

Luceo, Africa -

July 5th 1894 -

Rev. A. Rowbotham,

Bloomington

U. S. A.

Ill -

My dear Mr. Rowbotham:

Unexpectedly, a steamer
has come up, at this late date, bringing
us mail. We were much disappointed
in not hearing from you. One letter from
Lafayetteville, one from Matadi, is all we
have had from you since last October.
We looked for a letter from England, and
when this mail came; thought, surely
a letter from Mr. R. from America! We
have asked, through 'deep water' since
you were here. The death of Mrs. Welleson
to which you have, by this time, all participated,
broke us, in a sense, our feeling of rest, and
now we never have a hour without the
question 'what will it end in?' One time my
wife and I were in bed, sick, at the same
time, and Mr. R. he came to us. Then
Palau after Palau, one morning, just after
a severe rain storm my friend a woman,
dead, in the path to Kadanga, just outside
our station. Murdered no doubt, although no
one knew any thing about it, as usual.

Then the State called on us regarding the matter of firing slaves. Inspector Le Marquis + Com. Mispaire, Capt. J. M. Pelzer. We learned that we had been violating the law for a long time. We have not the right to fire, this must be done by the State. This case must be investigated by the State, to avoid giving protection to thieves, murderers &c. Last Monday we all went over the river and took "breakfast" with the State. I went over early to sit as Associate Judge in a Council of War. Nice thing for a Missionary to do, was it not? It was a trial of a Chief who had killed two women, and the death of his father. At the Capite King Lukenga's brother dies dead, his body was lying under a shed for two months or more awaiting burial. Why? Not enough men and women have been killed yet. They have slain one hundred, and now are on the out look for one hundred more. All the Ba-Rukia, ^{living at the Capite} or were awhile ago, going around the Capite with white leaves tied in their nostrils. Those Ba-Rukia living in other towns are hiding in their houses afraid to go out. Straight to death, to avoid being killed by the King's men. Of the people on

the Station I might write pages. Mattie is married to Katalai. Mr. H's cook and they make a fairly good couple. Dick is the same, only improved, I have translated part of the "Peep of Day" and Dick listens to the stories of Jesus with open eyes and open mouth. I am afraid Mr. H. has not been simple enough in our teachings, I have read as an opening lesson on Sundays, parts of Peep of Day and the people listen with a new interest. I mean to go on now and translate all of it. You ought to hear me talk to the Natives. I used to envy Mr. H. his command of the language but now God has given me a strong word and words come freely. We have now, and have had for some time, meetings in Kasuga every Sunday Afternoon.

We are all well just now unfortunately. I could more properly express it. My wife is never well now and has gone to almost skin & bones. Africa is a hard place.

Mr. H. is much the same. Things greatly changed in many ways, since his wife's death. Not so suspicious. Polli, David and the rest are all well. Atumba does not give me bit. Mrs. Snyder sends love to your wife and kind regards to your self. And I write with love in this. Yours truly W. Snyder