

I have had
to write in haste
please overlook
my mistakes -

Mr Joseph Hawley
Richesles

Lucas - St. C. Africa -

Sept. 5, 1894 - redate ^{Sept 7}

My dear Brother:-

Within one month I received all three of your letters. One of them being nearly six months on its way; and one of them reaching me within three months (after it was written). So if you do not get an answer as soon as you think you ought to, ascribe it - to the erratic mails - June and July brought all the letters and I really have not had the time to write you since. Will explain later on. You will see, by the changed date of this letter, that I began this letter some time ago. Now to answer your letters, not in detail, much as I would like to do, but in general. We were much surprised when receiving the first letter, with the "post-mark" Richesles. We could not think of any friends there; but as there was only the envelope hiding from us that, which aroused our curiosity, we soon knew that the long letter was from our dear friend, whom we had begun to fear had forgotten us. It was with pleasure we perused your letter. You have such a faculty for writing very interesting letters; and it makes us almost afraid to send you our poorer written ones; but we know you love us, and so we write.

In your letter of Jan. 27th you write of the "Worlds Fair" a thing which will almost have passed from your memory by this time. How much we would have liked to have seen all those exhibits, if we were denied us the privilege of seeing the "Centennial Fair" also but when the scenes of this life are done with we hope to have in the next world, a complete knowledge of all these things. And also the why and wherefore. I am still receiving the "Christian Alliance" in its much improved form. I noticed that in a very short cold notice it was made known that Rev. Peter Scott had severed connection with the C.A. What was the trouble? We were much interested in your description of the work and lack of work, and of the intense and like manner need of the field in which you are laboring. May God bless your every effort. "Who knows but that thou art come into the Kingdom in such a time as this?" And who shall measure the influence of one man's prayers? It is the planting of God's standard wherever we are that tells: We may not see it but the effect is certain. If every Christian in his journeyings were to plant this standard wherever he went, show his colors, the evangelization of the world would come.

be accomplished much more quickly. So many
 Christians have religions circumscribed by
 the places in which they live and, like
 their old clothes, they put it away when
 they go from home. "In the morning sow thy
 seed and in the evening mulch it not -
 thy hand for thou knowest not whether this or
 that shall prosper or both be alike good" -
 God sees the seed fall. God knows the
 hand that scattered it and the heart that
 prompted the hand. Ours to plant, Ours to
 water, the greatest work of all, God's, is it
 not good that we have One who knows
 how to "give the increase"? What a happy time
 it must have been, meeting old friends, learning
 to love new faces, and renewing old acquaint-
 -ances, and making new - First foretaste of
 the meeting in the New Jerusalem! I
 wish we might have been with you on
 the farm, the fresh milk, such as Florida's cows
 know not how to give, the sweet butter, cheeses,
 and other luxuries that come only to the
 farmer, that most independent man of
 all men, a king on his farm! I was much
 interested in the settlement of the S. K. in Tampa.
 I do not hear any more of it: have they given
 Tampa up? I was surprised a little in
 reading an article in a secular magazine

to read this. - "What member of any church follows today strictly in the footsteps of his Master: Who of them would dare to follow his poverty, his obscurity, his suffering? - - - - - The Salvation Army is almost the only religious organization in the world today whose members are honestly seeking to follow in the footsteps of Christ. They are poor. Their lives are consecrated to poverty, to the renunciation of self, while they do not shut themselves in dreary prisons, seeking the purity of asceticism, but walk into the thickest rush of life to carry the light of love and truth to the poorest and lowest and debased. And much more in the same strain; showing that the influence of these hard workers is reaching where the religion of the churches seems to fail.

You speak of the "thought" of the S.A. being "Testimony" the same thought expressed in the first part of this letter. "Planting the Standard" We are glad to hear of your daughter's desire to become a missionary. Whether a "Home" or Foreign Missionary, it is all the Lord's vineyard and the great thing is to obey. If God says "Go to Africa" Go - If He says "Stay at Home" Stay. The work of the "Home folks" is just as great in the sight of the Lord as the work of those at the "Front" providing one is obeying God.

