



## EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.

IN concluding another volume, the Editor returns hearty thanks to the many generous friends who have helped him during the year to make the MAGAZINE acceptable and serviceable to the churches. Our sales are larger now than at any former period, but there is still room for improvement; if a few hundred additional subscribers could be obtained for the New Year, our circulation would be put on a very satisfactory basis. The enlargement of the MAGAZINE to 20 pages monthly involved an outlay that has been met by special contributions, of which the following are particulars:—Irish Baptist Home Mission Committee, £3; Irish Baptist Association, £2 10s; Pastor H. D. Brown, M.A., £2; John La Touche, Esq., D.L., £1; Pastor John Douglas, B.A., £1; R. P. Froste, Esq., 5s; also Irish Baptist Association, for prizes, £1 10s. We hope to continue the enlargement next year, and trust the cost of the extra pages will be met by increased sales, without the necessity for a special fund. Some new features of interest will be introduced, and the Editor will do all in his power to make the MAGAZINE worthy of the cause it serves. The other day, a high authority affirmed that a magazine which does not pay for its editor's services is not worth maintaining. That may be true with regard to secular publications, and magazines of a general character; but for a magazine such as ours, which is issued in the interests of the denomination, with a view to the propagation of primitive Christian principles, we believe the monetary test is not a good one. Our services, however imperfect, are given *con amore*; and if we have been enabled to bring some rays of sunshine to our readers' homes, or lead some troubled hearts to Him who is the Fountain of all blessing, our dearest desires will have been fulfilled. Before the issue of another number, Christmas will have come and gone, and the year of our Lord 1890 will have dawned upon us. May all the good wishes of the season be fulfilled in the experience of our readers, and the Lord Himself grant that the coming year may be to each of us a "New" Year indeed, happy in the conscious enjoyment of His presence and all-sufficient love!



### Words of Life.

One thing I do; forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—PHIL. iii. 13, 14.





THE REV. ROMANATH RAY CHOWDHERY, ALLAHABAD, N.W.P.

*(From a Photograph by the Rev. Geo. Dunnett.)*

# THE MISSIONARY HERALD

OF THE

## Baptist Missionary Society.

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### THE NEW YEAR

#### AND THE MISSIONARY SECRETARIES IN CHURCHES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE service rendered the Missionary Society by the above-mentioned officers is in its value beyond all estimation, and deserves the most grateful recognition. As upon a continuance of that service and the results attending it will depend under God to a considerable extent the prosperity of this New Year, we feel constrained to address to these helpers of the Mission a few observations.

But, before doing this, we cannot refrain from expressing the wish that in every church and every Sunday-school a missionary secretary were to be found. Christian communities surely exist, not merely for their own edification, but as much for the sake of the extension of the Saviour's Kingdom throughout the heathen world; and experience proves that the latter function is most effectually discharged when the superintendence of missionary interests is specifically entrusted to some particular individual. Should these lines be read by any friend of the Mission who may be associated with a church or school where no such officer has been appointed, we would respectfully suggest whether with the New Year steps might not be taken to effect an appointment. In some churches one of the members of the diaconate is entrusted with the congregational oversight of this department of Christian work. Dr. Stanford used frequently to refer with pleasure and thankfulness to the helpfulness of his "missionary deacon." But whether the secretary be in the diaconate or not we plead that each church should, in the spirit of the first Christians, select one of their brethren who shall be appointed over this business. The propriety of such

an appointment applies as well to the Sunday-school as to the church. We trust that, in the following remarks addressed to those friends who are now acting as secretaries, the usefulness of their position will abundantly appear.

*In the first place we would indicate to you, our fellow-helpers in the cause of the Gospel, certain ways in which you can render important service.*

1. We ask you to correspond with the Mission House as to the missionary spirit in the church and the school. It is our desire to be in very close relation with our constituency, and such correspondence may be a means of securing it. How often have the hearts of the Executive of the Society been cheered by communications testifying to earnest self-denying efforts for the furtherance of the Gospel in heathen lands! And how often have communications of a different nature given occasion for urging the Saviour's claims, and awakening sympathy with His gracious purposes! You will readily believe the correspondence—home and foreign—at this house to be considerable, but it is not so heavy that we should not welcome letters from you, our secretarial brethren, however frequently you might desire to write in the interests of the Society. We cordially invite such communications.

2. We must largely depend upon you to keep the claims of the missionary enterprise in due prominence.

There are some of your brethren who are more especially associated with other departments of Christian service, and with commendable zeal they endeavour to inspire sympathy on behalf of the objects they respectively have in view. Could any cause be more worthy, more deserving of support, than this missionary cause? Can any be dearer to the Saviour's heart or more intimately and essentially connected with His glorious triumphs? Will you not consequently be rendering most important service when you endeavour to keep the spiritual condition of the heathen before the minds of your fellow-members or fellow-teachers; and when you do what may be in your power to prevent the church or the school becoming indifferent and apathetic as to the Lord's great commission? At deacons' and teachers' and church meetings, at social and more public meetings of the congregation, seek suitable opportunities to refer to the work of the Mission; and press that it may receive the sympathy which from its very character it claims. Especially endeavour to maintain the monthly missionary prayer-meeting.

3. Be on the alert to obtain fresh and increased contributions. When new members are received into the church, or when new families or individuals come to the chapel, let their aid be sought on behalf of the Society. Either speak or write to them yourself personally, or endeavour to reach

them through one or other of your collectors. If the presentation of a copy of the HERALD might in this direction be serviceable, do not fail to apply to the Mission House for a few extra copies; and if there be individuals outside the congregation whose interest might be secured, copies for this purpose will be readily forwarded. We are persuaded the more widely the work of the Society is known, the more widespread will be the sympathy it will command; therefore use, as your discretion may dictate, the published information.

And are there not amongst the present subscribers some who might increase their contributions were they asked to do so?

As to the Sunday-school—when a new class is formed or a new teacher enter the school, what more fitting than that the missionary secretary should refer to the subject of Foreign Missions, and suggest the introduction, if one be not already in use, of a missionary box?

4. Then as to the annual or special meetings. Upon you to some extent, no doubt, depends the success of the annual visit of the missionary deputation. Do not fail to have the services well announced; speak about them as opportunity permits; ask friends to attend; where practicable see that ministers and members of other congregations be invited.

And over and above the annual meetings, let other meetings be arranged. If you are of opinion that a special visit to the church or school would be helpful, apply to the Mission House to ascertain if a deputation can be sent. Perhaps such an arrangement would not be possible or practicable, but no harm would be done by applying, and circumstances might allow a favourable response. This special meeting might with advantage be held in the drawing-room of some kind friend of the Society rather than in the chapel; but this circumstances must determine, though we venture to express an opinion that gatherings of a more social character might more frequently be convened, and might prove occasions of consecration and blessing.

Such are some of the ways in which we conceive our official helpers in the churches and schools can render the Mission most valuable service.

We trust that none of our friends will think we are too dictatorial or too frank in our suggestions. If any of our readers should so think, we must plead the incalculable importance of the cause we advocate, and the blessedness of the results which may accrue from earnest, faithful efforts.

*In the second place, we had hoped to have referred to some of the possible discouragements with which our secretarial helpers have to contend. But our space is occupied. We know that such work for Christ as that which we desiderate is not likely to be prosecuted without difficulty, and in conditions always favourable. It is indeed hard to secure support*

where there is little or no missionary sympathy; where the members of a church, and, alas! the pastor, as in some instances appears still to be the case, have no care beyond their own immediate claims. And we must confess it often damps the ardour of fervent souls to find men of substance closing their hearts to all appeals, or contributing in response but a miserable pittance. It is trying, too, when the misrepresentations of a critic are allowed to have more weight than the Master's authoritative command. But whatever influences may discourage, the great enterprise deserves persistent endeavour, and is worthy of, and will eventually repay, all patient, self-denying toil.

As we commence a new year the above practical hints, and, we trust, encouraging observations, may not be deemed out of place, especially in view of the efforts now being made by the members of the Committee to increase the income of the Society. We earnestly and affectionately appeal to our co-workers in the churches and the schools throughout the denomination to do all in their power to sustain the Society in its responsible and ever-extending operations.

JOHN BROWN MYERS.

## Does China need Christianity?

BY THE REV. FRANCIS JAMES OF TSING CHU FU.

WHAT do most people in England know and think about China? Perhaps not much more than this—that it is a great country in the far East, about 10,000 miles away; a very populous land where the people speak a strange language, wear a curious dress—almost as curious as some of the dresses worn in this land; that they are a learned and yet exceedingly superstitious people, a proud and yet a dirty people, with sallow skins and almond-shaped eyes, with a very pure classic literature, full of wise saws and moral and political maxims, which after more than 2,000 years of study by the people, have left them a cruel, selfish, covetous, deceitful, and badly governed nation.

What have we to do with them?

We buy and drink their tea, use their silk and satin, their lanterns to

enlighten our festivities, their straw braid to make hats, and their beautiful carvings in ivory. They buy our cotton yarn, sheetings and shirtings, needles and cloth, kerosene and glass, and opium, though I am sorry to say that, because the British Government refused to allow them to tax it as they pleased, the Chinese have allowed their own people to cultivate it, so that they can tax and restrict it as they see fit; therefore every year more opium is grown in China.\*

What further have we to do with the Chinese?

\* I do not believe the Chinese could, or would, suppress the growth or use of opium if England never sold them another pound. But as in the past we interfered with, and hindered them in, their attempts to check the trade of it, we ought to do what lies in our power now to help their Government in their efforts to diminish the traffic. Missionaries are glad to assist with medicine and advice those who wish to break off



We have the Christian religion and they have not. Of the Chinese people, probably not one in 10,000 understands what the religion of Christ is. There are still many districts containing millions of people who have never had the opportunity to learn what Christianity is. It is estimated that the population increases about 4,000,000 per year, and of these children not one in 3,000 is born into or near to a family where they are likely to hear of the way of salvation.

But do they really need the Christian religion?

Some people in England think not. Some say the Chinese are too bad to ever become Christians, so it is of no use to offer them what they would never accept and practise. Others say they are good enough already to dispense with Christianity, especially if they learn a little of Western science and civilisation. Both of these statements cannot be true, but we will leave those who make them, to harmonise them. Why do not those who really believe science would be sufficient for all China's needs, send them a few men to teach them this elevating and saving knowledge? If acquaintance with our civilisation is so beneficial, how is it that as a rule the Chinese, who know the most of it, are the worst men to be found in China? Sir Walter Medhurst, who was Her Majesty's Consul in Shanghai, said, "Most of the Chinese who know English are *insufferable creatures*." How is it that the contact with

the habit. Opium does not often make a man violent as drink does, but it is more injurious, both physically and morally, and *very much harder to abandon*. The Chinese regard it as an awful curse to their country, and there is no wonder they wish to tax it highly—so, as on the one hand, to get some compensation out of it, and, on the other, to put some restraint on its use.

