

LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

AFRICA.

DR. SNYDER'S DIARY—THRILLING
SCENES.

Luebo, July 10, 1895.—Word reached us yesterday of the murder of Captain J. N. Pelzer, of the State, at Malanch. Four hundred soldiers have revolted, and, having killed the captain, are now on their way *here*, to *kill the rest of the white people in this region.*) The policy of the State, at Malanch, has been an unfortunate one. Rumors have reached us, time and again, that the captain killed a man every day or so, for trivial reasons, and now the reaction has come. A more disastrous circumstance arising from this, is the fact that the native now knows that he *can kill* a white man.) Heretofore, he has looked with superstitious fear on the white man, but, now that is a thing of the past, and a new danger has arisen.

Friday, July 12.—Authentic news from the seat of disturbance confirms the death of Captain Pelzer. One year ago, in company with Captain L'Marinell, he visited the mission, and we took breakfast with them. The same courier brought news of the demolition of the State station. All the cows, sheep, goats, etc., were killed, and the store rifled. The native report is as follows: "Captain Pelzer had levied a tax of ivory and rubber on each village, and the Bakalulua refused to pay it. The native soldiers (Batatala, a large surrounding tribe, from whom they were impressed), were ordered to go and compel the Bakalulua to pay the tax. This the soldiers refused to do, and the captain immediately shot and killed some of them. This, of course, caused hard feelings, and the relations

between the soldiers and the officers became strained. Shortly after this, a large number of the Bakalulua came on to the station to sell *chumby* (a native food), when the captain ordered the soldiers to arrest them. This they also refused to do, when the captain, drawing his revolver, shot, and instantly killed, three of them. Immediately, the soldiers fired on him, and killed him, at the same time wounding the other officer, who ran away; then they looted the place. Towards evening the other officer returned, and tried to open a parley with them, but they made quick work of him. To-day the soldiers are resting in a large village of the Bakalulua, with whom they have made an alliance, and are trying to get the Baluba to join them in the total annihilation of all the State people. This is taking place only three days' journey from here, and no way to know whether they have started here or not, save by native report, and one hardly knows whom to trust in these days of trouble. Some of my men, at work here, left suddenly one morning to go and join the rebels, and even our own people show a tendency to be a little independent. Of course, we could leave, by taking a canoe and sailing down the river three days' journey to the mouth of the Sankura, and there meet a steamboat within a month, but I cannot see my way clear to leave these young Christians. Mr. Sheppard still remains in the Bakuba country. I have sent a messenger, telling him of the trouble.

[Signed] D. W. SNYDER.

Saturday, July 13.—I signed my name to this yesterday, to have it ready to give to one of our people to give to

the next captain that brought a boat here, in case we should be surprised and killed, for, after much prayer, I felt that my place was here, and here I meant to remain until God ordered otherwise. Still, I had thought of many things—to make a place in the woods to run to if the troops came; to dig a hole in the ground in the storehouse and bury most of our goods, so as to have something left when we should return from our flight; to pack up and go into the Bakuba country; to send the ladies down in a canoe, whilst I should burn cork and blacken myself, cutting off hair and whiskers, and wearing a loin cloth, and thus trying to pass for a negro—all these things came up for consideration, but were always put aside, as I was brought back to the fact that my business was to remain with the people, and meet the insurgents as a man of God; and my wife was with me in this. This morning a messenger came from the seat of war, who turned out to be an uncle of our Makoli; he said the Batatala had become frightened and gone far away, taking their spoils with them, but that the Bakalulua were still on the war-path, and were trying to get the Baluba to join them, but the Baluba would not; and, further, more loyal troops were on the way from Lusambò to meet the Nsapo-saps, and, together with the Baluba, they would surround the Bakalulua, and a big fight would result. We have since heard that the Bakalulua have said that “Buli Matadi” (the State), shall no longer sit at Malanch, and they are inviting a big and powerful tribe, the Bachoke, to join them; if this is true, there will be a big fight, and the peaceful times of this mission will be over for the present. The lessons, however, have been very sweet, and God has shown us

in a new way his blessed commandment, “Fear not,” and we have trusted Him, though we did not fully realize the strain until it was partly lifted by the morning’s news. God only knows why the Batatala changed their minds; we can testify to His goodness in doing it. Our people prayed (we could not say that a year ago), yes, prayed, that God would give the Batatala good hearts, and that *God’s* palaver might sit here and not the *devil’s*. Shortly after two o’clock a commotion on the grounds attracted my attention, and, looking out, I saw all our boys running out in the path towards Kasenga, and, in a moment, I divined that

SHEPPARD HAD COME!

The messenger I had sent had met him on the path, and he had hurried in, knowing how anxious I would be, and so to-night, with him here and better news from the war, we shall rest somewhat more contented. I want to testify to God’s great goodness to me, and, to-night, *consecrate myself* anew to Him.