In your letter of March 1st you mention
 the Missionary Meeting at Detroit - the
 "Students Volunteer Movement" and that four
 daughters and two sons had gone to attend
 it, and in your letter of April 3rd you
 speak, or, rather, write of their return and
 how they enjoyed it. I would much
 have liked to attend that meeting. What
 a wonderful man is Hudson Taylor.
 Miss Geraldine Guinness was there also
 I met her father, mother, two brothers and
 a sister when in London; they are a
 gifted family; did Scott hear her? And
 what did he think of her? We were glad
 to hear about Bro. Shiras. When you see
 him again tell him he is not forgotten
 I must try and write him. We have
 heard from Tampa that a good work
 has been going on in the Presbyterian
 Church. Our hearts are made glad
 when such news reaches us. One can
 easily see from your letters that the Church
 in Rochester is a heavy burden on your heart,
 and my heart goes out with yours to
 the Throne of Grace, that the hearts of that
 people may be awakened. How hard
 to do work where the Church and the
 world are mixed together!

And now, I must tell you of our work out here. When first we reached this field there were six of us who gathered at our first prayer meeting. Now my wife and I are alone here in the wilds of Africa! and yet not alone for He who said "Lo! I am with you always" is indeed with us in a special way. Well, first of all Mr. + Mrs. R. went home: the climate did not agree with them. Mr. + Mrs. Adamson then were left us; things went along smoothly until last February Mrs. Adamson was called very suddenly from the darkness of Africa to the radiant brightness of the Home of God. "What a wonderful change" as a friend of ours expressed it. We were all well one week and at the end of the next Mrs. A. was buried and my wife sick in bed. Suddenly! yes. "Oracle" for in an hour that I think not the Son of Man Cometh! What a time it was for us: only that the "Everlasting Arms" were underneath us and the "Wings" over us. How could we have passed through that time thousands of miles from human sympathy but right in the arms of Jesus!

My wife was sick in bed with fever at the time: And I had to go from one bed to the other: when I saw that Mrs. Adamson's time had come, when God was to call her away, I hardly knew what to do. Whether to tell my wife or not, but putting it all into the hands of our Master, I told her. And then when the time drew near I told my wife that I must have to remain with Mrs. A. and so from ten to twelve o'clock at night I was with her husband at the bed side. At midnight she breathed her last. I was so fearful of the effect on my wife, but God spared her to see.

The next day Saturday we buried her: Mr. Adamson and I, the Natives came to see, and I talked to them of Mrs. A. and the life to come. Sabbath morning following I preached to the Natives from the text "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ will give you life." And God gave me words with which to tell the people. They seemed very much interested, we pray for and bless His word. Well, last July Mr. Adamson left us for Europe, my wife and I are alone in the ^{of} Africa.

We have been here on our Station for
 the past fifteen months; during this time
 we have had to unlearn much and learn
 much more. Missionary work is not all
 we thought it was, and it is much
 more. We had hoped to find a people
 glad to receive our message; and that
 we would have only to learn the language
 and tell them the wonderful story, and
 then see them coming into the Church.
 We were not prepared for the utter in-
 difference. They are not exactly idol worship-
 pers but they have "Missis" or charms or
 sticks, and these they allow to go into decay
 through indifference. I cannot find among
 them any preconceived idea of a deity
 not even another world or state after
 death, only this they believe that when
 a man dies his spirit goes to the "Imputed
 Country" for a while and then returns to
 his town or to another as he wills and
 entering into the body of a woman
 is born again - and lives another
 life and so on - for ever. I say "forever"
 and yet they have no idea of time.
 One month or two months back seem
 as far as they can intelligently go. -

Let me give you a synopsis of one week's work - but first I must tell you of our Station. When Mr. Lapsley came here, over three years ago, he began work by buying and repairing plows. These remained on the Station and became "Station People". Well, when Mr. H. came, he followed in Mr. L's steps and bought all that came. When we came on the Station we entered no protest as it seemed all right, and those who had been here longer than we had, had established the precedent. In a little while our "Station People" numbered 80 odd souls. Now, to rightly instruct them and civilize them it surely would not do to keep them in idleness; so they were given, each a wage, (5¢ a week) sufficient to feed them, and clothe them. We furnished the houses, and they were given work to do, some, cutting out the avenues around our Station; others hewing down trees; others building fences &c. &c. Well, with six people on the Station this was well enough. Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. Rowbotham, and Mrs. Snyder to look after the children. Mr. Adamson, Mr. Rowbotham and myself to see to the men & women, and even then there was plenty of work for each one to do. Mr. & Mrs. R. went away after just four months stay here, and there