Western people and their civilising influences have made the Chinese who live in the ports the most evil and debased characters in the whole Empire? Although for twenty years the Chinese of Shanghai have had lessons of humanity and justice brought before them by the Mixed Court, which have shown them how the law should be administered, yet cruelty, bribery and corruption are just as much practised in the adjacent city as ever they were. The Polytechnic Institution, opened for their enlightenment, to show them the way in which they should go, has been little used and less appreciated. The good clean houses and fine roads have not been much imitated. It has been abundantly proved that every element of Western science and civilisation may be presented to the Chinese in the most attractive forms, and urged on their attention in the ablest and most varied ways, and yet be *almost* entirely neglected and rejected—except so far as they can be used to gratify their sensual propensities, or increase their wealth and power. Awful immorality, horrible cruelty, selfishness, covetousness, and every vice and sin flourish untouched by anything the Chinese possess, or by anything of science or civilisation we have taught or can teach them. They are still in the awful state described by Paul (Eph. ii. 12).

"Christ is the way, the truth, and the life," and as long as the Chinese people are without Him, so long they will be deluded wanderers in the broad way that leadeth to destruction; they will remain deceitful and hypocritical, unjust and brutal, and destitute of the only life that is worth living—viz., a life of trustful dependence on a Father in Heaven, who teaches us to know, and enables us to do the right.

But some one says:—

“Some of the Chinese themselves affirm they neither *want* nor *need* the Christian religion at all, they can do very well without it.” We reply, It is true, the majority do not desire Christianity, for who does until they *know themselves* and *what the Gospel really is?* Not until this knowledge has been given them can they come to any intelligent decision or have any right desires about it. That many educated and influential Chinese refuse to give the least consideration to the Christian religion, I know. I know, too, that their late Ambassador to England wrote in the *Asiatic Quarterly*: “China will steadily proceed with her coast defences, and the organisation and development of her army and navy, without for the present directing her attention either to introduction of railways\* or to any of the other subjects of internal economy, which, under the altered circumstances of the times, may be necessary.” No intimation of any need of Christianity here, nor in the whole article; the great man’s ideas are all summed up in one of his phrases: “China must use Western inventions to help her to maintain her position in the race of nations.”

Listen to the last memorial to the throne by the great general and statesman Tso-tsung t’ang, which was his dying legacy to his native land. All his suggestions are in the direction of improving the military and naval power of the country. “China must meet Europe with her own weapons. We have nothing but this to learn from the West; in all other respects we are infinitely superior to her.” This man

had seen Christian books, travelled to most of the ports in China, seen European officials and Western inventions, and some of our boasted civilisation, and yet he maintained that, excepting Western inventions to perfect her military and naval systems, China is infinitely our superior. No need of our religion! So far superior to us! And this from the man who having captured some rebels had wires bound tightly round their bodies, and then sliced off the protruding flesh, and ordered the torture and slaughter of many poor helpless prisoners he had taken in the Cashgar War! And for his services in this campaign he was applauded and promoted by this “infinitely superior nation,” with no word of mercy or regret for those who had the misfortune to fall into his savage hands.

But it is further said—“Look at their high civilisation, their books without end, their good laws and customs, their elaborate system of examinations, their fine buildings and bridges—*e.g.*, the fine marble arch at Peking—their fine carving, the purity of their classics, which were valued so highly as to be all cut in stone in order to preserve the text from error. Look at their elegant furniture, their silks and satins, their mariner’s compass, the talent shown in some of their theatrical representations, &c. Are the people possessing all these, and much more, in such *desperate need* of the Gospel?”

Yes, they are. We have looked with profound admiration at all this and much more. But there is another side; and to arrive at a right conclusion we must see every aspect of the life of the people. Nothing helps the cause of missions in China so much as strictly accurate accounts of both the good and the bad existing there.

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\* Since this was written, the Chinese Government have decided to introduce railways as soon as they are able to bear the expenses.

Partial or overdrawn statements only hinder or injure our cause.

It is for this reason that I wish to dwell on the subject, and not simply for the sake of refuting the assertions of those who criticise missions and yet very rarely trouble themselves to carefully investigate and consider what they talk about. Let us see both sides. *Inquiry is on our side.*

Look at a real picture of Chinese life. The magistrate (Li Chen) of a city I lived in was a wealthy man, a great scholar, a doctor of literature, an able administrator, well acquainted with all the good teachings in the classics; but he would *lie*, and *curse*, and *rob*, and torture people to any extent to gratify his evil passions. One of his concubines ran away; she was captured, brought back, stripped, hung up to a beam by her feet, and cruelly and severely beaten. I could say much more about this man, but this is enough. Does he need the Gospel? "But, surely, he is an exception?" No; Chinese official life is rotten through and through. The vast majority of mandarins, high and low, their secretaries and servants, are opium smokers, cruel,\* deceitful, swindling, immoral, unprincipled, scoffers at all that is good, "without natural affection, filled with all unrighteousness and wickedness, spiteful, proud, inventors of evil things, covenant breakers, implacable, unmerciful," who knowing these things are wrong, "not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them." Yet all the time a fearful retribution is going on, and the sufferings of such

a nation of evil-doers *cannot* be fully described—I fear I have said too much already. And all the time they are growing darker and more hardened, until one—even by seeing a mere fraction of their iniquities—becomes more and more astonished that God does not sweep them away as He did the corrupt nations of antiquity.

"Do they really need the Gospel?"

Look again at the impurity of the Chinese Court. This must not, cannot be described here; but the fact that I am forced to pass it over thus should not lead any one to think more lightly of its iniquity. Is not this silence more significant than words would be? Look at this mandarin's office. A man over fifty years of age receives 500 blows with the bamboo, not for crime, but for failing to catch his master's personal enemies. See the heavy fetters and chains on the filthy and half-starved prisoners in their dark and stinking cells. No attempt is made to reclaim or reform them. Look at the red-hot chains for a man to kneel on to extort confession. Look again at this fat, wily, satanic secretary consulting with his master, the judge, how best to wring most money from a family he has entrapped into a lawsuit. Does he need the Gospel, and clean hands, and a pure heart? Look again at this high and wealthy official, over fifty years of age, in his home—what is he doing? Poring over obscene and filthy books and pictures.

Look at the calamities which have overtaken all the provinces in the last thirty years—floods, famines, wars, pestilences. Christianity, and the industry and enlightenment produced by it, would have prevented the greater part of these calamities, and would have effectually relieved the remainder. How was money raised to relieve the great famine in North China

\* "April 23.—Barbarous punishment inflicted upon two old prisoners in the Che-hsien's Jail, Shanghai, for levying black mail upon a new prisoner. After having received 2,000 and 3,000 blows each, their ankles were broken with an iron hammer."—*Chinese Recorder*, May, 1888, p. 244.

a few years ago? Rich men as a rule gave only what they were compelled to give, in order to retain their houses and possessions. The officials said, "If you give nothing or less than so much, we cannot guarantee the security of your property from the starving people." Most of the money was collected in this way. Others gave money for famine relief on condition of receiving some literary degree or official rank. The proportion given out of true benevolence was exceedingly small. Two banks—one a very wealthy one—made all the money they could out of transferring and managing the funds contributed for the famine. One bank put copper-shot in the ingots to cheat the people. Some of the wealthiest families put extra bolts and locks on their doors, shut up their houses, sent away half their servants to starve, allowed people to die of hunger by their gates, and then when they had lived through the famine, said, "Heaven sent this calamity to punish the wicked; they have perished, and we remain."

Do they need the Gospel to teach them compassion or humility?

Look again at the poverty in China. See how it is often caused—by grasping mandarins who, as a Chinese merchant said to me in broken English, "Mandalin, he no care you poor, have got no clothes, no nothing; he *must*, he *will*, have money all same." The peasantry are so poor in some districts that they live on food we should think hardly fit for animals. They are compelled to pawn their summer clothes to tide over the winter, and their winter clothing and bedding to get through the summer. And one bad season invariably brings numbers to beggary and some to death by starvation.

Look at their cruelty to animals.

See how they kick and beat their dogs. Look at that mule-driver beating a dying mule with a shovel to make it get up! See this train of thirty mules carrying the goods and belongings of the Governor of the province. They enter the inn, their loads are taken off, and every one of them has a sore back—some of the raw places much swollen, and over six inches in diameter

Are all their mules like this?

No—but the majority are. And it never occurred to His Excellency or any mandarin I have ever heard of to "care for any of these things." Do they need the Gospel and that sense of God's mercy which makes them merciful to their beasts?

Look again at their superstition. Think of the *fear* superstitious people live in, of the anxiety and pain it causes them. A member of the family falls sick. There is no thought of God's providence, no prayer to God to bring support and comfort—none of this, but a priest is called for. He says the affliction is caused by a spirit belonging to a deceased member of the family, or by the sins of the sick one in a previous existence. Well-paid chanting and incantation will put all right. It does—it puts the money right into the priest's pocket, impoverishes the family, and leaves the afflicted one as bad or worse than he was before. Or instead of a priest a geomancer is called in, and this Professor of the Science of Good Luck advises the front wall to be made higher, or some iron skeleton dragon's heads to be put on the ridge of the house to arrest the progress of the evil spirits and noxious influences troubling the family. He pockets his fee and departs, leaving them with less money and as much affliction, darkness, and anxiety as before. My neigh-

bour died of consumption. A learned man and an official solemnly assured me that long before he had warned the family their gate way was in a very unlucky position, but they disregarded his good advice, and hence this sad calamity.

The cry of a bird or animal heard in the night, and many other trivial and accidental occurrences are enough to cause a vast amount of uneasiness, care, and trouble. *Fear, uncertainty, mistrust, anxiety, waste of money, are all caused by this wretched darkness of heathenism, and not only among the poorer classes, but among the rich and educated.*

"But they will soon abandon this when they come into contact with Western light and knowledge?" No; in Shanghai English residents are still often annoyed by the explosion of crackers, let off to drive away evil spirits and to preserve the Chinese from calamity.

Look at that ship in Chifu Harbour. It was built in Germany after the best pattern; the officers have been trained by Western experts; some of them have travelled in foreign lands, and speak a little English, or French, or German. But the flag bears the inscription—"To the Holy Mother the Queen of Heaven"—and incense and prostrations are offered to her by these very men. Civilisation has left them as ignorant and superstitious as ever.

Again, with all the fatherly care of the Emperor and the astronomers in Peking to furnish beforehand minute instructions as to the proper days on which to travel, to wash clothes, to plant the land, to build houses, conduct weddings and funerals, &c., troubles will come. Death comes, as it did to a family living next door to the inn where I lodged. In a very short time the head of the house was

taken away, and I well remember how in the early morning, day after day, we heard the bitter, hopeless wailing of his family, uncomforted by the thought of a future reunion, unconsolated by the belief that the loved one had gone to a happy home above. Did they need the Gospel to tell them of the love of the undying Friend who has prepared many mansions, and offers an eternal home in them "without money and without price"? See that woman go and burn paper-money at her husband's grave, and present offerings of food and wine to his spirit; then she weeps and wails. Sometimes this seems to be partly artificial; if so, how awful that she should be in such a debased state of mind as to be hypocritical over his grave! If it is real, and much of it must be real, then how we ought to feel for her, to long, to pray God to send out His light, and truth, and love, to dry the mourner's tears, and give abounding grace in every need, and effectual consolation in every sorrow!

#### DO THE CHINESE REALLY NEED THE GOSPEL?

Listen to a few scraps from my diary written in T'ai Yuen fu, Shansi, 1880:—

"June 21st.—Attended a young man, nineteen years of age, who had taken opium to commit suicide. He recovered.

"July 11th.—Attended a girl of sixteen who had tried to poison herself. Recovered.

