

THE PATH SHE TROD

ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU

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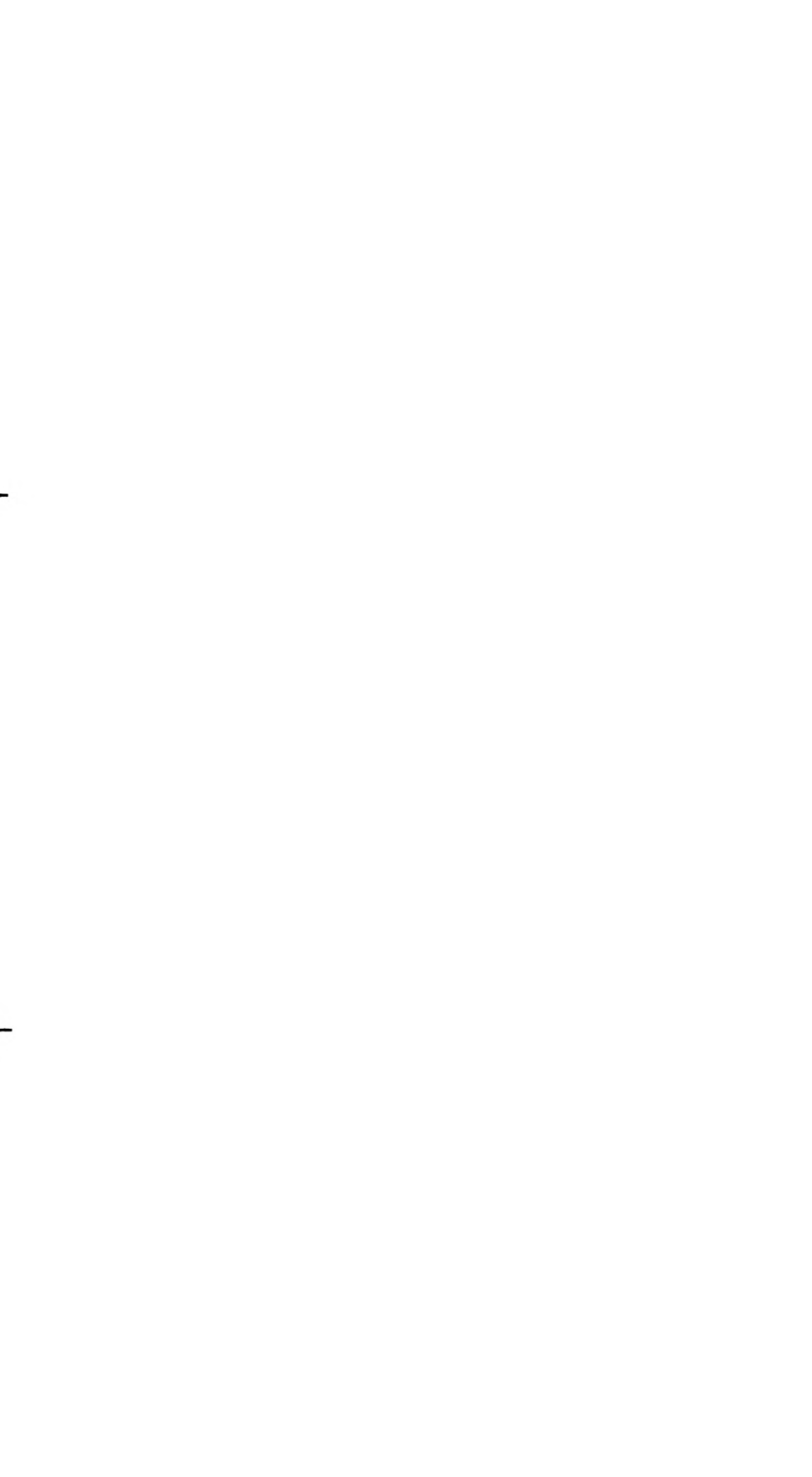
PRINCETON · NEW JERSEY



PRESENTED BY

Miss Helen Titus
of the
Presbyterian Church of Lawrenceville
February 6, 1998

BV 3542 .N28 N3 1909
Nassau, Robert Hamill, 1835-
1921.
The path she trod



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THE
PATH
SHE
TROD

A MEMORIAL

OF

MARY BRUNETTE (FOSTER) ^vNASSAU

BY

HER HUSBAND

F. Humbert Nassau

PHILADELPHIA
PRESS OF ALLEN, LAN'E & SCOTT
1211-1213 Clover Street
1909

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FOSTER GENEALOGY.

THE following data are taken from the genealogical record compiled by the late Capt. Zera Luther Tanner, U. S. N., assisted by Prof. Floyd J. Bartlett, of Auburn, N. Y. The first ancestor in America of whom there is record is:—

A.

CHRISTOPHER FOSTER, of Long Island, N. Y.

Born about 1730. Married Phœbe Hildreth, March 20th, 1756. They had five sons of whom there is record:—

1. Obadiah.
Born April 14th, 1761.
Married Phœbe Ludlow, April 26th, 1799.
2. Jabez.
Born April 27th, 1763.
3. Julius.
Born February 5th, 1765.
Married Elizabeth Hedges.
4. Paul.
Born February 17th, 1767.
Married Hannah Ludlow.
5. LUTHER.

B.

LUTHER FOSTER.

Born at Southampton, L. I., September 10th, 1770.

Married Ruth Hedges, of East Hampton, March 9th, 1791.

Both died in Warsaw, N. Y.; the former, November 16th, 1846; the latter, March 7th, 1860. They had thirteen children:—

1. Ruth Hedges.
Died in infancy.
2. Silas Howell.
Born July 28th, 1793.
Married Fanny Smith, April 30th, 1818.
3. Josiah Hedges.
Born July 8th, 1795.
Married,
 1. May 26th, 1821, H. M. Barbara Greiner, at Montague, N. J.
 2. February 22d, 1832, Sarah Skeer, at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

4. Elizabeth Mary.
Born September 25th, 1795.
Married Ira Gilmore, December 29th, 1816.
5. Hetty.
Born February 10th, 1800.
Married, in Warsaw, Robert Barnett, October 9th, 1837.
6. Jabez.
Unmarried.
7. A son.
Died in infancy.
8. A son.
Died in infancy.
9. JULIUS.

C.

REV. JULIUS FOSTER.

Born December 26th, 1805.

Married,

1. In Towanda, Pa., October 19th, 1840, Priscilla Brunette Fox. No issue.
2. October 10th, 1844, Mary Ann Sayres.
3. April 5th, 1860, Mrs. S. M. Vandeman. No issue.

Children of the second marriage:—

1. Julius.
Born in Towanda, Pa., August 4th, 1845.
Married,
 1. May 23d, 1876, Harriet C. Staniford.
 2. September 29th, 1884, Joanna S. VanNote.
2. MARY BRUNETTE.

D.

MARY BRUNETTE FOSTER.

Born in Towanda, Pa., June 19th, 1849.

Married, at Lakewood, N. J., Rev. R. H. Nassau, M. D., October 10th, 1881.

Died in Africa, August 8th, 1884.

Leaving one child, Mary Brunette Foster Nassau.

FOREWORD.

IF the chief object in penning this Memorial of Mrs. Nassau were as a tribute to herself, it should have been written twenty years ago. With that object in view, there would have been larger reference to what she *did*, in acknowledgment of her work and usefulness. That story would then have been of a being whom to admire and praise.

But I am free to acknowledge that the chief incentive in undertaking this Memorial was to bring to the view of her daughter the inner *character* of the mother, whom it was her pathetic fate never to know. I have therefore endeavored less to describe what I and others saw and knew of her work and outside life, but rather from her own diaries, letters, and other writings, to catch her own thoughts, feelings, aspirations, and consecrations, and thus to make, for the daughter, a *picture* of her mother. This story is therefore of a being whom to revere and love.

R. H. N.

CHAPTER I.

1849, AT TOWANDA, PA.

MARY BRUNETTE FOSTER was born June 19th, 1849, at Towanda, Pa., while her father was pastor of the Presbyterian Church of that place.

Of those who were acquainted with the Foster household of that day, there remain but few who can tell me much of the Foster home or incidents in little Mary's childhood days.

Mr. Foster is remembered as a clergyman who magnified the sanctity of his ministerial calling, carrying its dignity and solemnity not only into the pulpit, but under his own roof and into the society of all with whom he came in contact. Looking at his portrait, one would not think him capable of levity. And yet there was nothing austere or severe either in his words or manner.

As a lad of ten or twelve, I remember having seen him once as a guest in my father's house, at Easton, Pa., where he was attending a Presbyterial meeting. Though seen but that one day, I recall the urbanity that softened the dignity and the courteous smile that prevented my childish fear of the visitor.

A fellow-presbyter writes of him:—"Rev. J. Foster was a lovely man, scholarly, timid, and not self-assertive enough to receive the salary or recognition he deserved, yet regarded *most highly* by all who do not admire a *brazen* face. He preached the pure gospel in Towanda from about 1836 or 1837 to about 1863." In his own family, though he was not demonstrative, his two children so felt the love that was behind the quiet demeanor that he had not only their filial reverence, but their affection so strong that his death was felt by them as the greatest of losses in their youth. Years did not wipe out its memory. All their life they gave, if not a public recognition, at least a heart reference to the anniversary of his death. Mary's brother Julius was four years older than she. Young as he was, he remembers the welcome he gave her. His father had a strawberry bed in the little back-yard garden. Mr. Foster gathered a few of these berries as a delicacy for his wife; and he gave to young Julius the special honor of carrying the saucer to the sickroom. For his successful accomplishment of that mission he was rewarded with a new privilege of being allowed to hold his baby sister in his arms.

Mrs. Foster had skill with her pencil. One day the little boy, instead of seeking his play in the street, remained at home to watch

the toddling baby during his mother's temporary absence. When she returned home she rewarded him by painting for him a rose so finely that he treasured it as a work of art for many years.

Mrs. Foster was in delicate health for a long time after her little girl's birth, and had need to attend the Water Cure at Elmira, N. Y. During such absence of the mother the two children had the privilege of visiting their maternal aunt, wife of the Rev. Isaac Todd, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Troy, Pa.

When Mary was about four years of age she and her brother strolled one day, fishing along the bank of Towanda Creek (a small affluent of the Susquehanna). The child slipped from the bank down into the water and probably would have been drowned had her brother done as most boys would have done, *i. e.*, run away to call for help. Instead of that, himself promptly reached down to the water and seized his sister, whom he was not strong enough to drag out; but, holding her above the water, his shouts for help were heard at his own home, from which they had not wandered far. And both children were soon rescued.

A part of the Summer of 1854, Mary being then five years of age, was spent in Milford, Pa., with a maternal uncle, Mr. George Sayre.

There is also a memory, of about that date, of a visit by the children to their Aunt Babcock, of Utica, N. Y. There was no direct railroad communication at that time. The journey was made by carriage via Milford, N. Y., and Richfield Springs; and most of the Summer was spent in Utica. Among her nieces, Mrs. Babcock regarded Mary as a favorite.

Her mother died in February, 1856, Mary being then in her seventh year. In the meantime, the Uncle Todd had removed from Troy to Milford, Pa. Mrs. Foster, in her long decline of health, when she felt death approaching, had asked the Aunt Todd to take charge of the two children. So they grew up in the Milford home, happy with their cousins, Frank and Harriet; but, though separated from their father, never forgetting him. Their Aunt Todd well supplied the lack of their own mother, but they always looked with the greatest pleasure for the periodical visits of their father.



CHAPTER II.

1856, AT MILFORD, PA.

MARY spent about four years in Milford, her aunt and her cousin Hattie becoming so attached to her that they felt almost to the point of opposition her subsequent removal by her father. She was a loving, clinging, almost dependent child. The self-reliance that marked her later years was developed by the necessities of her school-teaching life. Of Mary's life, while still a child at Milford with her Aunt Todd, there are remembered incidents illustrating her seriousness and her early religious impressions. In her Uncle Todd's library was a book, "Sermons to the Young," by the celebrated evangelist, Rev. Dr. Daniel Baker. She got possession of the book, read it, was impressed by it, and, not satisfied with its lines of thought, added to them some of her own, as she actually expounded them at very serious play-preaching services which she held, standing by a little table as pulpit, and with Bible and hymn-book (my informant does not remember whether there was prayer), her audience being her brother and her two Todd cousins. One of these cousins remembered her, in one of those little sermonettes, speaking, even at that early date, of herself as a prospective missionary and the possibility of a foreign grave for herself.

CHAPTER III.

1860, AT TOWANDA AGAIN.

IN 1860, when Mary was about eleven years of age, her father married a widow, Mrs. A. M. Vandeman; and Mary and her brother returned to Towanda.

The child grew up under some deprivations that had a far-reaching influence in after life, not only on her health, but in the limitations of privilege and pleasure enforced by painful economy. On his marriage with his first wife the salary of Rev. Julius Foster was only \$400. At his second marriage it was increased to \$600. In the account of the family expenses there were, of course, medicines for the invalid mother and her treatment at a sanatorium, with the increasing wants of the two growing children. Calculation had to be made with pitiful closeness as to the table expenses, or how far a pound of beef could be made to go.

In it all, the children never felt that the father was at fault, or, indeed, that any one was at fault. They not only revered, but deeply loved that father. Mrs. Nassau herself has told me how they, as part of the family, accepted loyally the line of self-sacrifice that the father had chosen for his ministerial work. Feeling that some meat was essential to his successfully going through the pulpit Sabbath works, it was placed on only his plate regularly on that day. Mrs. Nassau has told me that she looked at it with a hungry longing, but, unselfishly, never thought of complaining.

Without being personal towards the Towanda Church of sixty years ago, and certainly not to the prosperous and liberal Towanda Church of to-day, this is an illustration of how some churches of the past, unintentionally and even unconsciously, allowed their minister to suffer. Certainly, there was no lack of reverence for their able and faithful pastor. Nor was there, at heart, a lack of kindness; for, those same people, who had limited the family of four to a support of \$600, later lovingly gave their hours as night-watchers over the sick-bed of the fatherless daughter. Perhaps, also, in the judgment of such a case it is fair to say that Mr. Foster mis-read his duty in thinking that he ought, without a protest, to accept such treatment. If his humility did not claim more for himself personally, his office certainly should have demanded more in a just business transaction. He erred, I think, also in consenting to be collector of his own salary,

receiving on account anything, as the case might be, *e. g.*, a bushel of potatoes or a bag of flour. This the congregation itself recognized when his successor came as assistant. This young man, before he entered the ministry, had been a bank clerk. He properly appreciated the money value of his services and was at once given, though assistant, \$800, and, when he assumed the full pastorate, after Mr. Foster's death, \$1000.

The conscience of church communities is often dormant about this entire subject of church beneficence. That region of country was not singular in that respect. Nor was Towanda church the only one whose conscience needed to be aroused. In an adjoining church the minister's salary was \$300. The church deacon, in his round with the subscription list, came to one of the members, a physician. The deacon proposed to the doctor that the latter should put to his name \$50 of the \$300, remarking that the doctor could take it out in bills for medical attendance on the pastor and his family! The doctor refused to be a party to the arrangement.

The two children attended school at the Towanda Institute for the space of four years. During the first of those years there were two gentlemen, brothers, the Messrs. Dean, who were teachers. Their influence is especially remembered, in their bringing the subject of personal religion in a wise and tender manner to the thoughts of the two Foster children. (Both of these gentlemen subsequently entered the ministry.)

In the latter of those four years the Rev. James McWilliam is remembered as the teacher.

Among the members of her father's congregation were ladies and gentlemen who took a permanent interest in the young girl, some of them following her with their sympathetic letters to the end of her life. Prominent among them was Mrs. N. N. Betts. As I write, there lie before me letters written by Mrs. Betts to Mrs. Nassau, in our African home on the Ogowe River.

In 1863 the two children were allowed by their father to make another visit by carriage to their Aunt Babcock in Utica, N. Y. It shows the estimate their father had of their capability, though so young, to take that long drive alone. It shows also the self-reliance which the young man and young girl had developed, that they themselves felt competent for the adventure.

After this trip to Utica, Mary kept on at school in the Towanda Institute until the death of her father, which occurred in January, 1865. Her work as a student was not marked by what a teacher would call brilliance. Faithfulness was her keynote, a steady persistence at any assigned task. Its performance was looked upon as a duty

to be accomplished, not to be slighted or given up under any feeling of weariness. That same spirit of duty ran through all her life.

Mary must have been in good and vigorous health; for, I remember her telling me of her ambitious contests with her brother in running. One day they were racing home from school, the prize in the race being as to which should first touch the door of their home. He was slightly in advance, and was stopping to hastily unbar the front gate. She availed herself of his delay to lightly leap over the fence and gain the door with a "touch-down."

In a letter written from Africa on December 25th, 1882, to my son William in Princeton University, in speaking of skating and other physical amusements, Mrs. Nassau said: "When a girl, there was no amusement I enjoyed more than skating. As a little girl I did equally enjoy 'riding down' hill, until my big brother forbade me. The truth is, all those out-door sports had great attractions for me, much to the disgust of that same brother, who wished his sister to be more quiet and orderly; not to indulge in such rudeness as climbing fences, running races, &c."

After her father's death Mary continued in school six months longer, her home still being in the Towanda "Parsonage" building, which her brother had bought.

But in that summer of 1865 she had a five or six weeks' long sickness, made dangerous by a variety of complications. It is remembered that during all those weeks the brother and widowed step-mother were not left alone in the necessary watching over the invalid. Every night a detail of two from their kind-hearted neighbors and members of their father's congregation, in succession, came to the house to relieve them.

The Rev. William Harris, who, a year before the father's death, had been called by the church as his assistant, was especially named to me by Mrs. Nassau, in her remembrance of his faithful and sympathetic visits to her bedside. In her delicate state, the noise of passing wagons or shouts of passersby hurt her. Mr. Harris thoughtfully had the street roped off.

After Miss Foster's recovery, in the summer of 1865, the same Aunt Todd, who had mothered her at Milford after Mary's own mother's death, and who in the meantime had removed to New Jersey, where Mr. Todd was pastor of the Holmanville Church (near Lakewood), in the cranberry region, came and took her to her "Willow Grange" home near Whitesville. Her brother Julius, with the widowed step-mother, remained at Towanda; he part of the time alone, while the latter was visiting with her relatives in Indianapolis.

CHAPTER IV.

1865, AT FREEHOLD, N. J.

IN the winter of 1865-66 Miss Foster entered the Female Seminary at Freehold, N. J., under its principal, Elder A. B. Richardson. In childhood, her taste for music had been recognized by placing her at a piano when she was only eight years of age. But she had never shown any aptitude for singing until at Freehold. There her voice was cultivated as a second soprano. But after leaving the seminary her voice was prominently heard in the Holmanville and neighboring church choirs as a leader.

She was honored by, and enjoyed association with, all her school companions. At that Freehold Seminary she was accorded a prominent place in her classes, as evidenced by her being appointed to make the Address of Welcome at a certain Christmas celebration. There lies before me the penciled draft of that address. It is without date, probably in 1866 or 1867. As an introduction, it opens with a salute to "Friends and Companions," passes on to "Kind Friends" of the audience, and closes with a "Welcome" to the Rev. Dr. F. Chandler, who, to his pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of Freehold, added teaching of a few classes in the seminary.

Miss Foster graduated at Freehold, with honor, in a class of eight, on July 24th, 1867.

A catalogue of the "Freehold Young Ladies' Seminary" for 1869 contains a list of the graduates for each year since its establishment in 1853. The class of 1867 is the second largest on the list, with its eight names. Those same names appear on the programme of the graduating exercises of July 24th, 1867, with the subjects of the "original compositions" read by them that day:—

- Anna L. Conover, Freehold: "Geology, and the First of Genesis."
- Sarah I. Wetherell, Freehold: "Life, and the Sea."
- Catharine E. Herbert, Marlboro: "Progress."
- Margaret T. Smalley, Freehold: "History, a Conservative."
- Harriet M. Richardson, North Marlboro, Mass.: "The Sovereigns of the Animal, Mineral, and Vegetable Kingdoms."
- Emma C. Hill, Knoxville, Tenn.: "The Use of Useless Things."
- Laura M. Perrine, Freehold: "Conflict and Victory."
- Mary B. Foster, Towanda, Pa.: "Thought and its Manifestations."

The subsequent names and addresses of Miss Foster's classmates, as far as I am able to discover, are:—

Miss Conover, Freehold, N. J.

Miss Wetherell (Mrs. Hoffman), Hackensack, N. J.

Miss Herbert (Mrs. W. H. Denise), deceased.

Miss Smalley (Mrs. Benjamin Smith), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Richardson (Mrs. Dr. Turner), Chicago, Ill.

Miss Hill (Mrs. _____), Maryville, Tenn.

Miss Perrine (Mrs. William Stoever), Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss H. M. Richardson, daughter of a cousin of the principal who made the commencement address, and Miss Laura Richardson, daughter of the principal, were special friends of Miss Foster. Miss Harriet Richardson afterwards became the wife of Dr. Turner, surgeon in the United States Army, at Standing Rock, Dakota, and continued her friendship in letters to Mrs. Nassau in Africa. Among the members of the junior classes, also, Miss Foster had loving friends. The photograph of one of them, Miss Helen Parker, daughter of Ex-Governor Parker, of Freehold, she carried to Africa and kept prominent among her treasures. Miss Parker, though Miss Foster's senior in years, was her junior at the seminary, graduating in 1870 and dying ten years later, a year before Miss Foster sailed to Africa. In this school-friendship with the daughter was laid the basis of the subsequent close relationship which grew up between the mother, Mrs. Parker, as president, and Miss Foster, as secretary, of the Monmouth Presbytery W. F. M. S.

After her graduation Miss Foster went back to Towanda. She and her brother had never been separated all their lives except during those two years of 1865-67.

In the Spring of 1868, with the step-mother, she came back to New Jersey to join her brother, who had followed his Uncle Todd, and who had bought a home among the cranberry pines of the Holmanville district. It proved too large for their needs, and he then took a smaller one. She joined him in this their new home, which she named "Clover Nook."



CHAPTER V.

1868, AT HOLMANVILLE, N. J.

MISS FOSTER began her work as a teacher in 1868-69 in the Holmanville district school; in 1870 at Burrsville, in a district school within convenient walking distance of her boarding house. Later she taught in other adjacent districts, viz.: Whitesville, 1871-72 and 1873-74; Midwood, 1874-75; especially in Lakewood in 1875-76-77 (at that time known as "Bricksburg"); and at her Holmanville home. At the Burrsville School she sought not only the intellectual advancement of her pupils in the school-room, but also, everywhere, their spiritual growth. With nothing ascetic in her character, she lived, in her own heart, and for all with whom she came in contact, in a spiritual world. As a result an extensive religious interest spread through her school, which extended to the Baptist Church (the only church in the place), developing into a large revival. She worked with voice and heart and hand, among the most active human agents in that in-gathering. When the communion Sabbath came, and many of her pupils were among the baptized, in her joy she did not think of any denominational bar, but, hearing the usual invitation to "members of sister churches," she joined them at the Lord's Table. Subsequently, one of the deacons warned her that her action was not permissible in the Baptist denomination; that "sister churches" meant *sister Baptists*. She complied. But Mrs. Nassau has told me how pained she felt that she could no longer sit at Christ's Table with those whom she had led to that Christ.

CHAPTER VI.

1878, AT BARNEGAT, N. J.

AFTER teaching in the Lakewood region for some six or eight years, Miss Foster began a larger work, in 1878, at Barnegat. Rev. A. H. Brown, the zealous and indefatigable Presbyterian missionary of the New Jersey Synod, desired to develop Presbyterian interest in the two small churches of Barnegat and Forked River. At the former place was a little gathering of not a dozen pious women, who had a prayer-meeting. Miss Foster commenced a girl's day and boarding school. Under Mr. Brown, she led the prayer-meeting and, as a "female elder," made regular reports to him at his monthly visits to that nucleus of the Barnegat Church, which as yet had not a single male member.

Her pupils at all her schools were devoted to her. Some of them, in the district schools, were farmers' sons, stout young men. She influenced them, softening them to a sense of chivalry by her own rare womanliness, elevating their thoughts into spirituality, bringing out their dormant musical abilities, and so inspiring them with her own gentle strength of character that, as men now out in various businesses of life, they reverence her memory.

Mrs. Nassau carried to Africa in 1882, as a valued testimony to the affection of her Whitesville pupils, a souvenir quilt given her ten years before, in 1872, while teaching in that district. It bore, on the pieces of which it was composed, the names of the donors, which I find in one of her little booklets of that date, some of whom are now dead, and many of them married:—

George Chambers, Margaret Chambers, Louise H. Dunham, Jane Grove, Sophia Grover, Mary E. F. Hankins, Alirha Hankins, George H. Holman, Charity Holman, Amy Holman, James D. Holman, Lewis W. Holman, Clara Lilybridge, Clara Phifer, Rosa Reynolds, Harry Reynolds, George H. White, Anna A. White, Catherine White, Joanna White, Abram White. Of the "Bricksburg" (now Lakewood) School, in 1875-76-77, I find a list of forty-six of her pupils of the Fall of 1877, including the family names of Aker, Ashley, Berry, Bishop, Crane, Crowell, Davidson, Dickinson, Dix, Ellis, Grant, Hankins, Hoft, Johnson, Jones, Kelsey, Killam, Loveland, Miller, Murphy, Nelson, Norcross, O'Leary, Pulsifer, Rhome, Riley, Rogers, Sherman, Starr, Taylor, Trimble, Westhall.

Then of her Barnegat Young Ladies' Seminary, for the three years, 1878-79, 1879-80, 1880-81, I find a list of fifty pupils, under the family names of Alston, Applegate, Bennett, Birdsall, Blake, Bodine, Bowen, Brown (3), Cox (2), Conklin, Conrad (2), Cranmer, Dilks, Errickson, Edwards, French, Goldsmith, Gulick (2), Holmes, Inman (2), James, Jones, King, Neill (3), Pharo, Predmore (4), Prout, Reeves, Robinson, Scott, Soper, Stephenson (2), Storms, Townsend (2), Van Cleaf, Van Note, Woodman.

I find a written prayer. It is without date. From internal evidence it was written after her profession of faith in Christ; the paper is of the kind we used in Africa (she may also have used that same kind before coming to Africa.) I do not understand the reference to a wish to be "alone;" for, opportunities of being alone were there too painfully frequent; and a prayer made in Africa would scarcely be without some reference to the heathen world or missionary work. Who were the "us" she refers to? If written in America, they were probably her school girls. If in Africa, her associates of the Mission Station, possibly of 1882:—

"O! Heavenly Father, I come to Thee in this way, because there is no place where I may go and be alone, save out doors, where is dampness. I know that our Master often went in the desert alone, and was there long in darkness and damp. Sleepiness is coming over me, even while writing, notwithstanding I have just read Christ's warning to watch and pray; and His words to Peter, 'What! could you not watch one hour?' Graciously accept this as an act of Worship.

"This is Thy holy day. I supplicate Thee for Thy Holy Spirit. Christ said, 'If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.' Lord God, I ask Thee, Saviour, our elder Brother-Friend, say to us, as Thou didst to Thy disciples of old, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost.' This is Thy promise to us, yes, us, who live at this late day. 'I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of truth.'

"I acknowledge my sins. Known are they to Thee from the earliest days to the present. Lord, I repent. If I am not sincere in this, teach me. Give me a truly repentant, humble, mourning heart. Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief. I find written, 'Repent, and be baptised' (This has been done in Thy name) 'and he shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' Verify Thy promise, to-day; for it is to 'as many as the Lord our God shall call.' O! Father! I thank Thee that Thou hast called us. Not unto us be the

glory, not because of any merit, only because of Thy own infinite love and mercy. Thou hast called us, having provided a way for our coming. We hasten to come in the name of the Way, the Truth, the Life. Holy Spirit, 'testify of' Jesus to us all to-day, to all Thy saints who wait upon Thee; reprove us of our sin; and also those who to-day shall hear the word, but whose hearts are still under the bondage of sin, convince them 'of sin, of judgment,' cause them to be born again."

Another prayer, at Barnegat, November 14th, 1879, *early* in the morning: "I ask in the name of the Son of God, that the Father may be glorified in Him by the conversion of every one of my pupils.

"I ask in His name for the Comforter to teach me all things.

"I ask for peace.

"I ask that I may serve God in every act, word, and look."

A special prayer for direction: "I ask in the name of the Only Begotten Son, that these girls may have given them obedient and loving hearts; that disobedience and impudence may be driven away by Thy Spirit, by my influence; and may I obey God in every *little* way that the Enemy coming against me may never prevail.

"Strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, O! God, I use the words of divine truth when I pray Thee to give me the spiritual weapons which shall cast down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God in the hearts of my pupils, and that every thought may be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Amen."

"I pray Thee, show me the path of duty. May I be a foreign missionary? Am I fit to serve Thee there? Dost Thou wish me to go? If so, hedge in my way, so that I shall know Thy will, and be obliged to do it."

Among other documents of this period, I find a printed "Catalogue and Circular" of her "Barnegat Young Ladies' Seminary" for 1878-79, with herself as principal, sustained by an "Examining Committee" consisting of Rev. A. H. Brown, of Camden; Rev. R. S. Harris, of Barnegat; and Rev. J. M. Denton, of Forked River; and endorsed by a Board of Trustees, consisting of Hon. H. C. Gulick, E. Bennett, M. D., and Captains A. M. Cox, W. Predmore, and C. Soper. In its roll of pupils are listed members of families of Barnegat and adjacent towns.

At the same time that Miss Foster was so active in her Missionary Society secretaryship and busy daily with her interesting and growingly successful school, she was the leader of the little band of eleven women who were forming the nucleus of the Barnegat Church, at

first under the guidance of Rev. A. H. Brown, and later under care of Rev. J. M. Denton.

She was sought also by men in the active affairs of business life. The home of Hon. H. C. Gulick, a political leader, was always open to her; and Mrs. Gulick was her *fidus Achates* and trusted companion in the prayer meeting.

She interested herself also in public affairs, as shown by the following letter of publisher S. C. Jennings, dated December 13th, 1880, at the office of the *New Jersey Courier*, of Toms River. The gentleman who had been the *Courier's* Barnegat correspondent having discontinued, Mr. Jennings wrote to Miss Foster: "I know of no one more capable than yourself, and would esteem it a favor if you could see your way clear to send such items of Barnegat news as in your judgment would be of interest to our readers."

CHAPTER VII.

1873, THE MISSIONARY THOUGHT.

OF the rise of the foreign missionary thought in Mary Foster's mind I have the history in certain reasons, penned by herself. They are two separate sheets of different kinds of paper, without date (but at least one of them evidently in the Spring of 1880, the other later), and apparently, from the difference in chirography, written at some interval of time. They contain much the same facts, but differ in fullness of detail. I combine the two documents as follows: "History of some causes bearing upon the origin and growth of my purpose to be a foreign missionary. I remember, in my childhood's home, among the hills of Northeastern Pennsylvania, in the humble sitting-room of the country parsonage [in Towanda], the mother [her step-mother] asked me, 'Would I not like to be a missionary?' The tho't was very very unpleasant to me, repulsive; and for no accountable reason, except that my heart was at enmity with God and the interests of His Church. Anger arose in my mind that such an idea should be presented to me. Farther back than this, while sitting [at Milford] under the preaching of a most devout and earnest man of God, an active christian minister, and a highly honored and esteemed relative, Rev. Isaac Todd, and listening to his appeals to the unconverted, and his earnest assertion of the fearful guilt they were incurring by continued rebellion, a desire arose within me that 'I could have been born in heathen lands, then this responsibility I would not have to bear.' The wish was never expressed in words until my purpose to be a missionary had become pretty well formed, but it was keenly felt at the time. It showed how surely my heart was at variance with God, and how ignorant I was. This was the tho't which the desire to shirk known responsibility pressed upon me, 'I wish I were a heathen.' It is due to me to say, this was when I was too young to appreciate the horrors of the heathen home, or the degradation of heathen womanhood.

"But I think I always had a sensitive conscience, and, from earliest remembrance, a prayerful spirit. When in trouble of any kind, small or great, when in want of aid; when eagerly and earnestly desiring any special object, from the smallest toy to the most important thing in life, my natural habit was to pray for help or for the thing desired. I cannot trace in this a special love for God; rather, a keen appreciation of His power, and a child-like trespassing upon His forbearance.

"After I experienced saving faith and believed in Christ, for eight years, the subject was not forcibly presented to me. This duty due to Foreign Missions was dimly appreciated, and as poorly performed, as were most of my christian duties. I was only just awake; or, rather, but feebly, very feebly, alive to the responsibilities of a christian life. The Bible was little read; not strange, then, that my heart was not growing in spiritual life and knowledge, when I would not allow the Spirit to work, thro' the Word, upon my heart.

"But even during those years, there was the desire to be used in God's service, felt in the heart, expressed in the prayers; but still I clung to sin, and was not free from its bondage. Yet during school-life, and upon beginning to teach, I devoted the Tenth to God. And, during all this time, there was a very dim and very slowly growing wonder, whether, should the opportunity come to me to go, would I consent.

"The fact that I had a cousin, one who was held in the highest esteem in our family circle, and of whom I always tho't with the greatest reverence, who was a missionary [Mrs. Scott of India] made the subject more homelike, and bro't it more constantly before me. But, from the time when angry because approached upon the subject, and to the present writing, I cannot trace, in the growth of my desire, the influence of a single individual. I do see a powerful influence exerted by attendance upon public meetings, and by reading of missionary items and appeals, and by personal labors in this field. [The Revival in her School and in the Baptist Church, at Burrsville, in 1870, had a very deepening effect on her life-purpose.]

"In the Spring of 1872, in the Holmanville Presbyterian Church, Mr. Todd told us he had received from the ladies of Mt. Holly and Burlington churches an invitation to send two delegates, at the time of the Spring Meeting of Monmouth Presbytery, to a Meeting, the object of which was to form a Presbyterial Society, and to incite zeal in individual churches, thro' organization of Auxiliaries. Mr. Holman [Elder Charles Holman] asked why I did not go? I was teaching in that district. He said he would see that I should be excused from school duties. I decided to go. [I was at that meeting in Burlington, being in the United States on my first furlough, and having been invited to be present and make a missionary address. But I do not remember seeing or being presented to Miss Foster.] This was the first thorough awakening to the needs of the work, and my duty and privilege. I came home full of enthusiasm; and we formed a Missionary Society, in our little feeble scattered church, that Spring. Then was first realized the delight of such labors. About this time there arose a strong feeling in respect to the choosing of

a husband. I did not dare to accept any, unless by so doing I should take upon me the duties of a Minister's wife. Also, the impression or *knowledge* was then realized that, if I should give myself heartily to the work, the result would be my own going.

"At the Meeting of our Presbyterial Society, at Cranbury, in Fall of 1877, I was bro't out by Mrs. R. T. Haines as one who was thinking, or was willing, to go; and by Miss Loring, at the Meeting in Philadelphia, in the Spring of 1878; and, by Mrs. Schenk, was made satisfied as to (the then) present duty.

"In the Spring of 1878 our Presbyterial Secretary, Mrs. Hodge [wife of Rev. E. B. Hodge, D. D., of Burlington], died; and in 1879 I was appointed Secretary, and attended the Philadelphia Meeting. I set about the work with all my might. I made my first Report to the Meeting at Allentown, in 1880.

"At the Meeting in Salem, N. J., in the Fall of 1880, read a Report. Miss Morton's words, 'I tho't you were just the one to go.' Confidential talk with Mrs. Turner [Mrs. C. P. Turner, of the Philadelphia Society]. For the first time addressed J. on the subject [her brother Julius]. Received from Mrs. T. the requirements needful for the unmarried lady upon entering the work.

"Within the last year, the Summer of 1880, I can thank my cousin Hattie Scott for her words of encouragement, the first received; that assured me I could be made use of, and suggested Africa as the most needy field. And I feel I would be willing to go, if only as an assistant for Mrs. Bushnell, in her labors of love. As this tho't is more and more developed, I thank God that it is so, for I can have my hope, that *God* has called me to the work, strengthened."

From a report of the meeting at Jamesburg, in 1881: "Some time during this period, alone, and during prayers, I gave myself to God and this special work, should He call me to it.

"Mrs. Turner advised me to write to Mrs. Perkins [Secretary Mrs. S. C. Perkins] and offer myself. I have done so, and am waiting a reply.

"I attribute my growth in desire after more knowledge, more zeal, more faith, and a growth in strength and love, to increased study of and a love for God's Word."

She also refers to her decision for Africa in June, 1881, and her marriage in October, 1881.

The Rev. B. S. Everitt, D. D., of Jamesburg, N. J., adds the following data, written by him to me in a letter of date February 18th, 1885, in response to one of mine of October, 1884: "She seemed so near to us all. When the W. F. M. S. of Monmouth Presbytery met in Freehold, April 8th, 1879, it was to mourn the death of their

first Secretary, greatly beloved indeed, Mrs. E. B. Hodge, and to hear the Seventh Annual Report from Miss Mary C. Taylor, Secretary *pro tem*. At that meeting Mrs. Everitt, Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Davis were the committee to nominate officers, who reported for secretary Miss M. B. Foster, and the report was adopted. Mrs. Everitt took special interest in the matter, but it is fair to say that Miss Foster had, by her interest, efficiency, and devotion in the society and the cause, won such a place as made her name the only one thought of.

"The next meeting was at Allentown, April 13th, 1880. In the light of subsequent events, two sentences in her admirable report are prophetic. Speaking of the death of her friend Helen Parker, 'who will one day mingle their voices with her's in ascribing blessing and honor and glory and power unto Him who sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb;' at the close, 'We have given our money, we have given our prayers. But, the work in Foreign lands needs, Oh! how urgently, *men and women*. The Israelites gave not only the best of the flock, the first fruits of the land but the *first born*, to their God. Who of us will answer, "Speak Lord, for Thy servant heareth," and thus hearing the call to this work, cheerfully and promptly obey?" Evidently her mind was then deeply, solemnly and carefully considering her personal duty.

"The next meeting was at Jamesburg, April, 1881. And how much we enjoyed having her as our guest! Truly, her heart was full of it! The admirable report she then gave was printed. Truly, as I read it I find near the close a description of the effect of mission work on the women engaged in it that is eloquent and touching. It begins, 'Aye! well may we desire them to be thus engaged.'

"Besides her well-stored mind and loving heart, she was divinely trained for the work. The Lord led her to desire it, and then endowed her for it."

Miss Foster's relative, Miss Hannah More Johnson, in a short sketch of her life, wrote of this period: "A scene in April, 1879, probably marks the time when the subject of this sketch finally decided on her life work. The Woman's Foreign Miss'y Soc'y of the Presbyterian Church was holding its Annual Meeting in Philadelphia: and she, with other friends from New Jersey, was present. As missionary addresses were the order of the session, an invitation was given to all who were, who had been, or who ever expected to be missionaries, to come to the front that morning, and take seats together.

"Miss Foster, sitting at the furthest end of a seat full of ladies, heard the call in silence; but some minutes afterward, when all who had been named had taken their seats on or near the platform, she arose, and with heightened color and trembling voice asked to be

allowed to pass out into the aisle. In response to an inquiring look, she bent low, and whispered, 'I must go; I don't belong here.' Then, making her way out, she joined the little group to which, as we now know, she truly belonged."

As a souvenir of one of those missionary meetings, I find among Mrs. Nassau's papers a typewritten copy of "Beulah Land" in imitation of script and endorsed in pencil: "Sept. 1, 1879: printed from the press of Mrs. R. T. Haines." Before me are two little booklets, one labeled, "Mission Items, begun, Clover-Nook, Aug., 1879." It also contains her answers to test questions "in a Bible Correspondence School;" the other containing notes and memoranda of the order of exercises and addresses and remarks made by the speakers at the New Jersey Synodical W. F. M. S., held at Salem, N. J., October 7th, 1880. The former contains materials; suggestions for plans of work; advice for organizations, &c., in penciled reports of letters or addresses of prominent W. F. M. S. leaders; *c. g.*, "Mrs. Haines, July, '79." "This for Spring of '80." "Mrs. Haines, Aug., '79." "Mrs. Turner, '79." "Query: Has Monmouth Presbytery ever sent out a missionary to foreign fields?" Also, a compilation of the statistics contained in the annual reports of the Monmouth Presbytery W. F. M. S., from its first report, in 1873, to its seventh, in 1879. Also among "Thoughts for Use," the very first is from Mrs. A. Van R. Hodge (her secretarial predecessor). "It is as strong a command to give of our means to support Christ's Church as it is to profess his name."

Of Miss Foster's spiritual conflicts in that period, I find memoranda of thoughts she had copied from books and magazines that had assisted her.

Under date of Barnegat, May 9th, 1878, copied from *The Presbyterian*, is the following:—

"When the child says, 'Mamma, give,' or, 'May I eat this apple?' and the mother replies, 'No, my child,' she has answered the petition as truly and kindly as when she says, 'Yes, my darling.'"

And under date of May 9th, 1880, a poem from the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, by C. P. Treat, of Dayton, Ohio, entitled, "My Yoke." "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." Math. 11: 29; the lines beginning:—

"No, Lord, I cannot, cannot wear this yoke
Thou off'rest me; 'tis rest I seek of Thee,"

and closing,

"Now light
From His fair face, as side by side we go."

Evidently something in Mary Foster's religious experience at that time found a response to the thoughts of that poem. Tied in the same little package with the preceding is a booklet, "How to enter into Rest," endorsed "Lakewood, Nov., 1880; from Mrs. Hovey."

Without date, but, from the chirography and other internal evidence, written before 1880, I find the following part of a note for one of her pupils. It shows that she herself had already decided on the Master's call:—

“‘The Master has come, and calleth for thee.’
Henceforth, then, it matters not
If storm or sunshine be my earthly lot,
Bitter or sweet my cup.
I only pray, ‘God make me holy,
And arm me for the stern hour of strife.’”

“May you, my dear Loie, be so taught of God that this prayer will be your loving answer to the Master, wherever He calls you to labor for Him.

“With much love

“Your teacher

“MARY B. FOSTER.”

Among her Barnegat pupils I find the name of Miss Lois Robinson. Probably the recipient of the note was Miss Lois Dickinson, one of her former Lakewood pupils of 1877.

Among other cherished papers, poems, or elevated thoughts that Miss Foster had found helpful at times in her spiritual life, I find Miss Havergal's "Yes, He knows the way is dreary," as a little tract, "Be not Weary," with a penciled endorsement, "J. E. Haviland, Asbury Park, Aug. 9, 1881;" and, Miss Havergal's "Sit down beneath His shadow," in a similar little tract, "Under His Shadow," doubtless of that same date, and with the penciled endorsement of "J. E. Haviland," "Mr. Carter," "Mrs. Dodd, Boonton, N. J."

In one of Miss Foster's small blank books, under date of Barnegat, January 26th, 1881, there are entries of extracts, from various sources, of facts in foreign missionary information, evidently used for her own education in The Cause, or as material for use in her missionary talks with others. These memoranda cover mission work in (following Miss Foster's own order) "Turkey, Italy, Burmah, Siam, China, Madagascar, India, Japan, Africa, Sandwich Islands, Egypt, France."

CHAPTER VIII.

1880, KISMET.

IN Miss Foster's notes in her booklet of the Salem meeting, my name is mentioned as the speaker of the evening. It is permissible, therefore, chronologically, that I should mention myself, as it was at this period of her experience that I appeared in her life.

Taking a furlough from Africa, partly for health, but more distinctly with the intention to break my long widower-hood of ten years, I had arrived in the United States in May, 1880. As usual, I was invited to address churches and societies, and I met many parlor and church entertainments and receptions. I was seeking a wife. But I resented that the knowledge of that fact seemed to have preceded me everywhere. I could not think of an alliance of convenience. In a five months' search I had not found what I wanted. Mrs. Ware wrote, inviting me to make the evening address at Salem. I knew no one there except the pastor, Rev. Dr. Bannard, and my relative, Mr. Craven, at whose house I was to be entertained. I knew nothing of the afternoon programme.

At the tea hour, when my cousin, Mrs. Anna Sweeney, of Wheeling, Va., returned to Mr. Craven's from the ladies' meeting, she was enthusiastic in praise of a certain Miss Foster. On my inquiring who the lady was, Mrs. Sweeney said she was a new missionary destined for service in South America with Miss Kuhl (who was on furlough and present at that Salem meeting). My cousin's enthusiastic descriptions interested me in Miss Foster as a fellow missionary. I had no thought of trying to rob South America. I asked to be presented to her and Miss Kuhl at the close of the evening service.

Miss Foster was frigid, turned away with my cousin, and left me to escort Miss Kuhl. Her frigidity was perfectly justifiable. But I did not learn its cause until very long afterward. During the afternoon meeting, and actually before my arrival in Salem, would-be witty female tongues had already begun to twit her about the missionary who was seeking a wife.

My cousin, writing of that evening, says: "I shall never forget my little talk with her in Salem, N. J., and the very enjoyable walk we had together as we left the church that night. She was a very beautiful woman, and looked particularly pretty that night. She had a headache which flushed her face and brightened her eyes."

At the evening reception in Mrs. Hall's home, our hostess disposed Miss Kuhl and myself in separate corners with a surrounding



of interested listeners to our tales of South America and Africa. I saw that Miss Foster also was the center of an animated group of young people. I soon learned from Miss Kuhl that Miss Foster was *not* going with her. Presently I invaded Miss Foster's group. The next morning I was with those who escorted her to her train.

At the meeting of New Jersey Synod, at Bridgeton, October 19th to 21st, I made confidants of my friends Rev. E. J. Pierce and Rev. Frank Chandler (who were also intimates of Miss Foster). They were sympathetic, and referred me to Miss Foster's spiritual "father," Rev. A. H. Brown. I asked him, as Presbyterian missionary, to give me an appointment to preach at Barnegat. He evidently did not like the idea of losing Miss Foster, but he gave me the first two Sabbaths of January, 1881. Did he know that Miss Foster would be absent at that time on her vacation? I went to Barnegat in frightfully cold weather, remained there nine days, and occupied the two Sabbaths. Though, properly, I said little about Miss Foster, I found that every man, woman and child I met was sounding her praises.

The opening page of one of her booklets has an entry, as if it was intended to be a diary: "Lakewood, N. J., Jan'y Sth, 1881:—Bought of Mr. Henry Simons. Uncle Joel Sayre withme. Detained two weeks at home, longer than I expected, from going to Barnegat. Thermometer Jan. 1, 20° below zero. Snow three feet deep. Miss Ella Kuhl comes to L. I do not meet her, on account'of scarlet fever [at Clover Nook] and bad roads. Hattie, Frank and Jimmy Scott arrive, and return to Phila. Dr. Nassau goes to Barnegat. I do not."

Miss Foster's extreme conscientiousness made the progress of my suit a slow one. First, because I asked that her reply should be delayed until it could be an assent. Then, another delay, because, with commendable pride, she wished to claim among her friends that her going as a foreign missionary was in virtue of an appointment by the church, and not simply because of a man's invitation to be his wife. A third delay was caused by the action of the Woman's Board in answering her application for service by suddenly appointing her to Persiã. In her extreme loyalty to the church, she held that this appointment had over her greater authority than any claim of love.

The Board in New York, however, relieved this situation by officially informing her that their acceptance of her had not yet been followed by any appointment, and that the action of the Philadelphia officers was premature. Then, a final delay arose from an honorable feeling that her own heart had not responded to mine in an equal degree, and that it was not just to me to accept mine the while she offered (what she called) less.

Miss Foster's extremely conscientious devotion to whatever she exalted as duty had in it the making of a martyr. Notwithstanding her acknowledged willingness for marriage, she was ready to sacrifice her love for me or any other man on that altar of duty.

She had a copy of Miss Havengal's "Royal Bounty," given her on April 20th, 1881, by her friend Miss S. B. Cleaver, of Delaware. On its pages I find certain pencilings. These, with the explanations I add, show the conflict that was going on between the woman and the martyr during the Spring of 1881.

1881.

April 20. Received.

" 22. Expecting Dr. N.
Dr. N. did not come.

" 23. Home from Freehold.
Saw Dr. N. a moment.
Saw Dr. Freeman.

She had gone to Freehold to consult Mrs. Parker about going to Wheeling, W. Va., W. F. M. S. anniversary meeting. I had gone that Saturday to Freehold to preach for Dr. Chandler on the following Sabbath, and alighted from the train, in arriving, just as she got on to leave. I jumped on the train again, while Chandler had the conductor detain it a few seconds, followed her to her seat, saluted, and dropped off again.

I suppose that she consulted Dr. F. as to the state of her health for foreign service.

" 24. I *want* to go to Wheeling, W. Va., but I must believe God's providence teaches I *need* the discipline of Barnegat.

Not going to Wheeling was a very sharp trial to her; but, she put her duty to her little seminary *first*. She afterwards told me that, had she gone to Wheeling in her *then* stage of feeling toward me, she would in all probability have been influenced to give me up and assent to Mrs. Perkins' wish for her to go to Persia.

April 25. Wrote to Dr. Ellinwood, offering myself as a *Foreign Missionary*.

May 15. These are my desires; especially as I have decided to give my life for Africa.

See page 74 of "Royal Bounty."

" 16. Dr. N. *versus* Temperance Lodge.

A question of duty: Whether to encourage a temperance meeting by her presence, or enjoy the company of a lover. She declined to go to the meeting in order to be at home to receive me. Long afterwards she told me that she entered the parlor that evening, ready to announce her acceptance of my suit, but that some wilful feeling made her continue the delay.

" 22. Received *General Assembly Journal*.
Received New Testament, Revised Version.

I sent the *Journal* from Buffalo.

G. T. Cranmer; Rev. A. H. Brown, preaches.

Her friend, subsequently a New Jersey State Senator.

" 24. Letter from Dr. Lowrie, saying I had been accepted as one of their missionaries.

" 25. Letter from Mrs. Perkins saying I had been appointed to Persia.

May 29. Mr. Inman ordained Elder. Ella, *Mr. G. and May, not brought in.*

Mr. Inman was the only male member of the little Barnegat church.

For Mr. H. C. Gulick and his younger daughter, May, Miss Foster had been very anxious. Miss Ella Bodine was one of her pupils.

“ 30. Sewing Society at Mrs. Atkinson's. Went.

The month is not named; it may have been in April.

June 2. Looking for a letter that does not come. Spoke to —— of my desires for God's Spirit to rest upon —— heart. God grant me the privilege of giving to enrich others, of this “God-given treasure.”

A continuance of the conflict between the woman and the martyr. The former was looking for a letter which the latter had forbidden me to write. I have no idea to whom, or of whom, this refers.

“ 3. Morning. Letter from Mrs. Perkins asking for a decision.

P. M. Letter from Dr. N. First since his departure.

My last visit to Miss Foster had been on May 16th, just before going to Buffalo for General Assembly.

“ 7. Letter received from Batavia. Urgent.

I wrote from Batavia, N. Y., the home of my brother-in-law, Rev. William Swan, on my way back from Assembly.

“ 19. Sabbath. Mr. Inman in School-room.

Mr. G. T. Cranmer a little while in sitting-room.

My last birthday in this country.

- June 20. Rehearsal in Barne- I suppose of her school closing
gat. exercises.
- " 28. Dr. N. and all, at Visiting at the "Willow
Uncle's. Grange" home of Miss Foster's
uncle, Rev. Isaac Todd. Rev.
A. H. Brown was there also a
part of the time, with her broth-
er's family.
- July 8. Read Memoir of Mrs. When Miss Foster assured me
R. H. Nassau, that my being a widower had
"Crowned in Palm- not been one of the causes of
land." her attitude towards me, I pre-
sented her step-mother with a
a copy of the book.
- " 9. Rode to Mrs. Van When Miss Foster assured me
Hise. that my being a widower had
Moonlight, delightful. not been one of the causes of
her attitude towards me, I pre-
sented her step-mother with a
a copy of the book.
- Oct. 9. Last Sabbath in Hol-
manville.
- 1881.
- Oct. 10. Married, in Lakewood.
- " 11. Jersey City. Meeting of W. F. M. S. on Mrs.
Nassau's way to Philadelphia.
- " 12. Sailed from Phila., Meeting of W. F. M. S. on Mrs.
str. "Ohio." Nassau's way to Philadelphia.
- " 25. Arrived in Liverpool.
- " 29. Started for Africa, Meeting of W. F. M. S. on Mrs.
S. S. "Corisco." Nassau's way to Philadelphia.
- Nov. 28. S. S. "Corisco." I had spent part of the evening
on deck singing with my guitar
for Mrs. Nassau. It was the
seventh weekly observance of
our marriage.
- Dec. 4. Elobi, West Africa.
- " 25. Arrival at Andēnde. Christmas.

CHAPTER IX.

JUNE, 1880, TURNING OF THE WAYS.

THAT wonderful conscientiousness carried on its conflict until the 11th of June, 1881. Among Miss Foster's papers of that same date is a draft of a letter of refusal, written in ink, with reasons for Persia as against Africa. But at the foot of the page is a space, and then in lead-pencil the words, "She didn't." On the next page a pen draft of acceptance and on the last page a weighing of reasons for Africa as against Persia.

PERSIA.

The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit.

He that standeth steadfast in his heart doeth well.

He that giveth her not in marriage doeth better.

Mrs. Perkins, decision.
Word already gone to Persia,
and Mr. Barrett.

AFRICA.

