

LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

AFRICA.

LETTERS FROM DR. SNYDER.—No. 1.

LUEBO, W. C. AFRICA, May 1, 1896.

It is more than three months since I have written to you, and the last news from you was dated some time in September, 1895, wherein you informed us of the appointment of Mr. Verner and of his intention to sail the following month (October). Since that time we have been as completely cut off from the outside world as if we had been on the moon.

Other years of our sojourn here have given us a March boat each year without fail, and naturally we looked for one this March, and it was with no little disappointment that the month of March and then the month of April passed away, and no boat, and no word or sign to tell us why it did not come.

The Monday following the last boat (in February), my wife and I, accompanied by Miss Thomas, took a long planned trip to a distant town, where it had been reported to us a lake existed. The lake was not our main object in going, and yet, after we returned, I felt much condemned, because the lake seemed much larger than the work we had accomplished for Him.

Bright and early on Monday morning we started off, Miss Thomas and my wife in hammocks and I coming on behind. We had dispatched Makoli and four others with the tent an hour before, and so, after a very pleasant trip of about an hour and a half, through woods and prairie lands, we reached Kalemba, to find the tent spread and ready for use. We soon had

a crowd of natives around us, from whom we bought chickens and eggs, and shortly the squawking hens and flying feathers proclaimed the fact that the "preacher had come." During the afternoon we had a meeting with the natives, and later on a palaver over a house for Miss Thomas. We did not want to buy a house, as we needed it for one night only, so we attempted to hire it, and in the end paid as much for it as a hired house as it was worth. This does not show me in the light of a bad business man but shows the Bakete in the light of perfect swindlers.

Next morning we were on the road again, most of the way through a dense wood, gratefully shady but most difficult because of the winding of the path and of the many vines and stumps, and also because of the roughness of the path. Some parts of the way it was almost impossible to carry the hammocks. We were the first white people to tread this path, and so were on the outlook for things discoverable, but not even a new insect enriched our collection of lepidoptera and coleoptera and as for flowers, we must say the tropics are anything but rich in pretty flora, and we begin to think less of those writers who are forever writing in praise of the "gorgeous tropical bloom." Near noon we passed out of the woods, and entered the dry bed of a one time lake, so the natives told us, and the appearance on every hand was in favor of the legend, for legend it is; and wonderful are the tales handed down from their grandfathers concerning the sudden disappearance of this vast inland sea. Plenty of white cloth and beads were

found in the mud at the bottom, and all this went to prove that the white people find their cloth and beads in the great sea they have heard of!

Shortly after passing this spot, we climbed a steep hill, and then a short walk to a small stream, and then we entered the town of the Benamonyi, a branch of the Bakete. Our tent having been spread, we are soon feasting on the national (African) delicacy—chicken. Dinner disposed of, we resume our journey. On the way we discovered a large creek, which we named “May Creek,” in honor of my wife. Passing the creek, the path wound up a hill that rivals the celebrated Palabala hill, then a pleasant walk for a quarter of an hour through a fine forest up another hill, and then an abrupt descent and a cry from Mrs. Snyder, who is in front, proclaims the fact that she has discovered the lake. We hurry on to have our share in the discovery, and soon there opens up to our view a beautiful body of water, reflecting in its clear depths the lovely palms that line the opposite side, so that for a moment or two it is impossible to discover the opposite shore. The lake lies in the form of a crescent, or, as Mrs. Snyder suggests, in the form of the letter C, and so we named it “Lake Chester.” We then held a little prayer meeting on its bank, praying God that the time may soon come when its waters will echo with Christian songs and prayers from the tongues and hearts of the natives. I succeeded in obtaining two photographs of the lake, but as I am out of paper, will have to wait until I reach Europe to print them. I have made a map, however, of the route and lake, which I hope to bring with me.

