

LETTERS FROM THE MISSIONS.

AFRICA.

DR. SNYDER.

LUEBO, CONGO FREE STATE,
AFRICA, June 13, 1893.

At last the day came when we could say, "To-day, if nothing happens, we will reach Luebo." We will never forget that day. How we strained our eyes for the first glimpse! We hoped to reach the landing early in the afternoon. It was fully dark before we reached the landing, however, and the small moon was the only light to see by. So interested were all, that it was nine o'clock before we sat down to our evening meal. While eating, Mr. Adamson came on board and invited us all to go with him to the mission; but it was too late to go that night. Early the next morning, May 24th, Mr. Adamson came for us again, and we entered the canoe which was to transport us, and our baggage, across the river. The river, at this point is very swift, and we were paddled up along the shore until we were quite a distance above the landing, on the opposite side, and there, with the prow of the canoe pointing almost directly up stream, eight or ten paddlers bent to their work, and in a few moments we were across the river but quite a distance below the landing; a few sharp strokes, however,

and we were landed. A dozen or more natives from the mission met us, and gave each a hearty hand-skake and a more hearty

"MOYIA,"

("Howdy-do"). "Ngulula," a native girl, taking the lead, we entered the forest by a clean, broad path, shaded by tall trees of Palm and Acacia and Mahogany, interlaced by vines of every description—a beautiful scene. We noticed one large tree, through the very heart of which, a vine, in some mysterious way, had passed, and passing, twined itself around the huge trunk in loving embrace, as if to say, "I've found your heart and now I cannot help loving you." God grant that it may be emblematical of what shall be ours when once we find the heart of this people and entwining them in loving embrace, faint not until they rest with Jesus in their hearts. A walk of half an hour, brought us in sight of the mission where we met Mrs. Adamson, to whom we entrusted our wives until the goods were all transported across the river. We must admit that our first sight of the mission station was not prepossessing, but now (after a three week's residence), we are quite in love with it and can see how, in a short time, with the additional help we brought, a very pretty and home-like mission station can be made here. Mr. Adamson and

wife worked wonders in the short time they have been here; but they did not have the time they needed to devote to the work. The natives have named Mr. Adamson "Dibi," which freely translated, means that he works from the time the sun is up until the sun sets. Mr. Rowbotham is called at present, "Mukelinga Moli," which means "Tall white man;" my name, other than Ngonga ("Doctor"), is translated by a phrase (which I do not recall), meaning "stopped growing before he reached full height." This seemed to cause Mr. A. and Mr. R. not a little amusement, as they are both tall men; but, as I told them, it is "brains against matter," I can afford to be generous and let them have their laugh. Our house, in which we are at present living, is one that Mr. Sheppard built, and consists of three rooms—one of which Mr. and Mrs. R. occupy, the other Mrs. S. and myself, while the middle room holds our "chop." etc. The house itself is made, after the manner of all mission and trade houses up here, of sticks and mud with a grass roof. Our room was very dull, dreary and dark, the first twenty-four hours of our stay in it; but a mat on the bare ground floor, and the traveling beds set up in the corner, with a chair or two and a small table, made it look a little more like a home. Then several days later it was white-washed with a mixture of light drab clay and water, and then the manner of it changed and "home" was written at every turn. But it was not so much the white-washed walls, as

THE TOUCH OF THE WOMAN'S HAND.

My wife had gradually accumulated here a mat or two, and there some curtains and a calendar, and as an artist arranges the culled flowers into a beautiful bouquet, she had straightened the mats, adjusted the curtains and hung the calendar, until the hovel had assumed the look of *home*, and that with the company of a loving wife, means a *palace*. We are not fairly into our work yet, not knowing the language; but are doing all the manual labor we can while learning how to talk to the people. My hands are kept busy for a time, morning and evening, administering to the sick; mostly dressing aggravated ulcers. We are learning the language by degrees, and hope inside of another month to address the natives in their own tongue. I have picked up the following words and phrases: "Nzambi ne toyé Mbumbi-Ambuigi wodi mobi." *God says all people are bad.* "Bekete wodi mobi." *Bekete, are bad.* "Zappo zappo wodi mobi." *Zappo zappo, are bad.* "Mukilengi wodi mobi." *White people are bad.* "Nzambi Melengela ebungi." *God is very, very good.* "Lua kwa Jesus." *Come to Jesus.* And I hope soon to tell them that in the eyes of God we are all sinners; that God is pure and holy and that without Jesus we would be utterly lost; but He came to us to save us, and as in God's eyes all are bad, even the Bekete. (who, by-the-way, think themselves faultless); so in God's eyes all will be good, if only we accept of Jesus. Such, I hope, with God's help, to frame into their language as my first speech. Much care has to be taken in translating, as they express thought in such a different way, that a literal translation is impossible. It must be clothed in

their thoughts or rather their manner of expression. We have visited the village several times and are gradually learning to know the people. They are not as interested in our message as one could wish; but it takes time and work and *prayer*. We need *home prayer*. Pray for us.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1893.

The night of a very exciting day has set in, and now in the quietude of our home, with my wife sitting near with her knitting, we can look back upon the day with thankful hearts and testify that *God is good*. The day did not open as brightly as might be. Mr. R. and his wife were both sick; Mrs. A. was not feeling at all well and there was company expected to dinner, and to make matters worse, the only stove on the station broke down. About fifteen minutes of ten, Mr. A. and I were talking together, just inside of our house, when a noise of excited talking was heard, and looking through the door and under the edge of the veranda, I saw the shadow of something, (as of a flock of birds), skimming over the ground. Mr. A. saw it at almost the same instant. We both ran out to see, he a *flock of birds*, I *smoke*. Alas, my conjecture was right, and a moment sufficed to show us that the *grass* roof of the kitchen was on fire. The kitchen stood within six feet of the big roof of Mr. A's. house, which roof was also of grass two feet thick and as dry as punk. We both started for water, he inside the kitchen where the most water was kept, and I to our house for a pailful, then a few moment's fighting showed us the uselessness of directing our energies that way; so taking my wife we went into the house, quickly followed by Mr. A. and his wife, and a dozen or so of the natives. Then began a work not soon forgotten. In a very short time, about everything movable, was out of the house. In the mean time, God lent His winds to help us and the flames were driven away from the house in a miraculous manner and the *house, roof and all, was saved*. Mr. A. was exhausted, and for awhile was quite ill. Mrs. A. stood the excitement well. Mr. R. and his wife came out from beds of sickness and the children cried; the men and women called out, and for a time excitement reigned.

BRAZIL.

MRS. ARMSTRONG.

Our mission has been established in Lavras nearly a year. During this time we have had the usual vicissitudes of missionary history, at times meeting with trials and discouragements, but always having proof of our Master's presence with us and His blessing upon our work. The gospel is taking root slowly, and though the visible results be small, we have the promise that no word shall be spoken in vain nor effort come to naught when we honestly seek the glory of our Saviour. But there are some things to encourage, and these we note with joy.

Usually a few new faces are seen at our preaching services; and so, as time passes, many are hearing the glad tidings and some give evidence of being genuinely interested. This is