :

" As we drive from the station a white building looms in sight. It is like a Nonconformist Chapel in an English village. ' What place is this ? ' says Don Pablo, in his best French-accented Spanish. ' What words are those ? Ah—' *Dios es Amor*' (God is love). And then

it dawns upon us that this neat building is the one in which Brother Roberts seeks to lead the people to CHRIST. 'A very nice place—good, but not expensive; useful, but not too plain,' continues my companion. And then he dilates upon the work of this go-ahead member of the R.B.M.U.

"Saturday evening saw about forty people gathered to a Prayer Meeting; some of these have been led to CHRIST since Mr. Roberts has been there. GOD heard those Spanish prayers, and drew near to us.

*'The living hand was holding ours,  
We felt that GOD was with us.'*

"To the Sunday morning service over forty English-speaking people came, and I bade them trust in JESUS. How those people sang! The majority were Welsh, and even in Argentina they keep up their reputation.

"In the afternoon we had an 'open air' before the special meeting at which Don Pablo was to speak. Quite one hundred people—mostly men—assembled in the Hall. In contradistinction to 'home,'

### MORE MEN THAN WOMEN

attend the Evangelical meetings here. In the evening, one hundred and fifty crowded in to hear Don Pablo preach the Gospel, and so ended a day full of blessing and happy memories. But Monday's gathering 'capped' them all. It was the Annual Meeting of the Local Branch of the International Bible Reading Association, which has fifty members, and quite two hundred people crowded into the meeting.

"Like Mr. Graham, the Welsh member of the R.B.M.U. has a school of fifty children. Both these brethren stand in need of help. They certainly are more than *willing* 'to spend and be spent.' They *do* it every day."

Since that bright description of useful effort was written, our workers in Argentina have passed through many trying experiences. Terrible floods in the Las Flores district, and epidemics of smallpox and measles in Coronel



MR. ROBERTS' CHAPEL AT CORONEL SUAREZ.



A SCHOOL GROUP AT CORONEL SUAREZ.

Suarez have seriously affected school attendance, with the result that our workers have found it impossible to contribute as much as formerly towards their own support. Happily, the spiritual work has not suffered through these physical calamities—the hearts of the people are becoming more and more open to the Gospel,—the School work, even if not profitable from a pecuniary point of view, is most valuable in its effect upon the children and their parents. The fight against Romanism—"a religion that in Argentina is compatible with drunkenness, immorality, ignorance and lying"—is growing keener, and many men and women are turning from the false to seek the true.

### **WE PLEAD FOR ARGENTINA—**

for more money and more men, and above all for prayer that all may be done in accordance with the will of God.

Our own staff has just been reinforced by two new workers, Miss Watkins and Miss Aldridge, and now that Pastor and Mrs. Graham have returned, Mr. and Mrs. Elder are moving to an entirely unoccupied centre at Tres Arroyos, in the southern part of the province of Buenos Aires. Later, if God will, two other centres, Necochea and Juarez, will be occupied by the R.B.M.U. But many more missionaries are needed to hasten the time when a river shall arise in Argentina, "the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."

Our Peru . . .  
. . . and



1. Mr. Peters  
2. Mrs. Jarrett

3. Mr. Jarrett  
4. Mr. Strachan  
5. Mrs. Peters  
6. Mr. Derry  
9. Mr. Wilson

7. Miss Beamish  
8. Miss Aldridge

. . Argentina  
Missionaries. . .



1. Mrs. Graham  
2. Mr. Graham

3. Mr. Smith  
4. Mrs. Roberts  
5. Mrs. Smith  
6. Mr. Roberts  
9. Miss Watkins

7. Mrs. Elder  
8. Mr. Elder



The

# Scorn . . .

# . . . of Job.

Job. xxxi. 17.

By the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe.

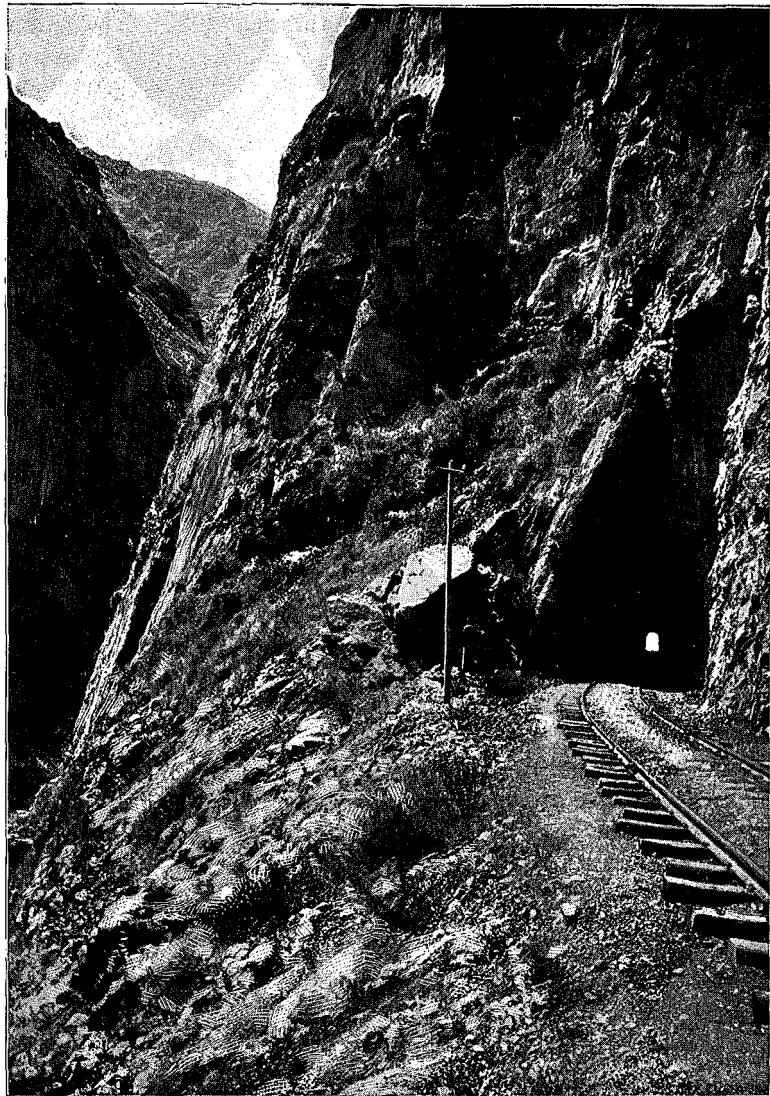
*If I have eaten my morsel alone*”—  
The patriarch spoke in scorn :  
What would he think of the Church, were he shown  
Heathendom, huge, forlorn,  
Godless, Christless, with soul unfed,  
While the Church's ailment is fulness of bread,  
Eating her morsel alone ?

*I am debtor alike to the Jew and the Greek ;*”  
The mighty apostle cried,  
Traversing continents, souls to seek  
For the love of the Crucified.  
Centuries, centuries since have sped :  
Millions are famishing ; we have bread ;  
But we eat our morsel alone.

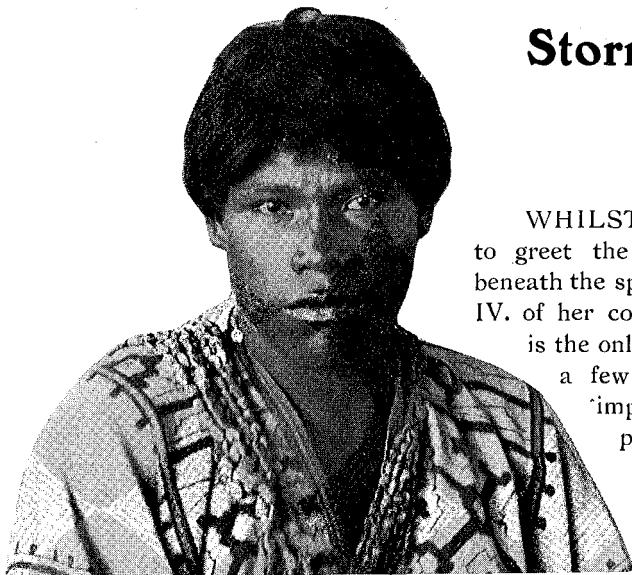
*Ever, of them who have largest dower*  
*Shall heaven require the more :*  
Ours is affluence, knowledge, power,  
Ocean from shore to shore ;  
And East and West in our ears have said,  
“ Give us, give us your living Bread ; ”  
Yet we eat our morsel alone.

*Freely, as ye have received, so give,*”  
He bade, who hath given us all :  
How shall the soul in us longer live,  
Deaf to their starving call,  
For whom the Blood of the Lord was shed,  
And His Body broken to give them Bread,  
—If we eat our morsel alone ?

# Piercing the darkness of Peru.



A TUNNEL ON THE OROYA ROAD.



AN INDIAN OF THE PERUVIAN AMAZON.

WHILST Argentina has turned her face to greet the rising sun, Peru still slumbers beneath the spell of Papal tyranny. By Article IV. of her constitution, Roman Catholicism is the only religion of the State, and until a few years ago a civil marriage was impossible. Even now, the law permitting it is almost a dead letter, since the Catholic Church claims every person born in the Republic as a member of its own communion.

Consequently, Peru presents no open door to the

Protestant missionary. He cannot engage in any public propaganda and wherever he sets foot he is placed in the position of the fulcrum on which the lever of liberal public opinion is slowly raising a reluctant Government towards the emancipation enjoyed by every other South American Republic except Bolivia.

How dense is the darkness of Peru! For three centuries the Roman Church has worked its will upon the people. It has made materialists and sceptics of the most intelligent classes; continues to hold millions in the bonds of a degrading superstition, and has allowed the native Indians, the descendants of the once powerful Incas, to sink into a far deeper depth of misery and sin than when they worshipped the sun and moon and stars.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that Peru presents irresistible attractions to the ardent missionary. Surely it is possible to lift that magnificent country, replete with splendid memories, to a nobler height than it has ever reached before!

Confident in the belief that such is the will of the Almighty Father, a band of Harley men have stormed Peru since 1893, and four years later these became directly affiliated with the R.B.M.U., that they might be helped to do aggressive work in Cuzco.

That ancient Inca capital is situated in the very heart of fair Peru, far away from the busy coast-towns with their active life and European influences.

Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Peters were the first to enter the city in the name of CHRIST. When they stole into it one July evening in 1895, the enemies of Protestantism were already prepared to meet them. The clergy daily preached against the heretics in all the churches; the people passed them with averted



IN A CUZCO STREET.

glance, and every door was closed at their approach lest the subtle poison the strangers carried in their very breath should infect the sons and daughters of the Church against their will. The assassination of the missionaries was publicly advocated by some, and at last the Prefect ordered the two troublesome Englishmen "to take up their march," an illegal order they were compelled to obey, despite the fact that Mr. Jarrett had scarcely recovered from a severe

attack of small-pox. Nevertheless, the experience then gained, together with that acquired during a similar attempt made by Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett in the following year, only enabled these determined warriors to make more effective plans, which, ably carried out since 1897, have achieved undoubted victories in Cuzco.

But not without a severe and terrible struggle. Again and again, our missionaries have been well-nigh overwhelmed, and only the strong assurance that God is still a trusty shield and weapon could have enabled them to persevere. They have had to make their way in the city inch by inch. The ordinary methods of work were quite impossible, but God has marvellously opened

#### FAST CLOSED DOORS.

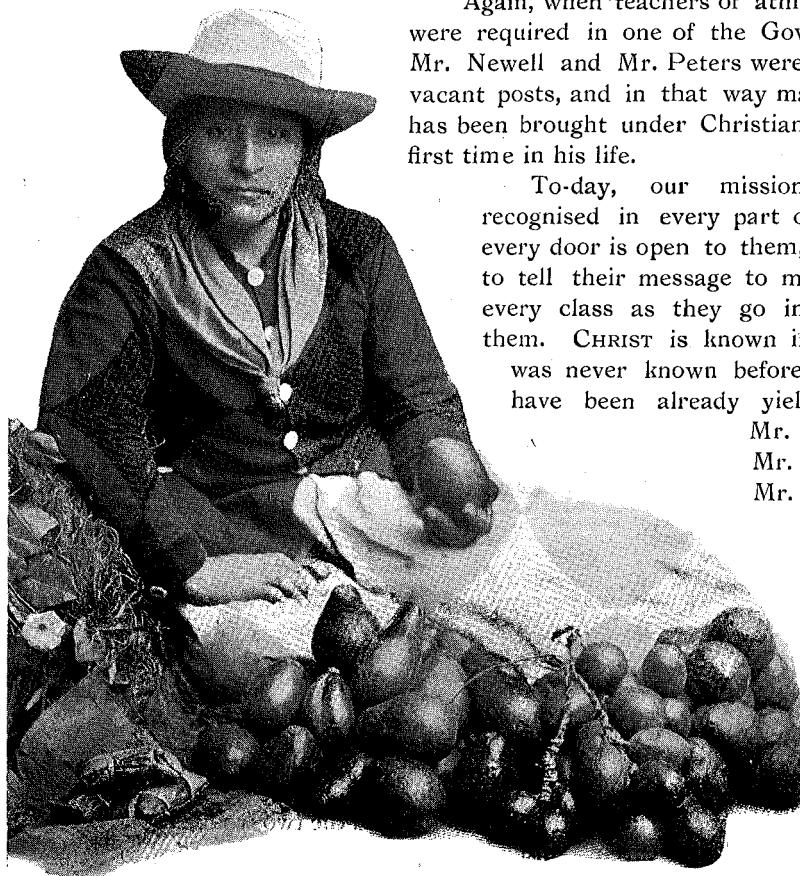
A knowledge of photography and art enabled Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Peters to start a "British Depot," which has not only given a reason for their presence in the city, but has largely supported themselves and their families, whilst becoming an effective centre for missionary work.

Again, when teachers of athletics and drawing were required in one of the Government Schools, Mr. Newell and Mr. Peters were invited to fill the vacant posts, and in that way many a young fellow has been brought under Christian influence for the first time in his life.

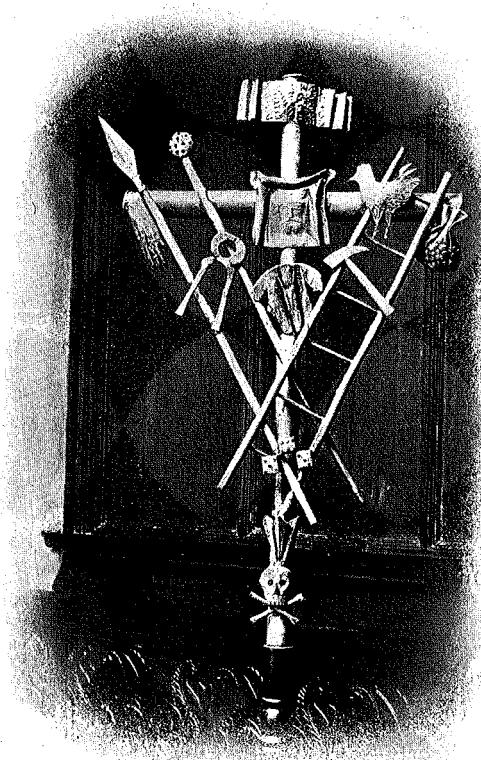
To-day, our missionaries are gladly recognised in every part of Cuzco; almost every door is open to them, and they are free to tell their message to men and women of every class as they go in and out amongst them. CHRIST is known in the city as He was never known before, and some hearts have been already yielded up to Him.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett,  
Mr. and Mrs. Peters,  
Mr. and Mrs. Newell

are the men and women who have accomplished this effectual work and deserve all honour for their faithfulness and zeal. The Mission has now been called upon to undergo a still deeper



A FRUIT-SELLER OF PERU.



A PERUVIAN CROSS.

surely come when missionaries should be sent not only to Cuzco but to every part of the Republic of Peru.

#### ITS MILLIONS OF INDIANS

—oppressed, ill-treated and despised—demand our most speedy help. We rejoice to know that through the energy of the American Bible Society and its agent, the Rev. A. M. Milne, part of the New Testament has now been translated into the native Quichua. Our missionaries propose to help in its circulation by sending readers into the villages, in order that those who cannot study the Good Tidings for themselves may hear them from the lips of others. Only the Gospel can lift these people up—when shall it be preached in their midst with effectual power?

Far back in the history of Peru, Cuzco contained a marvellous temple sacred to the worship of the sun. Walls and ceiling were encrusted with massive plates of gold, and whenever the sunlight fell upon its shrine, it glowed with a marvellous and mystic beauty. Those who see things that are yet afar off, dream that another golden age is coming to Peru, when the Temple of the living God shall be upreared in Cuzco, and the Sun of Righteousness shall shine therein. Who will hasten that bright dawning?

baptism of suffering, since William H. Newell died in Cuzco from typhoid fever on October 2nd, 1902. The only light in that dark cloud has come from the fact that he did not die in vain. The whole city was moved with sorrow at his passing, and he was buried in the public cemetery with every mark of honour and esteem. Such a fact only shows the transformation which has been effected during the last six years, and is a glorious testimony to the power of a consecrated life.

Thus, there is to-day

#### AN OPEN DOOR IN CUZCO.

The first barrier is down—Rome has proved herself powerless to prevent the Light from coming in—it remains to win the hearts of the people from the superstition and scepticism that still surround them as with iron bands. The movement in favour of religious liberty is gaining strength even in the interior, and it is believed that Peru will soon obtain religious freedom. The time has therefore

The

# Quichua's .

# Appeal. . .

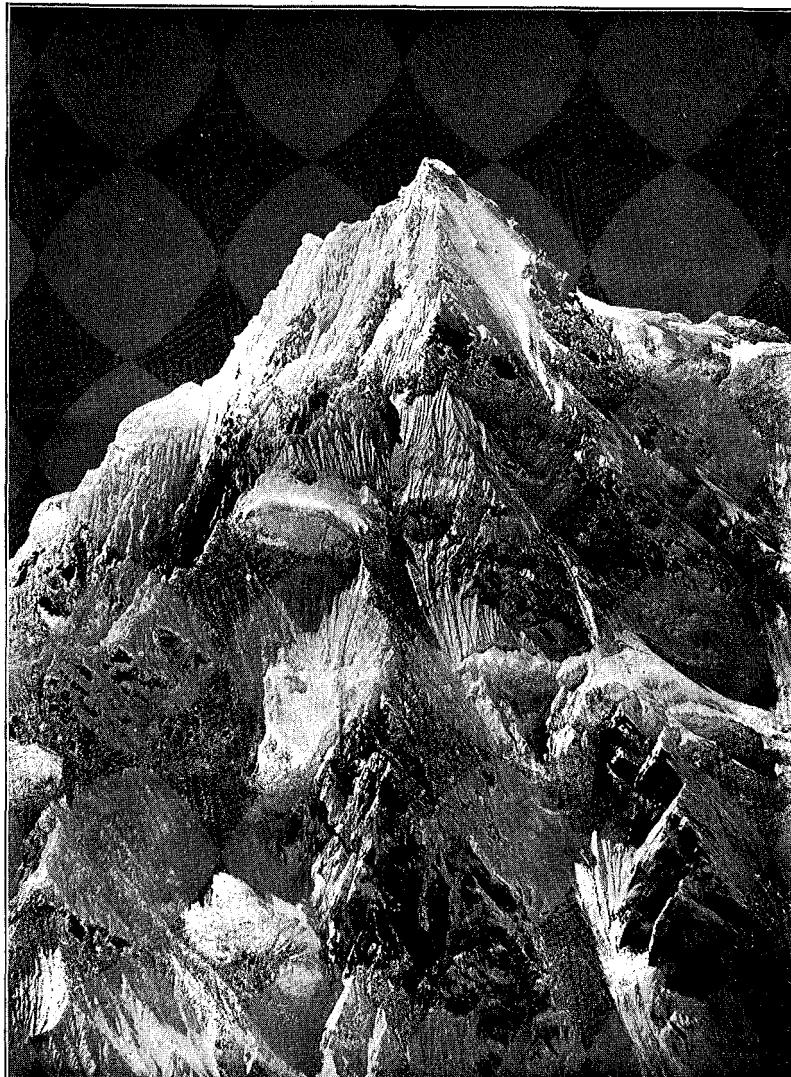


O Spirit God, if such a God there be,  
We know Thee not, yet grope our souls for Thee,  
If Thou dost hear, O hear our humble cry,  
With Thy compassionate heart draw to us nigh.  
Send us Thy light,  
That clear and bright,  
Our star may rise, our shackles broken be,  
That we may know Thy wondrous liberty—  
Show us Thy grace and we will worship Thee.

