

LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

AFRICA.

DR. SNYDER'S DIARY—CONTINUED.

Thursday, Oct. 4, 1894.—The diary has had to suffer for the past few days. We have been very busy taking inventory and balancing accounts, so as to be ready for the daily-looked-for boat. The exceedingly dry season has caused the water in the river to reach a very low level. Last year this time we had had two mails from home; and then we have looked daily for the boat in the hope of seeing help. No one who has not been in just such an isolated place has any idea what it means for two people to be situated as we are. Naturally, my wife feels it more than I. A man can go around out doors so much more than a woman. Man's work is of so different a character that, in a measure, it makes the loss of companionship more bearable. My heart aches for the dear wife, for she sorely needs the companionship of a kindred soul; and yet she goes on so uncomplainingly! We are still suffering with aggravated prickly heat, and loss of sleep is one of the evil effects.

Friday, Oct. 5.—An exceedingly hot day, relieved by a breeze. We look for a shower this evening. Our people still talk of going to see their friends. They say they will surely return again. Perhaps they will return, and perhaps they will not. Anyway, we know that it is for the best. They are intellectually acquainted with the story of the cross, and who can say that they have not sufficient knowledge on which the Holy Spirit can work. At least, they will make it easier to introduce the gospel in their village, for they assure me they will tell their friends all

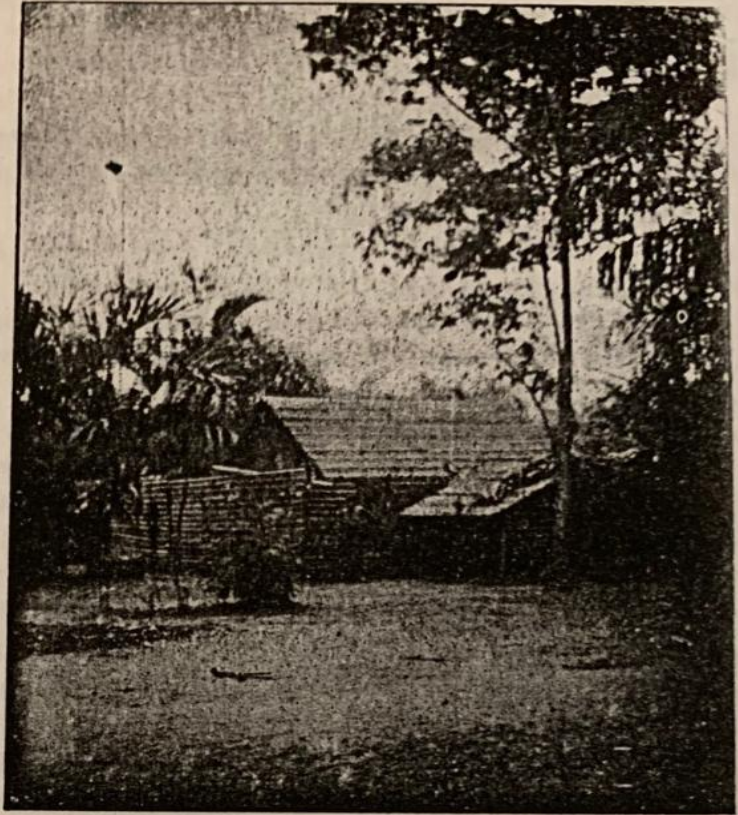
about "God's palaver," and so I have questioned them, in order to know what they will tell. They have learned that God made everything; that he causes the rain to come and makes the things to grow whereby they are fed; they know that they are not like the animals, in that they have a *living soul*; they know that all hearts are bad; they know that a person having a bad heart, unwashed in the blood of Jesus, cannot enter heaven; they know that Jesus, the Son of God, came into the world for sinful people, and that *he can, and will, wash their hearts white if they wish it*; they know that there is a heaven, where all people having their hearts washed in the blood of Jesus may enter; they know that there is a bad place, away from the presence of God, where all bad people will go; and they know much more. So we feel that all will not be lost, even if they do go. Their plea is a great desire to see their friends, from whom they were stolen some years ago. The children, of course, we keep. They are too young to care for themselves, and would soon become the property of the slaver.