"July 29th.—Attended a girl of seventeen who had taken opium six hours before. She died.

"August 21st.—Attended a woman of twenty-one who lives outside the South Gate. Recovered.

“September 25th.—Attended a woman of twenty-four. Recovered.

“Issued a placard, ‘Remedies for opium poisoning.’ Afterwards not so many people came to ask me to attend cases.

“Out of the last sixteen cases I saved thirteen. I made a practice always to ask, ‘*Why* did this person try to commit suicide?’ and the invariable reply was, ‘Oh, it was through a family quarrel.’”

“Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” The Gospel produces this happy effect. Give them the Gospel, to bring peace and make happy homes.

See another picture. As I was going home one bitter cold night, I found a poor starving beggar, dying of cold and hunger, near to my house. He could not speak clearly enough for me to understand him, and I asked a policeman who came along what the man said. Note his answer: “Oh, he is too weak to speak; he will die soon.” I said, “I’ll take him indoors, and see what we can do for him. Will you help get him in?” He replied, “Oh, yes; but you had better not take him in, it is not nice to have a man die on your premises; he will die before morning. Leave him to me, I’ll carry him somewhere out of the way, and it will soon be all over with him.” We took the man in, however, and did what we could, but he soon died. “Blessed are the merciful.” Is the Gospel not needed to soften men’s hearts when they are as hard “as the nether millstone”? “But are their educated men as cruel as that?”

A missionary took in a sick and starving boy and attended him for several weeks. Through the neglect of one of his servants the boy caught

cold and died. My teacher of Chinese heard of it and said to me, “What was the use of your friend taking all that trouble with the boy? None at all; it was only labour in vain;” and a sinner finished the sentence. This man, Mr. Ho, was sixty-three years of age, a B.A., and highly respected. He had been entrusted with the management of public affairs by the officials for years, and professed to be a very devout man, a first-class Confucianist. I remember his telling me once, “It is absolutely necessary to have some women of bad character, or there would be no one to manage and to beat female criminals,” &c., &c. Did he need the Gospel? Would those who say “the Chinese do not need the Gospel” like to go and live among them? How is it that they keep as much as possible away from the Chinese, and live in ports? I could give many more accounts of Chinese life, showing how much they sin and how much they suffer for want of the Gospel; but there is no need, for to any impartial mind there is abundant proof that God made no mistake when He thought the world needed it. The truth is, men are not so good as to need no Saviour, nor so bad that they cannot be saved by the “Mighty to save.” The best man on earth needs the glad tidings, and so does the worst. I never read the life of any heathen sage without feeling how great a blank there was in it. The honest and thorough study of other religions inevitably convinces a man of the vast superiority of Christianity. Confucius, Mencius, Laotz, and Buddha were some of the wisest and best men ever known in Asia; but neither of them claimed that he could save the world. Neither of them said, “I, if I be lifted up, will

draw all men unto Me." "I am come that they might have life." "He that believeth in Me shall never thirst." "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall not hunger." CHRIST said these words, and He has been doing the work of satisfying men's hunger and thirst from the time He spoke them until now. And "He shall not fail nor be discouraged" till every thirsting, hungering, seeking soul has found eternal life. Like the Prodigal son, China has wandered

away from the Great Father, has tried to get satisfaction from husks; but the want has only increased, and will increase, till her millions cry, "I perish with hunger," and say, "Father, I have sinned." Then the Father will forgive and have compassion, and kiss and clothe and take home and say, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." O God, our Father and theirs, hasten the time and help us to hasten it too!

## The Rev. Romanath Ray Chowdhery.

THOSE who have had the opportunity of seeing and hearing our Indian brother, Romanath Ray Chowdhery, who is now in this country, will be pleased with the *frontispiece* of this issue. The engraving is from a photograph taken by the Rev. G. Dunnnett, when the Coseley district was being visited. A few particulars of a personal character will be read with interest. Mr. Chowdhery's father, who was of the highest caste, the Brahminical, died when Romanath was four years old. He was educated at a military school, and also at the Church Missionary Society's school at Dum Dum, in the latter of which he became a pupil-teacher. Whilst in this institution, that estimable Christian man, Colonel Wheeler, came to conduct an examination. The Colonel, taking occasion to converse with Romanath, asked him why he wished to learn English; the reply being that he hoped to obtain a Government situation. He then gave him this passage of Scripture to think about: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." As he meditated, the Holy Spirit convinced him of sin; and for days so terrible was his spiritual distress that his friends believed him to be insane. At length peace came, and seeing baptism by immersion to be scriptural, he was baptized by the Rev. John Robinson, of Serampore. In 1863 he began to help the Rev. George Kerry as a preacher in Calcutta, where he laboured for several years. Afterwards he removed to Soory, his present station being Allahabad. Our good brother has been much engaged in evangelistic labours, itinerating over large districts, visiting numerous towns and villages; and as the result of the proclamation of the Gospel many conversions and baptisms have occurred. He testifies to the ready hospitality with which he has been received by Hindus and

Mohammedans alike. He can preach in Bengalee, his native tongue, in Hindi, in Urdu, and, as many of this country know, in English as well; and he is not unfamiliar with the sacred language of the Brahmins—the Sanscrit.

We fully expect the sojourn of Mr. Chowdhery in this land will greatly help to increase missionary interest in the churches he visits. The presence of such a man amongst us, and the story of his conversion and work, as told by his own lips, constitute a most encouraging testimony to the reality of Christian missions.

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## Good Tidings from the Revs. Francis James and Moir Duncan, M.A.

WE have received the following letter from Mrs. Francis James, relative to her husband, the Rev. Francis James, and Mr. Moir Duncan:—

BRIGHTON,

December 6th, 1888.

DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I am glad and thankful of the news of the arrival of the *Clyde* at Shanghai. All along the journey of the *Victoria* my husband's letters have been very cheering. Once the coals on board were found to be on fire, but there was no damage done. "Kept by His power and goodness," I thought. The last letter from Colombo contains news which I think you will read with interest. November 9th they had a farewell meeting, which was quite a success—two bishops on board being among the listeners—subject, "Is Life worth living?" After the meeting an address was presented to Messrs. H. Knox, H. S. Phillips, Francis H. James, M. B. Duncan, of which I send you a copy. With my boys I had often asked God that He would teach their father to do good wherever he went. I was glad to point out to them how God had answered our prayers, as you will see by the address. Moreover, £40 were raised to be equally divided between the Church Missionary Society and the Baptist Missionary Society.

Another meeting was held by the missionaries, at which over 100 passengers attended. They had great opposition at first from the worldly passengers, but none at the last. Many were sorry they had to part at Colombo. "Some of the anti-religious spirits," says my husband (October 26th), "drew up a protest against our daily religious services. I had about two and a half hours' argument with some of the chief movers in it, and finally they agreed to withdraw the protest and toss it into the sea. They said, 'People should pray in their own cabins.' I rejoined, 'Yes, and each have his sports, singing, and dancing in his own cabin.' This was too much for them, and we gained the day."

May God guide you in everything.

Yours in Christ,

A. H. Baynes, Esq.

MARIE S. JAMES.



*P. and O. Royal Mail Steamer "Victoria."*

NOVEMBER 9TH, 1888.

TO THE REVS. H. KNOX, M.A., OXFORD, AND H. S. PHILLIPS, B.A.,  
CAMBRIDGE,

*Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society,*  
and the

REVS. FRANCIS H. JAMES, CHINA, AND MOIR B. DUNCAN, M.A., OXFORD,

*Missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society.*

REVEREND AND DEAR SIRS,—We, the undersigned, your fellow-passengers by the *Victoria*, desire to record our sense of the value your presence and ministrations have been in our midst. Your unassuming example of Christian life and quiet perseverance in upholding the principles of the holy religion you preach have won the hearts and respect of all. It is with great regret we part from you when the journey is far from completed by the majority of us.

We therefore beg your acceptance of this brief address as a slight token that your efforts, to show us what your Master and ours commands us to be, has borne fruit.

We desire to convey to you our most earnest wishes that you may be abundantly prospered and blessed in your self-sacrificing labours, and that at the close of this life you may hear His commending words—"Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

We subscribe ourselves,

Yours very faithfully,

[Here follow the names of ninety-eight passengers, together with the Bishops of Nelson and Waiapu, New Zealand.]

By the last mail we received from our much-valued friend, A. M. Ferguson, Esq., C.M.G., of Colombo, £20 5s., being £10 from J. W. Powell, Esq., a passenger in the *Victoria*, and £10 5s. from other passengers, like sums having also been sent to the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square.

Mr. Ferguson writes:—

"On Sunday, the 11th November, we had the great pleasure of a visit from your two missionaries, Messrs. James and Duncan.

"They both gave earnest and able addresses to our evening congregation in the Cinnamon Gardens. They are evidently men of exceptional ability and devotedness.

"Mr. Duncan handed to me the money I now send you."

MISSIONARY LECTURES ON "INDIA," "CHINA," "CONGO," WITH DISSOLVING VIEWS.—There are a few vacant dates in January, February, and March, for which application should at once be made to the Secretary, Young Men's Missionary Association, Baptist Mission House.

## The Congo Mission.

### A NEW ROUTE TO SAN SALVADOR.

LETTER FROM THE REV. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY.

**W**E are confident that the following letter will be read by all friends of the Congo Mission with deep and thankful interest :—

“ Wathen Station,

“ Congo River,

“ South-West Africa,

“ Sept. 27th, 1888.

“ MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—It is now my pleasure to inform you that the road between Wathen and San Salvador, across country, is open. I have just returned from the trip. As you will know from my last letters, I only left San Salvador on the 25th of July; little did I think that I should be back there again so soon. By the old road *via* Underhill it takes fifteen or sixteen days of hard marching to go from San Salvador to Wathen. The journey across country occupied eight days there and eight back. So at last the thing we tried so hard to do in the early days of the Mission has been accomplished. From the lower river to Stanley Pool *via* San Salvador would be nineteen days instead of the sixteen days spent on the ordinary direct route. It is not likely that we should use the road for transport, but it is a great advantage gained, when the distance between this station and San Salvador has been halved; while the knowledge thus obtained of the people and country intervening is of still greater importance.

“ A NATIVE DISPUTE.

“ I started September 4th with two chiefs of neighbouring towns as guides, Nlemvo and a Congo, who is trading in the district, and who, therefore, wished to know a better road home,

six carriers and three boys. We stopped the first night in a populous district, which has been visited several times; there we met the chief of Nkela, who was very anxious that we should sleep at his town the next night, for he had a daughter married to another chief in his district, and she had been suffering much and long from a terrible ulcer on her foot. I promised to give her some medicine, and he sent next day two of his people to make sure that I found her. Then old Fiuma, the chief of Kitala, where I was staying, wanted me to be present at a big ‘palaver,’ to which a little later he would call all the chiefs of the district. Mfumu Ntangwa, of Mputu near by, had seized the musical instruments (drums and ivory horns) which were used at the great funerals of his clan; he considered it a most unjustifiable action, for he had done nothing to Ntangwa; it was spite because some other town had caught and tied him up, over some other palaver.

