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Muhlenburg Mission.

Monrovia. Liberia. Africa.

July 2nd 1894.

MY DEAR ELLEN.

This evening I am all alone in my cozy little study and as I have just finished up a lot of business writing for the mission I will take a little time and answer your letter of the 20th of May which came to me on last Sat. evening. It is raining and has been for a week except that now and then there has been an hour of clear sky, just sufficient to let us know that there is still a Sun in the heavens so that with so much cloudy weather we may not forget it.

I wish you could be with me this evening. Since Emma left I have been very much alone and for six weeks mine was the only white face about the Mission. I am however accustomed to being alone and now after two months adjusting myself to the new condition of trying to keep bachelor's hall in Africa. I have a good cook and a splendid chamber maid who keeps my rooms and clothing in good condition but still it requires more than that to make a home

I heard from Emma by the same mail that brought your letter. She had just gone on Board the Steamer Umbria at Liverpool en rout for New York and as that is a very fast ship she has before this time reached her Western home if all went well. I shall be much easier when I hear that she is safe in her home. She had good company all the way to the U. S. and of course from N. Y. could get a ticket through to Evansville. She will not do any visiting until she has fully recovered her health as she is weak and too nervous now to meet many strangers. I do not know how long she will remain in the U. S. All will depend on the rapidity of her improvement. Under the best and most favorable conditions she will not be able to return under a year if then. We have laid no plans but will let the future take care of itself.

The St. Paul River which flows within a few hundred yards of the mission buildings and which in the dry seasons sings a long sweet song has become during these heavy rains a wild flood and the song changed to a roar. The numerous little streams about us are all over their banks and being without crossings of any kind we are completely water bound. Only the natives venture to travel at this season as he has no clothing to speak of and can make way by wading or swimming. He cares nothing for the steadily falling rain torrents and tramps along with the water running off his naked back as unconcerned as though it were the driest of weather. No more satisfied mortal exists than the man of the tropics and no one can possibly take life easier.

This old type writer especially when I am running it rapidly has a bad habit of misspelling words and getting them all out of place and I have a worse habit of not reading over the work afterwards to correct it so you will just have to straighten it out as you go along.



It is getting pretty late and I suppose I had better close. Give my love to all  
Write to me often. You cannot write to frequently as I always want to hear from  
you and the rest of the friends.

With much love I remain Your, s.

Uncle.