She that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband.

Let him do what he will, he sinneth not; let them marry.

He that giveth her in marriage doeth well.

Dr. N's love.

AFRICA.

Language easy.
Sympathy.
Household duties.

PERSIA.

Language difficult.
Loneliness.
Undivided time.

The Spartan bravery that would have sacrificed her love on the altar of a supposed duty vindicated itself. But love triumphed and proved that it was not really in conflict with duty.

A letter of Miss Foster, under date of June 29th, 1881, in response to my sister Isabella's note of welcome, is characteristic, and reveals her heart attitude at that time: "Please accept from me my sincerest thanks for your words of Christian love and greeting, as an honored worker in Christ's vineyard.

"My corner has been very small, and my consecration to God and His cause neither as pure nor as entire as must have characterized the labors of her who so kindly welcomes me to the circle of Missionaries.

"My personal interest in mission-labor has not been of the long-continued growth which you speak of in regard to yourself. Tho' at a later day, the call has been recognized by me, I trust our Heavenly Father will so endue me with His Spirit that I shall be enabled and made willing to do successfully the entire work that Father has for me to do.

"My dear Miss Nassau, you touch me more than I can express by your tender reference to the memory of your sainted Parents. Indeed, true it is, that the 'truest, holiest heritage' a child can receive, is the memory of the devoted consecrated life of the sainted Father and Mother. *The* sorrow of my life is expressed in one word, fatherless. For sixteen years has this been written, and I have urged the full and rich promises of God to such.

"And, if I may enter upon the blessing of those whose lives, in their Christ-like loveliness, were not unknown even to me, a stranger, these whom you knew and loved as Parents, my heritage will indeed be a double one. I look forward to entrance upon the twofold duties of my future life, most acutely sensible of my insufficiency. May God give grace!"

My sister, Miss I. A. Nassau, writing in September, 1881, to Mrs. Reading at Kângwe, on the Ogowe River, Southwest Africa, says: "I am sure you will love and admire the noble woman who consented to leave another Mission to become the wife of my brother Hamill, and to go to our Africa. Mrs. Perkins says, 'I wanted her for Persia, but am glad Africa has won her.'"

It proved true, Mrs. Reading did "love and admire the noble woman." Mrs. Nassau had no truer, more loving, more appreciative, and more devoted friend in her life in Africa than Mrs. Reading.

Writing later, in October, 1881, to Mrs. Reading, Miss Nassau adds: "A new joy is indeed before you, in the arrival of my brother Hamill's wife. She is a rare and lovely woman; and we are all more thankful than we can find language to express, that the Saviour has provided such a companion for his lonely and pioneer life on the Ogowe river."

After the 11th of June, 1881, came four months of preparation crowded with the closing of her Barnegat Seminary, good-bye visits to relatives in Utica, Warsaw, and other homes of her family, or of her childhood in New York, and to friends in New Jersey, at Lakewood, Clayton, and other places.

The maidenly dignity, that had so long kept itself in polite reserve, relaxed and revealed to me a part of Miss Foster's nature that before had been known only to her intimates. With them she could be humorous and even assist in jokes, practical, but never unkind. I had been visiting my sister, Mrs. Lowrie, of Warrior's Mark, Pa. Finding in her orchard a very fine variety of apple, I sent to Miss Foster a few in a paper box. That box had contained corsets of the "Adjustable Duplex" kind; and, unfortunately, that name was plainly visible on it. From my sister's I visited Miss Foster at her Holmanville home, in August, 1881, carrying a number of those apples in my summer overcoat pockets. I hung the overcoat in the hall. Next morning I found the pockets empty. There was a good deal of laughing between Miss Foster and her cousin, Miss Hattie Todd, with frequent references, in our conversation, to "apples." I did not "let on." But I wrote Miss Foster an acrostic on her full name, referring in "occult rhyme" to her as the "fair culprit." She made no acknowledgment, and the joke was carried on. She rode with me to Lakewood for my train, and on the way stopped at the post office, from which she emerged with the following letter, of date August 8th, sealed and stamped for the occasion: "Understanding you to be partial to apples, I venture to recommend a new variety, grown on the fair hills of Penna., and possessed of all the rare and delightful qualities which make up this most delicious fruit in its most perfect state. Do not, pray, be startled by the name; but, I have it from its native home; therefore, there can be no mistake. If I can tempt you to try this fruit, inquire among the Pennsylvanians, for the

'Adjustable Duplex'

Other names 'occult in rhyme' are furnished only to special applicants, and at such times when the Muses grant their generous aid."

There were four days, August 8th to 11th, spent at Asbury Park, attending particularly the missionary meetings, in connection with the "Seaside Sabbath-school Assembly" of August 2d to 12th, 1881, held under the auspices of the Synod of New Jersey.

During September there were visits to Philadelphia by Miss Foster for purchases for Africa. She deeply appreciated the generous reception of her by Mrs. Malone, wife of Rev. Joseph S. Malone, and a cousin of my first wife.

Miss Foster had dreaded to hear the name "step-mother." But, though she knew that my two sons would continue as they had been, in the care of their aunts, and that there would be no occasion for her to assume any charge over them, she recognized that the relation she was soon to sustain to me would legally (and might actually) devolve some responsibility. This, she loyally was ready to accept.

And she was pleased with the boys' courteous acknowledgment of the situation.

There was a visit at Clayton, N. J., to attend the meeting of the local W. F. M. S., on September 28th. How Miss Foster valued her friends! Here are lists in an address book of all the family relatives, connections, and friends, *very* carefully revised and added to, lest, accidentally, any one with even the remotest claim should be overlooked in sending our wedding cards and invitations and parting photographs. Cards, "than which," as the Philadelphia engraver, with professional pride, wrote in rendering his bill, "nothing more tasteful had gone out from either New York or Philadelphia."

And how the relatives and friends and former pupils responded with their felicitations during July, August, and September, and their acknowledgment in October! These loving letters were not destroyed. They were taken to Africa as treasures. Here they lie before me, scores of them!

As the time for the departure to Africa approached, the days were crowded with plans and letters and notifications to a long list of relatives and friends, and confusions by changes of dates, and shopping for purchases for the coming African life.

To hundreds of friends were sent the following "Announcements."

Reception. To Miss Mary B. Foster, under the direction of Mrs. Joel Parker, on the afternoon of Thursday, Oct. 6th, at Freehold, N. J., in the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Frank Chandler, Pastor.

Farewell. To Rev. R. H. Nassau, M. D., on the evening of Sabbath, Oct. 9th, at Philadelphia, in the North-western Presbyterian Church, corner of 19th and Master, Rev. J. S. Malone, Pastor.

Marriage. At Lakewood, N. J., Monday, Oct. 10th, at 7.30 P. M.

Missionary Addresses. In the Lakewood Presbyterian Church, Monday, Oct. 10th, from 8 to 9 P. M.

Departure. On the American Line steamship 'Ohio,' from Philadelphia, at noon of Wed'y, Oct. 12th."

The place of the reception was changed, it being preferred to hold it in the parlor of Mr. Richardson's Female Seminary, where Miss Foster had graduated in 1867. There were met many mutual friends of Miss Foster and myself. With graceful addresses there was made to her the presentation of an organ, as one of her wedding gifts, by her associates in the Monmouth Presbytery, W. F. M. S.

In the departure, one of the last bonds to be severed was Miss Foster's secretaryship in that society. I find two scraps of paper (without date, but evidently written in 1881) on which is a penciled draft of a resignation of that secretaryship. Apparently that letter

was not completed nor sent, or, if sent, not accepted; for her final resignation was written later (probably in January, 1882), after her arrival in Africa: "The path of life has not been without pleasant surprises and accepted gifts. But there was one honor given by friends, than which none others exceeded in deep joy of receiving and unmitigated satisfaction and profit in holding. That honor I must now resign. More than two years ago a letter was placed in my hand, which told me of the action of the Ladies of Monmouth Presbyterial Society, and offered to me the Secretaryship of that Society. I could only express my appreciation of this honor by falling on my knees before God, telling Him, as was possible to none other, the joy of that hour. I accepted the position, and accepted it as a call from God, a permission from Him to more earnestly, more entirely, devote my time and tho'ts to this grand work. And so, as under His eye, have I imperfectly, yet prayerfully and earnestly, endeavored to perform the duties of this position.

"It is more than sad to know of the little God has permitted me to do for the furtherance of this cause in our midst. But I bow in humble gratitude before the knowledge of what God has, by His Spirit, done for your unworthy Secretary, in permitting her to devote herself still more entirely to this work, and in preparing the way for her to go to those distant parts which you may not be able to reach by personal labor. You will find in your constitution, as one of the objects to be reached by the Society, this: The sending of our number to the foreign field. When I read it, my heart leaped; and the question came to me. Self-convicted, I asked, 'Why not go yourself?'

"I did not then know of the earnest prayers of friends, dear friends of Freehold, too, who, perhaps at that time, were asking God to prepare some one for this especial work. Your prayers are being answered. God grant the continuance of those answers, till there be no lack of workers for Foreign Missions."

Perhaps this was intended to be presented at the annual meeting of the Monmouth Society, held at Jamesburg, April 13th, 1881. There lies before me Miss Foster's penciled draft of the ninth annual report to that meeting.

With a courtesy so graceful that Miss Foster could not resist, citizens of Lakewood, led by the family of Rev. A. H. Dashiell, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church, insisted, as a demonstration of the affection and respect entertained for her by that community, on taking the arrangements for her marriage out of the hands of her family; and they arranged for a public ceremony in the Lakewood Presbyterian Church, starting thither from the Dashiell home, as if it was her own home.

This arrangement was also a favor to the families of both parties, some of whom came a long distance; and there were not in Lakewood, at that time, ample livery facilities for a five-mile ride out into the country to "Clover Nook," the Foster home.

The Merrimans and other Lakewood citizens took to their homes, as their own guests, such of the invited visitors to the marriage as could not conveniently leave on a railroad train after the 10 P. M. reception at Mrs. Dashiell's.

The Rev. Messrs. Dashiell and Brown, and Dr. Merriman stood at the railroad station to receive and locate the guests. Lieut. Cranmer, of Barnegat, and Mr. Harrison, of Lakewood, acted as ushers at the church. Miss Foster was escorted by her brother. The four attendants were her cousins, Miss Hetty Scott, of India, Miss Linnie Bartlett and her brother Mr. Floyd J. Bartlett, of Warsaw, N. Y., and my cousin, Mr. Samuel McC. Hamill, Jr., of Lawrenceville, N. J. The church was crowded.

The following account of the marriage appeared in the Lakewood local newspaper; I do not know who was the writer:—

"Married, In Lakewood, on October 10th, by the Rev. Isaac Todd (the uncle of the bride), assisted by Rev. A. H. Dashiell, D. D., and Rev. Allen H. Brown, Rev. R. Hamill Nassau, M. D., Missionary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions on the west coast of Africa, to Mary Brunette, daughter of the late Rev. Julius Foster of Towanda, Penn'a. The marriage of Miss Foster to Dr. Nassau, which was solemnized at the Presbyterian Church, on Monday evening, awakened an unusual interest, not only from the fact that she had consecrated her life to the work of carrying the gospel to the 'Dark Continent,' but chiefly because she had endeared herself to so many, as a teacher and friend. The church was fittingly decorated with flowers and evergreens; and when the hour arrived for the marriage, the building was filled to its utmost capacity, and many stood without, unable to secure seats.

"Soon the bridal company entered, to the music of the 'Wedding March,' Dr. Nassau leading the venerable mother of the bride, and the bride supported by her brother, Mr. Julius Foster, followed by the bridesmaids and best men, all cousins of the bridal couple.

"The Ceremony began with an introductory Address by Dr. Dashiell; and then the venerable uncle of the bride pronounced the marriage Covenant; and was followed by Mr. Brown in an earnest prayer for the heavenly benediction; after which they were proclaimed to be husband and wife. The pastor of the church then offered the Congratulations of the community, in which Miss Foster was so well known and loved; and was followed by Rev. A. Gosman, D. D.,

of Lawrenceville, N. J., a brother-in-law of Dr. Nassau, who spoke of the joy and blessedness of the work of carrying the gospel to the heathen. Rev. Frank Chandler, of Freehold, an old friend of both the bride and groom, then gave a most touching and appropriate Address; and referring to the homesickness of Dr. Nassau for the sight of a white face, which led him on one occasion to take a journey of something less than a hundred miles, merely to look upon a white face, congratulated him on the fact that he could henceforth always look upon a white and beautiful face without ever going away from home. Mr. Chandler was followed by the Rev. B. S. Everitt of Jamesburg, who assured the married couple of the interest and prayers which would follow them from the churches in the Presbytery of Monmouth. Rev. Allen H. Brown then spoke in behalf of the people and Seminary at Barnegat, the scene of Miss Foster's recent labors, a large number of her former pupils and friends from that place being present, and in their name presented the bride with a beautiful Photograph Album, and assured her of their lasting gratitude and love. As the clergy had so largely spoken, Mr. Edward Wells, a lawyer from Peekskill, and brother-in-law of Dr. Nassau, fitly closed with an address representing the laity. It would be impossible to give an idea of the force and beauty of these addresses, breathing the very spirit of love for those dear friends, and of exalted estimation of the cause of Missions, to which they had devoted their lives. The Missionary Hymn was next sung with fervor by the whole congregation.

"The exercises at the church were closed with prayer by Rev. George L. Hovey, of Lakewood, and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Todd.

"After this, the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Nassau were invited to the residence of the Pastor, which was thronged by strangers and citizens. A bountiful collation was provided by the ladies of the Holmanville and Lakewood churches, and numerous and elegant gifts attested the affection of many friends of the bride. After Dr. and Mrs. Nassau had received the congratulations of their friends, an original poem in honor of the bride was read by Mr. Ralston of Camden, N. J., and a very felicitous Address given by the Rev. Frank Todd of Manassas, Virginia, to which Dr. Nassau happily responded. Despite the long distance and lengthened absence of the married pair which were in prospect, no feeling of gloom pervaded the assembly. It was a joyous occasion,—everyone was happy.

"Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the ushers, Mr. Will Harrison, formerly of Lakewood, and Mr. George Cranmer of Barnegat, for their admirable management."

At Mrs. Nassau's suggestion, and without being aware that the newspaper was publishing an account of the ceremony, I sent to it the following card of thanks:—

“I wish to say, as far as weak words are able to express them, my heartfelt thanks to the citizens of Lakewood and vicinity, for the touchingly kind manner in which they gathered about my joy on the evening of the 10th of October, and for the enthusiasm of their expressed interest in the Missionary Cause then represented.

“I know very well that Miss Mary B. Foster was the magnet which drew toward the event your heartiest interest.

“Comparatively a stranger to most of you, I nevertheless felt yesterday, by the strength of the hand-grip, by the hearty word, and by the tearful eye, that not alone for the sake of the woman of women, whom you claimed as your cherished friend, but for my own sake also, you had adopted me in your affections. In the decorations of the church, the arrangements of the collation, the selection of speeches, the consecutive order of the exercises, the administration of the ushers, the rendition of the poem, the display of gifts, the extension of hospitality, the lingering good-bye, and the sincere God-speed, I find only cause for honest pride, and fail, in the array of words, to be able to utter all that is meant by *Thanks*.

“The memory of them all will be a long happy bridge over which I will often travel to you from my African forests.”

Of that ceremony a friend of Mrs. Nassau, Mrs. Oscar Robinson, of Freehold, wrote, four years later, in her letter of sympathy to me: “I thought of you on Oct. 10th, your Anniversary. Last year, I wrote Mary on that day; and, within a week, heard of her death. I wrote her on that day, each year. The recollections of that evening are as fresh in my mind, as though it were but yesterday. I can see dear Mary, as we were arranging her in her bridal robes, with her hands clasped, and her eyes raised to Heaven, as if imploring God's blessing upon all. Ah! if I had only some of her christian spirit and resignation! Then, a little later, I can hear her voice mingling with the rest in that missionary hymn, ‘From Greenland's icy mountains;’ and then, at Mr. Dashiell's residence, going about in the crowd of friends, saying a pleasant word to each one. And, when some one said to her they feared her health would not be preserved to her to return to America again, she replied, ‘O! well! it will only be a nearer way home.’ That reply I shall never forget. Then, the next morning, came the final good-bye; although I did not think so then. She said to me that when she came back, I must be prepared to see her much changed, as she knew the climate would change her, if nothing else. I replied, ‘Yes, but Mary, you will have the same heart.’ I

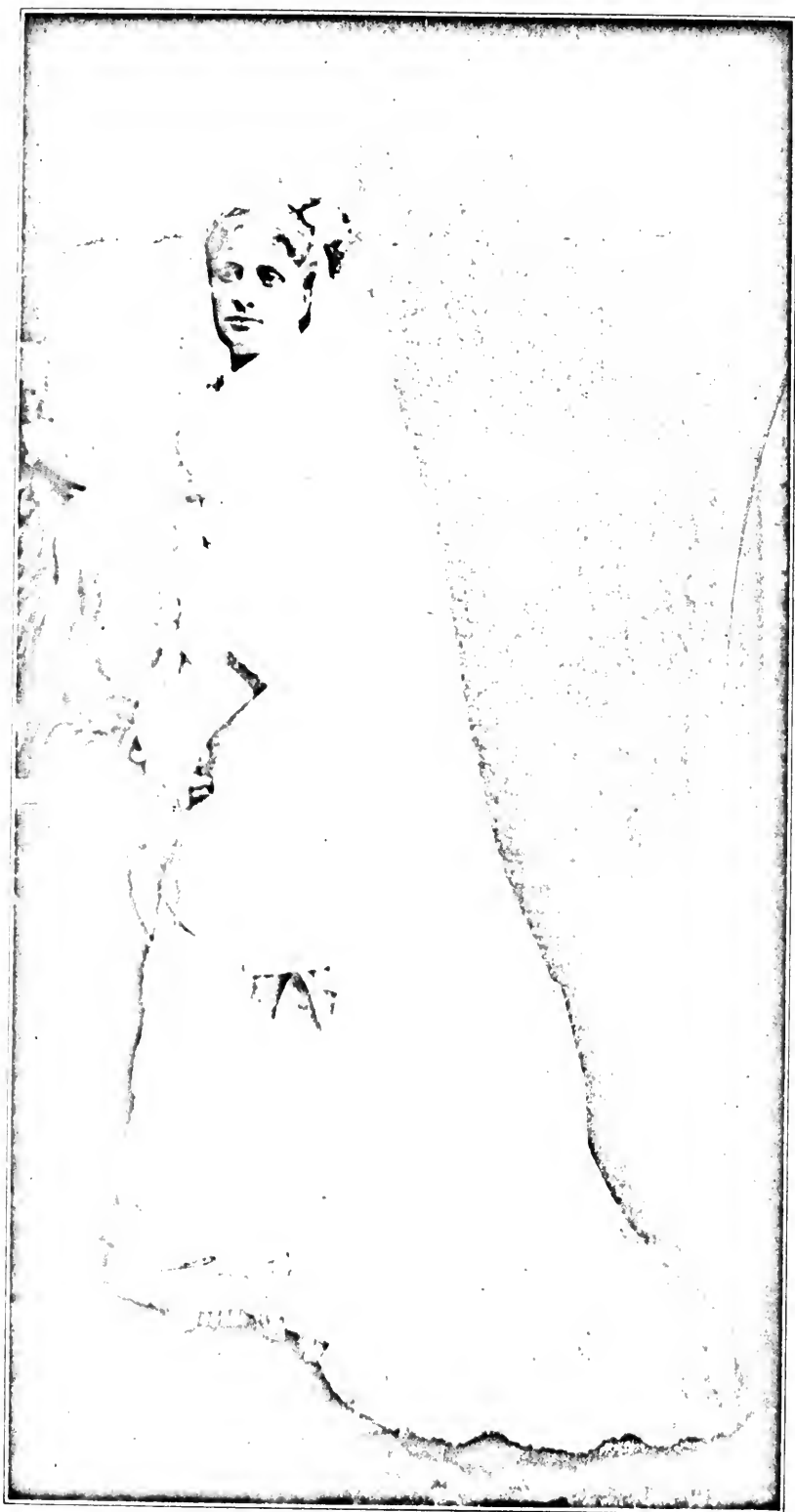
know that some of her friends did not think she would ever return; but, I was not of that number."

The vein of humor which ran under the current of Miss Foster's serious life purpose occasionally found a little eddy, in the way of a joke (as already mentioned about my apples). This welled up, even on the bridal evening, in a little wave of amusement, probably as a safe reaction from the extreme solemnity of the marriage services. At Mrs. Dashiell's the reception had been held. And then a collation. Then we were to return to the parlor for further ceremonies. I left Mrs. Nassau, to re-sign, in another room, some legal documents which marriage had made invalid. The bride being thus deserted, joyous companions of hers proposed that I should be punished; and some man was put forward in my place. I do not know who he was. But, to the amusement of the company and to both his and my confusion, he was promptly displaced when I overtook the procession returning to the parlor.

Of the guests, most had left on an early morning train of the next day, October 11th. Among the few remaining ones was Mrs. Joel Parker, with whom Mrs. Nassau and I went to Jersey City for a meeting of the New Jersey Synodical W. F. M. S. The afternoon exercises were conducted by Mrs. Harris; Mrs. James led in prayer; an address by Mrs. Parker; and I was called on for a short address, in which I thanked them for the wife I was taking from among their officers. Leaving on the train for Philadelphia, Mrs. Parker alighted at Trenton, while Mrs. Nassau and I went on.

I had engaged rooms at the Girard House, and, on my notification, friends were to gather there to receive us in the evening. But at the last hour, Mrs. Nassau so appreciated the delicacy of the courtesy of Rev. and Mrs. Malone that, in accepting their invitation to make their house our home for the night, she was willing to disappoint the company that awaited us at the hotel.

So beautifully had Mrs. Nassau appeared in her bridal dress that many of her friends insisted on a photograph. It was not her intention to take the dress to Africa; she left it with some of her relatives. I promised that a photograph should be taken during the morning of the 12th, if Mr. Crane should appear in time with the dress. With three of her relatives we went to a photographer's by appointment, but the dress had not arrived. It followed us by the next steamer, and a full length photograph was taken in Liverpool.



CHAPTER X.

OCTOBER, 1881, TO AFRICA.

A VERY loving company of (by count) seventy of our relatives and friends were gathered on the deck of the "Ohio," to say good-bye at noon of the 12th of October, Mrs. Nassau's coming particularly from Holmanville, Camden, Palmyra, Caldwell, Barnegat, Freehold, Burlington, Farmingdale, Salem, Warsaw, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Pa.

As the steamer slowly drew out of the dock, Mrs. Nassau stood on the deck by my side, watching our friends crowded on the end of the pier. Soon rain drove us below into the saloon. It was the last sight of her American loved ones.

We took account of our fellow passengers, among whom were three new fellow missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. William C. Gault and Rev. W. H. Robinson. Of the days on the voyage I have little distinct record. It was a stormy and seasick passage.

When the weather was clear it was cold. Mrs. Nassau and I would sit wrapped in coats, shawls, and rugs, and study French for our residence in a French territory. But there were successive days when, by continuous gales, we were shut in from the deck, sitting in the companion-way; for, the saloon air was too close for breathing, and its motions too rough for writing.

One day, three sails that had been spread to steady the vessel were torn away, and two boats were injured on their davits.

For several hours, one day, the steamer "lay to," and part of the time it was going southeast rather than east, to escape the direction of the waves.

As one of our amusements, while confined below deck, we five missionaries and one other passenger spent two days in preparing anagrams. Separately, we made lists of words possible to be constructed from the letters of a given word. One of them was "emigrant." From it, when we finally compared our lists, no one had less than 117 words, and the combined list made more than 140.

The captain, being a Roman Catholic, paid us Protestant missionaries but little attention. On the first Sabbath the purser proposed having religious services, which I, as the senior clergyman, was requested to conduct. But on the second Sabbath no opportunity was given. This was so unsatisfactory to Mrs. Nassau's devout wishes that in the evening she took the piano, and, with our fellow mission-

aries, sang hymns, which drew into our company others of the passengers. Just as we closed our singing at 10 P. M. the vessel suddenly slowed and its fog whistle blew. We were approaching the Fastnet lighthouse.

On anchoring the next day in Queenstown harbor, the first news from the shore was that during the preceding week a hurricane, greater than had been known for years, had ravaged the British coasts. Then we understood, with gratitude, why we had been delayed out in mid-ocean from reaching land sooner. We had been prevented from running into the severest of the storm. The captain then called us up on to the bridge to have a more extensive view of the roughness of the sea. On the next day, Tuesday, October 25th, we landed at Liverpool, closing a thirteen days' voyage.

The date for our sailing had been largely governed by uncertainty as to the schedule time of the Liverpool steamers to Africa (less regular than they now are). I had planned for an interval between the two voyages, in which to gratify Mrs. Nassau with some of the sights of London. But on landing on October 25th, we were informed that our African steamer "Corisco" was due to start on the 29th. We took our missionary companions that evening to a subscription concert of the London Philharmonic Society. The music was fine and the audience fashionable.

The intervening four days gave us time only to make some purchases, to refit our baggage, to take Mrs. Nassau's bridal photograph, to fulfil the Board's commission to inquire estimates for a proposed mission steamer (instead of our slow sailing vessel, the "Hudson"), and to spend a day at the old city of Chester, an outing given us by our three associates in return for the concert.

Friends in the United States had immediately followed us with loving letters. These were found at the Board's Liverpool agent's. I handed them to Mrs. Nassau on the ferry from Liverpool to Birkenhead, on our way to Chester. They affected her very much, as they were from her dear Barnegat pupils.

We boarded the "Corisco" on the afternoon of Saturday, October 29th. In every respect affairs were more agreeable than on the "Ohio." Captain Hamilton, a fatherly man, gave Mrs. Nassau the seat of honor at the table, on his right hand. Among the passengers, besides our missionary company of five, there were seven clergymen. Rev. Messrs. Williamson and Marshall, a Scotch U. P. delegation going out to inspect their mission in the Old Calabar, and five English Wesleyan Methodists, returning to their posts in the Gambia, at Sierra Leone, and at Lagos. Besides these congenial ministers, there were two Government surgeons, Dr. Hart, of Sierra Leone, and

Dr. O'Reilly, of Bonny; a French lady, Madame Pecqueur, of Gaboon; and Miss Macauley, a grand-daughter of Bishop Crowther.

All my life in Africa I kept a diary, entering memoranda almost daily. Occasionally I missed on a boat journey or in the confusion of mission meetings or long sickness. Mrs. Nassau began such entries in a diary the day we left Liverpool; later on there are gaps. But between her and my books I can account for almost every day of our three Ogowé years.

MRS. NASSAU'S DIARY.

"Sabbath, Oct. 30th, I was the first of our party in ladies cabin to arise. Mr. Robinson walked with me before breakfast. Rev. Messrs. Williamson and Marshall were on deck. Services were held at 10.30 A. M. Rev. Mr. Elliott, a Wesleyan Minister, read Episcopal Service; Mr. Marshall the hymn, Dr. Nassau gave the address; text, 'For the remission of sins.' Mr. Hamilton, our Captain, is very kind: more attentive than Capt. Morrison of the 'Ohio,' to us, and to every one. After a very fine dinner, walked for some time; then, came to the saloon to write, but find my head and hand too unsteady to proceed.

"Wed'y Nov. 2d. The wind not so high; but the very frequent showers make any long stay on the deck impossible. An after-lunch attempt to creep under one of the boats, and, with protection of umbrella, shawl and coat, to brave the rain, proved a failure; and we were driven in. Have read considerable in 'David Copperfield;' Dr. Nassau, more properly, read to me. *I guess* I have written enough, or I will show my home-sickness."

[That "I guess" is a response to my twitting her of her almost constant use of it as a reply, instead of "Yes" or some other form of assent.]

"Nov. 3d. Thursday. Were on deck most of the day. Read 'David Copperfield.' Began Mpongwe. After dinner, the Wesleyan missionaries, Rev. Messrs. Pullen, Williams, Elliott, Lowe and Baxter, and our Scotch Presbyterian Ministers, Rev. Messrs. Williamson and Marshall, and our own party, spent two hours singing on the poop-deck.

"Friday, Nov. 4th; 6th day. After lunch, at 1 P. M., went to the deck, but were soon sent in by rain. Wrote to Mr. [Rev. A. H.] Brown, a ten-paged letter. . . . Enjoyed the dinner very much. . . . Dr. Hart, a surgeon at Sierra Leone, gave me some English chestnuts, very large; the first I had ever seen. . . .

For the first time, all passengers were on time for dinner, even the stranger from Dr. Hart's room. Spent the evening writing in saloon with many others of our company. News came of our nearing Madeira, when, in a letter to cousin Hattie [Todd] I made reference to certain kinds of flowers growing on Madeira, and to plans for weal or woe laid there. Read the sentence to Dr. Nassau, who did not understand; and I, teasingly, would not explain until we went on deck. And, I did not go there, until all others had deserted, and the bells for midnight had rung. We found the moonlight struggling thro' quite heavy clouds, but, the dim outlines of Porto Santo were faintly seen; and, the light from the lighthouses of Madeira glimmered before us."

[When I was at Madeira, on my way from Africa, in April, 1880, I had bought a wreath of artificial camellias and orange blossoms, saying to myself that with them I would crown the lady who should take compassion on me in my search for a wife. I had given those flowers to Miss Foster in July, 1881. But, stupidly, I failed to understand her reference to flowers "growing" on Madeira. And I had not yet become familiar with a new phase of her usually serious character, *i. e.*, ability to carry a joke to the point of teasing. The steamer came to anchor during the night, with some alarming sounds from the engine, the vessel almost colliding with lighters and other small craft anchored in the bay.]

"Sat'y, Nov. 5th: 7th day. Madeira, Funchal. I was uneasy to be above; but, the partial darkness came between me and the operation of dressing. When this was sufficiently dispersed, I called for the toilet case, and began the labor in the berth. Soon I climbed down, and in earnest continued to hasten the completion of dressing. Before accomplished, Dr. Nassau called several times for me to come, that I might see the sun-rise. Very hastily throwing on wraps, I answered his call; and, as the beautiful scene appeared to me above the railing of the stair of the poop-deck, and was opened fully up in the lights and shades of the early morning, I tho't I never had beheld a more fairy-like expanse of mountain-side and village. We lay in Funchal Bay, opposite a town of the same name; the blue waves playing about our stern, giving proof of the great depth of water, were a most beautiful foreground to the picture. To the right, the land sloped gradually to the sea. To the left, an almost perpendicularly broken rock faced the sea. Near, but isolated from land, is the Loo Rock, with its fortress standing high and boldly defying waves and winds; tho', we were told, said waves did in

storms sweep over its highest point. Directly before us, lies the antiquated town; and behind it rises the rugged, deep-chasmed, shadow-covered hill-side."

[Mrs. Nassau quotes from a book of travel: "In fellowship with the rose, the myrtle, the laurel and cypress, such as flourish in southern European latitudes, there bloom the magnolias, pomegranate, mango, besides the banana, coffee and the sugar-cane."]

"Sabbath, Nov. 6th. Teneriffe. 8th day. Saw, for the first time [full-grown], palm-trees. Palma, Gomera, Ferno, Grand-Canary, form this group of Canary Islands. One writer, Whitford, says, 'Teneriffe is about the most ragged, jagged collection of sharp peaks ever jerked above the surface by volcanoes or earthquake.' We arrived about 3 P. M. For hours, we had been watching the grand peak, whose outlines were ever changing as the white clouds floated by and over them. At last, it grandly came to view; and, a more ruggedly picturesque collection of rocks, chasms, and jagged peaks and columns, I never have before seen. As we turned around the adjacent N. E. point of the island, the town of Santa Cruz appeared. Thro' our glass, we could see the road cut in the hill-side, and a party of men and women were seen walking along the water-side, while heavily-laden camels and mules plodded slowly up and down the uneven path. Here a little steam tug or launch towed the flat-boat containing the coal to and from the steamer and coal-depot. It was interesting to watch the signals, as the Captain spoke for coal, with the amount, and the answering signals from the fort on the hill-top.

"Monday, Nov. 7th. Grand Canary. 9th day. This is the last port where white faces will greet us. Thus the gradual breaking of every tie and associations of home and country.

"Tuesday, Nov. 8th; 10th day. I am sitting on quarter-deck on port-side, the unclouded sun at our backs; and the far extended unbroken line, where meet the hazy sky and restless ocean, rises and falls upon my view, as the vessel slowly rolls from port to star-board. [Here Mrs. Nassau gives a minute personal description of our dozen fellow-passengers. I resume from her journal.] Evening; spent much time in vainly looking for the north-star, which the captain finally pointed out to us. Sat some time on deck, enjoying the beautiful moonlight on the water. Never have I seen such warm bright light, such fullness of splendor from the goddess of the evening.

“Wed’y., Nov. 9th, 11th day. Read in ‘David C.’ Read aloud to Dr. Hamill a chapter in Benga New Testament. A great excitement for us was occasioned by our going thro’ a large school of ‘skip-jacks.’ They leap thro’ and above the water like porpoises. As far as eye could reach, before, to the right, and left, and far back, were the sprays, formed by their leaps, seen. A steamer was seen crossing our bows, or more to the westward; and Capt. Hamilton tells us its Captain is the Wilkins who commanded the S. S. ‘Ambriz’ that carried Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Bushnell and Miss Cameron [Mrs. Marling] to the sad ending at Sierra Leone. We were in shallow water to-day, 40 fathoms; and not more than 40 miles west of Cape Blanco.

“Thursday, Nov. 10th, 12th day. Ten years ago to-day, Stanley discovered Livingstone at Ujiji on Tanganyika. We saw, for the first on this journey, many flying fish. Also, a little canary came on board; and many of ‘Mother Carey’s chickens’ (stormy petrels) followed in our wake.

“Friday, Nov. 11th; 13th day. This afternoon spent two hours on the bridge with Capt. Hamilton, watching the entrance up the Gambia. The low lines of white sand gradually developed into the palm; while the glitterings of Bathurst’s white houses were visible; but, not until the last bell for dinner rang were we at anchorage, too late, as we supposed, for the landing of any of our passengers. While still at dinner, Rev. Robert Dixon, of Wesleyan Mission, came to greet his fellows, and took to shore Rev. Messrs. Pullen, Baxter, Lowe, and Williams. The friends of Miss Macauley, two young men, came for her also; and our two gentlemen of France also left for Bathurst. Comparatively a small company left behind. Recited Mpongwe. Finished ‘David Cop-’ and read some ‘MacLeod of Dare.’

“Saturday, Nov. 12th; 14th day; Bathurst, St. Mary’s island. Surely we are in the tropics, 84° in the shade! So very warm in our ladies saloon! Slept with the port-hole open, tho’ it does crowd me in the berth by so doing. Awoke in time to close it, before the washing of decks began. Did not go to room [last night] until late. Arose at 6. Harry bro’t us our cocoa. At 7, I was ready in my new pink lawn, to go ashore. In the pocket of my dress, I found a pocket-handkerchief marked ‘H. E. Scott.’ Messrs. Pullen, Baxter and Williams did not arrive until late; nearly or quite 8, before we were handed into the boat by the dusky hands of Africa. By the side of

the boat, in one much smaller, sat a lad, his only covering, save a narrow strip of dirty white cloth around his waist, was the shining ebony of his skin. The whites of his eyes and the pearly teeth, like gleams of light across the dark clouds of night, were startling in their vividness. . . . The stalwart blacks made no play of our boat-ride; and, in a few minutes, our keel scraped upon the sands of the shore. Then the carriers, Mohammedans, with their blue over-dress, waded to the boat, and, one by one, picked up the passengers, and dropped them upon dry land; a most peculiar sensation it was. Several wharves jutted into the water; and on all sat in lazy ease the blue shirts, or actively labored, those who were receiving the freight; while a genuine car rushed down veritable tracks laid on one of the wharves.

"The shore proved sandy indeed; and we waded thro' the native and wet grass, which reminded me of our New Jersey sand-wastes. But, the black faces; bright-eyed, pleasant faces of the little ones, many or most of them entirely nude, save a narrow strip of cloth around waist and between limbs, and a string, with or without beads, answered every purpose.

"Many heads were closely shaven; others, with hair in little knots around the pate, in diamonds and squares. Girls with loose gown, with holes for head and arms. Women with strips of cloth around loins reach to ankle; others around breast; many entirely covered; and a few European dresses.

"Many men with Mohammedan under-dress and blue flowing robe. Men with loose drawers, and cloth over shoulder; strong muscular fellows; feeble miserable ones; English-dressed young men and old. Two-storied houses of stone, plastered and white-washed; enclosed porticos. Streets wide, over-grown with grass, and with open sewer in the middle. Palm trees, coco-, and fan-palms; beautiful oleanders 12 ft. high in full bloom and luxuriance. Parasite on walls. Guava, banana, papaya, silk-cotton (Ceiba) trees, large trees, buttressed trunks. . . . Lime trees in garden, tomatoes. . . . Mr. Baxter our leader. Welcomed to the Mission-house by Mr. Lowe. Stone steps to entrance; high cool rooms, most comfortable; finely furnished Chapel. Long sing in school-room; bachelors' arrangement; our inexperienced waiters. Breakfast at 10 A. M. Lunch at 2 P. M."

[At my request, our hosts had sent for native owners of Mandingo ponies for sale. I selected one from one of the native Christians, as a late marriage gift to Mrs. Nassau. The pony was to be paid for on delivery that day on the steamer.]

"The bargain was closed; have the best of the lot, we think. Haste to get off. A Mohammedan with gold rings, 1 pound (English). On road to ship, the market, walled; barrels with cane covers; women with 'pickaninnies' strapped to the back; little handfuls of articles exposed for sale; ground nuts, boiled sweet-potatoes; little tomatoes in little gourds; slices of pumpkin, masses of black dried meat, rice; long cucumbers; dried fish (whew!!!); ground-nuts boiled, tasting like beans; bitter kola; sticks in girls' ear; large black bracelet on arm of man; thin tooth-pick and brush; Mohammedan 'greegrees.' Trees graceful, the coco-palm. Tall Mandingoes, women of burden; Jollofs; ground-nuts in enormous quantities exported. Our haste away; good-nights to the Wesleyans. (Mr. Pullen was not among them, but with Dr. Nassau, seeing about the pony.) Lifted with trembling into the boat."

[I was buying fodder for the pony's voyage, and arranging with a certain English trader to send it and the horse to the steamer, expressly requesting it to be done before Sunday.]

"Sabbath, Nov. 13th; 15th day. Still in harbor of Bathurst. At early dawn, the lighters and boats were by our side, and the noise of the engines, whistles, the clanking of chains, the uproar of boatmen; the natives, men and women, loud jabbering; the loading of freight; the peculiar odor, the different garbs, the entire absence of the Sabbath. The loss of the horse; the delay in getting off; detaining Messrs. Pullen and Lowe until after their church time; the seeming necessity of business talks, made this morning one of the most trying conceivable. The cool breeze tempered the heat and made it very comfortable.

"Services this afternoon. Mr. Williamson preached from 'our conversation is in heaven.' By his allusions to home, it made one somewhat lonely. . . . I found the husband, after search, almost hidden by the darkness, at the stern. Expect to walk and talk, still."

[In the lowering of the horse by a sling at the shore wharf, into the lighter, on Sunday morning, the sling had parted and the horse had fallen headlong and broken his neck. There was an uncomfortable uncertainty as to who was responsible. Paying for a dead horse proved to be a necessary Sabbath transaction. But the circumstances sickened me for the remainder of the day.]

"Monday, Nov. 14th; 16th day. The native women on board are very quiet; at least, they do not trouble us; being kept far in

forward deck. Yesterday, we had quite a number at Services, and they seemed more conversant with the Prayer-book than our own people. There are a few Mohammedan men, but principally women, who are going to Sierra Leone to trade in kola-nuts. These are said to satisfy hunger for a long time, a handful keeping a man's life for a week; very expensive.

"Tuesday, Nov. 15th; 17th day. Arrived in Sierra Leone [Free-town harbor] at about 4.30 A. M. Soon we saw the American flag, and were greeted by Capt. Lewis [American Consul] expecting Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, D. D., U. S. Minister to Liberia [who did not come]. Consul took us to his house; Mr. Yates' store. . . . We visit [Wesleyan] High School. Mr. May [negro] principal; singing. Stone building; school-house; base-ball playing; little boy's speech; go back to Mr. Lewis. After dinner . . . Messrs. Lewis, Yates, Nassau and self go to Madam Burton's [Annie Walsh Memorial] Young Ladies Seminary; beautiful grounds; frangipanni trees; pleasant tea; contrast in women's and men's house-keeping [two negro teachers, one Miss Quaker]; her singing and playing [on piano]. Messrs. Lewis and Yates go home; we remain; [evening] prayers [of the School]; pleasant room; effects of harmattan [wind].

"Mr. Burton formerly of Mendi Mission near the Sherbro. On road to Mrs. B., I rode in [bath-chair] carriage drawn by two boys; go thro' the streets: crowded; lighted, oil lamps; this the great trading town of this coast; people come in from long distances. Mrs. Burton motherly; very kind; visited her dining-room; told me how she prepared her early lunch, 'sun-rise breakfast.'

"Wednesday, Nov. 16th; 18th day. Up rather late at Mrs. Burton's; jelly, eggs, crackers, tea for breakfast in room. Mrs. Burton came in for a little visit; *so* kind. Advised me to 'wear flannel *always*, do not get weary, lie down *often*.' We hurried off by promise to be in Consul Lewis' office by 8 A. M. Both rode in carriages [bath-chairs] strange horses (?), people, things, trees. Wanted *tulle*. Mrs. Burton had sent her boy to inquire if such could be found. Met by the boy; hurried to the store, went up stairs; nice sitting; woman hurried in; took the yellow tulle for trimming; reached Capt. Lewis."

[There we met a native named "White," who claimed to be a captive Fang from our Ogowe region, which he called the "Minwe."]

"Thursday, Nov. 17th; 19th day. Arrived in Monrovia about 1 P. M. This is the first place reached in which we are not met by

with rock-bound shores, against which the waves dash angrily. This island was once the burying-place of the Kroo people. But, the Liberian authorities forbade its use, as the corpses were exposed upon the bare rocks; and health of the living was not in this way advanced.

“One of the chapels of this Mission was where Dr. Nassau preached his first sermon in Africa in 1861.

“Here we took in our last instalment of Kroo-men. They seemed larger and stronger than the others. The dress was as various as the people or men were numerous; but painfully simple. Generally, the suit consisted of a necklace and a smile (Mark Twain). A piece of cloth around the loins; and quite universally a hat or cap of some kind. The most fortunate wore an old style fur hat; and I saw several swords slung around the shoulders. These hats were very carefully handled; some closely covered with newspaper for protection. A man with a wooden limb reminded us of the Hospital; and, more forcibly, of the presence of sharks. The long slim canoes were most dextrously handled; still, one was over-turned, and the men scrambled in, in the water. . . . It was odd, to see the umbrellas thrown into the bottom of the canoe; and the query came up, why needed?

“At the bow of most of the canoes, you would see cords bound around the extreme point, fetishes.

“The dancing canoes, the black shiny forms, the swelling muscles, the gleaming teeth, the rolling eye-balls, the odd head-dress, the queerly-cut woolly hair, the climbing up the ropes, the confusion of the legs and arms and heads on deck, made a strange picture, and the confusion of tongues made it wearisome in the extreme.

“Dr. Nassau took me to the bridge to see the mass of bodies in the forward part of the vessel; and then the Captain gave us permission to go to the bow, to see the anchor taken up. We went, and were not *chalked*. [The Captain's permit prevented the sailor's usual fine for a passenger's trespassing on the fore-castle. Just at 6 P. M. we were off again on our way into the Gulf of Guinea.]

“Sabbath, Nov. 20th. At ‘Half Jack,’ and on the Ivory Coast of Guinea. All the morning, we have been skirting the ‘golden’ shores of this Coast. Back from the sands are the low ‘bush;’ and, farther back, the trees of the mainland. A narrow strip of low-land often bounds the coast, forming lagoons, or, are the delta (if land of this form may be so termed) of rivers.

“We see no European houses, only the low huts of the natives enclosed with thatched fences, and the numerous coco-nut palms. Those palms are the sure sign of a native village . . . palm-oil

in large barrels; this is our first sight of that article. The song of the Kroo-men, five on each side, with their paddles, and in time with their vigorous strokes, is a delightful contrast to the hideous hubbub of the loadings of blacks before. The helms-man in the stern, with an oar, guides the boat, and in a high tone gives his commands; the others, in perfect and pleasing harmony, respond. It is strikingly attractive. Then, their perfectly formed, muscular arms and backs, bending together to their work, form a pleasing sight, as well as their gleaming paddles rising and falling to the rhythm of their song. They are not singing now; they give a hissing noise, as they bend to the stroke.

“When they become partially civilized, and put on the dirty shirts, the beauty is much spoiled. One company particularly was joyous in their song; and, one fellow in the stern, who gloried in a hat, waved it in time to the oars, giving his own body peculiar serpentine movements. Others saw me watching them; and their commander, standing in the stern, went at them with fist and arms (not in reality) but in figures, to bring them to time.

“Rev. M. Jas. Elliott preached *well* this morning, from Ps. 107:9, ‘He satisfieth the longing soul,’ well given. Captain Hamilton was present, with his own Prayer-book.

“Still the boats come, and our favorite one; the passengers are trying to learn its song, but in vain. The oarsmen sit on the gunwale of the boat, bracing themselves against its sides; and, when it is empty, their stroke is very deep, and they look, with their earnestness and speed, as if they were eagerly spearing the fish; but, when the boat’s bow is directly opposite our view, they seem to describe a circle with their paddles, and at intervals come out in unison and with stentorian voice in chorus of several syllables. The religion of these Kroo-men is Fetishism. They sacrifice goats, chickens; or, oftenest, cooked meat is placed on the graves of the dead, to propitiate the spirit they so much fear. They pray very seldom; not oftener than once a month, during new moon. The charms they wear around the neck, marks on faces, rags on canoes, all are in acknowledgment of their fear of and desire to placate the spirit or power they recognize as in the world. With all their ignorance, they know more than some enlightened ones. They know there is a God.

“As we approached the place *properly* called Lahu, we could see, as distinctly marked as was the shore-line, the line where brownish green waters met the blue of our deep sea. It was noticeable, as far as eye could reach; and we found it to be the waters of a small river, which must come with much force into its mother ocean. A passenger said that waters of the Kongo, distinct from the sea, could be

seen tinging its waters for over 300 miles from its mouth. One could scarcely imagine the force of the river which prevents its waters from mingling with those of the ocean for such a length of time.

"We spent the evening on deck, singing; Messrs. Robinson, Williamson, Marshall, Baxter, Elliott, Mrs. Gault, husband and self. A dark cloud overspread the sky, and bright lightning opened to us the outlines of a near vessel. We did not leave until 2 o'clock Monday morning. The rain fell steadily all the evening.

"Monday, Nov. 21st. We stopped this morning about 8 o'clock, at Grand Bassam. . . . There natives and Kroo-men seem very timid, and will not go to the proper place to load. The officer angrily raised a club to them; they then jumped into the water. One young fellow was quietly sitting in another boat, when I was startled by seeing him fall backward into the water. Soon he came up, shook himself, like a dog, and smilingly greeted us.

"It has been *very very* warm. Changed dress three times. *Heavy* rain before dinner. Mr. Calman, Dr. Nassau and self on settee during rain.

"Tuesday, Nov. 22d. Arrived at Axim at 7 A. M. The paddles of our visitors differ at almost every place; canoes also. At first, around Cape Palmas, the canoes were long, narrow, and quite graceful. The oars or (more properly) paddles, long, narrow, and sharper. The paddles now are short and shield-shaped. No rain to-day. Every day, we hear the noise and confusion of the counting [keeping tally of the number of bales, &c., received or discharged] of the Kroomen. Just now, we are about opposite the mouth of the river Prah. We have been studying French. Mr. Elliott showed me an illustrated map of the Ashantee War. My husband has gone below. I am alone on the deck. We arrived at Elmina about 6 P. M. . . . Capt. Hamilton, with his accustomed care for his passengers, let down a protection of canvas around the deck, as a prevention against cold to those who tho't of staying on deck all night.

"Wed'y, Nov. 23d. We started from Elmina early this morning; and before breakfast anchored at Cape Coast Castle. . . . C. C. Castle is the prettiest place we have seen since we left Madeira. Here the forts and castles that have played such important parts in the wars between the European powers and native tribes. It was here Gen. Wolseley landed his forces in the Ashantee war of 1878. The forts, at Elmina and C. Coast Castle, have alternately been in the hands of Portuguese, Dutch, and English, and are over 200 years

old. [While in the possession of the Dutch, one of those forts was called Fort Nassau.]

"The Wesleyan Mission-house is a cool, commodious appearing house, with trees in profusion around it. The light-house covers one hill; and an old, very old, fort another, to the left. A rocky island fronts the town; and on these rocks the waves break with much force. Behind them, the boats landed our friends; Mr. Elliott left us for his work, and went ashore. . . . We did not.

"In the morning, it was extremely hot, but Dr. Hamill and self look over the trunks. . . . Dr. Nassau put new strings on the guitar, and sang for me.

"There were several women put on board to-day. One, seemingly 'la belle,' dressed in green loose gown, white stockings, slipshod shoes, a long strip of cloth thrown around the shoulders, a bandanna on head, revealing in shape (I thought) the peculiar horn-like cut of the hair, peculiar to the Fantee I judge. This is the coast of the Fantee, which tribe the English so constantly aid in their troubles with the Ashantee. The Fantee are the brokers of the country. As most of products come from the interior Ashantee, the latter indignantly resent the impositions which 'the brokers' would put upon the producers. The Ashantee are the stronger, and would have long ago wiped out the Fantee, were it not for the succor of the English. Mr. Elliott, last Spring, was on the steamer that carried the golden hatchet which was given by the Ashantee King, in token of promise to keep the peace and abolish cruelties; the offering of human sacrifices was particularly referred to by English party. According to the report, to-day received, at that very time, the King was putting to death 200 of his maidens. The window of a house, which commemorated the burial-place of the King's father, had fallen. It could not be repaired without human sacrifices; and the mortar must be mixed with human blood. Tho' these sacrifices do not reach the thousands of former times, they are much too atrocious for these days. These Ashantee are said to be far beyond other natives in the arts, and in courage. The kings and chiefs dress in most handsomely woven and materialled costumes; and their houses are furnished with, or, have in them, the most elegant furniture, presents from Europeans; and purchases, also.

"I did not speak of the 'bustle' with which these women adorn themselves. . . . Mr. Baxter said there are but four white men in C. C. Castle.

"Thursday, Nov. 24th. This is Thanksgiving day at home; the first of my being absent, since we came to New Jersey. Last

year, Uncle Joel was with us, and I went home, unexpectedly; and it was the first time of seeing home friends after I had decided to go as a missionary.

“My husband handed to me a letter of sympathy and love, in the absence of home-friends and pleasures.

“We saw in the waters, as we left C. C. Castle, very many fishing canoes. Capt. Hamilton, last evening, had the company of two Captains. One was Capt. Monroe, of S. S. ‘Gaboon.’ He was very jolly over his large cargo . . . he had 6000 bags of coffee on board, estimated as worth 2 pounds per bag.

“Opposite Accra. The morning has been comfortable, owing to the cool wind. The hazy atmosphere hangs over us, and the shore has the appearance of being in quite dense smoke. Accra extends over a longer stretch of land than the other towns. We do not now see ‘the bush’ and forests that covered our former shores. The English flag floats above the fort. Near us is lying at anchor H. M. S. S. ‘Mallard.’ My head aches; and I am worthless. About 2 P. M., Mr. Robinson, husband and self, stepped into one of these freight boats, and were rowed to shore. I sat in a wicker chair, with feet on a box, and in constant dread of being wet. The boat was leaking; there were many boxes in it; little room for passengers. Just before we landed, husband tried to wrap a shawl around me. The Kroomen watched their opportunity, and were lifted on shore by the waves; then out of the boat, and calling to take me in arms to land. I yielded myself to two fellows; one, in the excitement, so wrapped his head in my shawl that he was not uncovered until he put me down. I also secured severe glances from one on whose bare toes I stepped. None of our crew had anything on save a narrow strip around the loins. Our chair and shawl were carried by a man who had around and over his shoulder a sort of Mohammedan robe. This fellow directed our steps to the Basle Mission Trading-House. Mr. Rottmänn, the director, met us at the door of his large store-building, and took us to the reception-room, where he introduced us to his wife, a native lady. She evidently speaks German better than English, tho’ I could understand pretty well her words. Our road to this house was on *the* avenue of Accra, which had been made by the English Gov’t. It was wide, hard, of a clayey soil. The fort seemed well-garrisoned by negro soldiers; and there were several other buildings of European make. And the only sign I saw was ‘Retail and Wholesale Dealer in Wines and Spirits:’ many of these.

“The native huts were principally of one story, and built of mud. Many were falling to pieces, and the roughly thatched roofs, the leaning walls, gave a very dilapidated and forlorn appearance to the

town. Then, add to this, the dark, dirty vista the openings of each house presented, the narrow irregular streets, the accumulated filth of many people crowded in little space, the skeletons of dogs and pigs, the naked boys and girls, the almost nude men and women, and I must confess to a shrinking from contact with so much that was offensive to ear, eye, nose, and taste, and touch. God prepare me for what is before!

