Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Folder label: Abbie G. Sanderson (AGS) to family, from Swatow and Kuliang, with enclosed poems by Chinese students and enclosed missionary circulars from others

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Dear Sue,

Whatever will you do with this bad child who seems to be getting into the habit of writing to you more and more seldom? Here it is Thursday evening and I am at my regular school study hour. I have been away a long time now. It happened that last Thursday was a holiday so I didn't come and the last time I was here before that was the 3rd Thursday in March.

As I always write, "This week has been a busy one" or "This week has been pretty full" or "This has been a hectic week"? I write that sentiment all too easily, I feel sure. And yet it always seems true, somehow. I wonder whether I am one of those persons who always think they are terribly busy but never accomplish anything. I fear that is a true picture of
me. I get so many things on the string and then never finish them up until circumstance compels me to. I am always having to rush like mad to get a number of things done all at once. That means that beautifully planned beginnings taper off to almost nothing at the end, and I'm forever in a fever about things that ought to be getting done or ought to have been done long ago. Why couldn't I have been born one of these calm personalities who never seem to flutter, yet with a turn of the hand, and no fuss and fever, yet really accomplish the things that are done in the world? Maybe I'd get bored, however, if I didn't have to do—or think I had to do—all this mad rushing. I suppose it gives me the feeling that I am somebody and that the
Sunday afternoon the funeral service for little Chek Hong, Mrs. Lim's boy, was held at the church - it was a very beautiful little service. The coffin was closed, of course (the child had died Friday - more than a week before) and rested just outside the church door while the service was going on. Beatrice Ericson sang Brahms' Cradle Song, with words adapted by Mrs. Lim from the Mary's Lullaby words which the kindergarten children had learned and which Chek Hong himself liked to sing at night before he went to bed. It is a lovely thing, and lovelier than ever with these words in which this mother invokes the blessing of sweet sleep upon her child and entrusts him to the Heavenly Father's care.
Dear Ones,

In my last letter I began to tell you about little Chet Ng's funeral, but didn't finish. There is not a great deal more to say except that the kindergarten children sang one of Chet Ng's favorite songs. The kindergarten teacher spoke briefly about the child at kindergarten, and Mr. Waters gave a very comforting message referring to the child Samuel "serving before the Lord in His temple."

Just why it gives so much comfort to the Chinese to have pictures of a funeral taken, I don't know—But almost always they
want to have them and they asked me to take some. I don't yet know how they came out.

Our Philippines guests left yesterday. Arcole Pettit had been sick in bed two days with a very heavy cold and we tried to get her to stay over a few days. I think she would have had it not been a beautiful sunshine day and she was afraid it wouldn't be as good a few days later! She is mortally afraid of the water. As it was, we went out to the steamer at the very worst time in the day, just when the tide was strongest and the waves were highest. There was no slightest danger, but the
boat did tip a too!

Today is Parent’s Day here.
Church begins early and lasts late.
There are many special songs, including one by a group
of fathers, one by a group of
mothers, one by the young people,
one by the grammar school
students by the kindergarten; also
there is a short dialogue by some
small children — I don’t know
how much time there will be
left for the sermon.

Later:

This noon we had dinner with
Catherine Ho to meet Miss Russell
and Miss Ling, Y. W. C. A. secretaries
from Shanghai who are scouting
around to see whether it is wise
to start a Y. W. C. A. in Shanghai.
I don’t believe the time is ripe
yet and I rather think they feel that way too —

I'm going to send this letter, so it won't hang around waiting until it is stale the way some of mine do —

In our garden we have roses & roses now, Easter lilies (just the best little ones), snapdragons, a few struggling wisteria sprays, some struggling sweet peas, carnations, snapdragons, daisies, gladiolas, begonias, bougainvillea, geraniums (including my new pot of pansy geraniums which I just got in Shanghai — hollyhocks, nasturtium, and jasmine all in bloom now — and a riot of honeysuckle blossoms on our "Old baking bucket" trellis effect — we do enjoy them so!

Love to you always —

Abbie
LAMENT FOR MOTHER

Oh!
How still you are!
You do not speak to me.
You are not breathing?.....
You are so pale and white!
The God of Death, who cannot be turned back
Is coming down over you.
Your eyes are closing
And your tears are welling;
My lips cry aloud bitterly,
But you are weeping silently .......

Oh, it is hard to go away
from a living friend;
It is hard to say goodbye to
a dear one who dies.
Oh, Mother!.........
How can I keep from touching
your dear body?
How can I keep back my crying?
Dearest,.... Kindest!....... 
You are so still now.
No one can know the deep
hurt in my heart....... 
Oh, Mother, how can you be
so cruel as to leave me?
You crush the budding freshness
of my life,
You put out the light of my
happy, carefree living, 
And leave alone and lonely
the child you love.
Upon the wide and shoreless sea,
with its wild waves,-
How can this tiny boat without
a rudder hope to cross it?
Ah, Mother!
In this unfriendly world of
people,
Among so many who are heartless,
Worthless, scheming,
Who in all this world would
love your child but you?

Oh, Mother! as far as...

Once again I search the horizon, from this
far corner of the sea;
Where shall I stretch my
arms to find you?

Life is only a dream,
But this dream of mine is
Lament --

a dreadful one.
This night is so long - so dark;
The roar of the sea is around me,
And I am a helpless girl alone,
Distressed and grieving in
a cold, unthinking world.

Oh ---- Mother!

By Huang Hsia Huan, 16 yr. (girl)
EARLY MORNING

Little early morning breezes
Blowing the grasses beside the road—
They blow the sadness of my heart away.
I run — run on and on
I have run past the noisy city;
I have run past the quiet village;
I have run over and beyond the hilltop;
I am running on the shore of the bay;
I am running on the plain once more.
Now I am running on a little path;
I shall run and run with all my might;
I shall run the whole length of my life—
I will leave the dust far behind ————
Oh, lovely early morning time!

By Chen Chih Chung, 14 yr. (boy)
TO MY PEACH BLOSSOM

Smiling Peach Blossom beyond the wall,
I am drunk with your sweetness;
How can I pluck you with my hand?
Every day I walk up and down
On this side the wall;
In the gentleness of your smile
I forget the sadness of the world.

Smiling Peach Blossom beyond the wall,
I long and long to kiss your lips,
I have tried many times to steal one kiss,
But this wicked, wicked Wall
Keeps us apart!

Oh, Peach Blossom, I shall always, always love you—
Wicked Wall, I shall break you all to pieces!

By Meh Lo K'uan, 13 yr. (boy)
SPRING RAIN.

Foggy morning sunshine,
lightly wrapped in mist,
Little breezes bring the dropping
sound of rain;
And the Kakochah hills
Are washed clean with
the fresh color of spring.
Clusters of rain jewels
Cling on the branches of the trees
And rest upon the grass,
As beautiful as the Empress
stepping from her bath.
Oh, Spring, what joys you
give to me!
You fill my heart full of
beauty and song!

By Li Hsieh Li, 13 yr. (boy)
One poem sent to E. Price
for the poetry book
Written by our students
and translated by Mr. Davis
and me
Swatow, China, May 12, 1935

Dear Ones:

Hospital graduation exercises last night made us realize that the end of the school year is almost here. And while we do not ourselves have formal graduation exercises now, yet the work always piles up at the end of the term. I sometimes wonder how we ever got it all in! No student can have a certificate of graduation until he has passed the government examinations. These exams are not given until well along into July, and we can scarcely hold school over until that late date for graduation. No one feels quite sure that he will pass, and thus no one wants to go through the form of graduating until he knows whether he really can be graduated or not. The matter will settle itself some day, I have no doubt, and commencement day will be as important here as it ever was.

The exercises last night were very fine indeed. The program was planned to fall on the day when hospitals and nurses everywhere in the world were celebrating the memory of Florence Nightingale. But one student was graduated; she is an exceptionally good student, however, and the ones in charge—Dorothy Campbell, to be exact—we were trying to have just as good a graduation for her as there would have been for a larger class. There were various items of music on the program—anthem by the Y.P. choir, violin solo by Dr. Cheng, duet by Sanderson and Ericson, hospital songs, etc.—but the big feature of the evening, except the graduation exercises themselves, was a portrayal of incidents in the life of Florence Nightingale. Tsang Phek Kien took the leading part, and different ones of the hospital staff took other parts. Un tien no. 3 over at Eastview, and I am not sure but Theng lai also, were pressed into service. Tang Seng had a number of parts as well as being general handy man behind the scenes. Tun Sim really covered himself with glory. He took three parts that I noticed; he was the dignified butler, announcing callers, "Dinner is served", etc. in the opening scene in the Nightingale home; he was a wounded soldier calling pitifully for a drink of water in the scene where many wounded were lying with none to answer their calls save some soldier who was not quite so badly hurt as the others; but it was in the court of Queen Victoria, as Lord Chamberlain, or Court Announcer, or Whatever, that he shone. Dignity? and Poise? Well, you should have seen for yourself. Hui Lang was the Queen, and arrayed in queenly robes she was—and a "diamond" tiara of Mrs. Pan’s. L. S. wore Kenneth’s old fashioned satin knickers and coat.

One of the most effective bits was Nightingale making her rounds of the wounded soldiers on Christmas Eve, straightening a cover here, feeling a pulse there, with the whole place absolutely in darkness except for the tiny oldfashioned lamp which she carried. It was the middle of the night with most of the soldiers asleep, and all of them quiet. Two clear high voices sang Hark the Herald Angels Sing very softly behind the scenes. It made an unbelievable contrast to the preceding scene where the soldiers had no beds, no care, and where one of the soldiers was found to have died the day before and nothing had been done about it. The difference between heaven and hell, and the soldiers themselves said more than once.
The point of the whole story was brought out graphically in the last scene, where Florence Nightingale, over ninety years old, sees in her dream the thousands of nurses who were to follow her in her noble profession. The hospital nurses, community nurses, children's nurses, Red Cross nurses, and many others, came to her to comfort her as she bewailed the fact that she could no longer be in active service. She did not actually see "thousands," of course, but a representative of many of the different types came to her in the dream. When she waked, a woman destined to be a superintendent in one of the hospitals Nightingale had founded came to talk with her, and the story ended on a high dramatic note when Nightingale passed into her hands a torch symbolic of the great life work she had chosen.

The exercises which followed were simple but lovely. There was a song by the nurses, a short speech (yes, really pretty short) by Eng Mok-su (Lim Ek-toi had been invited but couldn't come), and Dorothy presented the two diplomas, one from the hospital here, and one from the China Medical Asso., which by the way was stamped with Cum Laude. Iong Tien made a very sweet, serious, well-prepared response the nurses repeated their "pledge of service" and then came the benediction and we all left the church.

