

Copies sent to
Franklin
Oct.

28

Rev. G. J. Griffiths.
Barabridge, Ga. Livebo - N. Co. Africa -
Sept. 20, 1894 -
Dear Doctor:-

Perhaps you know, by this time, that my wife and I are sole workers on this immense field; when we came here we thought three couples were little enough; and so prayed for more; when Mr + Mrs R. returned, and so left only four of us, we prayed more earnestly; and went to work harder. Then when Mrs. Adamson's sudden death came to her, and only three were left to do the work of at least eight, we prayed all the harder; and now Mr. Adamson has been ordered to the lower Congo (over a thousand miles from here) and my wife and I are alone with Him who said "Lo! I am with you always." We have been alone here ever since the last of July. And we are praying all the harder, and working all the harder. We hope to have help in October; but from the news we received the last mail, we dare not count on it. It is not at all pleasant living alone; with no one with whom to share the many responsibilities of so large a field.

There are always palavers to settle, some of them easily disposed of, others needing prayer and thought. Several days ago, perhaps, I should say weeks ago, The Trader, (living over the river, a small uneducated man, a Belgian) hired all the Bakete, to work his house. Shortly after they had gone to work, they came to me complaining of the harsh treatment by the Trader, they told me that he whipped them very much, and for no cause. He did not pay much attention to them for the Bakete are lazy and all the Traders believe in the whip. But we were not prepared for the statement made by one of the Bakete, later on, that the "White Man" had killed one of their number. We learned from the Natives, that this man was at work on the roof of the house and the Trader finding fault with him began to whip him; he, naturally, descended and started to run away when the Trader cut him over the eye with the whip. Thus blinding him, and still running away he ran into a hole, because of his blindness and was killed - The Chief of the Bakete came to me for advice, He said

the people of Kasunga were exceedingly angry and wanted me to tell them what was best to do: I told him that I was sure the white man did not intend to kill the Mukete and that it was an accident, still he did wrong in whipping as he did: The Baskete must not take it into their own hands to punish the trader: "Buli-Matadi" (The State) was the earthly King here and they must wait until he came and then tell him all about it; God teaches us to respect earthly authority, and if they did not respect the law they would be doing wrong: And come more on this same strain - Well, he left seemingly well pleased with the advice: I did not want to have them harm the trader. Next I went to see the trader to see if I could make peace. He denied being in any way to blame for the death of the Mukete: Said the Mukete ran away for nothing and fell in the hole. He said the Baskete were lazy and good for nothing. I told him I would like to see the palatine over and peace reign. He told me it was all settled. So I came home

only to learn that the palaver was not
 finished; but it had resolved itself into a
 business matter; the Bakete demanding
 pay for the death of the Muskete; so I dropped
 the matter. - The Sunday following we heard
 that the Bakete had refused to sell our
 people "Chumbie" (food.) And it worried
 us a little for fear that the Bakete were
 taking us into the Palaver; One Monday I
 inquired, but found out that we were
 still on friendly terms with them. Well,
 during the next week the trouble between
 the trader and the Bakete was patched
 up; and Sunday morning on our way to
 Chapel we met the Bakete on their way
 over the river, asking what was up they
 told us that they were going to work for
 the "White man". We told them of the wicked-
 ness of working on Sunday and that God
 would be very angry with them; they said
 "Oh, it is a palaver for the white-man, he orders
 us to work and God will be angry with
 him but not with us; We induced two to
 turn back to the Chapel. My text for the
 morning was, "Repent and be baptized in
 the name of Christ every one of you, for the
 remission of sins, and ye shall receive the
 gift of the Holy Spirit."

the people were attentive: may God bless
 you. The next day I wrote a note to
 the trader telling him how sorry we were
 that he had ordered the Bakete to work
 on the Sabbath; that it was wicked &c: he
 never answered the note, but told his
 people what I had written, and laughed
 at it; so the people told me. Well, the
 fact of his telling the beach people what
 I had written was the best thing for
 our cause, he could have done, for they
 know that we preach to all alike. The
 trader has ever been a source of annoy-
 ance to the missionary by his godlessness.
 They drink, work on Sunday, live unlaughly
 with one or two native women, and many
 other things. The native sees in him a white
 man the same as the missionary; but now
 the Bakete and our people discriminate
 they call us "Pana va Nzambi," the
 children of God, and we receive their
 disavowal the hermits of the trader and
 the "people of God" and we are satisfied
 that the "people of God" do not suffer
 by the comparison. Apropos of the trouble
 over the river we might tell you of a "Muskabas"
 or big Palaver at Kasenga arising out of the
 trader, or connected with it —