Friday, October 11.—About four o'clock this afternoon one of our men came running to me, and in a very highly excited voice called out, "*Sheppidi wakula! Sheppidi wakula!*"—i. e., "Sheppard has come! Sheppard has come!" I could hardly believe it; for I knew that the water was too low for any steamer to come within miles of this place; but my man insisted; had he not seen him, and shaken hands with him? Was he not even now on the path? I went to the house and told my wife, and then hastened to meet him. Half way down to the

river I saw the well-known form of our old-time friend; the friend of the caravan route of nearly two years ago. The same Sheppard! and it was with genuine pleasure I grasped his hand. He soon informed me of the help coming in his three companions. It was impossible for the steamer to come up to the station on account of the very low water; indeed, it could not come further than the confluence of the Luebo river with the Kassai; so Sheppard had left the steamer at that point, and had come on in a canoe. He stayed over night with us, and early the next morning he left, to bring his wife and friends to the mission.

Friday, October 12.—Hard at work all day getting a house ready for our new missionaries. Mr. Sheppard had shown his preference for "Mr. Rowbotham's" house; the natives call it "*Nsoba mukilenga Longost*," a sort of monument, you see, to Mr. Rowbotham. Well, as Mr. Sheppard had shown a preference for this house, I went to work to make it as home-like as possible, remembering how our spirits were depressed when we came and had to prepare ourselves a resting place. All day I had the men to work cleaning, clay-washing, and roofing and flooring, and by Saturday night, with the help of the dear wife, we were in readiness for them, although we did not look for them before Monday.

Sunday, October 13.—Rainy and unpleasant. Did not go to Kasenga; preached to the people in the station chapel. The day passed uneventfully, and as night set in we said: "Well, they cannot reach here to-day." We



A BAKETE HOUSE.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Adamson.)

spent the evening in reading the home religious papers, as the mail had reached us the day before. At ten o'clock, just as we were about to retire we heard a shouting from our people and soon the word was brought us that Mr. Sheppard and his party were on their way up from the beach. My wife hurried over to the house to put the last touches to the rooms, to arrange mats, etc., and I hurried down the path to meet the new comers. I had nearly reached the river before I met Mrs. Sheppard and Miss Thomas, and with them, Miss Fearing. They were all tired and wet, having come a long way in a small canoe. The walk up the hill was soon accomplished; and my wife found clean and dry clothes, and by half past twelve we were all resting in bed; two of us happy over the fact that help had arrived, and the

others happy that the long trip was finished and they might rest.

Monday, October 22.—Yesterday, had our usual services; subject, "The Prodigal Son;" all seemed interested. Mr. Sheppard and family have been with us a week, and are getting ready for work; they are busy with the language. I hope to be able to do more at it, now that more time will be given me. I find there is much to learn yet. It is such a comfort to have the dear friends with us. We hope now to accomplish at least six times as much as heretofore. One great comfort to me is, that should it be God's will to call me home to himself the dear wife will not be alone. It was a continual burden (but shows the lack of faith) lest I should die and my wife be left here alone, so far from any help; and you know it is not among the improbable things that I should be called next; although, thanks be to our God, I am in better health to-day than ever, and feel that I would live for years yet.

Thursday, October 25.—Everything running smoothly. Mr. Sheppard has charge of the men; this will give me more time for study. Next week, in connection with my studies, I hope to start a school for the new missionaries, to instruct them in the Bakete language. We will watch with increasing interest the effect on the natives of the colored missionaries. So far they do not show any difference, but treat them exactly as they treat us, and look on them as *ufuma—i. e.*, superior people, chiefs. While they refuse to work for each other, they never hesitate to work at anything for our colleagues. These people bow to superior knowledge, and always look up to anyone who knows more than they do.