Dorothy put an enormous amount of work into the thing and it was just splendid. The costumes were beautiful, and the thing was well staged, but best of all was the splendid way the message was put across in such a way that it will not be forgotten right away. How Dorothy ever found so many people to be in the thing, I don't know, or how she ever persuaded them to take part. It was great, anyway.

Today at our Y.P. meeting Mr. Ang Tsak Chiu told the story of Kagawa in a way that made him seem very real. Mou Khiang was deeply touched and when he, as leader, closed the meeting he could not keep the tears back as he told how very deeply the story of Kagawa had impressed him. He said it was his hope that some one from our Y.P. group could be something like Kagawa. Afterwards, in the grip of the emotion, he said to me, "I suppose the people here will think I am crazy, but I don't know of anything in my life that has moved me so deeply."

Here is where I say a few words just to you people; the letter this faris written with several carbon copies so that I can send to Arthur, Mabelle, Mrs. Capen, Emily, Velva, and you. I wrote in some detail about the graduation so that the Swatow people could see the thing a little more plainly.

The news that you are back home in S.B. just arrived on Friday. Sorry that you were down after you got back; too much exertion getting ready, do you think? Or that combined with the long ride? Your letters sounded very fine in regard to Father's endurance powers. I hope his good health continues and that you are going to be better from now on.

Very much love to you all,

Abbie
Dear Ones,

A letter from Arthur Saturday, but none from you—Arthur had been strong. SmithBerniek but did not stop for a meal. Father had a cold, you were not very well. Hope that your letter will arrive in a day or two and say that you are better.

Our "second monthly" exams begin today—and a week from today we begin our special "cramming of the graduates" for their monthly government examinations. I'm thankful to say that the school is not stopping all other work.
as they did one year, in order to do this examining work—extra work means extra extra questions, etc. extra time—and we can never tell whether we are preparing the right kind of questions or not. It is a difficult business!

It happens that my exams are as arranged—exams are as arranged—and that I have Tuesday and Wednesday free—I planned to do a lot these two days! But lo and behold, a special educational committee is appointed to get the statistics from some of the mission schools, and
the result is that Mr. Baker and I go to Stuyveng Sunday and come back Wednesday! It is going to be a hot trip for me, not as hot afraid — and yet not so hot afraid — and yet not so hot afraid. On Friday afternoon I go to Stuyveng for an interview with a man from another station regarding schools. Just now I'm struggling, with a letter which must be sent off right away to Mrs. Humphreys, new Foreign Secretary. The Board has sent out the statement that they can't see the need for any more workers at the.
Women's School. This doesn't set very well, and coupled with one or two other statements makes a misunderstanding which ought to be set straight if possible. You know how I fuss over the utility of that kind of letter — well, I been fussin', again!

Fannie has shut up shop at Upskurg and is now down here packing up finally and getting ready to go home. We shall have some farewell to her — but not as many as to Mrs. Honley because we shall hope to have Fannie back —
again, while Mrs. Wulley went for good—
I am still planning to go to Kuling this summer and get a little more mandarin—I should think that any letters sent between June 20 and July 20 might be addressed to me there, Cottage, Kuling, Via Foochow, China—

Much love & you—and come to Uncle George, Aunt Fannie, Aunt Bertha, Aunt P. Joe, Lelah [Whites] Maryland, Velda, Fred, & al..
also a special to Mrs Oliver for being good to my mother and father — and kind good wishes to others if occasion requires or permits. — Oh yes — ask Mrs. Plumer who Charles Pray is, who has been to China twice in the last year and a half, and is on his way here again. He wrote, giving her name — and asking permission & coming and see me the last of June — His letter however, sent from her
Jersey was dated Apr. 15 and he wanted an answer before he should start out May 1-

I seem to remember that the station master at Pollington was Charles Pray; is this old, or a grandson, and is he in the navy, or what?

The letter said nothing of his work; simply said that he had seen Mrs. Plumer, the Home, and he had 1½ yrs ago, and he had meant to write to me ever since then (!) I wonder? Mrs. Atthe
Dearest Once,

Your letters are so good & get! Last week I didn't get one and it was grand to get yours of Apr. 22 today. One mitten by Arthur on Apr. 28 says that my "paper" - though he didn't call it that - had been duly received and forwarded to you. So by this time you know what it is, although you may not be able to comprehend all that I was driving at.
I don't want you & send anything but good wishes in my birthday - don't you know that? I'm so thankful when I get news that you are well and getting along all right, that I don't need any other thing in this world, I really believe -

Had a good letter from Helen Paulson yesterday.
She was disappointed not to see you when she was there, but you were sick at first, and then she herself got a cold -

We have had a pretty stiff blow here this week -
It is hardest on Marion, but it hits me pretty hard, too, in a little different way. Marion has had a letter from D. Ling in which he practically blames her for the death of his little boy. No word of gratitude in all the sorrows, but on the contrary, blame.

I'm not giving better service. It all seems so terrible, especially when I know how broken up Marion was over the death. I that little boy - and how she worked day and night, hoping and praying that the trouble might not prove to be serious after all.
We can't understand his point of view — whether he thinks they should have been told sooner that it was rabies, so that they might have sent for a Chinese doctor or what, we don't know. To me it seems incredible. So as Marvin says, such things are happening right along in hospitals at home — people are suing the doctors. But somehow this has a different "feeling" and she regarded these people as friends and was glad.
to do all in her power for them — If you mention it to anybody — maybe better not say who he is — just "a prominent person" — or if you have told anybody about the principal’s son dying from rabies, then don’t say from rabies. It’s anything about this. Maybe an awful thing — maybe it will clear up. I’m trying it. I don’t think what as hard to think what the right attitude toward the right attitude toward him is — feeling every time sinking him — wondering whether anything could help him — see matters differently — As far as
it is not surprising that
the bottom seems dropped out
of everything and she feels
that she can never get
back to normal again.

Before this happened, she
didn't think she would
ever come back — giving
her reason the idea
that she thought people
wouldn't want her back.

I can't imagine just
how she feels now — but
I think she must wonder
whether it is worth while
or not. I do so want
to help her if I can, yet
talk doesn't help very much, 

and sometimes I wonder whether I'm helping me or hindering! (German)

Mrs. Wiens, of the Mennonite Mission up inland from here, who once spent several weeks in our girls' dormitory (next door to us here—when the dorm was not being used) with the family, they had been driven out of their station, is now in our hospital here with an advanced stage of cancer. She cannot live longer than a month, the doctors think. Mr. Wiens is here with her, but he is over at Sventoz holding meetings every evening.
This week and will go late & Chaockowfu if his wife is in such condition that he can leave her bedside. They are really very wonderful about it. She clings to life in a way. She knows the doctors don't give her any hope, yet she thinks she will try some kind of a fast or something to help her get well. It seems to me if I were in her condition I should want to go soon— but perhaps I wouldn't. I must stop for this time.

Love to you—

Abbie
Swatow China
June 6, 1935

Dearest Ones,

Last week’s letter not yet written and here it is Thursday. A great many things were happening last week and it would seem that they haven’t stopped happening yet! Last week our hearts were very heavy and troubled because of the misunderstanding between Dr. Casey and Marion. It was dreadful for Marion; she didn’t want to go on living. I guess. A third letter made us feel that there were threats behind the attitude and it seemed incredible. The hospital people sent for Margaret Everham, who is a very good friend of the Lims, as well as being a doctor who can understand a doctor’s difficulties. She and Kenneth spent two or three hours with Dr. Lonyht. Herbert spent two or three hours with them. Marion went with them again and Marion went with them. It seems that just about all of us who knew of the matter were praying earnestly that the thing might be settled. I didn’t that the thing might be settled. I didn’t have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be really have faith to think that it would be
The members of the class of 1935 are cordially invited to attend a Practical Preparatory Palaver given under the direction of Miss Interrogative Pronoun and Mr. Transitive Verb at the home of Miss Sanderson on Thursday evening, June the sixth, at half past seven.

June the third.
Both sides admitted mistakes and expressed a desire to get rid of misunderstanding, and the thing seems all cleared up! I feel like a different person since that happened.

We were scheduled to have more experiences — of a different kind, however — and unexpected, nerve-racking ones.

Money is getting to be a dreadful problem. For our Shanghai checks, which used to bring an equal number of silver dollars and sometimes more (when Swatow paper = silver here in Swatow) we are now getting 810 5/10th from 810. But that same 810 Shanghai check brings us only 83 silver. And the
Swallows paper money, which used to be worth 15 or 16 dimes now things only 9.1 dimes & the dollar! So the washwoman and other helpers naturally want to be paid in silver — but just as naturally, we don’t see how we can do it — So we have had a big “time” about it. That has been settled for the present, in which I am very thankful.

Monday night about 10 minutes past eight, Marim came in from Swanton, where she had been to see a little sick boy. She was rather white — and after she said rather healthlessly, “Well I’ve had a new experience; I’ve been rolled!” she began...
to keep a little. She was followed from the jetty, and attacked on an isolated part of the path. 
beaten, and knocked down until she gave up her purse. While she held on to until 
the was afraid she would get badly hurt. She screamed bloody murder, but there were 
no policemen around and two to three students who heard her didn't get there 
and led her to help very much in time to help very much in time to help very much in time 
and about $5.00 in change. She was found, about a half hour later, by the boy who was then taking.
a message down to the police office — The things that were taken were of small consequence compared to the effect on Marion — She had been on a pretty high tension — and then to have this horrible thing seemed almost too much —

The next day Dr. Long wrote to Marion and said he had heard down and said he had heard about what happened and he wanted to know whether he could help in any way. Then he took it upon himself to get the church here to write about it to the local city authorities. She thinks he is going the second mile now to keep good feeling!

We are all so relieved and
thankful that we don't know what to do - For if a person of Mr. Lin's position, education, and intelligence should persist in misunderstanding there is no limit to the estrangement that might follow all around.

Let me see: what else has happened?

I had the loveliest box from the Ethelyn Murray Class at Providence - of which Helen Paulson is the president. I sat down immediately and wrote my thank-yum - I know how my delays can drag on!

The box contained a fascinating array of sewing and toilet...
articles - Woodbury's Soap 4+ Nore Konia, omnoln - Rebecca + some other kinds of tooth paste - a tooth brush (these cost more than they used to !) mum - thread needles, buttons, snaps, lingerie tape, mending cotton - and six or eight dress patterns my size - Did I forget those last ones ?! I shall just refer in them if I can find a holiday or two to do some sewing in !

Your package of Leaflets and Aluminius came the same day. I don't suppose people at home can dream what a help it is to have these old choir and Sunday School books come out to us I am already planning to have one of these songs translated right away. Some
of them are very very pretty.
Will you please thank Mrs. Mor – and Aunt G. H. for asking – and Mr. Bellie for helping ? and I'm very very grateful.

