

TRIALS OF MISSIONARY LIFE ON
THE CONGO.

MRS. SNYDER.

Yesterday my husband and I went into Kasenga for the usual service. Quite a number of the little ones gathered around us, and a very few of the men. A short distance from us, about twenty strong men sat in a circle *gambling*—their usual afternoon employment. How sad we felt that we could not seem to influence them to refrain from it long enough to listen. Kasenga is certainly not improving in any way. It is now one of the most dilapidated villages I have ever seen. No attempt whatever to sweep the filth away from their huts, and many of these not fit for any human being to live in. What a disappointment for us! For it is five years now since the mission was established. We were led to believe that the Bakete were holding out supplicating hands for the gospel. How erroneous! *They do not want the gospel.* They like to have the mission-

ary here for about the same reason that they like the trader—we buy their chickens, eggs, and goats. But their indifference to the message does not, in the least, lessen your responsibility or ours. The fact remains *that they are unsaved, and we want them saved.* I have often wished I could stand the noise and confusion of a Bakete village; I would ask my husband to build a house in the town and live there: but they are so frightfully filthy in their habits, and so noisy, especially at night, that rest and sleep would be entirely out of the question.

Africa is a poor place for “restoration of the nerves.” After being here for a time, natural, healthy sleep seems to be a thing of the past to most of us. We rarely can sleep until past midnight, although we retire early. Our station is fully twenty minutes’ walk from Kasenga, through thick woods; yet we can distinctly hear them drumming, singing, and shouting until late in the night. Many times I have heard them after one o’clock, A.M. So this has settled the question of a residence in the village for me. As a rule, we have very little of a *home life* here, since we, and our houses, are expected to be on exhibition *every day, and all day long.* We have, in a measure, become accustomed to this, but not to a constant inhalation of the terrible odors they bring with them. We have a Bakete lad with us (helping us with the translations) who has lately been converted, and, I think, is trying hard to live as a child of God should. But what a time I had trying to induce him to bathe! Some days it seemed as if every nerve in my body rebelled at being shut in the room with him. Except for the work’s sake I could not. One day my boys came to me for soap. They were going to the river to bathe.



Mrs. May Snyder
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PHOTOGRAPHER
WEST DULWICH S.E.

Being with them, I naturally supposed he would join them for the sport, and so offered him a piece of soap. How I wish you could have seen the expression of disgust on his face as he turned away, saying: "*Bi! mai mixica, mamma*"—"the water's cold, mamma." But *now* he comes and asks for the soap, and I know he really enjoys washing his face, for he splashes the water in doing it quite as much as my two ducks in their bath. He is very anxious to remain with us. He asked me this morning if the *book* was nearly finished. I answered his question, and then said: "You want to go back to Kasenga, among your friends?" His reply came so sadly: "No, mamma, if I go there I am afraid I cannot be good. I want to stay with you and Gangabuka." That decided me. Although I have six now to care for, I willingly accept this one too. With a grateful heart I ask God to help me be very patient with this boy, who *wants to be good*. If you, dear friends, at home, could only know how intensely we long for the salvation of the people of Kasenga! But, then, to *know* this, you would have to come here, and see and *know them as we do*. Oh, for "showers of blessing" on the people of Kasenga! And, with all there is here to grieve and worry us, we do, at times, get heartsick when we read in some of our church papers articles that are very disparaging, to say the least, to those whose lives are a daily—yea, an hourly—sacrifice to the work we love. If only some of these *grumblers* would come out and work with us, sharing our anxieties, our uncertainties, many fevers, and lack of what to them would be almost necessities, I think they would go back less inclined to find fault with those who are doing what they *will not*. Oh, for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in *all* our hearts!

LUEBO, AFRICA, October 18, 1895.

CHINA.

FROM SHANGHAI TO SUCHIEN.

BY REV. B. C. PATTERSON.

Allow me to give, in one letter, a glimpse of half the stations of our mission in China, so that you may have some idea of the needs of the work here. These may all be located in your mind by describing the trip to our northernmost station of SuChien.

Take a river steamer in Shanghai for Chinkiang, and nothing could be more pleasant than that ride of one day and night, with the pleasant English officers, on the broad waters of the great Yangtse River. The scenery is pretty, and everything is curious, down to the Chinaman with the sounding-lead at the ship's side, as he cries out: "N-o blollom!" (bottom). Half way to Chinkiang we pass

KIANGYIN,

where Mr. Haden and Mr. Little are located, our only representatives in a great sweep of country and a large city, and thousands of soldiers. Mr. Haden has held the place, amid much opposition, since spring. At

CHINKIANG,

besides Messrs. Woodbridge and Bear, and their families, there are C. I. M., Baptist, and Methodist workers. The work has been exceedingly slow here. It is more encouraging, however, this year. At Chinkiang we take a small house boat and go north by the Grand Canal. We leave behind the picturesque hills and pagodas, and pass into the great rice fields. Twenty miles on we come to

YANGCHOW,

with its immense walls, its 600,000 inhabitants, and 700 boats, lying beside the city. Here the C. I. M. have work.