A boat belonging to the Dutch house has arrived, and is now at the landing,

but it brought us no news, as it has been three months on the way; but we hope to send some mail home by her. There are four English speaking Dutch gentlemen on board, one of whom intends remaining here to start a station. This means more steamers for us and better mail service. Quite a temptation has come to my wife and me by this steamer. One of the gentlemen is sick, and is very anxious that I go down with him, as I have been instrumental in giving him relief, and as they have a cabin at our disposal, and will take us quickly to the Pool; and as our time is more than up, it does seem that it would be the right thing to do; but, after prayer, my wife and I have come to the conclusion that it is our duty to wait for Mr. Verner, and so we will let this steamer also pass on. This makes the fourth one we have refused since our time was up, but with God’s help we mean to “hold the fort” till Mr. Verner’s arrival, or until we hear some news from him.

LETTERS FROM DR. SYNDER—No. 2.

ON BOARD STEAMER HOLLAND,
May 20, 1896.

At last we are on our way home. I “held the fort” until a letter reached me from Mr. Verner, dated Matadi, January, 1896, wherein he plainly states that “I will wait here for you.” I do not understand it, but it seemed imprudent for me to keep my wife at Luebo until things could have been straightened by letter; moreover, to miss this boat would have meant remaining in Africa seven months longer. It was very much against my will to leave as we did. We started from Luebo May the fifth, and have been over two weeks on a small steamer. The day following our departure my wife was taken ill with hematuria, and for some days I despaired of her life. Alone, away

from friends, locked up in a room six by eight feet square, and six feet high, two large steam pipes right over head, and very little air, and in Africa, only hints at the trouble I was in.

Oh, how near God drew to us in those days! I don't think I ever realized the Saviour's presence so plainly, so sweetly, as then. My wife is some better to-day, but very weak. For two weeks I have had no sleep to speak of, as there was absolutely no one with whom to divide the care.

We hope to be at Leopoldville in two days more. Then I shall hurry (D.V.) to the coast, see Mr. Verner, hasten him on to Luebo, and then take my wife home. I have grave fears for her health, and shall not breathe easy until we are in Europe. I shall write again from Leopoldville.

I hope to be in America in August. I shall try to catch the July boat at Matadi, which will bring me at London sometime the first of August. Pray for us!

Yours, upheld by the Everlasting Arms.

LETTERS FROM DR. SNYDER—No. 3.

LEOPOLDVILLE, May 24, 1896.

We are safely arrived at Dr. Sim's station. My wife is in a comfortable bed once more, and doing as well as can be expected, but so weak it hurts me to look at her. The doctor says she will pull through all right, but I shall not rest easy until I see her herself once more. This will delay us here for a week or two. Our trip down from Luebo was one of peril and anxiety, and I would be doing wrong if I failed to say that to His name be all the glory. Surely, God has watched over us in a special way, and it humbles me and almost makes me tremble to realize how *near* He has been to us. I have several letters from Mr. Verner.

I hope to meet him soon, and hope he may quickly go on to Luebo, but at present there seems no way for this to be accomplished before October.

The State has bought the boats of the largest trading house on the upper Congo, the S. A. B., which formerly did our transport between here and Luebo. Dr. Sims says this will be an advantage to us, so hereafter the State will do our transport work on the Kassai.

When my wife is sufficiently recovered, we hope to leave here and make use of the railroad, thus enabling us to reach Matadi in eight days after leaving here. Formerly, it occupied from two weeks to twenty days. Improvements are gently forcing themselves from the coast inwards. We must keep *ahead* of them with our missionary work, for, gloriously as it all sounds, railroads mean also greater temptation and demoralizing power to the native.

LETTERS FROM DR. SNYDER.—No. 4.

[COPY OF LETTER TO MR. ROBERT WHYTE, LONDON.]

LEOPOLDVILLE, STANLEY POOL, May 26, 1896.