“ It was a long story; it seemed strange that anyone should be so unreasonable. I told him that I was no judge or magistrate over them, but if they wanted to settle the matter and have their market re-established, I would come over to the palaver if they called me. I could teach and advise. This gave me a good opportunity to talk of our work, and to explain the message of salvation to him, to Makwala of Nkela, and to the other people gathered round. They listened with



DRIVEN AWAY BY A FETISH FROM NTUMBA. — (From a Sketch by W. H. Bentley.)

[ THE MISSIONARY HERALD,  
JANUARY 1, 1880.

interest. In the evening one of my guides told me that it was all very well for Fiuma to make out such a good case for himself; for the reason that Ntangwa had seized the musical instruments was this, that in reference to some previous 'palaver' Fiuma had caught a man belonging to Ntangwa's town and killed him. I had strongly suspected that there was another side to Fiuma's story, and here it was. So this whole country is distracted with innumerable palavers, the rights and wrongs of which would be most difficult to ascertain. It is astonishing, too, how completely these people forget or ignore the wrongs which they have committed, and which have led up to some very natural act of retaliation. They are perfectly indignant and thirst for revenge, when really and truly they have not had half of what they deserve. I have since heard that the palaver has been settled among themselves. Fiuma pays three slaves for the man he killed, and he is to receive the musical instruments; in another town, too, four guns wrongfully detained are to be given up, and the market is to be re-established.

#### "THE CONGO RAILWAY.

"Next day we passed through a good number of villages, a fine field for future work, and at evening came to the edge of the great plateau upon which we live. 750 feet below lay the townships of Luvituku, Nkela, and Kikandikila; and beyond Makuta, Kinsuka, and the towns which dear Tom Comber tried so hard and often to pass. There was a light blue haze over the country, caused by the grass fires, which were burning in many directions, which curtailed the landscape. The view, when in the rainy season the air is perfectly clear, must

be very fine. We were within two days of Makuta, but it would be much out of the way to go there. I must fulfil my promise to Kusakana of Tungwa some other time. Up this valley at the foot of the plateau the Congo railway is to be laid. A grand thing it is that such a valley exists to simplify the undertaking, and a grand thing it will be when the railway is made. The men were so wearied with the march that we had to stop at Luvituku, half an hour short of Nkela, so not until the next morning could I do the medical work there. The people were all expecting me, and I had to attend to four or five cases. It was nine o'clock before we got clear of the township. Nkela is a cluster of villages rather than a town. There were two roads to Kinsuka; one across the plain of Baula, the other along the foot of the plateau to Kimpeshi, and then at right angles; we decided to take the direct road across the plain. We had been warned that there was scarcely any water about, so at twelve o'clock we turned aside to some towns for lunch.

#### "NTUMBA.

"Starting again in the afternoon, we intended to sleep at Ntumba, but did not reach the first village until sundown. I hurried on with the guides to the village of a chief they knew well, but it was dusk before we reached it; the medical work had so much delayed us. A caravan of native traders from near Wathen was camping there. I stayed to talk with them while the guides went to announce my arrival to the chief. To the surprise of everyone he was very angry, and said that we should not sleep in his town. What were we to do then, it would be dark in a few minutes?

The guides explained that we had been delayed by giving medicine to his neighbours at Nkela; but he was very angry, so nervous and excited, and fingered his gun in such a nasty manner, that they were glad of an excuse to get out of his presence, so they came to tell me. The native traders said that it was a shame to turn me out of the town like that, but it was no use. Every one said, 'Go away, you must not sleep in the town.' While we were discussing as to what we had better do, the wife of the chief became very excited and took her fetish to curse us. 'Eh, Fwatete (one of the guides), take away your thing. Eh, Manzanza (her fetish), break their arms and legs if they do not clear off. Eh, Fwatete, take away your thing.' I was the thing thus delicately referred to. Everyone was getting excited, and things were becoming serious. Nlemvo and others with me said that we might be attacked at night if we persisted in disregarding these protests; at the same time it was whispered that there was small-pox in the next town, and that it had carried off thirty people, and that, therefore, there was some excuse for an extra amount of superstition and fear.

#### "A NIGHT JOURNEY.

"We asked the people to take us to some place outside their town, near to the water, for it was then quite dark and no moon. They said that there was no water near, they had to go very far for it; their streams had all dried up. They agreed to let us have two men to lead us out to the plain beyond the town. With these two men before us we slowly filed out in the darkness through a wood, then another town, but no one had anything to say; on again through another dark wood

down into a deep gully; fallen trees and roots made it difficult to pick our way. I asked whether we were clear of towns; our guides said that only the small-pox town lay before us, so we waited outside for all our men to come up and follow closely and quickly through the town. The guides took us past the end of it, only we did not go near any houses; then out into the open and round the town outside of it, so there was only the danger of crossing the wind from the town. Presently we struck the main road, and well away from the towns on the open plains. Our guides wished to return.

"But where was the water? None anywhere! Next morning we should have to walk far before meeting any. It was so dark that we could not even look for any firewood. We gave a little present to the guides and they left us. There we had to sleep hungry and thirsty with our long walk in the afternoon sun. I lay down, but could not sleep for a long time, and when I did succeed in forgetting my thirst, a jackal came barking close to us. It was a very wakeful, wretched night. Happily such experiences are very rare, only once before in all my journeying was I landed without firewood, never without water.

#### "KINSUKA.

"Next morning we walked an hour before we saw any water; when we did we made up for past deficiencies, a good plate of porridge making the first course. Starting again we reached the Kwilu River, and crossed it by a very fine suspension bridge. The banks are very deep and steep; the bridge was hung from two opposite trees, a good thirty feet above the water. There we had again some food, for we were within half-an-hour of Kinsuka, and

did not know what might await us there. I noticed that the guides tucked a large piece each of kwanga in the folds of their clothes, and we chaffed them about it. After the refreshment I went on in front with the guide-chiefs. Ngudi-a-nkama Veya is the great chief; he has two

away at Matadi. We were sorry, but as we were going on to Matadi the next day we hoped to see him there. He said that we could not sleep in the town. We said that we had fully intended to sleep there, and wondered what earthly objection Kinauka people could have to a white man sleeping in



KWILU SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

towns, the Mbanza (chief town), and Elamba, which is his home. We went to Elamba. On arriving at his compound there were very few people about; they told us that the chief was away. We took our seats in front of his house and waited for someone to come. Presently the *locum tenens* arrived. He said that the chief was

their town; surely they who were such noted traders, and who so often slept at the white man's factories, did not fear a visit from one. He said that they were not afraid, but we could not sleep there. We said that we were on the road to San Salvador, and on passing through Veya's town we had not the good fortune to find him at

home, but it would never do to pass his town without sleeping there, so we should wish them to show us a house in which we could sleep.

"He went away, and soon all the people who had gathered about us went away also; now and then some would come for a minute, and leave us entirely alone for a while. We could not tell which way things would go. It was a full hour before the spokesman returned. He said that he heard that Veya was returning and would soon be there. Again he went away for a time, returning to say that Veya's nephew was coming, not the chief himself, and that after we had talked the palaver, he wanted me to go and give medicine to a sick man. This was encouraging. Presently he came to ask me to go into the palaver square, for there was no room where we were. There we found a good number of people gathered. The nephew came and shook hands, and then one of the guides went and knelt before him to make the obeisance of the country. He clapped his hands three times, then, folding his hands, he touched the tip of the third finger of the right hand in the dust, and made a mark with it on his right temple; this was repeated three times, and each time the homage was acknowledged by the nephew, who folded his hands and moved his fingers slightly, then three claps, which was responded to by all present by three claps. I have made a little sketch of the scene, representing the homage.

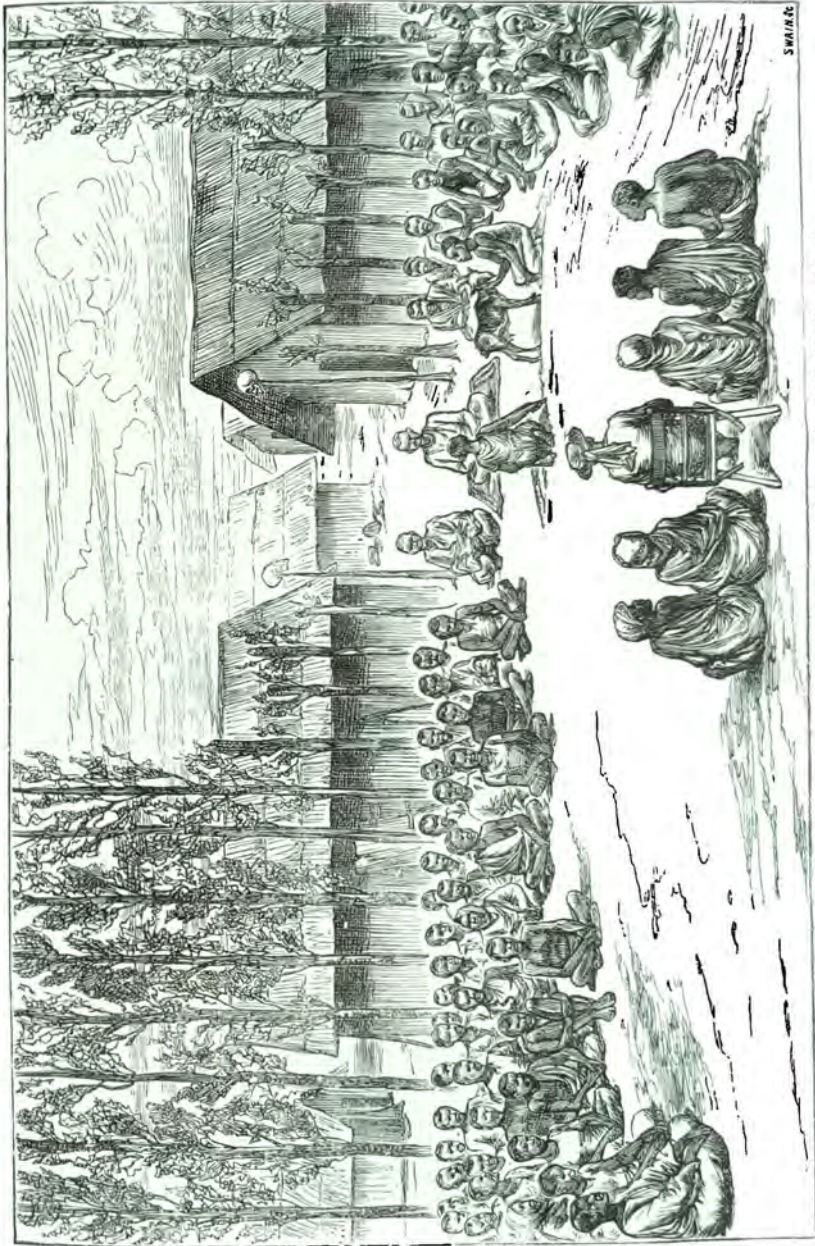
#### "A PALAVER.

"Then a goat was presented and thanks returned. The nephew then told me that his uncle was away and so he could not talk the palaver, but he wished to know what my business was. I replied that for a long time I had been

wishing to pay a visit to Kinsuka. My brothers, Vianga-Vianga and Joni (T. J. Comber and Hartland), had passed through the town a long time ago, and they had told me about Kinsuka. They said that they passed through another town near by. I told them that now I was going to visit my friends at San Salvador, and I was glad of the opportunity to pay them a visit *en route*. They said that they had no objection to a visit from me, but they were afraid that other less agreeable visitors might come after me. They did not want any large armed forces passing backwards and forwards through their town and country, no Zanzibaris, &c. I told them that we had nothing to do with any Zanzibaris, that we only travelled with natives of the country, as they could see for themselves, and that we were the only white men who had business between Wathen and San Salvador, they were not likely to see any others for many a long day; we, however, wished to use this very short road whenever we visited each other, and should never have any but natives with us.

