Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Folder label: AGS to family, from Swatow, with enclosed excerpts of article by Toyohiko Kagawa and circular letters from other missionaries

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Dearest One:

We had a marvelous trip from Foochow—calm as could be all the way—and never a drop of rain—it is fairly hot here, but not too hot. School began yesterday and I taught three classes right off the bat.

September 8 —

And so—! I didn’t get my letter off at all last week & my beloved family. My time has been pretty well taken up since I got back from Stilany—but I have decided that I shall accomplish more in the
long run, and stand the chance of being a better missionary, if I make it a point to go to bed earlier than I did last year, and take each day's work as it comes, trying to do what I can well, and letting the rest go. That is an ideal, anyway—and the "letting the rest go" will be as difficult as any part of it, I see very plainly. However, I've had a very happy, helpful summer, and the days since I came back have been busy—but restfully full, if you know what I mean—Some big problems loom ahead, but they don't seem so
grim and forbidding as problems often do.

One problem was that of Carl Capens's language study. The Board wanted him and his wife, then parents, as missionaries in Korea, to study Mandarin at the Peiping language school. He wanted to, and his father wanted him to. Some—a very few of us—wanted him to. A majority thought he had better come here for a year and it was so voted. But the matter was reconsidered, and the result is that Carl Capens goes to Peiping in a year. I am so glad for them! They'll get the advantages of the language school of learning how to study Chinese properly— all of the lectures etc. as well as a foundation in Mandarin, before coming down here. So that is settled temporarily.

Another problem is that of our High School Bible Classes (Sunday school). The youngsters have Bible Classes (Sunday school) meet 8:30 on 8:55, then right on to church. Now we have to go at 8:30, then 8:55, then right on to church which is not out before 11, and then those who are in the young people's society go to that meeting at 1:30 and are there until 3. It is a pretty long program! The students don't like it, and the teachers don't enjoy teaching it. For the most part, as at our faculty fellowship, once a month the teachers voted meeting on Friday night. The teachers voted to have the classes arranged at some other time than Sunday at 8:30. I am to have one class of seniors and I shall have two sessions instead of one—Tuesdays and Thursdays from 9:30.
I don't mind, really—and the matter is settled thus a little more satisfactorily to students and teachers alike. There is one thing I don't like about it, however, and that is that in the middle of the week it is hard to settle down to a "Sunday" atmosphere. It may be, however, that we need more to get the "religious" business considered an everyday affair, and not reserved for Sunday.

If I'm going to bed at 9.30, I've got to go now—

So goodbye—With love—

Athé
Dear Anna:

Where did I leave off? Arranging for music classes or getting ready for the dormitory girls’ party? Or what? Things have been going on the last few days quite with the usual hurry and bustle of the opening of school.

This week we have had a few “extras,” too. Tuesday night I invited five women teachers here to eat on the lawn—picnic supper, by colored lantern light—and later moonlight. It was very nice, though short. In two of us had to go at 8 p.m. to a school executive committee meeting up at the principal’s house. The women teachers now are all former students except the new dean (Miss Hazel Chen) whom I met at Shang— I think we are going to like her very much—Thursday night was the fall moon festival night, the 15th, when the moon is at its fullest. That night was chosen to hold the first teachers’ meeting of the year, and it was held out on the principal’s lawn—a very lovely setting, and a wonderful moon. Almost all the talking was done in mandarin—so you may be sure I was especially glad for any opportunity I have to take advantage of to study mandarin! I can understand more than I ever did before, but it is very difficult for me to speak any of it.
On Friday Louise Campbell arrived from America with Dorothy, who had been to Hong Kong to meet her, and the Bunkers, who had waited down at Chimpchow, the island where they have been vacationing, until Louise should come through. That afternoon Edna Smith and I went to Hong Kong. Beatrice gave a picnic supper to us all in her honor. We had a picnic supper and then immediately back home and faculty prayer meeting.

Last night I invited the women teachers and the girls at the dormitory to come over and play games in the evening. We strung lights out on our new lawn and had cushions on them to sit on. I hope they had a good time, but I'm not too sure of it! It had suddenly turned gold so that the ice cream which I ordered was not the most fitting in the world for refreshments.

However, we managed to keep fairly wide awake until nearly ten o'clock. But I was tired the next morning and yet there was a new Sunday School class demanding my attention. We planned at first to have the Bible class changed to another day, but couldn't find a single other hour in the
whole week except Sunday at 8.30 a.m.!

Tuesday night:
I really am ashamed that this has not been sent to you. When I was writing it Sunday night I suddenly realized that if I am to be at all stuck with myself about getting to bed early, I'd have to leave the writing of the letter until morning. Then yesterday it just didn't get written. Yesterday was Louise's birthday. I don't know whether yesterday was the dinner and had all invited Beatrice and me to the dinner and had all the missionaries come in for dessert and then music and fun afterwards.

