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THE KASSAI HERALD.

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—THE KASSAI HERALD—

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EDITOR.

—THIS ISSUE.—

A Little Life For Africa.

A Day at Luebo.

Progress at Ibanj.

Seen and Seeing.

The Sewing Class.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Despite our fears of boat and swift currents, we arrived here safely the first of March. Our steamer, the *Roi des Belges*, as you know, is a long narrow boat and very tricky, given to upsetting at the least provocation; her boilers are old, her decks rotten, her cabins small and dirty and as usual with State steamers her *cuisine* abominable.

We had left Luebo about an hour when the Captain ran us into the bushes growing along the side of the river, scraping one side of the steamer from stem to stern, carrying away the big monkey we were taking to a friend, and which was tied to the rail. The Captain innocently asked us if we wished him to stop for the monkey! We declined. Then he ran over to the other bank and scrubbed the right side of the steamer with the bushes along that bank. We presume it served the purpose of "washing down" the steamer but it was a severe trial on the nerves of the passengers. Another time the Captain lost control of the steamer and we floated sidewise, steamed backwards and for an hour or more went every way but the right way. Mrs. Snyder and Anna kept quite well despite these adverse circumstances and

by the the providence of God we reached Leopoldville safe and well. A large steamer belonging to the Dutch Trading Co. coming over the same route two days behind us was overturned by the swift current resulting in the complete loss of the steamer and a rich cargo of rubber besides the loss of some of the crew.

Arriving at Leo, we found Mr. Vass sick and in bed with fever; he had worked too hard at reconstructing our steamer.

How proud we felt when we first saw the *S. N. Laqsley* floating, no longer an aching desire, no longer an imaginary thing; but a reality a living, moving steamer all our own! What emotions swayed us as we thought of her future, of her possibilities for carrying the blessed gospel of love and peace to the thousands of malicious and hostile Ba-sanje people who inhabit the river banks for miles and miles, of the food and good cheer she would convey to the missionaries, of the influence for good that she will exert over all and the blessings that will be poured out upon the dear children at home who gave the steamer for this work!

March had scarcely blown its days away when we noticed with apprehension that both baby Anna and Mrs. Snyder were fast failing in health and must go home. What a severe wrench this was I leave to your imagination.

The prospects for a Convention in May are not at all bright; but of this and of my visit to the Governor I hope to write in another letter.

We rejoice greatly over the progress of the work at Luebo and Ibanj and our sincere desire is that the church at home may know it as we do.

S.

Leopoldville April 30 1901

much interest. The little folks come to me on my veranda, while eight native helpers take their classes under the shade of the trees leaving Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Phipps the use of the church. Some kind friends have sent cards and scripture-rolls, these are very helpful, for the native always enjoys the "*mikanda*."

One year ago this past June school was opened with fifteen children and myself alone as teacher, to-day we have seventy enrolled, sixty-five in regular attendance and two native teachers.

The Bakuba are very conservative, they believe in doing exactly as their forefathers did or whatever their king has outlined for them. Their king of long ago established what is known as the "*Ihanj Market*" which is about thirty minutes walk from the mission. But we thought it was a little far away for our people; and, too, believed that a market on the place would be a help in making friends with the people. So a new market was started. At first it was rather a local affair, but now it is well established,

people coming from a long distance with their wares for sale or exchange. They bring chickens, eggs, fish, all sorts and all kinds of meat, palm oil, pea-nuts, sugar-cane, dried manioc, corn, dried and fresh caterpillars and *boers* - not South African Boers but mushrooms.

As yet we have not a regular Home as our mother Luebo, but we hope some day to add that to the work. However, there are twenty-five girls and boys on the station being cared for. Besides much sewing which has been done, our girls have made seventy pounds of palm oil, fifty pounds of soap and fifteen pounds of starch from the manioc. Just now they are working in the field getting ready to plant corn, peas and pea-nuts when the rains begin.

Mr. Phipps has charge of the carpenter's shop. We have more than one boy who can plane a board and drive a nail straight.

You see, friends, we are trying to move along. The field is *white*. If ever Ethiopia stretched out her hands crying for help - / *believe it is now.*

A DAY at LUEBO.

BY REV. W. M. MORRISON.

WE often have requests from those in the home land wanting to know how we live and move and have our being here in the Dark Continent. I shall attempt to answer this question though I know that I am doomed to failure because the same person here often has to be at once everything from preacher, accountant, merchant, linguist, editor, physician, judge, teacher, mechanic, overseer, cook, house-keeper, gardener and so on down the list to "printer's devil". And this last-named profession is not least, even if it is mentioned

last.

At day-break, which here in the tropics is about half past five o'clock the year round, a large bell near the centre of the thirteen-acre Mission compound sounds out the reveille (at least we shall call it reveille for lack of a drum). In an instant every one on or about the station is up and dressed. After a word of prayer privately in each home we are called by a second ringing of the bell to the church where a sunrise service of prayer and song is held. Many people from the neighboring villages come to this

service and the average attendance is perhaps two hundred. Thus the day is begun with praise, confession, thanksgiving and petitions for grace and strength.