I'm glad I have the other fashion books, as you know without my saying so – and the Alumnae of course –

June 7 –
Well! I didn't get my tale quite finished yesterday. Wednesday night I didn't even get to prayer meeting because the Young People had a business meeting and social and I felt that my place was there. I had been asked to prepare a talk but
The business took such a long time that there wouldn't have been time for all I wanted to say. Mr. Ang, the other adviser, made a good speech, during which the Y.P. president came and asked me if I could cut my talk down — so I suggested it out, and he was willing — I hadn't prepared it as well as I wanted to, and anyway, I have to — and anyway, I have to, and anyway, I have to — I was just as well pleased.

Yesterday afternoon after the Women's Missionary Society Meeting in the Church...
We went over to Dorothy Campbell's to a children's party. We had hiked up our dresses, tied on hair ribbons and we carried dolls - when we got there we sat in kindergarten chairs and were served morsels of ice cream in butter dishes (which we ate with salt spoons) and we cookies - afterwards big size dishes of ice cream came around. Then we played London Bridge is falling down, and "Follow me to London." It was charming to see little George Keith Hobart standing in front of Beatrice Ericson when the song ran...
"Stand and face your partner!"
He is fourteen years old—and Beatrix is taller than 95.
Little Sylvia and Peter Pan (Dr. Pan's older boy) were not too small to enjoy the game.
Though Sylvia had to be helped a little—
All gathered around the cake in the center of the room where we posed a beautiful cake with one candle on it—With all sorts of animals marching around the edge of it—
The occasion was the first birthday of little Georgie Buckett—who arrived from Samsung with his parents the day before.—A grand time was had
by all! I rushed home a little early to eat my supper and complete preparations for a party for the seniors—twenty boys and five girls.

The grand draught of the invitation I sent them appears elsewhere in this letter. They are busy with the invitational letter. They are preparing for government examinations. When I heard that we were to have a holiday yesterday I snatched off an invitation and then when I came actually to plan the party yesterday I had to do a lot more scratching!

But we had a marvellous time—They all entered into the spirit of the thing and—
the evening sped all too quickly.
I didn't feed them very much—sandwiches—tiny cakes with a dab of fancy frosting in the middle of them, and mango ice cream (since mangoes are cheap just now!)

I used many of the old games some that you used in Faro.

Lights as far back as Mooseum, I think! All the numbers were in English except no. 5—though of course we spoke a good bit of Chinese during the evening. Thus we really kept quite in the spirit of preparing for their exams!

I shall be sorry to see this class go—much love to you.

Athe
1. Enlarging the Vocabulary
2. The Art of Answering Questions
3. "Do this!" — Eyesight Test
4. Famous Pictures — Intelligence Test
5. Narration — Story-telling
6. Advice — Writing Exercise
7. Poetical Effort — Living Poems
8. "Follow the leader" — Recess
10. Spelling Race
11. What Shall I Give Her & Drink?
12. Riddles

with Red Hot Blues

(1. Two sides divided and raced to find hidden letters and put together the words which proved & be GRADUATING CLASS

2. Each wrote a question & put in a bowl; then each wrote the answer & that question & put it in another bowl — then questions & answers
were read at random whether they fitted or not — causing much amusement.

3. "He can do little who can't do this" pounding with stick & passing with left hand.

4. Greeting "The Birthplace of Burns" "The Dark Blue Sea" "A Stirring Subject" etc.

5. First adjectives and names were supplied (around the circle in turn) then a story (preparing before) with these words added was read — much amusement.

6. Acting by each side of a word that rhymes with "shook" — one side acted a word that rhymed with "shook" — it took the other side a good while to guess that the word was "look".

Then we had cats & a fewiddle and they had to go home.
Swatow, China

June 10, 1935

Dearest Quee,

Summer days are beginning to come. I felt pretty hot today walking up to school, and back just at noon time. I am very comfortable now, though, sitting here at my desk in front of my open East window.

Saturday, fortunately, it was cool, and Kenneth and I were not uncomfortably hot, as we had expected. We might be, on our mission to Chaochow to ask questions about the school there. Neither did it rain, although I was prepared with an
umbrella in my hand and rubbers in my little 2 x 4 (or thereabouts!) suitcase which Emily sent me (with chocolates in it) at Christmas time.

The principal met us half-way in all the questions we had to ask, and was very gracious about showing us around. Yet it was all very different from the days when we used to go up there to examine the school, when I first came to China.

Then a delegation of teachers and students met us at the station, insisted on carrying every last bit of everything we carried — umbrella, handbag, etc. — and were so thoughtful and friendly.
Mr. Plus this time did ask us how long we were going to stay — we got there about 10:30 — and then said "Well then you'll have dinner here — you'll eat with us, won't you?"

We had, however, brought our own lunches, and were glad we had, for in a notion it would have put them out considerably if they had had to get dinner for the two of us —

In the old days the school was a girls' school, though, and now it is co-ed, and the proportion of girls is small. We knew the teachers then, most of them had been our students — "The world do more"!

We have to make a report to the Board as to the value —
of these schools. Whether it will be of any use to them, I don't know. I think very likely the axe will fall before we get our report to them. We have had intimations recently that some fairly big sections of the work will have to be cut out, in lack of finances—but we don't know what sections. It may be that the Hakka work will have to go.

Yesterday Mrs. Wiens, the Mennonite missionary, died at our hospital. When she came in a few weeks ago they knew she could not live long—cancer had gone all through—
her system. Her going was very peaceful though, and there was a beautiful little service at the church with Mr. Baker officiating. As I sat in the church, listening while Elsie and Beatrice sang "My Faith Looks up to Thee", and "I will Guide Thee with Mine Eye" and Edna playing for them, what a comfort it must have been to Mr. Viems to have American friends there to express their sympathy and their desire to comfort him. He and Mrs. Viems came back to China two years ago on faith—and instead of their passing out money to the Chinese, the Chinese have brought things to them. He has been very much
worried for the last few months because burial affairs are often very difficult to arrange here, and very costly. It happened that today policemen came just at the close of the funeral and made some fuss about a burial certificate or permit — night at the church door just at the close of the service — loud in great big voices. However, Mr. Viens minded that very little because there were friends here to look after the thing for him. and because it was so much less of a rumour than he probably would have had at an inland place — It is a blessing.
in her - and for him too, in her to go now. He is wonderful in his submission to the Lord's will -

Have I told you that I really am planning to go to Nanking? Letters arriving in Nanking (via Foochow) before the 28th of August will find me still there, I think.

We are delighted that postage has gone down a little - it ought to go down a lot more, but 20¢ is much better than 25¢! You asked if you had put enough postage on your letters - I guess so, I haven't had to pay anything on any of them!

Love to you, Athie
Dear Ones,

The end of the term is fast approaching. I am afraid I shall not be able to get in all my entertaining of the various classes before the end of the term if I do not hurry. The foreign members of the faculty are now planning to invite the Chinese members for a social evening some time this coming week. I wish it were over. I have not been in the mood for socializing for some time and I don't know just how well I'll be able to pull off a social stunt.

Exams in the seniors begin...
this week and then the grand
rush is on. I am trying so
hard to take things as they
come, but my desk, and my
desk drawers, bureau drawers,
tops of tables, chairs, chests,
and everything else get piled
high with everything under
the sun and then the
rooms are in such a mess
that I can't stand them
another minute - so I steal
an hour from sleep and
clear up a bit. But it
is very much like father's
famous definition of house-
cleaning - "Moving clutter
from one place to another"!

I have about decided
that I will stay over for
the Convention the 16th &
17th of July. That means I
go to Kuling July 18th, probably. There is a bigger, faster boat sailing on that day, and I am going 3rd Class, which will be $9 (Mex) cheaper than on other boats—$27 instead of $36. If exchange continues as it is now that means between $11 and $12 gold going and $15- or $16 coming back. Coming this way the big boats don't stop at both Fookhau and Swatow so I have to take the regular one. Of course this doesn't count the chair up the hill or the mountain, and carriers in the baggage, nor staying over night if I have to stay. I don't know yet whether I shall be alone except for a little Hakka young woman who is going up
to study. I'd be glad if one of the other missionaries go when I go. Marguerite is going up again this year, and the Hobarts, but I doubt whether they'll be going as late as I go, if I wait for Convention.

One reason I'm thinking so seriously of staying here late is so that I can get some of my things sorted out and straightened up. If it isn't too dreadfully hot I should be able to settle down and get some letters written. I can do so much better at that business if I'm not interfered with by twenty thousand other affairs! When I feel that I've got plenty of time to write a letter, I can go at it a
little more leisurely, and take
more pleasure in writing—
feel more as though I were
having a real chat with
the fellow at the other end.

I am ashamed when I
think of all the letters I
should have written ages
ago! I owe Mary and Velda
and Lettie, to say nothing of
a great many others—how
Clyde is stepping off, and I
want to write him— or A
him and her. I didn't get
from your letters whether you
had met her or not. If so,
what is she like? Don't tell,
but I'd like to send them
something for their dining table.
Is there any way that you
can find out the size of their dining table, - if it is adjustable, both the small size and larger size? I'm not sure just what I can get, but I'd like to get something they could use. What is your opinion? Do you think that table linen would be as acceptable as anything? And have you any suggestions as to whether Chinese linen or Irish linen would be better? I'm undecided as to whether I shall keep it until I come home to avoid duty, or send it on now anyway. I'm almost afraid to send it, because they charge such high duty these days! What do you think?

What do you make out of
the enclosed letter? It came with a birthday card. I figure that the town is Sedgwick— and wasn't there a Ronald Power who lived in Sargentville? teacher school with Arthur? I seem to have some faint recollection of something like that.

I must quit and write a letter to Mrs. Frizzell. I want to send the letter on to you but now as I read it over I realize it should be answered before I send it on; otherwise I may forget what she wrote.

I had a letter from Uncle Arthur's Mr. Hoover yesterday. He spoke of Uncle Arthur's 95th birthday celebration. Why
Is it that I can never remember & send him a letter in time for it? If you think of it, will you tell me the date of his birthday the next time you write? He seems to think Uncle A. is pretty feeble - and that Uncle A. himself feels he won't be here long. He is pretty remarkable, I think.

Muckle love to you both -

and to all the dear ones -

Abbie
Waltham, April 30th, 1936.

Dear Miss Affie & Sanderson:

Last September the Secretary of our Mission Circle, at Beth Eden Church, gave me your name and address, as having the same birthday (May 24th) as I had, suggesting that I send you a card in time for that day. Also for my good intentions—Christmas brought me a new pocket-book and her card remained in the old one until this morning, so I am afraid this card will be late.