"It was not strange that, after all this walk in the hot sun, and excitement of getting on sea again, I was suffering from a raging headache, which only sleep relieved. . . . We had no time to visit the Industrial School at Christiansburg. . . . We were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt and baby Emma. Mrs. S., I was much pleased with. Her face bespoke sadness and deep affection, also ill-health; and the poor baby was suffering from sores on head and face.

"I did not speak of the determined and confusing clamors of our Kroo-men who took us over, to receive more than what Dr. Nassau was told to give for our passage over. I was almost frightened, and ran away from their midst, to rid myself of their noise and odors. Mr. Rottmann, Mr. Schmidt, and another, whose name I did not hear, walked back with us to the beach. We were carried and lifted into the boat; then, waited for the right wave, and were successfully pushed into the ocean without being wet. I sat on my husband's lap; and, eating no supper, but being tenderly cared for by the husband, retired early.

"What are our home-friends doing, I wonder! We left Accra at 10 P. M., and, near that place, passed the Greenwich meridian-stone.

"Friday, Nov. 25th. It is *very, very*, debilitating. I am writing at 1 P. M. We left Addah at 11 A. M. (near the mouth of the river Volta). I feel the effects of the headache of yesterday; and, tho' weak and heated yet, seem to really need food. I had bread and tea at 6.30 A. M., breakfast at 8.30, and now am ready for lunch at 1.00 P. M., and will have tea and toast at 4 P. M., and dinner at 6.00. But, we all feel very restless; want energy; want appetite, tho' we do eat.

"Last evening, a young English army officer got on board with his two body-servants, at Accra; and is leaving at Quittah, where we arrived at 2 P. M. He is said by the husband to be troubled with diarrhœa of words. We are now in the midst of buying (at Jellah Coffee) ducks, turkeys, chickens, and eschalots or small onions. We see very few houses here; and the coast continues low, while the misty background tells us of a wide lagoon along the coast.

"The natives are fighting among themselves, and this officer who left us here is one of the officials who with the regiment of soldiers are come to punish the natives, and stop the quarrels if possible.

"The husband has just bro't to me the first coco-nut. The milk I do not much like. One native has just brought an alligator, which he is carrying with a sling.

"Another, entirely naked except the loin-cloth, carries an umbrella. Another fellow climbed up the ropes with a little monkey fast to his side. But, these blacks wait for no ladder, to get on to the ship. They climb up anywhere a rope may be hanging down the side. I have not seen the natives more, or as happy, as they are here, laughing, singing. Particularly, these canoes of small boys. They are paddling around the steamer, and 'acting up' very much like English scapegraces.

"Sat'y, Nov. 26th. We arrived at Lagos at 7.40 P. M., last night. We cannot see the shore [because of the haze of the approaching Dry Season]. The steamer company has a steam-launch here; and we hoped to get away by evening. But, the steamer 'Volta,' homeward bound, arrived a very little time before us; so, she has the first chance [for loading and discharging]. . . . I wrote this morning to Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Gulick [of Barnegat].

"This afternoon, have been studying adverbs of Mpongwe, and reading French to Madame Pecqueur. It has been very hot and smoky. Mr. Baxter left us this morning. Talked of Will, on deck [my son William].

"Sabbath, Nov. 27th. Read the day's chapters in berth before going out. . . . Mr. Marshall preached from Eph. 5: 8. 'Walk in the light.' There were none present but those belonging to our party. [The Captain was sick; and the steamer was busy discharging and loading.]

"Dr. O'Reilly and the 'Doctor of the ship' had too much of bitters. Dr. O'R. gave me four oranges, in his generosity (?). Moonlight. Started from Lagos at 2 P. M.

"Monday, Nov. 28th. Had my first bath in the bath-room to-day. We saw a small steamer going up the river Nun, one of the mouths of the Niger. We have just 'picked up' the first buoy of the bar of this river Bonny, and are steaming in waters of the Niger. . . . The rivers New Calabar and Bonny flow into one bight. . . . We are guided by these buoys into the main channel; and, following that, we come to our resting-place for the night. The cannon's roar,

as we are at supper (or, more properly, dinner) apprises the town of our arrival. By the moonlight, we see that we have passed several hulks; and the lights from the shore twinkle not far from us. The principal one (hulk) is that of the 'Adriatic' (formerly, one of the [American] 'Collins Line'); and an enormous thing it is. It once carried [from New York] to Liverpool the largest freight ever landed [including] 6000 tons of wheat. It was found to be too immense to be handled with profit; so, it was sold to a Mr. Bates of Liverpool, who converted it into a sailing vessel. It finally fell into the hands of this British and African Navigation Company. . . . Dr. Hamill sends me a line, as we sit by the table in the saloon, that this is the 7th hebdomadal return of *our* day. Our Doctors continue still unfit for society. The husband used his guitar on deck. Dr. O'Reilly encored *thickly*. [Even on the best of African coast steamers, every week's advances to the Equator, as the list of passengers diminishes, the manners and Christianity of most of the remaining ones are lessened.]

"Tuesday, Nov. 29th. The nearness of the hulk [cutting off any breeze] made the day oppressive. After lunch, the Capt. let us have *his* boat, and provided a crew for Mr. Marshall, Mr. Robinson, Dr. Hamill and self, to go ashore. On our return, we were all tired. I was so troubled with headache that the husband promised to write a record for me in his diary. For the first, saw white ants."

[In fulfillment of that promise, I made an unusually extended record, as follows: "Went ashore in the Captain's gig, and a special crew of six, and two extra bearers. Landed at Harrison's pier, a narrow railway for transporting goods to the house of the trader: a covered way of galvanized iron; walking playfully on track. Passed a garden of fruit trees, bananas, plantain, papaya, bread-fruit, Avocado pears, sour-sop. The large, dark-green, waxy, deeply digitated bread-fruit leaf, and the light-green perfect leaf of the banana freshly expanded; white, lily-like flowers of the Amomum; large, yellow, trumpet-shaped flowers (Allemania). A strange musical instrument. Mangrove swamp. Through a native village. Young unexpanded palm-leaves, drying, with which to weave fancy baskets and mats. Poles, for frames of houses, mud smeared on, and thatched with palm-leaves. Corrugated iron, from abandoned hulks, utilized on native roofs. Narrow dirty alleys; goats, small yellow native dogs, naked babies terrified at white faces, half-clad girls, tattered women. Old cannon from wrecked vessels. Eddo plants, with their broad leaves (calladium, in American gardens). Mrs. Nassau a great curi-

osity with the women, some of whom wanted to shake hands. A blacksmith shop, with an old cannon for anvil. Trees covered with parasites and other air-plants; ferns; oil-palms, trees with their trunks covered with ferns and orchids. People washing in the mangrove swamp. English Episcopal Mission house; oil-palm trees and young bunch of nuts. Arch-deacon and Mrs. Crowther; native women sewing. Little Dora; infant Johnny. Story of a third twin, saved by its own parents (the Calabar native custom of destroying twins). In Mr. Crowther's garden; a flower, in odor like mignonette; pineapples; hibiscus, frangipani, 'fever'-bush; passion-vine; sapodilla, and grenadilla; cape-jessamine. Church inquirers examination-room. Press-room. The hymn, - 'Knocking, knocking, who is there?' Handsome dun-colored cattle. White ants. St. Stephens' church, wooden, low-roof, crowded, special seats for chiefs. Red lilies, pitanga bushes, and mango trees. Back, through the native village, with a mission-school boy as a guide to the ju-ju house; a deserted house, with a pyramid of hundreds of human skulls, and scores of rudely-carved idols. People stood by wondering; they had been told by our guide that we were missionaries. Peeped into the narrow doors of the small mud-huts. Mr. Robinson bargaining for oranges and bananas. Clam and other shells in the path. Small native market of yams, corn, meat, and plantains. Cool air, sun no longer sultry, and evening dampness gathering. Small land-crabs fleeing to their holes on the beach. Mr. Harrison's three dogs; one 'Bess,' a black spaniel, most demonstrative to Mrs. Nassau, mistaking her for its English mistress. Down the railway track again. Our crew promptly awaiting us. Off to the steamer again by 6 P. M. Hearty thanks to Capt. Hamilton, and just in time for dinner, with sharpened appetites. A restful chat on deck, with loving memories of Lakewood; and conversations on native customs; and some irritating reminders of our stroll in an African village street."]

"Wed'y, Nov. 30th. Mrs. Gault, Dr. Hamill and self went aboard the hulk 'Adriatic.' . . . About 2 P. M., we started out the river."

[One of the objects of the tour of inspection of the Rev. Messrs. Williamson and Marshall was to settle some difficulties raised by one of their missionaries, a Rev. Mr. Ross. Calabar was the end of the journey of these two brethren, the last of the company of nine who had started at Liverpool with us; the others had dropped off at their points of labor on the way. Our Gaboon company of five decided that, whatever might be our sympathy in the controversy Mr. Ross

had raised, our duty was to take no part in it by word or deed. In the old Calabar river, a station of the Scotch U. P. Mission is at the Duketown anchorage, where are crowded also the trading houses. The mission has other stations farther up the river; one at Creektown, where lived Rev. and Mrs. Edgerly. Seventeen years previously I had entertained them when he brought her on a bridal visit to Corisco. Hearing now of our coming, he had, without our knowledge, arranged, in connection with a reception of their U. P. Deputation, a welcome for Mrs. Nassau.]

“Thursday, Dec. 1st. Arrived in Old Calabar river, just above Duketown. . . . Mr. Ross and Mr. Peebles came on board. Oh! how hot it was! Mr. Ross was promised our company, upon invitation, after lunch.

“Immediately after lunch, the King Eyo VII, with his war-canoe 60 ft. long and crew of 35 men; one in front carrying and brandishing the long brush, by which (we supposed) the spirits were driven away; another, with a drum beaten by particular strokes, indicative of the King’s presence; another standing and shaking a rattle as large as a good-sized wash-bowl, covered with fringe made of prepared palm-leaves. These with a flag and cannon in front (bow) and one flag in stern composed the first royal boat crew.

“In a six-oared boat, were Rev. Mr. Edgerly and King Eyo himself. Over him was held a very large and highly colored umbrella. The boat was protected by a canvas shield as well. Mr. Edgerly came up the steps first. Then, gazing back, beckoned the King to come also. He walked slowly up. Was dressed in entirely European costume; large, with quiet and somewhat embarrassed manners. Mr. E. saw Dr. Nassau, and greeted him most kindly. Then, gave a pressing invitation that we should return with him. When Mr. Ross came, we did beg off. He allowed us to go; and we promised to call in the morning. Mr. Gault and Mr. Robinson and the ship’s doctor went with Mr. Ross to his house in Duketown. We went in the King’s boat with Mr. Edgerly, to Creektown. We had a rather poorly trained [with oars] crew, though a ‘royal’ one, and soon fell much more behind our King’s [with paddles]. We rowed past the mangrove forests; and as the tide was coming in, we had its aid in our moving, but could not see the bare [when tide is out] roots of the mangrove trees, though the interlacing branches and down-hanging shoots were plainly visible. Just before we neared the wharf, Mr. E. said, ‘The King is waiting for us.’ Our crew tried their rowing more diligently, and soon we reached the King’s company, and were told, by signal, to proceed before them. Messrs. Williamson and

Marshall were with him in his larger and more highly royal canoe. Mr. E. told us the delay was in honor of the presence of a lady! We were all pleased and surprised. Soon, we came to the boat-house, where two men carried me to land.

"Then, we began our walk to the Mission-house over a road clayey, but much washed by rains. I was, at the landing, introduced to the King. His attendant carried his large royal umbrella for him.

"Houses much better than in Bonny. Women braiding thatching-mats. Rev. Mr. Goldie, white-haired and cordial, met us. Mr. E.'s pleasant road to house; its plainness. Mrs. E. did not at first recognize Dr. N. Miss E. [his sister] bright, energetic, independent, a little sharp. Mrs. E. gentle, loving, faithful. Has just recovered from severe sickness. Mr. E. was away at beginning of illness. King Eyo, though in the Rainy Season, went for him. Mr. Gillies, a former trader at Gaboon, and a friend, bro't, on a stretcher, the physician, who was sick himself, and laid him at her feet to attend to her. He remained in the house several days. The King did not have to go as far as he feared, before he found Mr. E. King Eyo is an Elder in the U. P. Church. Mrs. E. told of her two boys in Scotland, of a little girl in heaven, and of one or two others with sister. We were *shown* fine oranges and delicious rock-candy. Mr. Goldie took Mr. Marshall with him, we remaining at Mr. E's. Bamboo roof, with breaks for sunlight and rain! No ceiling; very airy; very open to air and noise. Miss E., '*only* a sister,' as she expressed it, was complaining of headache, and made plain the fact that she is a character of her own peculiar stamp. Mr. E. took us, after tea, to Mr. Goldie, his associate and elder brother in the Mission. As we went out in the evening air, the clear ringing strokes of the town-clock sounded pleasantly on our ears.

"Mr. Goldie is quite noted for his botanical knowledge and researches." His collection of trees was varied and extensive. We went into the garden to see a large tree three feet in diameter that had branches resembling cacti, the *emphorbia*. Here Mrs. Goldie met us. We were taken to her reception-room. This house, as was Mrs. E's, is most comfortably furnished in all respects, lace curtains, handsome side-boards, tables, chairs, pictures, &c. [These are property, not of the Missionary, but of the Church.] By invitation, we were taken to Miss Johnston's room, sister of Mrs. Goldie. Miss J. is teacher, but now stricken with slight attack of fever. She spoke of Miss Walker's intended marriage to Mr. Boy of Jamaica. [This "news" was a mistake. Miss W. was just then on furlough in the United States; she had made the acquaintance of the young man in

Gaboon, and he had removed to Jamaica. Parties there wrote letters of inquiry in regard to him to Mr. Goldie, who had formerly lived on that island.] The bell for prayer-meeting warned us that we must return. Spent a very pleasant eve around the table of Mr. E. A new puzzle-game from England shown. Mr. Williamson asked if he should put it in his Report.

"The ladies were preparing clothes for their [school] boys. Mrs. Edgerly has thirteen boys and girls in her family. These she teaches, clothes, and cares for. Mr. E. tells of his explorations, accompanied by his wife. Retired early. Had a good bath before retiring. Did not sleep until after eleven.

"Friday, Dec. 2d. Awoke as the clock struck 4 A. M., but, went to sleep very soon. During the night heard the sounds of voices and native drums in village; but, on the whole, quiet. Did not get dressed in time for prayers at 7 A. M.; Miss Edgerly met me, and cared for me, while waiting for the others to return. Could hear the sound of the different voices reading their Efik Bibles. Mr. Marshall and Mr. and Mrs. Goldie came just as the breakfast bell rang. Enjoyed their breakfast very much, only wanted oranges. (Mr. E. sent to us, on steamer, a fine basket of them.)

"Mr. W., Mr. M., and Mr. E., went with us to the boat; by kindness of the King, same boat as yesterday. This reminds me of the sound of prayer and singing that went up, while the others were at Prayers, from the native homes in the village beneath us. The church is *very* nicely finished and furnished. A mite-box, three feet long, with opening nearly a foot long. This was for the brass-rods, which, I find, is the money of the natives. A brass rod one yard in length, doubled in middle, worth about eight cents. Also, fine brass wire, several lengths twisted together in same shape.

"From there to King Eyo's house. We entered a door-way that led into a court fifty feet by forty feet, on three sides of which were built his houses. The inside walls were elaborately painted in oils by the royal ladies. The open doors of the rooms showed European comforts. We were taken to veranda on second floor. Sat down by table. The King met us in morning-robe, without shoes. We looked around for some time, noticing particularly the native carvings on door and posts. Then, were invited into the reception-room. Lounge, hair-cloth furniture, chandelier, mirror, vases, images, table-covers, rugs, matting, crowns, scepters. Bashful crowning of the King. The King's autograph. Our departure. Printing-room. Walk to boat. 'Driver' ants; fight of women. My fan brought to me from Mrs. E's. Good-bye. But, before this, the native harp

played with thumbs, more musical than the one at Bonny. Carried to boat by two men, one small, one large. Dr. Nassau carried on shoulder astride. Waving farewells to Messrs. E., M., and W. Slow and irregular rowing. Hot and close. The fog, which had been very dense, lifting. Arrival at steamer's side; Mrs. Gault gets in. Leave letters with the [homeward bound steamer] 'Mayumba.' Go to Mr. Ross' landing. Hot, and steep walk up to the mission-house. Met by Mr. R., who, right away, shows us around; his dispensary, garden, flowers, trees. Introduced to his wife as she stood above us on porch.

"Miss Sutherland's fine new house, so soon vacated for the better one. Another pleasant home; Mrs. Ross' kind greeting. Copy the plan of Miss Sutherland's house [for possible use for ourselves]. Dr. N. returns, and takes the pencil. [I had excused myself, to make a call on another mission family, that of the aged Rev. Mr. Anderson.] Our hurried dinner, hurried farewells [the steamer's gun had called us]. Left Old Calabar at 2 P. M. [That river has a very rich palm-oil trade, but its climate is exceedingly hot and its mangrove swamps very malarious.]

"Sat'y, Dec. 3d. Arrived in Fernando Po harbor about 7 A. M. This is in beauty, next to Madeira. The Peak [10,000 feet high] was visible for only a short time. Here Spain sent her merchants, &c., of Cuba, who were suspected of sympathizing with the Cuban republicans. Left at 11 A. M.

"Sabbath, Dec. 4th. Sight of Corisco island in the distance. As I came on deck, we were steaming into Corisco Bay. We had a Bible-reading this morning; the chief steward present. Mr. Robinson led. Cape St. John at our left hand. Elobi islands, where we stopped (it was at the smaller one), between Corisco island and the mainland. The coast is much higher than it has been. We left Elobi at 1.45. P. M. A letter was sent to Mrs. DeHeer [at Bonita] by an English trader, Mr. Neill. As we steamed away, we retraced our morning track. A very pretty picture was before us. St. John's Cape, its two points, one dimmer than the other; the mainland obscured by rain-clouds; capes and bays, making the coast of the main Bay beautiful in its variety. The long dark shadows on the waters, reflections from the heavy clouds above. Elobi islands small, and lesser ones at the extreme right. Soon, the mainland disappears (just as a small fishing or sailing boat disappears in the shades of the storm) and Corisco is before us. Rev. Mr. Ibia's place of work, Alongo, is visible, and, at the lower end of the island, is a tall, naked tree,

the land-mark to those approaching the shore, and the site of Dr. Nassau's former home. Conflicting emotions. The houses and buildings are all removed from Evangasimba. . . . At 6 P. M. we anchored, not far from the mouth of the Gaboon river.

"Monday, Dec. 5th. Before breakfast, we were in Gaboon river, and approaching the final destination. Dr. Nassau pointed out to me the French 'Plateau'; and we could distinguish the white fence and house of the two Barakas. 'Baraka' means 'slave-pen' in the native tongue; and those mission-houses are built over the site of former slave-pens. The view of Libreville is *very* attractive. Quite elevated and beautifully green, and the French Government buildings are quite elaborate. Soon we saw a man in white dress open the boat-house; and then the boat was pushed off. In due season, the 'Minnesota' was alongside the steamer; and H. M. Bachelor, M. D., and Rev. G. C. Campbell, were introduced to us.

"As soon as our breakfast was over, we packed loose articles, and were off. Before bidding good-bye, I left a little memento in steward Harry's hand for the Captain, and gave a brooch to Madame Pecqueur. [With the "little memento," Mrs. Nassau wrote a letter of thanks for the captain's continued courtesy to us. A gratified and gratifying reply lies before me, retained by Mrs. Nassau, among the treasures of Africa, among all others' marks of kindness.]

"We saw Rev. Messrs. Walker and Marling on the beach. Greeted by natives kindly, tho' Dr. Nassau was not always recognized, because of cut beard. Stopped for a few minutes at the Lower Baraka; Mrs. Campbell, and Mrs. Bachelor and the baby Otis. Then, to the Upper Baraka, which was to be home; saw Mrs. Bushnell, and Mrs. Ogden. Opened some trunks and showed some pretty things to ladies. Mr. Marling proposed a prayer-meeting (of welcome), which was acted on. Met at Mrs. Bushnell's. Dr. Nassau led. Had a pleasant sail in Mr. Campbell's boat, after tea. Episode of escape from running into a boat; danger.

"Tuesday, Dec. 6th. Unpacked, this morning. Many native women and some boys called. Attended evening prayers at 6 o'clock in the school-house. While opening a box containing books, a centipede dropped out! Prayer-meeting at Mr. Campbell's, in evening. Mr. Walker led. After meeting, Dr. B. and Dr. N. had flute duets.

"Wed'y, Dec. 7th. Mr. Robinson led evening prayer-meeting in school house. After which, at Mr. Campbell's, had a social sing.

. . . Another centipede, killed in Mrs. Gault's bed. Scratch, scratch, scratch. [Almost all new arrivals are troubled with irritable skin.]

"Thursday, Dec. 8th. This afternoon at 3.00 o'clock, attended a Women's Missionary Meeting at Mrs. Campbell's. A native woman led. She and Janie were the only natives present. We were hurried to reach the boat which was to take us [seven missionaries; Mr. Walker and I walked] to make our official call on the French Commandant. Wharf at landing, well laid-out grounds; stone buildings; stopped at gate by sentry; were asked to give cards and had none; finally admitted. Pleasant Commandant; his wife, and little girl, and sick manly little son. Mr. Marling talked (in French) for us; trying silence. Dr. N. rode back in boat with us. Meeting at Mrs. Bushnell's; Mr. Gault led. Scratch, scratch, scratch. [The "Janie" mentioned was the educated native Christian lady, Anyentyuwe, who, seven years later, was to be the protector and governess of Mrs. Nassau's daughter.]

"Friday, Dec. 9th. Mr. Walker speaks to Dr. N. of Dr. B.'s dissatisfaction with Mr. Reading. Dr. N. spoke to Dr. B. of this; and, before prayer-meeting, they had a long talk. Dr. B. told his grievances [against Mr. R.] and also said his anger against Dr. N. had not subsided. He was away, during the social sing after prayer-meeting. I imagine, now smoking. Mrs. Campbell led, and Mrs. Bachelor prayed. Scratch, scratch, scratch. [Thus early Mrs. Nassau met with one of the disillusiones as to the holiness of foreign missionary life. It distressed her exceedingly. I do not know, to this day, what was the ground of Dr. B.'s ill-will toward me. In that "long talk," I begged him to tell me, in order that I might apologize or make reparation if I had done him wrong. He would not tell me. I can only imagine that, perhaps, because (before I visited the United States in 1880) I had objected to his excessively constant smoking, especially when traveling with me; it sickened me. Perhaps, also, because of my friendship for Mr. R. Notwithstanding Dr. B.'s animosity, Mrs. B.'s relations with Mrs. Nassau and myself were always most cordial.]

"Saturday, Dec. 10th. Were at Mr. Campbell's, for weighing. I, 130 lbs; height, 5 ft. 5½ inches. [Mine, 144 lbs; height, 5 feet 9 inches.] Whole weight of twelve missionaries, 1500 lbs. Got very tired. Had peculiar sensation in head. In store-room some time; hot. Meeting at Mrs. Bushnell's; Mr. Robinson led. Showed Mrs.

Bachelor pictures. Scratch. [The store-room, in which was placed the luggage of newly-arrived missionaries, was built entirely of galvanized iron, and was excessively hot.]

"Sabbath, Dec. 11th. First Sabbath in Africa. Meeting in church, at 9 A. M. Mr. Walker conducted Mpongwe Services; and Mr. Gault, English. Home by 10.50 A. M. Sab. Sch. at 3 P. M. I had a class; tho' I wanted Dr. N. to take it. Meeting in Sch.-house, at 7 P. M. Dr. Nassau spoke in English, after Mr. W. in Mpongwe. Not a glad day. Too much of self; too little of prayer and God's Word.

"Monday, Dec. 12th. Spent the morning in singing, and talking with Mrs. B., of our expected entertainment. I made a programme, which I fear, as always before, will prove unsatisfactory. God help us to live in peace and unity! Afternoon; read and translated six verses of 12th Chap. of Matth. Hard shower, preceded by *dark* clouds. Went thro' rain to Mr. Campbell's for prayer-meeting. . . . Dr. B. led. He appointed Dr. N.; Dr. N. suggested Mr. Marling. Rev. Mr. Ibia arrives. Still scratching. [We were awaiting the assembling of all the missionaries for the Annual Meeting of Mission and Presbytery. The mission schooner "Hudson" was daily expected from Benita. I do not remember what is referred to by "entertainment" and "programme."]

"Tuesday, Dec. 13th, A. M. Still no 'Hudson.' The Mission Meeting is held this morning. I go down with Mrs. Gault to sing. Mrs. Campbell helping her husband; and Mrs. B. bathing her baby. . . . This morning gone with writing in this, reading, and the above call. Dr. Nassau reports pleasant and successful Mission-Meeting. . . . Rev. Mr. DeHeer and Mr. Menkel came toward evening. Disappointed in not seeing Mrs. DeHeer.

"Am troubled with mosquitoes, and a breaking or an eruption on skin. I hear the drumming and songs of the native revelry. I went to boat-house after Dr. N. [I had been painting our boat, "Swan."] Late for supper. Had new dish for supper; first saw palm-nuts, from which are made palm-butter and oil. Evening. Prayer-meeting here. Mr. Marling led; subject, the Holy Spirit. Mrs. Sneed killed a centipede during prayer-meeting. Scratches.

"Dec. 14th, Wed'y. Spent two hours with Mrs. B. and Mrs. C. . . . Helped Mrs. Bachelor put the machine together. Spent afternoon in trying to study Mpongwe. Evening. Mr. DeHeer

preached from Zech. 4. 6. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' After the sermon, Presbytery was opened by prayer; and Mr. Campbell elected Moderator; Dr. Nassau Stated Clerk. The tho'tlessness of Gaboon Station, for the rest of the Mission, manifest. But, God rules, and His Spirit will guide and control. Felt the need of that Spirit in learning the language.

"Thursday, Dec. 15th. Mrs. Gault called me in to have prayer with her. It was about 9 A. M. . . . Noon, still no appointments [by the Mission Meeting]. Before tea, no, just after, the French Commandant, wife, and officer, called; pleasant. Attended Presbytery in evening. Dr. N. moved that native Licentiate Kongolo [of the Ogowe church] be Stated Supply of Evune church. [This was opposed, at some length by Dr. Bachelor, who, as elder of First Ogowe Church, was also a member of Presbytery.] The motion was carried.

"Friday, Dec. 16th. The [homeward bound] steamer 'Angola' arrived last evening, and I hastily sent off six letters, as hastily written. The first note to Will Nassau. Dr. Bachelor presented his resignation, and a letter of history, which he gave all liberty to read. Dr. N. did not read; but was told it concerned himself and Mr. Murphy. [My friend Rev. S. H. Murphy, a former missionary. I never read the document, and do not, to this day, know its contents. I did not wish to quarrel, as Dr. B. had declined my offer of reconciliation.] Preparatory Lecture. Mr. Robinson led. Subject: 'Come for all things are ready.' Found Roman Catholic Bishop and priest in parlor; affable. . . . Mrs. Bachelor stayed from Presbytery to help me mend. Other ladies went to Presbytery. [The evening session was made uncomfortable through an attack on me by Rev. William Walker (a Congregationalist, who, only by courtsey, was a corresponding member) because of my effort to sustain legal parliamentary procedure in Presbytery.] This is all *so* trying. God help us to honor Him! God help us to be wise, charitable, just, upright! Was much troubled by this itching. Mr. and Mrs. Gault are to go to Mbâde [Benita] near Bolondo [Station of Rev. and Mrs. DeHeer and Mrs. Reutlinger]; Mr. Robinson and we to Kângwe."

[Of those days, Mrs. Nassau says, in the draft of a letter, without date, but evidently written in February, 1882, to a W. F. M. S.: "There were at Mrs. Campbell's, Dr. Bachelor and wife and baby Otis (No. 1), their guests. Dr. B. *had* charge of Kângwe; but has left it in the hands of our traveling companion, Rev. W. H. Robinson.

At Upper Baraka, we meet first of all, the sad but earnest face of dear Mrs. Bushnell, and Mrs. Ogden of Perrinesville, N. J., who is assisting Mrs. Bushnell in the heavy burdens she is carrying. But, do not forget that *our* party consists not only of those you know, but of Mr. Robinson, before mentioned, and of Rev. and Mrs. Wm. C. Gault, from Pittsburgh, Pa. Baraka is the name of the Mission grounds; and you have found that there are two dwelling houses upon it. . . . These two houses mark the spot where *not many* years past [about forty], the chains clanked upon the limbs of the suffering, despairing, captive; and the cruel whips lashed the quivering flesh of the many stolen natives, huddled together like dumb beasts into the narrow limits of their pen. Now, upon the same grounds, we hear the church-bell calling to the worship of God; and, on week-day, the busy hum of eager school-children, happy in their studies; and, every day, sounds of prayer and praise ascend to God, instead of the curse of the slave-holder and the moans of the slave. They are pleasant grounds, but, their proximity to the French Roman Catholic Mission is very often trying, particularly as the French Government, the ruling power, favors the R. Catholic, tho' they are *courtous* to us.

"We had occasion to notice the power of the name 'United States of America,' in a dispute that arose between the two Missions; and the *dear old flag* has influence here; and we all wish our Government would oftener send her ships to our coast, that both native and French may better realize the existence of such a Power, and that 'the U. S.' will protect her citizens. We find the presence of French officials a check upon the cupidity and cruelty of the natives, tho' it is also true, that as 'Americans,' we are not always as sure of protection."

[The "dispute" referred to was: One night a torch-light procession of Roman Catholic school-boys, with banners and mottoes, celebrating one of their Saints' days, came on the Baraka premises with insulting shouts. One of our missionaries went to them on our path, ordered them off, and broke down some of their transparencies. When, the next day, the Roman Catholic priest made complaint for destruction of their property, the French magistrate dismissed the case, saying that we were within our rights on our own premises.]

"Sat'y, Dec. 17th. Lighted lamp, last night, at midnight; nervous. Was not able to sleep because of mosquitoes and 'hives.' An old man, to-day, with white hat, linen coat, cane, dressed in a cloth, little boy with umbrella, no shoes, came into the room, held out his hand, turned, left the house. Proved to be *King* 'Glass,' Dowe. An old woman, bare-headed, bare-footed, a cloth, umbrella, anklets a

finger in height, wry face, came in sick. Asked for two kinds of medicine, of Mrs. Bushnell. She gave her *worm* pills. Had pictures of entire Mission taken. *All* present. Went with Mrs. Bachelor and Mrs. Gault to visit Gertrude Boughton [a native] and her baby. Mud floor, small rooms, crowded with boxes, trunks; neighbor's chairs bro't for us. Sophia's [the daughter's] grief at leaving Mrs. Bachelor. Met the father Andrew [a native elder]. Mr. Walker going to the sick; we follow; foot-paths, few houses, fires on clay-floors, no chimneys; baby with sixth finger cut off. Ovanga, the School Matron, very sick, but better; heart disease; little room, mosquito net; centipede. Wind blew, like Fall; and quite cool this morning. The rattling of the coco-nut leaves sounds like rain. To-morrow, Communion.

"Sabbath, Dec. 18th. Mr. Campbell preached from I. John 3:1-3. Afternoon, Communion. This is the first celebrated [since she arrived] in Africa. Rev. Messrs. Ibia and Marling distributed the bread and wine, thro' two native Elders, Andrew Komanandi, a Mpongwe, also Ekitike, from Batanga of the Monáká tribe, one who, twenty years ago would have been called 'a bushman' and not worthy of association by the first. [Ekitike is still living, an elder at Batanga.] Mr. Ibia's address was very good indeed. This evening Mr. Walker gave an Mpongwe address; Mr. Gault an English.

"Monday, Dec. 19th. Last evening, I was very tired, and Mr. Walker's words and actions were before me a long time before sleep came. This morning, felt not good; and, by 10 A. M., was in a chill. Went to dinner; but, immediately after, went to bed. Head ached, fever high, breath short, heavy perspiration. Marked off the minutes until Dr. N. should get thro' the Presbytery. At last, he came. I wanted bed and clothes changed; at first he objected, but consented at last. Slept poorly. [The excitements of the two previous weeks had their inevitable effect. To escape fever, one must be free from worry. It was not either of the dangerous "African" fevers; it was the usual intermittent that sooner or later seizes every new white comer to the African Equator. The perspiration is a saving feature, and I feared to remove the thick coverings which had become uncomfortable.]

"Tuesday, 20th. Enjoyed Mrs. Bushnell's soup, and Mrs. Campbell's orange: Feel better; still feverish. Did not get up until evening. [The usual intermission of a tertian fever, and the patient

then attempts to do too much; usually followed by an unfavorable reaction on the third day.]

"Wed'y, 21st. Wrote to Mrs. DeHeer, having persuaded Mr. DeHeer to wait for the 'Hudson,' and not go with his own little boat. Wrote a short letter home. After dinner, sat up. Head ached *very* badly. Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Bachelor called. Prayer Meeting. Dr. N. stayed with, and playfully tried to lift me bodily; objected.

"Thursday, 22d. Head ached all night. Decided not to arise to-day. After dinner, Dr. N. received word that the 'Mpongwe' would sail at 4 P. M., and we were welcome to a passage. After consultation, decided to go. Mrs. Gault, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Ogden, packed and repacked for me. I dressed; rode in carriage (how rough it was!) to the boat. Safely on 'Mpongwe.' After waiting an hour, Capt. Simonson arrived. Little cabin, just room for table, lounge on seats, dirty cloth, poor provisions on table, sleep on seats, put up a shawl for curtain, night dress *wet* [with perspiration]. Mrs. Bachelor and baby with us, Iguwe nurse. Many natives on board. Anchored near mouth of Gaboon river."

[The meetings had adjourned and the members were scattering to their stations. Mrs. Nassau wished to make her own *home*. There was only slight risk in a convalescent from intermittent fever traveling. The "carriage" was a small springless wagon drawn by human hands. Dr. B.'s goods were to be removed from Kángwe, in the Ogowe; he sent his wife with young babe to make the journey and do the work. The actual result was that Mrs. Nassau and I had to do much of that work for his good wife, Mrs. B. being lame, with a sore foot. Iguwi was a young Galwa girl whom Mrs. B. had brought from Kángwe.]

"Friday, Dec. 23d. Last sight of the ocean. [The steamer entering the Nazareth mouth of the Ogowe at 4 P. M. Prophetic words! She never saw the ocean again.] Anchored at Angála.

Sat'y, Dec. 24th. Hastened out to fresh air. Found 'King' Esongi [of Angála] on board [who presented a mat with a very warm native welcome to me as a former friend]. Hot day. Captain troubled with mate. Poor supply of food, as to quantity. Mrs. Bachelor feels feverish. All restless. Sea turtle bo't; turtle soup and steak; feast. At night, anchor in [papyrus] 'bush' at Avanga

[Lake entrance]. Driven from dining-room by bugs and mosquitoes [attracted by the lamp]. Mrs. B. wraps up baby. I take tea, go out in darkness. Put out light. Capt. S. objects, comes in, lights lamp, finds bugs numerous, puts out light, retires, sent a long plank; bed made on it in connection with seat, after table is moved; put mosquito net over it; undress and go into the African sweat-box. Hottest night I have ever known! Sleep poorly. Baby Otis well. Strange Christmas Eve! Nkâmi tribe.

"Sab. 25th. Christmas. So glad that this is the last day on board! Mate in better humor. Arrived by 3.30 P. M. at Lambarene. Salutes from cannon [of the German trading house and two river steamers "Batanga" and "Pioneer"] and flags. No unfreighting.

"Start in 'Swan' for Kângwe; then get into Mr. Schiff's [German agent] boat. Dr. Nassau and 'Swan' towed, until after we turn around the island, when I get into the 'Swan' with Dr. Mr. S's Kroo crew want 'dash' (tip). Met R. C. priest at wharf. Welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reading at the Mission landing. Stay all night at their Andênde. Evening prayers; and, for the first time, hear an interpreter give the sermon to the people. Lizzie hangs up her stocking, and one for Otis. [A very large island divided the Ogowe, thus beginning its delta 130 miles from the sea. On the main-stream side of the island, at a locality, Lambarene, were located the French Government post, German and English trading houses, and a French Roman Catholic Mission. Our Kângwe station was a mile distant around the head of the island, on the mainland side of the smaller stream. Mr. Reading had planned an elaborate and noisy reception for us; but, it being Sabbath, confined the noise to the ringing of the church bell. "Lizzie" was their little daughter; they all three are living in the United States.]

"Monday, Dec. 26th. Lizzie has many presents. Mrs. Bachelor is to go up 'the Hill' [her former home]. Dr. Nassau wakes with a headache, but goes with her. Comes back better, and all enjoy the Christmas dinner; duck, fresh cucumbers and beans, nuts, &c. After dinner, Dr. N. tells Mr. and Mrs. Reading of Mission Meeting. They very discomposed thereby. Mrs. B. and baby go on the Hill. We stay, and see the fire-works of Welcome to new missionaries; firing of guns also by the natives. Dr. N. goes for the night with Mrs. B."

[Kângwe was a very steep hill some three hundred feet in height. On it was my house of 1878-1880 and another built by Dr. Bachelor during 1880-1881. Mr. R's house, "Andênde," was at the junction

of Andènde Creek with the Ogowe, near the Ogowe river-bank, and about half-mile from the hill-top; we thought Mrs. B. should not be alone there with her baby.

In a draft of a letter, written a month later, evidently for the Spring Meeting of her W. F. M. S., with photographs of Gaboon and the "Mpongwe," Mrs. Nassau tells of her journey:]

"It was at Libreville that I first, and thus far, for the only time, have suffered from the dreaded fever or feverishness. I was in the bed; and, upon the fourth day, word came that the 'Mpongwe' would start that afternoon. This was our only opportunity of reaching Kàngwe, save by a ride of two weeks in a small *open boat*, traveling by day, and sleeping in native villages or in the wilderness by night. There was no alternative; and it proved to be just the needed medicine; for, I began to improve from the start, and was well when we reached Kàngwe, Christmas of 1881. A memorable Christmas! I wish I had the dimensions of the 'Mpongwe,' but have not. The Captain, mate, and engineer were white; the crew and passengers were black, save my husband, Mrs. Bachelor and her boy Otis, three months old, and self. Dr. Nassau slept on upper deck, 'poop-deck' it is called. The 'ladies cabin,' dining-saloon, and ladies berths were in one room. In the middle of it was our table, our berths were the seats that surrounded this table, except one night, when we made our bed *on* the table, in order to give both ladies the comfort of the mosquito-net, there being but one between us. That night was Christmas Eve; and, such a night! We were literally driven from the room by the swarm of bugs, and took refuge, in the darkness, upon the damp crowded deck, in the midst of prostrate forms of all sizes, and were comforted (?) by the odors of filthy and repulsive native men, women, and children. After the lights were put out, we were able to put up our bed and netting, and could have slept quite comfortably, had it not been for the *oppressive heat*. I think it was the most stifling night I ever experienced. Our baby lay peacefully at our heads, its mother resting by my side, all of us on the improvised bed. The dark space [in the photograph] under the awning on the lower deck, includes the 'ladies saloon,' the captain's, mate's and engineer's cabin, and the kitchen ('galley'), and engine-room. To the left of the cabin, at the bow of the boat, is the deck where were crowded together men, women, and naked babies in most delightful confusion. But, even there, we saw the influence of christianity, in the busy fingers of several women who were sewing. . . . We had arrived at Kàngwe, had been kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Reading . . . had climbed the steep Hill, and, at its top, found my present home.

Mrs. Bachelor had come to gather together her household goods, and move them to Libreville. She expected to return on the Friday of the same week, Dec. 30th; but, the 'Mpongwe' was stranded on a sand-bar, and up river, and did not return until this month. But, the 'Pioneer,' Livingstone's old steamer, went to Gaboon the following week; and this brave woman, with her child and goods, left a sick bed (she had been confined for several days on account of over-work) and went on this old steamer, notwithstanding it had been condemned as not sea-worthy. And this letter will be trusted to the same steamer for its conveyance to Libreville; and, then, I trust it will meet the French mail in season to bring it to you and your Spring Meeting."

[It did reach that meeting, where, while she was actually beginning her African work, her American associates were barely able to give her up from her secretaryship with themselves. In the printed "Tenth Annual Report of the W. F. M. S. of the Presbytery of Monmouth," of April 12th, 1882, there are references to Mrs. Nassau, her work, and her letters: "Mrs. Parker then read letters from Mrs. Nassau, giving an interesting account of the commencement of her missionary work in Africa. Pictures of a group of missionary workers, and scenes in the African mission-field were exhibited." The Rev. Dr. E. B. Hodge made an address at that meeting, in which he remarks: "The same Wisdom that orders one laborer to Africa orders other laborers to Heaven." Mrs. Parker, in her address of "Decennial Reminiscences," referring to the organization in 1872, said: "The annual Meeting of the year 1879 was held in Freehold, at which time Miss Mary B. Foster was elected Corresponding Secretary. I need not tell you of Miss Foster's worth, her praise is in all the churches, except to say that she is eminently qualified for whatever work the Master shall appoint her. At His call, she has gone far hence, to teach the benighted Africans the Gospel of Jesus Christ. From that land of darkness, she appeals to us for earnest prayer in her behalf. Her office must be filled to-day."

[And the Corresponding Secretary *pro tem.*, Mrs. C. M. Davis, reported: "No one regrets the absence of our very efficient Cor. Sec'y, Mrs. Nassau, more than the one who is trying to perform the duties of her office; but, though we miss her cheerful face, and earnest and inspiring words today, have we not given her 'God-speed' to go to that far-distant land, and speak a word for Jesus? With thankful heart we rejoice that we have another representative in the field; one who has gone, as we trust, armed with such faith, love and courage, as will enable her by God's grace, to overcome many difficulties, and accomplish an important work in that dark land. . . . We

gladly welcome to our Presbyterian Society . . . The Foster Band of Barnegat, organized Feb'y 11th, 1882. . . . On the 9th of Aug. 1881, at Asbury Park . . . Miss Foster spoke in the Conference meeting with deep emotion of the important work upon which she was about entering. . . . Many recall with pleasing interest the 'Reception' of Miss Foster and Dr. Nassau, in the parlors of the late Mr. Richardson, in Freehold; the presentation of an Organ from the churches of Freehold, Jamesburg, Allentown, Cranbury 1st, Hightstown and Shrewsbury, and the happy address of Mrs. Parker on that occasion. Then came the Wedding at Lakewood, the embarkation at Philadelphia; and, now, after months of anxious waiting, there comes to the Society, a characteristic letter from the far-away friends, breathing a spirit of devotion and hope, and giving an interesting account of her experience and prospects."]

Resuming Mrs. Nassau's Diary:—

"Tuesday, Dec. 27th. Dr. N. comes early; buys a 'kongongo' [a craft, part canoe and part boat]. I ride in canoe to lower landing; walk up the hill of difficulty; settle a little in new quarters; take some charge. Go to Prayer-Meeting; many take part. Chief Renkombe and wives called; he had on only a soiled cloth, the handle of an umbrella for a cane, a few brass rings on ankles, and ivory ones on wrists. Dr. B. and Mr. R. and others did not like him. Dr. N. bo't these grounds from him, paying \$20 (in trade), and has gotten along with him well."

[The "lower landing" was half way to the hill, at its very foot. The hill was so steep that, to make it at all accessible, I had (in 1878) cut a curved path out of its face. But Mrs. R. had found it so impracticable that Mr. R. had left the hill and built Andēnde. Mrs. Nassau "took some charge" because the hill house was to be her home for probably a year, and Mrs. B. was only a guest. The Galwa Chief Renkombe had treated me well, being pleased by my recognition of him as a prominent chief when I bought the thirty-acre premises from him in 1876.]

"Wed'y, Dec. 28th. Very dull in morning; sun, in afternoon. Many women and men come; trying to nerves. In helping Mrs. Bachelor, and getting own things around, was very tired; eried. House in disorder; dirt around; strange language, seems as if I should never learn. Go to God in prayer for help. 'They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mt. Zion, which shall not be removed, but abideth forever.'"

[By appointment of the Mission, I was given no work or authority at Kángwe. I was to make a new station "not within fifty miles of Kángwe." Kángwe Station was in charge of Mr. Reading, its finances, school, etc. The church under care of Mr. Robinson. Mrs. Nassau was given one of the two houses on the hill; Mr. Robinson in the other, but boarding with her. Besides her domestic affairs and studies, she was to teach a few girls and Mborá, a candidate for the ministry.]

"Thursday, Dec. 29th. Mrs. Bachelor still deep in her packing, and I in my arranging. I helped in packing dishes. We arose late; and the first sound was that of chimpanzees barking in the forest. Dr. B's tame chimpanzee is very amusing in his acts, rolling over, scratching his head, picking out the chigoes from his feet, carrying his handkerchief in his loins, &c. Much disorder, because of packing and changes. The dirt and dust are fearful. The house (bamboo) is very dark, and the light shining thro' the chinks makes it seem very barn-like. The wood work is perfectly plain and often worm-eaten. The floor is red with the clay soil. The matting in the parlor, but only (native) mats in the bed-room. This morning a Fang man came with a chicken and iguma [boiled cassava roots wrapped in plantain leaves]. Saw to giving out the [native rations of] food, plantains and dried fish. Mrs. Reading sent us cucumbers and beans. I have done nothing to-day towards learning the language. 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' May God help me to go forth in every word and act, in performing His will and work! The boys are catching fowls to-night, with hideous noise; and poor Mrs. Bachelor is wearied with the cries of baby-boy Otis. Orungu (a tribe at the mouth of the river) and the Galwa tribe have 'a palaver' (quarrel), and our employes, without a white man in the boat, are not safe on the river, and Mr. Reading finds trouble in securing men to take a canoe to Angála to meet our baggage and Mr. Robinson.

"Friday, Dec. 30th. Iguwi washed my bed-room floor. Mrs. Bachelor seems very much worn. She went with Mrs. Reading to Andénde to dinner. I baked my first cake; not *very* fine. I wrote, after dinner a little, home; then got ready for going to 'Mama' Reading's. Akendenge and another carried me in a hammock down the Hill. Mrs. B's foot was very painful. Enjoyed supper very much. Mr. Reading and Dr. N. told of their experiences. Mr. R. told King Esongi's history of the origin of his family: A woman, fond of gar-

dening; raised fine squashes; lost many; watched; saw celestial beings, captured one, a female, and retained; given as wife to a man in the town: from which union sprang his family. Rode home in a canoe; *walked* up; the Hill tiresome, but very beautiful in this moonlight. [During the two years of Mrs. Nassau's association with Mrs. Reading, the latter was not only sisterly, but gave also somewhat of a maternal interest unbroken until Mrs. R.'s almost fatal illness drove her finally from Africa. The native word "Ma" was not our English word "Mamma;" it was a title of respect, equivalent to "Mr." or "Mrs." Mrs. Nassau was already adapting herself to native conditions and words. Most of the lads and young men in employ of the two Kângwe households had begun their civilization in my school of 1878-80, and Dr. B.'s of 1880-81.]

"Sat'y, Dec. 31st. New Year's Eve; and very warm, with mosquitoes and summer insects flying around the head. Last night, a tornado scattered branches and dead trees around us, and so cooled the air that Dr. N. caught cold, and has gone to bed quite sick. Mrs. Reading sent a 'palm-cabbage.' Iguwi and Mwenanga [two girls] have just bro't us a native, or, as they call it, 'black-man's' mango-plum. The boys have cleared or swept up the grounds quite nicely around the house. I hope God will give me grace to know and perform every duty in *all* the relations of my new position. Have done no studying to-day."

[Nothing, in all the experiences of my African life, was more deleterious to my health than the *sudden* falling of temperature just preceding a tornado. It would cause, not a so-called "cold," but a malarial chill. "Palm-cabbage" was the soft heart of a palm-tree, taken from the top, from the center of the cluster of fronds. It was white and soft as a turnip, a slight suggestion of cabbage taste, and the white bases of the unexpanded fronds made good chicken salad. The wild mango had an oily kernel, from which the natives made *odika*, for a rich gravy with or without meat.]

CHAPTER XI.

1882. AT KÂNGWE.

"JANUARY 1st, 1882, Sabbath. The first Sabbath of the year '82; first experience in Sab. Sch. teaching [mission]; first Sabbath at Kângwe. I awoke with a headache, after the wakefulness of the preceding evening. Mrs. Bachelor is some feverish, and Otis fretful. Dr. N. better, and preached in Kângwe church this morning at 9.30 o'clock, with Mborá as interpreter. Mrs. Reading and husband the only other white persons, with at least 75 blacks. When coming up hill from church, met 'Driver' ants, and their captains were out, as they evidently had been disturbed, and we found a few as far as the house. Sab. Sch. in afternoon in the School-room. I taught Akendenge and Agaia, and was very much pleased with their knowledge of the Scripture, their attention, and their prompt answers. It has been quite comfortable in temperature, and rain has fallen all the afternoon very gently. At 5 P. M., a light tornado came up, which made us close the windows, which means to shut out all the sunlight, and have lamps lighted. The winds do not continue long, tho' the rain falls more heavily. Attended Monthly Concert in evening. Agaia, Ngáwe, Mborá, and two others prayed, and two made short addresses. It was pleasing to see and hear, even when not understanding, their promptness, earnestness, and apparent desires after God; and, particularly, when this work was begun only in Oct. 1876. In that Oct., the first stroke was made in the forest, with nothing but pure unadulterated heathenism. Now, the boys seem like christian boys, and many of them speak English. May God fill me for personal work among them! And, if His will be such, may that work be that of a teacher. [My first African dialect was the Benga; in it I was fluent. Then, from 1874 to 1876, I had just acquired the Dikele at Belambila; but abandoned it for Galwa (a dialect of Mpongwe) at Kângwe, 1877 to 1880. My long absence in the United States had made me somewhat halting in the Galwa, and for a few weeks I again used an interpreter. It is my sorrow that her wish was not granted. In her eight months at Kângwe, her position was only a temporary one. And at Talaguga it was impossible. The two years there were the life of a pioneer. A school is practicable only after a station has become thoroughly established.]

"Monday, Jan'y 2d. Akendenge superintended the washing quite successfully, I think. He had half a dozen little boys to assist.

. . . The girls had to clean their kitchen, which they called 'dead;' and they had been using the boys', contrary to law. The husband went this morning up and across the river to Inenga, three miles, called on King Ranoki, and asked him to provide a crew, to row him up the river to Okota and Okanda. Dr. saw six hippopotami, on the way. . . . One of our boys is named 'Bigman.' The night watchman, 'Rufus,' is calling, 'Watch!' around the grounds. Hamill is writing out an order for provisions for the coming year."

[In pursuance of my arrangements for starting a new station, I needed to make a journey of inspection. No white man was allowed by the Galwa tribe to make an interior journey without permission from some Galwa chief. My efforts to obtain this permit had not been satisfactory, because I would neither pay tribute nor consent to a fetish-making for a success-charm. I then applied to Renkombe. He, though an inferior chief, was flattered by my application. Himself was going, with his own canoes, and he promised to take me and mine under his protection.]

"Tuesday, Jan'y 3d. Hamill went to Mr. Sinclair's [the Scotch agent of the English firm of Hatton & Cookson] to see about securing of provisions for his journey. . . . The little boys were disobedient this morning about getting fire ready for the ironing. They were called by me to the back porch, where I took their names. After the husband returned, they were called up in straight array before us. It was amusing, to see their black faces and bodies bare to the waist, their gleaming eyes, and long-drawn out, but most respectful sentences. They were judged by the Dr., and pardoned, with injunction that they be not disobedient hereafter. As punishment, they were required to pick over my pillow of hair instead of playing. They were called off to milk the goat. After that was done, they came obediently back, tho' Dr. N. had not expected them. The girls had been very disobedient about cooking and eating in their house. Mrs. B. had kept them from School, to clean and prepare their house. They were all the morning at work, and, when the Dr. went to their grounds, they had not touched their house, but had dug a level place in the hill-side, where they had put their fire-wood to make their food. . . . I spoke to Mr. Reading about teaching the English class; he did not seem to approve of it. Mrs. Bachelor has been lounging about, very weak and feverish; had a chill before dinner. We did have a nicely cooked fowl to-day. She enjoyed; still, was miserable. By supper time, she was too sick to come to the table. I took her supper to her side in the parlor. . . . I dressed Otis and washed him!

