

Muhlenburg Mission.

Monrovia. Liberia. Africa.

July 11th 1895.

My Dear Ellen.

This is the day for the meeting of the executive committee of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Mission but as there is still an hour before time I have leisure to reply to your letter which came to me by the last mail. I took a picture of them the other day and as it gives a good idea of what the committee is like I send you one. It is not a photograph but simply a print but answers the purpose. Mr. Goll, the President of the Society you will recognize by his white face, the others are all Africans. They are quite a bright set of young people and do their work about as well as the average executive committees do at home. They are bright and generally quick to see a point and in a couple of hours can do a great deal of committee work.

There is also a junior society in the mission. I am sorry I have only a badly stained picture to send but like the other it will serve the purpose of showing what they are like. nine years ago these boys and girls were all in the bush and in heathenism. Now they can all read the Bible and most of them are happy christians.

Of course there will necessarily be some failures among them but most of them will turn out well so that after all in spite of the discouragements in mission work in the Dark Continent, the gospel is getting a hold on the people and in time will do its full work.

I get the papers regularly and have read of the very hard winter in the U. S. Some one from Baltimore took a lot of photographs of the snow drifts and sent them to me. The climate in Maryland is comparatively mild but they had it cold enough last winter.

I scarcely think I could stand a winter as it twenty one years since I have seen snow though if I was to go home in the summer and enter the cold weather gradually I might not mind it so much. Even when I go north a few hundred miles on a steamer I feel the change though it is not out of the Tropics.

For the last week we have been very busy repairing the dwelling house at the mission and like such work at home it is not at all pleasant. In this climate houses require constant attention or they will soon be destroyed by the insects which attack wood and eat it.

This is our rainy season and for a week it seemed to pour down about all the time. For two days we have had a beautiful bright sun with only now and then a sprinkle and after so much rain we know how to appreciate it.

The wet season will last yet for four months and then will come in the dry season. It will rain much harder next month than it does this but we get accustomed to it like we do to other strange things and so do not mind it a great deal.

I shall have to send this to Hunter, s Run as there is no address given but it will no doubt be sent on to you at once. I would like to see all the dear ones at home but as that is impossible I can only send them love and greetings across the Ocean I often think of you and wonder how you are.

With love to all I remain as ever Your, s.

Dorinda N. Day