This summer I was greatly impressed I have Betty Williams always at leisure, never too busy to help people talk their problems, no matter what they were doing. It made me wish all over they were doing. It is so easy of slipping back into the rut of rushing madly from one trivial detail to another. Perhaps something can be attained in this case it will take years of discipline!

Much love to you.

Abbie
Dear Cousin,

This is the day when Mabelle is arriving in Hongkong - we suppose! If she does arrive there, I think she will send us a telegram tomorrow and let us know whether she is coming right on up to Swatow to arrive here Saturday. If she comes right along, we shall have our little welcome tea, meetings, etc. right off on Saturday and Sunday (and get them out of the way!)

Our upstairs is at present all torn up. The cause of it all is this: During the summer I had the house boy paint my bathtub, at 2 cans of paint for 30¢ per can, instead of the usual $1 & $6 & the regular painter. The boy did a pretty good job on the bathtub - painted some of the other bathroom furniture too - but when I saw the floor I was aghast - white spots, smears and smudges all over it, and well out into the bedroom! So I had to have my bathroom floor varnished - we got a cheap man to do it, but he used a nice shiny varnish and when it was done it looked so grand that I just had to have the bedroom and study done - we decided that Mabelle's room should be done too, now before she goes into it; that left only the dining room - which was really about the worst of the lot!
So when we found that world cost only about 42. more, we had to have it done too!

Marion has been sick with dysentery and couldn't come upstairs, so I have been eating downstairs with her, except for breakfast. Enid does not come home very many times a week, so I have been the only one who has had to step from rug to rug—flying across the jar stretches or jumping them or going by way of the back veranda when I wanted to get to bathroom or bedroom! I am truly amazed to find how few of the bureaus and bookcases got moved against things with faces covered, so you couldn't open the drawers. One or two of them did, and of course these were the ones we had to open to get things out of!

The varnish is pretty well dry now and we shall try to get the house back in order today. New dining room curtains are already up and they don't look too bad for pieces snatched from the patch-bag! Along last spring we found some curtain and upholstery material in a box that was cheap, so we have those ready to go up to. I don't know that we can get it all done before Mabel gets here, but we shall be well started. There is one thing we need terribly that we haven't got and that is a covering for our living room floor. Our matting has all gone bad at once—we ripped it up and sewed it over again—and
now it really looks worse than ever - it was rough and frayed before, but now it has thorned out into a great number of ugly spots which we didn't notice before - well - we have two extra little pieces which can cover the worst spots, and the rest will just have to be endured until we can scrape something together for some kind of rug -

Marion seems better the last two days, but she doesn't talk much about being sick - and I never know just how she is -

I am getting very eager for a letter from you; didn't get one last week, though I had two the week before - As I remember to tell you how many people ask about you -- Edith Travon always, whenever she sees me - and many others very often. They are asking now what you intend to do this winter - I too, am wondering whether you will be able to manage through the cold months in the little house all by yourselves - I have an idea that you want to if you can - do that night?

Much, much love to you both -

Abbie
Dearest One,

I was very glad to get your letters yesterday - but sorry if the name "Oxford Group" worries you. I think if I could talk with you now you would agree with me that if the Lord really guided a person to say certain words to another person, it would be right for him to say those words even though in former times he might have considered it an "abomination to the Lord" to do so.

Last spring I think I should have felt ashamed to have some people - or any body! - know that I felt an interest in the way of the Group - how I feel so sure that God is using that as a Way, not the only way, to do some of his...
I walk in this world that I fear... I cannot help it if people criticize, or make fun, or call me one-sided. I know that my life as a missionary has been very far from what it ought to be. I have believed with my mind that I could be more used of God than I have been used—I have kidded myself into thinking that I was doing the best I could—whereas I know that I wasn't putting forth that extra effort to 'listen' and find out which of all the things I was doing were the things that I ought to be doing—I was 'casting all my care upon Him' and then handling every bit of it straight back into my own hands to worry about. And did I lap up every least little bit of praise that came my way?! (And how!) I'm afraid writing all those sentences in the past tense doesn't convey the right impression. If I don't believe any more than you do in what ym
call "instantaneous sanctification" - completely changed in a moment - a changed life - some people would say I still worry, the praise, as say - many things not of first importance etc.!!

But seeing some of these lacks, desiring to have them changed, and desiring that to the point of actually taking God at his word that he can and will change these if I let him, seems to be a more hopeful state of affairs than the previous state of knowing I wasn't a very good missionary and throwing the blame not only myself but on conditions in which I lived or other people - etc. etc.

If you hear of my and group that is breaking up church - you may know that there is something wrong about that group - and probably something may about the church. I believe it is very easy to go to extremes and if people try to make people wake up to the standards of honesty and purity - forget themselves, the standards of love and unselfishness, they are bound to get way off the track of what they
As I see it, the people I met this summer are dead in earnest to try to work out in daily life the principles of Jesus as laid down in the New Testament. They have been working them out, in the very same kinds of situation where I have been failing.