Saturday, November 3, 1894.—Press of work has kept me from the diary.

On Tuesday of this week the steamer came in. As the spring rains and the melting snow swell the tiny stream to a rushing torrent, so the accumulated work of Mr. Rowbotham, Mr. Whyte, and Dr. Sims brought a torrent of boxes into this station; and what a time we had in getting them all up, and then opening them! Goods that were ordered nineteen months ago, just turning up! And then such loads for the mission! and where to put them? That was one of the questions. Well, this Saturday finds things in better shape, but all of us tired out.

Monday, November 5.—Added to all this, I have had a patient, Mr. Saturino, the Portuguese, of whom Mr. Lapsly made mention in his letters. Mr. S. has been suffering with hæmaturia for some time. I did not know of his sickness until this last week, as he had been away and had just returned. As soon as I heard of his return sick, I went down and found him not only very ill, but without anything to eat. He could not talk English, nor I Portuguese, but by a system of signs we managed to misunderstand each other; for I certainly understood him as having medicine, and, not wishing to force myself on him, I left; but, through Mr. Sheppard, who could talk French to him, I learned that he would be glad of medicine. So I started in, and have had a very tedious case; have been to see him twice a day ever since, and have given him three hypodermic injections of quinine, besides other medicines and quinine by mouth. I have had but little hopes of his recovery, as the hæmorrhages have been persistent and severe, but to-day he is a shade better, thanks to God! for, after all, what would the medicines do or be worth if God's blessing did not rest on them?

Mr. Saturnino lives only a quarter of a mile from here, perhaps a little less, but in going to him one has to descend about one hundred feet—the coming back is what tells. It is tempting hematuria, going it twice in one day—but what is one to do? I have learned that he understands a good deal of Kikete, and so we can converse freely, as long as we stick to simple subjects. Kikete does not admit of extended usage.

Mr. Sheppard takes the meeting again to-night. I hope that in a very short time now he will be taking every other evening service. Last night six of us met around the Lord's table, and what a restful, helpful time it was! My wife and I could not help but recall the time, only thirteen months past, when six others sat at the Lord's table in the very same room; and the thought came, who will be the first to go of this six—Mrs. S. and I being the only ones left of the original six.

[Mail has been received from Dr. Snyder, dated January 28, including a letter, his diary, and a copy of a primer prepared by him for use at Luebo. The following are extracts from his letter.—EDITOR.]

I am sending a primer in the language of the Bakete, which I have made at leisure moments: I think a number of them could be sold among the churches as a curio. Perhaps a picture or two of Luebo houses would add interest to it. . . . Sheppard is a wonderful helper and a good companion. His party have found a warm place in our hearts. Mrs. Sheppard came very near death. My own dear wife is just recovering from a severe attack of hematuria, and perhaps ought to go home; but I cannot leave just now, and she will not leave

me and these station children. Trusting in God, we remain. Can you not send us more people?

A DIARY KEPT IN CONGO LAND

EXTRACTS FROM MR. ADAMSON'S DIARY.

July 20, 1894.—To-day we had strange news—that a steamer was just a little way down the river. On opening my mail (which it brought) I found a call from the Committee to go to the Lower Congo, to look after transport matters. It is hard to leave a loved work, and still harder to leave many things in an incomplete state; but after Mr. Snyder and I discussed it we came to the conclusion that it was best for me to go.

July 23.—By dint of hard pressure I managed to join the steamer when it was ready to start. On going on board I noticed that the engineer was not looking well, and mentioned this to the captain, adding that if the engineer became ill I would be willing to take his post. The captain thanked me, assuring me that should the engineer get down, my services would be needed. Soon afterwards our wheel began revolving and we were speeding down stream. We had not gone over half an hour, when both the engine men came running to me, saying the engineer was dead. On reaching the engine room I found that he had fainted. When he came to I got him in bed, and found he had a high fever. I took his place at the engine; and shortly afterwards we reached Beni Luedi. Next morning, while the steamer was taking in cargo, I went to see the people inland a little, taking with me Npembi Ntumba, a Kasenge boy, who desired to see the land whence the cloth, cowries, and strange food came; also Dick, one of our station

boys, who is to go back with Mrs. Sheppard. We were not long in finding out that the people called themselves Bakuba, though they speak a different dialect from those living behind Luebo. The change in language seems to be in the prefixes.