The palaver was this: The Trader had paid part of the money due the Bakete and this they had taken home and one man had the oversight of it; the next day when it was brought out and counted it was found short 1000 Cowries; hence the palaver, Now the question arose, who is the thief? The "Branaga" palaver was opened; this is the "Poison drink test", The man who had the Cowries in his care, was the first one tried, he drank the poisoned water and failing to vomit it, was pronounced the thief and made to pay 5 goats; five times the amount stolen; before drinking the "Branaga" the man protested his innocence but after the trial was over he submitted deeming it foolish to contradict the Branaga. If the "Branaga" proves a man guilty that settles it, he is guilty and he calmly submits. We have tried to talk them out of this silly way of doing but to no effect! The Bakete have some peculiar laws: I must tell you in another letter, this letter has grown too long already and I don't want to tire you. But I cannot close without mentioning it a more personal letter -

It is evening and my wife is sitting
 at the end of our homemade table knitting
 lace: tell Daisy I know she can see her
 if she will just close her eyes and im-
 -agine we are all back in Lampa and
 Daisy is down in ~~Flat~~ St. How we yearn
 to see you all. Dear Walter has he forgotten
 us? I wonder if he still plays Doughtore.
 I hope he will be a greater man than a
 Doughtist though; and George, he must be
 of a great help to you all. And dear little
 May with her large searching eyes: Tell
 them all I often think of them and hope
 to see them all: And the dear wife how
 we would like to sit down to a cup of coffee
 with her; and then a long, long talk by
 the fireside!! When you get this letter, two
 years of our stay here will be over, and
 if some one comes out to relieve us we
 can go to see you some time in June 1896
 when the strawberries ripen. Will you
 give us a welcome? We are not sure of
 being able to go home when our time is
 up. No new people coming out. Sheppard
 and wife are on the way; but who can
 tell if they will prove healthy? They may
 have to return early? The "Board" seems
 wretched to send any more out for years!

but what of those who are already here and need
 change? No fear for them. Well, You will say, "is
 what of your work?" Well, dear doctor I have not
 the same ideas about mission work that I had when
 I was in Tampa. I had an idea that the Natives were
 just waiting for the Gospel; and our hard work
 would be over when once we knew how to talk in
 their own language! Oh! what a come down was here!
 they don't want the Gospel. they don't want even their own
 poor religion, their idols are going into decay; and those
 who believe in them don't care enough to make new. Their one
 cry is "Nasha bwalo mome" No balawo of mine, and now
 since we have told them of God, Nzambi, if we ask them
 the why and wherefor of any thing they will say "Bwalo
 bi Nzambi" i.e. "Palawo for God." Even our own children,
 will say "Bwalo bi bon", or "Bwalo bi yendi" that is
 Palawo for them or Palawo for him, or her, when we ask
 why are the people so bad? or why is the ~~work~~ so bad? Such
 an easy way to shift responsibility. Tell Daisy she would
 have laughed good if she could have heard Polly tell me
 about the "foreign water" mamona gave her with which
 to clean the brass candlesticks "Oh Iranganika Luka" she said
 mai di mputu kono tula fa muti mome! Oh
 doctor it just pulled the top of my head off: My
 wife had given her some ~~Asiatic~~ water to
 clean with & Polly had never seen any thing of the
 kind before. Polly is in disgrace now she has
 been very bad.

Monday Nov. 5th 1894-

You see, dear doctor, that we don't get things out here any more quickly than we do at home. We were looking for a Steamer when I wrote this letter, over a month ago - Well, about two weeks ago the Steamer came bringing Mr. & Mrs. Sheppard, Miss Thomas, and Miss Felling, all colored - So we are quite lively again, only it would be a treat to have a dear friend of the same color to talk to a white - The boat brought us some mail and plenty of boxes - and some bad news of a fight or contemplated fight between the State and the French. Should this late peace it would very likely put us in a very unenviable position - We understand that England has a quarrel with France also, and in Africa too. Well, well. That long looked for European war may be forth coming! You will know of it through the papers and me through the fact that no boat comes to us -

Well, I must close. Love and a kiss to each from both of us -

Monte us I am -

Yours as ever -

D. W. Snyder -

Lusbo -
N. C. Africa Cong. Free State