

A Russian newspaper man was so delighted and pleased with the singing that he gave Mr. Rennick twenty francs to be distributed among the boys, and we had great pleasure in giving it out in school. This man could not understand how these boys could be taught to sing so nicely. He had the idea, shared by many of our home people, that it is no use trying to teach these people, but oh! how mistaken they are. I so often wish the home folks could look into our school and see how eager these people are to learn, they would then say that it was worth what it costs to send missionaries here. The children are eager to learn of other countries, and many nights, when prayers are over, our boys stay in an hour or so, chatting with us, asking questions about America and England. Sometimes I try to read while Mr. Crowley is talking to them, but never succeed in doing so, for I find the talk more interesting than my book.

I have had sole charge of school for several weeks, while Mrs. Wording, of C. B. M., was away, and one day the boys were not very attentive in learning a text, so I told them that when I wrote to America I would have to tell the people that my boys were lazy, and would not learn, and that I did not want to say that Congo boys could not learn. I had no further trouble. The next day the text was said very nicely. I will inclose a picture of the school.\* Our number now is very small, many leaving, now the railroad is finished.

Mr. Crowley and I are both well, and send regards to our dear friends in the home land. We are always so pleased when THE MISSIONARY comes, and ask the prayers of all our friends for the missionaries here in this Congo land,

\* We regret that this picture could not be reproduced.—EDITOR.

and hope the Lord will put it into the hearts of many to come out here and work; now that the railroad is finished it is comparatively easy to reach Stanley Pool, a much safer journey than in the old days, when all traveling was done on caravan route. It is estimated that about ten thousand carriers are thrown out of employment, and it takes a good many of them out of the reach of the missionaries.

Since writing this letter we have changed our residence, and are now at Kinchassa, Stanley Pool. The transport work being finished at Tumba, Mr. Crowley had to come up here to do the work. We moved here August 9, and are now with the transport agent of Baptist Missionary Society of England. We have no home here, but will make one as soon as possible. We had grown much attached to the missionaries and the boys on the station at Tumba, but life in Congo is a meeting and a parting. Our own boys came with us, and when I begin school again it will seem like home.

We heard from our friends at Luebo a short time ago; they were then all well. Mr. Sheppard is now on his way back to Luebo, and was well when he left here. Our address is now Kinchassa, Stanley Pool.

KINCHASSA, STANLEY POOL, August 20, 1898.

#### A RED-LETTER DAY AT LUEBO.

DR. SNYDER.

JUNE 1.

This has been a red-letter day with us. Our longed for boxes came into the station. Last week word reached us that the steamer Ville de Bruge had arrived at Bene Makima, had discharged her cargo and mail, and gone on her way rejoicing, nothing caring for the disappointment awaiting us and the traders too. All of us, for weeks,

had been anticipating the coming of this steamer. Flour was disappearing fast, and the letters written by a housewife, in the bottom of her flour barrel, for the edification of her husband, were almost visible in the bottom of our tins. The letters were "I C U R M T." Sugar had long gone the way of all sweet things, lard was represented by the ill-tasting palm oil, and nothing but "X-ray" chickens remained, varied by the succulent goat steak. All of us, for weeks, had been looking for our mails. You who at home have your tri-daily mails, cannot realize what it means to wait two, three, and four months. Then the news that our boxes and mail were at Bene Makima, sixty or seventy miles away! "Seventy miles away" in a civilized country means but little, but here in Africa it meant for us a week's waiting for our goods; and, more than this, it meant that some one must go there with a caravan and bring the loads here. Forty-five loads! This meant a caravan of not less than eighty men. Mr. Morrison and Hawkins went after them last week, and to-day is our red-letter day, in that the caravan from Bene Makima returned, bringing our boxes. Then came the pleasure and pain of opening them. One and another sent up wails of lament and indignation, as case after case was opened only to find some sweet morsel, for which mouths had watered and palates longed, stolen, and nothing but cubic inches of space to show where they had rested—Congo crosses!

The mail, however, was full, and the loving missives from home and loved ones made up for the disappointment of the lack of food for the body. No one of us, however, received news later than the eighth of March, and so we know not the outcome of the Maine

disaster. Our first thought was: "What effect will a war with Spain have on our mission work?" The pockets of the many in the home land are as sensitive as an oyster, and shut up if one but stamp the foot, and the burden falls on the faithful few, who always give, rain or shine, peace or war. But to return to the red-letter day. After I had opened my boxes, I went up to see Mr. Verner. I found him all rigged out in a new suit of clothes, surrounded by boxes, tin trunks, and an array of goods beautiful to behold. He was sitting in a home-made chair, his face beaming with pleasure, and around him were gathered a number of natives—Lokomasha, a chief, and some of his followers. Lokomasha is chief of a village near Dombi. Soon after I arrived, I entered into conversation with Lokomasha, and the talk turned to religious themes. I was surprised to learn of the deep and clear knowledge he had of things spiritual. He was well versed in all the cardinal points of the plan of salvation. He thoroughly knew what he ought to do as well as what he ought not to do. He would put to shame many a Christian at home in a competitive examination on religious subjects. This is one of the proverbial straws which show which way the wind is blowing as regards the work being done at Dombi.

Our Church may be thankful and proud of the influence her missionaries exert for miles and miles around this centre. And she may yet have cause for shame if she fails to hear these calls, mute appeals though they be. They are backed up by the earnest calls from the missionaries, and God hears them. Stand by us dear friends! Send your men and follow them by your prayers. To-day is yours, but what of to-morrow?