My Dear Friend.—We have reached here after a very trying journey from Luebo. Our accommodations on the small steamer were very poor. Think of it, a stateroom 6 feet by 8 feet, and 6 feet high. Directly in front of the room were located the boilers. Through the room overhead, two steam pipes conveyed the steam to the engine. These pipes were six inches in diameter; a piece of paper laid on them soon scorched. Our steamer was in size, about 80 feet long by 15 feet wide. We were on board from May 5, to May 23. The second day after leaving Luebo, my wife was stricken with hematuric fever. This raged for two days and ceased, but left her with



ARIMA

continued fever; at home, we would call it typho-malaria. She was terribly sick, and my heart was almost broken; not a soul to go to. I had to nurse her night and day. She never left her bed but once during all those eighteen days, and then only to change rooms. The change gave us a cooler but smaller room, having but one berth, and all the rest of the time, ten days, I had to rest in a chair; but as during that time, I never took my clothes off, it did not so much matter. Last Saturday we reached here, (Leopoldville, Stanley Pool), my wife very weak. I was so glad to have Dr. Sims and Christian friends see her. The doctor gave me much encouragement concerning my wife, but to-day grave symptoms of heart trouble have arisen, and she is in a very critical condition; so bad, indeed, that I feel sure

this envelope will carry to you the news of her home going.

May 28.

Dear, dear Friend.—How shall I finish this letter? But I must. My wife has left me for a more glorious home, and I, crushed, must go on. God has wounded me sorely, sorely! but He also can heal me. Day before yesterday she became much worse; night before last she never closed her eyes, and yesterday, at ten minutes past eleven A.M., she passed quietly away. Her death was sweet, so peaceful. She knew me until an hour before she died. Kindly send cable to America; I cannot write. I have sent no dispatch. I wanted to go back to Luebo, but Dr. Sims forbids it. I am coming on as soon as possible. We buried her to-day. Tell your dear wife her letter reached me in time to

read it to my wife as she lay on her sick bed. Will tell you all when I come.

CONGO LETTERS.—No. 5.

[The following letter to Dr. Chester, from Mr. Robert Whyte, who efficiently and sympathetically represents the business interests of our mission in London, explains itself. Mr. Whyte is a prominent Christian merchant, an elder in Regent Square Presbyterian Church, formerly Dr. John MacNeil's.—EDITOR.]

LONDON, ENGLAND, July 14, 1896.

My Dear Dr. Chester: It is with a sore heart that I have to write you to-day about the sad news I cabled. For many mails past I have been looking for the news that Dr. and Mrs. Snyder had left Africa for their well-earned and sorely-needed holiday; and it was, therefore, a terrible shock to me, when I opened my letters yesterday morning, to learn that another brave and devoted missionary had succumbed to the awful Congo fever, and that I should never welcome Mrs. Snyder on earth again. She and her husband had so won our esteem and affection in the short time they spent in London, on their way out, that my wife and I, and all of us who knew them, feel the death as that of a dear personal friend; and our sympathy with Dr. Snyder is tender and deep. She impressed us as a woman of power—capable, resolute, brave, and entirely devoted to the great work to which she had consecrated her life. And the affection between her and her husband was, we felt, peculiarly close and deep. Her work at Luebo, under all the difficulties against which she had to contend, has been a splendid proof, and remains a blessed result of her devotion; and the memories of her will remain with those of Lapsley, to hallow the work which your Church is doing in that dark region.

All I know of her last days is what Dr. Snyder tells me in the letter of which I inclose a transcript. Such sorrow as his, the feelings which he reveals to me, in the seclusion of friendship, seem too

sacred for the public eye. But I am sure it would not be right to withhold anything from you; and you will know how to use this letter so as to give most of comfort and least of pain to those who have a right to know all. That our gracious God may pour the balm of His consolation on our dear friend's sorely wounded heart, and sustain him through the long, lonely days of bereavement as, evidently, He has sustained him in the first sharp shock of his great sorrow, is the sincere and earnest prayer of, yours always truly,

ROBERT WHYTE.

LETTERS FROM DR. SNYDER.—No. 6.

[The following are a few extracts from a letter too sacred for the public eye. It was written by Dr. Snyder the day after his wife's death.]