GEORGE R. WITTE.

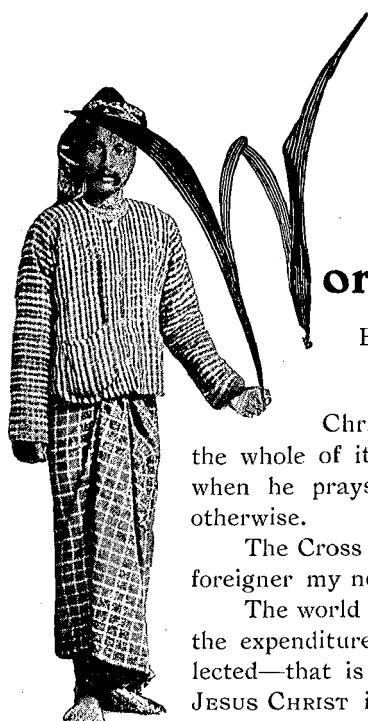


# Amongst India's Millions.



IN THE HIMALAYAS.

A view of Mount Siniolchum (22,750 ft.) from a telephotograph by kind permission of Signor V. Sella.



## Worse than Unbelief.

BY THE REV. R. WRIGHT HAY.

There is no "Foreign" Field in the sphere of Christian Missions. "The field is *The World*"—the whole of it. And the Christian joins issue with his Lord when he prays, gives, acts, speaks, feels or thinks as if it were otherwise.

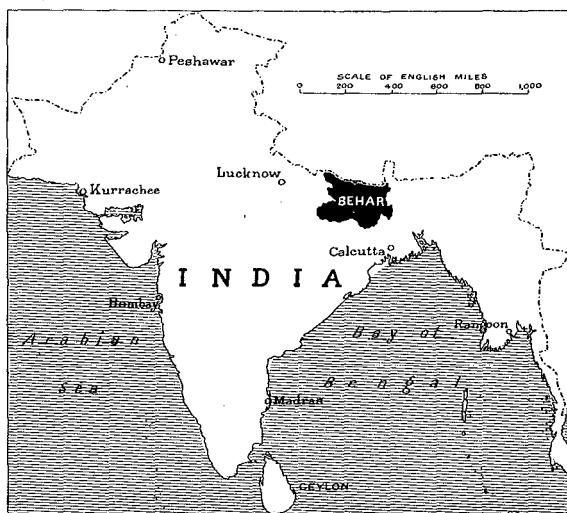
The Cross which brings me nigh to God makes the remotest foreigner my near neighbour.

The world is a Field, yes a *Field*—demanding care, labour, and the expenditure of treasure. No smallest corner of it may be neglected—that is the thought in the heart of God. The LORD JESUS CHRIST is the expression of that thought. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." And He speaks of Himself as Sower, as Seed, and as Lord of the harvest, in relation to "all the world."

And yet, through the astounding disobedience, selfishness, and worldly-mindedness of professing Christians, half the world is to-day waste wilderness, instead of being "God's tilled land." The LORD in His infinite mercy bring us all into a deeper sorrow of soul than we have ever known, over the eight hundred millions of mankind who have not yet been cared for in His name; and bring to our remembrance the countless millions whom we have allowed to die—multitudes of them, in a sense too awful to contemplate—of *our neglect!*

There is no "Foreign" Field. But Christians are so given to thinking that there is, that one is glad to remind British Christians of the fact that, in the wonderful providence of God, more than two hundred millions of unevangelized heathen and Mohammedans have been brought within the bounds of the *Home Mission Field*. *India is just the east end of the British Empire.*

Now what does this mean in its highest sense? Surely this, that GOD is testing our love and loyalty to CHRIST, and our faith in the facts, principles, and grace which have been revealed in Him. He has



caused our duty towards the three hundred millions of our fellow-subjects in India to press upon us with such a weight of undeniable responsibility that, if we neglect to do our part towards the salvation of these perishing ones, it will be vain for us to plead in the Great Day that attention to the claims of "home" work hindered us from going further afield.

India is our own, and "if any provideth not for his own he hath denied the faith." What, then, about the evangelization of this vast dependency? Briefly, this. All the missionaries in that land, from Australia and New Zealand, from America and Canada, from Great Britain and other European countries only number *one to every one hundred thousand of the people!*

That ought to mean shamefaced heart searching for all British Christians. Is this providing for our own?

The populous province of Behar contained, as recently as three years ago, about twenty-two millions of people who lay outside the sphere covered by missionary activity. Twenty-two millions of our fellow-subjects sinning, suffering and dying — without a suggestion from us that CHRIST loved them and gave Himself for them, and that



AN INDIAN DEVOTEE SITTING ON SPIKES.

we worship Him as the Saviour of the world!

Dare we from such, such great treasure withhold?  
Men count it crime to rob rich ones of gold;  
Shall we, to baser self-seeking enticed,  
Keep from earth's poorest the riches of Christ?  
Answers thy heart with a swift spoken "no?"  
Heed then, thy Saviour, rise brother and go.



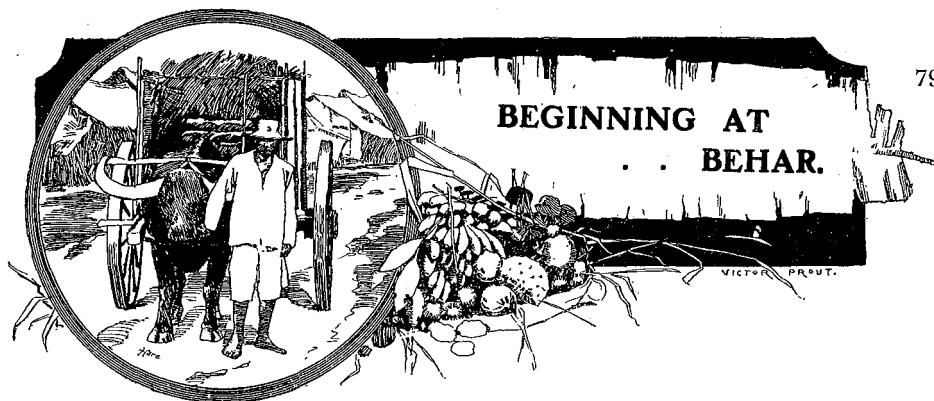
## Our Workers ... in Behar.



1. Mr. Banks  
2. Mrs. J. Hodge

3. Mr. Hodge  
4. " Hicks

5. Mrs. Hicks  
6. Mr. Wynd



**L**ONG before we started work in India a number of our students had turned longing eyes towards its neglected regions, yet could not hope to be accepted by the denominational societies, since these had already as many men in training as they could afford to send out into the field.

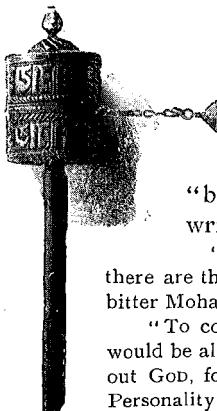
Our desire to start interdenominational work in that part of the British Empire was further stimulated by my father's journey thither in 1896. He was accompanied by my sister, who afterwards gave a graphic description of its need in the pages of "Across India, at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century." Our duty seemed imperative, and after careful investigation and consultation with the leading missionary societies, we selected Behar as the darkest and most needy parish in India. It was then calculated that if every missionary already at work in that province could evangelize four hundred thousand souls—an utterly impossible task—twenty millions would be still absolutely unreached by the sound of the Gospel.

We resolved to attack it in the name of CHRIST, and in November, 1899, two Harley students, Messrs. Hicks and Banks, started for Bengal, and settled down at Dinapore to make their first assault upon Hindu roots and idioms. In 1901 they were joined by Messrs. Hodge and Wynd, intent upon the same strenuous endeavour. Early in the following year, congratulations became the order of the day, since all had passed their first or second year's examination well. The chief examiner, the Rev. Geo. J. Dann, of the B.M.S., who examines Bengal Missionaries in Hindu, wrote home to tell us what capital men our workers were.

"Mr. Hicks will make a fluent Bazaar preacher; Mr. Banks is a man whose sterling goodness grows upon one, as well as his evident fitness for personal dealing with the natives (a most useful gift). Mr. Hodge and Mr. Wynd are sterling students, and show signs of good ability."

But long before their final examination was a thing accomplished, Messrs. Hicks and Banks had begun actual missionary work. First at Dinapore, and afterwards at Motihari, the place selected as the most suitable headquarters for our new beginning.

Motihari holds a position of importance, since it is the capital of Champaran, that northernly district in Behar that lies almost at the foot of the Himalayan range. Its population is about eight thousand, but crowds of people visit it from time to time—a motley crowd, but all alike unconscious of the truth of God.



Yet even in Motihari, the old order is changing, yielding place to new. Its Government School has over three hundred scholars, and it also possesses law courts, a hospital and that "black flower of modern civilization"—a prison. Mr. Wynd writes:—

"We are amongst a people who are waking up and moving forward, but there are the superstitions of centuries still to overcome, and added to all these is the bitter Mohammedan antagonism."

"To convey the idea that the life of the Hindu is one of pastoral innocence would be altogether misleading. Their religion is most debasing. It effectually shuts out God, for it confounds Him with His works, and exalts His Immanence till His Personality is lost sight of. Sometimes the worshipper is entangled in such blind spiritual pride that he even declares himself to be God."

All around Motihari are countless villages—so numerous that a man might spend a life-time in seeking to evangelize them, and never complete the task. Last year, Mr. Hicks and his native helpers spent several months touring through the country, and had many interesting experiences. One man presented a modest petition for a brief history of England to be written on the spot. He specially desired to know the reason for our country's greatness, but was not at all inclined to find its root in the religion that the sahibs taught. He was satisfied with his own gods—he only thought such unique knowledge might pave the way to future benefits from Englishmen !

"I shall not soon forget, however," continues Mr. Hicks, "the faces of one or two who seemed to grasp the truth. 'What!' cried a couple of villagers in astonishment, 'did CHRIST JESUS actually take my sins away, become my substitute, take my place?' 'Yes,' I reiterated, 'your place if you will trust Him.' The news was too good to be true. Then another man standing by, a lawyer from Bettiah, turned scornfully upon them, saying, 'Get out, you lout, what do you know?' 'Who are you,' the man replied, 'Isn't the sahib's word perfectly plain?' However, the lawyer turns to tackle me, and the two villagers are gradually lost in the crowd, perhaps never to be seen again."