"I told them that we had a great message from God to deliver to them, and spoke to them a little about it; but they were restless and wanted to show me the house and settle all for the night, for the sun was setting, so the palaver was at an end. I gave instructions for the arranging of the house, and went to attend to the patient who sought medicine. Then I walked and chatted until dusk. The chief's compound was fenced off with some fine, tall, poplar-like trees, and on each side of the gateway was a skull. In the morning most satisfactory results were reported from the medicine, and other cases had to be attended to. I made a return





THE RECEPTION AT KINSUKA.—(From a Sketch by W. H. Bentley.)

present and had a little further talk, and got away at about 9 o'clock. Veya was really in the neighbourhood all the time, but was afraid to show himself, notwithstanding everything passed off well, with the exception that they would sell us no bread stuff lest we should report too well of the road. We complained of it and they frankly told us the reason, but persisted in it.

#### "COMBER'S ROAD.

"We were now on one of the roads travelled by Mr. Comber, so we knew the direction to take. I had two of our old maps with me. Elephant tracks became very numerous, and, after an hour's walk, we came to the site of a town where Mr. Comber slept when he passed; it had been destroyed by the elephants. There were some good bathing places for them near by, and they were so constantly there, and so dangerous and destructive, that the people had been obliged to clear out. We saw nothing of them, nor were we particularly anxious to do so. It is rather embarrassing to find oneself in those jungle paths, the grass much higher than one's head, impossible to see more than two yards behind or ahead and one yard on each side, and yet to hear the bushes crashing, and the heavy tramp of elephants close to one; we were not longing for any such excitement. We spent the night in one of the Matadi towns. Matadi means rocks, and very fitting is the name to a district distinguished by such remarkable stones. Great masses of limestone rise bare and tall from a grassy plain. At first sight and at a distance it would be difficult to guess what they are. In appearance they are most like the well-known rock of Fingal's Cave, but for the fact that

there is no grass on the top; others look like Milan Cathedral, or some florid Gothic construction, columns upon columns, and spirelets upon spirelets. They vary from 150 feet to 250 feet in height, and a quarter to half a mile long, some in an almost continuous chain, others standing out detached and lonely. Some are of white or blue streaked marble, others a blue limestone, like that which we burnt for lime at San Salvador.

#### "A NEW ROUTE.

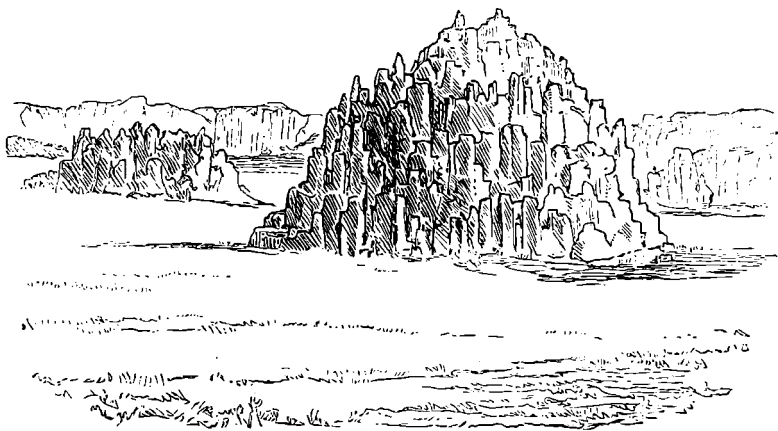
"The people were very agreeable. I knew that Mr. Comber did not go on a very straight line from Kinsuka to San Salvador, for he turned away south to Mwala. I wished to find a more direct line, so carefully inquired as to other possibilities. Another route was suggested, but I remembered having seen that town long ago. That was not north enough, so *via* Kinsuka was decided upon, and a very good straight line it was, taking us into new country and among as nice people as I have ever met. Towns are thickly clustered round the Mbanza—quite a large population.

#### "NLEMVO'S CHOICE.

"Here Nlemvo found friends and relations, and learnt that his uncle was dead and he was once more chief of his town, and a noble of Congo, having the style and title of Ngudi-a-nkama Tulante. But he made up his mind to have nothing to do with it, for he had already found that to be chief he must follow country custom, and authorise, indeed instigate, witch palavers. His people would not have him as a Christian, and he would not sell his soul for the chieftainship of an African village. He had to leave me at once and strike across country to his senior

uncle to make the necessary arrangements. Arriving there he learnt that his mother was dying, so he hurried off to Lueji, her town. He was just in time to see her. She raised herself up and said, 'Is that really you, Dundulu?' (his name as a boy). 'I am dying; take care of your sisters when I am gone.' She was too much exhausted to talk more, after she had asked how he had managed to come just in time. At eight o'clock the next morning she died. Nlemvo says, 'God is indeed great and good; who

make them pay for such a monstrous proceeding. He had been staying with Ngudi-a-nkama Sengele, of Kumbi, for three months, being helped in the palaver by him. He had not been back to his town, which was only a few hours away, all the time. So interminable are African palavers, I wonder what the truth of the story is. I had a nice talk with them at evening prayers. Next day I had to stop some time to give medicine at Ndundu, where Sengele's son lives. He has built a house after the model of a



MATADI ROCKS.

but He could have arranged it that I should have come, and just in time, too, like this?' He is indeed thankful for it.

#### “ KUMBI.

“After leaving Kinsuka we slept the next night at Kumbi, where a very superior man is chief. There, too, we met the chief of Mwala, who was so helpful to Mr. Comber in those early attempts to reach the Pool. His town was a kind of sub-station for a time. His wife had been sold away from him by her relatives, and he was trying to

trading factory, partly of planks and squared timber. He is evidently an energetic trader, and has bought some unusual things. He has a metal washstand, and a table, the legs of which are far too high. A work bell hangs from a beam. On my return journey I lunched in his house, and had a most interesting talk with him. Never did I know a man drink in so eagerly my words as I told him the message of salvation. He was so impatient because some boy fidgetted. I told him that as I lay on the mat, too weary to talk, waiting for my

meal, I was looking at all the fine things he had brought together, and wondering how he got them all. I could not help feeling that he had obtained many fine things, but there was one that he did not possess, and of that I could tell him, and how to get it. There was plenty of preparation for this world's comfort, but no preparation for the world to come. He was so interested that I urged him to go to San Salvador and learn more about this salvation. I gave him a note of introduction. Will he do so?

#### “SAN SALVADOR.

“An hour and a half from Ndurdu we sighted San Salvador, and just after sunset of this the eighth day I knocked at Mr. Lewis's door. They could scarcely believe their eyes. Only seven weeks before had I bid them good-bye, and now so soon back again. What was the matter? How had I come? I told them that our stations were only eight days apart now.

“Next day Mr. Phillips arrived with his betrothed. They could not be married at Underhill, for he was not a resident in the Congo Free State. I had taken most careful notes and bearings over the whole road, so the spare time of the next three days was spent in reducing these data, and on Saturday preparation for the Sunday's service. Then came the news of the death of Nlemvo's mother, and a request that I would go over to the funeral on the following Monday. He also asked for the cloth for his mother's shroud. On Sunday I took the morning service; there were good attendances both times. On Monday morning I started early to attend the funeral. It was a journey of three and a half hours each way.

#### “NATIVE FUNERAL.

“When I was ready I suggested that we should proceed with the burying, but I found that as usual in Congo the winding of the chief part of the shroud is one of the last offices. The body was brought out of the house wrapped in leaves and twenty-four yards of cloth as the first wrapping. Then they spread on the ground Nlemvo's part of the shroud, 150 yards of cloth; with this the body was enshrouded, and then outside of all came my gift of six yards of cream satin, fastened with scarlet braid. The firing of guns had announced to the neighbourhood that the funeral was in progress. The women folk wailed loudly, and we formed the funeral procession. The grave was four feet deep near a nice shady tree 100 yards outside the town. The body was placed on sticks over the grave; then I spoke to the people assembled about death, what it was and what it leads to, and the necessity and way of preparation for it. Then the body was placed in the grave, I offered prayer, and the grave was filled in.

“I arranged with Nlemvo that he should meet me at Kinsuka, nearly forty miles away, three days later, and started back for San Salvador. Every one must have felt that Nlemvo, with all these new strange Christian ideas and customs, at least gave his mother an honourable and worthy burial, and his white man came himself to show his respect. The funeral is a most important matter in a Kongo's mind; for this he trades and toils and sins. A great man will have a number of sheep and goats and pigs, not to eat at any near time, but for the feast at his funeral. The bundles of cloth wrapped in skins, and so carefully stored in his house, are for his shroud and towards

the funeral expenses; if some part is used in trade, it is only that the pile may be increased, and that for the one great purpose. But for this, what incentive would there be to work and energy in this land where so little is needed? Nlemvo's presence and respect in this matter, and the proper fulfilment of the native customs, was very important, and would go far towards removing the prejudice against these too new customs and religious ideas which seem to them so subversive of all proprieties.

#### "WEDDING OF MR. PHILLIPS.

"It was dark an hour before I reached San Salvador. Next day all was bustle and excitement, for it was Mr. Phillips's wedding-day. The knot was first tied *à la mode Portugaise* at the Residency, and then, to make security doubly sure, it was sealed by the ordinary English service in the Mission chapel. I read the opening explanatory part of the new Kongo Marriage Service, and the English part was performed by Mr. Lewis. The same afternoon I started on my return journey, reaching Kintinu by the light of a glorious moon. We were so well-known at Kintinu that there was no chance of vexing old Nximba by arriving late. My Wathen guides were of the same clan as he, and he was very glad to get news of his relations living in this neighbourhood. On the third day as we neared Kinsuka I saw an envelope stuck in a tree near the junction of two roads; it was a note from Nlemvo to say that he was passing to Kinsuka and would be ready to go on with us. We had both of us crowded a good deal into those past three days. I was still more pleased with the people of this most fine district. The chief wanted us to get him some carpentering tools, and

showed me the rude thing he used to do the work of a plane. I told him that his people might do far better for themselves by working and carrying for us than at their indiarubber trade at the present prices; and as Nlemvo was with me at Wathen, he had no hesitation in sending two of his men through with us to spy out the land; a third also came with them.