MAY 28.

God only can give me strength to pen these lines. He came to my garden yesterday, and took my precious flower. I cannot say nay. . . . To-day we buried her. . . . Our plans for the trip, our plans when we should reach the home land, were all made in mutual, loving anticipation. . . . I would now greatly prefer to return to Luebo, but Dr. Sims forbids. My heart goes out to the dear mission there, and I pray God this death may not deter others from coming. A soldier dies, *but the war must go on*. We will try to close up the ranks, but others must come to fill the gap.

CONGO LETTERS—No. 7.

[MRS. SNYDER'S LAST LETTER.]

[The following are extracts from a personal letter to the editor, the last written by Mrs. Snyder to the Mission Rooms. Though written in March, it was not received until July, more than a month after the writer's death.]

LUEBO, March 6.

Once more my heart impels me to write you. This, in all probability, will be my last letter to you from Luebo. We are looking hourly for the arrival of the steamer that we hope will bring Mr. Verner to us. You will be glad to

hear that we are all well. But since my last to you, Dr. Snyder has been quite ill—once with hematuria. You can imagine my anxiety. Truly, we have much to praise God for. Every hour of my life I can see some new mercy to thank him for. The other members of our force keep remarkably well. Miss Fearing is, as I have written before, a wonder to us. She has never yet had a fever to keep her quiet over night. She is at work from early morning until the night falls, always happy and grateful. Miss Lillian Thomas is the same. Mrs. Sheppard and her husband have also kept remarkably well.

I must tell you of a pleasant meeting we had yesterday at Kasenga. Some "medicine men" are there, and, as Dr. Snyder is very anxious to finish copying his dictionary of Bakete, I proposed to him that he should let me take some of our young people and hold his afternoon service there, thus giving him a few hours extra on his dictionary this week.

We went on our second visit yesterday. At first only a few children came together, and we sang a hymn and had a prayer. After a second hymn and prayer, I was surprised to see a crowd of the "medicine men" had come during the prayer, and were standing close to us that they might catch every word. How I did wish for some one more competent to have charge of the meeting! But, as this could not be, I just quietly looked over my boys and girls, and silently asked God to bless the words that might be spoken. I called first on a Muketi. He is working for us, and was converted some months ago. It was an ordeal for him, but he stood it bravely. Then Dick gave us a short, pointed talk—these little talks coming between hymns and a prayer. But I could see no lighting up of the stolid

faces of the "medicine men," and had just decided to start a closing hymn, when Melandola leaned toward me, saying in a low tone, her eyes, meanwhile, shining with tears, "Mamma, let me tell them of Jesus." What a joyous surprise to me! Her talk was, indeed, all of Jesus, and what He had done for her, and what He wanted to do for her people here. She began with the birth of the Saviour, why He came to the earth, etc., leading on through the story of His life to the crucifixion. In closing she brought in a short account of the flood, and God's pleadings with sinful man, and, as she went along, she made her application to them so beautifully, so touchingly tender, that my own eyes were swimming with tears as I turned to them and said: "Why will you not accept Christ as this child has done? And look," I said, "here are more of them, all children, beside you who are strong men; they love God, have accepted Jesus, and my heart is sick to have you do so too."

There was no movement, so we arose and sang the closing hymn. Then I turned to the medicine men with a simple "*Moiyi bantu*." With one accord they all sprang toward me to grasp my hand. They all spoke at once, so I could only catch a few words, but the expression on their faces were enough for me. I know not whether any lasting impression was made on them, but I pray that God may richly bless the words spoken by that dear girl, and I ask that the prayers of you, dear friends, in America may be joined with ours. . . . Melandola is a wonder to us all. It is not yet quite two years since she (with two other girls now in heaven) was brought to us by Inspector M. LeMarrinel, and given me as a personal *mekabix* (gift). She was then

just from "the bush," as they call it here. She is making rapid progress in school—was first in Miss Fearing's class, then rose to Miss Thomas', and is now in Mrs. Sheppard's. . . . And now what a long letter I have written you! But you won't have to answer this one, you know.

