

It was not until ~~seven~~ or more had passed
that we breathed freely -

February 3rd 1895.

Dear Nellie:-

This letter has had a hard time
of it, has it not? Well I must finish it
now as we expect a boat in a day or two.

We are all fairly well again: Mr Sheppard
has a small fever: but I do not think it will
amount to much - We have just received your
letter of Oct. 13th '93 - Just think of it - Seven
^(last month) months for a letter to go to you and an an-
swer to come back, 7 months the round trip! -
And when the answer to this comes back -
some time next October, (9 months for this trip)
we will be thinking of leaving Africa for
America; this month we begin our third
year. We were so pleased to hear of Elsie's
marriage: It must make it lonesome for you,
and yet with it all there must be a more
home feeling, alone with your husband and
the dear children! How busy you must
have been getting ready for the wedding: -

We were much interested in it all.

As Nellie we have not as yet received
the box you so kindly sent us but we have
heard from it, it is in safe hands or was
and is now on its way to us - How we

Shall enjoy opening it - Dear Nellie how
 can we thank ^{and the rest} you enough for it all:
 We hope you will get the boy we sent
 to you - by Mr. Adairson, we hear he
 has reached Scotland.

How you must have enjoyed exchanging
 flowers with those people -

When you write to Sargent's please
 remember me lovingly to them all -

This mail brought back a letter I
 had sent to Ralph a long while ago - he
 had moved and no one knew where to -
 It was disappointing -

Well I must close for this time -
 I think my letters must be too long or too
 poor for the H + S of our times - please don't
 worry them with more -

With love to all
 Yours loving brother & sister
 De Witt & Matie

I haven't time to correct this please
 excuse mistakes

I must tell you of a trip my wife and I took, last November. We had, for a long, wanted to visit some of the towns farther into the country; and so one Monday morning early, we started. Did we rise early to catch an express; well, hardly - the only thing one ever catches by rising early out here is a fever, not even the proverbial worm can be claimed. No it was not the express nor yet an ox cart; I was to go on foot and my wife in a hammock. Would we stop at a hotel? No; we could not even claim a Country Cousin's right, but must take our own house with us. With whom shall we board? Was not a question that bothered us long - My wife could board with me and I with my wife's husband:

This necessitated our taking our food with us. Now you have already thought of "What a lot of people must have gone with you" Well, let me tell you, first we had to have, six men for the hammock, four men for the tent, two men for the bedding and two men for the beds. Then our boxes of food and cooking utensils took eight more, then we had two boxes of money

Yes, two boxes, and not small ones either,
 each box was a man's load, but surely not
 money like our money, I hear you exclaim.
 No, it was not, Perhaps it will interest
 you if I tell you of what it consisted—
 Well; first of all, there was ten thousand
 Corries, little shells, then 16 yards of
 unbleached muslin, 14 lbs of small
 beads, four dozen small bells, like English
 bells, a mile or so of wire, size 5 linnen
 thread, and some mirrors— Part of this
 was to give as presents to the Chiefs of
 the towns to which we would go, and
 part to purchase fowls, eggs etc. for
 our own consumption, then we had
 about twenty of our children who
 would not be separated from my wife
 they wanted to go and as they could
 help in the singing we permitted them
 and so we started like the Patriarchs
 of old, I went a head and my wife
 and chattles coming on behind; yes; I
 must not forget that for Cattle we had
 one too. and for amusement and to be
 something like Robinson Crusoe, we took our
 pet Parrot, Can you imagine the
 Caravan?