“Wed’y, Jan’y 4th. This morning, I was awakened by the cries of Otis, and the groans of Mrs. B. I went to them, and found Mrs. B. had suffered all night with excessive pain in her head, and high fever. How troubled I was! I took Otis (it was 5.30 A. M). By breakfast time, I was worn out, and left the table to wash the tears from my eyes. All day, I felt very weak, but tried to wait on Mrs. B. and Otis. She was in great pain all the time. I wrote a note to Mrs. Reading, which bro’t her up. She relieved me *very* much, and dressed and cared for Otis; and helped greatly in caring for Mrs. B. Her coming was a great blessing. By night, we decided Mrs. B. must be put in our bed. Nguva [the native elder] lifted her, and the boys flocked to assist and give sympathy. But, the two girls [Iguwi and Mwenanga] acted very differently, unkindly disobedient, and even impertinent. We decided to drop them altogether, but, allow them to remain on Mrs. B.’s account. A strange boy appeared, Mbugu, brother of Awora, whom we selected as *my boy*, to care for my room, and wait on me. This he did promptly. Of course, a new-horn. I could wish he might prove to me a boy for whom I may work, and successfully. This has been a trying and a prayerful day. I feel so sensibly the weight of responsibilities in regard to Mrs. B. and Otis. We made special prayer twice to-night. Once, as I got in bed with Otis; and, again, when I was called up during the night. Otis and I slept together. Dr. N. on the lounge, troubled all night with mosquitoes; and Agaia and Mburu slept on the floor on Dr. N.’s traveling mattress. We were up, every two hours; and, my heart was full of prayer at night when I laid down and tried to commit myself to God’s keeping, trustingly and restfully. [This noble woman, an accomplished teacher, was generously putting her hand to any service, even menial, for a suffering mother, and to soothe a weeping babe. I thought of all this, two years later, when no woman in the Mission came to Mrs. Nassau in her motherhood; and, four years later, when the only offer, of even temporary aid to my babe by a certain lady, was forbidden by her husband, who, once before in a similar case, had said of another woman, “she didn’t come to Africa to take care of other people’s babies;” though, subsequently, he had accepted, for his own infant, devoted service from that same woman.]

“Thursday, Jan’y 5th. Mrs. B. is better. We all are *very* thankful. She kept her bed all day. I did not dress until after I had prepared dinner. Kept on my wrapper and night-dress. Feel some wearied. Mrs. Reading sent a bread-pudding for dinner. In my haste, in trying to care for well and sick, I forgot it. At supper

time, I was reminded of it; and Mrs. B. and Hamill enjoyed it greatly. Very thankful.

"Friday, Jan'y 6th. After another night and all day caring for baby Otis, I feel pretty nearly done for. Mrs. B. got up this afternoon and dressed, and wrote a long letter to her husband; after which, she is suffering most excessively from her head again. . . . I gave her a warm bath, after the husband had gone to Inquiry Meeting; after which she went to bed with Otis. I waited for Hamill; and then we took her bed; I expecting to go to her bedside when-ever the baby should cry. I awoke just before the 6 o'clock bell rang, and went to her room; found she had slept well, and Otis too."

[We heard that the German "Mpongwe," on which Mrs. B. had expected to return to Libreville and for which I had already taken part of her goods to their trading-house, was fast on a sand-bar in the Ngunye river, and water receding, so there was no probability of Mrs. B.'s being able soon to go to Libreville.]

"Sat'y, Jan'y 7th. Immediately after breakfast, Hamill went to the German Trading-house, to bring back one of Mrs. B.'s trunks, and the goats, and to get food for his own journey.

"Mr. Schiff had written yesterday that the 'Mpongwe' would not go down river until March. Mrs. B. had therefore settled down at Kángwe contentedly. Mr. S. had also said he would soon go to Libreville overland, to find what arrangements could be made. We then had collected our letters, and Mrs. B. wrote that which cost her so much pain. Mr. Schiff went, in the afternoon of yesterday, without our letters. This was very trying to us. Mr. Reading saw his canoe pass, and called to them to take his letters. He would not stop; and, when in Gaboon, he will say that he had sent word to the Mission, and they had sent no letters.

"Work goes slowly, by boys and girls, in the morning. We wait our dinner for Hamill until 12 o'clock. He does not come, and we eat. At 1.30 P. M. the husband arrives, with a letter from Mr. Sinclair, the English Agent. He urges Mrs. B. to go down on the 'Pioneer,' which arrived yesterday. She had said she would not go on that vessel, if she waited here six months. But, after the letter, and Dr. N.'s judgment in favor, she decided to go. It was very trying to me. This means that I shall be alone here for weeks. And, then, I know, if the 'Pioneer' should sink, we would be much blamed. But, this brave woman starts to-night for Mr. Sinclair's, where she remains all night; then goes to the aged and apparently unsafe vessel, to face the discomforts and dangers of the 135 miles ride down

river, and 75 up the ocean and Gaboon river. We were busy all the afternoon getting her ready. Mbora packed her traveling-bed. Akendenge ironed. Another made a box for her birds. We ate supper together, and had prayers. I have been *full* all day, or afternoon. At 6 o'clock, I followed the train which conveyed her and her goods to the boat. She rode, down the Hill, in the hammock; Mbora and another gladly taking the honor of bearing it. I stood in a little canoe at Andēnde, and watched them a long time. It was a pretty scene. I looked out upon the broad river, land and islands, beautiful and varied foliage of rank growth, the deafening hum of insects. But, as I saw this lady move off, I felt I was in Africa, and lonely. Then, I asked that Christ might be nearer to me, and that His presence might be felt by me, not only in like seasons of trial, but in prosperity and joy. I stood there alone (no, a black, deeply-pocked man, with only a cloth on, and a little boy, sat picking out chigoes from their feet, behind me) until the figures were not distinct of the crew and friends. Then, I turned to walk up the steep Hill. Strange! how tiresome to walk up it; the muscles seem so painfully weak. I came up much of the way by Dr. N.'s old path, instead of Dr. B.'s zig-zag one. And now I am writing in our parlor (?). Iguwi, Agaia, Mburu, and several other black-faced, bright-eyed boys are talking around the hall light. God keep Mrs. Bachelor and Otis from all harm; and help us to know and *do all* His will!"

[There were three rival trading houses; the German, Woermann; an English, Hatton & Cookson ("H. & C."); and another English, J. Holt & Co. The latter two were invariably helpful, kind, and thoughtful to us, and for many years refused to charge for transportation of ourselves and our goods. The German were often disobliging, and even unkind, and were the first to make a charge for their services. I escorted Mrs. B. to the H. & C. house, and placed on the "Pioneer" the goods I had previously left at the German for the (then) expected "Mpongwe."]

"Sunday, Jan'y 8th. We all feel the effects of yesterday's strain. Mr. R. and self the only white persons present this A. M.; and but few natives. [After my morning service, the gun of the "Pioneer" was heard, starting its journey.] Akendenge my only scholar. Sab. Sch. small. Meeting in evening small also. Have been in prayer to-day; but feel that it has not been a satisfactory day. I have not a restful strengthening trust. Mrs. R. sent us a nice dish of 'float.' God has, during the past week, heard prayers, in restoring Mrs. B. Now, may He keep her, and the boy, and us!"

[They reached Libreville in entire safety. Not long afterwards Dr. and Mrs. B. transferred themselves to the Baptist Orissa Mission in India, where he died.]

"Monday, Jan. 9th. Have spent 50 minutes in teaching Mburu to scrub. Iguwi has been sick, and is acting 'the lady.' A letter from Mrs. Bachelor tells of her good health yesterday. Thanks, our God! My husband came from Andēnde about 5. P. M. All the afternoon, he has spent in preparing for his journey; getting clothes, medicine, tools, food, crockery, together. Mbora wishes me to stay here, instead of going to Andēnde, while Hamill is away. Think I will. . . . Mbora offered to do my ironing."

[I had no fear, going on my expected month's absence, in leaving Mrs. Nassau with only natives on the hill. My acquaintance with native Bantu character had given me entire confidence in their devotion as personal friends. Moreover, Mr. Robinson was soon expected; and Mr. and Mrs. Reading were within reach.]

"Tuesday, Jan'y 10th. Just three months elapse, and my husband leaves me. He goes, tho', on God's errand, I believe; so, can say nothing. He started at 7 o'clock this morning, for his canoe at Andēnde. The special native friends of Hamill came to see me. Mbora and Agaia are ironing; little boy scouring tins. . . . Thanks that Agaia is better. P. M. Spent with Mr. and Mrs. Reading. Had long talk about the unsatisfactory work among women; and the little spiritual work done for the natives; and the ill-effect of long-continued intercourse of whites, on the blacks; the latter becoming worthless, &c., &c. God sent us here. His is the power. Grant us that necessary grace for *every* duty. Oh! most high God! Evening prayer-meeting in the hall. I led very poorly."

[In her diaries, until her death, I observe that, along with record of her petitions to God, Mrs. Nassau makes almost daily note of thanks. In that reported conversation, I know that it was not Mrs. Nassau's thought that "intercourse" had "ill-effect" unless the native was allowed to *depend* on foreign aid.]

I started with my deeply laden canoe and crew of nine, escorted by Chief Renkombe and his two canoes. With various experiences I went up river and around and over many cataracts, to a distance of 200 miles, making, on the way, cursory examination of a dozen possible sites for my proposed new station. At that point, I left

Renkombe to proceed on his own errand 100 miles farther, and I started down river. On the way back, by more careful examination, I reduced the number of possible sites to a probable three, all of them within three miles of each other and about seventy miles from Kangwe. I was able to send back to Mrs. Nassau a number of letters, by frequently passing canoes, and twice heard from her by being overtaken by canoes.

I returned on Monday, January 30th, a three weeks' absence.

In Mrs. Nassau's diary I see that during my absence little Lizzie Reading had been sick, and recovered, and was attended by "Julia Green," a Christian woman of the Mpongwe tribe.

Mr. R. had offered to Mrs. Nassau the charge of the school. She was daily teaching candidate Mbora, and learning Mpongwe from him and the school children. On January 14th she records: "As I walked in the garden, alone, yet feeling God's presence, I watched the clouds, and recalled cousin Frank's [Rev. F. M. Todd] discourse at Holmanville, when he so beautifully told us of the lesson to be derived from 'Clouds.' I also penetrated a little way in to the dark over-shadowed walk, until I frightened some native inhabitant, when I retreated." She wished to be courteous to the white traders, but was annoyed that they chose the Sabbath for their visiting day. She became familiar with the almost daily white-ant annoyance. On January 16th she notes the seventeenth anniversary of her father's death:—

I find on a slip of paper a draft of her final resignation of her secretaryship of the Monmouth Presbytery W. F. M. S. It is without date, but evidently was written in January, 1882, in time for the Spring Meeting of 1882:—

"Mrs. Joel Parker, Pres. of W. F. M. Soc. of Monmouth P'by, and ladies interested in the same grand cause:—

"MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Please accept these words as a resignation of the office of Cor. Sec. of Mon. Presbytery, my present home making. . . . Three years ago, a letter was placed in my hands saying that the ladies had nominated the recipient Sec'y of your Soc'y. That letter was the electric spark that kindled anew my For. Miss'y zeal; and a most delightful task has it been to do whatever I was able in the accomplishment of the duties incumbent. But, when the honor was accepted, a feeling came to me that this step would lead to one more closely connected with the work. God has guided me, step by step, until I am now, in the distant field, and can no longer serve you in the home work. I had wanted to do much more this year than

ever, in the Mon. P'by, towards inciting more prayerful interest and earnest labors. The failures of last Winter were somewhat chilling; and, in the midst of cares which came to me in the change of homes and fields, I have been apparently more selfishly engaged, unable to communicate with the Auxiliaries, and doing nothing toward aiding in the commemoration of our 'decennial year.' My written words have been few; my prayers and tho'ts of you, daily. But, I fear this may sound as if prayer and words would accomplish the results desired. God forgive any such thoughts. His is the power, as well as the kingdom. In America, certainly no less in Africa, the utter helplessness, worse than helplessness of man, is not only known, but often sadly, fully realized by true laborers. - His strength is made perfect in weakness. Jesus has overcome the World. And, however erring or weak His instruments, His Word is powerful; with it we fight; by it we conquer. . . ."

The above was enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Parker, of which the following is the draft:—

“OGOWE RIVER, KÂNGWE, S. W. AFRICA.

“Jan'y 17th, 1882.

“MY DEAR MRS. PARKER:—I certainly supposed I had written to you and Mrs. Chandler. From my record, I find I have not. I am very *very* sorry at this neglect. It was so impressed on my mind, or I should have before this sent you word of our welfare. I have daily, I think it may be truly said, recrossed the waters, and been with you. Since our arrival in Gaboon, and later here in Kângwe, your dear Helen's face has been near me; and always was I reminded of the kind words and deeds of her own dear Mother; and I heard again the greetings and Christian 'God speed' of all the friends of Freehold and Monmouth Presbytery.

“My young South American cousin, when writing to her Papa, absent in the U. S., addressed him thus, in her broken English, 'Papa, I embrace you.' These words seem better to express my yearnings for the absent friends in America, than any other of more frequent use. I will enclose my personal resignation, and a letter which you can use, as you think best.

“I am engaged in work that the ladies will sympathize with, even if it be not strictly and purely *mission-work*, cleaning house. In January too! But, my boys and their mistress perspire most profusely. If, after the work was done, it could be as apparent in your homes, I would be glad. But, these bamboo houses, of such primitive make, give little satisfaction to the Yankee house-keeper. The hardest work is done by two boys who give me the hours between

7.30 A. M. and 11.30. These are their working hours. In the afternoon, they go to School. I have not been free from the loneliness of this isolated home; but, not many hours have been spent in mourning, nor have I many times given myself to tears, tho' I may have been so inclined. I am alone in this house, save a little girl, the betrothed of one of the School-boys. But, during the day, I am never alone. It is 7.00 o'clk, of course, the needed lamps are lit, and in the hall or waiting-room; and, in the near yard, I hear the voices of the boys in their evening hour of recreation. I presume they are gossiping and teasing one another, just as American boys would. They have but two regular meals; tho' I see them 'piecing' between times. At 11.30 A. M., and at 5.30 P. M., they receive their rations of four plantains each. Some times (and such times are the happy ones to them) dried fish is given out.

"Our associate missionaries are about a half-mile from us. To reach them, we have to walk down a *very* steep hill, and then ride in the canoe eight minutes. *Jan'y 20th*, Friday. This has been a Black Friday to me in the house. Disobedience among the boys and punishments, and loss of temper for myself.

"I heard a missionary say that the destroying of one's temper was one of the sacrifices to be made by us. I do not think that true; but, I have learned that we need an unusual amount of patience here.

"I have been very well, with the exception of two weeks while in Gaboon. I left my bed to start on my journey from Libreville to Kângwe. But, I grew better from the first day; and, when I reached Kângwe, after a ride of four days, was well. I have, in common with all foreigners in Africa, a climatic affection. In me, it appears in the form of blotches, similar in appearance and sensation to severe mosquito bites. My hands and face and ankles have been covered, much to my annoyance, and also to the loss of all claim to good looks. The walk up the Hill uses up all my strength, and excites most excessive heat; while, at home, I could do it much more easily. I shall think of you, during your Spring Meeting, particularly. Give my love to all the friends. To Mrs. Chandler particularly. Her dear face refreshes me. How I do enjoy my friends' pictures! My love to Mrs. Robinson, when you see her; and to Mrs. Solomon and her sister. Please tell them to pray *more* earnestly than ever for her who has already felt the blessing of their prayers. How I do long to hear from you all, and from the home-friends. Not a word since departure. I have written this evening, in snatches of time. I wish I could tell you more definitely and clearly of my surroundings and of myself, but I fear I could not, even had I the time. I will put this aside, and if any new and strange event happens, I will add to it."

[Candidate Mbora was teacher of Mr. Reading's school, but he was also Mrs. Nassau's pupil; and there was friction, because of Mbora's neglect of the school. In returning from a call on Mrs. Reading, on January 21st, "in coming over in the boat, felt homesick." But, arriving on the hill, "the boys' hearty welcome makes me forget the sadness, and causes me to give thanks. Tho', to have some one with me, *Hamill* for instance, would be a very happy thing. God preserve and keep him!" The reception of one of my letters is noted on the 24th: "Thanks; Good news from Dr. Nassau, my *honored* and beloved husband. *God is is* honoring him. In Thee is our trust!" Mr. Robinson had arrived on the 27th.]

"Jan. 30th. This is the beginning of the new r gime; the authority was divided between Mr. Reading and Mr. Robinson. Mr. Robinson in charge of the church; and, it was finally decided that I should have Mbora in some studies in the morning. I visited the School, for the first time."

[After my return from the Akanda country on January 30th, I assisted in the arrangement for distribution of the work of K ngwe station; as a result of which, Mrs. Nassau, instead of having simply a residence there, was given officially a share in the school-work and the instruction of candidate Mbora. On February 16th, is a record: "Thanks; for privilege of teaching."]

A gleam of the humor of Mrs. Nassau that sometimes cropped over her usual dignity. On Tuesday, February 7th, is the record: "Ironing day. Did a little more towards fixing up room. Heard Mbora's lesson. Heard Onivi's. Mended dress-skirt and vest. Teased my husband. Watched him make frame for new filter. Prayer-Meeting."

In a letter to her mother, of date February 14th:—"My husband returned from 'up river,' Jan'y 30th, and gives glowing accounts of the new country. Was gone just three weeks, instead of two months, as first expected. He did not go as far as anticipated; because, to do so, would be to be kept there for the two months, not being able to return on account of low water. But, he went as far as the Rapids, and beyond the forest-belt, where is prairie-land, about 200 miles beyond K ngwe. The site he selected is perhaps 70 miles above us, among high hills, with clear running waters (the water by us is dark and muddy), and few mosquitoes."

Mr. Reading offered to go with me on an up-river trip, to assist in making a final choice between the three desirable sites to which I

had reduced the possible dozen. We started on Friday, February 10th, decided on the Talaguga site, and returned on Friday, 17th, in time for the preparatory service of the quarterly Communion. Many letters from the United States were awaiting me. Part of Mrs. Nassau's record of the 17th is: "Thanks; for the husband's safe return; for the solemnity of the Meeting; for the love of my husband's relatives."

Mrs. Nassau was not indifferent to the importance of acquiring the native language; but, in her unselfish devotion to the household comfort of Mr. Robinson and myself, she did neglect her native study, so that I urged her in an unusual manner:—"Feb'y 22d. Husband reproving again for not-learning language." And on the 23d an amusing illustration of the desirability of being able to speak: "Onivi's sore hand had to be poulticed. Told Awora to bring milk and bread in a little cup; he brought me soda in a large pan." In February, Mrs. Nassau presented me with a large blank scrap-book she had bought in Liverpool. On the first page she pasted the following newspaper quotation, as an appropriate dedication.

"FATE.

"Two shall be born, the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed.

"And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shaping every act,
And bend each wandering step to this one end,—
That, one day out of darkness they shall meet,
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

"And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side, that, should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.
And, yet, with wishful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied; and this is Fate."

During February, 1882, I was busy gathering materials and a crew of workmen to begin my new station up-river. Then the men

I had engaged struck for higher wages. This often happened among Mission employes; traders gave wages so much larger than we could afford. I frequently yielded to any reasonable *complaints*, but I never yielded to a strike; often endured much privation rather than yield. So I went down river to seek new employes, and was gone several days. Mrs. Nassau's record: "Sat. Mar. 4th. Am looking for my husband, tho' it is late. Fear I shall be disappointed." "Sabbath Mar. 5th. No husband came. Bright morning. Feel more the absence of husband than ever before." "Monday, 6th. Washing; started early. Just as I was most deeply engaged in reading of my duties as a wife in Dr. N.'s work, who should come into the room but my beloved husband. He had a comfortable journey, and was quite successful. . . . I well. Bro't wild ox, a piece to bake. Thanks, for the husband's return, for his good journey, for his love."

I started up river, with my boat and canoes and crews, on Tuesday, Mar. 7th, for a month's absence, in clearing forest and erecting a temporary hut at Talaguga. Arrived there on the 11th. And, I returned on April 8th.

Under date of March 11th, 1882, Mrs. Nassau wrote to "My dear Friends of Holmanville, W. F. M. Soc. and Sabbath School:— It is five months to-day since I was carried away from Lakewood, and, for the last time, I looked into the faces of the dear ones that gathered around me. I wonder what these many days have bro't to you! Am sure, Winter is past, and Spring has opened, bringing with it the usual busy days. I have not been able to realize your Winter, as the thermometer has not been lower than 74° any day or night. Neither can we enjoy the freshness and beauty of your Spring days. These perennial Summers, to us who have felt the invigorating chill of Winter, and who are still inhabiting bodies not yet made perfect (and therefore not yet ready for the perfect year) are wearisome.

"From the window before me, I look out upon the near river running at the foot of the Hill upon which our house is built. The ascent is quite steep, and of height over 200 feet. Just now, I hear the sound of the Kroo-men who are bringing up a long stick of timber for the new house which is to be erected near the present one [for Mr. Robinson]. Many of these timbers have been brought up on the shoulders of the men. But, what a time they did make while doing it! And many a shoulder was badly bruised. You have heard of the poisonous centipede. (By the way, tho' I have seen a few, I have not yet been bitten by any venomous insect, or by any thing worse than the sand-fly and mosquito.) But, when these long beams of 42 feet in length are coming up the hill-side with 20 men beneath

them, each one reminds me, more than a little, of a large centipede. Just here, let me acknowledge the care of our Heavenly Master, who has, in such a wonderful way guarded us from all danger, and given to us such comfortable health. Directly opposite us is an island several miles in length; and, beyond it, we see the blue murky tops of the distant but not high hills.

“Mon. Mar. 13th. As a steam-launch is expected daily, I must write this morning, tho’ I feel unfit for using the pen. Let me tell you the labors of yesterday; then, will come to the recent excitement which has so used up my strength. The rising bell rang fifteen minutes before 6 o’clock. I must be up in good time, or, my boys will be behind. Prayers at 7 o’clock; for the entire School, in the school-room. Breakfast at 7.30. At 8.30, first bell for morning Services; 9.30 the Service begins. The church [the original one] is built at nearly the foot of the Hill. We have quite a walk to reach it, as we do not go down directly, the angle of descent being in some places at least 45°, but in a zigzag manner. The bell is a sweet sounding one, and a pleasant reminder of home. The bell-man takes a great delight in his office, ringing loud and long. The congregation is composed, with very few exceptions, of our mission-boys. Just now, the 12 Kroo-men (what a delight their muscles would be to the athletes of America!) make quite an addition to our numbers. These Kroo-men are the back-bone and muscles of this country. Not so very large; but, such rounded limbs I have never seen elsewhere. I have seen young boys [in the United States] boasting of their muscular strength; but, these fellows have no need to boast, their strength is self-evident. But no one [in our Mission] has been able to learn their language, tho’ they delight in learning English, and in concealing their own. They are to be our ‘steamer,’ bringing up-river our goods by canoe. I learn that my organ is in Gaboon, and, before many weeks, I hope again to hear familiar sounds. Forgive me:—I was writing of the congregation. Mr. Robinson can not yet speak the language; so, he uses the interpreter, Mborá. . . . To go back to Sabbath:—Reached home about 11.00. Dinner at 12.00. Sab. Sch. at 3 P. M. I have a class of 6 boys and 1 girl. These can read Mpongwe. I heard them recite the lesson, 12 verses. Two did it well. One, for the first time, failed. Supper at 5.30. Prayer-Meeting at 7.00. I have not always gone, as it is not tho’t safe to leave the house alone, on account of the Fang. But, after all had gone, and I had heard the sound of their gospel hymns, I could not resist the drawing, locked up the house, took a small lamp in my hand, and walked to the school-house alone. It was very dark. I have not often been afraid. Still,

have had one or two frights. Mbora has quite a disposition to excite people, and has told me *large* stories of leopards, elephants, and 'bushmen.' Am not troubled. There was a scare of a leopard last week, as one of the boys said he heard it 'talk;' but, we doubted it. We hear daily, and often Mr. Robinson has seen, monkeys and chimpanzees. Parrots scream constantly; but, no sweet singers are heard. But, I was to tell you of last night's scare:—After the strain of Sabbath, none of us sleep well. I was dreaming last night when in sleep of home-friends. A most distressful sound from the goat-house, and the roar of thunder awoke me fully. I went to the window. Heard our watchman around calling, 'Watch!' and was about to go back to bed, when that sound was so great, evidencing mortal pain and terror, that I hastily dressed. I heard the little boys and Rufus (the watchman) walking leisurely, *native like*, towards the sounds. How I wanted to punch them, in my nervous haste and sympathy! When I neared the door, Mr. Robinson (who has his sleeping-room in the school-room not far off) was heard; and soon the poor goats and sheep rushed past me, still crying, and oft stopping to pick off something, or rolling in the dust. 'Driver' ants! We found two chickens dead this morning; and I doubt not the goats would have lost their lives had they not been liberated. Mr. R. felt their presence last night; and we each retired to our rooms, in an uneasy state of mind, lest the Army should attack our houses. They did not. And this morning we found at least three distinct divisions, whether of the one grand army or not we can not tell. One division had ascended a tree. The entire line was sentineled by an unbroken line of small ones. At an especial point [crossing a path] the line was entirely covered by [a living tunnel of] the sentinels (pickets) and captains. The privates, nothing could stop [except fire] in their upward or downward march. They made a perceptible track by their constant patter of feet. Their number:—this army first arrived here, I suppose, about 1:30 A. M., and they left about 11 o'clock; fully 10 hours in passing. They have attacked this house, but not this time. We tried to tempt them, by putting meat in their way; but, they seemed to have gotten all necessary stores, and would not stop to take in more supplies.

"And so, I could go on and on; but, must go to other friends. There was a half hour of yesterday, I have not spoken of. This may be a fitting ending to a very rambling letter, and one hardly suitable to be read to you on the Sabbath. Remember, I am writing on Monday; and the missionary's life is as full of secular things as those at home, more so, often; tho' I remember how I used to think letters from the former should be so spiritual. Often the bright spots of the home-

picture, among the most attractive now, are those where I met with friends, and together worshiped, and felt the power of God's spirit. That presence was then often forcibly realized; but now, I often go, as I did last evening, quite a distance from the house, into what is called our garden, entirely away from man or any human work. The tall graceful palms and native primeval forest trees, the plantain trees with their broad leaves often more than six ft. in length, around and 'in the darkling wood, amidst the cool and silence,' if I knelt not, I did 'offer to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplications'; for, I *would* not, *could* I 'resist the sacred influences' which

'From the stilly twilight of the place
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops,
 Stole over (me) and bowed
 My spirit with the thought of boundless power
 And inaccessible majesty.'

Aye! more than 'these dim vaults, these winding aisles' moved me. Amid them, I felt my utter loneliness; but, looking upward to the clouds, dark, but with golden edges, I knew behind them was the setting sun, beyond the dear home-land. Surely, there were loving, praying, hearts, too. I was not alone. But, farther still, and upward, was the Great White Throne, and God with awful majesty; and tho' realizing my sinfulness, to tears, I was not afraid, but could, *did*, look up even into the face of my Father, because my Elder Brother was there. And under such sacred influences, think you, I forgot those I love, especially those who shall for me here be always associated with Holmanville? I can think of no other way but the faithful coming to the door of the ponies and the carryall; of the Pastor's good Ned. Then, we are all together in the choir. The faithful words, from oft trembling lips, are spoken to us out of the Word of life by the beloved uncle. . . . And *all* those faces. . . . came before me as I stood alone, looking westward. . . .

"P. S. Word has just reached me, of the safe arrival of my husband at his new Station, where he yesterday spoke of our Saviour to many who had never heard the Name before, and still more who had never heard it but once, and that by himself, on his other visit. He will be away, at least a month, building a hut needed for shelter and storage before he commences upon the house I will go to."

From the Diary: "Wed'y, Mar. 15th. Still rainy; but, we sent the mail. Thanks; that it has started in time, and that I could write as many as I did, eighteen.

"Tuesday, Mar. 21st. Have been writing to the husband; and, during the day, have been gathering for the box to send him. The 'Diary' is finished."

Writing to me on that same date, Mrs. Nassau speaks of her growing interest in *negroes*, whose faces at first had been repulsive to her: "I remember you spoke of the special interest that grew upon the missionary, for his pupils. I am surprised, almost, at my own interest in many of these boys (tho' I have always taken my pupils in an especial manner to myself) yet, one might suppose that these black faces would not be as interesting." [I had used up my last blank book for daily entries. Mrs. Nassau skillfully bound in green silk an ordinary writing-pad for me as a diary. (Other of my cloth-covered blank-books are eaten by moth and ant and roach; this silk is still, to-day, in good preservation.) For a "dedication" to it, she wrote the lines of Bryant, quoted above, and the following loving note, on March 22d: "My precious Husband: I just tho't I would give you something more to read, so put this in. Have no more news just now to write, as it was all put in the other letter. This is only a presentation of the 'Diary' to the Ogowe River Pioneer missionary. Again hoping that the heart-aches to be recorded may be few, and that the successes may be many, and, the peace always present and exceeding deep, your loving wife, Mary B." And on April 1st Mrs. Nassau, herself, without a blank-book for her own needs, began to use the vacant pages of her Album of Quotations, begun at Freehold, May 14th, 1867.]

"Sat'y evening, April 1st, 1882. With tenderness, I take up this book of precious School-day memories, not liking to put its pages to common use. Again, I do like to link the pleasant days of the past with those of the present. I find here reminiscences of the unformed school-girl, of the restless maiden, of the heavily-laden teacher, and of the embryo missionary. And, now, I am writing (in the midst of mosquitoes) as the wife of Rev. R. H. Nassau, M. D., in a bamboo house on the shore of the Ogowe River, W. A. Am surrounded by black and comparatively strange faces; yet, very pleasant are they to me. My husband is 70 miles away, working, alone, and in the midst of great discouragements, to establish a new Station. Mborá, unknown a few months ago, has been with me, and is much

tried because I will not give him a subject for a written exercise. Awora asked for help in the kitchen. I put him off, expecting to talk with him about it; but did not. Mbigino asked to go to his village; I did not let him. At first, he was a little glum, but has done well since. Mbora left with me some cloth for jackets or shirts, as I had spoken of his flannel one with dislike. I promised to cut them; but, the rest must wait till the husband comes. Iguwi, Onivi, and Iyanjo went to Mrs. Reading's. While together only yesterday, two notes each have been exchanged. Thanks; for the quietness and obedience of the servants."

[There lies before me a bundle of little notes by Mrs. Reading, written at least one a day during the months spent by Mrs. Nassau in 1882 on Kângwe Hill; and many others, letters that followed her to Talaguga during parts of 1882 and 1883.] I returned from Talaguga on Saturday, April 8th, for only a week's stay, to get new workmen and supplies.

Mrs. Nassau wrote to her cousin, Miss Hattie Todd:—

"Kângwe, April 8th, 1882: Yours of dates Jan. 3d and Jan. 15th, came to me yesterday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Reading were here on a little visit. We exchange visits every week. The mail was brought by two former pupils; we were, of course, much excited thereby. It was the largest mail yet received, bringing me 14 letters.

"I have not missed but *one* opportunity of sending you a letter. That was the time I sent such a long one to Mrs. Parker. So, again, I send this, which, with the husband's, will make a long one. Because you do not hear from me, is not because I do not write oftener, but because there are no mails by which to send. By the last mail, I sent to you and 20 others. So, you see, I try to satisfy my friends.

"It is not for their sakes I do it alone, by any means. I have a very strong selfish design in the matter, as I want to hear from them more than they wish to hear from me; only, I want you to know how diligent I have been.

"It seems strange to hear you speak of *Winter*. There is not any season of special interest that I do not think of home-friends, and of how I used to meet with them. When you speak of Mother, of her need of care, of her evident growing weakness, the distance seems the longest. . . . My heart *aches* when I think of her, and know how much she needs my care. I know she will receive from you the tenderest; only, I wish I could share with you. . . . There are dark days for me too, tho' not like yours; but, I can truly say I have suffered from sorrow since leaving America, more than ever before.

It has made me more susceptible to pain as well as joy. But, be sure, I do not regret my coming, except on Mother's account. I do not anticipate a speedy return either, if God gives health. I want to carry home accounts of work done; and, to accomplish much, we must stay long. Those boys! Wish I could see them! [her two little nephews]. . . . Every Sabbath evening, as we begin our Prayer-meeting, I think of you five hours earlier, as about beginning afternoon Services. Our Prayer-Meeting is held in an unfinished bamboo room. The seats are boards on boxes. The audience, black faces entirely, save Mr. Robinson's and self. . . . Just here, I heard some disturbance, and several of my boys came to the door. I looked up, and from their faces knew something was up. 'E bia!' they said; then, 'Dr. Nassau!' which meant, 'he comes!' So, I, of course, rushed down hill to meet him. Have just returned; am *very warm*, very tired, and very happy. The husband has had a very trying time; living in a true hut, exposed to rains, and exceedingly tried by his crew (of which, *one a mute*, and, *an old man*), all of whom were dissatisfied because they had no meat."

On April 15th I returned to Talaguga for a ten weeks' absence. While I was at Kángwe, arrived Mrs. Nassau's organ. Of that joy she wrote to Mrs. Parker under date of about April 23d: "On the banks of the river Ogowe, in that part of West Africa made especially known to Americans by the graphic work of DuChailu; on that river, towards which the French nation is turning with hands greedy to seize and appropriate (spelled by them l'Ogoue) there recently occurred an event of such intense interest to a *few* at least, that we venture to give to the distant friends of America a share in the pleasure then enjoyed. But, particularly would we desire to make known our gratitude to those who were instrumental in giving this great joy. More than eight months ago, there was conceived in the minds of a few generous christian ladies assembled at Asbury Park, a desire to put in tangible form their interest in and regard for a friend soon to leave for Mission-work in Africa. The desire grew to a purpose so strong that it drew generous gifts from many of the Presbyterian churches of Freehold, Jamesburg, Burlington, Hightstown and others. Some of their number were appointed to select the proposed gift; and, with a wisdom excelled only by their generosity, these friends made choice of the best to be found in the most reliable house of one of our largest cities.

"Carefully 'it' was packed and put in hold of a sailing vessel bound for the African tropics. After the lapse of five months, the gift arrived at the French domain, and was put on Africa's shore at

Libreville. Lying there for two months or more, through the kindness of a German trader, it was put on board a little river-steamer 'Mpongwe.'

"For 75 miles, after leaving the Gaboon estuary, the steamer skirted the ocean beach, then turned into one of the many mouths of the Ogowe. Cautiously following the channel, in and out among the innumerable low green islands, in the shade of the deadly mangrove-swamps, and almost within reach of its curiously interlaced roots and long hanging tendrils; amidst sounds from the screeching parrots, or the barking chimpanzee, or the loud jabbering monkey; frightening into less-frequented waters the snorting hippo; startling the beautiful gazelle; bringing to the shores the wondering native; in the midst of life in air, on land, and in the waters, that is still strange, and, if known, would give great delight to the scientist, our little steamer, with its precious load, came to higher and more healthful regions, and was relieved of its burden at the Lambarene German Trading-house. One of its least, tho' most important burden, was the *mail*. That portion belonging to the missionaries, was given to a native boy, who paddling a distance of a mile, bro't it to the eager hands of the Mission at Kângwe. With the mail came also the word that *the organ* had come. What a thrill of joy that gave to the parties interested! This was Sat'y evening, April 8th, and too late for the doing of anything that week towards bringing it to the mission-house.

"Early Monday, before the morning-meal, the husband started for the precious freight, in a six-oared boat, the 'Nellie-Howard.' Found in the German store-house, 'it' was carefully taken therefrom, and put across the gunwales of the boat. Barely escaping being crushed between the wharf and the steamer just then approaching, he pushed off for the present home and last stopping-place (for a time at least) of the organ. Finally, after a ride of a mile, the boat touched the Kângwe landing. But, the box was heavy, the workers young and awkward. After long, tedious, and hazardous efforts, 8 or 10 young men are seen coming over the brow of the Hill, carrying the box fastened by the native rattan 'bush-rope' to two poles. These poles rested on the shoulders of the men, while the heavy box swung to and fro; and several times, had it not been for timely help, would have rolled them off the path down the steep hill. With a long-drawn sigh of relief, it was finally placed on the porch of the house. From there, it could go no further, until divested of its carefully prepared outer covering. Carefully the screws were drawn; and, as the first board was ready to be taken off, there was a call given for the recipient, that she might have the first glimpse of the

contents. Seldom has a more enjoyable sight been presented. Hastily and eagerly the remaining front was removed; and a careful examination was made, proving every part to be in most perfect order. Too eager to wait for its final removal to the missionary's room, still partly within the packing-box on the open porch, with wondering natives around, the organ was opened, and the pedals were moved. Not a sound was heard, showing that neither dust nor damp had thus far affected the delicate reeds. Calling for the associate missionary, Rev. W. H. Robinson, we, who had received from those dear absent friends of Monmouth Presbytery, at the hands of our beloved President, Mrs. Parker, in the parlor of our dear Alma Mater, this beautiful gift, now stood around it; and, under the tropic skies, the first notes that sound on our forest wilds were of praise to Him who had thus blessed our lives by making us know that the wide ocean and thousands of miles could not separate us from the love of friends. For, their voices in gift united with ours as we sang the first notes. Do you wonder that lips formed the word of our grand doxology? And, do you doubt that our hearts overflowed with grateful love to Him who thus permitted us to unite the home and the loved ones there with the new? Never were sweeter tones heard than responded to our touch. But, a minor strain ran thro' all, the language of the heart-pain; tho' we heard the sound of our friends' expressed love, we missed their bodily presence. Aye! more; the dear voice that had given to us our farewell 'God-speed' word, freighted we believe with double blessings, was hushed even to his loved ones in far-off Freehold. But not hushed to his loved ones and ours in Heaven. It almost seemed that Heaven was even nearer than Freehold; and we were uniting our voices with those over there, in loving grateful praise to Him 'of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named.'

"Our frequent evening hymn is grand old Tallis: and never is it sung without remembering the deep mellow bass of that beloved teacher, as it sounded so richly above our soprano. 'Are they not all ministering spirits?' Aye! if God so willed that the beloved Teacher should hear our voices, I knew that he also saw us now." [That organ is still in use, in the hands of Mrs. Nassau's niece, Miss Mary B. Foster, of Bay Head, N. J.]

During my absence at Talaguga, Mrs. Nassau had company at her table, Rev. W. H. Robinson. In her house-keeping she had an unusual amount of discomfort from the heedlessness, and sometimes unkindness, of the boys and girls used as her household servants.

All new missionaries are subjected to impertinence by young native personal employes, the latter presuming on the missionary's

ignorance of their language. Mrs. Nassau was in a peculiarly distressing situation, for I was not there to protect her in the *house*. She taught these same employes and others in the *school*, where, though no authority had been accorded her, Mr. Robinson always sustained her. But, though she had necessarily to deal with some of the *Station* employes, they were not under her control. These were limitations in her official situation that often were trying. Her chief earthly comfort was the daily visit or note to or from Mrs. Reading, and the reception of my letters. I was able to write frequently. For, as to me, on the very river bank, all passing canoes, at my call, would stop and take a letter from me. But, though canoes were also constantly coming up river, as to her, on Kângwe hill-top, it was not often that she could be apprised of a possible opportunity.

Though I had only the hut at Talaguga, in which I was living while having logs cut and squared and prepared for a little cottage for her, I had promised that she should come and share my camp life as soon as the rainy season (March to May) had definitely closed, and the long cool, dry season (June to September) should make it safe for her to come. She counted the days until she should escape from the uncomfortable position at Kângwe.

“Thursday, June 1st. Went to Andënde, to take dinner. Mr. Reading had been to John Ermy’s [the “Island” trading-house of an American mulatto, eighteen miles up river]. Returned at 12 o’clock. Mr. R-g and Mr. R-n had discussion on Infant Baptism, Will, &c. Pay day; *29 more days*. Prayer; God help me; and bring thoughts, words, and acts under His supreme control.

“Friday, June 30th. *The day*, for which I have waited for the past 11 weeks. Hoped, and prepared dinner for the husband. About 10 A. M., the alarm was given, and we tho’t we would see them soon; but ’twas a false alarm; it was Mr. Reading returning from the Trading-house. Dinner was over; and the last bell rang for church, Preparatory Service, just as he came. Lord! hear my prayers! May I fear Thee. May I trust in Thy mercy, that thou mayest take pleasure in me.”

CHAPTER XII.

JULY, 1882. CAMP-LIFE.

I ASSISTED the Presbyterian Stated Supply of the First Ogowe Church, Rev. W. H. Robinson, at the Communion, on the Sabbath, July 2d, 1882.

And on Friday, July 7th, with my boat, "Nellie-Howard," and a native craft, I started up-river, Mrs. Nassau to be with me for two or three months. We arrived at our station on July 11th. Mrs. Nassau was the first white woman in that region. In our crew were several Kroo-men, hired only for the occasion, for they prefer service only on the coast and on ocean steamers. The pursers of the steamers, in enrolling them, rarely understand their native names, and have the habit of intentionally giving them ridiculous names, which the men innocently accept, apparently with pride, in their desire to own anything that is "English" (or, as they say it, "Ngesh").

Mrs. Nassau wrote of the beginning of that journey:—

"The wearying preparations for the boat journey and camp-life were finished. The tins of meat and vegetables had been packed, dried bread prepared, the few changes of raiment in readiness, the cooking utensils (few in number) in their box, our rolls of bedding, and the tent securely tied, and we awaited the hour for starting. Friday morning dawned upon the party of expectant travelers, at Kângwe. Though preparations seemed meager, the number of boxes, when placed together, appeared large to the men and boys who were to carry them down the Hill to the boat, 'Nellie-Howard' which was to carry us to our destination. The strong Kroo-men carry down the burdens; and, though much effort is made to get off in season, 'tis 9 o'clock when the two missionaries leave the house. Descending by the path cut in the hill-side, we wind our way from side to side downward to our landing at the foot of the Hill. The task of stowing away boxes and bundles, that both missionaries and crew may have room, being not yet over, I walked a short distance through the forest, to Andēnde, the associate missionary's house, soon followed by the well-laden boat.

"At this landing is a native 'kongongo,' filled with 'farinya,' which is to be the food for the workmen of Talaguga. The kongongo (dug out of a single tree) differs from a boat, in having no keel; and from a canoe, in having a rudder. This one is 35 ft. long, 3 ft. wide,

2 ft. deep, 3 inch thick gunwales, bottom 5 inches thick [propelled by paddles]. The 'Nellie-Howard' is 30 ft. long, 5 ft. in width, 2 ft. in depth, very light thin sides, and sharp bow. The canoe is 40 ft. long, 2½ ft. wide, 1 ft. deep, sides 3 inches thick. 'Farinya' is the entire tubers of the cassava-plant, or, S. American name, manioc (mandioca; jatropha manihot) raw roots with their husk, coarsely grated, no other preparation; the starch grains and woody fibres mixed; the pulpy mass washed in water. This dissolves out the poisonous principle; dried in the sun; broken into small grains; looks like coarsely ground grits. It is cooked by pouring on it hot water, swells to three times its size. If roasted, looks and smells like roasted bread. Ngwěse is the entire tuber boiled and sliced, the rough skin being first taken off. The kindness of our missionary sister, Mrs. Reading, will not let us leave without a lunch. So, with refreshed bodies and happy crews, I bid farewell to Kángwe which has been the home for the last six months. We leave, on the Hill, Mr. Robinson, who must now not only take upon himself, his ordinary care of mission-work, but assume as well the superintendency of the housekeeper's department. And, at Anděnde, leaving the only missionary sister; and neither of us will see the face of a white woman until my return in two or three months. The 'Nellie-Howard' shoots ahead of the kongongo, with the French colors flying at the stern. Passengers: the missionary and wife and a little maid; crew, six Kroo-men. 'James' takes the stroke-oar, and, anxious to 'show off,' he leads with a *long strong* stroke. But, their strength and the resistance of the current is too much for the oars. Some thing or some body must give way. Before we were out of sight, 'Brass-pan,' the second man, suddenly took a seat backward, leaving, for our meditation uplifted hands, and empty seat. 'Brass-pan,' a figure for Harpers to illustrate awkwardness. All because of a broken oar. A sharp reprimand from the master, and another oar started us anew. But, the Kroo-men seemed particularly fond of that one trying style of rowing. And soon we have from Brass-pan the same display repeated, when he received a warning which made him more careful during the rest of the voyage. 'Baby,' the fourth man, was the next unfortunate one; and there being no more extra oars, he remained idle until the rest at noon gave opportunity for repairing the injuries done. The third man is called 'Jacob,' the musician of the party; and he is an erect, splendidly formed fellow. 'After-dinner,' the fifth, is the mildest-faced, and one who might be expected to get into trouble because of his gentleness and meditateness (?) There remains only 'Cavalla.' Poor 'Cavalla!' In every party there must be the weak one, the butt for jokes, the shoulders for

petty burdens. He does continually 'catch crabs' in more way than one. What is the example set by our civilized, christianized boys? But, this is a digression. We took a diagonal course across the river, and stopped at the opposite village, to ask if odika can be bought [a dark cheese-like mass made of the kernel of the wild mango, and used for a rich meat gravy]. There come to the shore, to watch us, men, women and children."

[Mrs. Nassau was a great curiosity to the villages lining the banks of the upper river, as we pursued our journey for three days (resting over Sabbath at Belambila, a deserted former station). She enjoyed greatly the new flowers, ranges of hills, wilder forest, enthusiastic receptions, and finally reached our Talaguga in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 11th.]

"Arrive at Talaguga, Brass-pan, in lifting me ashore, mired. I reached dry land by walking a log. Came to the 'hut' [of two rooms]. Unload goods. Soon, husband comes into the farther room, and prays our thanks, and for grace to do the work God has given us. Put up tent. Eat on a box. Frames put up, to store our boxes. 'Joktan' and Akambia [the two men I had left in charge of the place] in good spirits, and surprised to see us so soon."

[Communication with us from Kângwe was infrequent and difficult and even at times dangerous. So that occasionally we were reduced low on our foreign provisions. The crew of one load sent by Mr. Reading turned back in fear of tribal wars. He then bravely escorted them himself, arriving, much to our relief, on September 4th.]

When, in 1881, Miss Foster disbanded her Barnegat School, some of her favorite pupils went to the "Ivy Hall" Female Seminary at Bridgeton, N. J., under the (then) care of Rev. and Mrs. Reeves, and there joined a local Girls' Missionary Band. While at Talaguga, July to September, Mrs. Nassau wrote to them in the latter part of September: "My greeting to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves and the teachers and students of Ivy Hall, who have turned their thought toward the Mission-work in foreign lands. And, these greetings to all are none the less earnest because the teacher's love goes out with personal intensity to a few of your number; the rather, is my special regard for you as a Society increased.

"Word has reached me of the successful Parlor Concert, and of their purpose to raise a certain sum for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in foreign lands; thus showing their faith to be sincere by these practical works. As a missionary, but particularly, as a christian teacher, I was made glad by this news, because you are not only culti-

vating the mind, but the heart, as well. There is no firmer seal to enduring friendship, no stronger incentive to earnest study, no principle for a life's work, so purifying, so elevating, so energizing, as that which actuates the true missionary at home or abroad, love for God and love for immortal souls. And, it is a love that takes in the perishing of all lands, and appreciates the crying need of all people for the Words of eternal life.

“But, as you have turned your eyes, with special interest toward the Dark Continent, I will try to open up to you, views of its shadows, which, in but a few places of this great expanse of country, are beginning to lift, before the light of the Gospel held up by the missionaries scattered principally along its coasts and by its river banks. These rivers are natural highways, upon which the traffickers from all lands run to and fro, gathering up the wealth which the native, with a keen scent for gain, is only too glad to bring to their hands, from the vast comparatively unknown Interior. It is ‘Greek meeting Greek,’ in the exercise of bloated covetousness; and the superior knowledge of the white trader is often over-matched by the cunning of the black. The growing desire of the black man for civilized products, which makes him more eager for and exorbitant in his demands, are met by the whetted ingenuity of the white, to make from nothing articles that bear a likeness to the genuine ones, in every thing except real value or use. For instance: in the purchase of ivory, a certain number of yards of cloth are required. The price of ivory has advanced. With like rate, the quality of the cloth has gone down, until it appears only a shadow of its kind. Also:—a certain kind of brasspan, used as an article of currency, once of substantial make, is now so thin that it can be twisted in any shape by very weak hands.

“On one of these thoroughfares, the Ogowe river, which before it reaches its exit in the ocean, divides itself into many and important branches, but which, at this point (Talaguga) contracts itself in very narrow limits, 120 miles direct from the ocean, or 200 miles by the course of the river, is situated the advanced out-post of the Presbyterian Mission. And there, in a little hut, near its bank, sits the writer. By her side is the little maiden, to whom I hope to introduce you soon, busily sewing upon a very pretty pink calico dress. She has the thread, needle, thimble of civilized life, and sews with remarkable neatness and precision. On the hill-side is the missionary busily pushing forward the building of the little house, which, for the coming two years at least, will give shelter from rain and sun. He has in his employ, three native Fang, belonging to the dreaded tribes of Cannibals. These cannibals doubtless occupy large tracts of the inland country, and are pushing themselves westward with surprising

rapidity, the former occupants of these regions [the Bakele and others] fleeing in terror toward the sea-coast, some day to almost entirely disappear, as has been the fate of their predecessors.

“The migratory habits of the Fang are not conducive to the success of the Missionary’s labors among them. They have not the desire for *education* which other tribes have shown; and, thus far, are entirely indifferent to the Word preached to them. Their one interest being to attract and hold the white traders, for their own aggrandisement.

“Until a house is built, a regular School can not be established. We have, as servants and regular workmen, four young men from the lower river tribe (Galwa) among whom the missionary has labored for more than six years. Last week, we were to send away the fifth, the principal one, a carpenter, because of sickness, he desiring to go to his own people. All of these have been pupils of the School at Kängwe, and are civilized in dress and habits. Two are, we believe, sincere christians; a third has expressed a desire, which his deeds thus far have proved sincere, to leave the world and his former life, and be numbered among the people of God. The maid before referred to, completes the household. In the evening, two of the workmen come to me to recite. In the afternoon, our house-servant recites with the little girl. My fifth pupil is a little Fang boy, whose father is a cannibal. He has been treated for a very sore toe for the last five months. This brings him to the Mission; with the additional want of his dinner, he is generally present for his lesson in the (to him) very obtuse and difficult task of discriminating between (‘pot-hook and hanger’) A and Z, of the written language, which is entirely new and strange to him. . . . The girl’s name is Onivi. I have never seen any of her own family; but, I know that she was taken from a home where ignorance and superstition of Egyptian darkness reigns. She was purchased for a certain sum of [dowry] money by a young man, now the Elder of the church at Kängwe, and placed by him in the Mission-school some four years ago. She is now about 12 years of age, and is the wife-elect of her purchaser. She is as quiet and obedient as many of American girls. I was ready to say, more so; reads very well in Mpongwe Scriptures, and is pains-taking in following her copies which are written for her on her little slate. We have no writing-books. Simple addition has been mastered by her, as well as the Childs’ Catechism, and several of the Psalms. She is of medium height, and would appear to you very much like other negro girls; but, to us, who are accustomed to the dark skins, they have as distinctive features as the white people. When speaking with animation, a dimple plays around her lips, and her brown eyes light up with pleasing effect, and, with her fellows, as quick at repartee

and active in movements, unless a spirit of stubbornness, sullenness, fastens heavy weights to her otherwise quick footsteps. I wonder if any of the Society of Ivy Hall have ever seen the effects of these weights in themselves or others?

"I have already spoken of her dainty sewing. A few weeks ago, she made application for admittance to the Inquiry Class, which is the first step towards a public profession of religion. She appears very happy in her mission-home, with no desire to return to the native village; and also is more than satisfied with the husband-elect, more pleased than many of our girls, who, after being in the mission-school for a time, often select a lover of their own, quite different from the one who has paid the dowry, and legally is her owner and future husband."

On Tuesday, September 26th, we started down river, making a comfortable three-days' journey to Kângwe for the quarterly Communion. And, as the "Former" rainy season (October to December) had set in, and the little cottage at Talaguga was not yet in a state to receive Mrs. Nassau, she remained on Kângwe Hill, resuming her housekeeping there, the while I, after much trouble in obtaining a crew, started back to Talaguga with a kongongo and canoe and a very mixed crew, on Friday, October 13th, for another three months' absence.

On October 30th, Mrs. Nassau reports having opened and enjoyed the box of books, clothing, and other gifts from Jamesburg and other friends in Monmouth Presbytery. And on October 31st, she mailed over forty letters of acknowledgment.

On November 1st, she was alone on Kângwe Hill. Mr. Robinson having gone on Mission business to Gaboon, with the intention of returning in December, in order that the Station should not be without a male missionary when Mr. Reading would be absent at January Mission Meeting.

I had found native employes generally respectful and obedient; and, on leaving Mrs. Nassau at Kângwe, had no thought that she would be subjected to the annoyances which came to her. I still believe that the native African is naturally respectful. But some sinister influences had been at work at Kângwe between my departure in 1880 and my return in 1882. These annoyances I see recorded almost daily in Mrs. Nassau's diaries, with, also, daily an ejaculated prayer, and almost daily a record of thanks. But her letters of cheer to me at Talaguga, were cheerful, even with wit and gentle badinage that was written for only my eye. This was her remarkable union of solemn severity in her views of duty and her sprightly flow of humor for those who were dearest to her.