Friday, July 19.—No news from the seat of war; and we had begun to settle down to our usual quietude when we were visited (last night) by leopards, which killed three of Mr. Sheppard’s goats, and so wounded three others that they will probably die. It is wonderful how strong and active these leopards are! They carried some distance into the woods a goat that could not have weighed less than one hundred pounds. I am sure, now, that I had heard them prowling around the house two nights before. We never will know how often our God has saved us until that great day when we stand around his throne.

Saturday, July 20.—Additional news

from the scene of the late trouble at Malanch makes it more manifest that God did, indeed, save us by turning the soldiers away from this station. The sisters at the Catholic mission at Lulua-burg were driven into the bush by soldiers, whose intentions were more horrible than murder. We learned to-day of a State officer, three days' march from here, who had to flee for his life, and was for three days and nights without food or sleep; and of another, about four days' march from here, who, it is thought, has been murdered. We have some ten Batatala here, but, thanks be to God, they are all Christians, and so, we do not fear them. One day last week these Batatala came to me in great indignation over a report that they intended to kill a boy staying with them. They said to me: "We used to be children of the devil, and then we were bad, but now we are God's children, and we don't do such bad things." I told them that, no matter what others said against them, I knew they were God's children, and that I could trust them, and they went off satisfied.

Monday, July 22.—Yesterday the startling news reached us that the Bakalulua were coming to fight and kill us; and so, after prayer to God to guide us, we have concluded to go farther into the interior until this is settled.

Tuesday, July 23.—The mental strain on an African missionary is ordinarily great, and any unusual excitement adds to what is already almost unbearable. Last Sabbath morning the sun arose on as peaceful a scene as one could imagine. A balmy breeze and an unusual silence made it a Sabbath such as one often realizes at home. At the usual hour (half after nine) we all repaired to the church, and listened to

a sermon by Mr. Sheppard; and, as we listened to the sweet singing of the children and adults, led on the organ by Mrs. Snyder, one could not help but feel the presence of God. And, as they sang "E Jesus kusa" (yes, Jesus loves), we felt happy and contented. As service was ended, and we were wending our way home, I saw coming up the road, from the river, a boy whom I recognized as the personal boy to M. Leroux, the State agent at Luebo. He handed me a letter, which, when I had read, set all the peaceful thoughts flying; for I read: "We are menaced by all the Bakalulua. They are coming to

KILL ALL THE WHITE PEOPLE

at Luebo. Can you put confidence in the Bakete?"* etc. We had just quieted down from our first war scare, and from our leopard scare, when this came upon us. The seat of the Malanch revolt was so far away from us that in one sense it was modified by the distance, but this scare from the Bakalulua was only a little way off. After telling my wife of the matter, and asking her prayers, I informed Mr. Sheppard, and, together, we went over the river to see M. Leroux, learn all the particulars, and make preparations for flight, if necessary. To make it clear I must refer to the late trouble at Malanch: The officer who escaped, naturally came into command when the others were killed, and he sent word to the officer commanding a station, some four days from here, on the Kassai River (a Mr. Koning) to come to the relief of Malanch. This gentleman succeeded in raising an army of three hundred Nsapo-sap and Baluba, and with this

*Dr. S. incloses M. Leroux's note, dated "Louebo, de 21 Juillet," with his (Dr. S.'s) added pencil note; "And now, Lord, in Thee we put our trust.—D. W. S., Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock, July 21, 1895."

force he started to aid the officer at Malanch. In the meantime, the Bakalulua had declared war on the State, and a large tribe of them, under the chieftainship of one Kalumbai, held the path to Malanch. Word had come back that this tribe had murdered all the Nsapo-sap who had gone with Mr. Koning, and that Mr. Koning had escaped by fleeing to the woods; and, furthermore, elated by their success, they (the Bakalulua) were coming in two days to wipe out all the white people here. On our way home I proposed to Mr. Sheppard that he should take my wife and his, and Misses Thomas and Fearing, and by canoe endeavor to reach some safe place, while I remained to watch the goods until actually driven away. To this Mr. Sheppard demurred, and argued that, as I was the doctor in charge, I should accompany the ladies, so as to minister to them, as sickness was sure to be the outcome of the great exposure consequent upon so open a journey. We deferred the decision until we should reach home and talk it over with the ladies. On our way back, we stopped a moment to confer with M. Bourdoux, of the new trading company, and he advised our taking the ladies to his other station, at Ngalikoko, about two days' journey from here, and among the Bakuba. When we reached home, at noon, we conferred with our wives and the others and determined to leave the next day for Ngalikoko, taking with us all we could possibly carry. This settled, we went on with our usual Sabbath work; held our three meetings in the afternoon, and at night we held a prayer meeting at my house. It was my night to lead, and we had a happy time contemplating God's word as regards prayer and the answer, finding much blessing in Hezekiah's experi-