Now I must tell you of a strange thing. I went downtown to get the card and, and do some other shopping, and there I met a friend, (Mrs. P. E. Danforth, Mrs. Grace Tower), so she brought me home in her car and came in for a chat, and the card, with your name, was lying here on the table, so I passed it to her saying, this is the missionary who has the same birthday as I have, Mrs. Danforth looked at the name a moment and said: well, I think that lady's father was pastor of my father's church when I was born, and I think likely she went to school. With my brother, Roland, Tower.
she gave me the name of some little town in Maine. It was "Bedric" or "Bee" or some short-name like that. If you are not the person she had in mind, this will mean nothing to you, but if you are, it will make the world seem smaller and all of us nearer to you.

I am told I was born in a small mining village in Nova Scotia. It was called Goldenville, and by the way that village was named by an American Lady who never saw it.

It happened this way: when there were enough people there to have a post office, they decided to call a mass meeting of the inhabitants to choose a name and a young American there wrote to his sister of their intentions and she wrote back that Goldenville would be a nice name. So when the meeting was called, this man offered the name, and it was chosen.

I am aware that this is not a regular letter to a missionary, but as far as I can remember I never did the expected, or regular thing so you will have to excuse the rambling. We think of you in these troublous times and pray God that he will give his Angels' charge concerning you.

Mr. Jesse B. Frizzell
16 Summit St.
Waltham, Mass.
Dearest Ones:

What do you suppose? I bet you could never imagine and I can't either. A friend of Uncle Arthur's, Mrs. J. Vinton Scott, is conducting a party of tourists to Manila on the Empress of Japan and she wants me to meet her in Hongkong. I can't do it because I am this week in the midst of examinations and next week getting ready for the Retreat for Christian workers and the Convention to follow and various other reasons. There are a few things about her letter which seem a little strange to me, but that may be because I don't know her and we are often prone to wrinkle our brows doubtfully in regard to people, things, or affairs we have never seen nor heard of before.

According to her letter, she helped Mr. Hoover to give the 95th birthday party for Uncle Arthur; Uncle Arthur is very anxious for her to "contact" me, says she is writing the letter and said he would have Mr. Hoover write to me about her. (I got Mr. Hoover's letter last week but he did not mention this lady, except to say that a lady friend of Mr. Yeaton's had helped him with the birthday party.) She has a movie camera and Uncle A. is very anxious for her to get some pictures of me and my surroundings (She couldn't take pictures of my surroundings very well in Hongkong, I think.) She knew I might not feel able to afford the expense of the trip to H.K. but felt sure that Uncle A. would take care of that. (Not hearing from Uncle Arthur direct in regard to this matter, I scarcely see how I could take it for granted!) I really am very curious but I can't manage to see the lady, I'm afraid. I wonder whether Uncle George will remember having met the lady?

Exams are on, and on with a flourish. The graduates, poor things, have to take three complete sets of examinations; they have the regular school finals, a special test in preparation for the government exams, and the government exams themselves. They began the business earlier than the other students did, of course, and the whole affair will be finished. I have really culled some valuable information, especially from my English Conversation papers.

"There are six ways of traveling; motocar, ford, bus, packard, dougl." Ask Uncle George if he ever had one of that last mentioned kind. It is an easy-riding kind, but we don't usually spell it that way!

"When my friend's wedding is over I say best wishes to the bride and you are graduated to the bridegroom ". ..........! Get that?

A letter from Mrs. Nelson of Newport, R.I., says, "You'll be interested to learn that one of our dearest church girls, almost like our own, is now the minister's wife in S. Berwick, Me. She speaks so lovingly of your mother and father, whom they've missed this winter, but were glad they could be with your brother on the cape, I think she said) where the cold was not so severe."

One from Gladys Paul says, "I don't suppose your father and mother will be in South Berwick this summer. I shall go over and investigate anyway."

I have been a sinner about writing lately. Please forgive.

Love, Able
Dear Ones:

I have my typewriter out - have just been finishing up a report that some one else was supposed to finish a long time ago! So I'd better tap off a little howdy to you people before I close up the machine and go to doing something else.

This is what people call vacation. I am certainly thankful I did not have to go to school today. I seem to have plenty without. I wrapped up a handkerchief this morning for Edna to take down to Hongkong to give to the woman from Salem Oregon who wanted me to come down to see her and who offered to take anything I might want to send to Uncle Arthur. Then I wrapped up a little handkerchief for Elsie's birthday which comes while they are away on vacation. Then I was interviewed by the committee of the Young people who are getting ready to hold their annual summer school for the illiterate children, gave them my contribution and also about sixty pencils for them to use.

After that I started on the report on Woman's Work (mentioned above) but was interrupted by a student whose cousin has gone crazy and who came to see about borrowing a room down in the Rest House for her to live in for a while. His brother was crazy a few months last year and had that room. The property committee members are the ones to decide this matter, not I, but I am the boy's teacher, and the girl was formerly my student, and I am glad to do what I can to help them out in this time of distress.

Now the report is finished and sent to the office, and I am dashing this off to you. I must hurry, for I have a dress still to cut out this morning, so that Mai Che can sew on it while I am off this afternoon. Today the meetings of the Ling Tong Union Missionary Societies are scheduled to convene, afternoon and evening. I don't have anything to do except to use my eyes are ears and make as good a report as I can to Edith, who has already gone to Kuling, to be there in time for Religious Education Conference. She is the Woman's Worker for this field and she has to report to the board.

I suppose Marguerite will be down from Kityang today but I am not sure. The meetings of the Christian Workers Retreat begin tomorrow night and I have forgotten just how long those meetings go on; right up until the convention begins, I think. I leave for Kuling the day after the convention closes, if I have remembered right! And sandwiched in between, I have choir rehearsals to get the singers started on their songs for the summer. They are undertaking a special song for every Sunday, just as they did last Summer.

It is raining! We thought we had a very brief rainy season some weeks ago, but the real rains are coming down now. The hill opposite our house had all its trees cut down last spring and in consequence the whole hillside is rapidly washing down into the reservoir. I wish you could see the view from our veranda when the torrents are pelting hardest. Is it a sight worth remembering.

Much love to you.

Atte.

Swatow, China
July 8, 1935
Dear Ones,

We are right in the middle of Retreat and Convention. The Retreat ends tomorrow noon and Convention begins tomorrow night, and we have a long long Divisional Committee tomorrow afternoon. We had a Woman's Committee meeting yesterday. We must get things pretty well done up for the Summit - I'm going to stay away immediately. Several of us are away immediately. Kenneth, Margarettes, three of us. I'm leaving for Siu-Liang that very day. I'm leaving for Siu-Liang that very day.

If I thought I was going to have a breathing space with extra time to get extra things done these ten days between July 8 and July 18 I was very greatly mistaken. Entertainment Committee business is no small task.
and there were one or two rather bad hitches this time — the choir has been trying to get ready for the summer and we have been getting new members and need extra practices — I had to take Evide's place in a Young People's Work discussion at the last minute — doing it actually wasn't so bad but I thought I hadn't time to prepare a speech in Chinese and so I nearly went up in smoke over it! The whole company divided into three groups Sunday School, Young People's Work, and Training New Church Members; and I had the Y.P. Tang Sin Hn and I had the Y.P. group. The first day she introduced the subject — the second day I led the discussion — and it was very interesting — then we presented suggestions to the Committee to adopt — such as having a Y.P. Society in every church where possible, buying material which would help the
pastors to know how to lead the Y.P. - by vuing talks to Y.P. to read - having a conference for Y.P. - having a leader-training class once a year - having a movement towards getting the teachers in the schools to pay more attention to leadership of Y.P., etc. - People said that our group made concrete suggestions than made more concrete suggestions than the other groups - but I don't know whether it will go any farther than that or not.

The Luiy children are home from college - (3 of them) and other students are coming back to. They keep coming to call. One girl called coming to call Friday from Annoy University. She goes to Shanghai for a conference, then goes to work in the Y.W.C.A. at Hongkong. It is a joy to see these young people coming along so beautifully.
That word "joy" makes me laugh a little, because this last week especially until the Y. P. business was over, it did seem as though everything in the world almost went wrong! It is the worst "depression" I've had - except when we had the big trouble that I have had for a long time - I know I was tired - and the physical condition does have so much effect on the mental! But the world looks rosier now, and I'm not going to worry if I can't get all done that I planned to do before going away for the summer! I must take my bunch of unanswered letters with me, however.

Then maybe - maybe when I get to Tbilisi I can sit down and write to you leisurely.
without scrawling all over the page—don’t you hate to read my scribbling when it looks so terribly like her’s thanks? I should think you would—

Clara Leach is staying with us over the week-end. She and Marguerite are taking turns coming to the meetings. Marguerite was down last week and then went back and Clara came down; Clara goes up Tuesday, Marguerite comes back Wednesday and we leave for Nulian Thursday.

So it goes!

I’d better quit now—and ask about getting a few of my letters together. The trouble with me is that I try to do too many things; I am starting two girls on patchwork—I’m trying to get some work ready for Mai Chee to do while I’m gone—I’m getting
some language study notes ready for a student to type while I'm gone (so that Genera Yoe, our new doctor who is coming, and Carl Lapen, who comes out this fall) can have them to use in studying the language. I'm getting songs ready for a student to copy while I'm gone and I'm trying to make a new dress and make over an old one before I go away and there are seven periods of meetings to attend each day: 8-9:30; 9:45-10:30; 10:30-11:30; 2-4; 4:15-5:30; 7:30-9:30. Many times they run over time, too. I just can't seem to get all these things done somehow. Women's Committee notes must be written up; Contracts made for girls borrowing from Johnson Loan Fund. Heigh ho! Love to you, Addie.
On Board S.S. Yaman
July 19, 1933—

Dearest Sue:

It is about 7:30 a.m. and my cabin windows (port holes, I should say) are closed for the washing of the decks - I can't go on deck because they are washing the deck - and as I'm sitting in the A Class lounge trying to write this little scribble to you. If A class passengers come along maybe I'll be invited to withdraw! Anyhow, another passenger (I suppose, B class along with me, since she sat in the dining salon downstairs with us last night) is also sitting here - and so if I get onsted, I suppose she will too! The weather is pretty hot - and my cabin is on the sunny side of the ship (not the breeze side) this a.m. I've just looked up at the clock.
and see that it is 8:00 instead of 7:30. That is good news — we have breakfast at 8:30 and I didn’t much like the idea of waiting around until 9 for a whole hour before eating — I have had an apple, a glass of water, and two soda crackers already — and they staved off the pangs of hunger so that I can manage in a little while longer — but on a shipboard one gets hungry. In the winter time it is easier to stay in one’s cabin, but hot weather is different —

I have just finished a very strenuous convention — I took notes in Edith Traver who has gone to Nanking, and I shall write to Ruling, and I shall write to you after I get to Nanking — and I shall write them up after I get to Nanking —

They will be full of names that you don’t know, but Dif sends a copy to you anyway. The report won’t show all the strenousity, but it will give an idea of how —
Things went.