Every thing being ready; on a Monday morning we started. My wife packed with me through Kasenga, and then getting in her "Carriage" two stout Natives took the ends of the pole on which the hammock was swung and resting them on their shoulders off they trotted into the wilds of Africa and I was left alone with the Caravan. It was useless for me to try and keep up with the hammock men and so I did not try. The first part of our route was through a vast prairie, with tall grass lining the narrow circuitous path, even where no obstacle prevents the path of the native is not straight, after an half hours walk through this prairie we entered a woods and here I overtook the hammock men and my wife as they had to go slow through the tangled woods. The woods of Africa are not like our home woods, but are a mass of tangled creepers and underbush; great vines as thick through as stove pipes hang in graceful festoons from immense trees, making huge swings for the geni of the forest, and when they were not using them, the Monkeys appropriated them for stair-cases to reach the tops of the tall trees; here and there was the rubber vine; but we must pass on the hammock has already reached another prairie and if we want to keep track of the wife we must be "a mover in along"

About noon time we reach Kalamba; a Bateke town of about 1000 inhabitants. We are warmly welcomed almost too warmly, as the sun is pouring out its tropical heat, and the natives have so crowded around us as to make it stifling. We send out our man to erect the tent and soon we seek its shelter; immediately both ends, which are open, are packed with natives of all sizes and colors and they eagerly press forward to see the "white people" - Make dinner; When David, our Cook, announces "Chop finished" we invite the natives to retire, but there is too much interest them and they refuse; Well, we positively can't eat as long as our breathing air is drawn through that crowd of unwashed ill smelling natives, and so we button the flaps of the tent providing a "Turkish bath" to an unwashed smell. In the afternoon we had our first service and just before opening it, as usual, I requested all to bow their heads and cover their eyes with their hands, our people, complied with this request, being used to it, but hearing a peculiar noise, just after beginning to pray I looked out from between my fingers and saw every one of my congregation making for their village, (we had camped just out side) as fast as their legs could carry them. We got them back and assured them that we meant no harm, and then told them of Jesus -

Kalamba is a pretty little town situated in a grove of Palm trees and another instance of "Naught but Man is vile" Nature certainly has done all she could for the town. We notice the same style of wooden idols as we pass through the town, showing that these people believe in "Boranga" the "Great Medicine". The people are as dirty as our town Berakete and wear nothing but a loin cloth; and as they put on a new cloth and wear it until it rots off piece by piece, one sees all conditions of cloth in passing through a village; here comes a woman with a brand new grass cloth just from the loom walking with a woman whose cloth is filthy dirty and ragged, with here and there a hole through which may be seen the dusky skin, is the one with the new dress too proud to be seen on the streets with the one of ragged dress? No! for she don't even think of the difference, no pride whatsoever and therefore they are hard to reach; I have given you the extremes of dress, and it runs a scale from the brand new to the filthy dirty.

We stay over night at this place and early in the afternoon we broke camp and moved on to the next town; but, however, before giving the people of Kalamba, two more talks. Our march to the next town was a short one of an hour + a half, or a little less. and by night we were comfortably situated on the border of an immense forest; Our first night here was just a little "itchy" so many thousands of miles from home, ^{on} one side a vast forest on the other a big village of between two and three thousand

Wild Natives many of whom had never seen a white woman
 and all unpleasantly curious; Well, we just com-
 mitted ourselves to God and lay down to sleep, comforted
 by the mournful sounds of the tropical forest, as birds
 called to birds, and animals to animals, while the bang-
 ing of innumerable insects made the discordant
 sounds from the distant village more bearable.
 And so we slept, just as well protected by our Canvas
 tent as if it had been a house of brick and guarded
 by an Army of soldiers. Kabunga is much larger
 than Kalamba, and prettier. We spent part of three
 days here, telling them of Jesus. Again on Friday
 we were on the road home, we had meant to re-
 main longer but news from our home called us
 back; so stopping another night at Kalamba
 we reached home Friday afternoon, and welcomed
 by all the Station, we entered our mud house
 more feeling by contrast that it was a palace
 as compared to a tent. How good it was
 to be home again. We had a service with
 our own people and practiced two new hymns
 I had translated. We found Mr & Mrs Steppard
 and family all well. And the Station people all
 glad to see us - and now I must close
 and leave something for another letter -

Pray for this people, and pray that more
 laborers may be sent out to this dark, dark
 spot -

D. Snyder