

## LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

## AFRICA.

## LETTER FROM LUEBO.

REV. W. H. SHEPPARD.

A great change has come over our station. The Holy Spirit is honoring the Word, which has been preached here for nearly five years. Within the past six weeks we have had thirty-five accessions to the church, and it would do your heart good to hear them talk and pray. They seem to have implicit faith, believing in the dear Master as they once believed in their idols. Some of them have excellent memories; they hear a sermon, can repeat it, giving applications and all, almost word for word. In this way they prove a great help in disseminating the Word. Others seem impressed, and we pray they, too, will soon follow. Meetings are held daily with the villagers, by Dr. Snyder, wife, and others, in which many seem interested—especially the little folks. The older ones cling to their idols, loath to renounce them. Last Sabbath, in the midst of my talk, one of the natives, Melumba, called to me, and, as the audience all turned to him, he pulled his gray whiskers and said: "I shall gamble no more. I believe in God's palaver, and accept of it from this day." This man has gambled from boyhood; gambles day and night! He is the leader of the village in dissipation. Though he may have said this on the impulse of the moment, we pray that the Holy Spirit may make the Word effectual unto this lost soul.

The work has begun! The harvest is ripe! Help is needed; we earnestly plead for it. Our sister continent, China, calls for twenty more helpers;

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we, in Africa's sunny land, ask for one. Is there not one in all America's enlightened country who will answer the call? "Means wanting," they tell us. Is there not one who will give to this poor people means to receive the message of Him who came to seek and to save? Climate fatal? Yes, but—

God will come to Africa  
With those whom he sends out:  
And nothing shall befall them  
But what he brings about.

It has always been the desire of dear Mrs. Snyder to have the children gathered into a home; but it has not been until now that this could be realized. The little ones now at "Pantops" (for this is the name), under the care of Miss Thomas, seem quite happy, and not at all unlike other children in their ways—mischievous, have a good time, etc. But the best of all is to hear them in their devotional exercises ere retiring. Their little voices swell in the native tongue: "Jesus Loves Me," "Rescue the Perishing," and many other hymns translated by Dr. Snyder. Besides the translation of hymns, Dr. Snyder has made a primer for use in the school, and is now at work on a grammar and dictionary; also translating the Gospel of Matthew. This work is not only valuable now, but will be, for years to come, such a help to outcoming missionaries.

I trust my many friends have not forgotten King Lukenga, and are still praying for him. I have not been able to get to him, though he has sent asking me to come, but I hope the way will be open for me to go soon. And I trust not too late to tell him that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth

on him shall not perish but have everlasting life.