It is now 4:30 p.m. and our steamer is just coming in sight of Sharp Peak, near the entrance of the way to Forbidden — we have & go up to Pagoda Anchorage — and it took very much as though we will get there tonight — I am glad, for that means we should get up the mountain tomorrow before the sun is too hot.

This has been a lazy day — I took a little walk on the deck before breakfast and another after breakfast — then lay down until noon — I didn't sleep — but I did rest. After lunch I came right in and lay down again, thinking I would do some reading — but I dropped off and didn't wake up until just about tea time at 4 —

My things are all packed, and all I have to do now is finish up this letter.
address the envelope and stick this tablet on which I'm writing in my suitcase. Oh yes, I mustn't forget to take down my washcloth which I have pinned to the electric fan to get it dry. Then I'm ready.

The boat is shifting around now so that the sun is coming into the cabin again. Pretty hot. I wonder what the temperature is — it was 90° yesterday at Hakkaich — that is fairly hot for the seaside.

The cabins on this ship are very comfortable, though, and clean. Marguerite and I were to have been together but a little Hakka girl is with us, and three in a cabin is really too many. Marguerite thought that was a colder cabin and so all three of us could stay in it, but I couldn't see the sense in that, so I moved out. I enjoy a cabin to myself somehow! You have things all your own way then. Am I selfish — or what?
Already I have begun to make a list of things I must do when I get to Peking. I am definitely planning one hour of Mandarin each morning. Whether I'll get more than that, I don't know. They have put me down for the advanced class but if that is too hard I may have to take some second year work also. Dr. Geneva Hye will begin her work this fall. Carl Capen will be here too, but of course they cannot study together. For Carl has the background and tone foundation already. How much use the notes will be to him, I don't know. How good they will be anyway I don't know. I have been through the first book, writing down each character as it appears.
The first time and then the romanized + English — with combinations of the various characters. One of the girls is typing the sheets and writing the character — I have brought a good part of the first book's notes with me and want to revise them and get Kenneth to look them over, while we are up here at Kuling — send them back & the girl and have her retype them if necessary — it's a good sized job.

12 P.M. the same night! We got in after all, about 6, but the launch didn't come after us until 8 — and we had trouble with cooies — Mr. Henry Lacey met us — and he and Kenneth had to carry some of the luggage on their shoulders part way — how we are settled for the night — and we leave early in the morning — It has been 93 - 92 - 94 - 94 - 95 - 94 in temperature for several days and it is hot. Good night and good luck.
dear one,

7:40 a.m. Sunday morning - and I'm up here on the cool mountain after a very hot trip from Swatow, up through Foochow, where it is several degrees hotter than in Swatow - the last days before leaving Swatow were hectic ones, and I got very tired. The day before we sailed I suddenly realized, sitting in the convention meeting, at 4 p.m., that I had not packed so much as one handkerchief, and I had to be ready to leave the next noon! So I got someone else to take notes, and I rushed home and packed. I had not got out of the meeting before I realized that I was far too tired to sit there one minute longer. I got home and had a cup of tea, which helped establish a little steadier equilibrium - and between 4 and 6:30 I made progress. At six I went to a final choir rehearsal - then back home to supper, then open a meeting again. After we got home I did some more packing, then I washed my hair in the two small hours! That's just a sample of the rush - I didn't know whether I could get ready or not, but I did even though several belts and other accessories are still in Swatow. I find I do have a toothbrush, comb, and some writing paper, however!

Now I'm up here in the cool, with no committee meetings to attend, no choir to direct, and nothing at present to hurry or worry about! I don't know how long it can last
Coming through Yokohama were very fortunate, though I feel that we impressed upon people right and left, Bishop and Mrs. Gowdy left for Peking on the "Junmai" and Henry Lacey came down to the steamer with them. Miss Plumb at Tai-Main, who was expecting us, had arranged with him to meet us, and he just did everything for us, even carrying some of the heavy baskets of luggage up the long steep path from the jetty to the street - on his shoulder - when the carry men made trouble and began to fight about who should carry the luggage. He and Kenneth carried and the baggage that distance for us. It was eleven o'clock at night - thermometers about 90° at that very moment - I feel so guilty to think of his doing that for us. Then he took us in his car up to Tai-Main, where Miss Plumb was waiting for us. Kenneth stayed with Mr. Lacey and Marguerite & little Grace Sue from Hops (coming up here to college) & I stayed at Tai-Main. Miss Plumb got up the next a.m. and called us at 5:30. I had to repack some of my baggage, for one of the pieces was too heavy. I went downstairs and did that before I dressed, knowing that struggling with straps and locks etc. would get me all in a tangle & I should need a bath just the same, whether I had already had one or not. I managed very well - got repacked, & my
bath taken and clothes on in plenty of time for breakfast at 6.30. We left by auto about 7 and at just 8 a.m. we were leaving the foot of the mountain with our carriages of baggage. Kenneth walked up the mountain but I didn’t feel equal to that. It was worth 1.50 m to be carried up! Got here about 10 and Pearl had a cup of tea waiting for me. My— it is good to be here!

The household at present consists of Ellen Saffern who is doing the housekeeping (at present) and who is Pearl’s close friend; Sylvia Aldrich—another Methodist girl who is a teacher, and I. Two others are coming later—Ellen and Pearl room together. Sylvia is to have a roommate later on and have a room all to herself (separate toilet and washroom all to myself) as long as I’m here. It is a lovely little room with the sun coming in in the morning (when I’m out here on the porch working or away at mandarin class) and cool and restful in the afternoon when I want to lie down or loaf around. It bids fair to be very restful.

Ellen and Pearl went to the tennis court yesterday afternoon after tea, and Sylvia to the library, while I stayed at home and unpacked my things and took my time about arranging things just as I want them. I have a desk with
a big drawer and many pigeonholes, and
a bureau with three drawers, a bamboo
pole strung up to hang my dresses on—and plenty of pegs and shelves in the
bathroom. Pearl brought bed, bedding
basin, pitchers, towels and even washcloths
for me—which makes it so much easier
for me. I had only one carry coming up
the mountain—big straw suitcase (20") on
one end and my small suitcase, leather traveling
bag, and typewriter on the other end. It
was a little overweight but all I had
to pay was 60¢ for the man to bring it
all the way up the mountain. (I think prices
are cheaper here than in Seward.) We were
fortunate that it didn't rain coming up.
I was afraid, on account of my typewriter,
but I took the risk and was lucky.
I tried to choose the most comfortable
dresses I own to wear coming up the
mountain for I knew it might be hot.
When I got in the chair, however, I discovered
something that I had not reckoned on—the
glass buttons on the back of my dress
caught in the rattan of the chair as
well as dug into my back! I had Kenneth's
coat, however, and that put behind me
made a great deal of difference.

At the present moment (10:35 a.m.)
I'm sitting on the shady porch in the most delightful breeze. The outlook is a cozy little yard enclosed by a stone wall, with many pine trees beyond — and the green of mountain beyond them. From where I sit I can look down into a deep valley on the right, and I can see the roof of a cottage on a little lower level than this at the left — we can see into no neighbors' houses and no neighbors can look down into our house. Sylvia has gone to a Bible class and Pearl and Ellen are in their room reading and resting — A cricket is humming in the distance and I can hear passing footsteps and voices now and then — but nothing to disturb or bother. Doesn't it sound really restful? The mail-man has just come, with American mail for everybody but me — I can't expect any just yet. What probably reached Swatow yesterday may possibly come up on yesterday's steamer, and get to Foochow Tuesday and up here Wednesday but I think it is more likely to leave Swatow Wednesday and get up here Saturday.

We are living off the fat of the land — yesterday morning we had fresh peaches for breakfast; yesterday noon pork, squarebird string beans and peach pie, and that night...
good New England baked beans and brown bread. Ellen says if I lose weight this summer she will charge me double board, and if I neither lose nor gain she will charge triple board! Since I can't afford anything like that, there is only one thing left for me to do, and if I continue to have as good an appetite as I have had the first few days, I believe there will not be much difficulty.

Well, will this do for the first of my Virginia epistles? It was only yesterday, I believe, that I was wishing in time to sit down and spin out a long scrawl. Well, here it is, though I'm not sure it is worth very much. It has done me good to sit here and write it, anyway. I hope you are both well - and the others too. I wonder whether Gladys and Paul have been over to see you yet?

Much love to you.

Your, Abbie
Dearest Ones,

Two days after I got here your first letter to Kuliang arrived. I say first, because now I am hoping for another one. I rather smiled when I read that you did hope I would say in my next letter the right number of the cottage for I know that I didn't tell you. Pearl wrote it in one letter but I mislaid the letter and never did find it. I wrote to her for it again and got it just in time to know that cottage to come to when I got here! But it doesn't matter, except that you were perhaps worried. Any mail coming to Kuliang for me will reach me here.

Today and yesterday we have been in the grips of a typhoon, so rather - all day yesterday we knew it was coming, and were watching the barometer go down. Last night right after supper the wind and rain started in. None of us got much sleep because we didn't know how much more violent things would get. My room had no leaks, but at 5:30 this morning I fairly bounced off my bed when the string holding the
pole on which all my clothes were hung came down with a sudden crack! The barn was done, however, and I picked up my clothes, hanging them on the bed frame and cleaned back into my nest. When we got out & breakfast we found the barometer beginning to rise. The dining room, kitchen, servants' quarters were all a-drip and we had to move into one of the bedrooms for breakfast.

This afternoon the gusts are coming less frequently, and the sky is brighter. Sylvia and I went to the library to change a book—it's a very short walk but I know it did me good to get out. We don't know how much damage has been done but a number of trees are down near here, and this is a fairly sheltered place.

This morning I didn't accomplish very much, though I did work. We didn't go to mandarin class, for we knew the teacher could not get out in such a storm. So I stayed at home and began the typing of the notes of Convention. I got only 32 pages done—but that is a beginning. I also finished a letter to Emily, the first in several weeks.

In my last letter did I mention the Oxford Group? Do you read or hear much about it? And what is your impression?
There is a fairly strong movement along that line in the Foothow area. The meetings began shortly before I came to Kuliang two years ago. When I was here then I was in Bishop Hind’s group - the old group, they say, of several on the mountain, that got any degree of help from the meetings. I enjoyed them very much. Since then a Mr. & Mrs. Williams have come back from England and they are on fire in the business. Group teams have been started in several places, and amazing reports come of bad situations improved and of lives radically changed. Generally speaking, there is whole-hearted approval and linking up with the group and its methods, or there is a scornful disdain or pitying contempt for it. What they are after, however, is the victorious life and who of us does not want that? Last week I went to three days of their meeting - Maul Martin of the E.P. Mission in Swatow is very much interested and wanted me to go - I wasn't terribly keen on it because I cannot agree with them on some points. Still, the meeting were very helpful in some respects. Maul is anxious to start a group
I Swatow and I know that she looks to me to get the thing started. I cannot be sure that it is the kind of thing, though, that will suit our need. I can't go into this sort of thing unless I can go into it honestly. So!