Thus our missionaries work on from day to day—sowing seed, which will spring up in the far future.

Early last year, changes occurred at Motihari, since Messrs. Banks and Hodge left that station in order to start new work in Siwan. When Miss Eva Gibson became Mrs. Hicks, the Motihari station received effective re-inforcement, whilst Mr. Hodge's marriage to Miss Herr adds another welcome worker to our ranks.

Siwan, in the district of Saran, is also virgin soil as far as missionary effort is concerned. It is a larger town than Motihari, with a denser surrounding population, and, being situated near the united provinces of Agra and Oudh, escapes the damp atmosphere common to Bengal, as well as the overpowering heat of the Punjab—in fact, its climate is one of the best in India. Plague held the people in its deadly grip when our missionaries first settled there, and even a few months later, when it had



A NATIVE PREACHER.

abated, the production of Mr. Banks' camera at a bazaar caused the people to flee in terror. He was about to throw plague seeds amongst them and they would surely die! How little they understood the power of the Living Seed he longed to give them as he watched their efforts to gain favour with the gods.

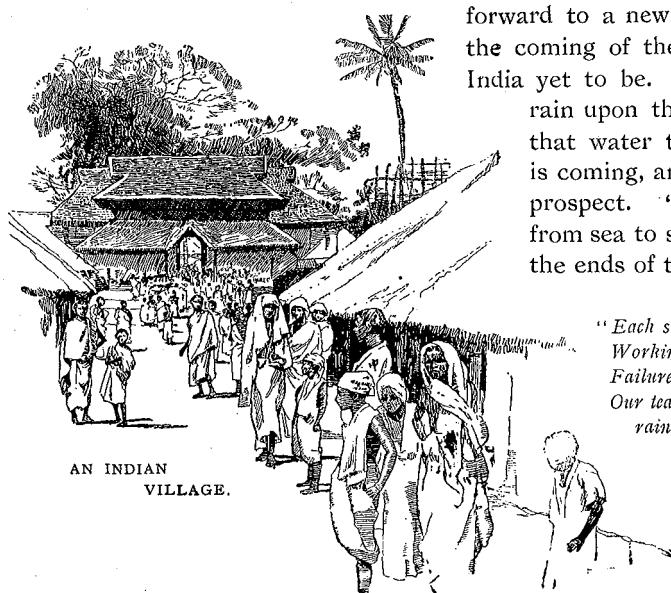
"One by one they bathed in the river and afterwards presented their offerings to the priests. A constant stream of people were coming and going between the temple and the river—deluded men and women—trying to cleanse away their guilt in the waters of their own good works. How one longed that they might receive the Gospel message, but though many listened fairly well, others were inclined to argue, and I am afraid all thought 'Hinduism is good enough for us—let the sahibs have their own religion and we will stick to ours.'"

But all is not darkness in Siwan, as will be seen from Mr. Hodge's description of the discovery of a ray of light.

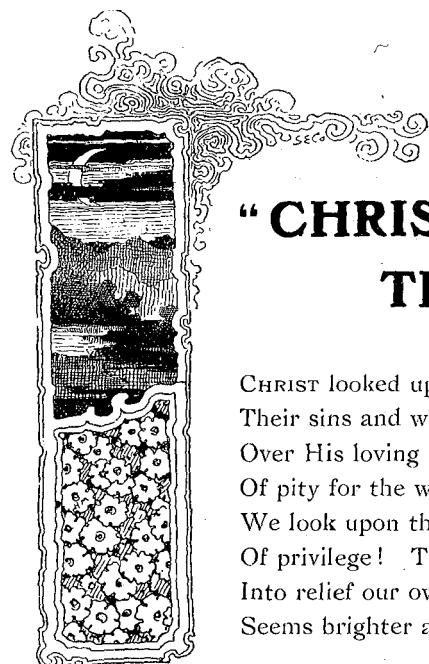
"Right in the heart of the bazaar we discovered a Christian shopkeeper, a Bengali by birth, who, amid untoward circumstances, was keeping the faith. Our joy at finding him was only equalled by his delight at meeting us. Later on we met his wife, and we now have quite a little Christian community here, including, in addition to these friends, our colporteur and the school teacher and his wife. Our communion seasons are times of real blessing, and never fail to win our hearts back to the Cross. How great will be our joy when the LORD adds to our little flock the first convert from Siwan. Towards this end we ever pray."

### THE COMING OF THE RAINS.

"One of the great events in our Indian life is the advent of the rainy season. For days, and even weeks, we groan under oppressive climatic conditions, ever watching the heavens for a sign that help is at hand. However, relief comes at last. Darker clouds appear, the familiar thunder breaks on our ears, there is a 'sough' and a freshness in the wind, as though it blew from a Scottish hill, and then the rain pours down. After the first glad onset there is a lull; but the old order has changed. A delicious coolness now pervades the atmosphere; nature awakes from a sleep of death, and puts on her mantle of green. The spirit of gladness is abroad, and we too give ourselves up to rejoicing. To those of us who look forward to a new heaven and a new earth, the coming of the rains is a picture of the India yet to be. 'He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth.' Its fulfilment is coming, and our hearts glow at the prospect. 'He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.'"



*"Each single struggle hath its far vibration  
Working results that work results again;  
Failure and death are no annihilation,  
Our tears exhaled will make some future  
rain"*



## “CHRIST AND THE MULTITUDES.”

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CHRIST looked upon the multitudes and wept ;  
 Their sins and woes so touched Him that there swept  
 Over His loving breast a mighty wave  
 Of pity for the world He came to save.  
 We look upon the multitudes and sing  
 Of privilege ! Their sorrows do but fling  
 Into relief our own great joys ; our light  
 Seems brighter as we gaze into the night.

CHRIST looked upon the multitudes and prayed ;  
 Whole nights He spent with God, nor stayed  
 His gracious pleading for them till in death  
 He sought their pardon with His latest breath.  
 We look upon the multitudes and speak  
 Of heaven's mysterious purposes, nor seek  
 So much to save our brethren as to gain  
 Some selfish good from their sore need and pain.

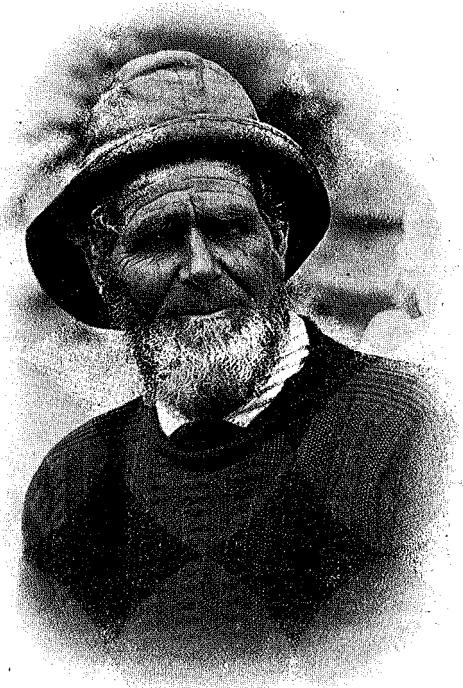
CHRIST looked upon the multitudes and wrought.  
 The King became a servant ! There was nought  
 That love could do He did not ; at all cost,  
 Aye, e'en of life, He sought to save the lost.  
 We look upon the multitudes and dream  
 That somehow light on them one day will beam  
 As now on us ; meanwhile we plan and strive  
 To win the world, and keep our souls alive.

O CHRIST ! Art thou our Master ? Ours who tread  
 So rarely in Thy footsteps ? Thou hast said  
 That Thou art in Thy people, yet Thy name  
 Is borne by us who put Thy cross to shame.  
 Forgive us, Lord, and oh, Thy secret give,  
 That we may learn henceforth like Thee to live !  
 So shall the multitudes find hope again  
 Since Thou in us art dwelling among men.

*Selected.—*

## OUR HELPERS.

How many changing scenes the words recall! Crowded meetings in large towns, small groups of earnest people in tiny country villages; chats with brave fishermen along the Norfolk coast; hours beside quiet invalids who forget their pain in pleading for the salvation of a sin-stricken and weary world. These are the men and women who, by countless, simple efforts, feed the stream of healing, and make it flow into many a dry and thirsty land. Thanks be unto them! May grace, mercy and peace fill all their hearts!



ON THE LOOK-OUT.

## The Regions Beyond Helpers' Union.

FROM THE SECRETARY'S POINT OF VIEW.



Surely ten years have not passed away since the enrolment of the first member of the R.B.H.U.? The fact seems almost incredible, and yet it was in 1892—Carey's Centennial Year—that the call came to found this new link in the world's life chain.

The question, "Is it possible to carry out the command of JESUS CHRIST and preach the Gospel to every creature in our generation," was stirring the hearts of Christians everywhere, and only one answer seemed to stand the test of God's clear light. "It can be done. The Church has men and means enough to accomplish this great task—but—is her devotion equal to the strain?" That pertinent enquiry—since the work was still neglected—could be only answered in the negative, and therefore the R.B.H.U. was formed, that it might help Christians of all denominations to cultivate a more fervent zeal and broader service on behalf of those for whom CHRIST died. It was believed that such an inter-denominational league of helpers would be welcomed by existing organizations, and do something to carry out the great ideal that had captivated the imagination of those who longed to help their Lord and Master.

It aimed at reaching many who were not committed to any definite aggressive missionary effort, and asked its members to sign the following pledge:—

"I purpose by the help of God to study and pray for Foreign Missions; to give at least Carey's weekly penny, and to do whatever else I can to take or send the Gospel to every creature in this generation."

The time has now come to test the growing tree—what has the "Helpers' Union" accomplished during its first ten years?

Undoubtedly—not all it might have done—it possibly possesses some stunted twigs and wayward branches—but the fact remains that it has enrolled sixteen thousand helpers, most of whom have been drawn into closer union with JESUS CHRIST, and have given themselves to His missionary service either at home or abroad. Every tree is known by its fruit, and the fact that £30,388 11s. 8d. has already been contributed by these friends to the Carey Weekly Penny Fund is full of promise for the future.

How often the constant support of this army of helpers has encouraged us in the midst of our work, and given faith for new endeavours. Since the R.B.H.U. was inaugurated, the work of training missionaries has been steadily continued, fresh advances made on the Congo, and new work begun in Peru, Argentina and Behar. Would these efforts have been possible but for those who have constantly given themselves to the ministry of intercession?