During the three months' separation, I had opportunity, every few days, of writing to her. Talaguga had become a haven of rest and safety for trade canoes of the Galwa and other tribes plying between Lambarene and the interior. They found it a safe spot at which to bivouac; my presence was a protection to them and their goods; my boat-shed a comfortable roof under which to rest; my fires a convenience, and, for favors I gave them, they always were more than willing to carry letters, stopping on my hail, and even delaying while I wrote, to take any note I had ready. With what little gifts I gave them, and what I promised that Mrs. Nassau would add, I was perfectly certain that my letters would be safely carried and promptly delivered. They were. And they were longed for by Mrs. Nassau. I will not open the sanctity of some parts of her letters to tell the depths of her longing. And this, notwithstanding the presence and protection of Mr. Reading, the courtesy of Mr. Robinson, and the sisterly, almost motherly, love of her dear friend Mrs. Reading. But from her end of the line there was difficulty. The up-going canoes made their start from the English and German trading houses, out of sight on the other side of the island. Those white men had few interests outside of their trade, and it was not expected that they would notify the mission of their frequent sending of canoes up-river. When, on a venture, letters were sent to them they would probably be forwarded, almost invariably by the English. But the German sometimes refused, or forgot, even after promising. On one occasion her letters were thus retained deliberately, not out of any particular spite to her, but because of the Agent's offended dignity, the package having been handed, not to himself, but to a subordinate. Not until my wail for letters came back to her did she find out that the longed-for missives that her love had sent had been lying for days only a mile distant from her!

At that very same time, I was giving shelter in my little hut, even resigning my bed to him, to one of that same German's clerks, he having stopped, sick, and his crew almost in mutiny. I used my influence in obtaining him a temporary location with my Fang chief, Nyare. In my diary of November 15th I note: "Nyare could find plantains for Mr. B., but not for me. Do not know what will be the up-shot of a trader establishing so near to me. How things develop! Only eight months ago, I came here, and was on the verge; now, two white men are ahead of me up-river, and a third near me!"

I do not know what were the "ambitions" referred to in Mrs. Nassau's diary of November 26th, after she had been reading, in a missionary monthly, letters of Miss Cole, of Siam, Mrs. Winn, of Japan, Miss Tiffany, of China, Dr. Jessup, of Syria, and "Miss Noyes,

of Canton and her charge of more than 200 women, made me long to work among women here. The appeal for medical missionaries stirred up old ambitions which could not have been fulfilled; but, may God make willing those who have the ability!"

Time drawing toward the close of her first foreign missionary year, she records, on November 30th: "Thanks; for the untold blessings of the year; for health of body preserved; for *some* growth at least in grace; for the Husband's success at his Station; for Ma Reading's love; for the love of friends at home; for Mr. Robinson's friendship; for the devotion of the Husband; for the privilege to be in Africa; for the Savior, His words, His life, His death, His resurrection, His ascension, His intercession."

With all her many household distractions, learning a new language, &c., Mrs. Nassau wrote largely. Her memorandum book has lists of letters "Received" and "Sent." Of letters and notes sent, there is a list of 255 during 1882; of these, 183 were mailed letters; 52 to fellow-missionaries, and 131 to relatives, friends, and other persons in the United States.

Having completed the cottage on the Talaguga hill-side, I returned to Kängwe on December 26th. Mr. Reading had already gone by river steamer to Libreville, Gaboon. I assisted Mr. Robinson in the preparatory and Communion Services of December 29-31. And, on Monday, January 1st, 1883, in my boat "Nellie-Howard" (fitted only for river travel) went to the Annual Mission and Presbytery Meeting at Baraka, Libreville, arriving there on Friday, January 5th. Mrs. Nassau had decided not to go with me; thought she better stay with Mrs. R. and get ready for our removal to Talaguga. For these and other reasons she gave up the prospect of seeing other fellow-missionaries: *e. g.*, crowding the hospitality at Baraka; the probably uncomfortable return by the small river steamers; work to be done at Kängwe in teaching, &c.

Of those days, Mrs. Nassau wrote, in a letter to her cousin, Miss Hattie Todd: "Kängwe, Jan. 5th. . . . your words about those anniversary days are true; and I too lived them over again. But, between those days and the present time, have been long, weary, lonely days of waiting and working, while the Husband was still more lonely in his work at Talaguga. He stayed as long as he possibly could, and has nearly finished the house, which, though small, *will* have a floor. He came down to Kängwe, Dec. 26th; and, New Year's day, started for Gaboon in his little boat, 'Nellie-Howard.' His ride will be 130 miles on the river, then 75 miles on the sea. One, perhaps two nights, he will spend on the ocean. He will use the sail on the sea, of course. But, he is always most terribly sea-sick on the

water; even the quiet river sometimes brings nausea; and you can hardly imagine the distress he suffers on the ocean. This is Friday night, and I hope he is by this time safe at Libreville. I wished very much to go down to Gaboon by one of the traders' steamers; but, decided that I better 'stay by the stuff' at Kángwe.

"I have seen *one* (and only one) lady, one white-faced woman, in the last year. . . . I told, in a letter to little Julius, of the narrow escape from drowning that Mr. Robinson had. We were thankful indeed for his final safety. He is, and has been, all the year past, *very* kind and gentlemanly. . . . I am very glad you met Mrs. Kneass. And I enjoyed *very much* your description of Mary Dashiell's wedding. I am very glad to know of Mr. Cranmer's election [New Jersey State Senator G. T. Cranmer]. . . . I never had a gentleman *friend* whom I tho't more of than Mr. C. Remember me to him, and to Mr. Harrison [of Lakewood] when you see them. And to all the Holmanville friends, my love, especially to uncle Todd. . . . I see letters from Frank [Rev. Frank M. Todd] in the *Presbyterian Journal*, and from Uncle Todd too; all of which I enjoy *very much*.

"You may be sure I think of you all, those days, which were once spent so happily with you and the other home-friends. I do not mean to say I am not happy here; but, I do miss those friends *very much*.

"I have pretty heavy trials, I think, here; but, I know you have equally heavy, and perhaps greater ones in America. I can only pray for you, as you do for me. But, these trials surely are not in vain. They bring nearer the Savior, and show us our sins, and aid in purifying us from those sins. After all, the end of life, to fit us to glorify and enjoy God, is only furthered by what we are sometimes tempted to complain of. I mean to write a letter for the Society *very* soon, unless the trials and full working time of the moving [to Talagugá] days prevent. . . . Christmas I spent with Mrs. Reading. Her little Lizzie received many presents from her friends in America."

At Libreville, there had recently arrived from the United States, Rev. A. C. Good, and Miss Harding and her mother, new missionaries; and my sister Miss I. A. Nassau, and Miss L. B. Walker, returning from furlough. Meetings began on January 8th, and closed on January 16th. Miss Nassau and Miss Harding were appointed to Kángwe Hill. Miss Harding was of negro extraction, but with so slight an admixture that she was regarded as an "European." At her own expense, she had brought her mother from the United States, who was therefore not on the missionary list.

I left Libreville on January 18th, and was again in Kângwe on January 25th.

Mrs. Nassau's various works on the Hill were divided between Miss Nassau and Miss Harding. And on February 7th, Mrs. Nassau and I definitely left Kângwe on the journey to our own Talaguga Station.

CHAPTER XIII.

1883, AT TALAGUGA.

OF that journey, Mrs. Nassau wrote, in the end of February, an account to Mrs. Parker, for the Monmouth Presbytery, W. F. M. S. :—

“The last two months have been filled with the excitements attendant on departures and arrivals; with all the labor, care, and vexations which preparations for boat-journeys, packing and unpacking, always bring. . . . At Kângwe, we welcomed Miss Harding, who, with earnest zeal, enters upon her work of establishing a Girls School; and also Miss Bella Nassau, who, for this year, takes for her home the house we leave there, with all her renewed strength, and her well-trying devotion to this her life-work. From the first village at the mouth of the Ogowe to Belambila (the Bible reading out-station beyond Kângwe) the news that ‘Miss Bella’ was returning to this river was received with most ardent enthusiasm, which showed the hold the faithful missionary had secured upon the hearts of the people. Wed’y morning, February 7th, Miss Bella, from the home on the Hill, and Mr. and Mrs. Reading and Mr. Robinson, from the Andënde waterside, waved their farewells to Dr. Nassau’s company, as he, with his fleet of 5 boats and canoes and 40 men and boys, pushed off, on their upward journey to Talaguga. The ‘Nellie-Howard’ carried the Doctor and wife, a crew of 6 young men (with oars), 2 food-boxes, 1 box of goods for purchasing native provisions on the way, 1 of medicines, 3 of native farina, 1 of soap, 4 containing luggage of crew, 1 of dried cod-fish, 1 of hardware, 1 of clothing, 1 jug of spring water, 1 demijohn of vinegar, 2 casks of bedding, 1 chair, wraps, water-proofs, &c., &c., 1 *chicken*, and 1 dog; the last *not* for food! Each craft had a full complement of paddles; and we started with the feeling of strength which many hands give to the performance of great works. The canoes carried boards and native food, provisions for ourselves, and household furniture. The week previous, Mr. Reading had taken up a large canoe filled with foreign provisions, our food for the coming year. Just a few hours before our departure, news was received that a native trader, in a fight with a Fang village, on the river-side, more than half of the way up to Talaguga, had killed three men there; that the Fang were greatly incensed thereby; and that any canoe passing would incur the danger of an attack from them. But, our crews seemed to smother their fear, which we knew they felt, and we had no hesitation in starting.

Happily, at the very last moment, three young men, former pupils of the School, asked to be taken. They were kindly accepted. But, many of the crews, from near villages, wished to stop at their homes and get guns, &c. The crew of the 'Nellie-Howard' were all held to their promise, though the Dr. was obliged to land and go to their village, to hurry them from their multitudinous leave-takings. Before leaving the first village, we heard that two of the crew of one of the canoes had deserted, fearing the Fang along the route. This was distressing to that crew who wished as many paddles as possible. We passed the middle of the river, and saw the principal canoe touch the other side, and nearly every man left the canoe. We passed within speaking distance, and asked the cause. Three from that canoe had deserted, their mothers fearing to have their sons go on such a perilous journey. These same young men, when their inclinations lead, are not so easily restrained by their mothers. The leader of the canoe threw down his paddle, saying he would not go at all with so few men. The Doctor promised him two from another canoe; and we all slowly passed on. But the entire company were in ill humor; and the peace of the journey seemed to be broken. The missionaries could only endure, and trust that He who prepares the hearts of all men would so over-rule their discontent and rebellion that a safe arrival should be secured. Also, another earnest prayer was offered for the withholding of rain, which would not only cause loss of goods, but great discomfort and possible danger of health. We lunched in the woods, about 2 P. M. The wife's little boat 'Swan,' with three young men, instead of closely following the 'Nellie-Howard,' went their own way; and, as the shades of night fell around us, they were hid from our view. We were troubled, as they were in danger of running aground on the many islands in mid-stream, and we knew they would be in great fear of the Fang along the shore.

"Wearily (more truthfully lazily) our crew pulled; and we were very much relieved when the lights of an American negro trader's house shot across our bow at 9.30 P. M. We landed, the last of the 5 crafts, went ashore; and enjoyed for the night the hospitality of our fellow-countryman, Mr. Ermy. But, Oh! the mosquitoes, and the hideous cries of the two watchmen! Little rest, and less sleep, that night!

"Thursday we again started, with a second canoe in a semi-rebellious state.

"By 3 P. M., we reached Belambila, and carried bedding, &c., to the little mission-house. This house has been closed nearly two years, and was put in the care of a native living near. Earnest prayer has been made that one of our christian young men should

offer to live there as a Bible-reader, though it be among the most superstitious and degraded of all our tribes, the Bakele. The dusty walls and floors were not very inviting, tho' we were glad of their protection from possible rain. A few Bakele came to the house to greet us; and, in the evening, we gathered the crews together for evening-prayers.

"At 6.30, the next morning, we were in our boat, ready for a start. But, before pushing off, the missionary and company sang a native hymn, and he offered a prayer. The crews were in good spirits, and pulled well; and we reached the eating-place at the mouth of a little creek by 11 A. M. We had our tea and warmed tin of corn, in the boat; and started again after a rest of two hours. We entered upon the most dangerous part of the journey; for, that afternoon we were to pass the place of conflict so much feared. From the first day to this time, every village that brought us nearer to the dreaded point gave us new versions of the trouble, changing the location, and reducing the number of killed to one; while one man averred that the affair was entirely settled. We had no trouble that day in keeping our crafts near us. Fear was a stronger master than the white man. To increase the distress of our men, we met a little steam-launch coming down river. On board was an Englishman (a trader) and a Roman Catholic priest. The latter had taken passage for the purpose of viewing the land, having as plan the establishing of a mission near us. Thus closely these adherents of the Romish See follow in the footsteps of our Mission! The trader had promised to take him to within a few miles of Talaguga; but, hearing of this Alfray, turned back the second day of the journey. Our men could argue; what can this our poor missionary do in the face of savage Fang whom this trader with his steam-launch flees from?

"It was about 5 o'clock of a beautiful afternoon, when we reached a point where the river widened, on the opposite side rising a high hill [Rere-volo]. Majestically it overlooked the river below, and beautifully dressed was it with the bright greens of the forest trees, lit up by the brilliantly setting sun [the regular 6 P. M. sunset]. The offending village on the top of the hill commanded the entire river. On the right side, a sand-bank reached far out into the water; and dusky forms from the village on the hill were seen running to the water-side. Our own 5 crafts, with two others (strangers who entered our company for protection under Dr. Nassau's name) huddling more closely together, advanced into the exposed portion of the river. Our crew kept telling the Doctor there was a sand-bar in our way at the right. But, he knew differently. What their fears said was, 'Guns are; guns there,' would have been more truthful.

"All kept in mid-stream, until directly opposite the village, and then turned toward it and hugged closely the base of the hill. [There was the shortest and easiest channel. But, to the crews, it did seem as if I was deliberately leading them into danger. Perhaps the apparent audacity of my manœuvres may have checked the Fang, if really they had any intention to attack]. The 'Nellie-Howard' passed near the sand-bank, and we were greeted kindly by the staring Fang, tho' we did not think best to stop.

"After we had turned into a bend of the river which hid those people from us, we found one canoe missing. Turning back, we met it opposite the village, and *escorted* it safely past the danger its crew feared. This point past, the crews were greatly relieved, and cheerily brought the crafts, before dark, to the place where we were to stay all night. As we landed, one young man said, 'Ah! yes, we passed safely because Dr. Nassau was with us.' We thankfully said we passed safely; saw rain falling on all sides, but not touching us. We passed unwet; only felt the accompanying wind; and realized that our crews were becoming more and more quiet and obedient because *God was with us.*

"Our camp-mats and bedding were laid in the boat. Just as we were ready for sleep, the sound of coming wind and rain was heard. We still prayed, tho' we knew the rain must come. So it did; but not enough to in the least incommode us.

"Before day-break of Sat'y, 10th, most of our crafts were off, tho' we heard some of the crews protesting because of the threatening tornado. By 6 A. M., we were starting. The sun was clouded all day, but we felt no storm. One more meal in the forest, and before 3 P. M. our entire company touched the shore at Talaguga, within a few minutes of each other, and great shouts of rejoicing on the part of the crews, and welcomes. Never have we passed four successive days wherein God's protecting hand was more visibly seen. True, our prayers went up hourly to the Mercy Seat; but, why this increased spirit of prayer and trust? Have not our friends of Monmouth Presbytery been praying for us?

"I write in the midst of disorders of unpacking; and, should this letter reach you late, even too late for the Meeting, tho' I shall most deeply regret it, still I beg forgiveness because of the time and strength having been so entirely taken by the labors which always attend moving, particularly those which are met in this land. Greetings to you all, the most heartfelt. Indeed, the head is full of loving remembrances for the beloved President and each dear friend who sits by her side, or who may be looking into her face with earnest praying eyes, and for the many whose hearts are with you, though they be not present."

From her diary: "Sabbath, Mar. 11th. Just as we were at tea, Messieurs Mizon, Rigail de Lastours, Jaecue de Brazza [brother of Count Brazza], Michaud, and their 14 canoes and 190 men, stopped at the landing [on their way up-river to the interior, bringing us our mail]. Lieut. Mizon came up the hill, followed by Michaud barefoot. He was sent back, and put on a pair of shoes. The others soon followed. Two large dogs, which our little one wanted to fight. They took tea with us. Troubled with our small table. They left the house early; and we read our mail. . . . The French camp-fires were very pretty on our hill-side. Mar. 12th. The French left early this morning, and very promptly."

A letter, of date April 16th, to Mrs. Perkins: "We, the husband and self, are comfortably settled in our little bamboo Cottage. How I would enjoy your presence here! How I do *long* sometimes for the home-friends, that they might see *my* African home! We have three rooms, small and crowded; but our [combined] bed-room and parlor is really pretty. The other two rooms answer for dining and store room. Our new bed-room set of the light ash stands out in cheering relief against the dark bamboo walls. A sewing machine, writing desk, and two trunks fill up all available space. A cup-board in one corner, for our wearing apparel, three-cornered shelves in another, for books. A narrow tier of shelves on one side of the room, for books also, does not add to the *beauty* of the room (all being made of packing boxes, with sides rudely planed, and with original nail holes very apparent) but, they add to our comfort. My one disappointment about the house is, there is no 'prophet's chamber.' I had hoped to have Mrs. Reading's company, for a little time at least. Now, after her recovery from a severe sickness, and her visit to Gaboon, I am not so sure of the fulfillment of hopes. A young wife, a christian woman, has accompanied her husband who is one of Dr. Nassau's workmen, to Talaguga. She will be company, though the assistance I expected of her, I fear, will fail me.

"Around the house are the original forest trees; and, the clearing progresses slowly because of few laborers. The fallen monarchs, with accompanying debris, lie immediately around the premises, adding to the wildness, and sometimes desolateness of the place.

"Last Friday, April 13th, was an eventful one in our quiet lives. Nothing less than a river journey to a town eight miles below. All preparations of craft and food-box were made the day before. Breakfast and Prayers over, we found ourselves in the "kongongo" by 7 A. M. This is the first time I have ever ridden any distance in a native dug-out; but, found it very pleasant, had it not been for the cramped unnatural position I was obliged to take. The craft was

35 ft. long by 3 ft. in width. The husband took the rudder, and, in front of him was a little deck $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. x 4 ft. On this platform I sat, Turk fashion. But, the length was cut off to 3 ft., by the presence of two paddlers on the forward end of said deck. I relieved myself by, at times, reclining; and, the husband's knees supplied the need of a back. Eight paddlers composed the crew. Nearest me, at my left, a stalwart, faithful fellow. By his side, a diligent worker, but one who makes most ludicrous motions with head and neck at each stroke of the paddle, reminding one of the grotesque *mantis religiosa* so often seen here. We were not surprised, next day, that he complained loudly of pain in said neck and shoulder. In front of them sits the brightest-faced and finest-formed of all, who enjoys the position of leader among them, and who has his hands full while trying to keep peace between a weak-minded Galwa and three Fang, between which tribes there is deep and everpresent enmity. His partner, the 'enfant' of the party, divides his time about equally between the duty he thinks due to those about him in relating the brilliant ideas that flit across his mental vision, and the duty which urges him to attend to the one cloth that covers his limbs and loins, and lastly and *leastly* the duty due to his master in aiding the propelling of the craft; for, his paddle is often out of the water, and generally moved with heartless feebleness. Three of the terrible Fang complete the crew. One has, as head-dress, a tuft of wool, an inch wide, running on the top from forehead to crown, with sides and back closely shaven. He is principal in 'a palaver' of his village, the disturbing cause being the murder of his wife; and *he* is the murderer. Without doubt, the man will escape, by paying a very small fine; for, the woman he killed was *only* his wife! He owned her; had he not a right to do with his property as he pleased? The children he severely wounded were his possession. Who had a right to interfere with his dealings, however cruel, with those over whom he held such undisputable control? For a long time, my husband would not employ him; but, necessity at last compelled him, as our workmen have been painfully few. Another of the Fang has been a great comfort to us, and is the most, and nearly the only one who has been willing to work at the Mission; and even he works hardly more than half the time. But, he is one of the most faithful workers found among these sons of the forest. When the Husband first tried to employ the Fang, they would come an hour or so, late, and after listlessly handling an axe for one or two hours, would cease, and leave, to get food; and always dispute the account of day's labor. Now, they are regular in their hours, trust the missionary as to their pay, and work as faithfully as the African negroes *generally* do. This is one of the first glimmerings of success, in the

hope that they may be recipients, not of the temporal only, but of the spiritual blessings which the light we offer confers.

“But, I have left our story: The day was perfect. We passed rapidly down stream with the swift current. Now, near the shore, whose banks were covered with tropical vines and beautiful ferns which cling to rock, and enshroud the trees in a dense veil of exquisite loveliness. Here, under long drooping boughs where,

‘Shadows dark, and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go,’

Then, in mid-stream, while,

‘Sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea,’

casting fantastic shadows on the sun-lit waters below, whose beauty is greatly enhanced by the dark border-line so exquisitely curved, a reflection of the outline of the regular rise and fall of surrounding hills. Suddenly the tiny blue-eyed flower peeps from its emerald setting [a flower which I had dedicated to her, with a short poem, in February, 1882]. There, an aged monarch rises near us, upon whose trunk and branch the orchid and other parasites cover their murderous work with a show of youthful beauty. Oh, my back! An hour's ride brings us to a town. We land. What a relief! A procession begins the tiresome ascent of the long hill on whose summit is the town. First, one of the crew with our chairs; another, with food-box; another with our cooking utensils; then, the missionaries. Heated, and a little weary, we pass through the groves of the long leaved plantains by which the town is surrounded. . . . I was to stay there, while Dr. Nassau went to Yeña, a village a few miles farther down river. By mistake, we had entered a small back street so narrow that the eaves of the houses on the two sides were so close together that our elbows would have touched them had we not walked side-wise and single-file. When we emerged into the wider street, we were met with shouts of women and naked children; crowding; ecstatic actions of admiration. Enter the large ‘palaver’ house; filled. O! the screams, answered by still shriller yells. When it was discovered that I was to stay, the story was repeated and responded to. Leaving one young man with me, the Doctor departed. The people asked to hear me speak. I sang. And then the people departed on their day's works. A few were left, whom I will describe to you. In front of me, an old worthless fellow scraping short sticks. Near him, a sick man reclines. Then, a woman with a most distressing tumor.

A naked little boy; a man making twine for fishing cords; numerous little fellows; a very young one who eyes me most suspiciously; idlers interspersed between. Ompavo (thatch) along the sides of the shed, keeping out the sun, over which are inquisitive heads. The town is very long. The houses are continuous, with bark sides. I shook our little clock; surprise and fear. One woman, her hair half-dressed. No receding foreheads. One very high forehead. One timid little fellow playing with a big man; people eating with a stick; a necklace of narrow strip of cloth with buttons sewed on. In the eating-room, I felt sick, and reclined on a bed; the sickening smoke of the fire. Thermometer at 107°. A little girl behind the wall of sticks."

Under date of April 27th, a letter to the Foster Band, of Barnegat: "I am writing under the shade of the plantains in a very small hamlet near the banks of this river. In passing up and down, we had noticed this spot, and had determined to make it our next stopping-place, where we should speak to the people, of God. This morning, about 8.30 o'clock, our native canoe touched this point. A woman's voice in the forest directed our steps to the path. But, after scrambling up the steep bank, we looked in vain for said path. The missionary told a Fang to go ahead and lead us to the hamlet. He did so; and we clambered over fallen trees, through dried brush, up the steep ascent, until we reached two huts and a shed-like reception-room, called here, in English, a 'palaver-house.' Two weeks before, we had visited a very large town opposite; and the greetings given here from *two* women, were the greatest possible contrast to those received from the clamorous crowd of the first town. The *one* man, head of this hamlet, was in the forest cutting trees; but, being called, came to us. After putting down his gun and hunting-bag (without which they never go to their work in the woods) he saluted us very kindly. He was a large fellow. Not very pleasant-faced. He had around his loins a piece of bagging, that was his entire dress. But, exceedingly generous, as you will soon see. The missionary told him he was going still farther down river, but would leave his wife and a young native girl in his village under his protection; then, returning in a few hours afterwards, he would talk to him and his women of God. The man was well-pleased. But, strangely enough for this country, he was industrious, and asked if he might go back to his work, and return when the sun was directly overhead. There could no harm come to us; so, we were perfectly willing that he should do so; indeed, rather relieved by his absence.

"Before Dr. Nassau started away, he was presented with the head, neck, and one fore-leg of a monkey. This was a *big* present.

But, before this man left (the missionary having gone first) he gave also nearly the half of a monkey's carcase, which had been smoked until it was as black as soot itself. This was a still larger gift; and they will be enjoyed by our crew. The young negress who came with me, is sitting on a native stool sewing, making a 'cloth' for her young husband. This cloth answers for pantaloons, and, by our mission employes, is fastened around the waist, falling to the ground.

"One of the crew was left to care for our protection and service, and is now preparing the plantains, and cooking the meat. Very soon, he will make a fire for the missionary on the ground, and we will have our potatoes baked, and water boiled for tea.

"Of the three women here, one is very old and lame, and sits in the door of her hut; the other, just outside, squatted in its shade, is munching her morning meal of cassava. The third has been standing a long time in mid-path, with the hot sun sending its rays on her naked back. She tells me she is sick; which I can readily believe, from her emaciated body and distressed face. Her two little children are much like her in dirty skin and protruding bones. All of their faces are tattooed, and most of their breasts and abdomens are very fantastically cut in diamonds and parallel lines of all lengths and forms.

"Two more women, with cutlass (machete) on shoulder, and in a terribly undrest costume pass us. My maiden greets them. They seem too dazed to reply. Evidently, they are just from their gardens. Soon, a voice from the distance is heard. They reply, and hasten away, first having gathered courage to say 'Mbolo,' the native 'good morning.'

"It is getting mid-day, and the sun's rays strike us directly from above, driving us nearer and nearer the plantain trees, which are poor protection against its power. Occasionally a feeble breeze relieves the intense heat. Just now, one of the women came near me, and I held the little clock I have, to her ear. She is much pleased, and more dazed by its tick, tick, with no apparent agent near to cause it thus 'to talk,' as they call this ticking.

"I must stop, to attend to our lunch. We placed our dishes of food on the two boxes, and ate with quite a relish our baked potatoes, njève (ripe plantains), bread and butter, and gooseberry *turn-over* made by the wife the day previous, from the canned berries.

"Having finished eating, the missionary called the people to him, as he sat under a rude shed. Few were present, yet they were quiet and gave good attention to the words spoken. But, remember, these half-dressed men and women and naked children, though sitting so quietly and meekly, needed only the touch of some exciting word to rouse them to a frenzy of rage, when they would be ready to per-

petrate the most cruel deeds, not stopping short of murderous blows. To us, they were only kindness and affability, and it was hard to conceive of the dark deeds we knew all were acquainted with. Why were they thus scantily clothed, do you ask? Why, living in such dark dirty huts; having leaves for plates, and pieces of wood for seats; never having even handled a saw or any of the commonest tools and household conveniences so familiar to you all, excepting rude knives, forks, and spoons? A *book* as new and strange to them as a rhinoceros would be to you.

“The reason: all these great differences between your homes and lives and theirs are due to the fact that you have the light of *Bible truth*. They, in the darkness of *Bible-less homes*, in the gross darkness into which human hearts and Satan *always* lead when God gives them up to their own lusts and counsels. These people are ‘without God, and without hope.’ So, the missionary began by telling them of God, of His attributes: His commandments, of the way in which sin first came into the world; and, of the Savior, ‘Jisu,’ the Son of God. The Services were closed by the missionary reading, they repeating after him, clause by clause, the Lord’s Prayer in their own language. We left them thus, not knowing whether any of the seed sown had touched hearts which were ready to receive where it might take root, grow, and bear fruit. We will go there again. But, the result of our teaching is with God. We are here to teach. You are in your own homes, and can do your part by praying and giving. . . . So, I wish you to read of not only our work in Africa, but of the work and workers in China, Japan, India, Syria, &c. &c.”

Mrs. Nassau kept up, during all her Kángwe and Talaguga days, her regular and prayerful daily Bible studies. The following entries in her diary are only specimens of hundreds: “Sunday, April 29th. Very quiet day. I read in *Woman’s Work for Women*, go over all the names in the Historical Sketch for China. . . . Wrote a little Bible lesson, on The Omnipresence of God.

“Apr. 30th. Wrote a Bible-lesson on the Invisibility of God. May the Holy Spirit bless this study of the Word.

“Tuesday, May 5th. Just as we were through our dinner, Nguva, with a crew of three, and our mail, came. I had 27 letters. Husband received a memorandum from Rev. . . . Not pleasant. News from home that I had ‘a little daughter’!!! News (commands) from the French Government, that we are to close all ‘Stations’ outside of Kángwe and Talaguga. Also, soon, are not to teach or preach in

English, nor even in Mpongwe, I have tried to study at least an hour all these days."

[The somewhat of dread with which Mrs. Nassau had at first looked on the thought of maternity had disappeared so entirely that she had been wishing, praying, and planning for motherhood. She had taken Mrs. Reading into her confidence, who had enthusiastically promised her her presence and assistance. But, there had been no other basis for that report from the United States than some misconstrued words in Mrs. Nassau's letters to her relatives about her desires or expectations; perhaps this had been misunderstood as hopes. Those French governmental edicts were only a part of a programme of Roman Catholic persecution of our Protestant Mission, of which we had already felt signs and were yet to feel greater effects, which, eight years later, drove the Mission from our (then) best field, the Ogowe. There would have been no reason for our departure if France had been wise at that time to emancipate herself from Papal domination, as she finally has done twenty years later. The "Stations" indicated were only little out-stations, where native evangelists had been sent; even against these, Romanism raised its hand. And yet, some of our Protestant friends in the United States, in strange blindness and mistaken liberality, wrote of those Roman Catholic priests as our "Christian brothers," and suggested "comity."]

"Thursday, May 10th. We heard that the French had occupied Njoli island (two miles up river from Talaguga); and, when I saw a white man land at our beach, I tho't the French had come. It proved to be a German trader, Mr. Rene. He came and took tea with us. We gave him some food to take with him. We were all excited, because of the French. Mr. Sinclair's trader was not allowed to locate in the Fang villages near Njoli. Mr. Rene's canoes were stopped, and searched for guns. Both of us troubled about Rev. ——'s letter, and the French.

"Sat'y, May 12th. Husband went to Njoli island to call on the French. I expected him to return at 3.30 P. M. Did not, until 5 P. M., found the French *beyond* Njoli. Met very pleasantly by them. Glad that he called. [They had actually landed on and inspected Njoli, but had gone on three miles farther and definitely located at Asange island, which, however, is to this day, mis-called "Njoli Poste."]

"Sunday, May 13th. Troubled all day, fearing the French would call. While at Sab. Sch., two canoes passed. I trembled. But,

God kindly gave us a quiet day. I read the *For. Miss'y* for Feb'y; and again met the Chinese Mission."

[Mrs. Nassau had strong objection to all forms of Sabbath visiting.]

"Monday, May 14th. About 9 A. M., the French gentlemen, Messieurs, Lieuts. Michelez and Montaignac. Lieut. Mezon also called, but only at the water-side, as he was not well, and was on his way down river to Gaboon and France. The gentlemen were *very* pleasant. Spoke English well, particularly Montaignac, who rattled all the time. They had sent their canoe farther down to buy plantains. I had tea brought, and molasses cake, to the porch, and poured it there. Then, as their canoe did not come, we proposed dinner:— Had roast beef, prepared potatoes, beans, tomatoes, fried njève (ripe plantains), coffee, and plum-pudding. [All these, except the plantains, were canned provisions.] Mons. Michelez fell asleep while reading Stanley. We must learn French. I have made special prayer that I may be able to learn these, Mpongwe, Fang, and French. This P. M., a Mpongwe trader has come to Nyare's town; brought rum. We hear their drunken songs this first night.

"Tuesday, May 15th. Washing day. Ten canoes of French Expedition, with as many white men, passed. A canoe *from* Njoli passed *early* to Nyare's town to buy plantains. Nyare's people would not sell. Did not like price; and, besides, they 'sold to *Nassau*'!!!! I tried to bake jelly-cake without eggs, nearly failed, still, we sent three loaves of bread and the cake to Mons. Michelez."

From her first coming to Talaguga, Mrs. Nassau had a zeal to carry the Gospel beyond. We saw Roman Catholic priests carried into the interior by the Government canoes. I asked no such favor, but both Mrs. Nassau and I planned to travel far up-river, over my route of eighteen months previous, during the cool dry season (June to August) safe from rains. She made herself a short-skirted dress for convenience in canoe travel. I knew that *trading* by other than French was forbidden beyond Njoli Poste. But I had no idea that *preaching* would be, when I applied for permission to the local Commandment ("Governor"), Victor de Kerraoul, at that Poste. He refused it; said that none but French might pass, for *any* purpose whatever. I appealed by letter to his superior, Count de Brazza. Explanation and permission from him came just a year later. But it was then too late. I append an almost literal translation of his letter: "I regret infinitely that the instructions that I had given to M. de Kerraoul have given cause of a delay which has retarded your

outing to the Okota. The means employed at Njoli only concerned the black traders, whose manner of negotiating had troubled the security of the upper River. The traders are not allowed any more to have guns of precision, to defend themselves. I have not wanted them to create, in the Interior of the river, any interests which they are not capable of defending; and, that, at a time when I am not in position to give them the protection necessary to them.

“As for you, Doctor, I had offered you since a long time, to go up again with me; and I shall always be happy to see you profit by the protection which any of our expeditions are able to give you.”

“May, 19th. Went to Nyare’s village [in afternoon]. While there, a boy came saying that the French had come. We hurried back. Found M. de Kerraoul, ‘Gov.’ of Njoli and Dr. Schwebish. Tho’ a little awkward in meeting, ‘Gov’ Kerraoul was very gentlemanly. They ate supper with us:—had kippered herring, and corn-cake, Bartlett pears, and cranberries. So thankful they did not come to-morrow.

“Tuesday, May 22d. Ironing day. [Cook] William’s breath still bad [with liquor]. Sun in P. M. Studied on Mpongwe and Fang, in A. M., 2½ hours. In P. M., French 1½, Mpongwe ½. [Barring his intemperance, William, an Accra-coast man, who had seen service as a steward on the ocean steamers, was an excellent cook.]

“Wed’y, May, 23d. Studied Mpongwe and Fang in A. M. French in P. M. Wrote two exercises. Mended in evening; and Husband read Stanley to me.

“Sabbath, June 3d. Hamill taught me, ‘My God! how endless is Thy love,’ while I was dressing. One of the most perfect days of rest and quiet we have known here. Nyare and Nyamba [his chief-wife] call. Dr. talked to them. A company of strangers passed up from their town, and stuck on a log, and broke their canoe. Nyare had told them not to go, because it was the Sabbath! Just as the peaceful day closed, and we were kneeling in prayer, a noisy crowd of drunken fellows passed. Contrast! The noise from their towns unknown before the rum came.”

Mrs. Nassau was rejoiced by a week’s visit of Mr. and Mrs. Reading and their little daughter Lizzie.

“Wed’y, June 13th. We all go to the French Station of Njole. Met the ‘Governor,’ an army officer, De Brazza, and others. Stuck



on a rock. Many canoes; people, and their rush to see us; these driven back by officer's whip. Soldiers. De Brazza just on the point of starting; waiting for farinya, which comes while we are there. Ask us to dinner, we wait; but, as the lunch does not come, we leave. Go back again, to see the upper part of the island; then see two priests before us. They evidently had been hiding. Leave. Eat our lunch in the mouth of a little creek. Very pleasant ride back, a happy day. . . . Mrs. R. and I look up a site for a house nearer the water-side."

[It had become apparent that the location on the Talaguga hill-side was open to the same objection as to the Kângwe hill-top. Climbing the hill cost too much exertion. It was decided that the permanent Talaguga house should be built by the water-side, a few hundred feet across the brook, on the side opposite to the original hut, which was now the workmen's dormitory.]

"Tuesday, June 19th. *34 years old.* O! God give me Thy Holy Spirit, every moment of the coming year. This is my birthday request. Say to me, as Christ once said, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace.' Show to me all my weakness, my sins, my failings. Then, Holy Spirit, strengthen me to fight every battle, never to retreat from a position taken or one which Thou wouldst have me take. Help me to conquer. Oh! God, Thou knowest my wish, that I may *delight only* in doing *Thy* will; that I may have 'faith that will not shrink from any earthly woe.' Make me perfect, right, pure, good; my heart a pattern of Thine. I am sure I have grown spiritually, and am more consistent in walk than I was ten years ago. But, O! God, shame and confusion of face belong to me that the growth has been so feeble; that sin has held dominion over me, even when claiming Thyself as my Master. O! forgive; O! strengthen me for the coming dangers from within and without. I can not let Thee go until Thou dost bless me. For Thy name's sake, because my sin is great, heal me. Pour out upon me bountifully Thy Spirit. I do desire to do all things. Christ, help me; strengthen me and my husband.

"We heard loud crying in town; and our boys said the women were crying because all were sick; and, that one who had run away was being searched for, and then would be tied up. Later, Nyamba came, and said Nyare was very sick, and that he was suspicious of some of his wives. Then, as an excuse, we think, and not strictly true, that people of his town seized those wives, *five* of them, tied their arms back, putting a stick through them, then a stick down



their sides, so that they could not walk. Their cryings were what we heard. Nyare says, if he dies, these wives will be killed."

On June 26th we started down river in the "Nelly-Howard," on the usual journey for the quarterly Communion at Kângwe:—"Canoe, with Mâmbâ, Nguva, and others, starts at daylight. We, about 8 A. M., with the Fang, Ntula, making a crew of nine. Forgot the key of *the house*. Stop and send back for it. Ompwenge came in a canoe, and Dr. asked him to remain with Njambe and Nyândâ; which, after hesitation, he does. Ate at . . . Reach Njâgudembo's about 4 P. M. Stay all night. His town has streets at right angles; plenty of plantains and ground-nuts. Many children on the sand-bank. Held meeting ashore in the torch-light. People noisy.

"Wed'y 27th. Reach Belambila at . . . Crews all go to work [clearing the premises]. I suggest that we try to finish the grass-cutting, and go on to Kângwe to-day; four women and two men help [from the native village]; and we start about 2 P. M. Reach Ermy's at 4 P. M. Crew took oars [instead of paddles], and we reached Kângwe at 7 P. M. Sister Bella just at [evening] prayers."

I declined to be present at the Session meeting, as the Rev. Mr. Robinson was the official Stated Supply, for I always made it a rule to carefully refrain from even the appearance of assumption on the authority of others when I was a visitor at their stations, knowing how the natives would naturally insist on according me the precedence of years and experience. This distressed Mrs. Nassau, lest my declination should seem to slight our excellent friend Robinson. But, I preached the preparatory sermon on Saturday and assisted at the Sabbath Communion. But again I distressed her, for I declined to attend a wedding performed by Brother Robinson for Elder Nguva, as I objected to the youth of the bride, Onivi.

My visits to Kângwe were generally followed by desertions of my crew. Their constant complaint was the scarcity of food at Talaguga. My stay at Kângwe, therefore, was not restful. I had to go down river to search for new workmen. On the way, I saw a place where the Fang were enclosing five elephants in a corral. I obtained a native carpenter, Ankombia, and a weak lad, Rembili.

"Wed'y July 4th. Husband returned with one sore-toed, lame-fingered, crooked-eyed boy, and Aveya's bright-eyed little brother."

I took Mrs. Nassau, my sister Isabella, and Miss Harding to see the corral, having on the way a dangerous experience with the boat

in the Dëgëliye rapids of a side stream, of whose existence I had known, but had not been really aware that it was an effluent, and not an affluent, nor how near were the rapids until the boat was drawn into them.

“Thursday July 5th. Go to see the elephants. See two, one white. Experience in the Dëgëliye rapids. Mail handed to us on our return. After going to my room, I find that *Hattie Foster is dead* [her sister-in-law]. . . . Mr. Menkel with [his child] Alek, has come, to go to Talaguga. [Mr. Menkel, the mission mechanic, I had invited to relieve me of the labor of gathering from the forest material for the proposed new framed house of Talaguga. His little motherless boy became a new care to Mrs. Nassau. With her heart sore for her widowed brother, Mrs. Nassau began packing of our goods for the furnishing of our bamboo cottage on Talaguga hill, while I was busy purchasing supplies at the trading house.]

“Friday, July 6th. Packing, but sick. *Very lame* back. Sat’y, 7th. Mr. Robinson comes up and helps pack books and Organ. Sab. July 8th. Mr. Robinson asked husband to preach again. He does so.”

To relieve Mrs. Nassau of manual labor in our household, I had obtained from one of the ocean steamers a civilized coast man of Accra, as cook. His experience as a ship’s steward had made him a good cook. He could prepare a dinner rapidly, attentively, and without assistance or direction. We had retained him, notwithstanding his intemperance.

When, on July 10th, the heavily-laden “Nellie-Howard” was finally ready for our return journey to Talaguga, I was, as usual, hampered by desertions. My Galwa crews, who brought me down river, with promise to return with me, found the abundant food of their homes in their own tribe and the attentions of their villages too strong. Some would always fail at literally the last moment, and I had to get a loan of men from Mr. Reading just for the trip, or pick up some incompetent idler at villages on the way.

This, for years, was a distressing feature of my work at Talaguga. The difficulty with these employes was not any personal feeling against myself or their tasks or their wages, but solely the impossibility of obtaining from the Fang of Talaguga region sufficient variety or even quantity of food. Messrs. Reading and Robinson kindly aided me by forwarding native supplies from the abundance obtainable in Kängwe region; and they loyally supported me by refusing employment to any who deserted me.

"Tuesday, July 10th. No William. Men who promised to come, do not, save two. Stop at 'South,' and find two men. Go slowly. About 10 A. M., struck by a hippopotamus. Frightened. Thought it a rock. Boat leaks badly. Mr. Menkel partially stops the leak. At noon, Mr. M. repairs it. Reach Ermy's about 7 P. M."

In the boat that day, besides Mrs. Nassau and self and Mr. Menkel and his little son, there were ten natives, viz.: the six crew, two extra hands, and two little girls, Mrs. Nassau's pupils and personal attendants. The boat was very heavily laden also with our food supplies, hardware, and building materials, and Mrs. Nassau's precious organ in its original case. Its length exactly filled the boat's width toward the stern, taking the space of the stroke oar and preventing also the handling of the next oar, thus allowing us the use of only the four other oars. It rested on the stern sheets, where were sitting Mrs. Nassau, myself, Mr. Menkel, and the three children. The case prevented my sight forward. I, at the tiller ropes, could guide the boat only by the voice of one of the men in the bow. Wearied with winding through the tortuous channels of the dry season low water (where also hippopotami were usually to be met), I turned the boat to the deeper water shoreward. Suddenly we struck; I knew there were no rocks there. But it might be a sunken log. I shouted to the crew to double their stroke and thus force the boat over the supposed obstruction. At the same moment the entire stern of the boat, with its weight of six persons, the organ, and other goods, was lifted bodily out of the water by a hippo. I could have touched him as we slid across his back. Evidently (as these animals are amphibious) he had been lying hidden at that spot. Enraged by the blow of our keel, he had turned on us, as he rose, and bit through the iron shoe covering the keel and also through the boat's bottom. He did not renew the attack. The crew rowed frantically away, and Mrs. Nassau's shawl temporarily stopped the leak. A few hundred yards beyond, I ran the boat ashore into the mouth of a little creek, where we stopped for lunch. The tin of the empty meat can was used as a patch over the hole made by the beast's teeth. It was a merciful Providence that the animal, in its rage, did not further assault the boat. Probably it was as much frightened as we were.

With the heavily laden boat and its slow progress, picking our way through winding channels, the second night was passed at Mbomi village, and a third on a sand bank.

"Thursday, July 12th. Mâmbá, who had started on Monday, stopped with us at a sand-bar beyond Rere-volo. Cold; windy.

"Friday, 13th. Start at day-break. Hear hippos. Eat at . . . Reach Talaguga at 4 P. M."

At Talaguga, Mrs. Nassau wrote of that adventure with the hippopotamus:—

"While coming back to Talaguga in the 'Nellie-Howard,' July 10th-13th, we were in deep water and fearfully frightened by striking on what seemed a rock. The boat was tossed up out of the water, and we were thrown in a heap on one side. A boat thirty feet long, heavily loaded (my organ was in it) literally lifted out of the water. The lift into the air might not have been more than two feet; but that was enough. We all supposed the boat broken in two. I looked around to find something to catch hold of. When the few seconds passed, long ones they were to me and to us all, we found ourselves unhurt, only greatly mixed up and the boat floating. But one of the men cried out, 'The boat sees pain' (*i. e.*, is damaged), and we soon saw the water bubbling around our feet. Two men, by fast bailing, were just able to keep the water at a certain point. Either we had struck, or been struck by a hippopotamus. The leaks were caused by his teeth, as he had, either in defense or in anger, bitten into the boat.

"Being in deep water, the animal was able to swim away from us, and we had to row from him, and fortunately he did not pursue us. Had we been near a sandbank, the animal would have more probably continued his bites; as, when standing on his feet, it is his custom to demolish his enemies before leaving them. It would have been mere play for him to have cracked the boat to small splinters.

"This is the narrowest escape we have ever had on the water, and is the first time in ten years on the Ogowe that my husband has ever thus suffered from these brutes, though the crews have often feared to pass their haunts. At noon, Mr. Menkel was able to stop the leak; so that we reach Talaguga without more attacks, though loud bellowings and snorting one morning, as we were lying on a sandbank, hurried our dressing, that we might get out of their vicinity."

"Sat'y, 14th. Busy putting things to rights. Mr. M. and son with iron bed-stead in the dining-room. Husband bargains with Njambi as cook; but, first, he leaves for a two months vacation. I go to the kitchen, and with Ogéningo, and Rembili's help."

[This was the beginning of a long year's trial with unwilling and incompetent kitchen aid, than which my constant efforts were

unable to obtain better. Occasionally Mrs. Reading sent a temporary loan of one of her servants; but, as they came only under compulsion, I did not like to retain them.]

“Sat’y, July 21st. Baked cake; pies (pumpkin); made apple-butter; and had bread spoiled by the boys putting in the oven the un-raised bread. *Very tired*; for, I was over the stove all the morning. Go to Ndoñamavuña’s village. Hear of Nguva’s coming. . . . Mr. Reading sends ‘Bigman’ to help me cook. We accept, at first; but the Husband decides *No*.

“Sabbath, July 22d. Fast, until evening. Prayer for the Holy Spirit. Husband retains Bigman. Made a resolve to get up 15 or 20 minutes earlier, so I can read quietly and pray.”

The situation just at this time was very trying. Mr. Menkel, who came as my *assistant*, demanded to be placed in unqualified control of the new building operations and the workmen. To hasten the work, in order to obtain a better house for Mrs. Nassau, I yielded. And yet, so violently irascible was he that the workmen, whom I had obtained with so much difficulty, declined to obey him. One after another, he dismissed them; and I could obtain no others. His boarding and laundry were also additional burdens. Mr. Reading sent his man Nguva and a crew of Galwas to help us drag logs from the forest during one week, offering also another of his employes as cook. The conditions of the offer were so humiliating that at first I refused. But on reconsideration, I assented to any thing that would keep Mrs. Nassau from manual labor.

The site for the new building was not just at that time positively selected. But the conviction grew that it should not be on the hill-side. It was too wearing a climb.

“Sat’y, July 28th. Husband speaks of building by water-side. We go over to see it. Then, on the way to Nyare’s village, met the man himself. Return. Husband takes him to see the spot, asking to buy the garden next to it. I go to the house and play [the organ] for a large company of Fang.”

[That organ playing was a constant delight to Mrs. Nassau. It was made a religious exercise for the frequent companies of Fang visitors. The music drew their attention; and then she followed, through an interpreter, with the gospel story. It was a precious “sowing by all waters” that gratified, in the midst of domestic tasks, her desire for *direct* missionary work.]

“Sab. July 29th. Just at supper-time. Ankombia came; brought [fish] net and hatchet, and got his own axe. Looked as if he was going away. Husband and I went into the woods for prayer. Husband’s text, ‘She hath done what she could.’ O! God, let it be said of me!

“Monday, July 30th. Our prayer graciously answered in Ankombia’s very respectful, humble behavior this morning. Nothing said of going away. Hamill and I offered thanks. No washing. Killed a goat; sent half to ‘Gov.’ Kerraoul; one quarter to Laseni, who had sent his men to help to-day. But, as they came so late, Husband did not accept.”

[Ankombia was a competent native carpenter, whom I employed under *my own* orders. He had difficulty with Mr. Menkel. Laseni was a polite Mpongwe gentleman, educated in our Baraka school at Libreville, who was trading at a village a mile down river. He and his wife “Alida” had been members of the Gaboon church. Though fallen into neglect of Christain duties, they were helpful to us; their polite manners and excellent use of English made them pleasant visitors, being the only civilized companions that that African forest afforded to Mrs. Nassau.]

“Sat’y, Aug. 4. Julius’ birth-day [her brother]. . . . Visited Nyare’s village. Praying for wisdom to provide food, &c, for assistants. Fang boys hired to bring water. [For ordinary unskilled labor, *e. g.*, clearing premises, building, and travel, workmen could be obtained with less difficulty than for the household tasks of cooking, washing, ironing, and water-carrying from the mountain brook.]

“Aug. 5th. Sabbath. At least 47 at morning Service. *Many thanks*. Played for them [on her organ]. Troubled about Ozindia still. He was at morning prayers, but not at Service. Was at Sab. Sch., when peace was made by Ankombia speaking for him. God has heard prayer; and my heart is full of thanks.”

[Amid all the vicissitudes of our pioneer life, Mrs. Nassau kept up her *rôle* of teacher, even if it was teaching only our employes to read. And she regularly went to the villages to pray with the women.]

“Monday, Aug. 6th. While Muli was reading, the question came up, who shall do the washing? The way seemed very dark, and I was greatly troubled. God heard prayer, and provided help. . O!

that I could be taught to pray in times of trouble, without murmuring or fretting!

“Tuesday, Aug. 7th. Question again was to be met, who should do the ironing? God sent help in the shape of Awora, who helped Bigman. I pushed them through before the bell rang.

“Sat’y, Aug. 11th. Wrote to Mary Dickinson and sister Mrs. Joseph Nassau. Baked bread, pies, and cake. As the little Fang boys did not come to bring water, Ogěningo brought it for the washing. Jobe and a little Fang came late in the afternoon, and helped. Husband sick with painful arm. I went to Nyare’s to call them to meeting to-morrow. Many gathered around me; and I spoke a few words to them, through Mr. ‘Dixon’ [a Mpongwe trader]. Ogěningo went with me, and God did not allow him to be sick after the *big* work of the day.

“Sunday, Aug. 12th. Husband a little better. Laseni and his people came. No Fang, until after Services. . . . I read Philipians after dinner; and God’s Spirit impressed most comfortably the words, ‘Be careful for nothing; but, in everything by prayer and supplication, let your request be made known unto God.’ New version, ‘In nothing be anxious.’ Also, the Spirit helped me to pray, that ‘this mind which was in Christ might be in me who emptied himself and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross.’

“Monday, Aug. 13th. Bigman, Ogěningo, and Rembili washing. Did very well. Evening; Ozindia asks to go home. Husband lets him, as he does not recover health. Ankombia left alone [at the waterside], and he is afraid to stay alone, and asks for permission to come up on the hill. Husband says, ‘No, stay down; and, I will send one to sleep with you.’ Hamill says, Ogěningo; I said Bigman (rather just the other way; I said, O; Hamill said, B.). I think Husband never was so short of hands. Only *one* workman, and he sick, and two boys and a young man for the building of the house. It does seem as if God’s hand was upon us in judgment. Certainly, this is a time of trial. God bless it to us both; help us to learn *all* lessons, to be purified. . . . Nyamba, who recently had sharp words with Hamill about her garden, brought two plantains as ‘věvě’ [gift, as a peace offering]. Mr. Menkel has trouble with Aleck, about learning his lesson.

“Wed’y, Aug. 15th. Began a letter to Hattie Turner. Baked lemon pies. Aleck lost his dinner again, because he did not have

his lesson. I took him in hand, and helped him. He asked for food, I sent him down with some crackers, a note, and his book to his father.

“Thursday, Aug. 16th. Aleck was naughty in the dining-room. I did not know what to do about it. I went to village (Nyare’s) to teach, and was kindly received. Nyare had asked for Hamill’s little canoe in the morning, to go for Nyamba, promising to return to-day. The canoe was lent. . . . In teaching, I draw the letters in the ashes on the ground [floor of the hut]. Aleck followed me to the village; and I did not send him back.

“Friday, Aug. 17th. Aleck says he will not do the other things again, if I will let him go to the village with me. He did not get his lesson; and his Papa would not let him go. I went. Belinga learned well. In singing, they hummed with me. Felt encouraged.

“Aug. 20th. Answer to prayer, in Ogëningo’s sudden recovery. Washing done; and all feeling well. Kids lost; Husband found them. Thanks, O! Lord, for the work done.

“Tuesday, 21st. I ironed, though I felt very little like doing so, as I slept poorly, because of chigoes last night. Bigman finished in P. M. Every one feels so comfortable. O! Lord, I thank Thee for this good health and good spirits.”

[The chigoe (frequently mis-called “jigger”), a very small red flea, was introduced to Africa in 1872 by a vessel sailing, in sand ballast, from Central America to St. Paul de Loanda. It being unlawful to empty ballast into the harbor, it was carried ashore. Whence, the insects have spread all over the African continent. They may attack any part of the body, but chiefly the feet, and especially the toes, burrowing under the skin and depositing a sac of eggs, which, if allowed to remain and develop, produce painful ulcers. No amount of personal cleanliness prevents their attacks, though daily care does lessen their numbers. Fortunately, the two rainy seasons are destructive to them, but they propagate in the dry.]