ence. We retired that night with the feeling that God would do for us as he has done for all who came to him in time of need. Early the next morning I was up, and was led, first of all, to pray mightily to God. As Hezekiah had spread the letter before God, so did I spread the whole matter before Him. I was led to plead with Him to save us, that He might be honored; and then I told Him of His Church established here, and how He had told us that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and then committed the day, with all its changes, to him, asking Him to make it plain to us what was His will in the matter. And it came to me to ask for a *definite* answer; I prayed: "Dear Father, show me, *before twelve o'clock to-day*, whether we must go or whether we can stay." Then I rang the bell, and when the people had all gathered in the chapel I told them the circumstances, and asked *their* prayers, and we had a blessed season of prayer. We then went home to breakfast, and after another prayer meeting with our own children, my wife and I went to work packing up all we could. I sent to Kasenga for men, and by ten o'clock had about eighty men and boys. Goods out of the store we made hasty preparations to bury; all was excitement and anxiety, for we knew not the day or hour when the whole tribe of Bakalulua might rush in on us. Our houses soon looked like moving day in New York, and our house was, indeed, a scene of confusion, for we had most of the barter goods from the store spread out on the floor; my wife was up to her eyes in bedding and in sorting out such goods as we must take, and trying to minimize the things we would have to sacrifice; and, as missionaries are not blessed with an overabundance of

things that go to make life pleasant, we found it hard to leave anything. But with only one hundred men and boys together, we could not take everything; so those things which were absolutely necessary to make us comfortable in the woods were first set aside. Each man could carry only sixty pounds, and there were four families (counting the store) to be moved, and then, each lady had to have four hammock men.

Now, see how God answered our prayers! An answer did come *just before noon!* A note from the trader over the river gave us the cheering news that the Bakalulua had *changed their minds* for the present, and if they did come they *would not cross the river!* So, God said to us: "Fear not. I will let them come so far, but no farther."

Wednesday, July 23.—Yesterday, the people of Kasenga, headed by their chief, came to us, armed. I went out and met them in the square, and quickly I was surrounded by some *four hundred warriors*, and a man with a trumpet or horn, dancing wildly inside the circle, blowing his horn and flourishing his knife and making a hideous noise. The chief came forward and greeted me, and asked for Sheppard. I had him called, and then the chief told us that Kasenga had had a big palaver the night before, and they wanted to know why we wished to leave, and why we had not asked them to let us leave? Then they assured us that they were our friends, and that they were ready to fight all our battles for us, as they understood that we were God's men, and not fighting men. They said: "When the Bakalulua come to kill you, we want you to take your women and go to our town, and we will move here. When we are all killed, then the Bakalulua can kill you, but as long as

there is one Mukete left we will fight." This was exceedingly gratifying to us, as we hardly knew whether the Bakete would stand by us or not in case of an uprising. We now felt that the trouble for the present is over, for as soon as the news reaches the insurgents that the Bakete will take our part, they will hesitate before coming, and by that time, we hope the State will be so reinforced as to be able to quell the trouble. Do you ask, "And how did you feel during the excitement?" Well, I must say, the ladies bore up bravely; there was no fuss, no show of fear other than, perhaps, lips were somewhat paler, and hearts may have beat a trifle faster as thoughts of what the sisters at Malanch had had to face, but with it all was a deep trust in God, that gave us a courage that nothing else could have done. And the children and our people, were they forgotten? Oh, no! my wife would have stayed here and faced the mob, had the alternative been the giving up of these dear children. No, we had made all arrangements to take *them with us*, with the exception of those who were too sick to travel, and they were provided for. A native woman had promised to look after them, to take them into her own home, as her own, until we could return. You see we were kept busy; it was all Mr. Sheppard and I could do to get things into moving order, and my wife, as well as the others, were at their wits' end to pack and prepare for the path the things necessary, and so we had no time for fear. But when the day's work was done and the stillness and darkness of night came on, then it was that nerves were put to the test. My dear wife, whose general health suffered so much from the attack of hematic fever some time ago, suffered more from nervousness than the others.

Now that a lull has come and we can breathe easier, we wonder, thinking of what has passed, how we could have been so cool. Our people were sincere in their thanks to God for averting the war, and we heard two of them saying: "Nzambi waitemba, Yendi walingila wabungi, e Yendi watoiya Bakalulua wadekila bwalo vita," ("God is greater than all; it was He who told the Bakalulua to cease fighting").

Wednesday, August 9.—Another leopard visited us the other night, and stole a sleeping goat of Mr. Sheppard's, which was lying at our front gate, not over a hundred feet from our house.

