

God bless them!—whose hearts and prayers are daily with us, who don't wait for letters to be answered before writing again. What a help and inspiration these are to us! May their number increase!

Now, these our needs are before you—five missionaries to be sent at once, not doled out over four or five years; at least one land grant among the Bena Lulua people; your interest and your prayers. We leave these needs with you, and at the same time we do not cease to pray that the Lord will put it into your heart to grant us our request, and then give you the promised blessing in return.

Scarcely a day passes that I do not hear native Christians praying that more missionaries may be sent to help instruct them. May their prayers be speedily answered!

Luebo, February 15, 1901.

VANISHED AFRICAN BUGBEARS.

DR. SNYDER.

Every one doubtless remembers how, in his childhood, he was bugbeared by nurse, or older brother, into doing just contrary to what he had intended to do. "The bugaboo will catch you," has sent many a child to a tearful bed, so scared as to cause him to completely hide his head under the bedclothes for hours. Many a child has been deterred from following the bent of its mind by "The goblins 'ill get you if you don't watch out!"

So, also, we are sure that many a heart, softened towards Africa and her needs, has been hardened by hearing of some one or other of the imaginary gorgons of the Dark Continent, and so has turned from its purpose and gone out to some other field.

It is my purpose in this article to ex-

orcise these evil spirits, not by prayers nor by conjurations nor by incantations, but by showing them up in their true light, by divesting them of the power to make afraid.

THE CARAVAN ROUTE.

This ogre was reputed to devour a large percentage of the poor missionaries who had to pass his way going into the interior. I well remember, the first time I came to Africa, in 1892, with what dread I anticipated that caravan route—we had heard so much concerning its horrors—and just before reaching Matadi some kind souls told us the following: A German officer in the employ of the State, was ordered to go up country. He left Matadi one morning, and began his journey. The next day he returned, saying he could not stand it. He was again ordered to go. Again he assayed, and ascended half way up the Palabala Mountain, and again returned. The third time he was ordered away by his superior officer, and the third time he started, reaching a point about two-thirds of the way up this time, and then in despair of ever reaching the summit, and afraid to return to his superior officer, he committed suicide! And so the caravan route between Matadi and Leopoldville received such an evil reputation as to frighten many. It is true that there were great hardships connected with the route undoubtedly, many a weak person has succumbed to the fevers following the weary walk, but others have gone up and down with quite a degree of pleasure.

The railroad has been finished for more than two years, and yet the awe of that route still lingers in the minds of many—an ogre devouring human beings. Let me assure all who contemplate coming here of complete immunity from this evil. When a missionary reaches

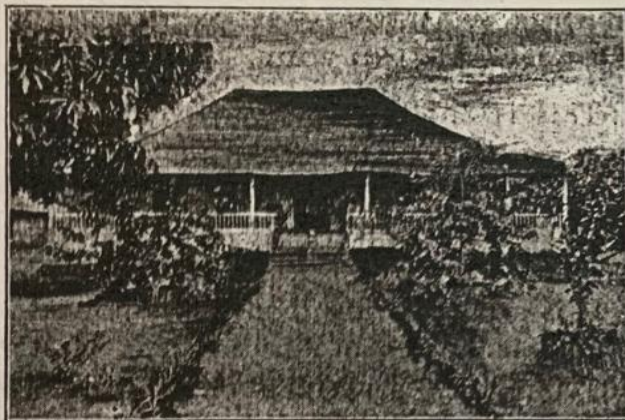
Matadi he can board a train, take his seat in an up-to-date car, and ride over all the hills and enjoy, meanwhile, some of the grandest scenery imaginable.

Our steamer will await him at Leopoldville, and he can then enjoy a sail of wondrous beauty up the great Congo to the Kassai, and into the Kassai river, whose waters are alive with hippopotamuses, crocodiles, and fish, whose banks are covered with a most luxuriant growth of foliage; a fairy land where the nymphs of the forest have constructed, out of the leaves and vines, beautiful fairy castles and grottoes and chalets, while, as a background, the primordial hills, as if fresh from the hand of God and unmarred by man, stretch away in magnificent grandeur! The trip to Luebo has become a thing of joy.

FEVERS.

This ghoul, in days gone by, has, in reality, devoured many a dear missionary. The horror of his name ("African fever," "deadly African fever," and other alarming titles) has struck terror to many a stout heart as he has heard of a party of ten going to Africa together, and only one left inside of five years' time.

The so-called bilious haematuric fever has had a worse name here than yellow fever enjoys in our own Southland. I presume in the early days more people were scared to death, or medicated to death, than were killed by the disease itself. Great doses of calomel and jalap were administered, heroic doses of quinine were hypodermically injected into the body, the patient was smothered under ten or twelve blankets, while innumerable bottles of hot water were put at his feet and back. If he got over the attack itself he was almost sure to die from the effect of so much paralyzing treatment.



DR. SNYDER'S HOME, LUEBO.

So far backwards has the pendulum swung from this that now many doctors are advocating homeopathic treatment. The best treatment I have found is that of chloroform. This, with good nursing, and treatment of complications that may arise, suffices. No quinine is necessary unless there be malaria; this is ascertained by testing the blood for filaria.

Two cases of severe haemoglobinuric fever which I have just treated here at Luebo (traders) responded quickly to the treatment by chloroform, and both were up and around the fourth day, with no relapse.

For five years God has wonderfully blessed our missionaries, not one case of severe illness in all that time.

CLIMATE.