Yours in His name,
MAY SNYDER.

DR. SNYDER'S DIARY.

Tuesday, May 5, 1896.—We left Lubo this morning. Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard came down, despite the rain, to see us off. Mr. Pierce, of the C. B. M., who had arrived the night before on *Stanley*, was also down to see us off. We had gone aboard our boat (*The Holland*), the night before. The parting from the children had been very trying, especially to my wife. Our room is very small, but already Mrs. S. has begun to arrange it, and if no sickness comes we shall do well. As it clears off the captain begins to get ready, and we say our last good-byes. Who can tell when we shall all meet again? A turn in the river hides all from view, and the long home journey is begun. We reach Ngalikoko at half-past four, and tie up for the night.

Wednesday, May 6.—Leave Ngalikoko at nine o'clock. Nothing worthy of note happens, and at four o'clock we reach a spot on the shore where the captain thinks he can get wood, and we stop.

Thursday, May 7.—It was not until eight o'clock and fifteen minutes this morning that we got away from our camp in the woods. At a little after ten we reached Bini Bindi, a station at the confluence of the Lulua and Kassai Rivers. We had been here but a short time when a steamer was sighted, which, on its arrival, proved to be the *Princess*

Clemantine, belonging to the S. A. B. Trading Co. On board we met Mr. Stach, the present chief of the Kassai District. As my wife had just been stricken with fever, I tried to get a stateroom on the *Princess*, as she is a much larger steamer than ours, but the captain could not accommodate us.

Friday, May 8.—Left the woods this morning at 6:45, an early start for us. It is a bright, beautiful morning, and as Mrs. Snyder's temperature has gone down to ninety degrees, I am in bright spirits. "To-morrow morning," I tell her, "your temperature will be normal." "I hope so," she answers. The morning passes into noon, and we arrive at an S. A. B. station, and my wife is suddenly taken with hematuria.

Saturday, May 9.—My dear wife had a bad night, and fainted away at one time. My heart is so sore. Oh, for some one, some Christian woman, to help me! Left village early, and at eight o'clock we stopped at a S. A. B. trading post; we stopped here three years ago. Wife very sick; hematuria checked, but she is so weak. Dear Father, give me faith; let me lean hard on the thee!

Our cabin is six feet by eight feet, with a bunk on each side; space between bunks is twenty-eight inches wide by eight feet long, and on the floor in this space, are piled a trunk, two baskets, two pair of shoes, a lantern, a music box, some beads, a bottle of tartaric acid, a box of biscuits, and some bedding. The room is six feet high, and through the top, about three and one-half feet above my wife, as she lies in the bunk, pass two steam pipes, which carry the steam from the boilers (which are directly in front of our room), to the engine at the rear of the boat. These pipes are four inches through, and a newspaper laid on them is soon

scorched brown, although wet when hung up. The room has one door, eighteen inches wide, and three small windows, two feet by eighteen inches each. With these all open, it is, in this African climate, like an oven.

Sunday, May 10.—Left camp on shore at 7:30 A.M. Last night the captain and a trader had a drunken spree, and the noise kept my wife awake. My wife's temperature slightly lower this evening, but she is growing weaker. Oh, for help! Was ever anyone so helpless? As I was getting my wife ready for the night, I discovered a large centipede on the wall just by her berth. It was between two and one-half and three inches long, and half an inch broad. It had come from the rotten wood brought on board by the woodmen. Surely we can say with Paul, "In perils oft," our God is able to deliver us! I must record that we stopped running to-day at 1:30. Surely the captain does not understand my anxiety!

Monday, May 11.—Left station in woods opposite Mt. Pogie at 7:00 o'clock. If we do not stop at noon, we will make a good day of it. Another large centipede ran over my head last night. Surely God is good! I take the visit of these two deadly insects as a token from God that, though death has been very near to us, we will be spared to each other. 8:30 A.M., stop to get pigs. God give me patience! but it is hard when the wife is so sick.