After this short service each one betakes himself to some special before breakfast task—Dr. Snyder to his pharmacy, where already a score or more of patients are waiting; Mr. Hawkins to giving out the workmen their tasks for the morning; Mrs. Snyder, Misses Fearing and Thomas to the duties of their respective houses; the writer to assign to his boys, especially the cook, their household duties for the day—unfortunately he has no one else to attend to there for him. About seven o'clock the sound of singing is heard going up from the different missionary homes—breakfast is over, with its porridge and eggs, and each household is at family prayers.

After breakfast each missionary has a Quiet Hour. We need this going apart in order to get strength and wisdom for the day, and then we must show this people that there is not only the public service and the family prayer but there must also be the closet with its heart to heart touch with God.

By eight o'clock each one is off to his daily work—the ladies to their cooking, housekeeping, sewing etc.; Hawkins to his brick making and "palaver" settling; the writer to the dictionary, the grammar and the language; Dr. Snyder to the printing office—to his "devil" and to his "pie."

But scarcely is each one down at his work with bright hopes of progress for the day when the inevitable and omnipresent interruptions begin. DELAY is the greatest word in the English language here in Africa and *Interruption* is next unto it. Dr. Snyder has to leave his "pie" in order to set a broken leg or sew up the effects of a fight; Mr. Hawkins must leave his bricks and his house-building or perhaps the composition

of his latest poem (for he is also no mean poet) in order to settle some quarrel; the writer has just dug down and gotten hold of the root of an African verb, when in steps a woman to sell an egg or more likely to beg.

At ten o'clock the bell rings again and if you look toward the church you will see dozens of little boys and girls and some not so little, flocking to school, where Misses Fearing and Thomas with the aid of some native assistants are teaching these young minds to shoot.

At eleven o'clock the bell rings again, summoning from the station and the neighboring villages the members of the various catechumen classes conducted by Mr. Hawkins and the writer helped by several native evangelists. Here enquirers are taught and trained for several months prior to baptism and I am happy to say that for two years and a half these classes have not been empty.

At twelve o'clock the bell rings again and all work ceases for the morning. The missionaries are off to their respective homes for dinner and for a short *siesta*. I do not know what the other missionaries have for dinner or I should give the *menu*. As for myself, in order to "keep my face" as cook and housekeeper I prefer not to mention my bill of fare,—I sometimes think, however, that it must be several degrees removed from Delmonico's.

At two o'clock the bell rings us all to church again where the missionaries alternate in conducting a brief service of Bible translation, exposition, singing and prayer. Here again we have about the same attendance as in the morning, doubtless larger. After this service we are all off to work again—the ladies to their sewing classes and instruction of the smaller children; Dr. Snyder to the printing house; Mr. Hawkins to his bricks, to his poem or to an out station

for an after-noon service; the writer to his class in school, then to language work till half past four when he is off with several evangelists to neighboring villages to conduct prayer-meetings and catechumen classes.

Perhaps about the middle of the afternoon a glorious sound is heard coming from far away down the river. From thousands of throats goes up the alarm, "Sail ho!" A steamer! perhaps it is the good *S. M. Lapsley* with "Admiral" Vass on the bridge. The chances are we have had no steamer for several weeks, perhaps for several months. Some one is hurried off to get the mail and to learn the news from the far away outside world. All news is necessarily from two to five months old, but it is news to us and is enjoyed just as much as if it had happened to-day.

By six o'clock we are at supper at our various homes. After supper comes various duties according to the day of the week. Sometimes it is a business meeting of the missionaries on the station, sometimes it is a meeting of the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavour, sometimes it is Bible translation and instruction of evangelists, sometimes it is play (for even in Africa all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy). On Wednesday evening after supper we have the mid-week prayer-meeting. The missionaries meet together and have a ser-

vice in English while in the villages the people meet about their fires and have their own service of song and prayer and word of exhortation. The result is that shortly after dark the old familiar tunes of Zion are heard going up as sweet incense to God from many little groups on the station as well as from a number of villages in the vicinity.

But by nine o'clock all is quiet save perhaps the sound of dancing in a neighboring village or the shrill cries arising as the result of some domestic trouble. At least no one would think that ten thousand people sleep here within a radius of a mile and a half. If you pass along among the villages at this hour you will often hear the evening prayer of the christian as he bends on his knees in his hut, and unconsciously the heart if not the lips utters a prayer that the Merciful Father will hear and answer the call of these his simple children.

By ten o'clock the missionary is in bed, or ought to be! The day's work is done—its good, its bad. He takes a last look up into the glorious tropical sky, the Southern Cross glitters in the dark dome. He commits himself and this people into the hand of Him who is mighty to save. Under the genial warmth of a sheet or perhaps a blanket he is soon in the arms of Morpheus and to-day is unconsciously blended into to-morrow.

(PERSONAL)

MR. L. Upton Westcott of the Plymouth Brethren mission on the Sankuru River, paid us a visit of about three weeks this summer.

We greatly enjoyed this visit and sincerely wish that mission stations were nearer each other in Congo in order that we might the more often enjoy such christian fellowship. In ten years this is the first visit we have received from a member of another mission.

We sincerely hope that the coming Convention will go far towards filling this need.