

LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

LIFE AT LUEBO.

REV. D. W. SNYDER.

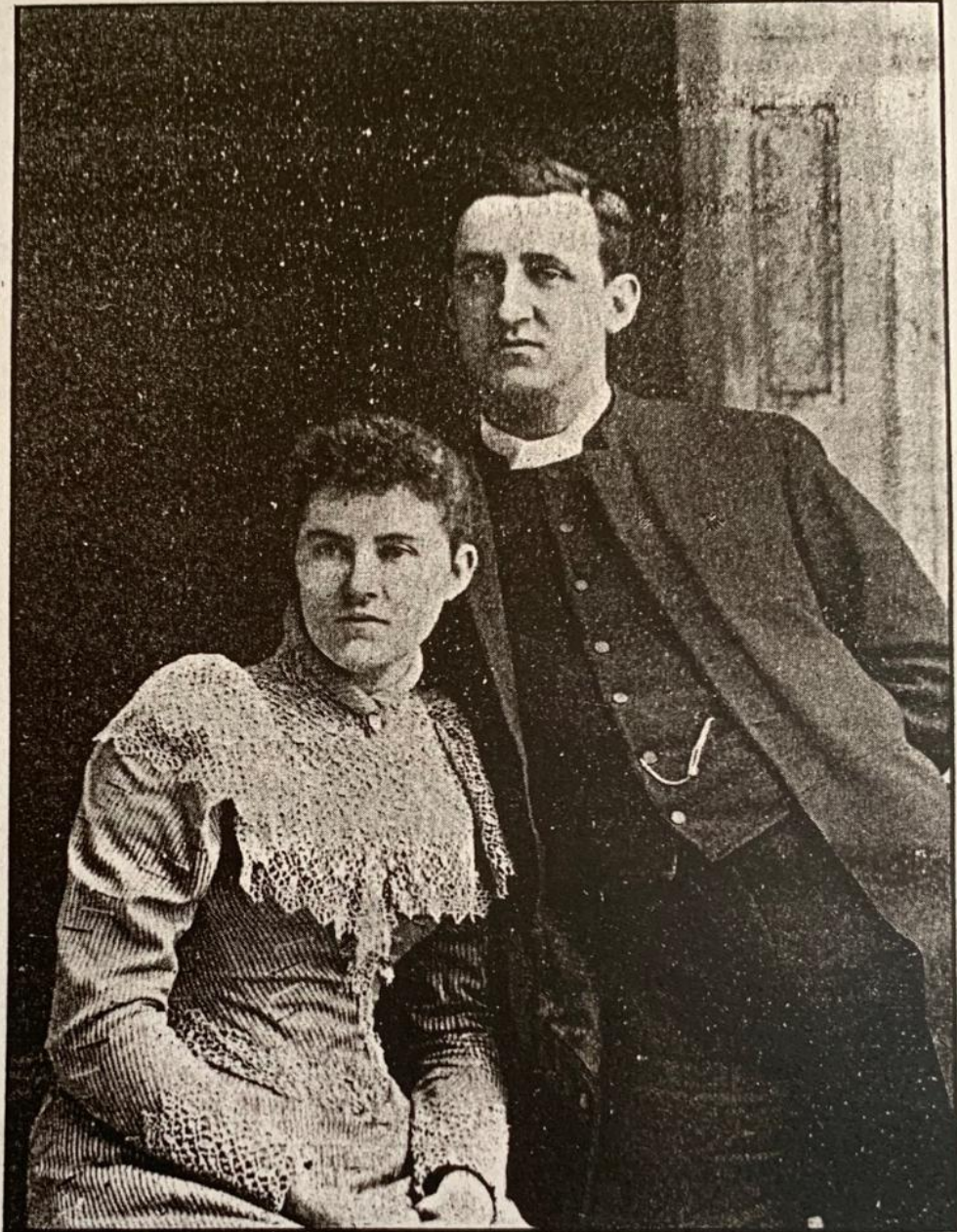
We are daily looking for the "October Steamer" with our mails and goods. It is rather an odd experience for us, who have lived where telegraph and telephone poles were almost as numerous as are the Palm trees here, to be looking for a boat, not knowing whether it is ten feet away or ten miles away.

