

Muhlenburg Mission.
June 18th 1896

DEAR ELLEN.

Your letter of the 9th of May found me confined to bed with a severe attack of erysipelas a disease common to this country to all foreigners, white and black, especially after they have been here a number of years. It is not often fatal but is one of the most annoying things that one can have. I have been in bed with this for a week and will be confined to my room a week more tho I will be able to read and write with comfort. People here have it in the U. S. and I think in a violent form than here but it is not so common. Here it is a little more than a skin disease but its itching is tormenting in the extreme.

This is the first of rainy months and it is drizzling all the time. It is not cold but yet the weather resembles very much our fall at home. The sky is overcast and now and then there is a whistling of the wind around the corner of the house just as in Pennsylvania. In a month from now the streams will be well nigh impassable as there are no bridges or other crossings except that now and then some native man a little more enterprising than his fellows cut down a sapling with his cutlass so that it falls over the creek and which the first freshet washes away. The native does not believe in bridges or anything else for that matter which requires work to erect and care for. He says it is much less trouble to wade or if the water is too swift and deep, to swim or what is better still to stay at home and wait until the rain stops.

After all there is a charm in living in a land where all the people have such a sublime indifference to the passage of time. After one has been here long enough to become accustomed to it and then are suddenly thrown into civilization you wonder what the nervous haste and bustle is all about.

So you have been keeping house all alone. I wish you were here to keep house for me. I am building a new house and while it will not be large it will have in it every comfort that can be had and will be as neat as can be made. It is on one of the most beautiful spots you can imagine. On a high hill it overlooks the St. Paul River with its falls and rapids as far as the eye can carry. I am sure you would like it.

I am not very strong and cannot write at length. I enjoyed your letter very much. It was read while I was lying in bed and I laughed heartily at the spicy way you related your experience with the young men. I can quite imagine how it was.

I wish you could just take a peep into my African home. It would seem very strange to you who have seen so little of colored people to see the entire house managed by them. We have in the house one trained nurse and another from the South who is one of the best cutters and fitters I have ever seen. I am sure there are few white women who can equal her. Both are young and just as lady like and well trained as any one you could meet. Both are college trained and one of them at least is a very good organist. Hoping this may find you well.

I am

your, s as ever.

With plenty of love.

David A. Day.