

## LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

## AFRICA.

## DEATH OF POLLY.

DR. SNYDER.

I send you by this mail a few photographs of people and scenes around the mission.

It is almost impossible to get paper our here that is not damaged more or less in transit. This must be my excuse for the lack of "clearness" in the photographs. Still, if not good enough to reproduce in *THE MISSIONARY*, I trust they will prove of interest as photographs to show to friends.

Our little Polly has gone to her last home. She was a sufferer for many months before her death; dying from blood poison superinduced by "chigoe" bites. She was a patient sufferer, and

was always ready to talk of Jesus, and a bright little Christian.

I remember one day, some weeks before her death, she came to me and said, "Ngangabuka, you know I am not well enough to go to church, and I miss the services; won't you tell me what you preached about last Sabbath?" I was very busy at the time, and my first impulse was to put her off till another day; but my better self said, No; and ever since I have been so glad that I listened to conscience and sat down and told all about the sermon, and then had a talk on religion that helped both of us. Polly came to us over two years ago, a veritable heathen, but, thank God, she left us a bright Christian, and to-day we know she is in heaven, happy, and free from sickness.

It is worth all the trials and all the sickness and all the tribulations, this conversion of Polly, and her safe entrance into heaven, even if none other had come out on the Lord's side; but, thanks be to His name, more *have* come and more *are coming*.

Malendola, one of my dear wife's children, and whose picture goes with the others sent by this mail, is the brightest Christian on the station, and has added more than one jewel to her crown already. One day last week I went to my wife with glad news of two more who were seeking Christ, and who wanted to be baptized, and as I mentioned one of them, Budimba by name, she said immediately: "Well, you have Malendola to thank for that." And then she told me of a conversation she had overheard between one of the men working in the yard and this man Budimba, and Malendola's part taken in the conversation. It seems that the two men were discussing a point concerning prayer, and Budimba related how, when he and another man were treed by elephants when carrying a message from me to Mr. Sheppard, they prayed to God, as we had taught them to do, and how God had heard the prayer; for "when they looked up from prayer all the elephants were gone, and they saw them no more." At this point our Malendola broke in, and wanted to know why, knowing all this and how good God is, they did not become Christians? And turning to Budimba she said: "It is a shame for you not to acknowledge God; see your wife, *she* is a good Christian, and you, knowing all the palaver, still hang off." And so she talked on to him, and the result was his coming to me and acknowledging his faults, and seeking how he might be saved.

Apropos of the war of which I wrote

in a former letter, the State troops came here the other day, and with little ceremony attacked a native tribe near here, so near, in fact, that we distinctly heard the noise of shouting and the firing of guns. They killed a number of the natives because they would not give up some Batatale they were harboring, and then the soldiers left. Of course the poor natives could not see the justice of the matter, and a council of war was held, and death threatened to all white men in the valley. Some friendly Bakete came to me last night and warned me against going outside the house at night, as they were seeking my life; but I thanked them and told them I did not fear, God was caring for me, and as I had never hurt the natives, I did not believe they would harm us.

It only goes to show that we are to have worse trouble in this valley, and, were it not for the deep trust we have in God, it would be better to take the steamer (now here) for home; for when the steamer leaves we are, humanly speaking, at the mercy of the natives, as the soldiers have gone away to Malanch.

It begins to look as if the Committee cannot find anyone to come to our aid. What *are* our people thinking of? We are all fairly well at present. Have just completed a dictionary of 8,000 Bakete words.

LUEBO, AFRICA, November 18, 1895.

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### BRAZIL.

#### NOTES FROM SOUTHERN BRAZIL.

MR. GAMMON.

I have allowed more than two months to slip away this time without sending you tidings from this part of the Lord's great parish. When I wrote last, I was away from home, preaching at Bom Successo, and now I am on the eve of