Nor must it be imagined that the above figures represent all the money that has been raised for missionary purposes by the Helpers' Union—many other organizations besides our own have benefited by their contributions, since missionary sympathy when once awoken spreads far and wide.

However, in this special report of the R.B.H.U., we do not propose to do all the work ourselves. We have asked representatives of Branches in England, Scotland and Ireland, to tell their own story. One of our oldest and most valued helpers, who has been associated with branches in Cork and Dublin writes:—

"Away in the little city of Cork, in the



South of Ireland, we heard of this new effort, urging Christians to help in the Evangelization of the world in this generation. A decade of years has passed since then, but as if it were only yesterday, we can see a dear grandmother laying aside her gold-rimmed spectacles, and closing the pages of *Lost Lives*, the Christmas

Number of *Regions Beyond*

for 1892. Calling towards her a boy of ten, she tells him the story of William Carey, suggesting that together they should join this new Union, and so add a tiny link to the great missionary chain between Heathendom and Heaven. Thus some of the first members of our Cork Branch were enrolled. To-day, the grandmother is serving the King beyond the shadow, but the young man is seeking to interest other hearts in the needs of God's great world.

"We can recall too, how one, who has since spent three years at Doric and is now nobly uplifting the banner of the Cross in South America, as a little girl joined the Cork Branch of our R.B.H.U. Shortly afterwards, the leader of the Macedon Band asked her to write a paper for the monthly meeting. When the evening arrived she read her paper, with a sob in her childish voice as she confessed: 'I never knew the need for missionaries was so great.' That great need burned into her soul, and with earnest purpose she is now losing her life to find it again in that day when

‘Small shall seem all sacrifice and pain and loss,  
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,  
For suffering give the victor’s prize,  
The Crown for Cross.’

"We quote these two examples simply to show what the organization has already done, not only in some small degree to send the light into the dark regions beyond, but also to extend the horizon and create deeper and broader sympathy in many hearts at home. We could tell of members of the Dublin Branch who have been compelled to go forth, some to China, some to South



*Photo by] A QUIET VILLAGE.*

[Wharton & Co.

America, and some now in training for Africa, the fruit of Dr. Harry Guinness' Mission and Missionary Lectures in 1900.

"Lately, we have set apart a special day and hour when some of our members meet in spirit for prayer. Very pathetic it is to think of the different sorts and conditions of people who form that circle—some dear old ladies living alone, and others in Institutions, and yet with their number of *Regions Beyond* open before them, patiently spelling out difficult African names, and pleading with God to bless those places and the labourers at the front. Our hearts were touched at a recent small Sale of Work,\* when some of our dear members with small shops sent us quite a pile of things, reducing their little stock, but shall we not say increasing considerably that 'other treasure laid up where the moth and rust cannot enter.' 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.'

"We often wish those at Headquarters could see the earnest faces of our members when we sometimes try to describe a visit to Harley, Doric, Bromley, Berger Hall, etc.,—the evident, yet pardonable pride they feel in being linked with such an organization.

"So the work goes on, the broader river nourished by the smaller streams, yet all part of those Living Waters, flowing from the Infinite source, through simple human lives, and destined we trust to turn many a desert into the Garden of God."

Let us now hear from

#### ONE OF OUR FRIENDS AT PAISLEY.

"This Branch was formed during Dr. Harry Guinness' visit in the early part of 1896, and through the goodness of God and prayerful effort of the members, the Branch still increases, not only in numbers but in usefulness. There are now ninety-nine names on the Secretary's roll, and the last half-year's Carey contribution amounted to £19 15s. 4d., making a total of £198 2s. 10d. sent up for that fund. Besides this about £60 has been raised and sent to other Missions.

"There is no doubt that connection with the R.B.H.U., with its many privileges and opportunities for service, proves a strong factor in preparing hearts to respond to the Royal Command, as is shown by the fact that five members of this Branch have already gone forth to serve in other lands.

"A special feature of our work has been an Annual Missionary Conference—until last year the only one regularly held in the town. God alone can tell how much has been done at these gatherings to spread missionary information, to deepen existing interest, and to awaken others from indifference.

"The members of the Paisley Branch are deeply thankful to God for the R.B.H.U., and for the privilege of helping in this most royal service."

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\* The Sale of Work referred to in the above sketch has been held annually for some years, and generally realizes about £25, which is specially allocated towards the support of a Congo missionary. The Cork Branch has contributed over £293 since 1895 to the Carey Fund, whilst the Dublin Branch has given £321 since 1899 to the same object, in addition to generous contributions towards special objects.



A MISSIONARY FAREWELL AT HARLEY HOUSE.

Last, but not least, comes Colchester, which enjoys the honour of being the first Branch ever formed.

"It was started with the help of Dr. Harry Guinness in 1893, and over a hundred members were soon enrolled. Its first Committee represented many shades of religious thought, since members of five different denominations united in its work.

"The organization of large public meetings, addressed by representatives of many Missionary Societies, has been a special feature of this Branch's work, and consequently, the effect of the establishment of the R.B.H.U. in Colchester has been to stimulate all sections of Missionary effort.

"Numerous instances of the sacrifices made by some of the members to augment the weekly penny might be given. One hard-working woman with ten children always gave over 10s. every half-year, and another ingenious effort was made by a shop assistant who 'lived in.' By fining those who were late for breakfast, etc., he gained about £3 a year for the R.B.H.U. alone. The members of a large Bible Class for young women also generously help us by a yearly contribution of about £12 or £15.

"Since its formation the Branch has raised £554 7s. 5d. in the Carey Boxes, but another £294 has been received at special meetings, and sent to the various Missionary agencies on whose behalf the meetings were held. Even when our members leave the town and district their interest is maintained, and we now have helpers in many parts of England."

It is scarcely necessary to add further details in order to show that the R.B.H.U. is fulfilling its purpose. A glance at the total list of contributions shows that the five Glasgow Branches have contributed the largest amount to the Carey Fund—£1,452 7s. 5d., of which £1,008 18s. 4d. has been sent by the Central Branch. The seven Blackburn Branches have raised in all £916 12s. 2d., out of which £537 came from the Y.W.C.A.

A London Branch—Shoreditch—which takes the lead as far as organization is concerned—has contributed £572 11s. 6d., as well as sustaining funds for their own missionaries in training, and helping other Missions.

Our own Berger Hall Branch contains some specially ardent helpers who often encourage us by their sympathy. Its total contributions amount to over £304, and many ingenious methods are employed to raise it. A milk-man gets weekly contributions from his customers, which amount to £4 in the course of the year, and another member, a widow, with a small plumbing and repairing business, puts into the box all money received from the hire of ladders, and the sale of oddments of cement!

Thus, love finds a way to serve, and brings forth a rich harvest in the far-off places of the earth. It has been an inestimable privilege to have had even a small share in the home organization of "Our Helpers' Union."

Let us thank God that He is willing to accept the gifts we bring, and resolve that the R.B.H.U. shall increase in strength and power throughout the coming years.

E. A. TALBOT



MR. E. A. TALBOT.

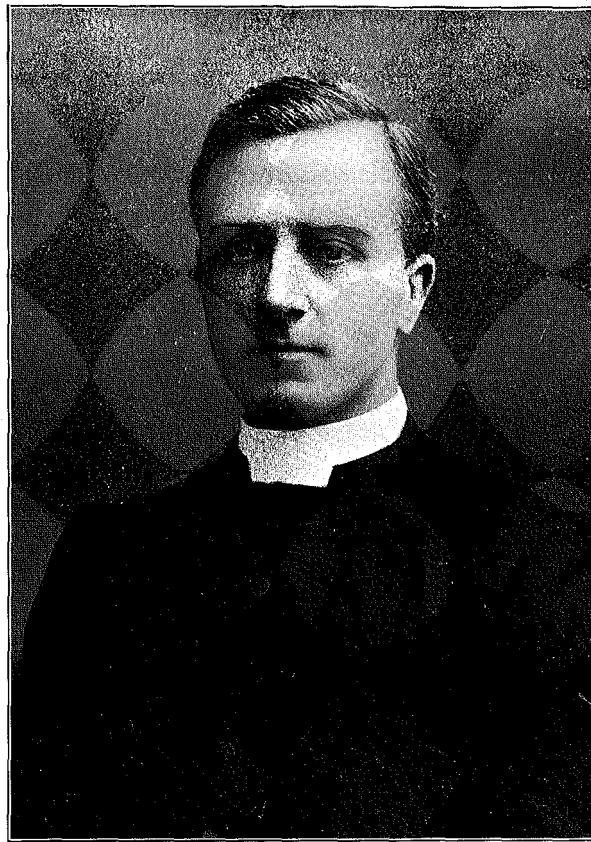


Photo by]

[*Russell & Sons.*

THE REV. GEORGE HANSON, M.A., D.D.

## Strengthening the Stakes.

**F**OR a long while, it has been evident that the growing responsibilities attaching to the Directorate of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, demanded that the whole movement should be so adjusted as not in any sense to leave it dependent on the life and labours of one man. This has led to steps being taken in order to incorporate the work, and we trust that during the present year the completion of this important arrangement may be announced. Meanwhile, the number of the Directors has been increased from three to six, by the inclusion of the following outstanding Christian brethren:—The Rev. George Hanson, M.A., D.D., Pastor R. Wright Hay and George E. Morgan, Esq., M.A.

DR. GEORGE HANSON is the well-known minister of the Presbyterian

Church of England in Marylebone, which numbers amongst the prominent members of its congregation, T. A. Denny, Esq., our valued friend and helper. Dr. Hanson is known and loved both in Dublin, where he laboured until his call to the Metropolis, and in the West End, where during recent years his genial influence has made itself widely felt, not alone in Presbyterian circles, but in every good movement which has claimed his sympathy. At the very time when I was invalided to Australia after suffering from typhoid fever, Dr. Hanson was appointed to visit the Commonwealth in order to take temporary charge of an important church in Sydney. His labours were much appreciated, and he has left behind him many grateful friends and admirers, not only in New South Wales, but also in Victoria. Keenly interested in Foreign Missions, he will prove a great addition to the managing body of the Union.

