me! if the aim of life were happiness and pleasure, Africa should send us missionaries instead of our sending them to her."

English women would do well to lay to heart her quaint remarks as to the garments sent out for the use of the natives by the charitable ladies of Europe. "Evidently, part of their opinion of the African figure is that it is very like a tub." Some remarkable specimens that she exhumed from a mission-box were supposed by her to be "frills for palm-oil puncheons," and she at once suggested in her funny way that "a few stuffed negroes should be sent home for distribution in the working-party centres, and then the ladies could try the things on." As the figures of the Lambarene females are in reality quite charming, it is likely that these garments are not as much appreciated as the industry of their creators deserves.

To clothe a woman solely in a cloak consisting of a long flounce depended from a yoke at the shoulders, and dependent on the reliability of chain-stitch machinery, is also an experiment to be avoided. One day in church a child pulled at an end of white cotton which was sticking out from the yoke of a woman garbed in this fashion who was solemnly saying her prayers in front of her, and, naturally, it came out by the yard. You foresee the result: "When the unconscious victim rose from her devotions the whole of what might

be called the practical part of her attire subsided on to the floor."

No wonder that, as she says in another place, "half the African ingratitude is really not so very bad, for half the time you have been asking him to be grateful to you for doing to, or giving, him things he does not care a row of pins about."

Her ascent of the peak of the Cameroons was a marvellous business, and, though the beautiful view which she had hoped to get was blotted out by the mist and the rain, she had the satisfaction of feeling that she was only the "third Englishman" to surmount all the difficulties of the way, and the twenty-eighth ascender all told.

After adding a few stones to the cairn at the top, and leaving her visiting-card upon the "King of the Mountain," Mungo Ma Lobeh, she made her way down through a raging hurricane, and two days later arrived safely at Victoria, "looking even more lovely than ever in the dying light of the crimson sunset, with all its dark shadows among the hills begemmed with countless fireflies; heard the soft rush of the Lukola river, and the sound of the sea-surf on the rocks, and the tom-tomming and singing of the natives all matching and mingling together. 'Why did I come to Africa?' thought I. Why! Who would not come to its twin-brother hell itself for all the beauty and the charm of it?"

Even of the equatorial climate she has something good to say, in spite of hosts of red ants, mosquitoes as the sand of the sea for multitude, crocodiles, wild beasts, and "wet seasons," which recurred with most unseasonable frequency.

It must have been a treat to have heard a discussion between Mary Kingsley and Dr Nansen as to the respective delights of the Poles and the Tropics. The beauty of the Arctic night had no charms for her, in spite of all that he could say in its favour. A place where "the temperature was goodness knows what below zero, no soap, no wood for fire," seemed to her a place of horror indeed; while the gallant Swede, in his turn, regarded her as "a sort of devoted martyr for going to the Equator, and adopted a sympathetic kind of tone about fever, &c., to my extreme amazement. It was positively comic to see how we both regarded our own individual region as a kind of almshouse, but each held the other's region in an awesome respect."

Yet she was not blindly indifferent to the climatic perils of which she spoke so light-heartedly. One of the last, if not the last, of her public appearances was at the Livingstone Exhibition held at St Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross, in January 1900, when, in an address full of wit and humour, she took the opportunity of pleading most earnestly for the establishing of a Hospital Ship on the deadly

West African coast, where malarial fever works its wicked will almost unhindered.

Shortly afterwards she left England again, *en route* for the great forests and mighty rivers which for her had such an absorbing fascination. "I wander always, and wander I always will, as long as there is a fresh bit of the world to see," Dr Kingsley had said; and the hereditary instinct of travelling was strong in his daughter as she started once more "to learn the tropics."

Not as an amateur nurse did she "break the journey" at Simonstown, but with just an unselfish longing to *do something* in aid of the wounded. Very gladly was her offer of service accepted, and very helpful must have been her powers of organisation and human sympathy. Originally she had thought of being a doctor, and her long training in a sick-room ensured her a warm welcome from the overworked officials at the hospital— though she had no credentials as to fitness, no certificate to present upon arriving.