“Thursday, Aug. 23d. Went to the villages. Pleased with the people who crowded around me, and repeated the alphabet and Lord’s Prayer and Catechism after me. Bigman went with me. Nyamba just returned from fishing.

“Friday, Aug. 24th. Nyare and Ndoñamavuña and some 20 men came before breakfast, 2 Mpongwe traders also, to ask Doctor to help

in a 'palaver' with the French. The French had shot into a canoe belonging to Nyare, killed one man, and seized the goods belonging to the traders. They did not know the reason. Husband consented to go. Nyare's fiery speech. Hamill went in the 'Swan.' Just after they had gone, the 'Gov.' Kerraoul came, and also a canoe from Andõnde, telling of Mrs. Reading's illness. She had been blind for 24 hours. Was a little better. A most touching letter from Mr. Reading, telling of Ma Reading's last request for brotherly love, and messages of love to me. Felt *very* much the shock, and the sorrow, and the pain, and suspense. Wanted to go down right away. 'Gov.' Kerraoul distressed because of the 'palaver'; cause:—the firing of a gun in the air in order to stop the Fang. All things returned. Nyare much pleased. We hear that the Benayël clan, to which the dead belonged, say nothing but blood will satisfy them, and threaten to fire on *any* white man's canoe.

"Sat'y, Aug. 25th. Husband went to the villages to call men to take him to Kângwe on Monday. Many promise!! Prepare food and clothing [for the journey].

"Monday, Aug. 27th. Husband again calls the men. Only ten come. Hurried starting. . . . At night, I was *very* tired. Slept poorly. Dreams. [I went to Kângwe by canoe with a large crew, the object being simply haste to be of any possible medical aid to Mrs. Reading, and not with the expectation of returning with any load of goods. I left Mr. Menkel still at Talaguga with Mrs. Nassau.]

"Wed'y, Aug. 29th. In answer to prayer, Rembili stopped his groans; and (though not working to-day with his sprained hands) the work has been done, and I am not sick. Especially, I thank God for Ogëningo's patient water-getting. Went to the villages. Every one busy, buying [and selling] ivory. It is only God who gave the men to Husband; for, their own wishes are to be here at home where ivory is. No one came to me as I sat. Finally, a few little girls came. Then, as I sang, quite a number of men came, repeated after me the letters and the Lord's Prayer, and a few questions in the Catechism. All go to bed happy.

"Aug. 30th. Very tired to-night. . . . Went to village to-day; only little folks. Still, some men, strangers, came and repeated after me the letters, &c.

"Sept. 1st. . . . Washed pantry floor also. Rembili said he was sorry I did it. Ogëningo was very pleasant about the water;

and I feel so relieved. I have wiped dishes all along, since Rembili's lame hand. Mr. Menkel had a little disturbance with Ankombia, who refused, at first, to work. . . . Been reading and enjoying (Life of) Madame Benson.

"Sab. Sept. 2nd. A very quiet day. . . . Read Conybeare and Howson (Life of St. Paul). Hope my Husband has had as quiet a day as I have.

"Tuesday, Sept. 4th. I finished the ironing, and was completely worn out with it. About 11 P. M., we heard Husband's rifle [my Winchester signal on a night journey]. He comes back with the good news of Mrs. Reading's life, though she is very weak. . . . The affliction of Mrs. Reading brings to us all a quiet blessing, as if she were to us a messenger of love from God to us, and brings us all much nearer each other."

In her anxiety to be of any aid to her sick friend, Mrs. Nassau and I started in the little "Swan," on Friday, September 7th, for Kângwe. We would have gone sooner, had I been able to obtain a crew and had Mr. Menkel been willing to remain alone at Talaguga. On his finally consenting, we started with only two Fang; just at the last moment two others stepped into the boat. We slept that night at Belambila. Resuming the journey next day, we met two trading canoes (an English and a German, each led by a white man) when we were only fifteen miles from Kângwe. They handed us letters, which told us that Mr. and Mrs. Reading had left for Libreville to seek a steamer to England and the United States. So we turned the boat back to our home, rested over Sabbath at Belambila, and reached Talaguga on the evening of Tuesday, September 11th.

On the way back, Mrs. Nassau had a trying experience. During the whole route, going and returning, we were in constant anxiety not for ourselves, nor even for our crew, but the Fang crew were not used to long, steady work at the paddles; they needed constant urging. Also, the recent killing by the French had made all the tribes excited, and the Fang clans were not at peace even with themselves. For our white selves, we would have stopped in any clan and at any village as our convenience dictated. But again and again some one or other of the crew would object, saying that it was not safe for him to be seen at such-or-such a village.

So for our noon lunch on the Tuesday we had stopped at the shaded mouth of a creek, a large village on the opposite side of the broad stream, but none near us on our side. After our meal, Mrs.

Nassau went alone to a quiet spot across the creek, with her Bible and other books for reading and prayer.

During our rest, a canoe had come from the other side, but we did not encourage their presence, and they left. (One of our company afterwards said that they had not spoken well of our crew.) When I called Mrs. Nassau to resume our journey, she hastily took up her shawl and other articles, but forgot the books. We had gone some two miles before she discovered her loss. Her Bible was a precious souvenir. Against the anger of the crew at the additional time, extra work, and apparent return to a dangerous neighborhood, I turned the boat back. Annoyed at the slow progress, I put the boat ashore and ran down the bank alone, Mrs. Nassau following slowly with the boat. While I was away, voices called to her across the stream from a canoe. She, not understanding what they said, had to use almost force to compel the crew to be silent and keep at their paddles. Arrived at the nooning spot, the book was gone! I returned with the distressing news to my wife, who was then in tears. As I resumed the tiller ropes, that canoe was observed, apparently in pursuit of us. I had no fear, but my crew were in terror. When we were overtaken, the canoe-men handed me the precious Bible; said they had returned to our nooning spot out of curiosity, had found the books, and had called to the boat to wait for them. But their kindness had been misunderstood. I rewarded them liberally. But the whole affair had been very distressing.

By this time I had succeeded in obtaining better household aids, and Mrs. Nassau's actual manual labors were lessened by two new young men, civilized Galwas, to whom also she gave daily lessons, thus gratifying her special tastes of what had been her intended life work as a teacher.

"Thursday, Sept. 20th. Wrote to sister Bella; and to Mrs. Reading [in the United States]. Read 'Young Mrs. Jardine,' in afternoon, instead of going to the village or teaching my own boys. The going to the villages is a trying thing; but, there is no excuse for me in this waste of time. Doctor taught Alundo syllables (or tried to) without first pronouncing them. I felt it could not be done."

[I agree with her feeling. The idea of that mode of teaching to read was my own; I had not heard or read of it, though it is now used in so many schools in the United States. With me it was only an experiment. I have no belief in or patience with it as a proper mode of instruction.]

On September 21st, Mr. Menkel with his little son left, saying that he would return and build the new house six months later. It was well. Mrs. Nassau had spent much care on the motherless little boy. But the situation was anomalous; she was given no authority, yet she was expected to control the child. And her views of child training could never have coincided with the father's. As to the preparations for the building of the new Station dwelling, the crisis had become extreme. I could do nothing the while that my visitor demanded unqualified control of my workmen, who resented his methods, and who, rather than submit to them, were constantly deserting me. Precious months had been lost, the dry season weather of June to September (which is not obstructed by rainy days); I had lost otherwise willing workmen; Mrs. Nassau's irenic spirit had been grieved; and I knew that, for the simple work of felling trees and squaring logs for sills, sleepers, &c., I was quite competent. The parting was amicable. Mr. Menkel offered to return and do the actual *carpenter work* of the house erection.

"Sat'y, Sept. 22d. Went to Nyare's village; passed it, on to Ndoñamavuña's, and walked on a log bridge to get there. No very good attendance or attention; but, they promised to come to-morrow.

"Sab., Sept. 23d. Had a slight chill before dinner. Went to bed on the lounge. Rain in the morning. Laseni and wife came in afternoon. Husband had religious services, preaching, instead of Sab. Sch. I was much impressed for Laseni. Alida came in, and I prayed with her.

"Monday, 24th. Slept poorly. Dressed, read considerable. Husband started for Yeña [for building materials]. Boys did *all* the washing. Mbigino very kind.

"Sat'y, Sept. 29th. Husband not able to go to the villages. Feel much distressed because of our inability to do more.

"Sunday, Sept. 30th. A very quiet and pleasant day. Perhaps 15 Fang came. Earnest prayer for God's Spirit to incite us to more labor for Him. Husband spoke forcibly, in evening, from Ps. 66.18. 'If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.'

"Oct. 1st. Husband, although not well, has gone to Yeña. . . . Read, in Sir Henry Holland's 'Recollections,' of his habit of using the fractions of time, in the midst of his professional and social labors. . . . Husband returned about 7.45 P. M.

"Oct. 3d. These are very quiet restful days. I do think I feel the influence of my morning reading before [Station public] prayers. O! God, I thank Thee for all Thou art doing for me in showing Thyself to me. Lieut. Montaignac called, on his way to Gaboon, with dispatches, &c., to act as deputy in surveying points along the coast. He was *very* kind and gentlemanly. He gave me two (native) knives, and a bow and arrow, and fetish. We gave coffee, and sent with him a few tins of food.

"Assigned the articles in box to be sent to America, and their destination. Headache.

"Tuesday, Oct. 9th. Husband and I thinking of these days two years ago. Ironing done with Alundo's help. Husband writing letters. I disturb him. Headache, but otherwise quite well. [I was writing anniversary marriage verses for her, and she had "disturbed" in a playful attempt to discover what I was keeping so secretly.]

"Wed'y, Oct. 10th. Second anniversary of our marriage. *He* handed me the following result of his interrupted writings of yesterday. . . . Decided to invite Laseni and wife on Hamill's birthday, the 12th. He says, 'on our sailing-day.' I said nothing, only thought. [And then she lovingly planned a feast for my birthday anniversary, the 11th; but, mistaking the day, arranged for the 12th, our sailing-day.]

"Oct. 12th. Friday. I, first thing, this morning, wished the Husband all the good things possible on his birth day; when he told me the birth-day was past. I was dumb. Still, I went on with the day. First, tried to bring name and date out in the potato-cake. *That* 'poem' Husband found difficulty in reading. Laseni came about 11 A. M. I had made my pies *good*. Printed name and year on them. Made meat-pie. Put name on it. Played on organ and flute [my accompaniment]. Had prayer before Laseni left about 5 P. M.

"Oct. 13th. I wrote to Mr. [Rev. Dr.] Wynkoop for prayer [cards]; and a letter to sister Bella, in the morning. Went to the villages at 3 P. M. Heard, as usual, Alundo, for half hour. Am abstaining, not fasting, desiring God's blessing. Read Macaulay's England.

"Sunday, Oct. 14th. Quiet day. I read memoir of George Thomson [pioneer of Victoria, Kamerun]. At least 30 Fang came to the porch. *So* glad that Hamill could speak to them.

“Wed’y, Oct. 17th. This day *heavy* rain, and, really, the first of the Season. About 3 P. M., two shots were fired, and we thought we heard a steamer. Husband went to Nyare’s village, and found the ‘Okota,’ Mr. Schiff, a French Pere, and three other white men. The Captain brought to us the mail, a large box, and Njambi and his brother. In the evening, the five gentlemen called. The Pere *very* polite and talked kindly to me, but—. He talked against the [Gaboon] Commandant and Administrator Kerraoul. We received 38 letters, 19 each; 40 papers, at least. Read partly only, as I was so tired. News of Hattie’s (little Hattie) [her motherless niece] death. [With our knowledge of Papal machinations, we discounted any professions from Roman Catholic individuals.]

“Thursday, Oct. 18th. Finished reading letters this A. M. . . . Read article in *Harper’s*, ‘The Romanoffs.’ Received yesterday F. R. H.’s ‘Royal Commandments, or, Morning thoughts for King’s servants, and ‘Kept for the Master’s use.’ Much touched by Mr. Ozanne’s letter and gift. [Mr. Ozanne, of Ohio, a stranger, a generous friend of missionaries.]

“Sunday, Oct. 21st. Did not sleep well. Laseni came. I read May No. of *Woman’s Work for Women*, with the yearly Report from the Board. Weighed down with the thoughts of the little work done by us.

“Oct. 22d. Monday. Threatening rain, early; but, sun in P. M. I read Macaulay. Am surprised at the honor Macaulay gives to Cromwell.

“Oct. 26th. The two house boys took down and dusted the books from the shelves near the bath-room. After I had heard the boys’ lessons at 4 P. M., I went down to the site of the new house. For the first time, walked over the log [crossing the brook]. Rain came. In rushing up the hill, I completely lost my breath and strength. Njambi in the Inquiry Class, after Prayer-meeting; but, too loud talking for the right spirit.

“Thursday, Nov. 1st. ‘Tis night; Prayers are over. Boys on the porch absorbed in their slates. I have written three letters. Had chicken for dinner; good. Yesterday, Mbigino promised to remain with us a year at \$9 per month. Direct answer to prayer. The Spirit’s power was felt forcibly to-night. I do think we both are growing in spiritual things.

"Sat'y, Nov. 3d. Talked with Husband about the work in the river, as he desires 'to go on' [into the interior]. Finishing my mending. Heard Alundo. Read Macaulay. Went to Ndoñamavuña's. Mwalele [a native trader] very polite. Two men in the house; very attentive. One asked, 'That man, whose body has gone to dust, has his spirit gone up?' all, with many gestures. Also, 'When the spirit goes to God's Town, will it have food?' Heard the low moaning of some mourner, widow of the man spoken of. Husband stopped at Nyare's village; I came on home in the 'Swan.' Found Mbigino had made toast of some bread left in the box; and also that, in playing, he had spoiled one of our tubs of water. He confessed, himself. Heavy rain to-night.

"Sunday, Nov. 4th. Very quiet day. A head-man with his wife here to Service; and 70 Fang, I should judge. Read miss'y magazines all day. Last night, Alundo asked to join the (Inquiry) Class. Thanks, for so much better health to-day than last week's Sabbath."

[The man, Nyare, of whom I had bought the Talaguga premises and whose village lay nearest, less than quarter of a mile down river on the same side, had become an exceedingly uncomfortable neighbor. Naturally of a quarrelsome and domineering nature, he seemed to have misunderstood my quiet demeanor. He became exacting in demands, was jealous of favors I gave to the heads of other villages, and became offensive in a police-like inspection of all canoes that came to visit me. Trading canoes going up river had hard work forcing their way past a swift current in front of his village. He thus had a clear opportunity to observe who the crews were and what their canoes contained. They, after reaching the quieter water at the mouth of my mountain-brook, liked to rest, eat their lunch, and sell or buy with me. Also, I valued the opportunity to preach to them. If I could not go everywhere, it was my interest to attract people to me. But Nyare acted in a piratical way, demanding fine or tribute of these canoes if he could make any sort of claim for debt or due from the clan or tribe of any personally innocent member of the visiting crews. I had often protested against his making these demands *on my premises*. Native custom made these travelers my "guests;" and universal native law required every host to protect any guest (even a guilty one) at any cost. Neighboring tribes began to cease to stop at my place, fearing Nyare's demands. There came a day when I threw aside the quiet, pacific *role* and asserted myself and the Mission's right.]

“Tuesday Nov. 6th. *Eventful day.* Mbigino was offered liberty to stay in his house; instead, he went to work. Njágudembo’s people [in two canoes] came, about 3 P. M. Three [of our] Fang were still at work. Mvčla helped with [the translation of] the Catechism. About 5 P. M., Nyare and 13 of his men came rapidly [to the water-side], all carrying guns. The Fang [visitors] left the porch. Doctor took his rifle, and went down the hill. This fact was called down, and startled the [Nyare’s] people. Hamill went directly to Nyare, and ordered him off the place. Their guns clashed, and Hamill’s hit Nyare on the head. Whereupon, he was very angry. They were separated, and each held by others [of the thirteen]. Hamill ceased to struggle [for I felt the hands were friendly], and was soon loosed. But, Nyare, for almost an hour, thrashed around, held by two, three, or four men [of his own people]. When his gun was taken from him, he drew a large knife. That taken from him, he picked up sticks of wood and any thing he could touch. I never saw such raging. I was frightened, when the husband had started with his gun, and continued in great distress all the time. I could do nothing but pray. After a time, I went below half-way to the hut [at the water side], and stood there a long time. Mbigino stood by Hamill. All the other employes were away. Njágudembo’s people did not stand by Doctor [in his defence of them]! They [actually] wanted to give up the gun which Nyare had come for. Really, they did hand it to him; when the principal man who was holding Nyare snatched it from the latter, and said, ‘No! Nassau is angry; he tells us not to talk the palaver here.’ Finally, I was so weary, seeing no near end, and not wanting the darkness to drive the people away, wrote [a note] asking if it would be well to threaten [appeal to the] French. Doctor did so. The people did not move. Then Hamill came up the hill for the [boat-house] key for the ‘Swan.’ He was met on the way down by one who said, ‘Sit down, sit down; it is finished!’ ‘No,’ said Hamill, ‘not until you leave.’ Ntula, who had held Hamill, met him at the foot of the hill, saying, ‘Sit down! sit down!’ ‘No; not till *all* go.’ They very rapidly left; and all was over. But, so excited we were! Still, it was *not* mere excitement, but the real presence of God that made us trust, and take *so* much comfort in Him. Hamill went to bed at mid-night; I, early, so tired.

“Wed’y, Nov. 7th. No more disturbance. But, early, Hamill went to the Administrator [at the Postē]. Amvam [one of the thirteen] and two other men came on the porch. I did not salute them; shut the windows. Finally, Amvam asked where ‘Nassau’ was. I said, ‘Gone to the Governor.’ He exclaimed, ‘Ah-h-h!’ When he

told me that the men wished to sell 'bush-rope' (rattan), I told him I did not want to buy; and shut the door in his face. Then he went to the village; and soon I heard sounds of great excitement. Ndoñamayuña came to the foot of the hill, and asked if he might come up. I made no reply; went on cleaning a coat. Soon, he took courage, and came up. Said he had been sent by Nyare. Asked why 'he' (Nassau) had gone to the 'Governor.' He said he was a friend of Nassau's. I assented. Soon, he said he would go to his village, and when he saw 'Nassau' come back, he would come with a goat. &c. [as propitiatory gifts]. Husband returned about 1 P. M., was met by Mwalele [the Mpongwe trader] who asked why he went; and feared that if he (the 'Governor') was to fire on the village, the Fang would come on himself [in revenge]. Husband said he had gone only to ask counsel as to the 'mpânâ' (way), in case of another assault. He came up about 2 P. M., ate very little. Talked, read, and had prayer. The crew rested the remainder of the afternoon. In evening, studied the Sab. Sch. lesson. I made jelly-cake to send to the Administrator next day."

[Mrs. Nassau's conduct in this trying affair showed wonderful wisdom and self-control. I did not know that she had followed me down the hill. She had stood silently praying while I was fighting. Had she spoken or screamed or rushed into the swaying mass of men, I would have weakened. Not until Mbigino handed me her little penciled note did I know that either he or she were near; and victory was already in sight, all of Nyare's own people being on my side. As a result, I never had another contest with Nyare or any other chief. My position was assured. The report of my action spread far and wide. It was one of the best days' work I had done at Talaguga. Clans and tribes fifty and one hundred miles away heard of it and felt assured that they would be safe under my protection if they visited me. They did thus visit, and I thus preached to thousands whom I would never otherwise have met. Thenceforward, my canoes were safe on any part of the river, even in war time. Nyare made many efforts to re-establish our "friendship" by offer of gifts. I resumed my occasional favors to him, but for a while refused to receive any thing from him. He felt it deeply; and the effect on the public was very impressive.]

"Nov. 10th. Mons. Michelez and Mons. Lestour called just after dinner; 30 canoes in their company. I sent with them two pumpkin pies, a loaf of bread, and several tins. Was sorry afterwards that I had not gotten dinner for them. [The arrival of these gentle-

men just at that time was only a coincidence, but it impressed Nyare greatly. They were just arrived from the far interior French Post of Lestourville. They and all the white men, French officials and German and English traders and small river-steamer captains, generally made it a point to call on (as one of the Germans called Mrs. Nassau) "the Lady of the River." And in return I kept at the waterside a pile of wood, ready cut into billets, for the free use of those steamers; and they constantly gave us free transportation. The only one of them all from whom we received any unkindness was Administrator de Kerraoul, in his forbidding Mrs. Nassau to journey into the interior in 1883 and in his refusing me, in 1884, permission to journey even three miles up-river from my house. In both cases, I have always believed that his actions were taken at the dictation of Roman Catholic priests, in their desire to limit our work. For, his orders were subsequently rescinded by his superior, Governor-Count P. S. de Brazza, in writing; and Messrs. Ballay and Lestour each, separately, called and said that Kerraoul's acts were "mistakes." But those statements came too late.]

"Sunday, Nov. 11th. Feel sick; feverish. Laseni came after Sab. Sch.; and, before he left, we heard a steamer whistle. Our wood gone, and Sabbath too! And, here is the 'Okota,' perhaps with lumber [for the new house] for us! But, Mr. Schiff and a Frenchman came off; stayed to tea; and no work was done. *Was so thankful.*

"Monday, Nov. 12th. Lumber for house brought very early. Schiff did not come off again. I watched the steamer with the glass from my bed. Dressed for dinner; but stayed in bed all the time. [With the "Okota" came Metyeba, a skilful native carpenter from Benita, who successfully took up the work Mr. Menkel had laid down.]

"Tuesday, Nov. 13th. Washing; went very well as to time. Am about as yesterday. Oppressed with fear I must suffer all the time I stay in Africa. O! God, help.

"Thursday, Nov. 15th. Feel a little stronger. Did not get up until after breakfast, when Husband bro't me my breakfast, as he has done all this week. Wrote up the diary to-day. [With Mrs. Nassau's constitutional reticence, it is possible that she had not informed me of all her feelings. I thought it an ordinary fever. Perhaps she did not herself recognize all the symptoms. I thought of them nine months later.]

"Monday, Nov. 26th. . . . Mwalele also said the Administrator [Kerraoul] had enacted the law that no Fang, utangani (white), or Ayogo (civilized natives), should pass beyond Njoli island [two miles up-river, beyond Talaguga]; but that all Fang from above must come *down* with their own ivory. Washing went grandly; boys pleasant. Taught as usual. Read Mpongwe in the morning. Sewed a little on my 'pajamas,' for the trip up to Okanda, rather Okota [twenty miles up-river]."

[Mrs. Nassau was joyfully looking to the prospect of a Station farther toward the interior; insisted that she should share with me the initial experience of the selection of its location. And, under the necessity of travel by canoe, was arranging her dress, in order to eliminate superfluous and inconvenient skirts. But her hopes were never permitted to be realized. As we had not been officially informed of the reported interdiction, we continued to make short visits up-river.]

"Wed'y, Nov. 28th. We think of going to the Fang villages above us. Had water brought at noon, and hurried the boys with their work. Started from the house soon after 1.30 P. M. Took Ogëningo, Alundo, Rembili, and Orunguma-Galwa. I forgot the hymn-books; so, we turned back after just starting. Must have been 2 o'clock when we really got off. Many kinds of nuts, some like whortle-berries, shape of pecans; small yellow fruit; red berry; a convolvulus; white pea-shaped flower; others, in spikelike bunches, the petals very irregularly elongated, the stamens protuded like a tongue. Dark clouds came up, making us hurry. Passed beyond Njoli island, and Messieurs Michelez's and Montaignac's home-islands, and reached the village at 4.15, having been 2½ hours [for the four miles]. Greeted by a stranger, who asked if the quarrel with Nyare was finished. Hamill said he did not know Nyare. Went up the steep bank; met many people. Quite a large village; Bindube people. Passed the first 'public' house, and went on to the second. People soon gathered. One young man went to a hut near, and asked for a shirt and smoking-cap. Put them on in the street, 2 caps, new belt, new cloth, and new and exceeding much dignity, too much for even audible words. Soon, another man came, whom we took to be the (real) head-man. Just as we began to sing, the 'Dignity' called for a tin whistle; entertained us with his music. As the rain threatened, we soon left; but stopped by request to sit down. Finally, started. Was met by an old man, who said, that, as we had visited him, we must not go away without a gift. After getting into the boat, the two

came, and with much ceremony, gave a chicken, promising to come to our 'town' in two days (?). Came down the river grandly. Reached home about 5.15 P. M.

"Dec. 1st. Sat'y. Yesterday, pay-day, passed off very nicely. . . . We started for Laseni's about 3 P. M. Metyeba and Njambi went. . . . Alida cool in her reception, particularly to Edebwani [Metyeba's wife]. Kekeya [the little daughter] came to me. Alida asked why we brought the 'egara' [box of goods]. Husband said, 'To buy plantains.' She said there were none. This, after Laseni's having said it would be well to come and buy, was a little trying. Husband went up the little hill with the two young men. I stayed behind. Saw how the free, jovial, careless life around the traders was so much more to the taste of the natives. Tho't of having prayer with Alida, but hesitated, and did not. Husband came back, with seeds of the gourd 'ngândâ.' Alida offered to make us some ngândâ (pudding). Left, and on the way home, when Metyeba's strong hand was seen in our rapid motion, we gathered flowers; the white corolla, elongated pistils and stamens; the purple cup-shaped, from a vine on the rock; the fine white, tinged with reddish-yellow clusters, shedding so numerously its many yellow pistils on the river. [The pleasure of such trips was sometimes marred by finding the unfaithfulness of the workmen whom I had left at the Station during our absence. Because they had been "only playing," they did not always accept the rebuke I gave them.]

"Sunday, Dec. 2d. I wait all day, hoping Mbigino would go to Doctor to ask pardon for his disrespect of last evening. He does not come; and I go to the kitchen after supper, and talk to him. He acts respectfully to me, but fears, and is too proud to go to the master. After prayers, he does go; and I am so thankful. God be praised! [The explanation of some of these family difficulties is that we did not treat our employes simply as *servants*. We gave them *parental* interest and expected *filial* respect. Some of the natives failed to appreciate this. Other men, who established their household arrangements on a somewhat military basis, often obtained better service than we. But they never obtained the affection we reaped.]

"Tuesday, Dec. 4th. Ironing finished, but not with the nicety I would like. Prayer-meeting. Working on my river suit; find the dress will not furnish enough material for all parts.

“Wed’y, Dec. 5th. Two years ago we arrived in Libreville. Have been studying Mpongwe earnestly lately. Ripped up the polonaise. Alida sends two plantains to us.”

[As the carpenter Metyeba had come to the river originally on my sister’s invitation, she claimed him; and, to our regret, he left on December 12th. But two days later three Galwa men came, one of whom, the church elder, Nguva, was a competent carpenter, who had obtained his very first knowledge of tools from me in 1876. Mrs. Nassau records her thanks for the timely aid.]

“Dec. 11th. Laseni sent word to-day that to-morrow he would send a canoe to the [Lembarene] trading-houses. So, Metyeba and wife will go to sister Bella in it. They both seem so very quiet; something is in their hearts, but we can not find out what it is. The dog came just at supper time; we tied him, in order to get him away from the Fang [who had wounded him].

“Wed’y, Dec. 12th. Metyeba left before Prayers. Husband annoyed at Njambi because of his not finishing a certain work. I plead for him. Hamill not pleased because I did so; nevertheless, he did not punish him.

“Tuesday, Dec. 18th. Ironing; finished very well. I go to the Spring after supper [for prayer]. Filled with comfort and strength, I thought; then came back to be distressed and cast down by Hamill’s refusal to give a little gift to Bwelo.”

[That spring was a beautiful spot chosen by Mrs. Nassau for her private communings with the Master. My workmen sometimes played on her tender feelings by extra attention to her in hope of condoning offenses to myself.]

“Wed., Dec. 19th. I find it hard work to read my appointed portion in the morning in the midst of the cares of the work. Sometimes I wonder if I do right to read. I do think if I could *study* for that time it would be better. God help me to derive all the strength, all the life, all the light, all the love, that He would have me, from the Word. . . . Laseni sent some plantains. Thus God is helping us to food.

“Fri., Dec. 21st. This morning, at Prayers, Nyare came near the house, looking for his goat, and scolding about it. About 9 A. M., Nyare and a company of some 20 people came leading a goat. Hus-

band said, 'He is coming to make reconciliation.' We went to the dining-room for prayer. Yesterday, the *mail* had come from Kângwe and Gaboon, per launch 'Ewafa'; and Laseni sent it around per Walker's [a mulatto trader] boy, also a basket of onions, and a tin of pine-apples. This morning early, Husband sent the employes with 100 pieces of fire-wood for the launch, and with the few letters we had written. The crew returned just as Husband was ready to talk.

"Nyamba brought two bunches of plantains also. Hamill spoke of the drawing of the knife on him; took the goat for *that*. Then spoke of our dog's being cut [which was denied by Nyare as being done by his people]. Nyare promised to keep all 'palavers' from our grounds; and he and Nyamba went with Hamill to mark the outlines with a [temporary] rattan 'bush-rope.' (The goat broke loose twice). When Hamill returned, and all was settled rightly, we again knelt and gave thanks. Both very tired.

"Sunday, Dec. 23d. Very quiet day. Perhaps 20 present [including Nyare himself]. I went to the spring after dinner, for prayer. . . . Husband's text in A. M. 'Whosoever shall leave house or lands &c., for my name's sake &c.' Spoke in Fang too.

"Tuesday, Dec. 25th. Could not help feeling the difference between the day here and what it is at home. Hamill distressed at my 'blue' face; which was made more troubled by Mbigino using one of our spoons and plate in eating his rice. I told him he must buy the spoon. He had no money; so, I lent it to him. 'I will see if he will pay his debt without being asked or told to do so. Wrote to Mrs. Perkins, or, rather finished the copy. Husband criticises my blind and incomplete sentences."

The first draft of that letter is before me. It gives a succinct report of the preceding six months' life at Talaguga. I copy some items that refer to statements I have already quoted from her diary:—

"It is hard to realize that nearly eight months have passed since my last letter was written to you. But, the seven months are *long*, since the reception of my last epistle from 1334, written by my *almost* cousin, and altogether much-loved, 'H. M. J.' [Miss Hannah M. Johnson]. The fact that we are in Africa was never more forcibly felt than this morning; a Christmas without any of the attendant excitement and pleasures which crowd around you.

"The Rains were upon us at that time. May passed; and June, with the advancing Dry Season, brought to our workmen a restless-

ness which did not wane until but one remained, besides our household servants. . . . The thoughtful kindness of Mrs. Reading relieved me in this distress, for more than a month, by sending to me one of her well-trained helpers. Previous reports have told you of the difficulty we have in securing food for our workmen; this has been one cause of the inability to man our Station. In a wonderful manner, God has supplied that need, the food often coming from most unexpected sources. This is a thankful acknowledgment of our Heavenly Father's care for one of our greatest temporal wants. In the midst of those unquiet and often trying days, effort was made for stated and daily study of both Mpongwe and Fang languages." [She describes also the visit, in June, to De Brazza's encampment of fifty canoes and 1000 men.] "It was then, De Brazza repeated his assurance that the prohibition against white men passing up the river to the Interior did not include the missionary; and even offered the protection of his soldiers, if we would accompany him *that day!* . . . December, when we hoped to make our visit to Okota, the unknown beyond, visited by none of our missionaries since Dr. Xassau two years ago. The desire is not only to *visit*, it is to remain and teach. During Husband's visit there, he was charmed with the people, their expressed desire to learn, their superior houses, apparent docility and intelligence, their freedom from the roving disposition which makes our Fang so difficult to reach. Said Fang have been very unimpressible. Their fierceness and fearlessness give a hardness to their character, which, united with their readiness to break up home and move villages every year or two, and their absorbing covetousness, renders our work among them slow and not satisfactory. The indifference and cruelty of these people no doubt strengthen our desire to go to those more willing to accept our message. The climate [of the interior] we judge to be purer. The closely-piled mountains which at Talaguga shut out from us the entire horizon, there stretch out into beautiful rolling prairies. Surely, there is also in our hearts an answer to the stirring question of Dr. Ellinwood, 'Why *don't* you push right on?' We *are ready* to push on; but, there are no hands untied, either to go on or to relieve us of the work here just begun. This Station must be firmly established and wisely carried on, for the success of those (to be) farther up the river.

"December has come; but we have been again unable to find a crew to take us to Okota. We now look forward to June '84. [Alas!] When in De Brazza's camp, we came upon two Roman Catholic priests; thus 'while the (French) Government restricts and embarrasses that church at home, it nevertheless seeks to build it

up in the ends of the earth. . . . Jesuits, at a long range, are desirable.'

"I wrote to Miss Johnson of the papers so trying to the Mission received from the Commandant at Libreville. Since then, we have received a permit to build on these grounds, from the Administrator of the first Military Station above us, called Njoli. Since *that* time, the same official has told us that the position of Talaguga was a matter of dispute between himself and the Gaboon Commandant, each claiming it as belonging to his own jurisdiction. Also, that a French gun-boat was soon to come to decide the question. If we be put in the Gaboon District, our permit is invalid; and troubles may arise. We await the gun-boat. . . . You have heard of our narrow escape, when on the home journey [in July] from the hippopotamus. . . . The months of August and September, were painful to us, because of our helplessness. Mr. Menkel here, but unable to carry on the work of building, because workmen were so few."

[She describes her regular visits to the villages and her efforts at teaching there, and my Saturday afternoon village preaching. And Mrs. Reading's distressing sickness and departure to the United States.]

"The assertion made to me by an educated physician, while in America, 'niggers have no souls,' is, I hope too strong an expression for the body of christians at home. But, I have wondered: Do our supporters believe in the success of God's work among negroes? Many are interested, deeply, in the opening of the mysteries of the Dark Continent. *Interest* in the inhabitants of a strange land is one thing; believing prayer for the success of God's word in that land is another. We do not plead want of gifts, or personal interest; we *do* feel the want of confidence among friends at home, in the power of God's word among these degraded ones."

[Mrs. Reading reached England and the United States in safety, but was never able to come back to Africa. Mr. Reading promptly returned to his post at Kângwe.]

[In the unsettled state of affairs between the tribes, it was not safe to leave our house, with its accumulated goods (really few, in our economical view, but wealth to avaricious natives). So I placed my four workmen and two household lads in strict charge and watch, and attempted the down-river journey with three weak hands, simply floating down river, taking two and one-half days for a journey

that could readily be made in one with a proper crew. To encourage the six whom I left behind, I promised them rewards, which I allowed them to name, and of which I took a careful list in order to purchase them at Lembarene.]

"Wed'y, Dec. 26th. Busy packing and putting things to rights. Husband spent a long time (long to me, tired as I was) in taking down the wants of the employes; then, in giving to them goods to buy food with. Very tired, but, all ready.

"Thurs., Dec. 27th. Start at 8.05 A. M. with Mbigino [a lad] Ogëningo [a little boy] and Origo [a young man], the latter sick with boils on leg and back. [And this a crew for a boat thirty feet long, six feet beam, whose usual propulsion was by six long oars! I took this boat, for it would be needed to bring back supplies; and I trusted to be able to obtain new recruits as a crew from Kângwe.] Reach Laseni's in twenty minutes. He puts in a little boy who was very quiet, very helpless. Ate at the village where we once saw the stolen canoe 'Kângwe.' Stopped at Njägudembo's new town. Saw a man in stocks. Slept in N's little 8 x 7 room; door hardly large enough to admit our little food-box. Two fires near. Smoke; heat; next morning Husband said my hair had grown gray.

"Friday, Dec. 28th. Started fairly. Ate at Belambila. Reached [a trading-house adjoining] Fetish Point about 5 P. M. Were kindly received by Sinclair's [native] trader. His two rooms with nice bed, and table, high, and swept fairly clean, were like palaces, after our experience of last night.

"Sat'y, Dec. 29th. When at the mouth of Ngunye, I saw a hippo before us; soon it rose, with the entire back exposed almost near enough for our oars to touch it. Were frightened. Reached Andënde about 10 A. M. Mr. Robinson well. Expect Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Schiff for dinner [respectively the English and German trading agents at Lembarene]. I make a pudding. Sister Bella, and Mrs. and Miss Harding come. I was very tired. Mr. Robinson complains of fever, in evening. He sleeps in the room that was Mrs. Reading's.

"Sab., Dec. 30th. Husband preaches to the audience of only 40, all from Andënde. Mr. Robinson takes charge of Sab. Sch.; after which, he says he has dangerous symptoms. Sits down at supper-table, but soon leaves and goes to his couch."

That was the beginning of a sickness that compelled Mr. Robinson to save his life by going to America. And before he returned, Mrs. Nassau herself had passed away.

This visit to Kángwe was no vacation rest for either of us. During Mr. Robinson's sickness, and for the few days until Mr. Reading's return, I had to take entire charge of Church and Station, and Mrs. Nassau of the Anděnde household.

Mrs. Nassau and I made out our semi-annual order for provisions and supplies for a year ahead, *i. e.*, allowing six months for the going and delays in coming of the order, and that it should arrive before our stock on hand should be exhausted.

In Mrs. Nassau's note-book I find a list of 168 letters written by her during 1883, to relatives, friends, in the United States, fellow missionaries and natives. She was interested also in keeping account of all my various journeys during the year, long or short. I find a record of over 1500 miles for 1883, even though I was so hampered by house-building.

CHAPTER XIV.

1884, MOTHERHOOD.

THE Annual Meeting of Mission and Presbytery for the year 1884 were held at Kángwe. Very few members came from the other Stations, the distances being long and means of travel uncertain. And meetings were distressing in the confused condition of Kángwe. Mr. Reading had arrived on January 2d, 1884; and immediately resumed his charge of the Station. Unfortunately, a violent hostility against him had developed among the station employes, who met his return with mutiny.

At Presbytery there was exactly the legal quorum, three ministers and several elders, that quorum being obtained by our organizing at Mr. Robinson's sick bedside. Though our subsequent sessions were held in another room, no parliamentary notice was taken of his absence. Rev. A. C. Good arrived after Presbytery had adjourned; and, failing of the little river steamer, borrowed my "Nellie-Howard," in which to return to Gaboon. In Mission Meeting, the full legal quorum was maintained. And at its close Mr. Gault took away Mr. Robinson.

"On Jan'y 2d. Mr. Reading arrived from England; also Rev. W. C. Gault, associate of Rev. C. DeHeer of Benita. They found at Andénde house, Mr. Robinson, very low with Fever in its most dangerous form; and Dr. and Mrs. Nassau in temporary charge of the Station, and acting also as physician and nurse. With them (Messrs. R. and G.) came a native Elder from Gaboon, and 5 from the northern field; gentlemanly christian men they all appeared to be. . . . That week passed slowly, filled with watchings and anxieties. Sabbath the 6th, brought an interrupted Communion, the comfort of which was greatly lessened by the very apparent coldness and pride of many native christians: which, on the following Monday, culminated in a cruel desertion of *all* workmen, save three, from the Station, leaving us strangers, with perhaps a dying man on our hands, to care for ourselves. Providence kindly so ordered that a native visitor was with us who took the place of the cook: until the deserters, seeing their folly and wrong, returned, begging to be received back. . . . Next Tuesday, our "vacation" will close, and we start for the Talaguga home. A strange vacation it has been, between the joy of meeting native friends and fellow christians, then cut to the heart by their cruel desertion; greetings of welcome from dear fellow-mission-

aries, followed by farewells spoken by pallid lips, and so feebly spoken that we fear lest those tones will never again be heard by us." [Mr. Robinson did return, married; but Mrs. Nassau was gone!]

Before her marriage, Mrs. Nassau had adopted the Giving of the Tenth. She continued it in Africa. I do not know who "handed" the "check" to her. Perhaps myself, as her share of the balance of our year's salary. She continued in Africa, by prayer, sympathy, and actual share of church duty and responsibility, her connection with the Holmanville church of her uncle, Rev. Isaac Todd. I find the following account:—

"Check handed to me, Jan'y 15th, '84.....	\$55.00
Mother.....	\$10.00
Uncle's salary.....	10.00
Miss'y. Soc'y of Holmanville.....	3.58
For. Miss.....	5.00
Home Miss.....	5.00
Relief.....	3.00
Freedmen.....	2.00
Ch. Erection.....	2.00
Education.....	2.00
Publication.....	1.00
Returned.....	11.42
	<hr/>
	\$55.00 \$55.00"

The maternity, for which in 1883 Mrs. Nassau had prayed, was now to be granted. If, in her habitual reticence, she had omitted to tell me of signs, or if, in inexperience, during December (and perhaps in November) she had failed to see and did not recognize the significance of a revolution on which she was entering, it was obvious, now in January, that she was to become a mother. How bitterly she missed the sympathy of Mrs. Reading! The latter had joined with her in her wish for motherhood, and had promised to be with her, to advise and help, in all its stages.

The next to whom Mrs. Nassau should turn, as a repository of her happy secret, would naturally be her sister-in-law. But my sister, having deliberately chosen for herself the single life, had caused it to be understood that, as she "knew nothing about babies," she could render no aid, adding an expression of her opinion that children in a missionary's household were a hindrance to mission work. We then turned to Mrs. Ogden, of Baraka household. That she came from the same part of New Jersey as did Mrs. Nassau, suggested a slight

claim beyond that of missionary sistership. Especially also as, a year previously, while she was at Benita, she had generously insisted on taking a risky sea journey of ninety miles in a small open sailboat, in order to be present at Libreville with Mrs. Good in her confinement. There she had given laborious and devoted care to both mother and child, although there were present besides the French surgeon, two other mission ladies, and an available number of civilized native Christian women, competent as midwives and nurses. We thought she would recognize Mrs. Nassau's greater need, and asked her to come. The end of September was named as the latest expected date. But she was to be looked for earlier, because of the need of sympathy and companionship, and also because, during the long dry season (June to September) the little steamers plying between Gaboon and Ogowe did not run at frequent intervals. Mrs. Ogden kindly promised to come. As her services were to be only those of a friend, I would save her from anything manual, and wrote to the Rev. Ibia j'Ikenge, the native pastor on Corisco island, to engage for me the very best educated native Christian lady he could find in his congregation, as nurse for the expected babe.

Whatever hesitation Mrs. Nassau may have had about the interpretation of certain physical symptoms, of which she had hitherto spoken or written (I find in her diary) of "pains" "fatigue," "weariness," "uncomfortable," &c., and as to which, even later, she seemed to have some doubt, I determined to leave nothing to uncertainty. I wrote to a certain Dr. Adam, a physician, of Liverpool, who formerly had lived on the West African coast. Without specifying what or how much, I gave him *carte blanche* to send everything of infant food, clothing, medicine, and appliances that he would deem necessary for a lady in confinement in Liverpool.

We started back to our Talaguga on January 22d, being assisted most of the way by being towed by a trader's launch that was towing his own sailing vessel.

On Wednesday, February 13th, Mrs. Nassau had to make a journey down-river by herself. In our native "dug-out," but with a strong crew of seven, she went to Kângwe, to have witnessed before the French Post Commander at Lambarene, as notary public, a deed for some property willed to her by a deceased friend in the United States. It was not mine, and I could be of no legal use to her; and we did not think it safe that both of us should again be absent from the Station at the same time.

To save her from that journey, we had gone to Mons. Kerraoul at the Njoli French Poste, to ask him to give his official seal to the statement of fact that the "M. B. F." named in the deed was the

same as the "M. B. F. N." whose signature was required. He refused, saying that he was not a notary public.

In order to make the journey in one day, and thus avoid having to sleep on the way, Mrs. Nassau started at half-past four of the morning. Neither she nor I were afraid of the natives on the way. After my fight with Nyare, we were safe anywhere. But there were other dangers. It was very brave, a lone woman, going out in the darkness of that hour, on the sixty-five mile trip to Kángwe. Next day some trade canoes coming up-river reported to me that they had met her on the way. And the following day Mr. Menkel arrived from Libreville, bringing me my "Nellie-Howard." He, too, reported having met Mrs. Nassau on the way. She had had a successful journey, though, through fear of rain, not made in one day. She returned safely in her own kongongo, accompanied by Mr. Reading's "Montclair," and new recruits of workmen for me, and supplies.

In a letter to me, written at Kángwe, she described that venturesome journey:—

"Feb'y 14th, 1884. Kángwe W. A. We met Mr. Menkel some little distance above Belambila. He told me Mr. Reading had gone to Gaboon. At this, I was troubled: of course, did not think of going back, but came on feeling some uncomfortable. We hope, before Mr. Menkel reaches you, you will have heard, through Mr. Gibson [an English trader], that Mr. R. did *not* go to Gaboon.

"But, I will go back to the beginning. We passed Laseni's at 4.55 A. M.; Sanjála, 5.45; Yeña, 6.35; Sâmbunaga's, at 7.15. There, we were told, by the people on shore, to avoid the Fang village just above Mamaga's; that this village had fired on and wounded some of Laseni's people; and many other messages which I could not understand. The crew were some troubled, and kept on the same side, crossing just as we passed Rere-vo. We reached Nkogo creek, 8.38; and stopped to eat, a little below, and opposite side of Njâgudembo's town, at 10.30. We pushed off at 11.40, spending only a little more than an hour. Ermy's, at 3.55 P. M. There was the 'Falaba.' I *hurried* the crew to her, to ask passage down; when I learned that she would not leave until next day. Soon, dark clouds gathered in the west, and thunder rolled heavily. I began to be troubled about deciding whether to stop or go on. The crew began to tire and lag. Finally, decided to stop again at Fetish Point. Reached there, 5.10. The clouds soon scattered, without giving any rain. [It was the hot, dry season—January and February.] But, of course, I stayed, having once stopped. The people, or rather, the man, Igwëra [a native trader] were very kind. He gave me the

same room we had before. The people were more noisy than before; but, I slept fairly. Started this morning, without eating anything, at 6.30. Reached Andēnde, 8.30 A. M.

“Mr. Reading was much frightened when he saw me, and felt sure the Husband must be dead. I felt tired, of course. Sister Bella and Mr. R. most earnestly urge me to remain for the “Okota;” which, as he calculates, will, at the farthest, reach Talaguga 9 days later. I must confess that I am tempted to do so; particularly as Mámhá [Mr. Reading’s best employe] can not go up with me. Mr. R. does not dare to send him, as he will go down to Gaboon with him, should the French ‘Corporal’ again catch his run-away man. [Mr. Reading had been assaulted by a native, had had him arrested, the man had escaped, and Mámhá was the only native witness on whom Mr. Reading could depend in the prosecution.] Mr. Menkel will tell you the story of this ‘palaver.’

“Mr. Reading asserts positively that this Corporal has *no* authority, legal or otherwise. There is therefore no one this side of Libreville. Even, there, he thinks, very doubtful if we could find any one who has legal authority [for her deed]. The Judge might have. Mr. R. still thinks, that, if himself, should sign the paper, and write an explanation, it would be as legal as any paper could be made here; certainly, he has as much authority as this Commissaire (of Police), or ‘Corporal,’ as he calls him.

“I will wait until our crew returns [to Talaguga], which will be Monday, at the furthest; then, will decide about the signing. Mr. R. says he can not get a crew for me before Tuesday. So, I can not start before then. If no special word comes to me from you about remaining, I will start, God willing, next Tuesday morning, expecting to reach Talaguga, Friday. God keep you well.”

From Mrs. Nassau’s diary, her story is carried on:—“Friday, Feb’y 15th. Went up the Hill. P. M.; was, very tired. Looked for *the* book, but found it not. Enjoyed sister’s chicken. Walked to Miss Harding’s. They invited me for to-morrow’s tea. I accepted conditionally. Sister walked as far as the seat with me [on the way down Hill]. Itia [a native Christian young man] came the rest of the way. Mr. R. urges me to remain for the steamer. He sends Piēre [my man in charge of the kongongo] back to Talaguga. I sent word I would return next Tuesday.

“Sat’y, Feb’y 16th. I slept poorly last night, again. Sent regrets to Miss Harding, I felt so badly. Only lounged.

"Sab. Feb'y 17th. Went to church. Pleased with the Mpongwe address [of the native assistant]. *Very warm*. [The hottest month of the year.] Read a little. This evening, Mr. R. heard that Fang near Rere-volo had shot at the (French) Expedition canoes, killed two Aduma, wounded two Goree. Very much distressed; decides I can not go on Tuesday.

"Mon. Feb'y 18th. Sister Bella comes down, about 3 P. M. I had Mr. R. sign *the* paper. Wrote to Mr. [Rev. A. H.] Brown, and to Mrs. Reading. Packed. Miss Harding comes down to hear what the (Rere-volo) trouble was. Just then, Rendiva [one of my employes] came with a letter telling the story of the trouble:—The French canoes were coming down, with a priest in company, and Aduma paddlers; Fang and Aduma quarreled; Fang fired; wounded the priest; killed——; canoes returned to Administrator Kerraoul; he went down, and seized Iveke-Wilson [a Mpongwe trader] and a Fang. Husband said he feared nothing for me. Then, we decided to start to-morrow. Sister stayed all night.

"Tues. Feb'y 19th. Sister sent for her nice biscuits. Mr. R. found that 2 of the 4 waiting to 'jira' (escort) me, fled this morning. So, he drafted Okendo from Miss Harding, and Itia from Sister Bella (leaving her but 2 weak boys) and Njâi from his own house-force, giving me 8 for the 'Montelair' [the Kângwe four-oared boat.] I was much distressed at this, as Mr. R. was troubled by Husband's letter last night, feeling that complaints were not in place, as he has such hard times to get crews to take any canoe or load. But, I knew they were not complaints, tho' Mr. R. felt them as such. It was just 9.30, A. M., when we started from Andênde."

The story of the remainder of that journey I take from a journal letter written by Mrs. Nassau to Miss I. A. Nassau: "Tuesday, Feb. 19th. 5 P. M. The heat of the day has passed; and it *has* been *hot*. At 11 A. M., opposite one of the little islands, Mborakinda, we met Pière, returning. He told big stories of the killing and dying, &c. &c.; and of the repeated injunctions he had received to turn back, until he had finally yielded. He had spent Sabbath at Belambila; had reached Njâgudembo's, when he was sure only death lay before him. So, he had turned back. My crew were evidently frightened, and wanted to turn back. And, there were exclamations of disgust when I said, 'No!' that we must go on. I told Pière we would take care of them. To my boat-men, I said that when we were passing a place where shots would come, I would stand up in the boat and take them; they might jump into the water. At this

they laughed. But, we went on. Pière kept ahead. At noon, we stopped to buy fish. At 1 P. M., we ate at a place beyond the old 'olako' [camp]. Spent an hour and three-quarters there. Went on in the sun; but, the crew pulled slowly and irregularly, talking and laughing. While stopping at a sand-bar, for the crew to bathe, a canoe passed down. Mâmbâ asked the news. They said the path was open; no danger or trouble for us or any one, save to the French. About 4 P. M., Sâmbunaga [a Galwa trader] was seen coming down with great *cclat*. I feared a collision; but, it did not occur; and, I more dreaded his news. But, it was quite encouraging. He said that the Fang so feared the French that they would fire on no canoe, particularly as they knew that if Iveke-Wilson was injured, they would have much to pay; and therefore would not trouble other people just now.

"I wish Mr. R. knew how his 'tall' man [really a lad] has done to-day in trying to urge the others!

"I am surprised, but suppose that Mâmbâ has reasons for crossing the river, after our eating; and we are now going up 'the other' side. Pière handed to me my lost needle-book. It was given to him by Igwëra, the trader at whose house I slept coming down river. I had left it there. Thimble and all were there. As we have crossed the river, I leave a cloth for him in reward. I enjoyed your biscuits for dinner very much. Mâmbâ had bought me some eggs. I cooked *two*; ate but *one*! [Whatever eggs the Fang were willing to part with were apt to be foul.] Feel better than I did when going down river. Stopped to sleep, on a sand-bar, below, but in sight of Mr. Ermy's light, at 7 P. M. Now, 9 P. M., I have eaten my biscuits and jam; have had Prayers; and am under my mosquito-net, ready for bed. All are well, I believe; tho' we surely will not get to Talaguga in three days. Good-night, and God be with you all as with us.

"Wed'y. Feb'y 20th. I awoke several times. Finally, slept until 5 A. M. [dawn], when I began to dress. Called Mâmbâ. Crew complained of *night* work. I ate a biscuit and my tea; and started from the sand-bar a little after 6 [sunrise]. Mr. Brown [a white trader] was before us, in his canoe. Were an hour and a quarter, in reaching Mr. Ermy's. At 8.45, we reached a sand-bar, where the crew stopped to bathe, below the first Point above Ermy's, where we overtook Pière, who had slept at Ermy's. Mâmbâ and he [they were the "captains," who, usually, only held the rudder] then took paddles, and we had a race. First, the 'Montclair'; then, a sand-bank interfering, the kongongo got far ahead. Mâmbâ has just done a nice thing; he has passed by a village (where he expected to stop)

because there were too many people there for my comfort. Stopped to eat, at 10 A. M., at a new Bakele village, a little below Goree island. There I found one of your former pupils, Mwanyeno, to whom I gave two of your printed lesson-leaves. Imanda, the headman, gave me a small chicken; I gave him 15 fish-hooks and a green sash. Left at 12, noon. Crew bathe again, for half an hour.