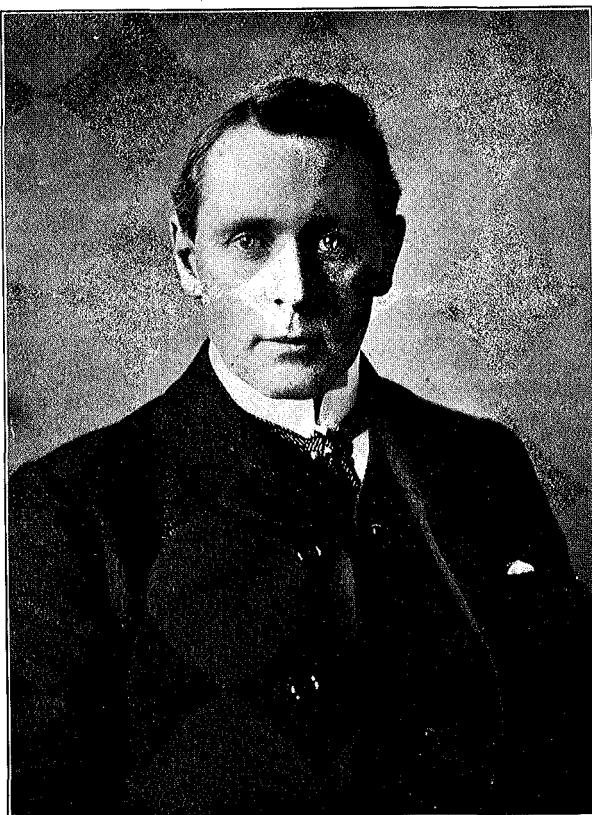
PASTOR WRIGHT HAY is well-known and beloved throughout the Baptist circles of this country. He is a native of Australia but of Scotch parentage. Educated at Madras College, St. Andrews, and subsequently at Edinburgh University, he went out in 1884 as a missionary of the Baptist Missionary

Society to the Cameroons, West Africa. On the cessation of the Society's work there, owing to the annexation of the country by Germany, he was transferred to the Indian staff in October, 1887, and appointed to labour amongst the Bengalese of Dacca, being the first missionary specifically set apart for the work of evangelizing Indian students. Invalided home, and forbidden by medical advisers to return to the field, he was appointed Secretary to the Young People's Missionary Association in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society in 1898. In the autumn of 1901, however, he felt the call to the pastorate, and united in labour with Pastor Frank White,



of the Talbot Tabernacle, one of the oldest friends of our work. We greatly rejoice that in the providence of God, the deep spiritual influence of Pastor Hay, coupled with his ripe missionary experience in two of the very continents where our missionaries are at work, should thus be rendered available in the conduct of the Union. Surely this association is destined to be of especial importance in the future development of the Behar Mission.

MR. GEORGE MORGAN is the strong young editor whose hand, during recent years, has been evidenced in the able conduct of *The Christian*. A graduate of Cambridge University; a warm-hearted, level-headed, Christian man of *Photo by* business; an excellent speaker and effective writer—he will bring no little strength to the Directorate at Harley House.



MR. GEORGE E. MORGAN, M.A. [Ernest Mills.

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We greatly wish that we were able to give portraits of the members composing the various Advisory Councils of the Union, by whose help the missions on the Congo, in South America, and in India have been carried on, but, although unable to include these in this issue, we are glad to present the portrait of Theodore Howard, Esq., who succeeded the late Sir Arthur Blackwood as our valued hon. treasurer.

May we ask the prayers of God's people everywhere that all those who have to do with the guidance of this missionary movement may be continually filled with the SPIRIT, and sustained by the mighty hand of the Living GOD.

H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, M.D.



MR. THEODORE HOWARD.

P.S.—I greatly rejoice in these appointments which Dr. Harry Guinness and I have long talked over together. Each of these fresh Directors is a true friend of mine, and I cannot but think that they will bring us fresh impulse and inspiration. It is a great pleasure to me to feel that there is every sign of increasing power and blessing for the work we love so well.

F. B. MEYER.



1. MR. CROSBIE C. BROWN, B.A.    2. PRINCIPAL FORBES JACKSON, M.A.    3. MR. F. W. SCHOFIELD.

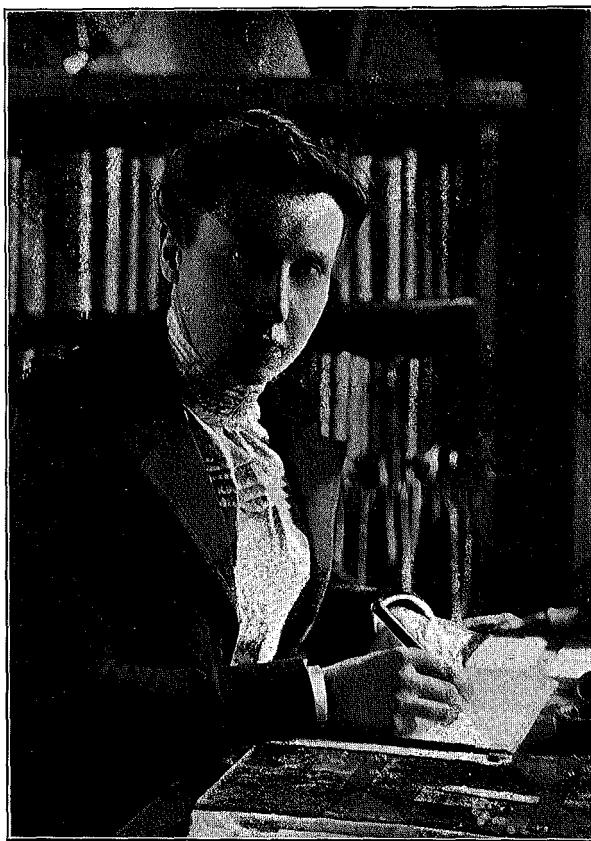
### A HARLEY COLLEGE GROUP.

As a missionary College we have been singularly blessed in the men whom God has sent to labour in our midst.

We have never done better work, however, than under the able guidance of Principal Forbes Jackson, M.A., with whom have been associated Mr. F. W. Schofield and Mr. Crosbie C. Brown, B.A. These tutors constitute the resident staff of the College, and to their force of character, and keen spiritual and intellectual grip, is largely due the moulding force which has helped to equip many a valuable life for the foreign field.

## How the money comes.

**T**HE original circle who helped to found and support the Institute, was largely composed of friends who had become interested in the evangelistic labours of my parents. Information was conveyed to them through the pages of the *Illustrated Missionary News*, then edited by Mr. Phillips, and subsequently by my father. Soon, however, *Regions Beyond* came into existence, at first as an occasional publication, and later as a quarterly. In 1888 it became a monthly magazine, and has remained so ever since.



MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

considerable income required, my mind is irresistibly driven back on the faithfulness of God as the ultimate explanation of the supply of all our complex needs. Not our poor faith, but His faithfulness would we extol!

When two or three thousand pounds met the necessities of annual expenditure, this sum was forthcoming; and when, little by little, increasing responsibilities were assumed, the corresponding supply was never lacking.

For many years occasional "passage and outfit" letters have been sent to our donors, informing them of the various groups of missionaries about to sail, and in response to prayer and the information thus afforded, gifts have been sent in by a large number of helpers, and the work has steadily moved forward.

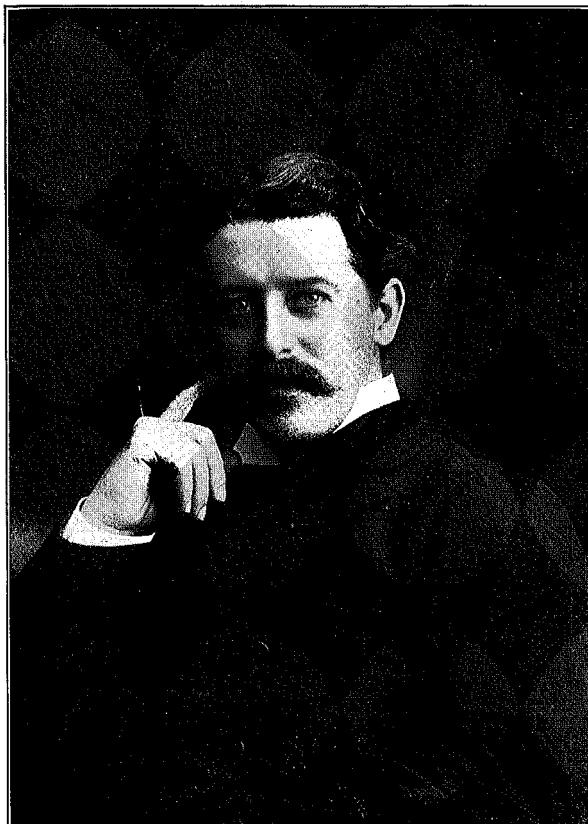
During the past fifteen years I have been able to do a considerable amount of deputational work, and in this department of service have been loyally assisted by Peter Whytock, Arthur Bowen, and others of our returned missionaries. But when I remember the utter inadequacy of the efforts put forth to raise the very

Many have been the occasions of serious need, when we have been driven to special prayer. For such seasons we have praised the LORD! Character and faith are bred by difficulties surmounted, and one of the invaluable elements of Harley House training has been the cultivation of a simple faith in the living God. Sometimes by large and unexpected gifts, often through smaller donations, the work has been maintained. And if during times of pressure we have occasionally had necessity to do without meat, butter and sugar for a few days or weeks, the spiritual life of the students has been correspondingly blessed. Once only have we been unable to meet the full allowance of our missionaries in the field, and in this instance the privation involved by a reduction of Congo funds for one particular quarter only, served to emphasize the devotion of the brave workers, who not only share the financial responsibilities of the Directors, but out of their little, have nobly given to the Mission with which they are identified.

The expenditure of funds is controlled by the Directors in association with an Advisory Council. Theodore Howard, Esq., the well-known Home Director of the China Inland Mission, has succeeded the late Sir Arthur Blackwood as our valued Hon. Treasurer. We are also deeply grateful to Messrs. J. Hill Vellacott and Co., for acting as our Hon. Auditors.

During the entire history of the work the sum of £475,000 has been expended in missionary service at home and abroad, and the annual expenditure in 1902 reached the sum of £25,676. Words seem all too feeble to express our gratitude when we reflect on all the LORD hath done for us!

The movement has been the creation of His hand, and this certainty is both our joy and confidence. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory."



H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, M.D.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF ACCOUNTS OF THE "REGIONS BEYOND" MISSIONARY UNION.

FROM OCTOBER 1ST, 1901, TO SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1902.

