



LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

AFRICA.

NOTES FROM LUEBO.

DR. SNYDER.

We are in the midst of the dry season, so if this letter proves to be "dry," kindly attribute it to the aforementioned fact, and not to the writer. No one likes the dry season; the native dislikes it because it means less food for him during the dry season; the native dislikes it because vegetation dries up. The native is a poor provider for future needs, he generally eats up all he has, not providing for the next day even; however, stern necessity has taught him to provide something for the dry season; so he has taught his wife to do that much. But they have to be careful, and so many a day during the dry time he goes hungry. Then, too, it is colder during this season, and the native feels it almost as keenly as our poor in the home land feel the chilliness of November. Sickness is more rife during the dry season, and so I am kept more than busy doctoring colds, influenzas, and the attendant fevers. The cold weather brings on these troubles, and it is almost pitiable to see the native shivering in the early morning fog or at eventide. These are the days in which he refrains from bath-

ing lest he freeze to death. At night he retires early, and divesting himself of his one cloth, he wraps it carefully around his head and shoulders, and then lies down with his feet almost in the open fire in the center of the one room of his dwelling. When the fire begins to die out, it acts as an alarm clock, and awakens him to stir it up and put on a new piece of wood, and then he sleeps until the "bell rings again." A sort of fire alarm is it not? The dry season brings discomfort to the missionary as well, for though he is better provided for in the way of food and clothing, yet he has to suffer from the lack of steamers and the failure of his mail to reach him. Just now, when the war in South Africa is at a critical period, it is hard to sit supinely by and just "guess" what is transpiring. Rumors of the worst description reach us. One just now to the effect that the Prince of Wales was shot and killed while passing through Belgian territory is hard to believe, and in fact, since our experience of rumors two years ago, we do not believe anything until we see it in print, and not always then, unless it is in THE MISSIONARY.

One dry season incident vividly illustrates a passage from Jude: "Clouds they are without water, carried about of

winds." Some days when we are suffering for a shower, and the parched earth is lifting mute lips skyward and feverish trees are trembling in every leaf in eager desire for "just a drop" of water, great clouds will arise in the east and come, hurried along by driving winds, the thunders will roll, and the lightnings flash, the while every one looks on with grateful heart at the prospect of a driving rain. But after a great fuss all will pass away. Again and again does this happen, and one soon sees the force of Jude's trite remark regarding those "certain men crept in unawares."

Our work goes on fairly well, despite the fact that the home folks have decided that we do not need any more help, and so are not sending any one to help us. Since our arrival fourteen have jointed the church, and there are many more in the catechumen class who will soon be ready for membership. We have over three hundred in all at this writing, and they all need daily care, but alas! we have too few missionaries to attend to this great work. Can't you interest some one to come out here? Why is it that China and Japan plead so much more successfully? Is there a prejudice against Africa in the hearts of our home people? Surely, brethren, these things ought not so to be. Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard and Mr. Phipps are hard at work at Ibanj, and we know what the result will be when such workers as Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard are at the head. We hope to hear soon of a grand work showing itself in the increased membership of that church. The Bakuba are hard to reach, but we know that if any one can do it Sheppard will.

At this writing Mr. Morrison is at Ibanj looking into the work, over which he has special care. We are glad that he has this opportunity for a little recreation, as he has for over a year been ex-

ceeding busy, and has conscientiously done, and done exceedingly well, all the extra work that fell on his shoulders through the necessary return home of some of the workers. He has succeeded in reducing the Baluba and Bakalulua dialects to writing. To him, and him alone, is the credit due for this needed and well accomplished work. Time will show, and we trust time will give the credit where it belongs, what a grand work Mr. Morrison has done during the three years he has labored here and at Ibanj. As soon as our printing press arrives, for which we here give thanks to the many in the home land who helped us in the purchase of it, we hope to put much in print, and then the home folks can see what has been done here during the past years in language work.

We are hoping, too, that the steamer will soon be here to help us, and then we will be much nearer to the home folks, and will expect even more sympathy and help.

Miss Thomas and Miss Fearing are keeping remarkably well, and are still caring for the boys and girls of the mission.

Mr. Hawkins is still preaching his daily sermon to the people, and with good effect; think of it, preaching every day for years, yes for three years Hawkins has preached his daily sermon.

Mr. Vass has gone down to Stanley Pool to see about reconstructing the steamer, and will find his work there for some time. "Bomasham" (Mrs. Snyder) has already won the hearts of all the people, and is making inroads into the language, and will soon take her stand among the workers for Him for whom we all came here. I might tell more, but modesty forbids, and then I might lay myself open to the charge of being prejudiced.

We were pleased to have a visit from

Mr. Crowley a short time ago, but sorry that his wife was not with him. We enjoyed his short stay of less than a week very much.

We are all well at this writing, and happy. Please tell all my old correspondents that I have turned all my correspondence over to Mrs. Snyder, who will prove much better in every way than I ever could, so please address her.

LUEBO, June 12.

CHINA.

ANXIOUS DAYS IN CHINA.

MRS. STUART.

Hardly had my letter to you gone on Monday, reporting that the cloud seemed to lift a little, when a few hours later there settled down upon us, as it were, a dense, black cloud, so thick that we could not see anything at all. The news that morning in the Shanghai paper was reassuring, and our natives reported things very much more quiet on the streets, so we were feeling very much relieved, and thought we could go on with our usual occupations, staying quietly in Hangchow. Suddenly, about 5 p.m., the storm came in the shape of a telegram from Mr. Caldwell, in Shanghai, saying, "All come—urgent." Messrs. Stuart and Painter at once started to the other side of the city, when their worst fears were confirmed by a telegram received by the Northern Presbyterian Missions, saying: "All the missions must leave Hangchow." Only our friends of the Church Missionary Society had received no notification, and they are more numerous than we are, and have many friends on the alert. Besides, that very day the British Consul arrived, and said there was no special cause for alarm when he left Shanghai the day before. What could it mean? A strange, undefinable terror took pos-

session of each one, though there was no outward expression, for we had all decided the first thing that none of the Chinese about us must know the news we had received. We ladies met for a little consultation and prayer, and then separated to attend to the duties arranged. It was evident that the call must not be disregarded, and this meant some quick preparation to leave.

As one after another came in, the startling news was announced very quietly, and each one was thinking over the problem. After tea we all gathered for our usual prayer meeting on Monday eve, and you may imagine the tender earnestness with which we committed ourselves and each other to God, knowing that some were to go at once, and some to stay, at least for awhile. Then came the discussion as to who were to go, and that was the hard point, for each wanted the others to go. At last Miss Davidson volunteered to go as the youngest lady, next Miss Lee as the newest comer, then Miss Mathews and Miss Boardman. The next day, about noon, it was thought best for Miss Emerson to join the party, as there was room in the boat. All the party had to go out in sedan chairs with closed fronts, so as not to attract attention, and the baggage was carried out five miles to the point where the steamers start. By four o'clock all the ladies had left the house, and Mr. Painter went out to see them safely off.

I forgot to mention that it was decided for everyone to pack as if ready to go, and this was to be done at night with closed doors, as we did not want even the servants in the house to know anything about it. It was after ten o'clock when we scattered to this work, and it was far along towards morning when we one by one settled down into our beds, though not to sleep much.