We have often heard it expressed that "people just melt" from the fervent heat in Africa! This is a mistake. I am ready to prove that the suffering from heat is far and away less here than in any city of the United States during the summer months. It is true we have summer all the year round, and it is enervating, to be sure, but not to the extent of real suffering. I have suffered from the heat in New York and in Richmond and in Nashville much more than ever I have here. Our climate is simply beautiful.

EFFECTS OF THE CLIMATE ON THE MIND
AND BODY.

This is another bugbear. The story has somehow gone abroad that the African climate has a tendency to weaken the mind. This we want most emphatically to deny.

It is a trite saying that "he is not accountable, he has an African fever," and, therefore, any earnestness on the part of the missionary when writing strongly of the needs of the fields, or of the wrongs done the cause, is attributed to a sort of craziness brought on by a fever. The man who originated that idea ought to be ———, well, we cannot think of anything evil enough for him just now. One or two State officers have gone home raving lunatics, so we have been told, but they were stung to craziness by their consciences; they were guilty of killing natives in cold blood, but surely that cannot be laid to the charge of the climate.

The effect on the body is pronounced, and no missionary ought to remain on his first term more than three years. Some can remain longer, but their impaired constitutions are always a menace. A severe fever, and no constitution to stand it, and the patient sinks. The traders and State are wise in this, they send their men home often.

ISOLATION.

This is the hardest bugbear to do away with it is so real. However, stout hearts and brave can stand it. Then, too, as civilization advances the isolation is done away with. One day last month there were twenty-four European and American people at Luebo. Our steamer also will bring the home land much nearer.

Luebo, Africo, March 1, 1901.

REFLECTIONS ON THE YEAR AT
LUEBO.

REV. H. P. HAWKINS.

The year has just closed, and with it all of the possibilities and opportunities which it once afforded, and as we stand upon the threshold of the new, we cannot refrain from looking back into the scenes of the old to take inspiration from its encouragements and experience from its failures. And this we do not for ourselves alone, but that the many of you who have shown such a deep and abiding interest in our work may also, in common with ourselves, share in the joy of the success of the year and deplore with us each shortcoming and failure which a retrospect may disclose. We need not dwell here upon the opportunities offered us to do that work for which we came. So far as the people themselves were concerned, we had *carte blanche* to go where we pleased, at least for hundreds of miles away, with Luebo as a center. In a marked and wonderful degree the opposition we had experienced among the Bakubas the year before had given way to a more trustful, urbane, and commendable spirit toward foreigners in general and missionaries in particular, for which they have been rewarded during the past year with homes made desolate by the destruction of wives and children, along with fathers and husbands.

But we are glad to say in our immediate vicinity the forenamed incident was the only ripple seen or felt. But God, in whom we have put our trust, so ordered his affairs in this as in other things until, even now, in that part of the country the door, so far from being closed, swings a cordial welcome to the man of God who may desire to bear unto them the proclamation of peace.

That the preaching of the gospel here

has been blessed of God goes without saying. The closed year has added its quota to the establishing of our faith in the belief that where the Spirit accompanies the preaching of the word it will fall with power upon the hearts of men. Witness 116 souls asking, What must we do to be saved? Nor is this all. The closed year has caused us to appreciate the sympathy and interest of Him in our work here in causing you to add a much needed adjunct, our own "Samuel N. Lapsley." While we are thankful for it we are no less thankful for the coming of Mr. Vass, for without his presence here you would have staggered at the expenses we would have incurred ere we could have put it on the river, as recent developments have shown. With bated breath we received his proposal to rebuild the steamer. While we knew that failure on his part would not have been from want of either interest or activity, still the stupendous nature of the work, and his inexperience, gave us much anxiety. But our fears are disappearing as we hear from disinterested sources with what success he is meeting, and our concern is being turned more towards the safety of his own health when we are told how arduous is the toil he daily performs with his own hand. Certainly God sent such a man at such a time for such a work as this. That God may ever bless him is our prayer. Equally encouraging has been the coming of the printing press. It came to hands unskilled in the art of typography, but Dr. Snyder, in connection with his clinic labors (which are growing greatly on his hands), undertook to operate the press, and, we are glad to say, is succeeding. He has just brought out the first reader—a long-felt want for the school. Miss Thomas will assist him in the future in this part of the work, of

which he has been given charge. As the success of the printing work depends upon the success of the school work here, we are glad to say the closed year afforded us the greatest encouragement yet along this line. Misses Thomas and Fearing moved among the people of the villages around here, and seem to have awakened a marvelous amount of interest. We are hoping and praying for much from this source. The lack of evangelistic spirit among the people has always been a source of sorrow to us. So the year just closed marks a forward movement in this direction, through the efforts of Mrs. Snyder in putting the Christians to work in an organized way.

From Ibanj Brothers Sheppard and Phipps and Mrs. Sheppard send words of cheer concerning the work at that place. Evangelists are being sent out among the Bakuba villages, and being paid by the native church. The Bakuba are slowly showing an interest in spiritual things, but among those people I fancy the work must always be very hard, indeed. But the crowning stone in connection with our work here last year was the completion of a grammar, together with some books for the school, by Mr. Morrison. With this grammar we are becoming better enabled to convey thoughts to the minds of the people through the vehicle of their own language. With all that has been begun and finished during the year, even though much was left undone, we feel that we can and ought to face the responsibilities of the new year with more of encouragement than of discouragement, with more of zeal than of apathy, with more intrepidity than trepidation, and, above all, with more consecration. May the new year witness the accomplishment of still greater things! In this hope, at any rate, we take heart and go forward.