July 25.—We reached Beni Bendi, at the confluence of the Kasai and the Sankuru. Here we found the agent sick with hematuric fever, the sixth attack within a year. On the left bank of both the Kasai and the Sankuru the people are called Baxilele, while behind the station the Busongemera are found. The next day I went "hippo" hunting for the first time. At breakfast next morning, I learned that the sick agent had died during the latter part of the night, and at noon he was buried. At Beni Luedi we left an agent who does not expect to live to see the next steamer, yet he would not leave and come down with us; and here at Beni Bendi we have just buried another, to whom any doctor would have given a home-leave six months ago, but the man would not take it. Such examples could be multiplied. And for what do these men undergo such risks? For money! Truly we missionaries have cause to be ashamed that our zeal may be outstripped by others.

July 28.—I had been told that I should have to remain here; but, when the steamer was ready to be off for the Sankuru, the captain desired me to accompany them, fearing that the engineer might be ill again, and that my services would be needed. I was glad the captain changed his mind, and that I should have the opportunity of seeing the Upper Sankuru. Next day we reached Mokikama, the chief rubber station of the Societe Anonyme Belge. Here Mr. Unckles, an American, is in

charge, having a Londoner, named Mr. Andrea, as his assistant, their chief object being to teach the natives to work rubber in American fashion. The American method is admitted to be better than the native, but the rubber prepared in this way dries out thirty per cent. in transport. Here we are also at the spot from which it would be best to seek to reach the Bakuba, being among them and but two days from their capital. Not only is the King's capital this near, but the town of his sister, who is reported to rule over more people than he, is only six and a half hours distant. She is said to rule over the Bakuba, on the river bank. Her laws are the same as those of the district under the rule of Lukenga. It is reported here that Lukenga is dead.

Next day we visited some branch factories, where rubber is being made under the direction of Jamaica assistants. These men, like the traders, are utterly godless, and have made a choice of drink, money, and lust as their gods. Next day we passed many small factories. Instead of the Bakuba, we are now among the Basongememe, and for the next three days we steamed through their country. On Saturday, August 4, we reached Lusambo, the finest interior station of the state. The Commissaire (*pro tem.*), with evident pride, took me around and showed me the different good things, among them their admirable houses built of brick. We had a walk through some of the many avenues, and he showed me, among other things, the first installment of 1,000 nice cottages, which are to line this avenue, and in which the station people are to live; also some Arabs, among whom are two big chiefs, who had been captured in the last fight, and who will be free as soon as sufficient ivory is paid for their ran-

som. We then had lunch, after which we went to see the seven hundred station people get their rations. Twenty-six of these, who were literally skeletons, got no rations, a thing they seemed used to, but they were handed over to Mr. Unckles, to work his rubber. They seemed pleased with the change. There were eight others, big, strapping fellows, who were also refused rations, but, instead, received one hundred lashes. The lash was applied while they were chained together, and they have to remain on the chain for two or three months, and in a week or two they will receive another hundred lashes. It is likely that four out of the eight will die under this treatment.

Up the Sankuru one day further is the town of Mpama Matumba, chief of the people whom we know as Nsapasap (Zap-o-zap), a chief so strong that until recently he has defied the state, and refused to allow a trading post in his territory. It is said that 10,000 people reside in this town, and that 10,000 more live around the station on both sides of the river. Two or three tribes are represented here, the chief one being the Basangememe, who lord it over the Baluba, who in turn lord it over the Bakuba.