To-day I bundled my wife up and took her on deck—a dirty open place, not fit to be called a deck, on the lower part of the boat. Up a steep pair of stairs is the captain's cabin, and just back of it a small cabin containing one small bunk. I am led to believe it will be cooler for my wife, so I make a trade with the trader who occupies it. I will lose by the trade, but if it will help the

dear wife, I can easily make the sacrifice, and as she needs constant care, an extra bunk would do me no good. We stop at two o'clock.

Tuesday, May 12.—Left camp this morning before seven o'clock; something wonderful for us. My wife is very, very weak, and *takes no interest in anything*. Only for God, I would give in.

We stop at ten o'clock. Our early start did not accomplish much. We are in the rapids, and the captain says the wind is blowing so hard he cannot see the half-sunken rocks. Poor man! The wind of sin is blowing so hard over his life that he don't see the rocks that threaten his spiritual life, either; and yet he fails to take the same precaution as he does for his boat. Only one hour's run from the mouth of the Kwilu. God has given me a sense of his presence to-day such as I have never before experienced.

Wednesday, May 13.—Enter the Kwilu at 6:45 this morning. My whole nature rebels. We must go up this river some four or five days! At 10:15 we overtake a tugboat belonging to the Dutch house. I hear that the captain has orders to go up the Kwanga before returning. I go to him with tears in my eyes to beg of him not to do it, for this would mean a *month* more of travel. He assures me he will not go.

We seem to be taking the tug in tow, and my heart sinks within me. Dear Father, thou knowest it is for the wife; thou knowest how sick she is! We start, and I soon perceive my fears were groundless, for we are being towed by the tug, and make a good day's ending to a poor beginning.

Thursday, May 14.—Started early this morning. My poor wife had a very bad night. The temperature

keeps at 102 degrees, showing a typhoid state. At 7:30 A.M. went outside for a breath of the morning air. The night work, as well as day work, is telling on me. A great noise ahead attracts my attention, and I see my first elephant in the wild state. He is swimming the river ahead of us, and the tug, which left us this morning, is nearer to it, and is firing shot after shot into the body of the poor thing from an elephant gun and a mouser. What a heroic effort it is making to escape! How clumsily it swims! First the trunk swings around much like the curved spoke of a wheel, and, as it grasps the water in front to draw the elephant forward, so it seems, the immense rump of the animal, like an inflated rubber bag, comes up out of the water, only to sink again as the trunk comes up; and so he goes, making good headway in the fast-flowing stream. That the shots are telling, is indicated by the blood-red water that now surrounds him; but, see, he reaches the shore, and soon his mighty frame is exposed to view, and to the shots of his enemies, but, despite it all, he goes into the woods and is lost to view, and also to the hungry boatmen, who, essaying to follow him, find their way blocked by a huge swamp, too thickly studded with trees for a boat, and too deep in water to wade. We go on, and I presume the poor elephant goes on to die alone in the bush. We stop at 3:15 for wood and drink—wood for the boat, and drink for the captain and his friends.

Friday, May 15.—We get another early start this morning. Another bad night for the dear wife. My heart aches and aches for her. If only there were a woman on board—if only a friend! My heart sinks within me as I think of burying her here in the

woods. Not a soul on board a Christian. O my Father, if she must leave me, spare her until we get to Stanley Pool! We stop again at two o'clock. Are these things trials of faith?

Saturday, May 16.—Off early this morning; hope to reach our highest point on this river to-day, and then all down stream to Leopoldville. God spare the dear wife! The morning promises so much. She is brighter, and seemingly better, but about noon the bad feelings come on and last *all night*; no sleep for either of us. She does not notice things after the noon hour; nothing interests her. A bad symptom. We stop at three o'clock. So disappointing, and not to our station. Patience!

Sabbath morning, May 17.—Reach the station to-day. If only we can leave to-morrow. My wife grows weaker.