I, FINSBURY CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.

*November 11th, 1902.*

\*The sums making up these totals are included in the amounts in the second column.

We have examined the above Account with the Books and Vouchers and Bankers' Pass Books, and find it correct.

ARTHUR J. HILL, VELLACOTT & CO.,  
*Chartered Accountants*

\*The sums making up these totals are included in the amounts in the second column.



MR. PETER WHYTOCK.

Midlands, whilst Mr. Bowen and other workers from Harley have undertaken work in the South.

MR. WHYTOCK is a Congo veteran, who laboured in the establishment of the Balolo Mission until ill-health compelled his retirement. For many years he has toiled faithfully and well in the interests of Central Africa, and is well known and much valued amongst our Scottish helpers. His headquarters are at Grove Street Institute, Glasgow, where letters will reach him at any time.

THE REV. W. G. POPE, another of our old students, after spending some time in North Africa, was compelled to retire from the field owing to the ill-health of his wife and children. Called of God to the work of soul-winning, and gifted as a lecturer and linguist, he is remarkably fitted for the task to which he has given his life. His address is Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, and should any of our friends be able to arrange meetings for

## Our Deputation Secretaries.

IN connection with the deputation work of the R.B.M.U. we have received valuable help from a number of our returned missionaries. But these are not always in a condition of health in which it is either wise or kind to tax them with much of this service, and we do not believe in overburdening weary workers during their period of furlough.

With the growth of the missions attached to the Union it has become therefore necessary to employ travelling Secretaries whose whole time should be given to the work of the Gospel, and to interesting and increasing the numbers of our helpers throughout the country.

At the present time we have Mr. Peter Whytock in Scotland, and the Rev. W. G. Pope in Manchester and the



THE REV. W. G. POPE.

him, they will be well repaid for any trouble they may take.

MR. LEWIS INGRAM, after completing his studies in the College, went out to South Africa at the time of the Boer war in order to be of service to the soldiers at the front. He suffered badly from the terrible enteric fever which swept away so many brave men. Subsequently he was privileged to cross India, and to visit our brethren of the Behar Mission. His impressions of the needs of the millions of souls living in the vast plain of Bengal is very vivid, and he is able to plead for these from the depth of his heart. We are just sending Mr. Ingram out to Australia, where he will come into touch with many of the friends who became interested in the work of the Regions Beyond during my recent visit. He is an experienced preacher of the Evangelization Society and we trust his labours will be blessed to the ingathering of many souls, and to the deepening of vital interest in the glorious task of

carrying the Gospel to all mankind. We have at present two students with us from Australia preparing for the foreign field, and it will be a joy to receive others equally suited if the LORD sends them to us.

Our brother, MR. BOWEN, who laboured so successfully on the Upper Congo, was compelled to relinquish his much-loved task through the serious illness of his wife, and after a few years at home, is now leaving us to take up work in Canada. We trust that in the midst of pastoral duties which are sure to make a heavy demand on his time and attention he may yet be able to interest an increasing circle of friends in the spiritual condition and claims of Central Africa.

May we beseech the prayerful sympathy of our readers for these brethren, that their labours may lead to the extension of the Master's kingdom.



MR. A. J. BOWEN.



MR. LEWIS INGRAM.



Photo by,

John White

## Our Children's Home.



NE summer morning, not far from Harley House, we saw a pretty picture even in Bow Road! A mother passed with a dainty little girl clinging to either hand.

Commonplace? Perhaps,—except to those who knew that the mother was a missionary just home from Congo-land, and that five long years had passed since she had felt the touch of those small fingers! What a joy it was to see her faith at length turned into sight—to know that God had watched over her little ones at home whilst she had tried to do His work abroad.

It was to relieve such mothers' hearts that our Children's Home came into being eight years ago. The beginning was small—a deaconess, whose health unfitted her to live abroad, took charge of the four little children of Mr. and Mrs. Banks, both of whom had been trained in our colleges, and were obliged to return to the Congo, leaving their treasures in the care of others. A lad from India soon followed; then two arrived from Jamaica, and in a little house in Bow this new effort to help the helpers of others was fairly launched.

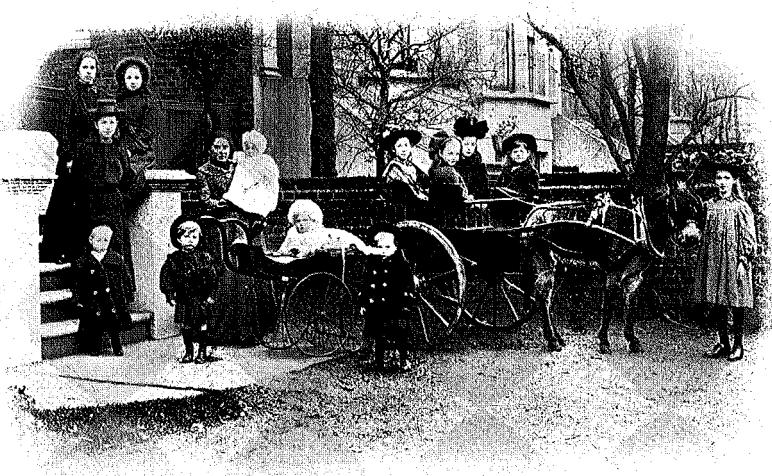
Several changes have occurred during the ensuing years. The Home has twice required more commodious premises, and when the last removal became necessary, owing to the changes caused by the Bow Railway, a house was taken at Snaresbrook, on the edge of Epping Forest, where, within half an hour's journey of Harley House, the children have the benefit of country air, whilst still enjoying the motherly oversight of Mrs. Harry Guinness. It is a matter for special thankfulness that no serious illness has ever broken out amongst the twenty-seven children who have spent a longer or shorter time in the Home since it was started.

The accompanying picture shows the merry little ones who are at present enjoying life at Snaresbrook. Two babies



THE HOME AT SNARESBROOK.

—only sixteen months old—are also under our care, whilst another little girl of eight, who came to us a year and a half ago with a sister and two baby brothers, needs very special treatment. Just before the parents of our little Nellie returned to Angola they discovered that she was suffering from paralysis. Miss Duff, then our valued Superintendent at Doric Lodge, kindly undertook the charge of this little one until she was well enough to mix with other children, but although there is some improvement, and Nellie is learning to use her crutches, we cannot hope for complete recovery. Through Miss Duff's continued kindness she is now enjoying a winter by the sea, which we trust will greatly strengthen her. Nellie's youngest brother is the great bouncing boy of two sitting in the mail cart. Leonidas is always full of fun and laughter and for a year reigned as head amongst the babies in the Home, until his place was taken by one still more in need of "Auntie's" care—little Margaret Harris, who was only eight months old when her parents went back to work upon the



READY FOR AN OUTING.

Congo. Her brother, Freddy, a handsome little two-year old with curly hair, stands in front, looking every inch a man, but little "Cissie" as he calls his baby sister, is not there. She has been suffering from "teeth," and a friend has kindly taken her to Bournemouth for a change.

But we have still a smaller baby in the Home. Not many weeks ago a touching sight might have been seen in Auntie's room. Leonidas was already in his cot, but beside the other little bed a mother stooped, tucking up her baby girl,—for the last time for many years. The father stood near with little Georgie in his arms, ready to be put to bed in the adjoining room. A little later the children were asleep, but the parents still watched beside them. It was a hard struggle to leave the little ones in sweet unconsciousness, but the sacrifice was made, and next morning Mr. and Mrs. Harvey started once more for the Congo, in order to continue the work God has given them to do.

The other children in the group come from India, South America and Jamaica, but we must not linger over the stories of all these precious little ones.

Life at Snaresbrook is as simple and homelike as it is possible to make it. In the morning the elder children go to school whilst "Auntie Fannie" teaches the little ones at home. A walk or ride in the donkey-cart occupies the after-noon. Needless to say our little carriage affords great amusement, and is most useful, since it carries all the small children not big enough to walk, and for whom a procession of perambulators would otherwise have to be provided.

"Auntie May" somehow managed to secure the donkey, and when a lady heard of its arrival she gave the car. Then a harness was provided out of our Home funds, and soon the whole equipage was in full wear and tear. At first, Mr. Donkey was housed and fed for a shilling weekly, but such starvation wages did not suit him, so he was advanced to two-and-sixpence, and fully repays the additional expenditure.

Our friends must not imagine that these children are supported by our Missionary Union. The parents all give a certain amount towards the expenses of the Home, and Mrs. Harry Guinness has been responsible for the remainder. It is needless to say that the expense is considerable, since so many little ones entail much work, particularly when most of them are far from strong.

We have specially to thank God for the able head He has given us in "Auntie May" as she is called by the children, and for the way in which she is seconded by "Auntie Fanny," who, besides superintending the children's lessons, is always ready to help in any and every way.

Parents know that there is only one thing more difficult than training children, and that is, leaving them. Therefore, we especially ask parents to remember our little Home, that they may pray for those who have left all to follow their Lord, and also for the ones who are seeking to fill the empty places. Above all, we ask their interest in the dear children whose lives are not yet unfolded,—that these tender buds may be developed alike by the sunshine and the shower, and become worthy to adorn the garden of the Lord.

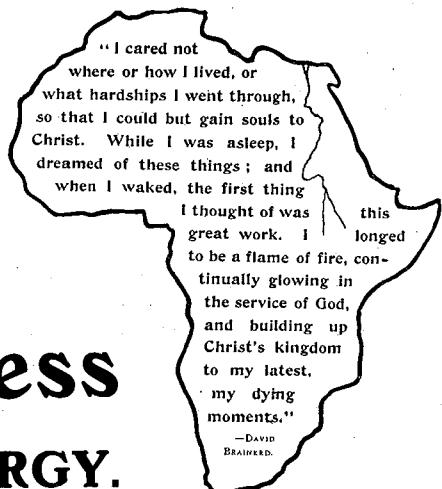
*Jesus, the children are calling,  
Oh, draw near !  
Fold the young lambs in Thy bosom,  
Shepherd dear !*



"LITTLE ONES LIKE ME."

THE

# Sleeping . . . Sickness Or NEGRO LETHARGY.



**I**N the end of the eighties, Europe suffered severely from epidemic Influenza and one of the sequelæ which succeeded that extraordinary malady in certain parts of the Continent was called "*La Nonna*," and described as a condition of unwonted somnolence. Fortunately, however, the condition proved to be transitory and unimportant, and sustained no relation to the "sleeping sickness" which at that time was decimating the population of the middle Congo.