Mrs. Williams has a rather magnetic personality and I don't want to be deceived into thinking that I've got something real if it is only a shadow. The group's great emphasis is on guidance and sharing. Being guided by God is something which strikes many of them as an entirely new idea— but it doesn't strike me that way. Sharing is a different matter. With them, deep sharing is an exchange of confessions, two women or two men bearing to each other the deepest experiences of their lives— sins committed, punishments, teaching received, etc. Ordinary sharing is witnessing before many what God's power has accomplished.

In regard to guidance, I believe in it thoroughly and I have witness to give. But I stick at the point of: God has given me guidance that you are to do such and such a thing. That may be all right in theory but it won't work! Unless it is by aid of the domination of the stronger personality.
In regard to sharing - I cannot see the benefit in that unless it is very carefully exercised and is utterly spontaneous, rather than mechanical. There are often points I am sticking on too - the girls here in this house have no use for the groups. They know my attitude of wanting to do the thing that is right, but of honest don't go to whether this is the right way for me, (or for us in Swatow). We don't talk about it much.

Now for the next chapter! (That was merely background.)

The day after the "School of Life" meetings closed I received the following letter:

"Dear Miss Sanderson,

It has come to me in quiet time this morning to write to you in case you have been guided by God to act on something that was said yesterday.

It was suggested that all of us, who had not done so, should have our 'sin account audited', an extraordinary idea to many of us Christians. And yet this sharing has been to many of us the first step into an entirely new life: it has increased our usefulness to God beyond all that we ever dreamed, and set our feet on a new path."
"We are absolute strangers, so God has told me to write and open the path in case He wants you to use it, that you may know (if I can be of any use to one who has probably lived for closer to God than I) — I'm here.

It will sound odd to you perhaps that before God told me to write, He gave love for you — but there is no pushing about this: the letter needs no answer, the love is just there, so I had to let you know His message.

That was all.

In His wonderful fellowship

Betty Williams"

When the letter first came I had the feelings — "Well, I'm not surprised" — "She wants to work on me to get a Swallow group started." She feels attracted to me in some way — and various other unrelated thoughts. And I rather shanked from talking with her at all. Then it occurred to me that I had no reason for shrinking from her or fearing that it would be trapped into doing some thing I didn't honestly think was the best thing — so long as in everything I was seeking God's will. So after one day's waiting and meditating on the matter, I wrote the following answer, trying to respond as freely as I could honestly, as that also
Could not feel I was putting barriers up to prevent her helping me:

"Dear Betty Williams,

God cannot have guided you to write to me yesterday, I am sure, without some loving purpose. I think no one but God knows how earnestly I long to have my life one of greater usefulness, and I should be ungrateful and foolish indeed not to accept help which you can give me.

Will you let me know whether I may come to see you, and when? I am usually free in the morning after nine-thirty.

Sincerely yours,

I took the note to her house; she was there and made an appointment with me for Wednesday a.m. at her house. It will be easier for me to go to her house, for it will cause less comment than for her to come here. Wednesday is to-morrow - I find myself wondering whether the storm will be so hard that I can't go - I don't think it will be. And I am wondering very much what it will all come to. I don't feel any impulse to 'share' anything with Betty Williams, unless it be a feeling of envy of her being so wonderfully used, to help people.

We shall see!

Love to you, Ethie"
Dear Mother,

If you have received my letter telling of my impending interview with Betty Williams, I can imagine you are interested to know what this next letter will say.

Well, there isn't much to say, after all. The talk I had with B. N. and another later with Maude Martin were very helpful to me in some ways. I have discovered, however, that by protesting that I have used some of their methods for a long time, and that many of them are not different from what I have been taught from childhood,
I have been but condemning myself as an insufferable Pharis. So I decided that was the wrong attitude. Betty said a good deal about guidance and surrender, all of which I thoroughly believe. I told her I couldn't see that Oxford group methods were just what we need in Swatow. Then she said "That isn't your problem; you don't have to decide whether there is to be an Oxford group in Swatow." I felt somewhat relieved to hear her say that but what I now think she meant was that it was for me to get deeper than that and see what there was in my life that
She didn't say it - but I'm sure she meant it. And of course she is dead right.

I have come to the point now - I have done a good deal of thinking since I came up here - these few days - where I believe I can say, "If the Lord wants an Oxford Group in Swatow - who am I to hinder? If He wants me to help in it, who am I to disobey?" If He wants me to share the deep sins and dark spots of my life in the sake of helping someone in desperate need, who am I to say "No"? But I certainly feel I'd have to have very clear leading on that last
The "Groupers" stress one thing which is good-early morning meditation and Bible reading and "listening" for a verse that is to give help all through the day. Some of them call it their "meaty bone"-the more you chew on it the more goodness you get out of it. I have been trying to "listen" in this way for the last few mornings, and I've had some pretty good verses.

"Blessed are those who feel their spiritual need for the kingdom of heaven belongs to them." "Blessed are the humble-minded." "You must make his kingdom and uprightness before him, your greatest care." "Do not worry about tomorrow." "Search, and you will find what you search for." "Why are you afraid? You have so little faith."
“He touched her hand, and the fever left her.” (That is the one I read this morning. I never thought of it before as a kind of promise!)

Perhaps these cool winds and breezes are as the touch of His hand to cool the fevers of impatience and dissatisfaction and worry!

We are now in our third typhoon. This is a worse rain, but a slighter flow, so far, than the others have been. Telegrams have predicted that its height would be reached Monday—but the flow usually comes first and the rain later. We are having the rain already and as we hope that the wind
won't get any higher. But—
I dunno!

Better let this go for this
time—and write letters to
Mabelle, Louise Campbell, and the
Capens, who will be starting back
for China very soon—

Much love to you,

Abbie—
August 9, 1935

Dearest One,

I am reading in the July 4 issue of the Christian Advocate about Miss Mabel Hartford of Dover, New Hampshire, for forty years a missionary of the Methodist Board, in the Foochow region, South China.

Do you or any of the others know her? She retired in 1927 and is now living at Dover, active in St. John's church.

According to the report in this paper, she didsplendid
work in Foochow, Kutien, and Yenping. I know people in all three places. Alice Milcox, nurse in Foochow, is the one who lent me the paper. Miss Hartford must have been a missionary who accomplished a great deal—who had dreams and made them come true. She went to China in 1887, so she cannot be young in years now. The closing sentence of the article however, says of her, "She has the secret of youth eternal."

I am meeting this summer many people whom she must know well. We had a tea party here this
afternoon at which the birthdays of Mabel Davis, Edna Jones, and Sylvia Aldrich (as well as that of a new Dr. Zucker) were celebrated. 

Miss Frimble, Miss Mann, Miss Ruby Sia, Dr. Li, Miss Abel, 

Mrs. Carson, Blanche Apple, 

Virginia Bachman Winter, and 

others whom she would know 

were present.

You may not ever have a chance to see her, but if you should, you could tell her your daughter is almost half Methodist this year, living in a Methodist Cottage and meeting many Methodist people—

and enjoying it very much—
This week has seen me "traveling" along a road that a week ago I did not expect to "travel" on. On Tuesday I was invited to lunch with the Williams (and Maude Martin & one other girl staying at their house). I had expected to have a good talk with Maude, but at the close of lunch, Mrs. W. said "you girls go and take your naps & Abbi and I will entertain ourselves." I had expected to have a good talk with Maude. But again I thought, if God is really guiding Betty Williams, who am I to say no - ? etc. So Betty and I talked.
I guess she thinks I am a tough nut to crack! After a half hour or so of questions on my past, she said "she don't seem to be getting anywhere very fast. You be quiet now for a few moments and let God tell you whether He wants you to share now or not." She left me a few minutes - I was willing to "play the game" as well as I could, so I honestly "listened hard" and what I heard was this: "If you don't share now you'll have to later. Don't hedge." And I thought, if this is the right way,
may be sorry later that I haven't done it, and if it is unnecessary, no harm will be done.

The thing is, to share as God puts it into your heart to do, on the four points of absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love—and surrender all your thoughts, words, deeds, worries, everything, to God, trusting wholly in Him to guide your life. We didn't finish that day, and I went again on Thursday. We had very frank talks indeed—and prayers of surrender at the close.

I think there is something fundamentally different between
my point of view and Betty Williams'. I truly believe that she "saw the light" regarding this new way of life at the same time she truly became a Christian. Whether she thinks the same change has come to me now or not, I don't know—but I honestly can't feel that my experience this last week was the same as hers of two years ago at an Oxford House Party when she surrendered her life to God—

I was rather troubled at first, rebelliously thinking, "I'm doing all this because Betty Williams thinks I ought to—and why do I have to follow Betty?"
Williams' guidance? Then the answer came quite clearly, "you don't have to; you have to follow God's guidance; stop fussing!"

A note received from Betty yesterday indicates that she thinks I ought to begin by "winning" the others in my house here on Kulaang who are not yet "changed." They do not approve of B.W. nor of the Oxford group methods and my "guiding" is that witness I give must be silent rather than spoken. I think more help would be given if they could see in me a life that is lived close to God than as if I should tell them "My life has been changed in..."
as many words - I do not feel confident, as B. W. does, that this
is the right and only method for everybody! And I believe God wants
us to use all the training, and tact, and judgement, and trains He has
given us, however poor they be, in addition to His guidance - She
thinks we must learn to ignore what our trains of judgment tell
us is reasonable -

So, I'm very grateful for all
the help she can give me -
yet I think we cannot go all the
way along the same line of
struggle - I think our religion
must be a sane one - and I
don't mean safe and sane.
by that, for I do believe in
Taking big notes for God!
I'd better not ramble on too much or you'll begin to think I'm cracked!
Clara Leach is supposed to come to Kubang to-morrow—and Marguerite goes down on Wednesday. I'm staying till about the end of the month.
I'm enjoying Mandarin tremendously—and just wish I could have a whole lot more of it.
We have had five or six typhoons all in a row and are just beginning to have sunny weather now. It is good to get things out in the sun and get that mildewed smell out of them!
I have a good many letters
to write and I’m sorry to say I am not getting them done very fast — I shall spend up the last two weeks I’m here, I suppose!

Much love to yu.

Abbie

Abbie Milcox said I might have the clipping about Miss Hartford, so here it is —
The Methodist Woman

Y
erars ago in old St. John's Church,
Dover, N. H., Clara Cushman was
telling her missionary experiences to
an assembly of girls. Looking intently into
the earnest young faces before her she con-
cluded with slow emphasis: “This great St.
John's Church with so many girls, surely,
one of them ought to go to China.”

