

Muhlenburg Mission.

Monrovia. Liberia. Africa.

Feb. 15th 1894.

MY DEAR ELLEN.

The mail of last week brought me a very pleasant surprise, your letter of Dec. 12th, just two months after it was written. Now and then I get letters from the States in thirty five days but is only when the most direct connection is made at Liverpool. Steamers now cross from N. Y. in from six to eight days but as there one only every two weeks from there to Monrovia, mail matter must wait there. On my way out I had to remain in England ten days for my steamer.

It does seem very wonderful that a letter can be mailed at Hunter, s Run and not only find its way to the West Coast of Africa but into the interior without the envelope getting soiled. So far as appearances go one might suppose it had been handed to me by the writer directly.

I believe you would enjoy an ocean trip. Travel in this age is reduced to a system in harmony with the times. On a modern steamer one not only has the very best of food served in a style equal to the best hotels but every luxury that you can have in your own home. There are splendid bath rooms, Spring beds, lounges &c. Of course there is not an unlimited quantity of room but as we are not on sea very long at a time we can endure close quarters.

The picture came all safe but I do not think it does you justice. The Photographer did not do good work. Still it is at least a reminder of you and I am glad for it.

The Baltimore people were very kind to me and while I had my home in that city they did all that was possible to make it pleasant for me. The watch they gave me is a very beautiful one and cost a hundred and twenty five dollars. How I should have liked to take you there a few weeks. It is one of the finest cities in the U. S. and a kinder or more hospitable people can be found no where. It has the most lovely parks and drives with beautiful buildings and splendid homes.. Souther

people as a rule are very warm hearted and kind and they know how to take care of strangers.

I wish you could take a peep into my room where I am writing. It is a very pleasant little place with a good lounge, book case, writing desk center table and several easy chairs with a nice carpet on the floor. In this out of the way land we need all the comfort we can get. It is bad enough to stay here with all the comforts, without them it would be unbearable.

I would be glad to write to each of the girls but am so crowded that I present it out of the question so one letter will have to do for all. Since I returned I have had some reacclimating fever but nothing to do any harm beyond making me feel dull for a few days.

Emma has been ill for two months but is now getting better and we hope in a few weeks will be quite strong again. More than likely she will have to go to America about May or as soon as the weather gets warm enough for her to venture North.

We are now in the midst of our hot season and I can assure it is warm enough to satisfy even the nude natives who in their wildest dreams of cold weather cannot imagine such a thing as frost. If one of your cold winter days were to swoop down on this country suddenly it would kill all these off.

This is our season for gathering coffee and a hundred little Africans are as busy as bees getting it off the trees unto the yard where it is dried in the Sun so as to be ready to hull. It is rather an interesting process but I have not time to describe it.

Our houses are somewhat out of repair and we are busy putting them in order. This climate is hard on buildings and unless constant attention is given them they soon deteriorate and become unfit to live in.

Give my love to all. Write to me when you can

Lovingly Yours,

D. A. Day.