The terrible ravages of the latter, especially amongst the Church members of the station of M'Banza Manteka, constituted one of the reasons which prompted my journey to Africa in 1890. At that time the Dutch medical men on the lower river had never seen a case, and even Dr. Sims, at Stanley Pool, had not often been brought into contact with the disease. But in the intervening strip of country, two hundred and thirty miles in width, hundreds of poor creatures had perished from this terrible scourge. I, personally, saw scores of cases and brought home several to London for investigation. The symptoms were very simple, and might be summed up in a sentence as the gradual oncoming of a condition of somnolence and lethargy, which increased as the weeks or months went by, until the poor victim was too weak to walk, and even disinclined to eat. The majority eventually starved to death, and the fatal termination was never further delayed than eighteen months. The London doctors were profoundly interested and utterly puzzled. No organic trouble could be discovered during life, and no post-mortem examination revealed the secret. The mystery was so profound that not even any workable theory of the causation was forthcoming, and meanwhile the natives were dying, not alone in the Cataract region, but, later on, far away in the distant interior. The symptoms have lately become manifest in Uganda, where the disease is rapidly depopulating the country, and proving a serious menace to its development. In one province of Uganda alone, there are probably 20,000 infected persons; and

becoming very common in Kavirondo, having spread round the top of Lake Victoria in the direction of the coast.

At last, the British Government sent out three Medical Commissioners to investigate the subject, and thanks to the perfection of modern microscopy and the marvellous strides that have been made during recent years in the investigation of the micro-organic causation of disease, the Italian member of the Commission, Dr. Castellani, has discovered the probable origin of the trouble.

There seems to be little doubt as to the contagiousness of the malady, and immediate steps are being taken to segregate the sufferers, with the hope that in due time the disease may be stamped out, as leprosy has been in our own country.

As far as I am aware, no white man has ever become infected, though it was rumoured that one of the Roman Catholic fathers at Kwa mouth had been stricken down, together with a large number of children under his care.

It may eventually prove possible to inoculate against the disease and even to treat it in some effective way, after it is declared, but hitherto every effort made to combat its deadly issue has been fruitless.

And what about the Sleeping Sickness of the Christian World ?

### THE WHITE MAN'S LETHARGY.

How true it is, alas, that with regard to our Master's Great Commission, too many have been utterly oblivious. The torpor of a deadly indifference has stolen over us and we no longer heed the perishing multitudes. Their cries of misery have failed to penetrate our ears, and while the sorrowful procession of their untold millions has swept on into eternity, we have slept, unconscious of the tragedy, intent only on the fantasies of pleasure, or the glittering baubles of a temporary gain.

*The Sleeping Sickness !* Could any illustration more appositely portray the utter indifference to the heathen that characterizes the majority of so-called Christians ! And the saddest part of all is, that the indifference is not alone to them, but to Him !

Does it not seem passing strange that when all the doors of gracious opportunity are widest open, there should be a universal complaint on the part of Missionary Societies of a dearth of suitable candidates for foreign service ?

It is probably an inadequate explanation to aver that this condition is due to the prolonged strain imposed on our country by the late war. That this has been a serious factor in the case we frankly acknowledge, but surely the retrogression of missionary interest so universally deplored demands a further explanation. The problem must be squarely met, and the causes of this decadence remedied. We are persuaded that it is unavailing to attempt to

galvanize the Church into renewed activity ! The forces of materialism, worldliness, pleasure seeking, money making, and selfishness cannot be antagonized by any other power than the incoming of the Spirit of God. Nothing but a widespread revival of spiritual religion will meet the case. Only thus shall we be delivered from the fatal and criminal somnolence into which we have fallen with regard to His claims and His aims.

" He came through the garden in the midnight alone. He came to seek for love, for an understanding heart. He was bearing the sorrow and sin of all the world. He had gone through the conflict in agony and blood. Even then He might have saved Himself. He might have done His own will. But He chose to bear the Cross for us, and to die the death of all.

" Earth's greatest strife was over, and He came to seek His loved ones." He had bid them watch and pray—share with Him the trial and the service of that hour.

" Did He crave in that great moment one sympathetic heart ? "

### **" HE CAME AND FOUND THEM SLEEPING."**

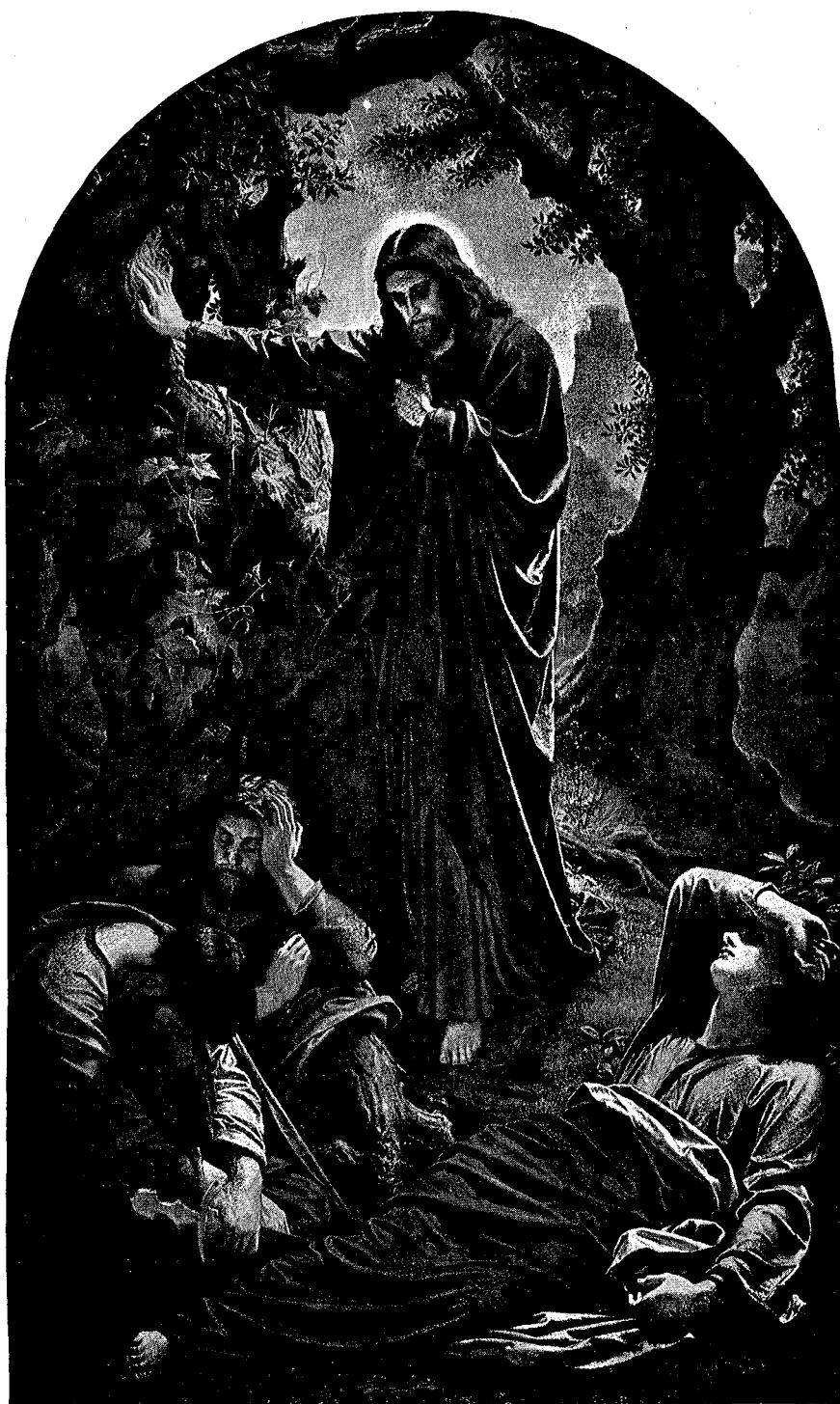
Beloved, " Let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober !" We have dozed away too much of our time in carelessness and ease. We have been all too dull of hearing, and lethargic in response. But it may be that through infinite mercy, He may yet speak to us again,—

### **" GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD!"**

The sun is sinking towards the distant horizon. The night is stealing on when no man can work. The moments are slipping past. The opportunity for *action* is fleeting. Now, if we rouse us, we might pray—give—go ! Tomorrow, it may be too late.

" The heathen perish ; day by day.  
Thousands on thousands pass away !  
O, Christians, to their rescue fly ;  
Preach Jesus to them ere they die."





"And He cometh and findeth them asleep."

**“Vigilate.”**

From the Picture by SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A.

(By permission of Mr. HAYDON HARE, Scarborough.)

# PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.

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**H**OW we wish that every Christian man and woman, when making their will, might leave a definite proportion to the great work of world-wide evangelization. A legacy is often of great encouragement and value, and may enable some important project to be carried through that has long waited for the requisite funds.

## FORM FOR A LEGACY.

I give and bequeath to the REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION, the Office of which is at Harley House, Bow, London, E., the sum of pounds sterling, free of legacy duty, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being, whose receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

Any legacy thus left to the Union without further specification will be used in connection with the Training, Evangelistic, and Medical Mission work at home, or the Foreign Missions of the Union, as may be most expedient. Should friends wish, however, to leave money to some special department of the Union, they may do so in each or either of the following forms:—

I give and bequeath to the Missionary Training Colleges in connection with the Regions Beyond Missionary Union,  
 [or, to the Congo work in connection with the Regions Beyond Missionary Union]  
 [or, to the Central and South American work in connection with the Regions Beyond Missionary Union]  
 [or, to the Behar (Bengal Presidency) Mission in connection with the Regions Beyond Missionary Union] the sum of pounds sterling, free of legacy duty, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being, whose receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

In the event of a will having already been made under which the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, or the Congo Balolo Mission is to benefit, no alteration will be needed on account of the change of name to the Regions Beyond Missionary Union adopted in 1899.

## MAN FOR MAN.

We earnestly pray that those of our readers who may be in a position to support a missionary of their own in the foreign field, will do so. Full information on this subject will be sent to any who may wish to receive it. Surely nothing can be more satisfactory than to feel definitely linked with one missionary life. Many of us cannot go! The time has gone by for that, but by some little self-denial we can send a representative at the minimum cost of about £80 per annum.

*"Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do."*



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