In the group was Mabel Hartford, a
young school teacher whose father, a Union
soldier, had died in Andersonville prison
when she was four years old. At eleven her
mother died. Brilliant, pleasing, alert, this
young teacher was not entirely satisfied
with her life. Six years before she had
listened to Clara Cushman's challenging talk
at Hedding Camp Ground. Now the mis-
sonary was looking straight into her eyes
—and she accepted the challenge.

In February, 1887, she entered the Chi-
cago Training School and in September she
sailed for China. Hers was to be a life of
pioneering, blazing new trails, particularly
in the work of education among women.

At Foochow she opened a school, which be-
came so popular that the following year
she opened another at Kutien. Three years
later she had established a Girls' Boarding
School. When adequate buildings were
needed, with characteristic energy she set
about raising funds. It was hard to make
the folks at home realize the need, but she
worked, and prayed, and trusted.

China and Japan went to war. All mis-
ionaries in country stations were ordered
to the cities for safety, and Miss Hartford
reluctantly returned to Foochow; but when
peace was declared she returned to her
post. Later at Hiu Sang, twelve miles
from her station, with eleven Anglican mis-
ionaries she planned to continue her study of the
language—but on the last day of the month, without warning, the Vege-
tarians, a bandit gang, fell upon these
defenseless people.

Miss Hartford says: “As I ran out of the
door I saw a man coming toward the house
with a trident in his hand. He yelled
‘Here is a foreign woman,’ and rushed at
me, pointing his spear at my chest. I thrust
it one side so that it only grazed my ear,
cutting the lobe—it passed to my left
shoulder tearing my waist. He threw me
to the ground and pounded me with the

handle.” A Chinese woman who tried to
intervene was brutally kicked. Then a na-
tive Christian, aided by a servant, grappled
the assailant and Miss Hartford escaped.
Only one other foreigner escaped that
massacre! The murderers were brought
to justice, many of them being delivered
up by relatives and neighbours, and be-
headed.

After a furlough year in America she re-
turned to the field, where she had the joy
of dedicating a modern school building
for women and another for girls at Kutien.
Next at Yengping, she lived in a native
house, and taught women and girls, also
visiting homes, holding meetings and set-
ing as general advisor.

Once more there were buildings needed,
and again Miss Hartford toiled tirelessly
to make her dreams come true—a building
for women, a home for missionaries, and a
building for girls crowded her labors. After
her third furlough she returned to Foochow,
this time in Yuki, where for ten years she
was the only foreign resident. When civil
war broke out her school kept open despite
boycott; her people looked to her
for protection, and when she was finally
ordered to leave with her women and girls,
the city surrendered in thirty minutes.

In 1927 Miss Hartford returned to Amer-
ica after forty years of unsolicited service,
gladly given, to her beloved China. Stand-
ing as her memorial are seven buildings,
but far greater are the Chinese leaders she
trained. Esther Ling, her adopted daugh-
ter, now carries on the work—Philip Li,
secretary of the Navy Y. M. C. A.—and
a host of others who have found the life
of Christ real because she lived among
them.

Mabel Hartford is again active in the
church of St. John's, at Dover, having
formed a Wesleyan Service Guild to interest
older girls and young women in missions.
She assists the Local W. C. T. U. as pub-
licity secretary, and every missionary activ-
ity has her whole-hearted support. She
has the secret of youth eternal.

Mabel G. Hartford

July 4, 1935
Mother dear,

Your fourth letter has arrived, and I suppose I shall not get another one from you now until I get to Swatos, unless one should happen to be forwarded from there the last of this week. Had I known that I should be staying up until the end of August I should have told you that you could send letters until July 30—but I wasn’t sure!

I am leaving Toledo for Swatos Aug. September first. Eva Acheson is staying at the University this summer instead of coming up to Tokia.
so I am planning to go down either the 30th of the 31st of August to be with her a bit before going on to Swaton.

I was delighted to hear about your visit with Idella — indeed I do remember Mrs. Cody and the meeting at her house — and of course I remember Miss Currier too. I hope Idella will write — I shall probably enjoy hearing from her even more than from Eva Owen, whose letter has already come — written 5 days before she saw you — and dictated into an Audiphone (?) machine, then typed later by her secretary (!) She praises “my” poems that I sent her — says she has asked for
credit to be given me in the
preface of the book; and my
name will therefore appear there,
beside the names of the Kings of
Italy and Sweden! I must
send you the letter, I think,
but not this trip, because this
week I must send on the
Lyndonville card which I forgot
& put in the letter last week.
It is now time for breakfast,
and I'm not dressed! — — — — —

Marguerite has gone back
to Kittyang, and Clara Leach
has come for a few weeks. She
has never been on St. Lucia
before—and I think she is
enjoying it very much already.
I haven't seen much of her—but she is near the Robert's and
she sees quite a lot of them—

This is "busy Kuling" all right.

Yesterday I was at a dinner party at Mrs. Paris—(the Swetol doctor's wife) in the morning before that I had already had a session with the tailor, who is making a little white "quasi" silk jacket (for me to wear when I need a little extra warmth in summer dresses.) Then I had a good talk with Clare Leach—then went to see Mrs. Want, to ask her about her own impression of the results of Fellowship meeting in Foochow. Then I went to Mandarin class—and from there to Mrs. Paris—At Mrs. Paris were two Anglican missionaries, two American Methodists, and Stella Wong, a teacher in Hua Nan University (formerly one of our Hakka girls)—It was
really a very nice party - I came home and dropped down to rest for about three quarters of an hour, then went to a tea party the other side of the mountain. At that party we had to do stunts after our sandwiches, muffins, strawberry jam, cake and tea had been disposed of. The enclosed slip tells what I had to do. I "rendered" the old "Hey diddle cat - the fiddle and that cow that jumped over the moo-o-o-on", the little dog laughed I thought the dish drat, to slope with a regular spoon - etc. One had to preach a sermon, another to tell his small son's latest pranks - another to tell the funniest story she
had even heard; Miss Ezzard had to "wriggle like a lizard"—two others had to sing a duet—and so on—lots of fun.

Today is just about as busy. This morning after breakfast I was writing 7–9 and Miss Hazel Chen, an American girl who is going to teach in our school in Shantung this fall, came to see me. I think I am going to like her a lot. Then I went to Mandarin. I want to write letters this afternoon, then I am going to a tea which Waneta is giving for Dr. Leach this afternoon. It is Clara's first year here.

This evening we go to a party which is a farewell to one of the mission girls (Hsinghua).
who goes home to be married this fall. They are giving her a "shower" bouquet consisting of a tea cloth and napkins and a bureau set, all tied up into a bouquet of buds and flowers wired to make them stay in place—a symphony in blue and yellow, with ferns in green—and yellow streamers at the end of which will be tied little limericks and poems on tiny rolls of paper. The people who are giving the party have been married just five years today, so they are to be feasted also—and given a carved wooden lamp stand for their living room—I'm supposed to make up a limerick now and
my mind is a blank! I'd better say goodbye to you for a bit, and get that done, and a little rest before I go to Waneta's.

Much love,

Abbie
And now for a solo dear Miss Sanderson
We've heard that to music your talents run,
Soprano or alto, take your choice,
But let us hear your melodious voice.
Dearest Ones,

Now that it is within three days of time for me to go down the mountain, I have begun to sort the letters that I ought to answer! I have been able to tear up a good many that would have been destroyed before I came. If I had had time to get at them then! Well, in this way I can make room for some of the few things I have bought up here; most of them in other people-I have been a little afraid of getting the baggage overweight-I imagine that it will be all right, however, for I have sent off a few letters, and this will be going down the mountain not coming up. The cookies are not as likely to object-and anyway-they get paid for the overweight.

But I have bought two pair of shoes-both ordered by some one else and taken back because they didn't fit. One is a rough white buckskin-good for school and general wear-the other "hand" pumps for dress-up. The white ones I forgot in Dover have just gone-these were $5.01foolhardy money which makes them just about the price of the $2 gold shoes I got in Dover. Shoes for me weigh something and also take up a lot of room-so they'll have to be
planned for - an "Atlantic Monthly" and a "Geographic Magazine" have come up here, and I'm going to read them. I'm borrowing a book from Jeanie to take down for I want to read and then all reign something. The thing I'm most afraid of is the paper and envelopes I bought up here to write letters on - expecting to send letters off, instead of taking them back to London again. Really, I believe that if I had one week longer up here right now, I could get many of these letters done - my mind wasn't settled to it, somehow.

Last Friday afternoon, Mrs. Williams invited me to her house for tea, then a meeting of a few people, then supper - and then a larger meeting. In the smaller meeting, there were nine people - and what we did was really to prepare for the evening meeting. I suppose they would call this a "matter group" the team. This team meeting was practically a number of "Quiet Times," some shorter, some longer, after each of which the thoughts which came or convictions, regarding different matters were pooled. First, the larger number of people felt that Grace Davis should be the leader. She felt at first that David Williams should be leader, but was willing to be "checked up" on that "guidance." What it amounted to was everybody's earnestly praying to be led in
The matter of who should be leader — all willing to do it if that seemed best (though some of us very reluctantly, I fear!) Then a time of “listening” for what should be the line of thought — who and how many should take part, what lines of thought stressed, etc. (Some of them had evidently been in prayer regarding who should be invited, and the list made out, invitations sent, etc.) Those who would probably come, those who might come, etc., now considered — their problems, how help might be given to them, etc. After it was decided that we should all have a part in the meeting, then came a time of “listening” for each of what each one felt God wanted him to say. Then we told each other what we felt we should say; anything that someone felt would not be helpful was talked over and thus we knew practically what the line of thought was to be. The points brought out were mainly:

1. We are getting a new idea of God, getting to know Him in a different way; now we must face the next step; how can we help others?

2. We are witnesses out here in China, expensive ones; what have we got to show for it?

3. Am I living a “surrendered” life?

4. Am I able to face trouble, sickness, death, problems, as a Christian should face things?

5. “What will Thou have me to do?”

6. “Are you the only way to keep what you receive safe?”
By the time these things were all decided it was time to have supper and we had good eats -- soup, salad, meat, vegetables, lemonade -- and a mixed fruit dessert. Soon after that was finished people began to come -- about thirty in all -- from all the denominations here, Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Lutheran, Reformed Church -- Irish, English, Scotch, Americans.

