

---

---

## LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

---

AFRICA.

MRS. SNYDER.

CHILDREN IN CONGO-LAND.

I promised friends in New York and Tampa, Florida, an occasional letter in THE MISSIONARY. As to our work here, I scarcely know how to present my views, they are so varied at times, we are so new to the work, and new to each other. The

station, as you all know, is quite young, and yet we think it compares favorably as to material results with those much older. We have on the station about eighty natives, men, women, and children; of the latter, twenty-five quite young, *not* including our house children, those we have taken to train in house work

My husband takes charge of the early morning service—6:30 which is really a roll call. They sing a hymn, repeat the Lord's Prayer, sing the Doxology, then the Benediction. After this, Mr. Adamson musters them on the square, and appoints each one his or her work for the day, also keeping a supervision over them during their hours of labor. In the afternoon the younger children are taken to Kasenga, a village under the dominion of the great Lukenga. This village is about twenty-five minutes' walk from the station, and here the school is held. This was done in the hope of inducing the Bakete children to attend, but so far the attendance has not been at all what we had hoped for. In the evening, 8:30, there is another service for the people. Attendance at this service is not compulsory, but so far it has been good.

Mr. Adamson and my husband take charge of these meetings, alternately a week each, but both gentlemen are always present. The preaching at Kasenga is also taken in this way.

Mrs. Adamson and I go through the town on the afternoons of Tuesday and Friday to try and induce the women to come to the service: Mrs. A. doing the talking, as I have not acquired a sufficient command of the language yet for this great purpose. Every moment of our time is filled, and still so much to be done. Just here let me plead with our sisters at home to unite with us in an earnest effort for a lady teacher in our school. We need one more than you can possibly know. I taught the alphabet class when I had only been on the station six weeks; any lady can do it who is sufficiently interested in mission work to join with us. Mrs. A. and I have about all we can do just now, apart from the school. We have each fifteen children to look after and sew for. But there is so much I want to do, I want time to study,

I want to be able to talk to and pray with the women and children in their own language. Mrs. A. will no doubt tell you about our Sunday-school—this is really *ours*. Mrs. A. organized it a few weeks ago, and the gentlemen have nothing to do with it. We are hoping so much from it. How I wish you could look in on us and see the "Tots!" Many of the faces are quite as expressive as those of our white children in our far away former homes. We have nothing as yet in the way of Scripture texts or pictures to make it as interesting and helpful as we believe we could, had we those helps. We have faith to believe that all we need will come to us in time. Some of our little ones are very bright; they are also quite as merry as white children of the same age. I want to tell you of the first dress I made for

MY "MITE POLLY."

It was for her to wear while attending to her little duties around the house (all the children are in dresses on Sunday); but now she was a "house child," and the loin cloth was to be a thing of the past. She was ransomed shortly after we came to Luocho. As soon as she knew that the slip was for her, and to be worn all day, she seemed quite joyous, went out and brought in Mrs. A.'s little Metta to see the dress; she was all animation while talking of it. Her evident pleasure in the new dress only strengthened us in our views as to the course to be pursued in the Christian training of these people. As we know nothing except by comparison, is it not reasonable to suppose that giving these people a standard whereby they may compare themselves, they will be led to see the great difference between good and evil, between cleanliness and filth? They have not the faintest conception of the meaning of the word cleanliness (and this is a battle for us to fight). They know nothing of sin, each believes

himself or herself a paragon of goodness, therefore they have no use for the law. But if only we can once get into these darkened minds the idea of a gentle, loving, suffering Saviour, suffering for *them* even to the death on the cross, and all this without sin, may we not hope for great things? I must admit that our one stronghold will be the children, the adults are without exception too indolent for anything but to eat and sleep. Nature seems to have made every provision for them; the palm tree supplies them with food, with drink (and this drink is intoxicating when taken in excess), the leaves of the tree roofs their houses, the stems for the house proper and the fibre for clothing. But with all their indifference spiritually, their indolence, and their utter lack of cleanliness, we love these people! They are so warm-hearted and affectionate, and we know they love us; if it were not so, we would get "home-sick" much oftener than we do. We have many things to bear and do that cannot by any means be called pleasant or easy; many times we do not know what to do for the best, and then our hearts for a time long for the wise, loving counsel of the tried friends so far away, but then just as often will come the precious promise, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of," and so we go on doing our best, taking such comfort in the thought that "He knows." We long to see you all, but we are very happy, and we know that you are praying for us in our far away African home, the home we have already learned to love so much.

Luocho, Congo Free State, Oct. 24.

MRS. ADAMSON.

WOMAN'S WORK ON THE CONGO.

You will be glad to know that our school-work is progressing fairly well, although our implements for that work