“Reach Belambila 20 minutes after 4 P. M. Thunder, and dark clouds. At 5.15, we reached Mistula’s or New Osam-kita. Here we stop. Two little rooms are given to me. *What* a mess I find in my food-box! The butter (rather, the *oil*) is spilled over and in everything. Mâmbâ helped nicely to clean up; and made my bed.

“Thurs. Feb. 21st. What a night I have had! I slept poorly; not at all, until I went out at 1 A. M. After this, I slept a little. Heavy rain and thunder all night. Started at 6.35 A. M. At 9 o’clock, stuck on a log. I got into the kongongo. All the crew, except 2, jumped into the water; and finally got the boat off. At 11.15, stop at a village opposite Capt. Stone’s [a white man] trading-house, above Njâgudembo’s. Stone’s steamer lying there. Here, we met Laseui. He only saluted. He is in a village just above Stone’s. Capt. S., in his launch just at that time whistled [in salute]. He did not go any farther. Go on to Isosa at 12 noon; ate there. Bought potatoes [a variety of sweet] with my precious plantains. Passed Rere-volo at 5.15. For the first day, the crew, particularly Yongwe [now a native minister] and Mâmbâ have at last awakened to the fact that there is work to be done. No ‘isyâvuna’ [bathing] this afternoon. Think now, we will reach Talaguga to-morrow. Reached this place, Akendenge’s [a native trader, brother of Mâmbâ] about 7 P. M. He greeted me kindly, and I have my bed made on some of his large boxes. Had a partial bath. Ate fried potatoes for supper.

“Fri. Feb. 22d. Slept right thro’, when I began; I was so used up. Got up at 5 A. M. Started at 6.30.

“Passed Yeña at 8.30. Just now, Mâmbâ and Okendo [now an evangelist] have trouble. Okendo is, at times, imposed upon; then, at other times, is most provokingly impudent. I presume that Okendo will be quiet; but, if he should have complaints to make, I hope that Mr. Reading will not listen to them; tho’, I do not think there is much danger that he will. Mâmbâ was right, I think; Okendo was very impudent. For the first time, I have been in a small tornado. Big wind, and *bigger* rain; rain fell in torrents. Feared a little for the boat; but, we are all safe. I am wet, but a little; of course,



the crew are wet. We reach Sanjála at 11 A. M. Ate; and started again at 1. P. M., for *Talaguga!!!* Reached Talaguga at 3 P. M. Folks, particularly *one*, seemed glad to see me. Tired, but not so much as when I reached Anděnde.

"Mámhá started back with the 'Montclair,' for Kángwe, before 10 P. M.

"Sat. Feb. 23d. Put things away. Did not go to the villages; Husband went. Yesterday, Joktan and Mbwelo left; Husband had had difficulty with them. Our hearts are full of thanks, because of safe union again.

"Sab. Feb. 24th. . . . Went to the spring, for prayer. O! God, we can not thank Thee enough for Thy care. Only 4 or 5 at meeting, from the Fang village."

In perusing Mrs. Nassau's diaries, there are revelations, even to me, her husband. She was not demonstrative. The habitual reserve, that had made approach to her in 1881 a problem, never entirely disappeared, even after that problem had been happily solved. But I *knew* the love of her heart. Also, she was extremely conscientious. Painfully so, I think, as I read her private records, of her communings with God and self-rebukes that seem to me pitiful, knowing, as I did, her devotion to duty and to tasks. That servants are neglectful, disobedient, and sometimes impudent, is true in all lands. That the half-civilized, or heathen, lads and girls should be neglectful and trying on patience is not an experience peculiar to her. They are more or less so to all new missionaries, especially until the latter have learned the native language and can know what is being said. But Mrs. Nassau, in her attitude to those natives, did not regard them simply as servants; they were to her the ones to whom God had sent her for their salvation. Their derelictions hurt her as if she was to blame for not more perfectly training or instructing them. In the high standard she set for herself, she expected from these half-heathen more, I think, than we usually look for in a civilized land.

These expressions of pain run through the pages of 1882-1884. But in 1883-1884 there are oftener added thanks for answered prayer. I have quoted but few of these ejaculations of pain or renditions of thanks. They are there in the diaries. I leave them there. They were not often *said* to me. I could wish they had been. I think I could have aided. They were burdens I had a right to share. But she generously and lovingly thought to save me from them.



"Wed. Feb. 27th. Feel poorly, hardly able to do anything; at least, have no ambition to do so.

"Sat. Mar. 1st. In answer to prayer, Ampamba [one of my employes who wanted to desert] remains. Hamill gave me a ride around Talaguga Rock; and then we went to Ndoñamavuña's village. Were received kindly; and the people listened well.

"Wed. Mar. 5th. About 9 A. M., the whistle of the 'Okota' blew. After much trouble with canoe and boat, both got off; and, soon, Sister Bella was seen returning in the boat. Was *very* glad. She brought two letters, one from Julius [her brother], and a photo of Charlie [my son]. He has grown to be so manly. Sister had a tooth taken out, or broken off.

"Thurs. Mar. 6th. About 6 o'clock this morning, sister and Hamill reached the 'Okota' (Hamill had slept on the cot in the dining-room). I was up at 3.30 A. M. All *very* tired; but very happy in God's goodness to us. All our timber is now here. [The 'Okota' had been bringing the lumber for the new house. My sister, in the extremity of her toothache, had come, for the day, to my unskilled dentistry. Though Mrs. Nassau knew that my two sons were each permanently located in other homes, and that she would have no responsibility over them, she generously recognized the quasi-maternal relation into which marriage brought her to them, took them lovingly in her prayers, rejoiced in their development, wrote to them regularly, and valued their occasional responses.]

"Sat. Mar. 8th. Visited Nyare's, after going around the Rock again. Nyare's are so indifferent to our visits.

"Sab. Mar. 9th. I feel uncomfortable. Quite a number of Fang, and Mpongwe traders come to services.

"Thursday, Mar. 13th. Mr. Menkel stayed on his bed, reading, all the morning. I have not the sympathy I have had before for him in troubles between himself and Hamill. Finished his novel; and, after dinner, went down the hill. After a long talk, went to work. His demands, some of them, are unjust; to others, Hamill consented."

À P. S. to a letter of date March 21st, to her brother, says:—

"A little steam-launch has just arrived, and I want to add just a word about the support or aid these French would be to us in time of

trouble with the Fang. I do not know surely whether even, one man was killed, but we do know that the priest was badly wounded. They [the French] have not done one single thing to the Fang, in punishment, except to make idle threats. If they thus pass over injuries done to their own countryman, there is no hope that they will trouble themselves to aid us in any kind of danger with the Fang. . . . The foundation posts are up for the new house. [Subsequently, the French did take action.]

"Sat. Mar. 22d. Metyeba [who had returned to my service] told Hamill that all things were going to destruction at the new house, unless Hamill himself would go and remain on the grounds. Hamill talked with Mr. Menkel; reminded him of his promise not to strike the men (which he had broken, these days), and reproved him for his impatient and angry way of directing the workmen. He took the reproof kindly. I wish Hamill could give the control of the men to Mr. M.; but, we are morally certain that this would result in the departure of nearly every man. *Force* could not be bro't to bear upon them sufficient to make them submit to Mr. M's sharp, biting and constantly irritating words."

A most distressing history: Mr. Menkel was an employe of the Mission (not, at that time, a full member) as mechanic. As such, he was directed, from time to time, to go hither and yon, as the carpentering of the several stations required. In so doing, he was subject to the direction of the missionary at whose station he was working. But in coming to me, he had taken the position that, in building the Talaguga house, he was doing it, not on Mission order, but as a personal favor to me. He demanded that (1) handing him the plan of the house, I should in no way thereafter interfere, by giving any direction, either to him or the workmen; (2) that my men should be under his sole control, even to the point of their dismissal; (3) while I might visit the house during its erection, it should be only as a spectator. The man Metyeba was a skilled native carpenter, of the Kombe tribe from Benita, a friend of my former days there. Though he was almost Mr. Menkel's equal as a carpenter, I gave him to him as his assistant. Helpless, and in my desire to have completed the house on which almost a year had been wasted, I yielded to Mr. Menkel's astonishing demands. But the work lagged. Even with all my tact toward the workmen, it was difficult to induce them to stay, because of the shortness of food. But they would not submit to Mr. Menkel's reckless violence. I was compelled to interfere.

On Thursday, March 27th, Mrs. Nassau makes her first distinct record about maternal prospects: "Had a bad colic this morning before Prayers; stayed in bed until after Prayers and breakfast. Miserable all day. Feared that we are mistaken about my condition, and that . . . are caused by some other reason.

"Friday, March 28th. . . . I still feel anxious, for trouble in the bowels. And, now we begin to fear greatly that my expectations are false. God help me, either way.

"Sun. Mar. 30th. Am feeling poorly this week. Resting in afternoon, so that Edibwani has not come to recite.

"Wed. April 2d. The last [foundation] post set to-day [for the new house]. I went to the spring, and took notes, on the way, for a letter to Miss Johnson, of Newark. [I find among Mrs. Nassau's papers several drafts of a letter, "written to the Sab. Sch. of the First Presb. Church of Newark, May 1884," which, I suppose, was the outcome of her notes at the spring, made on April 2d and 4th.]

"Come with me to the Spring. The sun is not shining brightly this afternoon; so, you will need no shade, save your sun-hat (and rubber shoes). We pass by our kitchen, with its walls of bark; over the brow of the hill, and begin a steep descent. The path is exceedingly slippery, because of recent rains. The first signs of tropical Africa are these beautiful ferns that line the path-way. The path now turns to the left, and runs, not down, but horizontally; so narrow and smooth that Alpine shoes could be of use. Do not stumble on these rootlets, sit down on a fallen log. Look at the strange foliage. No palms just here. Now, we are driven away by a line of ants. Now, suddenly stopped by a fallen tree, whose trunk towers 3 ft above our heads. Surely, we can not climb over this debris; and there are scarcely 3 ft. between it and the ground. We bend under it in humility, and will be able to creep through to the other side. The shade grows dense; few rays of sun-light penetrate this heavy foliage. Rocks lie along our path, and on either side. What would your fern-loving friend say, to express her delight, could this stone with its exquisite covering of moss and delicate ferns be transferred to her conservatory?

"Our cook is coming towards us with a pail of water on his head. You wonder at his ability to keep his footing; and ask how he *walks* under the tree we have just passed. Never fear but that the native will pass with a burden where the white lady can walk.

"Here is a natural gateway: two large trees, with their far-extended buttresses, stand sentinel on either side. No toll is asked. But, do stop, and examine the wonders of those buttressed trunks. The body of the tree, 9 or 10 feet above the ground, extending itself into narrow far-reaching supports. Between these buttresses, what delightful play-houses do we find! [Here Mrs. Nassau enclosed a sketch of the tree.] This division we will call our parlor; sweep away the rubbish of leaves. Look what a beautiful ornament this ants' nest will make; and all its 12 shelves most beautifully carved, or more truly, modeled from the hard clay, by our kind friends the busy ants. This pretty nook, with the moss and the begonia-covered rock is our conservatory. This wide open space will make a grand kitchen. Never mind, tho' the ground be moist. Here our happy little American house-keepers might find many pleasant hours. The Fang children know nothing of parlors or conservatories or even kitchens. Their stove is the ground, and their kitchen is the nearest sheltered spot, perhaps under the eaves of their low hut, or in the middle of their low, small, dark living-room. I once saw some of our children making play-houses from the branches of trees, of this form [she margined a sketch]: but, so low that they could just crawl in on their stomachs. By the noise they made, I judged they enjoyed the sport. Also, just once, I saw a pretty little play-boat made of bamboo. Generally, these boys and girls sit in the dust, or lazily lounge, or do errands for their elders, caring little for regular games. Among more civilized tribes, quite interesting games are known. (I think, if you should ask Mrs. DeHeer, who lives among the Kombe people, she would tell of children's games.)

"How delightfully cool, in the shade of this huge boulder! If we could only bring these poor people to the shadow of the Great Rock, where alone they can find safety or rest in this weary land! More wild grow our surroundings. Nature has left her traces of fierce convulsion, when mountains were cleft asunder. These sides are still gaping with seams long and far-reaching; while between, lie tumbled in wild confusion, the debris of broken rock.

"You hear the sound of falling water. Pass this wall of rock, and stop! look! coiled around the root of that tree, what an enormous——. But, it does not move! Dare we go nearer? It is only one of the numerous vines which abound in these forests. How snake-like does it lie there! Its support has fallen, and it seems writhing in impotent wrath among the roots and rocks of our pathway. But, hasten on! Slide down this rock, evidently once the bed of a miniature water-fall; over slippery stones, catching hold of tree and bush for aid; and, at last we stand before our Spring of

clear, cool, never-failing water. The sun lights, what seemed almost gloom, with a soft radiance. Before us, and at the right, rises a wall of rock at least 30 feet high. Behind us, a wilderness of tangled trees and vines. Before, and at the left, the wall breaks suddenly. Thro' this opening, dashes a rapid stream, broken at its lower fall, into silvery sheets by the wide rough face of rock over which it flows. Constantly, it pours its clear waters into this crystal Pool. The water's angry foaming reception ends in tiny wavelets at our feet. This is the choicest spot of Talaguga. We are at all times painfully alone, as to the presence of Civilization, or the companionship of christian friends. But, we are not alone as to constant cares, anxieties, and annoyances, and sometimes, fears. But, the loneliness of these wild forests and the majestic grandeur of these ragged walls of rock, are most restful; while this fitful music is a pleasing accompaniment to prayerful thought. Alone with God! 'Nature here, in the tranquility, that Thou dost love, enjoys Thy Presence.' And we gratefully yield to these influences; and would also offer solemn thanks and supplication. Supplication for the multitudes around us, who, neither in Nature, nor in their own hearts, find any witness of God.

"Apr. 3d. Husband off by 7.40 A. M. The day quiet. I pray much, but with weak faith, for a comfortable journey for the Husband. After 5 P. M., I began to look; and, at 5.20, the canoe came in sight, with a load of bamboo, and the best of reports of the quietness of the day. So thankful I could hardly eat! O! God, forgive my unbelief! Even Ngáwe's wanting to 'kamba na 'wě' [to speak with you] was only a request to have a pair of shoes from Angom. So much better than our fears! [The often unreasonable complaints, demands, wishes, or ordinary conversation of our employes were always preceded by the apparently respectful 'm'belá kamba na 'wě';' but one was uncertain what was to follow. The phrase made Mrs. Nassau almost nervously afraid of coming trouble. For ordinary conversation, she was always pleased; *that* was one of the means of doing *direct* missionary work.]

"Sat'y. Apr. 5th. After dinner, Mr. Siddons called with the mail, which was wet and covered with meal that had been put in the bag. He was dressed in pajamas and singlet [undershirt]. No letter from Will. . . . Wearied and excited. [Some of the white traders traveled in very unconventional costume.]

"Tuesday, Apr. 8th. Began this month, the study of India. To-day have had Rawal-Pindi before me. . . . I went to the

spring. Found a piece of plumbago, I think. [I do not remember Mrs. Nassau's having mentioned about the plumbago. But a few years later, when I took Rev. A. C. Good over the Hill, I found and directed his attention to the same. He reported it to a friend in Pittsburgh, Pa. I reported it to the French authorities, but they took no notice of it.]

"Wed'y Apr. 9th. Feel very uncomfortable; perhaps feverish.

"Thurs. Apr. 10th. Still just able to stand. Food troubles me; poor digestion. [I do not think it was 'fever' or 'digestion.']

"Sat. Apr. 12th. Went to Bindube villages near 'Gov.' Kerraoul's. Started at 1.30. P. M. Returned, 5.30. Feel better. Were stopped by the (French) Gorée soldier at Njoli [island].

"Sunday, Apr. 13th. *Good day.* Husband asked me to pray with him, to seek aid in speaking this evening on 'the Blood of Christ.'

"Sat. April 19th. Mr. Menkel and Husband went to the 'Governor's.' Were stopped again; and the Gorée was very impudent, and would hardly let them pass at all. Kerraoul said the soldier was right; no boat or canoe is to pass without a permit, or the presence of Kerraoul himself. We think that he himself has made this rule. The hope to go inland is, humanly speaking, growing less and less. We can not visit even those villages just this side of the Post, but which are above Njoli island. God look in mercy on us, and on *His* work!"

This incident marked a critical day in our Talaguga life. Njoli island was two miles beyond us, up river; a second, a mile farther; and Asange, two miles still farther. DeBrazza's first camp had been on Njoli. When he, subsequently, established a military and trading post, he located it at Asange, but still called it "Njoli Post."

On that April 19th, I took Mr. Menkel with me to make a courtesy call on the French official. Mrs. Nassau baked and sent with me a tasteful gift of pastries for Mons. Kerraoul. As we were passing Njoli we observed a French laptot (native soldier) making frantic motions toward us. I had no idea what he was saying. Thinking he was in distress, I went to his aid (?). Then we understood that he was ordering us not to proceed. I knew no reason why, and refused. He threatened to shoot. I told him my errand was to the Administrator. He was obdurate. I showed him my gifts for "his Excellency." Then he yielded, but said that if, on our return,

I did not bring a written permit from Kerraoul, he would shoot me. At Asange we were received (apparently) cordially. Mons. Kerraoul spoke in English, and we conversed. Ironically, I complimented him on having such a good guard on Njoli. He justified him! "But, Governor, is it not permitted that I shall visit you, as now?" "No." Amazed, I added, "Not even to make a call of courtesy?" "No." Utterly amazed, I asked hypothetically, "But, your Excellency, if my life was in great danger from the Fang at Talaguga, might I not come to you for assistance?" "No; it is not permitted that any but French shall pass Njoli. If, however, you should be in danger, you may come as far as Njoli, and the sentinel there will bring word for you to me." "And during that waiting there, of almost two hours, I would probably be killed. I see natives, Okota fishermen, coming almost daily to Talaguga. How is it that they pass Njoli?" "They are French citizens, and I give them daily written permits." "Then, your Excellency, please give a citizen of a country which is in friendship with France, a number of such permits, to use as he may have occasion." He refused. "But, certainly, you will write me one permit to pass me safely, as I return to Talaguga to-day?" Reluctantly he wrote it. And I gave it to the laptot on Njoli. During all that astonishing interview, Mons. Kerraoul displayed the fullest of typical French courtesy of voice and manner, including the shoulder shrug and out-turned palms that are the Gallic final closure of any argument. I did not believe that he had authority to issue that prohibition to me. (His superior subsequently disclaimed it, saying that it applied only to tradesmen.) From this and other acts, and from the dealings of the Roman Catholic Government of Madagascar, I have always believed that it was part of Roman Catholic machinations against Protestant missions. Machinations that increased in their persecuting limitations, until, in 1892, wearied, our American Mission left the Ogowe field, handing it over to our Protestant brethren of the Societe Evangelique de Paris, who, though also limited, as Protestants, are encouraged as Frenchmen. From that 19th of April, I never again thought of Njoli Post or M. Kerraoul as a source of aid in any way, as to letters, mail, food, purchases, help, comfort, or companionship. He and his post passed utterly out of our lives or thought, except when we grieved at the belief that our plan for advance into the interior was dead. I bitterly reminded him of his prohibition four months later.

"Mon. Apr. 21st. Husband has given the little boy Onjingo to me, to help me in and around the house.

"Wed. Apr. 23d. Feel so much better this week. Am having Onjingo plant the slip from the tree at Kángwe which bears such beautiful white flowers. God help me to be faithful to him, and bring him to Christ. . . . Ankombia's wife still working on her dress. [At that time, there were twenty natives, including Metyeba's wife and Ankombia's, whom I had to feed on rice and farinya; I could get no plantains at all. These employes were not used to the other diet (without meat); only their loyalty to me made them endure it.]

"Sat. Apr. 26th. Went to Ndoñamavuña's village. Very few present, but the men. Spoke himself; the first original prayer we have heard.

"Monday, Apr. 28th. Washing big. Mr. Menkel's many clothes. Hard work finishing. *Did*; thanks to God, and with a good sun.

"Tues. Apr. 28th. Ironing done only by pushing. Mbigino did nicely. Ngáwe sick. Very tired; suffered exceedingly; from dyspepsia, I guess. [I do not think she really believed it was dyspepsia.]

"Wed. Apr. 30th. Suffering still. Oh! God, that I might, in pain and in annoyances, glorify Thee!

"Sat. May 3d. Walking around. Feel weak; and still pain in the shoulder-blades.

"Mon. May 5th. . . . I am much better. Onjingo is doing the house-work *grandly*!

"Tues. May 6th. . . . About 6.30 P. M., Husband came. Was so surprised. A wonderful journey he has had; and we are full of thanksgiving. God, iguma (manioc), and plantains! The French Expedition passed up river yesterday, but did not buy *all* the food, as I feared. God is so *very* good to us.

"Wed. May 7th. I arose and had a little prayer with Hamill, before dressing, to give thanks, and to seek aid.

"In the morning, Hamill came up [the Hill] and said there was need of prayer; trouble between himself and Mr. Menkel. Metyeba told Hamill that the house was *crooked*, by six inches. Mr. M. resented it; spoke roughly to Doctor. In the evening, Mr. M. and Hamill had a *long* talk. I was so wearied by it. Tried to spend

the time in prayer. Fear I failed. But, the talk proved satisfactory. Mr. M. more quiet, and much hurt as to his pride by this mistake. Hamill was enabled to keep his voice and words kind.

“Thurs. May 8th. Hamill and Mr. M. look at the house; decide to let it alone. The reason Mr. M. blames Metyeba so severely is because he did not tell *him* instead of Hamill. It seems that Metyeba *had* told Mr. M.; but the latter *would not listen*. Hamill had another talk with Mr. M., in which he told him he wanted him to finish the house before he (Hamill) should go down-river in June.”

[I had faithfully complied with Mr. Menkel's demand that, in order that he might have the entire credit for the erection of the building, I should give no advice nor make any criticism. He had allowed me to be present, in order to keep the workmen obedient. Metyeba was a very quiet, diligent, conscientious worker. When he pointed out to me that the frame of the house was out of plumb, I at once saw it and quietly asked Mr. Menkel's attention to it. He broke into a rage. I as quietly asked him to take his square. He did so. Then he sat down, weeping with shame at his mistake, and said he would throw up the job. I insisted that it would be wrong for him to leave me at that critical stage of the building. He remained and enclosed the outer walls. I subsequently completed the interior. It was doubtless true that Metyeba had previously pointed out the six inches to him. But Mr. Menkel had doubtless scouted the idea, had not even attempted to verify it, and had forgotten it. In her perfect conscientiousness, Mrs. Nassau did not believe that marital loyalty required the justification of a husband, right or wrong; and would not have justified me had she thought I was wrong. But such disharmonies wearied her Christian spirit.]

“Fri. May 9th. Am feeling very comfortable these days. Looked around for material to begin *little clothes*. Husband wants me to go with him to-morrow to Yeña, to see about ompavo [thatch]. I dread the journey, but consent.

“May 10th. Sat. We started about, 7.45 A. M. Had a pleasant journey down; cool and cloudy. Reached Ongâm's [a civilized Mpongwe]. Ate, in the waiting room. Met first by the sound of many little axes clearing for Ongâm's new trading-house. Mpenga and 5 men had come with us in the canoe; Piëre and six men and boys in the kongongo; also Walker [a mulatto trader]. Found only 110 instead of 400 ompavo, as we expected. Started back. I felt

the motion of the boat. (*we*, with Mambo and 2 Fang, were in the 'Swan') and the heat. Saw a huge nest of mud, sticks and leaves, in the crotch of a large limb over-hanging the water. The wise bird had made the door on the side from which our severe storms seldom come. Also, hanging nests, built on the thorny slender fronds of the Calamus palm, over the water (thus free from snakes) the lower extension a beautiful net-work; the lower part of this filament is the entrance. Waited long here to move a 'pe' [the deadly horned viper of Gaboon] which proved to be a log! Plucked a beautiful *lily-shaped* flower from a tree, seldom seen. Was gorgeous; corolla fully six inches in diameter, creamy-yellow, with purple spots. Also one of *my* blue petaled flowers [the one I dedicated to her in February, 1882]. And Mussenda. Saw another white terminal-leaved flower. Had a very *very* pleasant day. Found, on return at 5 P. M. (a wonderfully early arrival) that my boys had done nicely.

"Before we sat down to tea, the whistle of the 'Okota' was heard. Mr. Menkel went in the kongongo. Mr. Sinclair on board. Njambi and Alundo [former employes] came back. Large mail, 16 letters. Aunt Eliza Babcock died Mon. Jan'y 21st, 78 years old; 8 years older than our mother. Hamill received a cruel letter from Rev. ———: all excited. Hamill went to bed at 4 o'clock Sabbath morning. I suffered very much from falling-down pains. Slept very little. Still no word from Will. . . .

"Sab. May 11th. I did not expect to dress until church; but, as Mr. Sinclair called during prayers, I got up. He drank tea with us. Felt very weak, and still suffering; but keep up. *God is with us.*

"Mon. May 12th. . . . Hamill had a good letter from sister Emma [Mrs. William Swan]; and a long one from Mr. Patten [the generous guardian of my son Charles], who said that Mr. Swan was to preach in Philadelphia. . . . I still feel very uncomfortable. My Bible Correspondence papers came, and I began to study this morning.

"Thursday, May 22d. About 7 P. M., Mr. Reading came, with lots of plantains, some egg-plants, limes, &c. &c. Very glad to see him.

"Tuesday, May 27th. Mr. Reading left, in fine spirits (at least his crew) about 8, A. M. Did not iron; but tried to dry the clothes. Feel the good effects of the fresh fruits, bananas, egg-plant, and njěvě [ripe plantains].



"Mon. June 2d. . . . In the evening, Hamill called Simbuve, Mëngë, Ompwenge, Njambi, and asked them if they had all been drinking. [They had been in a quarrel at a native trader's on Sunday night.] Their answers were not prompt; but all were finally made to acknowledge the sin. God seemed to help Hamill in speaking to them. Very impressive. Washing done without my help. I got up, for tea. Ankombia's wife left, in a French canoe.

"Tuesday, Jun 3d. Husband's words in the evening very impressive. God is certainly *with us*. His text was from Ps. 1. 1. Wonder if the prayers of our friends in America are helping us.

"Sab. June 8th. A quiet Sabbath. Husband talked in the morning, on 'isingi' [little foxes]. Mbigino, Rembila, and Ngâwe came afterwards, to inquire if he was preaching at them, if he tho't they had done any thing wrong, while we were away yesterday. We could only think of *guilty consciences*. God is surely blessing us in our hearts, and in the subdued spirit of the employes. None have yet confessed, or expressed sorrow.

"Thurs. June 12th. Finished my red wrapper. Feel *very* tired. Still praying and hoping for more of the Spirit's power. Studying the lesson on Paul's second missionary journey.

"June 19th, 1884. *35 years old!!* Oh! my God, help me to glorify Thee this new year in *all* things, thought, spoken, done. I am Thine. Cleanse me from all sin, and make faithful in serving Thee. Give to me more trust. Help me to 'trust in the Lord forever; for, in the Lord Jehovah is *everlasting* strength.'

"Sunday, June 22d. Quiet day. I read little. Feel more comfortable than in May; but not able to do much. Did not write up my Bible lesson. [Mr. Menkel left on Monday, June 23d, by a canoe that had come from Kângwe.]

"Tues. June 24th. The 'Okota' came this P. M. . . . Mr. Ozanne [our generous Ohio friend] sent me a very pretty book; and Mrs. De Heer [of Benita] wrote of Willie Gault's death. I felt this *very* much; and, tho' I thought I held loosely all hopes of motherhood, I find the nearness of death makes me shudder with fear.

"Wed. June 25th. Trying hard to get at the *little things*. Finished machine sewing on the sacque.



"Thurs. June 26th. Made the first night dress. Not a very good success, as the neck, with draw-string, is too rough for tender skin.

"Fri. June 27th. Made, or nearly made and finished, the night dresses. This time, a little more pleasing.

"Sat. June 28th. Gathered things together for the journey. Trimmed over my hat. Washed the trimming that was on it, and put it back again. Very tired."

In a separate volume are lists of "Objects for Prayer" and "Bible-Study." The latter is a compilation of proof-texts on the Catechism answer to the question, "What is God?" The former covers a period in July, 1881, for Missions, more men, larger faith, more consecration on part of young men, more consecration in effort both on mission fields and at home, native converts, increase of zeal and effort in the church. Minute specification of household and private interests during 1883 and 1884, with records of prayer answered for most of these petitions.

On July 1st, with a crew of nine, I made, with Mrs. Nassau, my usual quarterly journey to Kângwe for the church Communion. I left the competent native Kombe carpenter Metyeba, with six hands under his direction, to continue at the interior work on the house. He was a quiet man, and my Galwa workmen had no difficulty in obeying him. I was to try to obtain at the Lambarene trading houses a large quantity of thatch for the roofing of the new house; for, the "Former" rains would be coming by the end of September. We were safe in our boat-travel during the mid dry season months (July and August).

At Kângwe was to begin the disaster that ended fatally for Mrs. Nassau a month later.

"July 1st. Started in good time about 8. A. M. On the way, saw a whole manatus [very rich meat]; failed to buy any. Saw many crocodiles [the gavial, of India]. Ate at Yeña. Slept in Goree's trading-house at Mbomi. Found the bed *very* hard.

"Wed'y, July 2d. Reached Mr. Ermy's in time for dinner. Saw a man shoot a crocodile, and saw the carcass on a log near our boat. The crew pull very slowly; smell liquor on their breath. Reach Andënde house at 5.30. P. M.

"Thurs. July 3d. Hamill and Mr. Reading went to the Trading-houses, principally to settle that bill with Mr. Schiff. Mr. S. away.

Mrs. and Miss Harding called in the morning. Miss H. wished to get plantains. Husband went on the Hill to see sister Bella, in the afternoon.

"Fri. July 4th. Sister Bella came in the morning, evidently troubled, and not strong. Mr. Reading told us a little of the painful scenes between sister and Miss Harding. Neither Miss H. and her mother, nor sister, said anything to us about it. Church Session-Meetings.

"Sat. July 5th. Made pudding. Fretted all day. Went to Preparatory Service in the afternoon. Walked, of course. Tired. Have not lain down any afternoon this week.

"Sab. July 6th. Last night, about 1 o'clock, I was awakened by flow of blood. Called Hamill. 'Twas not profuse; still, more copious than . . . Frightened. Pains succeeded; came in spasms. Hamill gave me lavender, and tried to soothe me; then, went on the Hill for a medical book and medicines. Sister Bella sent so many things needed. Slept a little, towards morning. During the day, suffered. Hamill went to administer Communion in the morning. Mr. Reading *very* kind and thoughtful. Hemorrhage lessens greatly. Handi, a Benga woman came on the 'Falaba'; also boxes of medicine. Thus God provided for the emergency; only, we were very thankful that the occasion for their use seems to be lessening. Handi went on the Hill; but, came to spend the night with me. [My study of the book, as I sat by the bedside and watched symptoms, made me believe that the threatened miscarriage was complicated by what obstetricians call a case of *placenta previa*. I think it was the final cause of Mrs. Nassau's death. I had without difficulty conducted cases of confinement, but never had seen this dangerous condition. The childless widow Handi, of about Mrs. Nassau's age, an educated member of the Corisco church, was the one whom Rev. Mr. Ibia had chosen for me, and Rev. Mr. Myongo for my sister. Sister's letter gave her priority of claim. The "Falaba" had brought her early that morning; my sister was agreeably surprised to see her as I brought her in the church. The "Falaba" brought also my ordered medical supplies from Liverpool, and a mail, which I read to Mrs. Nassau in the afternoon. Letters from her mother, Miss Flanigan (of Philadelphia), Mrs. Parker, and Mrs. Robinson (of Freehold), Mrs. Betts (of Towanda), and Mrs. Guliek (of Barneгат). These were the last she received from the United States. Mrs. Ogden did not arrive, nor did she come subsequently.]



"Mon. July 7th. Slowly improving. Remain in bed. Husband, in afternoon, went to see Mr. Schiff. Mr. S. still away. Capt. Ludovici promised, or offered, to take the ompavo [thatch] and self to Talaguga, next week. [How impossible it would have been to have taken Mrs. Nassau, in her then condition, back to Talaguga, the usual four days' journey by boat! Here was a Providence: On July 3d, the "Okota" had attempted to go up the Ngunye branch of the Ogowe, but had turned back on the 4th, unable to proceed, because of the dry season low stage of water. But it would attempt to go up the deeper Ogowe. Was it turned back for our need?]

"Tues. July 8th. Husband went, with Ntyindiorëma and Piëre, to the Commissaire at Lambarene, to see about marriage. I felt better; but still have pain, and dare not sit up even in bed. The civil ceremony was performed, as desired; and then, Dr. Nassau united the parties, in the afternoon, by religious ceremony. Sister Bella, and Mrs. and Miss Harding down [at the ceremony]. I, of course, still in bed. The box [from Dr. Adam] containing *the* things was opened. Also, sister Bella sent down articles, in her box, from Dr. and Mrs. Gosman; candles from Dr. G., a pair of slippers from sister Letitia, a small needle-box from Lida, a little book of texts from Jennie, blotters from Belle, lampshade from Lettie, crab-apple jelly, a tin of corn, 2 ears of popcorn."

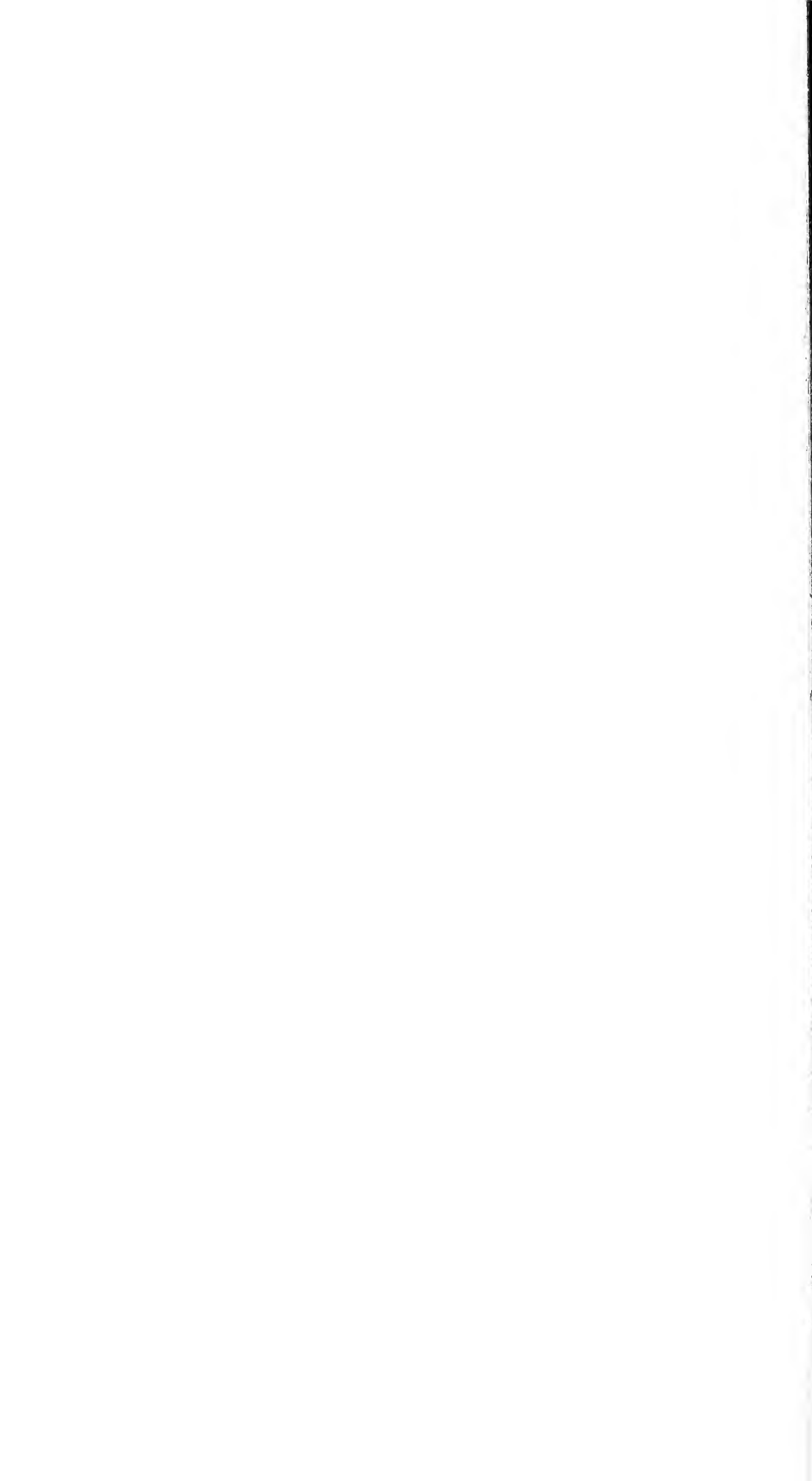
[The two young men had to take their young brides before the Civil Magistrate, to comply with French law, *in advance* of any church ceremony. The presents from the Lawrenceville family touched Mrs. Nassau very much, arriving just at that time. How minutely she enumerates them all!]

"Wed. July 9th. Husband again went to Mr. Schiff, and paid the bill. Slowly improving. Have good appetite.

"Thurs. July 10th. Long day. Husband went after ompavo given him by Mr. Sinclair. Feared he might stay all night. Very thankful to see him about dark. Sat up on the lounge. Handi spent the day with me. Mr. R. *very* kind. Enjoyed the oranges from Gaboon.

"Friday, July 11th. Went, *walked*, to the lounge in the parlor. Sat up all day. Husband at home.

"Sat'y, July 12th. Husband went to Lembarene trading-houses with the crew. Did not return until after dinner. I was up most of the day.



"Sab. July 13th. Went to the dining-room to eat. Up all day; reading. Both Husband and self feel *very very* thankful, because God has thus removed from us a great sorrow.

"Monday, July 14th. The steamer ['Okota'] goes to-morrow. Hamill packs. In the evening, we three made out a bill of goods (eatables) for the next year. Went to bed late. All *tired*; but ready to start to-morrow morn."

My sister was not willing to pay the wages Handi asked, and the latter was dissatisfied with the variety of services expected of her. Amicably for all parties, she entered my service. From Andēnde to Lembarene was an hour's pull.

"Tues. July 15th. While Hamill was loading the 'Nellie-Howard' we heard a whistle, and tho't the 'Okota' was hurrying us. We reached the Trading-house before 8 A. M.: and found the steamer still there. Another steamer, the French launch, had alarmed us by her whistle. Handi goes with us to Talaguga. Ate breakfast before we started [from Andēnde] and also on the steamer. Mr. B., an employe of the French house, on board. Also, the Commissaire Le D. ———. I ate my dinner on the poop-deck at the stern of the vessel, where was the awning and a comfortable chair. After this, I ate with the others in the saloon. We started about 9 A. M.; and had some trouble [with low water] passing Mr. Ermy's; but, particularly at the Goree islands. The Capt. had to go out in his canoe several times, to find the passage. We slept, a little below Mbomi. I was given the berth below the deck in the stern. Slept very well.

"Wed'y. July 16th. When we reached a point near Nkogo, trouble began in earnest. The Point was reached about 2 P. M. The Capt. went out [in a canoe] first. We went on a little way; then stuck. Mr. Schiff then went out. He *thought* he had found a passage. Capt. went on with the steamer; and soon reached bottom. He then went out in the canoe; and came back with the decision that no passage could be found, and that next morning we must return to Lembarene. Hamill went to the Nkogo trading-house with Mr. S., to see about securing paddlers for the 'Nellie-Howard,' as we had only four [in order to at once go on to Talaguga, as we were already half-way there]. He came back with the [steamer's] Kroo-men; but Mr. S. had gone with the trader to the other side [of the river] seeking a passage; and at dark, returned, having found one. We were very glad.

"Thurs. July 17th. We started about 7, A. M., and, going down, a little way, then crossed without difficulty. Mr. Gallibert [the French trader near us at Talaguga] we had passed and been passed by several times. Finally, at Yeña, he came alongside and on board. Only saluted us. Soon, he went on; but, we again passed, before reaching his place. At Yeña, the Commissaire went with Mr. Schiff to the [Fang] village which had been burned [by the French, for the assault on the priest], and settled the difficulty there, in this way:—The Fang gave up to the French [as hostages] a *little* boy and an old woman. The little boy was to stay at the French Mission. The old woman stays with her people at John Pierce's [a Liberian trader]. We reached Nyare's [new village opposite our new house] about 4 P. M. I was carried up the Hill. Handi swept the sitting-room. I feel stronger than when I started.

"July 18th. Mr. Schiff, Mr. B., Capt. Ludovici, Commissaire Le D., called in the morning. Passed coffee and pine-apple. All seemed to enjoy the call. Interested in my photographs [the Barnegat photograph album]. Bade good-bye. No Prayer-meeting, as so few came to Prayers. Only Ampamba, in the [Catechumen] Class. Metyeba [according to agreement] went down on the steamer.

"Sab. July 20th. Quiet day; but, I have not worshiped as I ought. While at Prayers in the evening, we heard a cry, and think that some animal has taken a mother hen.

"Mon. July 21st. Washing done well; Handi, Mbigino, and Mambo. I was very tired yesterday, and feel uncomfortable to-day. Hamill not well; feverish.

"Tuesday 22d. Ironing partly finished. Handi distressed because I would not let Mambo remain to help her and Mbigino. Mbigino complains; says he is sick. I wrote a note to Husband for another person; but, when I saw all on the roof at work [at thatching], I did not ask for another. But, I showed the note to Hamill. He was much troubled; decided to speak to M. Called him, before prayer-meeting. Not satisfactory reply given. Then, after consultation, we decided to refuse him the privilege of working, until he should promise to behave. After prayer-meeting, himself asked pardon; and Hamill prayed with him. This is occasion for *many* thanks to God.

"Wed. July 23d. Handi finished ironing. She complains of her eyes and weariness. Sewed a little.

"Thurs. July 24th. Handi and I had prayed together. She seems quite discontented. Still, tells me of the temptations she has met and overcome. The engineer of the 'Okota,' on the up-journey, tried her purity. Very indignant. Hamill reading 'Young Mrs. Jardine' aloud. We were startled by a goat making a peculiar gurgling sound; both of us said, 'Njěgá' [leopard]. Hamill went out with a gun, light, and employes. Saw neither goat nor leopard.

"Fri. July 25th. Busy making flannel skirts. Handi sewing.

"Sat. July 26th. Ompwenge and Mambo found the carcase half-eaten of our Okanda goat, the one given us by the 'Governor.' Killed the little goat, as we feared the njěgá would soon take it too. We have lost a hen recently, too. Handi went [visiting] to Nyare's village; returned with 2 bottles of lavender-water, and ingwěsě [presented to her by the trader]. Husband went to Ndoñamavuña's [usual Saturday afternoon preaching]. Just at dark, Piěre and wife (Apoyo), Simbuve and the other three workmen came. They had been a week on the way from Kângwe.

"Sab. 27th. Finished the second Pamphlet of the Bible Course of Dr. Worden. Read missionary news. Oh! for the influence of God's Spirit, for more love for Christ, for more love for souls.

"Mon. 28th. Washing well done. I think."

This date, the 28th, is the very last record by Mrs. Nassau in her diary. But on that same date, in her book of "Letters Sent," is a list—"to Cousin Floyd [Bartlett] and Kittie [his wife, Warsaw, N. Y.]; Katie Storms [Barnegat, N. J.]; Aunt Eliza; cousin Hattie Saxton; Mr. P. M. Ozanne; Charlie [Nassau]."

The very last record of letters sent is on July 29th; "To Miss M. C. Taylor" [Bordentown, N. J.]; and on July 30th, "to Miss Hattie Todd" [Holmanville].

These letters were carried by Dr. Ballay, Count De Brazza's associate, who, on the 29th, with five canoes and about one hundred men, overland from the Kongo, on his way to France, voluntarily stopped to call on us, and offered to take letters to Libreville.

The next day, July 30th, the employes were afraid to go to the spring for water, because of the scare about leopards. That night, while we were compelled to sit up late, watching against an invasion of the house by the vicious "Driver" ants, we heard an outcry among the employes about a leopard, but I did not go out to see about it;

the ants were enough to be attended to, and I doubted about there being a leopard just at that hour.

On Thursday, July 31st, Mrs. Nassau was not feeling comfortably. She had lost sleep on account of the "Drivers." Much talking among the employes at the water-side annoyed her. Also, she was wearied with sewing. After completing the draft of a letter to Rev. M. L. Cook, in the evening, she retired early. It was her very last handwriting. Here Mrs. Nassau's diaries cease, and I take up my own story of a week's conflict with pain, danger, and death.

I have a minute record of almost every hour, day and night, of the eight days, Friday, August 1st, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 8th. The life-blood dripping away, from the first rush at 1 A. M. of the 1st to the last drop at 4 A. M. of the 8th. During all those days, no work was done, but my men quietly awaited my call. Handi was with me, a thoughtful, helpful, sympathetic woman.

There was no lack of medicine, water-bags, expedients, and arrangements of bedstead, pillow, and bedding. Pains came and intermitted. Nausea almost persistent and vomiting frequent. No lack of a variety of kinds and modes of preparation of foods and drinks. But an inability to retain them more than half an hour, until the patient became faint and weak with hunger. There were changes of position to relieve soreness, but the changes renewed the hemorrhages; and then came the styptics and other medicines and appliances.

When there was possibility that a treatment good for herself might be bad for the child, she refused it. She said she felt resigned in God's hands, and had no regrets for having come to Africa, for being my wife, or for becoming a mother. At no time were there any symptoms of the African fever. There was a gleam of hope on Sabbath, August 3d, when all symptoms improved, and we thought that God was answering our prayer in our way. As the days went on, she slept at times; but it was not refreshing. It was the sleep of exhaustion. At first she had been calm and composed. Later, there was nervous starting at small sounds, as the fall of a spoon or the motions of the cat. The marriage ring slipping unnoticed from her thin finger and lost for a while among the bed-coverings, distressed her until it was found and replaced. By morning of the 7th, the pains, that had been irregular both in locality and character, were recognized as normal for a delivery, and continued, with interruptions and cessations, all day. She objected to the obstetric process of "turning."

Later, at 9 P. M., the forceps could have been used, but it also was refused, lest the babe be injured.

And when, at 11.30 P. M., the infant was finally born, the mother was bleeding to death. It was morning of the 8th. In the room was the lad Ngáwe, fanning, at her wish, though all the doors and windows were open to the cold night air; and Apoyo in the adjacent room with Handi and the baby. But after a while the two Galwas became sleepy, and I sent them to their houses. Then came the ominous ringing in ear and darkness of sight.

She had been speaking incoherently in Mpongwe, but now distinctly in English. We spoke of the babe's name. Handi brought the babe, and I laid her on the mother's breast. She placed her hand, already cold, on its head and said: "My little girl, whom I shall never see on earth, *God* gave you to me." And Handi removed the child. There was spoken the wife's loving estimate of her husband.

And "Commend my little girl to the love of your sons." And "Send that letter to Mr. Cook (copying it) for all it means." And her messages of love to her mother and brother. Then, proposing an impossible arrangement, "if you can keep my little girl." [It had been our agreement that we would not part with our children, as had been done with my boys, during their infancy.] I solemnly promised that, *God* helping me, I would not part with the babe. Mrs. Nassau was dying, not of disease, but of loss of blood.

And as the Shadow drew nearer, she spoke, not to me, but to *God*, in few, separated words. I asked that *Jesus* would put His arms about her as she should pass through the Waters. She interrupted, saying, "He is; I am not afraid; but, for you——."

She spoke no more. But her eyes looked, her lips moved; a beautiful smile, and the breath sighed away. It was 4.20 A. M. of the 8th of August. The morning star was still shining, just before the dawn. I stepped to Handi's room and told her.

CHAPTER XV.

AFTERWARDS.

IT would have been maddening if, in the reflections of those hours, there had been anything needed for which there would be the bitter regret, "O! if I had only had so-and-so!" That Liverpool order to Dr. Adam had supplied every possible need for both mother and child. But there have always remained two bitter regrets, that no woman of the Mission had come to their fellow-woman's hour of need, and that I was not a surgeon. Yet, looking at the situation in the light of other examples, I read of other women, even in the United States, in precisely the same case, having died, though surrounded by parents, sisters, nurses, doctors, and a wealth of medicines, comforts, and appliances.

I can never know whether the birth was premature or at full term. From the imperfect and delayed data given me by Mrs. Nassau, we had calculated for the latter part of September. Our plan included going down to Kângwe, about the middle of September, for the several reasons that she might have civilized companionship, that Mrs. Ogden, in her coming, might be saved the last sixty-five miles of her journey, and that I might attend to the quarterly Communion. Was the birth premature, induced by that week of hemorrhage? Was *that* the reason that the babe, though perfectly formed and crying lustily, was so thin and small, weighing only five and one-quarter pounds?

There was the babe to be fed and clothed. I began, with unskilled hand and mode, the solemn mother-task, which I retained, aided only by native hands, for more than six years. During the first two years aided by the excellent Handi; during more than two other years by, successively, eight incompetent, half-civilized (and not all of them Christian) Ogowe young women; and during the final more than two years, by a superiorly educated Christian woman, Anyentyuwe, of the Mpongwe tribe, as nurse and governess.

In pursuance of the pledge to my dying wife, and because I thought (and still think) it was best, but against the protests of relatives and other friends and members of the Mission, I kept the little Mary with me in Africa until she was six and one-half years old, in good health. I left her in the United States, not until she was 8, and then only for her education.

There was the coffin to be made. The skillful Metyeba was gone, but one of the ordinary workmen, Ompwenge, helped me with saw and plane.

French law in the tropics requires interment to be made twelve hours after the decease. But for months I had ceased to think of the French Government as a factor in my life for any matter of courtesy or even obedience. I kept my dead for thirty-six hours. There was no corruption; for, it was bloodless and in its organs there had been no fever. French law requires that death shall be reported, and permit for burial requested. I did not request. Why should I think of Njoli officials, with whom communication, even of courtesy, had been prohibited? (Subsequently, I did report when applying for a birth certificate.) I sent word to no white man in the neighborhood. The Fang were my friends. They sat in their villages in distress, refraining even from going to their daily garden work.

On Saturday the grave was to be dug. My men made it among the quartz boulders of the steep hillside near the new house that was to have been hers. At 4.30 P. M., my eight young men and lads, Ompwenge, Pière, Simbuwe, Nambo, Alundo, Mbigino, Isambo, and Ngâwe, carried the coffin down hill, across the log bridge, and up to the grave. Onjingo stayed at the house with Handi and the baby. Fang stood silently. They could not understand a burial that was devoid of yells of grief. They listened to my short address and to my prayer.

On Sunday, as if, like Ezekiel, it had been said to me, "neither mourn nor weep," "so I spoke unto the people in the morning." For a sermon, I told them the story of Mrs. Nassau's life, and drew lessons from her studiousness of the Bible, prayerfulness, and truth. There was the Bible class in the afternoon. She would not have liked me to neglect it. And in the evening I spoke of God's great love for us, greater even than (as I illustrated) Mrs. Nassau's for me and for the people of Africa.

Then, on Monday the 11th, a canoe and crew were to be sent to Kângwe, with letters to the Mission, to the Board, and to American relatives and friends. About 10 A. M., Mons. Kerraoul and a French Protestant associate of his called, on condolence! He mentioned that, for the week past, he had had the company of nine friends, who had arrived overland from the Kongo. It was a bitter thought to me that, among those men, there was a physician, Dr. Manas, and I had not known it! M. Kerraoul told me that I should have sent for his assistance. I reminded him that he himself had forbidden me approach to Njoli Post under *any* circumstances. He said that the restriction had recently been removed, and offered any aid from the

physician for the babe. Then, on the 12th, I began to copy, for Rev. M. L. Cook, Mrs. Nassau's letter to him; her *very* last writing. It being an important letter, she had made a first draft, with many changes and interlineations, intending to copy it next day. I was sitting at her side that last evening, and she informed me as to some of its wording:—

“July 31, 1884, TALAGUGA, OGOWE, W. A.

“*Rcv. M. L. Cook:* DEAR FRIEND,

“Your letter of Mar. 14th was received June 18th. We had noticed your return from the Home field. Is not this a peculiar feature of Home Missions: the shortness of the stay of their missionaries in their appointed field? While I acknowledge, with shame, the frequent return of many Foreign workers, still I think it much easier for the Home-worker to lay down his special task than for the *true* Foreign missionary. I am sure of this, that, to be a *successful* Foreign missionary, ‘stick-at-it-ive-ness’ is a very necessary trait.

“And, this brings me to speak of the young lady you mention, who has a desire to become a Foreign Missionary, and is looking toward Africa as her chosen field. For this, I am glad. You doubtless know that the French have closed all our Schools, because they were not conducted according to French law. All teaching must be done in the French language: even the vernacular was forbidden. There is not one among us who is a fluent French scholar; therefore not one who can fulfill the requirements of the law. We do hope to have the School re-opened in Libreville; but, the teacher of French must first be secured. The Commandant in charge this year, being very much more lenient toward the American Mission than his predecessor, has promised to ignore schools which may be carried on in the vernacular in our out-stations, *if* we comply with the law at Baraka.