We have had two mails since we arrived here. One about four months after our arrival and the other about a week later. How glad we were to hear from the dear ones from home, only those who

have been so far away and so entirely isolated, can tell!

In this letter I want to tell you more about the people as we know them, of our work here, and the hope of success. But before entering into this I must speak of our loss—just after a gain, too. You know that our co-worker, Mr. Rowbotham, suffered continually from the African climate. About once a week he had a severe fever. Despite all this, he took upon himself the care of seventy odd hands and kept them at work. Not an easy task by any manner of means. Then came the sickness of his wife, and

the care and anxiety all through that most mysterious and wonderful of all human events, the ushering into life of a new soul. Truly a friend in need is a friend indeed, and it was at this time that Mrs. Adamson came in as the "friend indeed." How thankful we all were that God had blessed all means, and that Mrs. Adamson had added to her other gifts as a missionary, this one, of caring for others at a time like this. But Mrs. Rowbotham fell a victim to continued fever, and for a month patiently fought against this one of the unkind



REV. ARTHUR ROWBOTHAM AND WIFE.

gifts of Africa to those who come here. Mrs. R.'s health was so run down, (and coupled with this our belief that Mr. R. would never conquer the climate), that I recommended that they return, the Mission coinciding with me in this. Mr. R. and his wife and baby left us Friday, September 29, 1893.

The tribes nearest to us are the Bakete, Bakuba, Baluba, Bakumbuya and Zappo Zap. The people on our station are of

the Baluba tribe. The reason is that the Baluba are the only ones who are slaves, and our station is composed of ransomed people. The Zappo Zaps are a long way from us, and we see but few of them. They are, or were,

CANNIBALS,

and a few of them undoubtedly still eat human flesh.

At present we are laboring among the Bakete, whose town of perhaps one thou-

sand people, is only a short distance away. These people are very indolent and sleepy, due perhaps in part to the free use of what is known as "native salt," but in reality is Nitrate of Potash, and the free use of this chemical salt has two effects, one of which is to make a person using it listless and disinclined to bodily or mental exercise; the other is to act as a powerful cardiac sedative, associated with low spirits and a desire to sleep. The highest ambition of a Mukete is to get "plenty to eat, plenty Mulufa (Palm wine) to drink, and a place in which to sleep." The women plant the fields and care for the crop. The men make cloth and mats, and gather rubber. The rubber of this country is not procured from trees, as in South America; but from vines. The best comes from the *Landolphia florida*. It bears a fruit about the size of an apple, which is eaten by the natives; this may account for the

ELASTICITY OF THE CONSCIENCES

of the native Mukete! I found a vine on our land one day, and took one of our men with me to show me how the rubber was gathered. He interested me greatly by telling me that there were *two* kinds of vines, one giving "Ndunda Mfik," and the other "Ndunda Mtok," that is black rubber and white rubber; and then proceeded to show me the two kinds. First selecting a vine, he cut through the bark in several places, from which exuded a milk white juice; this he told me had to be treated by boiling and pounding before it was ready for the market. I took some of it between my fingers and found it exceedingly stickey and unpleasant. This, said my man, is "Ndunda Mfik," black rubber. Now let me show you the other. This vine having been cut with the same result as to milk-white juice, my friend sententiously said "Kivata," meaning *take*. I took of this in my fingers, and lo, it turned to rubber *immediately*.

My friend again said "Mlengele" (I was delighted, and had him cut the vine in several places, and amuse greatly by telling him I wanted to get it with my own hands to show my friends at home. I gathered quite a quantity of it.

Luebo, Congo Free State, Africa, Oct. 17, 1893.

(To be continued.)