

Vol. 1 No. 1

THE
KASSAI HERALD.



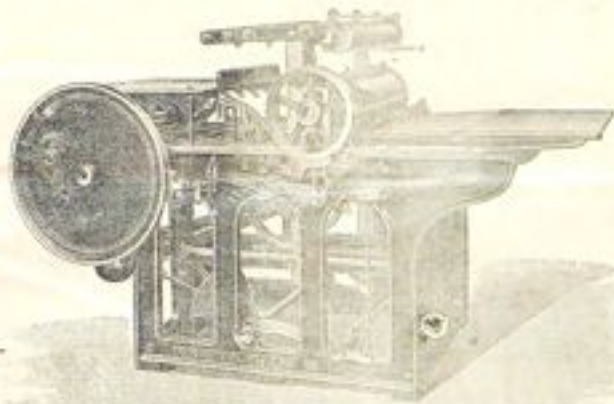
DEVOTED TO THE WORK
OF THE
AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN
CONGO MISSION

THE KASSAI HERALD.

W. M. MORRISON, Editor.

Lucho, Congo Free State, Africa. January 1, 1908.

The New Cylinder Press.



The above is a picture of the new cylinder press which was secured some years ago through the liberality of friends in America. The installation of this new press in a new brick printing-house, which has just been completed, marks the beginning of a new era in our Printing Department. A good quantity of type and other supplies is on the way, and we are looking forward with bright prospects to catching up in the next future with the ever increasing demands for our native literature. So great, in fact, have been these demands that nearly every edition is now exhausted.

We have in anticipation several new books, some or all of which we hope to bring out during the year. The manuscript for First and Second Book-

ten in the *Bahutu* dialect is in hand and there is in course of preparation the full series of the International N. N. Lessons in the *Bahutu* dialect. This latter will give an outline of the Bible until the sheets and more difficult translation of the whole Bible is ready for publication, which will require perhaps many years of work.

Our Printing Department is supported through the liberality of the *Bureau* of St. Joseph, Mo. We believe we are safe in saying that no other department of our work can show such splendid results.

It may interest readers to know that this press was on the old "Lapsley" when she sank. It shows, however, but little signs of having been of the bottom of the Congo river.

For the Young People.

The Mission Boys.

By Mrs. W. B. Morrison.

YOU have often heard about our Girls' Homes at Lush and Ilund, but perhaps you don't know that there are probably as many boys as girls, if not more, in charge of the missionaries at both places. These boys are, for the most part, sons of chiefs or otherwise prominently connected in the distant villages from which they come, and represent several different tribes. They have been sent to learn the "palaver" of God, and "the books", and we hope in time they will go back as teachers to their own people.

These boys, ranging from eight to sixteen years of age, have homes in the rear of the missionaries' compounds, and are under their special care. Outside of school and catechumen classes they help with the work, receiving in return their food and clothing. It is a great help to them just to see how we live and they learn a great deal besides "the books."

Some time ago the boys in one compound invited those of another compound to dinner. The usual custom is to sit on the ground, all dipping into a common dish, but this time they got an old table, covering it with clean lin. cloths, borrowed the enamelled plates and kitchen spoons, and asked for a vase for flowers. The guest of honor sat in an old rickety chair—the only one of any kind—at the head of the table, while the others stood, and all were served to native bread, and chicken cooked in palm oil. The meal over, the boys accompanied their friends to the gate, and one of them who was the proud possessor of an old straw hat raised it and politely bowed them out. And this from Central Africa!

As there are yet no special Homes for boys the many who want to come can't begin to be accommodated. But from those already here we look for great things in the future.

A Young Life with a History.

By Mrs. A. B. Elliott.

Being the joyous shepherdess of forty little souls, I would love to tell you something about each one of them, but space permits me to tell of only one.

Ten months ago there came from a village where the reign of the government is sometimes as strict as was that of Nero, a little Mukuba girl, named Muele (Mary), sent to me by King Lukanga.

On her arrival her eyes were filled with tears and her face wore a most questioning look. She was immediately introduced to a bath and the small piece of dirty cloth about her loins was replaced by a dress. Then suddenly her little face brightened up, she came to me and said, "Bawata," my native name, "I like you very much, but you will let me go back to my home some time, won't you?" Taking her in my arms, I assured her that she would be permitted to visit her home freely and that she had only come to the Mission to learn about God and other good things.

Ten months have passed since then and little Mary is now one of our happiest, brightest and best. She is able to repeat the entire catechism in her own language and can read and spell some. She also makes herself useful in many ways about the house. Her friends and relatives come often to see her, but never again has she asked

go very soon, and then once or twice a year to return to her village. We shall have her until her career on the Mission is finished, when we hope her little history of light and usefulness, just begun, may terminate in great blessings to her people.

The Girls' Homes.

By Mrs. L. G. Steppell.

In the early years of the Mission it was an almost daily occurrence to see little children, in the hands of cruel slave traders, being sold into permanent slavery. These children had been torn from their fathers and mothers by the raiders, because the chief of the village could not pay the tribute demanded.

So, when little Ntumba came trodding up the path toward the station between two stalwart Zappo Zappos, the Missionaries decided to redeem her, as the price was very small. But where were they to put her? Finally a Home for some of these unfortunate was decided on.

At first, parents living near the Mission refused to bring their children for training in the Home, because they did not understand what it meant.

But as the months and years went by, and as these little ex-slaves developed into fine women, the parents began to see that we had only the good of their children in mind. So, one by one, fathers and mothers came with their little girls, begging us to take them for training. Some of those thus sent are children of prominent men in the interior, and we hope through them to get a stronger hold on the many villages thus represented in the Homes.

No feature of our work has been more encouraging than that done in the Pamops Home at Luabo and the Maria Cary Home

at Iluuj. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

A Sunday School in Central Africa.

By A. A. Robinson.

It has been said that the Sunday School is the nursery of the church, and this statement holds good just as well in Africa as in America. But one may ask, How is a Sunday School conducted in Central Africa, where conditions are, of necessity, much different from what they are in America? First of all, we are now using the International Series of Sunday School Lessons, the same as used all over the world. There are frequent reviews, and it is astonishing to see how perfectly the lessons are remembered, especially as many of the pupils cannot yet read. We make no distinction as to age—no one ever graduates from the Sunday School.

There is a teachers' meeting which convenes every Friday. Here the lesson is carefully gone over and explained by a Missionary always bringing out the practical thoughts.

The hour of the Sunday School is 3 p. m. There is an opening hymn, a prayer, and another hymn. Then the Superintendent reviews the past lesson and indicates when the study of the new lesson is to begin. There is always a memory verse, with its explanation. After the lesson has been taught another review comes. It is interesting to see how the classes vie with each other in answering the questions. After the review comes the report of the Secretary, then more hymns, closing all with the Lord's Prayer in concert.

The Sunday School at Luabo averages from 500 to 700, at Iluuj we have from 250 to 300, and there are a number of schools in the out-stations.