She worked hard, we may be sure— it was not possible to her to work otherwise,— but only, as it were, for a day. By a strange irony of fate, she who had lived triumphantly through the worst dangers of the West Coast — climatic and cannibalistic — succumbed to the effects of an operation, incidental to an attack of typhoid fever, on the 3rd of June 1900. In the healthy

South, whither so many have gone to regain the vigour which they had lost at home, she who had done and suffered so much for others laid down the life of which she had made such valuable use, and suffered the crowning tragedy of so many gracious lives, in dying with her work unaccomplished.

Mary Kingsley had all the modesty which belongs to real worth. She owed all her infinite charm to her expression and manner, for her face in repose was not even pleasing. But then it was hardly ever in repose, so that such a criticism goes for nothing. Though somewhat reticent in her public utterances, she was a brilliant and delightful conversationalist. Everything interested her, and to be dull when she was in the room was impossible. She had all the humour and many-sidedness of her father's nature, mingled with the overflowing kindliness and sympathy that characterised her mother.

When speaking or smiling she was irresistibly attractive, and though her curious inability to sound the letter *h* was at first rather disconcerting, it was soon forgotten. The omission failed to jar, and became at last almost a distinctive peculiarity rather than a grammatical error.

"I simply can't pronounce the letter *h*," was her own quaint explanation; but, notwithstanding this strange defect, she was "a lady to

her finger-tips," as a dainty friend of ours expressed it.

Her conversation was brimming over with fun—an endless stream of anecdote and humour, like her books. In fact, her books give an excellent idea of her mental characteristics: wit and wisdom, the graceful and the grotesque, are constantly to be found side by side, and we rise from reading them full of admiring wonder and a secret longing to have had some share in the experiences which she describes.

The "stinging and bitterly cheerful irony" on which one of her reviewers comments was due more to her brilliantly incisive manner of speaking than to any real misanthropy or lack of feeling. Originality of expression is often mistaken for affectation; but did the Palace of Truth exist as an English dwelling-house and not only as a "castle in Spain," it would be found that people really have some ideas of their own, occasionally, which they consistently stultify; lest, forsooth, they should be accused of being "eccentric" or peculiar. Any such cowardly attitude was impossible to the daughter of a man like George Kingsley, of whom her verdict is that "he never did a mean act or thought a mean thought, and never felt a fear."

The little sealskin cap was the invariable centre of every gathering, simply because of its wearer's

vivid personality, her sparkling and racy way of describing things, and her unusual adaptability. All those who knew her best would endorse the words of the 'Morning Post,' which calls her "a woman at once learned and humorous, adventurous and wise."

One more scene yet remains for us to describe, and then our brief study of Mary Kingsley must close. By her own express wish she was buried at sea; and on the day following Whit-Sunday, June 4, the sad procession moved down the main street of Simonstown, headed by the band of the West Yorkshire Regiment. Arrived at the town pier, the body was placed on Torpedo Boat No. 29, and then slowly they steamed out beyond Cape Point and committed it to the deep— the rector of Simonstown, as military chaplain, officiating.

No better description of the scene could be given than that which her father gives of a burial at sea; and there seems a strange fitness that he should, as it were, finish her life-story for us.

"All hats off; a dead silence; even the ship hardly making a sound; a gentle cheeping of blocks and gurgling of water, more like a hush than a noise; all quiet except the ship's bell jarring on the silence once a minute. Bright glorious sun. The voice of the chaplain sounding strangely distinct in the stillness."

As the deeply impressive words, "We therefore

commit her body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead) and the life of the world to come," were uttered, the body was reverently lowered — one light splash, and then in the mystery of those dark-blue waves they left her— alone!

Mr Harland's testimony in 'Folk-Lore' is as eloquent as it is sincere: "All phrases seem cold when we think of her. Her insight into the mind of the West African native, and her bold and humorous advocacy of careful study of, and rational treatment for, him had hardly begun to impress the powers that be in the political and religious worlds. A band of friends are seeking to fulfil that task. To do so will be to perpetuate in the worthiest way, the way she herself would have wished, the memory and the aims of one of the noblest among women,"

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

Born in London, October 30, 1825.
Died in London, February 2, 1864.