#### "SMALL-POX.

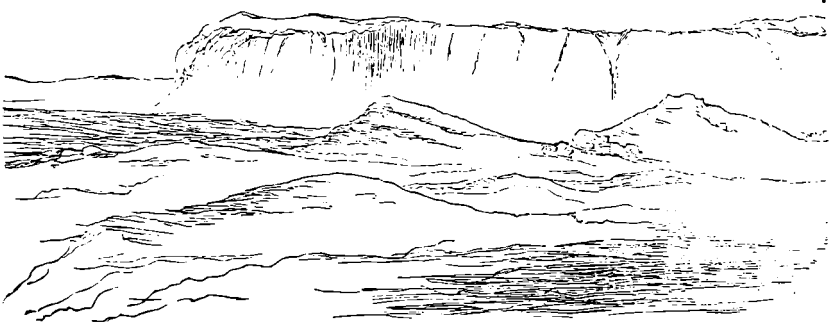
"Next day one of my men, who had been ailing the previous day, came to tell me that he felt very unwell. Some ten or a dozen pustules excited my suspicion. It dawned on me that it was fourteen days since we passed across the end of the small-pox town at Ntumba. I called Nlemvo to look at him, for he had had small-pox a year ago; he was certain of it. A pretty plight that, to have a man in one's caravan down with small-pox. We were thirty to thirty-five miles from San Salvador, and I decided to send him back with one of the Congo boys. I told him to keep in front of the sick man; they must walk as fast as possible, not stop in any town, and when the sun set they might sleep and rest until the moon rose, and then on again to San Salvador. When there the man was to wait in the jungle beyond the station while his companion took the letter to Mr. Lewis. The man was fully aware of what was the matter with him, and that his only chance lay in reaching San Salvador before he was too ill to go further. Nlemvo said that from his own experience he believed that he could do it. It was the best we could do. To take him on with us was impossible; to stay and make a small-pox camp would have turned the country against us. There can be little hope that our fears are

groundless; it will be a long time before we hear. I am very sorry for the San Salvador brethren, but no other course was open.

#### “RAILWAY VALLEY.

“We heard that if we turned off at the Kinsuka market-place we could reach Kimpeshi that afternoon; and as I was anxious to return by the ‘railway valley’ instead of the waterless plain and the small-pox town, we did not go into Kinsuka town, but steered for the great headland of the plateau, towering 800 feet above the plain away in the blue distance. We

The chief was suffering from a nasty abscess, which had been discharging for six months. He was indeed glad to see me, for I had been the talk of the country. I saw what was the cause of the long trouble, cut a little, and prescribed, and if he follows instructions he should soon be right. Next morning was the day of the great market, and they were anxious that I should pass it before the market time, lest strangers from a distance should be frightened, and the market might permanently suffer. We started early, and the news ran on ahead that the white man was coming. We met



THE EDGE OF THE PLATEAU.

reached Kimpeshi at five o'clock, and were well received. All next day we walked through the populous railway valley. Limestone cropped up in some places. It is a very fine place for the railway. The Lukunga River flows at the foot of the escarpment of the plateau. It is in its valley that the route was chosen. The cliffs are so steep there that for two or three hours we did not see a single footpath up them.

#### “NATIVE EXPERIENCES.

“We passed through many towns. At evening we reached Kikandikila, to which belongs a very noted market.

a great stream of people, and beyond the market met Mpulula of Nkela, who said that the medicine had taken all the pain away from his wife's foot. He begged for more. We bought some Luku puddings from some of the women going to market. These are made from manioc root, dried and pounded. I have a weakness for them. We also bought some sugar cane, crushed pumpkin pips, field mice, and one very large variety of rat, the latter for the men. Some men passed carrying cloth of European manufacture, others native cloth (mbadi) made from the fibre of the leaflets of a certain palm, bedsteads of the stem of the fronds of

*Raphia vinifera*, pottery of all kinds, ivory, knives, hoes, baskets, meal, sieves, women and girls with food stuffs, and strangers from far and wide. I went along laughing and chatting in Kongo with those who were with me, and very few of the hundreds we met seemed very much upset. It was a capital advertisement, for it would start people talking about us through a wide stretch of country—the wonderful medicine, and what the white man said and did; whether he was proud and hard, or whether he would let people talk to him, and so on.

“Just after the climb to Kongo Vungu at the top of the plateau, the sun blazed out, and we were glad that we did not get the roasting on the steep hill. We slept at a town called Mawete, and from there we followed a course two or three miles east of our previous route, thus seeing some more new towns (new to me). Everywhere the people were anxious to see me. I shall be glad when I can do some quiet itineration in this district. As I neared Wathen, Nlemvo went on ahead, and soon I met Messrs. Oram and Slade at five o'clock on the eighth day home again. Throughout all the road I have taken very careful notes and bearings, so that we may map out the country and prepare for systematic itineration. The distance to San Salvador is about 110 miles. Mr. Lewis has promised, all being well, to pay us a visit by way of the new

road at Christmas, and on his return I hope to go back with him to Makuta and bid him good-bye there.

#### “CONCLUSION.

“So now I have told my story, having burdened it with some unnecessary details perhaps, in order that you may see how the people live and we go about the work. I do not think that we ought to think of shifting from Wathen and building in the railway valley at the base of an 800-foot cliff. We are better where we are on our breezy plateau—too much so sometimes, but better than the other extreme. I talk of the railway valley as though a railway existed; it is only talk, and many and varied are the rumours. There is a talk of opening communications, as soon as the first rails are laid, by means of ox wagons along the projected route; the wagon transport becoming shorter and shorter until the line is complete. We shall see what comes. We shall be about eight hours' journey from the railway at its nearest point.

“We are all well here, and Mr. Silvey has just arrived to escort his sister and Miss Butcher, who are daily expected here, *en route* for the Pool and beyond.—With kindest regards, yours sincerely and affectionately,

“W. HOLMAN BENTLEY.

“A. H. Baynes, Esq.”

### Acknowledgments.

THE Committee gratefully acknowledge the following welcome and useful gifts received up to December 12th:—Dolls from Miss Horstman's class, Onslow Chapel Sunday-school, Brompton, for the Congo; a number of dolls, dresses, and fancy articles from Maze Pond Mission Working Class, per Miss Allen, for Mrs. Wilson, Medical Mission, Agra, India; a parcel of woollen garments, from a Friend, Norwich; woollen and cotton garments, &c., from Friends at Highgate Road Chapel, per Mrs. Coxeter, and from Mrs. Underhill and Friends, for Mrs. Wall, Rome; a parcel of books, from Mrs. Spurgeon, Norwood, for

Rev. J. Wilson, Cameroons; a parcel containing clothing, from Mrs. Thomas, Llanelly, for Rev. D. Jones, Agra; parcels for Mrs. Weekes and Mantu Parkinson, of Congo, for Friends at Camden Road Chapel; a gun from Mr. Curzon, of Plymouth, per Rev. B. Bird.

## Life of the Rev. T. J. Comber.\*

A SERIES of popular missionary biographies, written with marked simplicity of style, and in a thoroughly catholic and evangelical spirit, ought to secure extensive support among all our churches and deepen their interest in missionary work. The men whose lives are portrayed are thoroughly representative, and belong to universal Christendom. Our own denomination has thus far furnished two names in a list of eight—William Carey and Thomas Comber. We are indebted to the pen of Mr. Myers for each of the biographies in which our own Society is specially interested. The association of the names of Carey and Comber is suggestive of much that inspires our gratitude and strengthens our confidence. The one name carries back our thoughts to the formation of our Mission and to the stupendous difficulties which had to be encountered, not only in the way of arousing the interest of the churches, but of reaching the mission-field, and bringing the Gospel in any practical form before the people who had lived amid the hoary superstitions and the degrading immoralities of the East. The other name fixes our thoughts on the latest development of our great enterprise, when the churches had risen to the high-water mark of enthusiasm. It shows us that the old spirit, in all its heroism and self-sacrifice, is with us still. If we have not a literal apostolic succession, we have something immeasurably better than the figment so named. The material conditions of our day are very different from those of Carey's. How greatly his plans would have been facilitated by railways, steamboats, and telegraphs, and all that they represent, and what years of apparently fruitless toil would have been saved by the "open doors" of to-day! Comber's difficulties were of a different order, but were met with not less courage and fortitude. "The romance of missions" is by no means the exclusive possession of a bygone age. The pioneers of the Congo will be held in imperishable honour. Thomas Comber and George Grenfell have accomplished a work which has carried light into "the Dark Continent," ennobled the tone of Christian life at home, and given a new impulse to missionary labour. The spectacle of their devotion has lifted us to higher levels of thought and endeavour, and in a sense England has gained from the Mission to the Congo more than the Congo itself.

The story of that Mission is familiar to most of our readers, as there has been a continuous record of its progress in the pages of the HERALD. It necessarily

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\* "Thomas J. Comber, Missionary Pioneer to the Congo." By John Brown Myers, Association Secretary, Baptist Missionary Society, &c. London: S. W. Partridge & Co.



forms the greater part of Mr. Myers' interesting biography. Mr. Comber's work on the Congo is that by which he will be remembered, and the earlier parts of his life are of interest mainly as illustrating his preparation for his supreme task. Mr. Myers has depicted the successive stages of this brave and beautiful life in a simple and lucid style, keeping himself in the background, and, as far as possible, making Mr. Comber his own biographer. The work has been intelligently and conscientiously done, and is free from the exaggerated eulogy and the weak sentimentalism by which such books are frequently disfigured. Mr. Comber was born in Camberwell, November 7th, 1832; attended the Sunday-school in connection with Denmark Place Chapel; was baptized, and became a member of Dr. Stanford's church in 1868; entered Regent's Park College in 1871, having previously attended evening classes at Mr. Spurgeon's College. He was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society in 1875, remained in England for a year's hospital training, and left for Victoria, West Africa, in November, 1876. There he would have been glad to remain, working his way into the interior. He did, in fact, penetrate as far as Bakundu, and prepare the way for the establishment of a mission station. Mr. Arthington's generous offer with regard to the Congo suggested other plans. The men to pioneer the whole district were undoubtedly Mr. Comber and Mr. Grenfell. Early in 1878 they started out from Victoria. Mr. Myers gives a picturesque account of their pioneering expedition to San Salvador, their reception by Don Pedro, and the counter-movements of the Portuguese Jesuits. Mr. Comber returned to England in the end of 1878 to lay the results of his researches before the Committee and to advise with them as to the future conduct of the Mission. His reception was, we need not say, enthusiastic, and great was the joy of the churches in possessing so devoted a messenger to the heathen. When he went out again in the following May he was accompanied by three other missionaries, Messrs. Bentley, Crudgington, and Hartland, and by one dearer still. On the 4th April he had been married to Miss Minnie Rickards, the daughter of one of his old Sunday-school teachers, and few of us can forget the profound grief excited by the news which reached us a few months afterwards, that this loved helpmeet of our dear friend had been taken from him. He bore his terrible loss bravely, and was more anxious to comfort the mourners at home than to be comforted himself. With San Salvador as headquarters it was the aim of the missionary staff to explore the surrounding country and ultimately to reach Stanley Pool. The difficulties arising from the laziness and suspicion of the carriers, as well as from the hostility of the Jesuits and other causes, were immense. In one of his explorations Mr. Comber was severely wounded by a bullet, which entered the middle of his back. How it did not cost him his life is a marvel. All efforts to reach the Pool by Makuta failed, but Messrs. Bentley and Crudgington effected a route from Musuka, through Vivi and along the north bank of the Congo River—a feat which is, as Mr. Myers says, "one of the most extraordinary in modern travel." Stations were planted at Isangila and Manyanga, and now the Mission was getting

