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NO

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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. Lagsley* 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

Accordingly on April sixth, the heart-broken father, his wife and the little sick one good-bye on board the Antwerp steamer, returning to his lonely home, while the mother gave every thought and effort to battling with the fever and increasing weakness of her darling. Those were eighteen long sad days, but as they drew near Antwerp hope sprang up at the thought of good medical aid and the comforts of civilization. God knows best. He understands what we cannot. The nearer the steamer approached Antwerp the more rapidly the little life ebbed away, and at eight o'clock in the evening of April 24th, at the very moment the engines ceased their work, the machinery of a wee life stopped also - the journey ended - and little Anna Gertrude slipped from her mother's arms into the loving bosom of the Saviour who said, "Suffer the little ones

to come unto me."

In the strange Flemish city of Antwerp, in the Protestant corner of a Catholic cemetery, is a tiny grave wherein lie buried many happy anticipations for the future, many bright hopes for Africa and her people.

Only a very little life of eight short months, only a wee baby who could not yet lisp the name of Jesus, yet we ask you to pray that she may not have lived in vain; that the softening influence of that sweet little maid on the rough lives around her may not be lost, but may be as a little leaven which shall help to leaven the whole Kassai District. Pray that this little life, a victim of that strange climate, so subtle in its effects, may constrain many to pray more earnestly for and give more liberally to those who still know not the way into the Kingdom of Christ.

PROGRESS AT IBANJ.

BY MRS. LUCY G. SHEPPARD.

IBANJ is not one of these "magic booming towns," but we feel that we are steadily moving along with fairly good progress, endeavouring to make every move tell something for our Lord and Master.

The "*Lapsley Memorial*," which stands just at the end of our mile-long avenue, continues to be filled to overflowing. Many, since we last wrote you, have united with us and we feel that they too have a part in the little "meeting-house," singing of a Saviour's love.

Very recently the church needed repairing, in fact a complete overhauling; to do this would necessarily mean a little expense. We knew what our people had done in the past, so we thought they would again lend a helping hand. One morning Mr. Sheppard asked all who were willing to bring a

load of bamboo and donate it towards making the ceiling to respond at noon to the bell. At the ringing of the bell, every man, woman and child was on the spot ready, the bamboo was brought, and now we have a very pretty ceiling. When water was needed for putting on the clay, women with their jugs were ready to serve gratuitously. This means *much* in Africa, for as a rule the native expects *extra* pay for *extra* work done.

Just now comes word from a neighboring village that they want one of our evangelists to come and stay and tell them "God's palaver." Though little by little, you see God's word *is* making its way into the hearts of the people.

The Sunday-school is still attended with

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