“Do you read Dr. Patterson's *Presb. Journal*? If so, in the number dated April 3d, your friend will find on first page a very correct synopsis of qualifications needed to make a successful missionary. Let no one attempt this work without being possessed with the *first* test, earnest, single-eyed devotion of heart and life to the service of the Redeemer. The second is also most important, a thorough consecration, and ability to impart knowledge. No one should come to this part of Africa, unless she was able to write and speak and teach the French language. That grace, which will enable one to work with associates, whether congenial or not, I would particularly emphasize, in writing to the unmarried lady-worker. To every one who is looking forward to For. Work, I would say: do not suppose that because one is on a Foreign field, and engaged in the labor of a

Foreign missionary, therefore she will be exempt from temptations; or, that holiness in tho't and life is to be more easily attained than in home-land. I could write many things of discouragement and encouragement; but, will refer her to Mrs. H. N. Paul, of 1334 Chestnut St.

“Our work here: it is the removing of the deeply rooted vigorous growth of centuries of sin in its most loathsome, degraded, and superstitious forms. It is laying the foundations of all knowledge spiritual, and that too with the materials rotten with ignorance and sin. There is no word to be found that gives the true idea of *faithfulness*. ‘Holiness’ is transcribed into a word [orunda] which designates a thing *forbidden* by their *fetish* doctors! Their idea of God is that of a Power offended and revengeful. Results of the two years and a half seed-sowing among these cannibals have not yet appeared. These cannibals show some respect for the Sabbath; but, have shown, as yet, no desire for knowledge of any kind. Their covetousness for this world’s goods is wonderfully developed. The Husband remembers being introduced to one ‘beardless,’ whose face and full habit decided that he was not fitted for Africa. But, the work is *one*, if we only do the part appointed us by the Master. My kindest regards to your wife, whose sister Hattie I well knew, and whose younger sister I met in Towanda in '81. Yes, the mountains (as you find among them) do ‘bring peace’ and happiness in a degree that would surprise and will please many anxious home-friends. My heart does, at times, ache for friends and the old home associations; but, deeper than the pain, is humble gratitude that God has permitted me to be one of His workers in this land, and as such has so *filled* my cup with what is to every woman’s heart the choicest of *all* earthly joys, the Husband’s love; which words, with meaning to the highest degree intensified, are weak.”

I found among Mrs. Nassau’s memoranda, schedules of daily work for herself and the servants. Of letters to be written to friends, schools, churches, and societies. And for the menu of our table. There being only nine months’ supply on hand, in order to make a comfortable variety from day to day, and yet not exhaust any one article of food in advance of all the rest, she had made a list of “Supplies for 9 months, commencing May 1884.” Here lies the list for the months June to November, every day of each month marked with its respective vegetable. Instead, therefore, in my grief and isolation, of having to reckon what to order for my lone table (among my new cares of the housekeeping and the baby), I looked only at that schedule. For four months it seemed as if she was daily pro-

viding and arranging for me, and as if she should come and sit at the vacant place and plate that was kept for her.

During the next twelve months, and longer, there came to me the spoken and written evidences of the deep respect held for Mrs. Nassau by all who knew her.

From African sources.

Her servants, and the adjacent villages, and delegations of Fang visiting from distant places.

All the members of the Mission individually, and the formal action of the Mission collectively. And even from the trading community.

From United States sources:

My own and Mrs. Nassau's relatives and friends.

Secretaries of the Foreign Board, Rev. Drs. Lowrie and Ellinwood.

The Churches and W. F. M. Societies and Bands with which she was connected.

Special commemorative newspaper articles.

My very dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pratt, of Albany, N. Y., sent me a copy of Lowell's "God! do not let my loved one die!"

A newspaper article from one of her Towanda teachers, Rev. Mr. Dean.

A beautiful tribute by Miss Mary Silliman, of Warsaw, N. Y., entitled, "A Voice of the Master."

The Foreign Board's short "Recent Intelligence" notice.

The *Presbyterian Journal* Obituary of October 10th, 1884, with the editor's, Rev. Dr. R. M. Patterson's, special notice.

The Philadelphia W. F. M. S. Directors' Meeting of November 4th, 1884.

A minute from a missionary meeting in the Fifth Presbyterian Church, Trenton, N. J., November 7th.

Memorial services in the Lakewood, Barnegat, and Holmanville churches.



A copy of Rev. Dr. Dashiell's "In Memoriam" address at the Holmanville Memorial Service, November 9th.

A remarkable letter from Miss Laura Hopkins, of Rochester, N. Y., under date November 11th. She had never known Mrs. Nassau, and I knew of her only through her friend, my former fellow-missionary, Miss Jenny Lush (later Mrs. Smith).

Obituary by her uncle, Rev. Isaac Todd, in the *Presbyterian Journal* of November 20th, 1884.

The following article from the *Foreign Missionary* monthly, of date December, 1884:—

"BEING DEAD, SHE YET SPEAKETH.

"Died at Talaguga, Africa, August 8th, Mary Brunette, daughter of the late Rev. Julius Foster, and wife of Rev. R. H. Nassau, M. D.

"The death of Mrs. Nassau has filled the hearts of many friends of missions with peculiar grief! It seems but yesterday that she sailed for Africa, with the well considered expectation of sharing with her newly married husband the hardships and privations of a pioneer work far up the Ogowe. Mary Brunette Foster had consecrated herself to the mission work, with the expectation of going, as a single lady, to Persia; but, yielding to an attachment which was subsequently formed for Dr. R. H. Nassau, and feeling that she would still be in the line of her cherished object, she accepted his invitation to return with him to his field of peculiar hardship in Equatorial Africa. Before sailing, she had deeply impressed the Christian women of her own Presbytery and Synod with the intelligence and depth of her missionary spirit.

"She had been deeply beloved as a teacher before her consecration to the mission work, and she left no doubt in the mind of any that in whatever field her lot should be cast, she would prove a most successful laborer in the cause of Christ. At Talaguga, in a rude abode which her husband built mostly by his own hands, surrounded by savages still living in the wilderness of nature, and for whom everything remained to be done, she prosecuted her work not only with cheerfulness, but with real joy. Her death, though sudden, had not been wholly unanticipated as a possible event, but the circumstances of it were peculiarly sad. In her last hours no physician in regular practice attended her, and no white woman was at hand to render assistance in the tender assiduities which were needed under such



trying circumstances. Her husband was compelled to direct everything, even the preparation of the coffin and the grave.

"She has passed to her reward as a real martyr to the cause of the Gospel in Africa. Another of those significant graves which now surround the coast of that dark land has been made; another outpost of the picket line has been consecrated. Why has this one woman been called to give so much, even her life, while many hesitate to recognize any claim of the Master for the heathen that are perishing?"

An extract from the Minutes of the Philadelphia Woman's Foreign Missionary Society's Directors' Meeting, December 2d.

An In Memoriam by Miss Hannah More Johnson, in the *Presbyterian Journal* of February 5th, 1885.

An Appreciation from my Easton, Pa., childhood's playmate, Rev. Prof. S. J. Coffin, Ph. D., who had known Mrs. Nassau at Towanda, printed in the *Reporter-Journal* of that town, of date February 26th, 1885.

The Thirteenth Annual Report of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbytery of Monmouth, in its meeting, held at Freehold, N. J., April 14th, 1885, with address by Mrs. Parker. In connection with it, were held memorial services by the Presbytery of Monmouth, with addresses by Rev. Drs. Chandler, Dashiell, Brown, and Hodge, the Presbytery giving an entire afternoon session in Mrs. Nassau's honor, a distinction not before conferred on any even of its own members.

MRS. PARKER'S ADDRESS.

"*Friends of Monmouth Presbyterial Society:* Thirteen years have passed since first we assembled to work for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ, as it shall be influenced by the conversion of heathen women, brought, through our instrumentality, out of darkness into the marvelous light of the Gospel. It has ever been a joy to meet our sisters in Christ and hold spiritual communion with them. We salute you in His name and welcome you to this, our religious home. May the Spirit's power be manifested in this assembly, uniting us more closely to one another and to our Lord.

"We are assembled to-day under the shadow of a great sorrow. 'As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are God's ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts.' We may not know why the lovely, the gifted, the consecrated are taken from useful labors in the Church militant, but in submission to His unerr-

ing wisdom, we *must* say, 'Thy will be done.' She who gave us at our Annual Meetings the Narrative of the work of the year, conveyed in the glowing utterances of a consecrated heart, who, at the call of the Master, left home and country to represent us in benighted Africa, having finished the work which He gave her to do, has gone to the bright home on high, there to join her predecessor in this Presbyterian office, in the 'General Assembly and Church of the first born.' They are among the cloud of witnesses who compass us about, watching us as we run the Christian race. This thought is inspiring: even while I speak, an indefinable sense of nearness to the glorified, and of spiritual communion with them comes over the soul. We cannot lift the veil that hides them from our view, but faith beholds them, 'Not unclothed, but clothed upon' in spiritual loveliness and a beauty not of earth, still serving the Master, whom on earth they delighted to honor. They have seen the Heavenly City,

"The Palace of the Everlasting King,
In gates of pearl, its edifice of gold;
Its very streets of pure crystalline gold.'

Walls of jasper and all manner of precious stones surround their blest abode. Thus did the New Jerusalem appear in Apocalyptic vision. Would we call them from that state of purity and bliss?

"The dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps we might.'

No, let us, rather, so live, that through infinite mercy we shall be permitted to rejoin them. Laying aside every weight, and the sin that does so easily beset us, be it ours to run with patience the heavenly race, that we also may obtain an unfading crown. Voices that have often been heard in our assemblies are calling to us—sweet voices that shall never again speak to us on earth. Twice has the hand that held the pen for us been paralyzed by death; thus God speaks to us in language that cannot be misunderstood. Be vigilant, be earnest, for service here will be ended ere long.

"These, our friends, were daughters and wives of clergymen. They were attractive, intellectual, cultured, enthusiastic in the Master's work, wholly consecrated to His service. Each left a babe to be cared for by other hands than hers. Yet in that time when the heart yearns over the helpless little one, when thoughts of the desolation that must come upon the husband and father must have been painful indeed, they were enabled through grace to pass peacefully to the World of Light, confiding all their cares in Him who



careth for us. One left a happy home in Christian America, the other soared on high from the habitation of a pioneer Missionary in African wilds. The Lord appoints the spheres of duty for His servants; it is required of them that they be found faithful. From the organization of our Presbyterian Society they were among our most active members: always present in our Annual Assemblies, always earnestly desirous for its increased usefulness. For it they labored and prayed, and, like watchmen on the walls of Zion, they surveyed our Presbyterian territory, desiring to see the women and children of the Churches joining the ranks of our Missionary army.

"Mary Foster Nassau was no ordinary woman. In early life she gave promise of fitness for the sphere of usefulness to which God had assigned her. Of her character and appearance during childhood at Towanda, we have an account from some who remember her in the dawning of intellectual and moral life. A record of the impression which she then made has been given thus:

"Her youthful face was the impersonation of sincerity and purity, combined with the joy of innocent childhood. The piece she rehearsed was entirely consonant with her nature and it fell with grace from the lips of a little girl some eleven or twelve years of age. She was known for her sweet disposition and lovely character, and the impress was not transient. As a child she was the pattern of propriety: and it was a common saying that she was as nearly perfect as any one could be.'

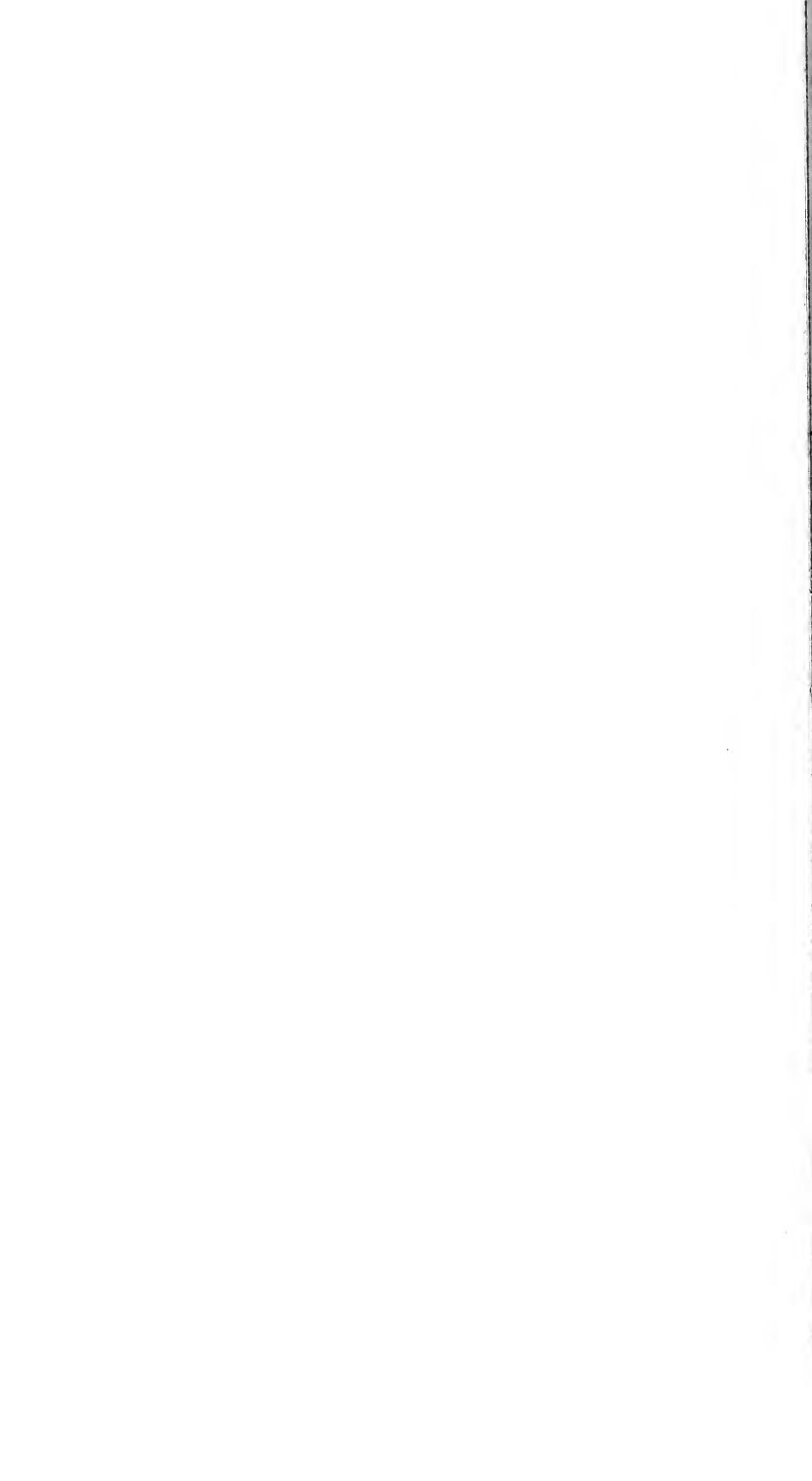
"Another, after picturing her personal appearance, says:

"She was quick in her intellectual perceptions, easy to learn, faithful and honest in fulfilling her tasks. She inherited a tender conscience, which I have sometimes thought was developed to an extreme sensitiveness, but to which she gave heed with the greatest fidelity. Taken all in all, her form, as I recall her across the long interval of a quarter of a century, is the fairest among the many lovely ones associated with memories of College Hill, in Towanda, and the Institute which crowns it.'

"We are glad to have these records of her childhood from others. Of the lovely disposition and character which developed among us we can speak from our own appreciative memory. When a student in Freehold Young Ladies' Seminary she was the 'bright particular star' in a large class of intelligent young ladies. She was a conscientious scholar, studious, earnest, commanding the entire respect of the Principal of that institution. Whether in the class-room or the literary society, she always gave strength to the exercises, and contributed largely to their interest. From childhood she had given evidence of reverence for Christ, and during her school life she

entered into covenant with Him, thus fulfilling the promises made by her parents at her baptism. Bright and joyous in her nature, she yet had that seriousness of character which is common to all intellectual women whose aim is to glorify God, and to extend the triumphs of the Redeemer's Kingdom. Prof. Richardson's generosity afforded peculiar facilities to the daughters of clergymen, and it may be well to say that in the culture of this young mind he felt that he was doing work not merely for her advancement in this life, but reaching into eternity. He has said that he believed he was preparing one who would be a light in the Church of Christ, perhaps a Missionary to the heathen. His kindness to her received a return in the entire respect and gratitude which she ever cherished for him. The friendships which are based upon congeniality of tastes and pursuits, and strengthened by the more enduring tie of union with our common Lord, are not confined to the narrow boundaries of human life, but find their highest joy in the intercourse of eternity. Upon the foundation laid in school-life she built the earnest deeds and solid attainments which will stand the test in the day which shall decide the quality of our works. May we not hope that the companionship which was interrupted here has now been renewed, and that teacher and pupil, having passed the trials and difficulties which beset their path, have met in the realm of perfect peace?

"Childhood and youth had passed away; she had received in our own Seminary the culture which would fit her for usefulness in life. We remember her earnest face when she had finished her course of study and received the testimonial of completeness; the thoughtful look of high resolve, as with lingering step she crossed the threshold of her Alma Mater. She had passed the years of preparation, and now, with womanly dignity and courage, she would enter upon her life's work. I think at this most interesting period she had consciousness of power and a determination to use her gifts in His service who had thus endowed her. It was not for her to tread the flowery paths of elegant leisure, neither did she desire it. Whatever of brightness and of beauty were in her pathway she thankfully enjoyed, but she did not linger amid the fascinations of mere pleasure. Life was too earnest; she could not be a loiterer. Cares awaited her; the knowledge she had received she must impart to others. She therefore devoted herself to the responsible calling of a teacher. For this she was eminently qualified by natural endowments, culture and facility in imparting knowledge, and she was successful in her work. But, knowing that human knowledge will avail little unless accompanied by heavenly wisdom, she prayerfully sought to lead her pupils to the Great Teacher, who only could make them



wise unto salvation, and many souls, we believe, were saved through her instrumentality.

"At the Annual Meeting of our Presbyterial Society, held in this room, in April, 1879, she was elected its Corresponding Secretary, to fill the place made vacant by the death of Mrs. Edward B. Hodge, and entered upon the duties of the office with much zeal. The impression of duty which she had long felt, to go forth as a Missionary to the heathen, was greatly deepened by being officially connected with the work, and it was at the Annual Meeting, held in Philadelphia a month later, that she made her desire known to the officers of the parent Society. She filled the office of Secretary with great fidelity for three years, carefully watching over the interests of our organization, and presenting us each Spring with accurate reports of the work, written with much power. In the Spring of 1881 she received an appointment to go out as a Missionary to Persia, but God had work for her in another land, and it was as the wife of Dr. R. Hamill Nassau that she went, in Autumn of that year, to the most self-denying of all fields—dark Africa. Her last Annual Meeting with us, which assembled in Jamesburg, was a time of very tender feeling. The knowledge that we must soon part with this dear friend gave a saddened interest to the occasion. A spirit of prayer pervaded the Assembly. Our smiles resembled tears, so full were we of desire to strengthen her heart, even while we felt how great would be our loss. Now were our principles put to the test—the duty of women to go forth at the call of the Lord, for the salvation of their own sex in heathen lands, which we had so emphasized, was accepted by one whom we greatly valued, and it was hard to say farewell. But the Lord had made known His will to her; He had called her by His spirit to this service; she knew His voice and followed in the path by which He led her.

"Now a succession of pictures pass before us like a panorama. At a large meeting of the W. F. M. Society, held in Asbury Park, on the 9th of August, 1881, she was present by my request, and led the afternoon prayer meeting in the Church. That audience will ever remember her as she then appeared; her look of firm resolve and holy submission to the leadings of Divine Providence. Truly it was good to be there; the Master's presence was felt illuminating the place, and earnest supplications were offered that she might be strengthened for the performance of this distinguished service. Then followed the reception at our Seminary, from whose portals she had gone forth in 1867. It was fitting that she should return, and that her venerated teacher should be the one to say 'Hail and Farewell.' No eye was unmoistened by the tear of sympathy when she received

his welcome, and when, with choking utterance, she attempted to give thanks for the organ there presented, which was to be a solace and help in her work, and, failing in the effort, turned to the chosen partner of her future life for aid. If

“ ‘Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven,’

they are experienced at times like these, when love and sadness are thus mingled.

“The scene in the Chapel at Lakewood, where she plighted faith to her husband, the interesting exercises, the absence of mere show, the beautiful purity and simplicity of her appearance, and the large reception at the pastor's house, are all pictured in memory. Once more she appeared in a Woman's Missionary Assembly. On the day after her marriage she visited the Synodical Society, at Jersey City, and there bade farewell to many who had been fellow-laborers in the foreign work; and on the following day, October 12th, 1881, we saw her on the deck of the steamer, as, standing by the side of her husband, she waved adieu to the friends assembled on the shore of her native land. If the painful thought intruded that we might see her face no more, it was banished from the mind, and we looked forward, after some years of earnest work, to a glad reunion.

“A long voyage across the trackless ocean brought her to the shores of Africa, and after some months she found a little home at Talaguga, far up the Ogowe River, where the face of a white woman had never before been seen. Here she applied herself conscientiously to the work of leading souls to Christ, and from this isolated abode she sent us each year letters breathing love to Christ and desires for His glory in the salvation of the benighted souls around her, ever closing with the apostolic words, ‘Pray for us.’ Whether with tender tones and face illumined by Christ's righteousness, she spoke to them in that unfamiliar language, or with the harmony of the organ, touched by her skillful hands and accompanied by her voice singing of Jesus, she still pursued the work He had given her to do, and followed closely in His steps. She was happy in her service and in the companionship of a husband, who shielded her, as far as possible, from sickness and danger.

“At length the hour of her departure was at hand, and being made perfect in holiness the Lord called her from the scene of labor into His presence, where there is fullness of joy. Our imagination follows her to the land of light; but it is vain to stand gazing into heaven. There are moral wastes to be reclaimed, the ‘Desert must

rejoice and blossom as the rose,' and we must have our share in this work for Jesus. On whom shall her mantle descend? Will there be any woman in this Presbytery ready to go to the heathen in such spirit of consecration? Christian soldiers drop from the ranks; we look with tearful eyes to the vacant places, but the army must move on. As our warfare is not carnal, but spiritual, women are among the most heroic combatants. Physical courage, love of country and of earthly glory have enabled men to march to the cannon's mouth. But to endure as seeing Him who is invisible, to labor and pray without apparent success, to be separated from the refinements of civilized life and hindered by circumstances beyond our control, to be in danger from those whom we would lead to Christ, yet with strong faith to sow the seed, *this* is the *moral* sublime. Let us magnify the grace of God as exemplified in her life, and to Him give all the glory! Her example speaks powerfully to us, her co-laborers for many years, and we have felt that this meeting should be fragrant with her memory. Our sympathies are extended to the stricken hearts in that Talaguga home, accompanied with tender interest in the motherless babe.

"We have a part in this work widely different from the trials and self-denial incident to heathen countries; yet it is important, for, how shall those poor women hear the Word of God except it be sent to them? Our work involves no heroic endeavor, but it does demand perseverance and enthusiasm. Let the death of our beloved friend arouse us to greater earnestness, deeper spirituality, and a desire to emulate her holy zeal. Two standard-bearers from our Society now wear the crown that fadeth not away, and their saintly lives are mute appeals to us for greater consecration. Every Christian woman in Monmouth Presbytery should be enlisted in this most important work of the Church, bringing the nations of the earth to the feet of Immanuel, and should accompany the prayer which He has taught us—'Thy Kingdom come'—with gifts proportionate to the mercies received. We must not shirk responsibility nor fold our hands in inglorious ease while millions of women are calling for the Bread of Life. Christian consecration is the crown of womanhood; it is the debt of gratitude due to that glorious Gospel to which we owe the position that we hold in the Church and in the world. Christ accepts and commends our services, and they shall in no wise lose their reward.

"And the inward voice is saying,
Whatsoever thing thou doest,
To the least of Mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me."



ADDRESS OF REV. DR. CHANDLER.

"The occasion which has brought us together is one of peculiar and tender interest. The Presbytery and the Woman's Presbyterial Society for Foreign Missions have assembled for a service in memory of our beloved missionary, Mary Foster Nassau.

"What a short time it seems since, with high hopes of usefulness and an eager, consecrated spirit, she went forth to her chosen work in the service of her Master. With startling emphasis have come the tidings of her sudden call from earth to heaven.

"And now that we have met to mourn our common loss and talk together of our friend, we are saddened with the intelligence that one nearly related and dear to her, our venerable brother, Rev. Isaac Todd, has just passed away.

"Mary Foster Nassau was no common person. Even in girlhood, as a pupil of the Young Ladies' Seminary at Freehold, she made a decided impression upon all who knew her. They felt that she had a purpose in life. Her earnest, Christian character showed itself most clearly in her desire to lead others to Christ. This appeared to be her one aim.

"As a member of the class in Evidences of Christianity I have a vivid recollection of her. There was no one whose intelligent questions, whose ready and apt replies were so well remembered.

"To her revered teacher, Mr. Richardson, she was most helpful, often reading to him or writing for him, and tenderly guiding him in his walks. To the young ladies of the Seminary, we warmly commend the example of this beloved pupil as an inspiring model, in her loyalty, obedience, and unselfish thought of others, especially her teacher.

"We recall with much interest the gathering in the Seminary parlors tendered by her friends in Freehold upon the eve of her departure for Africa. On that occasion Mr. Richardson's heart was overflowing with gratitude and sadness at the thought of one so dear leaving this country for her blessed work.

"We shall see her face no more upon earth forever,' but let the example of her bright and beautiful life quicken us in our labors for the Lord she loved."

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. A. H. DASHIELL.

"Soon after completing her education at Freehold, Miss Mary B. Foster came to Ocean County, and resided with her brother, near Holmanville. At that time I became acquainted with her, and she at once impressed me as a young lady of refinement and intelligence

and singular devotedness as a Christian. Her piety was remarkably free from all appearance of self-righteousness, and distinguished by great geniality and sweetness. So that she easily won confidence and affection. She at once undertook the teaching of the school in the neighborhood, and it was soon apparent that she was seeking the highest good of her pupils. Soon the Lord poured out His spirit upon the congregation of which her uncle, Rev. Isaac Todd, was pastor, and there was a great ingathering, in which none labored more assiduously or successfully than she, and many in that neighborhood will rise up at the great day and call her blessed. Soon after this she engaged in teaching one of the departments in the public school of Lakewood. In this, as in the other, she exhibited the same singleness of aim and perseverance in seeking the best gifts for her scholars.

"From early youth she manifested a great interest in the work of Missions, and it became an absorbing desire with her to go to some land where Christ was not known, and often during her residence in Lakewood she would seek me in my study to confer on this great interest, pouring out her heart's desire, that she might be accounted worthy to engage in the work. In the Providence of God her hand was sought as a co-laborer in benighted Africa. True to all her cherished desires and purposes, she hailed it as a call of the Lord to devote her life to lead these besotted heathen to the Lamb of God. Those who were present at her wedding in the Presbyterian Church in Lakewood will never forget how calm and joyous she was in the midst of the crowd of her loving and weeping friends. Her career in that dark land was brief, and its termination to us seems most mysterious. Some have thought that it was a great waste, when they thought of what she might have accomplished if she had remained in her own country. But God makes no mistakes. Harriet Newell and Mrs. Judson were cut off in their early womanhood, but their brief work has not been lost. How many have been moved by their beautiful lives and glorious deaths to take up the cross which dropped from their hands to carry it on to the ends of the earth! Like the 'blood of the Martyrs,' their words and deeds and sufferings have become the 'seed of the church.' Mrs. Nassau never regretted the choice she made. Only a few days before her death she wrote to a young lady who had consulted her about going to Africa, expressing her gratitude to God for casting her lot among the savages on the Ogowe, and urging her to come to her help. Her death as well as her life evinced her supreme devotion to her dear Lord and Saviour, and, like another Mary, she regarded nothing as too costly as an offering to be laid at His feet."

ADDRESS BY REV. ALLEN H. BROWN.

"Most worthy officers and members of the Monmouth Presbyterian Society, upon your invitation I come to pay a tribute—alas, inadequate—to the memory of your departed Missionary. The glory of God was the aim of her life. Let us therefore aim, not so much to eulogize the dead, as to glorify God for His rich grace bestowed upon His handmaiden, and pray that her death, even more than her life, may promote His glory.

"My first acquaintance with one better known as Mary Brunette Foster, was during the great revival in Holmanville, in 1874, when her heart and hand and voice were fully enlisted in that work. For obvious reasons, my remarks must be restricted to the last three years which she spent in this country (1879-81), at Barnegat, as the founder and teacher of a Seminary for young ladies.

"A Presbyterian Church had been organized at Barnegat village, and for a long time was composed entirely of females. Let not our brethren, here present, regard this last statement with a smile of incredulity or amazement. Where would the Church be this day, and where your Missionary work, without the women of the Church? When the Apostle Paul, obedient to the Macedonian cry, came to the river side and spake to the women who resorted thither, the first convert in Europe was a certain woman named Lydia. Wherefore, despise not the day of small things. Help those women, who now nobly labor in the Gospel, at Barnegat, by the bay, for they deserve your sympathy. Among them, Miss Foster was an acknowledged leader, in the prayer-meeting, in the Sabbath-school, and in the Missionary Society. Her influence made an indelible impression upon them, and now they cherish her words and follow her example. No tribute has been paid to her memory more remarkable than that of November 30th, when the whole community, as with spontaneous impulse, filled to overflowing the large Church, as never before, and services were held commemorative of her virtues. The lapse of three years and the distance of six thousand miles seemed only to emphasize the hold which she had upon their affections.

"In a part of that same building she had for three years taught the young ladies and girls who were committed to her care. On that same platform she had presided again and again, with grace and dignity, while large audiences were delighted with a musical entertainment or with Scriptural and other recitations. For the intellectual, moral, and religious training of her pupils she toiled and wept and prayed. For some, those recorded prayers are as yet unanswered. Had the school been more remunerative, or had it received some little outside aid, her subsequent career might have been different.

“When overtures were made from the ladies of the Home Missionary Board to go as a teacher to the remote West, these were respectfully declined. Her heart was more and more in the foreign work. Only a year after Mrs. Nassau’s departure to Africa, our minister, Rev. A. V. Bryan, of Barnegat, went as a Missionary to Japan, taking as his wife the daughter of the Home Missionary pastor of Lakewood. Surely there is an intimate connection between the Home and Foreign Missionary work.

“You know not how often the Secretary of your Society spent the hours of midnight and early morn in writing to ministers and ladies to stimulate them to the work. The same zealous spirit which thus stimulated others prompted her to say, ‘Here am I; send me.’ It was during one of the wildest northeasterly storms that, true to her appointment, she presented herself to the Secretaries of the Foreign Board in New York. They admired her personal appearance, but much more the courage which braved a journey of nearly one hundred and seventy miles in that storm. It was the same courageous spirit which subsequently carried her through the discomforts of an African trading steamer; encountered the hippopotamus of the Ogowe river; ran the gauntlet of hostile tribes in an open boat, and, worst of all, endured that indescribable sense of loneliness which came over her when deprived of all the enjoyments of civilized and social life save the companionship of her own husband.

“Having been approved by the Secretaries, her field of labor was yet to be determined. The claims of Persia were presented by ladies of Philadelphia, and the claims of Africa were urged by Dr. Nassau. It was after a night of prayer, and not without a struggle, that she decided in favor of the latter. If now any one has a claim upon your sympathy and your prayers, it is the bereaved husband, as we see him, with no earthly white face to comfort him, alone, giving directions for the coffin and the grave; and while the natives in awe and solemn silence sit around, he—over the coffin of his beloved wife—struggles to tell them of a Christian’s hope beyond the grave. Ye do well to weep with him who weeps.

“In seasons of disappointment or of sorrow we are wont to think that if we had foreseen the result of our own action, we would have done differently, and we wish that it had been otherwise. Thus Martha and Mary, the sisters of Lazarus, both thought and said, ‘Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died.’ So we sometimes, in our ignorance of God’s plan and purpose, wish that something had been different. But God’s will is done, or the result would have been otherwise. It was the prayer of our departed sister that, whether she lived or died, God might be glorified. And,

as it was in the case of Lazarus, we believe that we shall glorify God even more by her death than by her life.

“To human apprehension the sacrifice may seem too costly. When another Mary brake the box of precious ointment and poured it upon the Master’s feet there were some—and Judas was among them—who said, ‘To what purpose is this waste?’ That this cultured and accomplished woman should lay down her life for those wild savages because she loved their souls was indeed a costly sacrifice. But it is nothing, literally nothing, in comparison with the sacrifice which the Son of God made for us miserable sinners, because He loved us and gave Himself for us. And yet how many are unmoved by such exhibitions of love!

“Ethiopia stretches forth her hands unto God. Ru’ers of the nations join together to open a highway into the interior of Africa, and when, either by the Kongo or by the Ogowe, that vast territory shall have been opened to commerce, to civilization, and to Christianity, then upon the roll of Missionary Heroines shall be inscribed with honor the name of Mary Brunette Nassau, and what she hath done for our common Saviour shall be spoken of for a memorial of her, and He who defended that other Mary shall vindicate this one also.”

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. E. B. HODGE.

“The object, I take it, of a Memorial Service is:—

“I. To pay tribute of respect to the departed, and give expression to the natural feelings of the heart in experiencing a painful loss.

“It is a comely sentiment which prompts us to lay a flower on the grave of a friend, or that gathers the people of God together for such a tribute of respect as we pay to-day. In a case like the present, the grief which demands expression is not that of an individual, nor of a family. The *church* is in affliction, and asks the privilege as a *body*, to weep over her beloved dead. And so we come together to-day in the House of God to bow our heads and to weep. We weep with one another in tender sympathy, and we weep in sympathy even more tender with him who is most sorely afflicted of all.

“We recall the fact that another Missionary to Africa, the famous Dr. Livingstone, had also a wife, Mary, who died, like our friend, in the heart of the dark continent. She is pictured to us as lying on a rude bed, formed of boxes and covered with a soft mattress. Her husband, like Dr. Nassau, was a physician, but the strongest medical remedies and the voice of love were as unavailing in one case as

in the other. On a Sabbath evening he sat by her side and then, kneeling, commended her spirit to God. He buried her under a great Baobab tree, and then wrote to his daughter in this tender strain:

“I pity you on receiving this; but it is the Lord. Dear Agnes, I feel alone in the world now; and what will the poor, dear baby do without her mamma?”

“How applicable the words seem to the case of our friend! ‘I sometimes burst into a flood of tears in taking up and arranging things left by my beloved partner; but I bow to the divine hand that chastens me.’ He signs himself ‘your sorrowing and lonely father.’

“If sympathy be divine and helpful and comforting, let us extend it to him who has been thus sadly bereaved in the midst of his work for Christ. Our meeting to-day is not a bare formality. The ladder is set up here, also, that Jacob saw at Bethel. Angels are ascending. The sympathetic thrill that moves our hearts is mysteriously carried upward. Over the wide sea in the far land, where *he* labors on alone, there is similar communication with heaven. There angels are descending, bearing refreshment to the worn spirit from an unsuspected source. We are not so far away as we seem from the friends we love. There are means of communication with distant scenes not subject to investigation by scientific analysis. It is no vain service we hold to-day. Our sympathy outpoured not only goes up to heaven for the approval of God, but comes down from heaven upon the head of the bereaved Missionary like a refreshing rain upon the mown grass.

“II. A second object in such a Memorial Service as this is to study the lessons of God’s Providence, and endeavor to profit by them.

“One of the most important is learned when our minds are disabused of the notion that a life is wasted when early ended in a hazardous enterprise, or that its usefulness is to be estimated by the amount and fruitfulness of its active exertions. It is no new experience to find that the result of dying for Christ may vastly exceed all ever accomplished by living for Him. God knows the efficacy of an offered life; and He who once said to Abraham, ‘Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest, and offer him up for a burnt offering,’ spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all.

“There is an appointed work for each of the servants of Christ to accomplish, but it may often be, as in the case of Jesus himself, that the centre is found, and the sum of all is accomplished, in *dying*. ‘From the worn-out figure,’ says Dr. Blaikie, referring to the death of David Livingstone, kneeling at the bedside in the hut in Ilala,

'an electric spark seemed to fly, quickening hearts on every side. The statesman felt it. It put new vigor into the dispatches he wrote with regard to the slave trade. The merchant felt it, and began to plan in earnest how to traverse the continent with roads and railways. The explorer felt it, and the Missionary. No parliament of philanthropy was held; but the verdict was as unanimous and as hearty as if the Christian world had met and passed the resolution, "*Livingstone's work shall not die! Africa shall live!*"

"Just so, dear friends, we may truly say that a thrill has gone through the hearts of American Christians wherever the news of the death of our saintly Missionary has come with its touching circumstances.

"It was on the ninth day of April, 1872, that a woman's meeting was held in the parlors of Mr. Samuel Taylor's house, in Burlington. Then and there was organized the Woman's Presbyterial Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbytery of Monmouth, which has been permitted to continue for thirteen years its useful career. The heart of Mary Foster was early drawn to this work. She little knew that her future husband came to Burlington that day, and that she was personally to consecrate herself for the redemption of the dark land in behalf of which Dr. Nassau presented his earnest plea at the Missionary meeting held in the evening in the church. Yet so it was. Mary Nassau is now in heaven; but her voyage across the sea, her journey up the Ogowe river, and her peaceful rest in an African grave are all important steps in the great movement which is to end in the subjection of the Dark Continent to the sway of Jesus Christ.

"III. A third object of such a Memorial Service is to catch, if possible, the enthusiasm of the departed by a review of her experience.

"It has fallen to others to speak of that experience. Let me simply say that it would be strange, indeed, if the flame of such a life should not set on fire the hearts of those who listen to the recital.

"At the Greek Festival of Easter, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, it is believed by the pilgrims that God Himself comes down upon the tomb of Jesus, covered by the Chapel, and manifests His presence by a burning flame. Slowly, gradually, from hand to hand, from taper to taper in the hands of the pilgrims, the fire spreads, and from the gate of the Church a mounted horseman gallops off with a lighted taper to carry the sacred fire to the lamps of the Greek Church, in the Convent at Bethlehem. May we not say, beloved, that God has indeed descended upon this new-made grave in the heart of Africa; descended in a flame of fire;

descended to acknowledge the acceptance of this life offered up, as the fire consumed the sacrifice of old on Carmel; descended that a fire might be lighted, a fire of zeal and faith and love, to spread from hand to hand, and from heart to heart, until a great multitude are all aflame with devotion to the sacred cause for which she died?

“IV. *Let me mention but one other object of our Memorial Service. It is that we may plan measures for the repairing of a seeming loss.*

“The question of the hour is this: What shall we do? The most obvious thing is *to pray*. And that is the *first* thing. God is to be consulted. The work is His. In all time of disaster and alarm we repair to him, and we find Him unmoved. He is not disconcerted. And from Him we also learn to be confident. We rise from our knees almost to forget our grief in the assurance that every such sorrow as we have just experienced really marks an onward step in the great work to which her precious life was devoted.

“And, after prayer, *personal consecration*. One of the things implied in this gathering of ours to-day is, that we who have come to it desire to be recognized as her fellow-laborers, the expectant sharers in her toil and sufferings and destiny. It was no more *her* work than our work. We are the men and the women who sent her there. These hands furnished her for the expedition into Africa. These lips bade her God-speed. These knees were bent for her in prayer. These hearts waited for tidings from across the sea. These energies were pledged for her support. We held the rope while she went down into the deep, dark pit to rescue the perishing. We are in every sense committed to the cause which she represented. We are under the same orders that she was; and stand harnessed, like good soldiers of the Cross, as ready, we trust, as she, to move at the word of Christ’s command.

“Do I speak too confidently? I trust not. Where is the disloyal heart among all these eager listeners? When once we have found a Master worthy of our confidence and our love, what delight there is in a complete self-surrender to His blessed will.

“Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me:

Only do thou guide my way,
 Let thy grace through life attend me,
 Gladly then will I obey.
 Let me do thy will or bear it,
 I would know no will but thine;
 Shouldst thou take my life or spare it,
 I that life to thee resign.’

“The removal of one laborer from the field in Africa may be the means of the re-consecration of a thousand hearts in America. *Prayer and Consecration*, these, beloved, will abundantly repair the seeming loss. And meanwhile, does *she* think of loss? I trow not. All for her is gain.

“I confess the tale is pitiful, as we hear it told, of that death in the far land. It comes nearly to a correspondence with the picture of a Missionary's death, as I learned to recite it many years ago, and heard it sung:

“And when at length I come to lay me down,
 In unattended agony, beneath the cocoa's shade,
 It will be sweet to think that I have toiled
 For other worlds than this,
 And O, if any, for whom Satan has struggled as he has for me,
 Should ever reach that blissful shore,
 Through all the circles of eternal years,
 My blissful spirit shall never regret
 That toil and suffering once were mine below.’

“We cannot imagine her regretting it. She is learning already the special privileges, the peculiar honors, the high awards bestowed upon those who have devoted themselves to difficult tasks and perilous undertakings. Her task was done sooner than she imagined. She was sent as a pioneer into the wilderness. The tramp of an armed host will presently follow in her footsteps to claim the land hallowed by her labors for the Kingdom of Christ.

“But, Mary Nassau, thy task is ended!

“O, spirit freed from earth,
 Rejoice, thy work is done;
 The weary world's beneath thy feet,
 Thou brighter than the sun.

“Arise, put on the robes
 That the redeemed win;
 Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
 Thou sanctified within.

“Awake, and breathe the air
 Of the celestial clime!
 Awake to love which knows no change,
 Thou who hast done with time!

“Ascend! thou art not now
 With those of mortal birth;
 The living God hath touched thy lips,
 Thou who hast done with earth.”

Mrs. Parker's address was inserted also in the Freehold *Monmouth Democrat* of April 23d, 1885.

The Annual Report of the Monmouth Presbytery W. F. M. S. again turned its thought to Mrs. Nassau's memory at Matawan, N. J., April 13th, 1886.

And again at the meeting of the same society at Allentown, N. J., April 12th, 1887.

And yet again at the society's meeting in Jamesburg, N. J., April 10th, 1888.

In 1886 a tangible monument to Mrs. Nassau's memory was given by our Foreign Board in the form of a sailing vessel bearing her name. The Rev. G. C. Campbell thus wrote of it from his Baraka Station at Libreville: "I returned a few hours ago from a trip of ten days north in the new cutter 'Mary Nassau.' She proves an excellent sailer, makes nearly as good time against wind and current as when going with them, which is very different from the 'Hudson.'"

In 1891 I wrote, at the request of Mrs. H. H. Fry, an account of this vessel. The stations of our Mission in Equatorial West Africa are scattered along a coast line of 300 miles. One degree south of the Equator is the Ogowe River, up which are Kángwe and Talaguga Stations. A few miles north of the Equator is the Gaboon estuary, on which are Baraka and Angom. Still farther north of the Equator, on a range of 200 miles, are Corisco, Benita, and Batanga.

Long ago we missionaries traveled to all these places, generally in open sail-boats, occasionally receiving aid from small trading vessels. It was in one of these small sail-boats that Mrs. Mary Latta Nassau died in September, 1870. To save such a sorrow occurring again, the Mission was given, in 1871, a beautiful yacht, the "Elfe." That was the name its German owner had given it in Hamburg. It was sloop-rigged, graceful, and very swift. But it lived only two years; it was wrecked on Corisco reef. It was replaced in 1874 by the "Hudson," built in Liverpool. It was smaller than the "Elfe," clumsy, and painfully slow. It was not built of good materials, always needing repairing, became unsafe, and finally, about ten years later, was sold. We asked the Board for something better, which would be of use also in the (then) new Ogowe field. But it was difficult to decide what to get. Some of us wanted a steamer, some a steam launch, some a sailing vessel. To go to Batanga, a steam launch



would be too small and unsafe. To go up the 200 miles of the Ogowe, any sailing vessel was useless, as only steamers can stem its current or safely feel the way among Ogowe sand banks. Another sailing vessel was decided on in 1885, and the children of the church were asked to provide it. Dr. Ellinwood requested the Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies to make it a memorial of Mrs. Mary Foster Nassau. It is indeed a monument to her memory. But it is useful only in those parts of the Mission where she never traveled, and is of no use to the Ogowe, the only part of the Mission where she did live. There was some confusion and misunderstanding among those who gave for the vessel. I noticed the record of gifts as they were receipted monthly. Some gave for "the boat," "for the schooner," "for the steamer," "for Dr. Nassau's boat," "for the Ogowe boat." But there the "Mary Nassau" is to-day, a graceful, useful, and comfortably rapid little vessel. Though I have seen it so often, lying at anchor at Libreville, I have never sailed on it. When we of the Ogowe went annually by river steamer down to Gaboon for Presbytery meeting, I have twice taken off my little Mary in a boat to the "Nassau's" side, to show to her her mother's pretty "little ship" and to point out the name in big letters on the flag at the masthead. But I did not happen to be given any duty that led me on its journeys.

I do not remember its cost nor its exact dimensions. It is something over forty feet long and about ten feet in widest breadth. Having only one mast, it is a "sloop;" has a very large main-sail, a top-sail, and two jibs, with two other smaller sails used when needed. It has a good deck, but its low rails are not very safe for passengers in a storm. It has a small, comfortable cabin, with four berths, and conveniences of a pantry for provisions. The cooking is done at the stove on deck. There is a large hold for carrying missionary provisions and supplies, and a very small forecabin in the bow for the crew of five. The "Mary Nassau" lies at anchor in the very safe harbor of Gaboon, one of the best three harbors on the entire west coast of Africa. The captain lives in one of the houses of Baraka Station. When the vessel is not needed for a journey, he works ashore as missionary carpenter and blacksmith, and is sent to our several stations whenever a new house is to be built. For several months this year the vessel lay at Batanga, while he was helping Rev. Mr. Godduhn build his house. Full half of each month the "Mary Nassau" is afloat. She goes sixty miles up the Gaboon estuary, by tide and wind (aided, sometimes, in a calm, by four very long, strong oars), to a trading post, Nengenenge, carrying mail and goods to Rev. Mr. Marling. There the current from the Nkâmá

River becomes too strong, and the goods are loaded into her boat and the crew row up the ten miles farther to Mr. Marling's Station, Angom. Or often the vessel goes only some twenty miles up that estuary to cut bamboo palm fronds for roofing, or mangrove posts or beams for house building and repairing at Baraka. There, too, are flats up the estuary, on which she can safely be beached and careened for cleaning away barnacles and sea-weed, between two tides.

Other trips send the "Mary Nassau" northward on a round to carry boxes of food or bales of goods for white missionaries or quarterly payments of wages to native evangelists and ministers; *e. g.*, to native brother, Rev. Mr. Ibia, forty miles north from Libreville, at Alongo, on Corisco Island. Then fifty miles farther, to Mrs. DeHeer and Mrs. Rentlinger, at Bolondo house, Benita. In the Benita River, also, is a good sand bank, on which to clean the vessel's bottom or repair its copper sheathing. Then twenty miles farther north, to native brother, Rev. Mr. Etiyani, at Bata. Then sixty miles farther to Batanga, for Rev. Mr. Godduhn and native licentiate, Itongolo. Before Mr. Godduhn came to Batanga, the "Mary Nassau" had to take Rev. Mr. Gault from Baraka on a month's tour, for semi-annual Communion Services at Benita, Bata, Evune and Batanga. The trip to the north is always rapidly made; any wind (except from the north) will carry the vessel there. But coming back south, only the east wind (which blows usually only at night) is the really helpful one. But by tacking, the "Mary Nassau" makes good progress against the southwest sea breeze. The north wind drives her furiously on her way. But that is a tornado wind, dangerous, by its sudden force; an anxious eye needs to be kept on the sails, to take them down in time.

In January, 1890, our French Protestant visitors, Rev. Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres, in the "Mary Nassau," made an inspection of our northern field. The captain was in the United States on furlough. They had a native in his place. A fearful storm came on; the native was slow to get the sails down; the vessel lay dangerously over on its side; the terrific thunder and lightning of this country frightened even the natives. And when the St. Elmo lights blazed on the mast and played along the ropes, the crew refused to work, in their superstition thinking all was lost. But the white gentlemen got the vessel righted and nothing was lost or broken.

In returning south, the "Mary Nassau" often brings a load of native passengers, native evangelists and their families coming for a special shopping expedition at the Libreville "metropolitan" stores, or to ask counsel about some church trouble, or to bring some sick to the French doctor, or to the annual meeting of Presbytery.

Also, at the northern ports can be obtained more cheaply than in the Gaboon district, fowls, goats, sheep, and native vegetables, a load of which the "Mary Nassau" sometimes brings to the Baraka families. Thatch, for constant roof repairing, can be obtained cheaper and of better make at Benita. The hold of the vessel is often full of it on its returns from the north. Our "Mary Nassau" is the only one of the many vessels, large and small, going in and out of the Gaboon estuary, which has not rum on it; where the voice of morning and evening prayer and song is heard, where God's name is not blasphemed, and where the Sabbath is kept. The crew are frequently changing. Sometimes there are native Christians among them. But even if they happen to be all heathen, the mission-captain has the daily prayer, and the name of God is required to be held in reverence.

The missionaries in the Ogowe never see the "Mary Nassau," except when, coming once a year by boat or chance river steamer to the Presbytery and Mission-annual meetings at Baraka, they see it at anchor in the Gaboon harbor. But they rejoice in the valuable aid the good little vessel gives to other parts of the Mission. And the noble woman whose name it bears, from the Ogowe grave on the rocky mountain-side of Talaguga, could she know, would be glad, in the unselfish spirit that distinguished her life, that even her name was still helping in places which it had not been her privilege to see, or where, in her short three years of missionary work, she had not labored.

At this date, 1909, the "Mary Nassau" no longer exists. After some fifteen years of usefulness it was sold. Conditions had changed; the captain could no longer obtain a native crew to serve under him; his services as a carpenter were constantly called for ashore at the Station repairs; the center of Mission importance had been transferred from Gaboon to Batanga, where there was no safe permanent anchorage; Baraka Station was blessed with its own "Dorothy," a gasoline launch, for Gaboon river use; the ocean steamers having increased in number and in frequency of stoppages, the missionaries of other stations ceased to travel on the "Mary Nassau;" no longer being used, the vessel's continued repairs were an unnecessary expense.

The framed house at Talaguga was finally completed, and in 1885 the six months' old baby Mary began to occupy her mother's house, which the mother had never entered.

In due time came the white marbles for the grave. On one side of one of the blocks was chiseled only the name "MARY BRUNETTE

(FOSTER) NASSAU;" and on the ends only the dates of birth and death. There her "little girl" often played, and in those deeply graven letters her fingers made their first attempt at the alphabet.

When, in 1892, our Mission transferred its French-Ogowe workers to German-Batanga, handing over the former field to our Protestant brothers of the Societe Evangelique de Paris, these brethren did not ignore our past, but with rare courtesy constantly acknowledge my foundation on which they are building, building diligently and successfully. The Talaguga that seemed so barren in 1884 has fruited abundantly.

Later, that French Mission saw reason to transfer their Talaguga Station to Njoli Island, but considerably retaining the "Talaguga" name. All buildings have been removed. Nothing now remains of old Talaguga but the first trees I planted and the grave I made. The rampant tropic vegetation, when I last visited the place in January, 1906, had obliterated the walks and even the sites of former buildings. But with loving fraternity, our friends of new Talaguga have carefully kept away any encroaching vegetation from the grave, its iron fence, and the path to it from the river side.

Yet even missionary graves have sometimes been forgotten. I should not exact of the French Talaguga Station that care for the lone grave in that African forest should forever be a tax on their often burdened time and thought. At the suggestion of one of their own number, more than two years ago, I have asked that the grave be removed to their own permanent cemetery on Njoli Island. But for the slow processes of law, permission having first to be obtained of the French Government, the removal would already have been accomplished.

On February 24th, 1910, I am informed, by letter from the Rev. E. Bion of the Ogowe French Protestant Mission, that on December 20th, 1909, all legal requirements having been fulfilled, the remains of Mrs. Nassau were removed to the Mission's permanent Cemetery on Njoli Island, two miles up river from old Talaguga. They were reverently re-interred, in the presence of Government officials, missionaries, natives, Christian and heathen, and school children, with reading of Scripture from the Revelation in the Galwa language, a short address in French and Fang, and a prayer by Rev. Mr. Gally. Mr. Bion adds: "All that was very simple, according to your wish. We perceived the presence of God."

R. H. NASSAU.

Just as I lay down my pen, there come to me the lines of George Macdonald as an appropriate counter-piece to the title I had already chosen.

"I said, 'Let me walk in the fields.'

He said, 'No; walk in town.'

I said, 'There are no flowers there.'

He said, 'No flowers, but a crown.'

"I said, 'But the skies are black;

There is nothing but noise and din.'

And He wept as He sent me back;

'There is more,' He said, 'there is sin.'

"I said, 'But the air is thick,

And fogs are veiling the sun.'

He answered, 'Yet souls are sick,

And souls in the dark undone.'

"I said, 'I shall miss the light,

And friends will miss me, they say.'

He answered, 'Choose to-night

If I am to miss you, or they.'

"I pleaded for time to be given.

He said, 'Is it hard to decide?

It will not seem hard in heaven

To have followed the steps of your Guide.'

"Then into His hand went mine,

And into my heart came He.

And I walk in a light divine

The path that I feared to see."

