

public, and even by missionaries, that white maternity in Africa was fatal to both mother and child. There were those who called African missionary marriage "murder." Men and women gave up their work in Africa, unable to face this terrible problem. After I had lauded in Africa I changed my opinion as to the duty of celibacy. God never makes two duties conflict. It was right, I was sure, for myself, for me to work in Africa. It was right, I was equally sure, for myself, for me to marry. Carefully gathering about my wife even a portion of the hopeful surroundings accorded to expectant mothers in America, I proved that maternity in Africa was not necessarily fatal. It cost money and forethought, but it was worth more than money could buy. There still remained, however, another part of that family problem—children may safely be born, but can they reside in Africa with safety beyond infancy? So for years the sad tragedy was enacted of tearing out one's heart in sending away for training in America by other hands (hands not always loving or judicious) young infants, too young to remember the parent who (performing his part of the tragedy under a mistaken sense of duty), if, in some after day he made the acquaintance of his child, had to make it as a stranger; sometimes not being allowed, by the jealous hands that had done the training for him, to have even a share in it. The agonized cry of the mother at parting with her babe, "Oh Jesus, I do this for Thee!" if ever it was more than a mistaken sense of duty—heroic in its mistake—I believe now to be uncalled for. I proved, in my own family experience, that a child born even under circumstances exceptional against her, for her life, could grow and did grow in good health for seven consecutive years in Africa. Even then she did not require to come to America for her health—I brought her simply because I had to come for my own health. Satisfied that now, at nine years of age, she will never cease to remember and love

me, I leave her here for her education, instead of taking her back with me, simply because I am going alone, and because, of all foreign mission countries, Africa is the only one that has not the educative element of some civilized society. This part of the family problem—*i.e.*, the raising of the child—cost money and devoted care; but it was worth more than money can buy. In its accomplishment, without white aid and alone, as at her birth I was, I am debtor to the skill and devotion of a native Christian woman; for whose skill, built on a character naturally royal, I am also debtor to the labor of the pioneer ladies of the mission who trained that woman when she was a child in the mission school and subsequently a teacher in the same.

VI. *The sense of exile is less than formerly.*—1. Thirty years ago, so almost necessarily fatal was considered going to Africa, that even mission boards hesitated to direct candidates to go there. Most of those who went offered voluntarily. They went expecting to die; for public opinion told them they would die. I went expecting not to return. In that state of mind and with a combination of depressing circumstances that does not now exist, when the fever came, with its well-known apathetic effects, the missionary often had not the morale left to fight the battle with disease, and he sunk under the expected inevitable. It is now neither expected nor inevitable.

2. Over the whole mission life—its work, its points of daily contact, its methods, and its future—there is now a general hopefulness that tinges the still undeniably often dark cloud with bright lining, that lifts up from depression, and that puts into every sinking invalid's hand something more tangible and helpful than the traditional drowning man's straw. Every physician knows that if he can inspire his patient with hope, half the victory over disease is won.

3. Our mails are more frequent. This is not a small item. I have stood