under weigh, and the need was "more men, more men." Mr. Grenfell came to England to superintend the erection of the steamer *Peace*. New stations were established, as at Underhill, Bayneston, Wathen, Arthington, &c. Other missionaries went out, and among them Mr. Comber's brother Sidney; the Pool was reached, the *Peace* was launched, and a trial trip extending to Liboko, 500 miles up the river, was made, and three sites for mission stations were selected. Need we refer to "the dark overshadowings" from which our brethren suffered; to the deaths—so untimely, as they seemed to us—of Doke, Hartland, and Hartley? The strain to which Mr. Comber was subjected made it necessary for him to return home a second time, which accordingly he did in January, 1885. He had not been here a month when he received tidings of the death of his brother Sidney. Yet his courage did not fail him. This visit was memorable for Mr. Comber's speech in Exeter Hall, for his paper before the Royal Geographical Society, and for the breakfast to Mr. Stanley at the Cannon Street Hotel. On his return to Congo he had with him five new missionaries, one of them being his brother Percy, whom many of us have had the happiness of seeing during his present furlough in England. The ship in which the missionaries sailed touched at Victoria, and Mr. Comber had the pleasure of a few days with his sister Carrie (Mrs. Wright Hay), but almost immediately after reaching the Congo was stunned by the news of her death. Other losses befell the Mission, but in the midst of them Mr. Comber had the joy of baptizing, as his first convert, his boy Mantu on March 29th, 1886. He settled down at Wathen, and it seemed as if at length he was to enter into the peaceful fruit of his labours. At San Salvador there was a religious awakening which filled him with joy, but again sorrow overwhelmed him—Messrs. Darling and Shindler were called away, and from the Pool intelligence was received of the death of Miss Spearing. All this sorely told on an overwrought constitution. On June 16th, 1887, Mr. Comber became dangerously ill. A trip to the sea was recommended as the only means of saving his life. The *Prince Bodouin* (belonging to the Free State) was placed at the disposal of the Mission. At Banana he was transferred to the *Lulu Bohlen*, a home-bound German steamer; but though the sea-breezes were beneficial at first, his strength gradually declined, and on June 27th he passed peacefully away. "So great was the esteem in which Mr. Comber was held that the captain kindly ran his vessel into the Mayumba Bay, some 200 miles north of the Congo River, thus giving opportunity for burial on shore."

Such is a sadly imperfect outline of this devoted and saintly life, a life of incessant labour and of almost continuous trial. The sweetness, the gentleness, the fortitude and perseverance of Mr. Comber's character were remarkable, and the very memory of such a character is the best legacy he could have left us. His family affection his; solicitude for the salvation of his friend; his interest in the young—as shown, *e.g.*, by his Wednesday evening children's services at Camden Road during his life at Regent's Park College; his cheerful letters—revealing a rare skill in correspondence—and his quenchless

enthusiasm, are all brought vividly before us in these pages. The limits of our space prevent us from enlarging on the prominent lessons to be learned from this volume. We have read no book which should be more encouraging to Christian parents and to Sunday-school teachers. Mr. Comber's early home and the influence of his teachers, Mr. Hodder and Mr. Rickards, were the most powerful factors in determining his career. He was early trained to think of the mission-field, and his eleven years in Africa were the natural outcome of that training. Let there be more persistent mission work among the young. If we win them there need be no fear that we shall abandon our "forward policy," or that there will be a lack of earnest, self-denying, and capable men to carry it out. As a means of aiding this object may we suggest that copies of this admirable *Life of Mr. Comber* be placed in all our Sunday-school libraries, and that it be read and discussed in our Bible-classes? It is a capital book for young and old alike, but the young especially should be made acquainted with it. The map and the illustrations enable us to follow with ease the course of the explorations, to fix on the site of the various stations, and to form a clear idea of the people. The production of this volume is not the least of the services which Mr. Myers has rendered to our Mission, and it will, we doubt not, be widely appreciated.

JAMES STUART.

## The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

WE are deeply grateful for the following welcome gifts, so indicative of deep interest in the work of the Mission:—F. and S., for silver spoon, a spade guinea, and a pair of gold links for the Congo Mission. Miss Gawen, per Miss Douglas, of Brixton, for a silver bracelet and gold pencil case, with the prayer "that the Gospel may have great success in heathen lands." Cornwall Road Hall, Brixton, per Mr. Clark, for £4 0s. 3d., and a gold ring for the Congo Mission. To Cecil, Gerald, Constance, and Lilly Rickett, of Sunnyfield, Hampstead, for £3 1s., who, "having read the letter in last month's HERALD describing the disasters in Turks Island consequent upon the recent cyclone, feel they would like to help the distressed peoples of the Caicos." A. B. C., for a silver bracelet for India; an old woman of ninety, for a fruit knife for the Congo Mission; a policeman, for a silver coin for China.

The cordial thanks of the Committee are also gratefully given for the following most welcome and generous gifts:—E. G., A Thankoffering, £100; Acts xx. 35, for *outfit and passage of Congo missionary*, £100; Mr. J. W. Clark, Leicester, £27 10s.; Father, Mother, and Children, £10; Mr. Jas. Nutter, of Cambridge, for *Mr. Wall's work*, £10.

## Recent Intelligence.

THE Rev. R. E. and Mrs. Gammon left Southampton on the 13th of last month, by the Royal Mail steamer *Medway*, for Port of Spain, Trinidad, where Mr. Gammon will carry on the work of the late Rev. W. H. Gamble, who for so many years laboured earnestly in the Port of Spain district.

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

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

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

With very sincere regret we record the decease of the Rev. Nathaniel Thomas, of Cardiff. For many years Mr. Thomas was a most active member of the Executive Committee, and latterly an honorary member. His colleagues on the Committee feel that by his death they lose a much-respected and valued fellow-worker, and the Mission a devoted and ever-generous supporter.

The Committee deeply sympathise also with the Rev. W. K. and Mrs. Landels, of Turin, in the sudden death of their son, William Howard, on the 3rd of last month.

We desire once again to remind our friends and the churches that the expenditure of the Mission up to the end of November last, as compared with that of 1887 to the same date, exhibits an INCREASE of £2,000.

This increase is entirely due to the large extensions recently made by the Society in the East and West, the full cost of which is now coming upon the funds of the Mission.

We earnestly plead for enlarged help to meet these heavy liabilities.

On the 28th of last month two new missionary brethren, Messrs. Clarke and Rogers, of the Pastors' College, left Southampton for the Congo, via Madeira, by the Royal Union Mail steamer Moor.

We earnestly commend these brethren to the prayers and sympathies of our readers.

## Contributions

From November 13th to December 12th, 1888.

When contributions are given for special objects, they are denoted as follows:—The letter T is placed before the sum when it is intended for Translations; N P, for Native Preachers; W & O, for Widows and Orphans.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.					
Barrett, Mrs A.	3 3 0	Spurr, Mr W. H., Raw-		A Mother, Glasgow, for	
Briggs, Mr J. T., Frome,		dou	0 10 6	Congo	1 0 0
for Congo	0 10 6	Thornton, Mrs M. E.	1 0 0	A Lady, per Mr T. Mathe-	
Crowe, Miss (half-year)	1 0 0	Tollner, Miss E., R. ms-		son, for Congo outpt	25 0 0
Freer, Mr F. A., Bristol	5 0 0	gate	1 0 0	A Suffolk Seamstress,	
Gissing, Mr B., Cleve-		Winter, Mr T. B.	2 0 0	"Thankoffering for	
don	1 0 0	Under 10s.	0 12 6	conversions," for Congo	0 10 6
Graves, Mrs, Redditch	0 15 0	Do., for Congo	0 2 6	Barnaby, Sir N., K.C.B.	5 0 0
Haynes, Mrs Thirza	2 0 0			Bible Translation So-	
Hicks, Mrs F.	1 10 0			cietv, for T	200 0 0
Do., for W & O	0 10 0	DONATIONS.		Benham, Mr W. J.,	
Is Jesus your King?		A Friend of the Congo		B.A., for Calabar Col-	
for Congo	1 1 0	Mission, Scotland, for		lege Library Fund	2 2 0
Ollard, Mrs	2 2 0	Congo	100 0 0	Boothman, Mr H., sale	
Per Mrs Johnston	3 8 6	Acts xx. 35, for Congo		of inkstand	1 0 0
Rainbow, Mrs	0 10 0	passage and outfit	100 0 0	Children at "Lynd-	
Sharpe, Mr W.	1 0 0	A Friend, Breconshire,		hurst," Fallowfield,	
		for Congo	1 2 0	Manchester, Sunday	
				morning box	0 14

Collection on board s.s. Victoria (mole), by Rev Moir Duncan	10	5	0
Cosham, Mr G. F., for Congo	0	10	0
"E. B." for Congo	1	0	0
"E. G." Thankoffering	100	0	0
Father, Mother, and Children	10	0	0
Gal. H. 20, for Congo	1	0	0
Acts IX. 6, for Congo	4	0	0
Foster, Miss, Cambridge, for Mr Wall's work	5	0	0
"Hope"	1	15	0
"J. G. and H. G.," for China	3	0	0
Do., for Congo	5	0	0
Jenkins, Miss, and Friends, Birkenhead, for Mr Pusey's work, Turke Islands	1	8	0
McAlley, Miss J., Stirling, for Congo	0	10	0
Mathewson, Mr W., Dunfermline, for Calabar College Library	10	0	0
Marnham, Mr J., for Calabar College Library Fund	3	3	0
McLearn, Miss G., for Congo	1	0	0
"M. R.," for Congo	1	0	0
Nutter, Mr Jas., for Mr Wall's special appeal	10	0	0
"Peace," Cheddar	2	0	0
Powell, Mr T. W.	10	0	0
Rickett, Mr W. R., for Calabar College Library Fund	10	0	0
Rose, Mr Hugh, for ditto	2	0	0
Smith, Mr J. J., for ditto	5	0	0
Storr, Master Edgar, collected by	0	12	6
Thankoffering	0	10	0
Thomas, Mrs. Llanelly	5	0	0
"Un or Bool"	10	0	0
Do., for Brittany	5	0	0
Wells, Mr and Mrs G. F.	20	0	0
"W. M. C."	5	0	0
Under 10s., for Congo	0	6	6
Do., for New Station at Etoto	0	5	0

LEGACIES.

Green, the late Mrs Julia, of Leicester, by Mr J. A. Green, Glasgow	4	10	
McGregor, the late Miss Catherine, of Girvan, N.B., by Mr G. Gallie	10	0	0
Sturge, the late Mr George (first yearly instalment towards legacy of £3,000), by Messrs Bell, Steward, & May	600	0	0

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

Acton, Juvenile	1	17	8
Battersea, York-road Sunday-sch., for Mr Pigott, Ceylon	12	0	0
Bermondsey, Drummond-road	5	0	0
Bloomsbury	62	1	10
Do., for Mr Herbert Thomas, Delhi	5	0	0
Do., for Mr Wilshere, Bahamas	5	0	0

Brixton Hill, New Park-road Chapel	6	1	5
Do., Cornwall-road, for Congo	4	0	3
Camberwell, Denmark-place Ch.	3	12	3
Do., for support of Congo boy, "Sturford," under Mr P. Comber	5	0	0
Child's Hill	1	1	1
Clapton Downs Ch.	30	0	0
Do., for Congo	60	0	0
Grove-road, Victoria Park, Y.M.B.C.	1	3	6
Hampstead, Heath-st.	25	0	0
Highgate, Southwood-lane	3	17	9
Do., for Congo	0	17	4
Kingsgate-street	4	4	5
Islington, Salters' Hall Ch. Sunday-sch., for Central Sch., Backergunge	5	0	0
Maze Pond Chapel	0	10	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Mr Weeks' work, Congo	6	6	0
Peckham, Rye-lane Sunday-sch., for Mr Wenger's N.P.	15	0	0
Do., do., for Mr Will's work, China	15	0	0
Regent's Park Chapel	58	9	5
Shoreditch Tabernacle, per Y.M.M.A., for Congo	3	7	4
Stratford, Major-road Chapel Sunday-sch.	2	2	2
Vernon Chpl. Y.M.M.A.	30	0	0
Victoria Chpl., Wandsworth-road	17	0	0
Walworth-road Chapel	13	0	0
Westbourne-grove Chpl.	1	11	2

BERKSHIRE.