August 10.—We are steaming down the Kassai toward the Congo and Stanley Pool, so rapidly that one does not have time to gain much knowledge of the people. All I could learn was that on the right bank the Basangememe,



VILLAGE SCENE AMONG THE BAKETE.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Adamson.)

and Bankutu, and Basenxi tribes bound while on the left bank are found the Baxixele.

August 16.—We reached the Congo at the S. A. B. station of Kwa-mouth where we took on board Mr. Langhelt who has been eleven years on the Congo and who came out with us three years ago and has been home only once since. We found, on comparing notes, that out of the twenty-eight first-class passengers who came out to the Congo three years ago, only four were on the field, and one of these (himself) had been home and back. The rest, with the exception of possibly three, are dead. The record of the intermediate and steerage passengers is worse.

August 17.—We reached Kinchasa about 10:00 A.M. In a short time



CONGO WASHING SCENE.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Adamson.)

I was at the Baptist missionary station, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Roger in charge—both now in good health. I then made my way by boat to Kintamo, where I found Dr. Sims as busy as ever. A great change has come over the place; bricks and mortar have been used to effect. All the stations on the Pool are looking much more substantial and home-like than they used to. Many more people are here permanently, so that life has now nothing to dull here. However the natives have left the place almost en masse.

August 27.—I have been delayed two days in getting off for Lukunga, by disappointment in getting carriers.

August 31.—About midway to Lukunga we met Mr. Sheppard and party. I gave Dick over to Mrs. Sheppard, who seemed very glad to get him. After lunching together we parted, wishing each other God speed.

September 2.—I reached Lukunga just in time to be present at a baptismal service. There were three so profess-

ing their faith. They have these services about once a month. In the morning I set about looking after our transport.

September 8.—On the 5th I started for Matadi, but on the 7th came into camp sick. With difficulty and weakened by a slight hematuria, I reached the railway station. What a difference a railway makes! As the train, with

its shrill whistle, rushes through the station, one feels once more in the midst of life. As the Matadi express steamed in, life and go are thrown into the scene. Waiting carriers rushed forward and almost embraced the truck with their loads on it. The rest of the train is detached, and at once a hundred willing hands run the truck into the siding; and, almost as quick as I write it, its contents are laid on the platform. Then comes the slower work of loading the caravans. It will be well towards night before that will be finished. But the whistle and bell call me, and I enter the well appointed railway coach. A horn is sounded, and we are off at a fair speed to Matadi. I was astonished and delighted with the progress of the railway.

September 14.—After passing the night at Matadi, I came down stream to Londi, where the Swedish brethren received me kindly.

September 26.—Yesterday evening I heard of the death, at Matadi, of Mr.

Woodcock, a new missionary of the Congo Bololo Mission, who had been only three weeks in Africa. When I was in Matadi, only a few days ago. he preached from the text, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." I was interested in his remarks, but especially in his congregation. I could not help comparing the people who sat before him, with our bush people in the interior. Here their faces beamed with intelligence; the ear, eye, and hand are moved by the same impulses that move us, whilst in the interior the self-satisfied heart and the lazy hand give no answer to persuasions. However, these more favored people here have been brought up from a plane as low as that on which our bush people now are.

September 28.—To-day I sail from Matadi for England, *via* the steamship Nubia.

assistance, he, nevertheless, suggested that it was best for me to trust to my own resources. It was a trying experience—"sink or swim," apparently the former. But I was cheered when I laid the matter before God, and sought guidance in His word. His blessed promise was that He would not lay upon me more than I could bear. New strength seemed to have been given me, and the assurance of divine aid made me feel that the language was not so difficult after all; and thus unconsciously I received strength, and soon found myself sending out caravans without very great effort, to the surprise of those who had been longer on the field. I succeeded in hiring a personal boy, who could speak a little English, and he greatly assisted me. Another reason why I shrank from this work at first was because I supposed it would not give me a suitable opportunity for doing mission work, the