Wednesday, August 21.—We are anxiously awaiting a boat and news from home. This has been a trying time in more ways than one. Between war and savage beasts, and efforts to make and keep peace, my wife and I are about worn out.

Monday, August 26.—Last Saturday we received our first authentic news from Malanch. I had just recovered from an attack of sickness, and was only entering into a convalescent state, when my dear wife was stricken with one of her fevers. I was giving her a course of rather heroic treatment Saturday afternoon, when in a lull, and as Mrs. Sheppard was watching, I went to the door, and there stood two Nsapo-saps. One of them having a small bundle, handed it to me, and when I opened it I found a small mail package; three papers for Mr. Sheppard, two letters for my wife, one letter for Miss Fearing, and one paper for me! And we had been looking for a *big* mail! How disappointing! Mr. Sheppard went over the river to learn whence this mail came, and why there was not more, etc. On his return I learned that the mail was overland

from Malanch. Three times they had started with it, and each time been driven back by hostile tribes on the path. So, we suppose, the rest of our mail is either on the road or in the hands of the enemy. A loss of this mail will be a sad blow to us, as we have not heard from home in a long while. As to the palaver at Malanch, we learn that the Batatala soldiers in revolt, did much more damage than the killing of Mr. Pelzer, since, on their way to their own territory, they killed all the white people along the line. The Commissaire has sent to Stanley Pool for reinforcements, and will punish the Batatala. What a merciful providence that they did not come *this* way, as at first intended! Had they carried out their first intentions, we would not be recording these notes.

But to return to my dear wife. All day Saturday the fever was high, and it was not till twelve o'clock at night that I could breathe easier. Sabbath was spent at her bedside. To-day she is better. How near we seem to God these days! My wife and I have been so interested and helped in the study of the indwelling of God in our hearts.

Tuesday, August 27.—About half past ten, a note was handed me from M. Leroux, to this effect: "Dear Mr. Snyder: I have a large mail for you; will you send a boy over after it?" Will I? You ought to have seen that boy going down the path to the river! Had he been as white as he is black, you would have thought he was a streak of lightning! At noon he returned with our mail, twenty-eight letters for my wife and me, and lots of papers. It was as medicine to my sick wife, though I feared the excitement. No news from Nashville as to any new missionaries for this station, and, yet,

there is such a crying need for them. A characteristic letter from Dr. Sims, in answer to one of mine about the Congo boat scheme, contains this: "Yes, you'll shed tears over a steamer, an awful trouble and bother to you, and will eat up the keep of *two mission stations and four missionaries.*" Just think of it! A boat will "eat up the keep of two mission stations and four missionaries" each year. And to what purpose? To take the time of one missionary, and bring gray hairs to a whole Committee, while, on the other hand, an increase of two stations and four missionaries each year in this needful district—who can count the good!

Wednesday, August 28.—Another rumor from Malanch seems to indicate more and serious trouble. God rules, and we will not fear what man can do unto us.

LETTER FROM LUEBO.

MRS. SNYDER.

It would take too much time for me to attempt to give an idea of what the white people, especially, have to undergo in Africa, and yet, strength has been given again and again, when we felt as if it were almost impossible to keep going. The past three months have been especially trying to my husband and me, repeated fevers coming to him, especially severe, and I always dreading the hematuria. But our Father has mercifully spared us from that again. The rest of our band keep remarkably well, thus refuting the idea that "white people stand the climate better than Africans."

Miss Fearing is an anomaly—one year on the station, and *not one fever!* The Lord has surely been her helper, as indeed, we all feel this help in our

daily experiences. She never tries to spare herself in any way, and the same may be said of Miss Lillian Thomas.

My dear husband is now longing for at least one white male helper, but his constant reply to my question, "Do you really think they mean to send any more white missionaries here?" is, "This is the Lord's work. He knows our need, He will take care of it."

Perhaps you will think me a very weak Christian, and, indeed, I *do* know the Lord will help us, but it is very natural for us to wish for one to share this great responsibility. There are several quite large towns, not far away, that my husband and I would like to visit, where we know they have not heard the message. This is one reason why we want more help.

LUEBO, October 18, 1895.

FROM REV. PHILLIPS VERNER.

I shall not impose on the readers of THE MISSIONARY any old stories. The Lord has blessed us on our way hitherto most signally; our health has been good, friends many and attentive, and business successful, on the whole. No very unusual event has marked our progress, although we have some of the Ashanti envoys returning home, after a visit to England in the interest of their country. These chieftains look exactly like the better of our own colored men. They cannot speak a dozen English words, but are very agreeable, and try to act wisely. They amuse us very much by their imitation of English manners—wearing tall, silk hats, and exchanging visiting cards, although, evidently ill at ease all the time! They are very greatly concerned at the prospect of war with the English, and assure us that their people want peace. I showed one of them