Monday, May 18.—Still at station, and no prospect of leaving. My dear wife is worse. This afternoon as I stood at the door, my eyes too full to show to the wife (for I must keep up a brave heart before her), I heard an exclamation from the captain, and, looking up the river just above us, I saw five elephants swimming across. Soon all is excitement, and from the throats of about one hundred natives arises a hideous noise. I hasten into the cabin to quiet my wife, and then step again to the door to see three large canoes and all the white men and the natives off for the hunt. Soon a fusilade shows that the war has begun. I take my glasses to watch the result. It all occurs only about five hundred yards above us, and in an hour four out of the five elephants are dead. Two float down past us, but are soon secured. One was a baby elephant, about as large as a two year old heifer. The

mother took the baby to her breast between her fore legs, and, covering its body with her trunk, tried, in her dying agony, to protect it. A touching scene, but both fall.

Tuesday, May 19.—At last we are off and going down stream. I am so thankful! Last night was a miserable one for my dear wife. My heart fails me as I see her growing so weak. It is all I can do to keep up before her. We have elephant steak for dinner. It is excellent.

Wednesday, May 20.—We are off at 6:15 this morning. My wife had a very poor night. At 4:30 we reach the State station in charge of Raschid, the ex-Vali of Stanley Falls, and a relation of Tippu Tib. This Raschid gave the State much trouble before he was subdued, but now he is practically a prisoner of the State, and is here to buy ivory for them.

Thursday, May 21.—Off again shortly after six. The Kassai is growing larger and larger. We stop at 8 o'clock A.M. for wood. Off again at 1 o'clock. Stop again at 4:00. Will we ever get to our journey's end? Seven thirty, P.M., a big tornado.

Friday, May 22.—Off again at 6:30. Reach Kwa Mouth at 9:30. This is where the Kassai empties into the Congo. Ten thirty, sailing down the Congo. How glad! One day more, D. V., and then Kinchassa and Christian friends and Dr. Sims.

Saturday, May 23.—Off again at six o'clock; hope, with God's permission, to reach Kinchassa to-day, but as Dr. Sims is at Kintamo, some six or seven miles farther on, I begin to worry as to how to get my wife to him when the boat stops, as the Dutch boats will not go to Kintamo. At noon we reach Dover Cliffs, great chalk cliffs near the head of Stanley Pool. When we reach

Kinchassa, I send a note to Mr. Gordon, of the B. M. S., telling him of my wife's sickness and of my desire to get her to Dr. Sims quickly. He answers by telling me Mr. Grenfel is there and the *Goodwill*, the mission steamer, is at the wharf, and he will take us to Kintamo. How good God is! At 4:30 we arrive at Dr. Sims'. All are so kind! The doctor gives us much encouragement; says my wife is suffering from continued fever, and all she needs is nourishment, and soon she will be well. Eight thirty, P.M.: God is so good, and I am so thankful. My wife is quietly sleeping, and I reading and writing.

Sabbath, May 24.—Mrs. Snyder does not improve. I do not like this continued listlessness. She does not seem interested in a large mail found here. She don't want me to read any of it to her. This is not like my wife, and my heart sinks. The doctor still encourages me to hope.

Monday, May 25.—She had a bad night.

Tuesday, May 26.—Another bad night. Pulse worse. Doctor says give digitalis and food, but I can see the wife sinking.

Friday, May 29.—How shall I write what must be written! God has sorely tried me. My wife is dead! Wednesday morning she called to me, and said she wanted her porridge. She had had a miserable night. The doctor came, felt her pulse, and said, "She is just ebbing away." About nine o'clock Mrs. Rogers came, and at 11:10 she passed so quietly, so peacefully away. She is with Jesus. On Thursday we buried her in the State cemetery. Dr. Sims kindly officiated. Six State officers attended. Mr. Grenfell came down with his boat, the *Goodwill*, bringing all the missionaries

from Kinchassa. The coffin was covered with the American flag. She lies the thirty-third in the State cemetery, and the only woman.

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