My part was a small one -- I simply told of my desire to get help, when I came up to services to help so many "down in Sivto" who are needing spiritual renewing; and of my finding my soon that I needed first to get rid of some of the things Jesus denounced most severely -- Pharisaism -- pride -- hypocrisy -- in myself! I told of reading the verse "But alas for you, ye hypocritical scribes and Pharisees, for you, look the door of the Kingdom of Heaven in men's faces, if you will neither go in yourselves nor let those enter who are trying to do so" and of feeling that it hit me pretty hard. I told of realizing that my spiritual life had been paralyzed, and of my renewed desire to follow more of some of the good impulses I have to "speak the word" instead of letting these impulses die before they healed.
more than once — I held my desire to leave off "credit-snatching". What that meeting meant to most people, I don't know — no what the critics results will be — But here is one thing, Clare Leach was then, and was rather deeply impressed. She has been talking with some of the Fellowship leaders since then, and is apparently leaning decided in that direction — I had a good talk with her today, and I have a feeling that there is possibility of much helpfulness in the fact of her having been up here to meet the same people I have met this summer — As I see it this whole movement isn't really new — it has a few different twists that are exceedingly helpful in getting some people down to hard-rock reality in religious matters — But it is the same old Gospel — made new & those who have gone stale or who have lost the "vision". I must stop — or you'll still be reading this sometime in the middle of next week!

Much, much love to you, Addie.

P.S. The very day I read the verse about "ye hypocritical scribes and Pharisees" I saw a letter in the magazine "Groups" in which a man from Burma wrote of his discovering his own great aim of Pharisaism. He was no proof because he had been graduated from the oldest Theological School in America, and had taken post graduate work at the oldest University in America — He hopes he was saved of the trouble of looking down on others supposedly less well educated — and told of this story in a renewed consecration of his life — That letter was signed W. W. Rogers!
August 29

Mother dear—

I'm going down the mountain tomorrow and since I am trying to throw away or do away with all possible stuff because the load is a very heavy one, and these things are accumulated that I want to send to you, that is what I'm doing. So this isn't a letter but will furnish you with reading
material to keep you busy for a while -

All my love & ym best
and to the other dear one!

Yours

Abbie
Hinghwa via Foochow
China.
July 20, 1935.

Dear Homeland Friends:

Announcer. CHRISTMAS is coming. What? thinking of Christmas this hot July day. Yes, not only thinking of Christmas but of that big family of children and students who are depending on us—you and me to bring them some Christmas cheer.

I should have been thinking of Christmas in June when I sent out my general patron letter. At that time it was so hot that I was thinking mostly about getting the letter off and getting to the mountain out of the heat. I am on the mountain top now. It suddenly dawned on me that I did not even mention Christmas in my general letter so I am sending this S. O. S. to you now. As I am writing I am reminded of that poem about a tree the last line which says, "For only God can make a tree". I am certain that only God could make these mountains with all their beauty...the trees, sunsets, the clouds and the quietness. The only sound as I am writing is the sleepy sound of a cicada and the drone of my machine. Words cannot describe their freshness only with the eyes and the ears can one appreciate their beauty.

It seems almost an imposition to remind you of Christmas when the papers contain so much of suffering from heat-waves, floods, and dust storms, but freely we have received freely we will give not only of our possessions but of our time in service, and above all of our prayers. Pray much that the children and the students may catch the real meaning of Christmas..."Not to be ministered unto but to minister".

Now for the Christmas reminder. MONEY preferred. That would make as exciting a title for a book as "Jungles Perferred". Don't you think so! However I am not limiting the giving to money. I am including some of the things that we can use and are very happy to have.

Hose (children's sizes 7 to 9 including half sizes.
Handkerchiefs
Pencils
Cloth lengths three and a half yards.
Balls
Tooth brushes
Soap

This is by no means a complete list but will give you an idea of the things that we can use.

STATION S. O. S. singing off.......On the air again in 1936 to express our thanks to all who respond to this signal of Distress.
Dear Friends:

The first of this year I was still not able to get about. (I am so glad that I can somewhat now!) so I was moved to the dry sunny rooms of the empty Cape House, and how I enjoyed the bright sun porch with its ferns inside and the rows of flowers outside! Many a group or individual conference was held in that room before I left it again for East View after Mrs. Worley's return to the U.S.A.

In February our Religious Education Committee held a retreat for about four days. The members invited a few others to meet with them. We lived together in two houses in a quiet place. The fellowship, the united study, the spiritual inspiration received made all resolve that we must meet again next year.

I had been asked to write a historical sketch of our South China Mission for a Chinese mission study book which is to be published in this centennial year of Baptist work in China. This took much research, but oh so much interest was found in the lives of the early missionaries and Chinese Christians! I hope the book will be an inspiration to present day Christians.

In April our Swatow association met on our compound, and local members of the Religious Education Committee were asked to prepare a demonstration for three of the periods. We presented a new rural pastor persuading his church members to do volunteer work in the church, and training them to do it; then he taught some of them in a Sunday School training class, and a model Sunday School was also presented. A good many took part in the representation, and the Chinese are born actors! But even the deacons who most opposed the innovations were won over, and all, young and old, went to work with a will. In the last period a discussion was held on the matters that had been taken up in the demonstration.

The next day I went to Kityang for three weeks' work. The women there had already started a two months' training class, and they wanted me to come and teach the more advanced classes. It is always an inspiration to teach the Kityang women. They are educated and progressive. We studied Second Corinthians, the Christian Home, methods of Christian Work, and Prayer. I had also a course in Religious Education for men and women leaders. Some of them are simply on fire. Pastor John Sung in his evangelistic meetings has promoted forty-eight volunteer evangelistic bands of Baptists and Presbyterians in that association; and the zeal of the leaders carries over into other Christian work. It was interesting on my last Sunday there to visit the Sunday School classes, and see how the teachers were trying to carry out our plans and to make the lessons become vital.

In May I led a retreat in Chaohowfu for the teachers and students of the Presbyterian Women's Bible Training School. Then Miss Kang and I went to Chaoyang for the Women's Union Missionary meeting of that association. Last year I felt that these women were rather discouraged, and this year there was to come before them the proposal of raising the whole support of a new graduate from Nanking Bible Teachers' Training School, Miss Ling; also a share in another good worker from there, Miss Grace Chen; as well as their usual share in the salary of Miss Kang. We prayed that a miracle might be done, and I felt that it was done, for they voted to take over the salary of Miss Ling if I would see to her travel money; they will go on with their share in Miss Kang's salary, but they were not yet certain about Miss Chen.

The annual Ling Tong Convention is going on now on our Swatow compound. The Women's Union Missionary meeting is just over. May all plans for the new year be of the very best! I am sorry not to be there, but am glad to be a representative at the meeting of the National Committee on Christian Religious Education which tomorrow begins its meeting in conference with Dr. Weigle of Yale.

I think often of my friends, and wish so much that I could write more. I appreciate your love and thought of me and of this work.

Sincerely yours,

Edith F. Lewis
Dear Friends in Many Places,

Just now I am in Kuliang, a place up in the mountains where I have come for a few weeks to get away from some of our six months of summer in Kityang. My desk is covered with your letters which I have been reading and greatly enjoyed—it was like having a visit with you, my host of God given friends.

There are many advantage for an upcountry person like myself occasionally to come to a place such as this. Most of the summer residents are missionaries, and although of many nationalities and denominations, we are all one great fellowship in Christ. I enjoy going to Sunday services in the English language, and attending the many helpful meetings where the problems of mission work are discussed. I wish you could hear the inspiring reports from many places, of crowded churches, souls born again, preaching bands, Bibles sold by the thousands, and countless other blessings. more than people have time to tell about.

Moreover I can get some much needed clothes made and made over, shoes made and mended and this letter printed in two days. These are conveniences we don't have in Kityang, and which far surpass Swatow. It is sort of a miniature furlough. In a few days I will go down the mountain and return to Kityang where the sick and many hospital problems are waiting for me.

Just before I came here I attended the last day of the meeting of our Ling Tong Baptist Convention when the annual report for our hospital was given. I am glad to tell you another good year was reported. The number of patients both in the hospital and in the Outpatient Department have more than doubled in these three years. Dr. Clara Leach returned last fall, and every department of the work in the hospital and church is helped by her presence. Miss Stephens now has three classes of nurses in training. Dr. Louise Wu joined our staff last year and Dr. T. H. Lo is still with us, both well trained Christian Chinese doctors.

The building and remodeling program as planned by our hospital trustees has continued; a nice gate house, a new kitchen, much plumbing with a man-power pump at the river and running water in some places, new screening and a small building for morgue and chapel have been added this past year. The new Isolation Hospital which is for the present used as a Nurses' Home, rebuilding the remains of the "old hospital" for a Staff House, remodeling the upstairs ward and putting an attic over it for a store room, rain troughs and cistern were reported last year. To date there has been $15,712.14 collected in this fund, and expenses keep pace with income. Most of this has come from the Chinese in Kityang, Swatow, Hongkong, Canton and Shanghai.

More and more the community look to this hospital not only for the care of the sick, but for help in other ways. The hospital leper clinic has been transferred to the Kityang County Poorhouse, the local government paying the expenses and our staff doing the work. The attendance is increasing weekly. Evangelistic messages are given as before. In fact, largely through this connection, our
Christians were asked to preach there regularly on Sundays. Our hospital is given a half page in the local newspaper once a week for articles on hygiene. Medico-legal problems of the local government are often referred to us, and wounded soldiers sent to us. The local medical profession, rather numerous but poorly trained, constantly look to us for consultation and advice. Thus both in and out of the hospital there are countless opportunities to serve and witness for Him.

I tell all these facts very prosaically, but actually these are the things we have been praying and planning for these past few years, and the Lord has heard our prayers. There is much on our hearts still for which we ask the prayers of our Chinese church, and I share these with you asking you to pray it through with us. This hospital was started before the nursing profession was started in this part of China, and patients were accompanied by some of the family who cooked for them and looked after them. Thus with its forty outside doors it is not suitable for a modern hospital with nursing service. We do not have room enough for our patients—often do not have a single empty bed—nor is there room enough for the staff or any department of the work. We are praying for a new hospital when this will be used as a nurses' home, outpatient department and service building. But there are land difficulties as well as financial ones. We need guidance as to whether to buy additional land to the south of us, or buy the school buildings as requested by their trustees, when they will build elsewhere. At present there are almost impossible situations in both propositions. Electricity seems like almost an absolute necessity, but in addition to the money needed there is the problem of land as the plant should be on the river front with a pump for running water. There is also the problem of what kind of an electric plant to buy with a view to our needs in the present, the future, day and night use, x-ray, pump and other needs. Our greatest need is for a consecrated man medical missionary to fill the big place there is for him here in the hospital, the church and the community.

Please pray that we may be guided aright in solving these physical problems of buildings and equipment. Hitherto the Lord hath led us and we believe He will continue to lead. Pray that our Board in America may be able to send a physician to fill the big need there is here for a man missionary doctor. Pray most of all that Christ's power may flow through our lives and work.

Sincerely yours in His glad service,

[Signature]