

iah miles south-east of the mouth of the Congo, on the summit of a high mountain. At the time of its greatest prosperity it is said to have contained 40,000 inhabitants. For many years a bishop and his chapter, a college of jesuits and a monastery were supported at the expense of the Portuguese government, and besides a cathedral of very large dimensions, there were ten smaller churches in the place. In the course of fifteen or twenty years the entire population, not only of the capital, but of the whole kingdom, was gathered into the church of Rome. For over 200 years this church held sway in the country, and had opportunity to instruct and elevate the people. Such was the power of the priests that princes had to do penance before their door in sackcloth and ashes, and captains of slaving vessels had to propitiate them in order to secure a cargo of slaves. With such rigor were the laws of the church enforced that wayward children were flogged, sold as slaves, or executed. But withal no translation of the scriptures was made into the language of the people, no effort was put forth to educate them intellectually or morally, and instead of helping the people they left them after more than 200 years of labor, in a worse state than they were at the beginning; and when the Portuguese were no longer able to support the church and protect its missionaries in the country, the people rose to arms, drove them out, returned to the superstitions of their fathers, and now they are numbered among the poorest specimens of the African races. In San Salvador, I am informed by a missionary, there are only a few hundred natives of a very degenerate type, and among them there is to be found scarce a trace of the more than 200 years of missionary labor. Ten of Bishop Taylor's band were dwelling in a coal sloop anchored hard by, when we arrived at Banana. Some of them came on board to see us. They appeared to be robust men, and certainly they will have room for the exercise of their physical powers. Most of the natives seen by us wore charms in the form of graven wood, animal's claws, or coral about their necks; and large rings of iron, brass or ivory around their wrists and ankles. On their backs were rows of short cuts, marks resulting from the process of chopping to which the sick among them are subjected. In each operation the cuts are made in the flesh, and a horn from which the air has been extracted, is applied to the spot; this is carried on until rows of marks stretching from the shoulder right down the back are left. We left Banana about midday. The water looked quite calm, but there was a heavy surf on which rolled the vessel from side to side in a very unpleasant manner. A line of white foam about a foot wide covered the seam where the waters of the Congo and the sea came together, and stretched out on either side as far as the eye could reach.

Sunday, 30th, we arrived at Ambrez about eight in the morning. The surf was heavy and the water low so that we anchored a good distance from the shore. The place may have been somewhat important in the old slaving time, but it is small, and would never be much missed should it pass out of existence. We held a short service in the evening on deck, led by Bro. Scott. At eight we arrived at Loanda. The night was dark but the lights along the shore made us think of home. Quite a number of people came on board the ship and made a gay appearance for a time, indeed until we began to wish that they were home in their beds as they ought to have been.

Tuesday, June 1st. There is quite a history connected with Loanda but my letter has already been so long that I must forbear sending you any more notes on the subject. We went ashore in a boat rowed by some Kabindas, the most intelligent native boatmen along this part of the coast. We called at U. S. Consul Newton's, and were kindly received by him. Four Machilas were secured and we went to pay a visit to the mission house. Several families of Bishop Taylor's band were there. We accepted an invitation to dine with them in camp style, and rather enjoyed the change. Instead of Portuguese cooking we dined on canned milk, canned butter, canned meat &c., served up on tin plates, tin pots and tin cups. Next our course was directed to the hospital. The chief physician received us very courteously, and showed us about the place. It is well ordered, and a surprisingly fine institution to be in such a quarter. We returned to the beach and were rowed back to the ship to the music of the Kabindas' war song. Next day we sailed from Loanda about two in the afternoon.

Thursday, 3rd, we arrived in Novo Redondo, once a prominent slave port, now a small insignificant place.

Friday, 4th, we at last reached Benguella, the first place on our route where we saw an iron wharf. Having landed, our baggage was taken by dusty individuals, who formed a procession single file, to the custom house. Here we finished our journey by sea.

#### OUR COLLEGE LETTER.

Vacation is now ended, we have returned to college in order to resume the work of another session. The "Lord of the harvest" has been pleased to own and greatly bless the work done by the students in their respective fields of labor during the past summer. The churches have been cheered and strengthened, and many sheaves have been gathered in.

As we mingle together again we feel the loss of our beloved fellow-student and co-worker, Mr. Pritchard, who has been the first to leave our ranks to join the ranks above, "which is far better."