Reading, King's-road	10	0	0
Do., Juvenile Sale, for Congo	100	0	0

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Olney	5	4	9
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CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

West Row	8	8	6
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CHESHIRE.

Egremont	13	0	0
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CORNWALL.

Hayle	4	0	0
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CUMBERLAND.

Great Broughton	2	0	4
Maryport	2	10	6
Do., for support of Congo boy	1	16	0
Millom	0	8	2

DEVONSHIRE.

Bovey Tracey	1	7	0
Devonport, Pembroke-street	1	0	0
Plymouth, George-st.	10	1	6
Do., for Congo	0	8	10
Do., Lower-street, for Congo	10	1	8
Do., do., for support of Congo boy and girl	10	0	0
Uffculme and Prescott	3	12	0

DURHAM.

South Shields, Westoe-lane	10	0	0
Stockton-on-Tees, Wellington-street	6	0	0
Waterhouses	3	10	5
Wolsingham, Sun.-sch., for China	0	9	0

ESSEX.

Great Leighs, Sun.-sch., for Mr Wallock, Ceylon	1	0	0
Leyton, Sunday-school	0	10	5
Leytonstone	10	1	1
Do., for W & O	6	7	0
Rayleigh	1	8	6

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Cheltenham, Cambray Ch.	32	3	11
Chipping Campden	3	4	0
Eastington, Nupend Ch.	2	2	1
Do., Sunday-school	6	4	0
Fairford	8	1	10
Maiseyhampton	3	11	3
Minchinhampton	2	19	0
Shortwood	33	1	1
Do., for Congo	1	16	0
Wotton-under-Edge	18	0	5
Do., Sunday-sch., for Benares	1	14	1

HAMPSHIRE.

Brockenhurst	5	3	4
Broughton	13	3	0
Do., for Simla	1	0	0
Whitchurch	4	11	3

ISLE OF WIGHT.

Colwell	1	16	3
Niton	12	9	5

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Boxmoor	8	13	8
Do., for Congo	0	5	6
Bushey, Chalk Hill	5	3	0
Hemel Hempstead, for Congo, per Y.M.M.A.	2	12	2
Watford (on account)	80	0	0

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Kimbolton, for W & O	0	8	0
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KENT.

Deal	6	0	0
Frith	10	0	4
Forest Hill, Sydenham Chapel	2	15	0
Lee, for Congo	0	5	0
Orpington	36	4	3
Ramsgate, Ellington Chapel	20	0	0
Tunbridge Wells	27	15	6
Woolwich, Queen-st. Sunday-school, per Y.M.M.A., for China School	6	0	0
Do., Parson's Hill	1	11	6

LANCASHIRE.

Accrington, Cannon-st.	45	0	0
Astley Bridge	16	7	6
Atherton	7	13	10
Bacup, Ebenezer Chapel	96	4	11
Do., for N.P.	3	13	3
Do., for Mr Wall's Mission	5	5	0
Briercliffe, Hill-lane	4	13	0
Brynn, near Wigan, Sunday-school	3	2	0

Cloughfold	25	5	10
Coniston	2	7	0
Darwen	15	14	7
Haslingden, Trinity Ch.	10	2	6
Do., Sunday-school	10	11	8
Lancaster	21	5	0
Do., for support of Congo boy, Nictela	8	0	0
Littleboro'	1	2	5
Liverpool, Tosteth Tabernacle	160	0	0
Do., Richmond Chpl.	5	18	1
Manchester, Union Chpl.	2	1	5
Do., Moss Side	9	3	6
Do., Grosvenor-st., Juvenile	26	0	0
Do., Brighton-grove	5	5	7
Do., Eccles	3	0	0
Do., Pendleton	2	15	2
Do., Longsight	1	10	6
Do., Gorton, Birch-st.	2	1	4
Do., do., Wellington-street	2	5	2
Do., Hyde	4	16	4
Milgate	1	5	0
Newbold	9	12	0
Ogden	11	14	6
Oldham, Pitt-street	4	2	0
Oswaldtwistle	18	19	9
Padiham, Burnley-road	10	8	7
Do., Zion Ch., Pendle-street	2	0	7
Rochdale, West-street	339	7	10
Do., Holland-street	2	0	0
Royton	12	16	5
Sabden	22	11	6
Do., for W & O	2	0	0
St. Anne's-on-the-Sea	3	10	8
Sunnyside (moiety)	3	5	6
Waterfoot, Bethel	5	3	3
<b>LEICESTERSHIRE.</b>			
Countesthorpe	7	13	8
Do., for W & O	0	14	0
Foxton	5	14	0
Leicester, Victoria-rd.	27	10	0
Do., do., Sunday-sch., for support of Congo boy, "J. G. Greenhough"	8	18	9
<b>NORFOLK.</b>			
Necton	2	10	0
Swaffham	20	0	0
Yarmouth, Park Ch.	50	0	0
<b>NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.</b>			
Brafield	5	8	4
Bugbrook	7	18	6
Denton	2	9	11
Middleton Cheney	11	8	6
Milton	5	3	1
Northampton, College-street	11	0	0
	43	8	4
Less expenses	0	17	10
	42	10	6
<b>NORTHUMBERLAND.</b>			
Broomley and Broomhaugh	15	8	8
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Westgate-rd. Sunday-school	6	13	10
Do., Arthur's Hill do.	1	7	6
Do., Rye Hill	2	14	4
Do., Scot-wood-road			
Mission Sun.-sch.	0	18	2

<b>OXFORDSHIRE.</b>			
Caversham	7	0	0
Do., for <i>Britany</i>	5	0	0
Do., for <i>Intally, Girls' Sch.</i>	10	0	0
Do., for <i>China, do.</i>	10	0	0
Do., for <i>West Africa, do.</i>	10	0	0
Challington and Cearlbury	7	3	4
Chipping Norton	37	7	4
Little Tew and Cleveley	19	5	10
Oxford, Commercial-rd. (1887)	23	15	6
<b>SHROPSHIRE.</b>			
Lord's Hill	0	2	6
<b>SOMERSETSHIRE.</b>			
Bristol (on acct), per Mr G. H. Leonard, Treasurer	80	0	0
Do., for <i>Congo</i>	16	9	6
Do., Unity-street, for <i>do.</i>	2	0	0
Cheddar	4	12	0
Hatch Beauchamp	4	4	0
Minehead	14	6	3
Do., for <i>N.P.</i>	0	10	4
Wells	3	10	0
<b>SURREY.</b>			
Croydon	4	1	8
Do., for " <i>West Croydon</i> " Sch. <i>Delhi</i>	7	0	0
Dorman's Land	2	13	8
Do., for <i>Congo</i>	1	9	6
Hampton Court	0	19	3
Mitcham	0	7	6
Penge, Sunday-school	2	18	9
Do., for support of <i>Congo boy</i>	1	5	0
South Norwood	8	13	9
Sutton	7	14	9
Do., for <i>N.P., Delhi</i>	0	10	10
Thornton Heath, Sun.-sch.	1	12	0
<b>SUSSEX.</b>			
Crawley	2	16	6
<b>WARWICKSHIRE.</b>			
Birmingham (on acct), per Mr Thos. Adams, Treasurer	91	14	6
Coventry, St. Michael's	58	16	2
Do., for <i>W &amp; O</i>	2	12	6
Do., for <i>China</i>	2	10	6
Do., for <i>Congo</i>	4	3	6
Stratford-on-Avon	19	13	10
Do., for <i>Japan</i>	0	19	8
Do., Sunday-school	5	19	0
<b>WESTMORELAND.</b>			
Kirkby Stephen	0	13	0
<b>WILTSHIRE.</b>			
Downton	47	2	10
Do., for <i>Cong</i>	1	10	0
North Bradley	4	7	10
Salisbury	62	4	8
Do., Sunday-school	31	6	0
Do., for <i>W &amp; O</i>	1	0	0
Trowbridge, Back-st.	40	18	10
<b>WORCESTERSHIRE.</b>			
Astwood Bank	33	0	10
<b>YORKSHIRE.</b>			
Batley	0	15	0
Boroughbridge	3	15	0

Bramley, Salem	5	6	7
Huddersfield, New North-road	10	14	10
<b>Leeds district—</b>			
Arnley	3	13	6
Farsley	83	14	3
Horsforth	5	11	0
Hunslet	24	15	4
Leeds, South Parade	111	4	6
Do., Blenheim Ch.	25	18	3
Do., Burley-road	4	3	0
Do., Camp-rd., Juv.	15	11	11
Newton, Union Ch.	6	1	2
Malton	4	15	6
Middlesboro', Linthorpe-road	4	1	11
Osett	1	10	6
Scape Goat Hill	1	12	7
Sheffield	60	0	0
South Bank	4	10	3
Shipley, Rosse-street	19	0	0
Staincliffe	1	13	3
Stanningley, for <i>Congo</i>	6	9	8
Steep Lane	11	17	5
Wakefield	7	9	8

<b>SOUTH WALES.</b>			
<b>CARMARTHENSHIRE.</b>			
Newcastle Emlyn	35	13	6

<b>GLAMORGANSHIRE.</b>			
Cardiff, Tredegarville	1	1	0
Glais, Sunday-school	0	6	0
Penarth, Stanwell-road	7	17	1
Do., Tabernacle	4	5	8

<b>MONMOUTHSHIRE.</b>			
Abergavenny, Bethany	20	16	2
Cwmwera	1	8	6
Matndee, Summerhill			
Sunday-school	5	5	0
Nantyglo, Bethel	0	13	9
Newport, Duckpool-rd.	0	7	0

<b>SCOTLAND.</b>			
Cumnock	1	8	0
Edinburgh, for <i>Mr and Mrs Wall's Roman Mission</i>	13	10	0
Glasgow, Adelaide-place	10	0	0
Do., John-street Ch.	9	0	0
Greenock, for <i>Congo</i>	10	0	0
Lochee	2	16	0

<b>IRELAND.</b>			
Belfast	1	0	0
Dublin	2	0	0

<b>FOREIGN.</b>			
<b>CEYLON.</b>			
Capt. Murray, C.B.	1	13	10

<b>NEW ZEALAND.</b>			
Auckland, Mr J. T. Stevenson	10	0	0

<b>SPECIAL FUND FOR NEW BUILDINGS AT CALABAR COLLEGE, JAMAICA.</b>			
Kemp, Mrs.	10	0	0
Rickett, Mr W. R.	20	0	0

<b>SPECIAL FUND FOR TURKS ISLANDS CYCLONE FUND.</b>			
Gay, Miss, Nottingham	5	0	0
Rickett, Mr W. R.	10	0	0
Do., Children's donations.	3	1	0