Mrs Edmonson and Mrs Snyder had to divide
 Mrs R's children between them, giving each
 13 children to clothe & care for. And Mr A.
 and I had to buckle down to the extra
 work Mr. R. left, at this time I had so far
 acquired the language as to be able to take
 my turn every other Sunday. And every
 other morning - As soon as Mr. R's departed
 we commenced having meetings every night
 in addition to our other meetings. And Mrs. A.
 Mrs. S. and myself had the daily school and
 Mrs. A + Mrs. S. the Sunday school. At Mrs. A's -
 death the heavy burden fell on the dear wife;
 and to add to her burden, shortly after Mrs. A's
 death the State gave us 23 children extra -
 we had lost several by death, still it
 made the number up to 43 children, to look
 after & care for. Then the Board at home with
 out much fore thought, ordered Mr. A. to the
 lower Congo, to attend to the transports, thus
 leaving this large station with its vast amount
 of work for two people to care for. "Surely
 the devil got his work in" You see it forces
 me to be wiser over this lot of people and
 the lot of work to be done. Now I have a
 Brick-Kiln on my hands - fences to be built
 houses for the people to be made - lots to
 be planted to corn &c to feed them -

I had benches to make for our new Chapel -
 to seat over a hundred. (These I have finished
 then I have windows to make for the Chapel
 See that all people are kept busy. And
 settle innumerable palavers to settle; besides
 this a Sermon every Sabbath Morning, a meeting
 Sabbath evening, a Service every morning on
 the Station and a Service every night except
 Saturday, and twice a week a meeting
 in Kasanga, the village about half a mile
 from here. Every day. There is a hoe to mend
 or an ax to helve, or a knife to fix. Then
 I must give them a "Muxinda" i.e. a book to
 work by. Then we do not do our trading as
 people at home. We cannot send to the
 market for what we want, but must buy of
 the Native as he brings it. Well, You start to
 go to do some work. You meet at your door
 a native; After some talk he produces one
 egg. You go to the Store-room unlock and
 enter. Examine his egg well, for he is not
 above selling you a bad one, it proves to be
 good and you pay him for it, two thumbles
 of beads, close up and start off, and the
 Native very likely produces another egg
 from his loin cloth and wants more for it.
 You must remember you are a missionary
 or you may say something foolish as for

Medical work extra

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Again unlock the boxes, very likely you will
say in English "Why in the world did you not
give me both eggs at once" and the Native
thinking you are saying some thing nice, will
smile a bland smile and say *Moigi* as
if nothing had happened. Well, again you
start and get as far as the gate when
you meet a Native with two or three chickens
perhaps. You did not sleep well the night
before, perhaps you have a headache now, and
you know there are men and women waiting
for work, but you must patiently listen
to the Native's tale and buy his chickens for
if you don't he may get fat, and you will
be minus your dinner. At last you get
to your work and if you are not very
very careful you will lose your patience
as you find your people sitting down
or lying down waiting for you to tell them
the simplest thing. Well we buy on an
average fifty eggs a week and ten chickens
these form our principle food - for days and
days we eat eggs for breakfast and
chickens for dinner - must do it - nothing
else to eat. Canned goods we can get
by sending to London for them -
but they are tasteless out here. Then there
are people on the station all, all men & women
nothing but children after all and for

are called upon to settle petty quarrels -
 Then once in a while you have "a steaming
 palaver on your hands, added to all the
 the responsibility of standing between heathen
 darkness and Christian light, you have
 a trial time indeed, Oh but it does bring
 one close to the Saviour, What a blessing it is
 when I know that at my side walks ~~He~~
 who said "So I am with you always" and
 what a searching of heart a life like this
 entails. God has opened my heart wide,
 wide, and oh how much self it has
 disclosed - If only we could indeed "deny
 our self" the "taking up of the cross" would be
 an easier matter. I have been wonderfully
 helped by reading Andrew Murray's books
 "With Christ in the School of Prayer", and "Holy in
 Christ" when you answer tell me if you have
 read them if not I will send them to
 you. But I must close this poorly written
 and I feel sure unsatisfactory letter. My time is
 so occupied. As to fruits for our labor, we can see
 an improvement and we feel that the time is not far
 distant when there will be souls saved. My wife wants me
 to ask you if you know whether the Salvation Army is at
 work in Africa? If so where? and with what success?
 Give our love to your wife, to Bessie, Scott &
 Charley and all - Remember us - in your prayers
 in fact that you are praying for us ^{as your people}
 Christian love ^{Divine}