Ergo —

So whether a group is ever formed here or not — whether I am ever again in my life to meet with a Fellowship Group, at least a little window has been opened! The rest of the story can't be written yet, since it is still in the future —

Now — does this sound like heresy? If so, what part of it? If it does — if you please tell me — cause I feel there is a danger of my seeing one-sidedly these days — I don't want to —
I want to send you something on this subject by Nagawa, but can't get it copied for this letter—

I love you—a lot!

Ynr

Alice
Dearest Ones,

Have I mentioned the fact yet that Mabelle has arrived — and that we had a tea for her, that the Capens arrived several days before she did, and there was a tea for them? So some of my work is passed over & Mabelle and I are all right. I forgot to have a little more free time than I had before — guess I have, but I don’t seem to get many extra things done.

Today has not seemed so relished as it might have, had I not started the day with a greater heart than I have sometime done. My Sunday School class came as usual at 8.30 and following that I went to church, where Mabelle and I sang a duet “The Stranger of Galilee.” It is a beautiful song; Mabelle forgot it not with her. After church service we went to the Bungalow and sang it for Miss Holland. Then I came home and tried to finish collecting my thoughts for a task later or in the day. After dinner, did some more meditate, then went to the Y. P. meeting at 1.30, where Mr. Capen gave a fine talk to the young people. At the strike of three I saw home and got here in time to have the Daring Endavours come for their meeting. They had a welcome meeting for Mabelle last Sunday night, and a number of the older girls have joined; this was the first meeting where they have...
met in the principal purpose of having a religious meeting. They got plans under way also for handwork — looking forward to Christmas, and to making the toy animals, patchwork pillows, etc., that they made last year — just what they will do we don’t know, but at least a start has been made — I gave the girls a talk on finishing what they begin. Then after that Mabelle and I went up to see Mrs. Ling, who doesn’t get better very fast. Came back and got ready to go over to Dorothy’s for supper with her on her birthday. It was a very happy occasion for Louise got down from Kaying last night. She came down to take Mrs. Seach of Washington up to Kaying. Mrs. Seach is a former pastor’s wife who knew very well Mrs. Whitman of Kaying. She is making a good visit & South China — nearly a month in this vicinity — they are leaving Tuesday, so we were very glad to be with Louise tonight.

Much love to you.

Abbie.
Swatow, China  
October 22, 1935

Dear Ones:

At last I have copied for you the extracts from Kagawa's article. I had not intended to send you so much of it, but having jumped into it, I found that it was difficult to jump out anywhere in the middle of it, as I had expected to do. I wonder what you will think of it. It gives his attitude toward some things quite plainly. Some of the references I do not entirely understand; some of the Co-operative Movements he mentions are beyond my ken. Perhaps you have read more about them than I have.

I have written you nothing at all about the "big time" that has been going on here in Swatow for the last few weeks. We thought we were surely headed for some kind of climax, but the thing appears to have dwindled to nothing, on the outside, at least. The Japanese have been agitating to have their rice imports into Swatow, and other kinds of shipments, free of all customs duties, according to some treaty or other made at some time or other. Great discussions have been going on about it but nothing is out in the light. The Chinese have not dared to open their mouths about it, and no Chinese paper has printed anything about it. Seven Japanese men-of-war were anchored in Swatow harbor for a number of weeks.

We heard various rumors that the Japanese were demanding all the goods to come into Swatow duty free, that Swatow should cease to be a military center, that a certain good-sized portion of the best residential section of Swatow City should be ceded to them as a Japanese concession, that one hundred Japanese policemen be allowed to patrol in Swatow (in the concession only, or both in and out, not known), and that all boycott of Japanese goods, such as has been enforced spasmodically off and on, should cease at once. Which of these things were really demanded we do not know. What demands have been acceded to we do not know either, but an agreement of some sort must have been reached, for six of the seven gunboats picked themselves up one day last week and quietly moved off. That happened the very day after an English and an American gunboat came in, but whether there was any connection there, we don't know either! In fact, we seem to be pretty much in the dark about the whole thing. But we have had no fighting, and as far as we know no land has been ceded as a Japanese concession. We think there was probably yielding in the matter of paying duty.

On Wednesday our new doctor, Geneva Dye, arrived and we went out to the steamer to meet her and them in the afternoon about fifty of us attended a tea given in her honor. She is to live at Eastview with Edith Traver and Dorothy Campbell. On Friday morning I took her up the hill to give her a glimpse of our students in the assembly, then showed her around the grounds and back down to the Women's School, where she gave a chapel talk to the women. Yesterday morning we started her off in her language study. She seems like a very fine young woman.

Marion is still up at Kityang and they hope she is beginning to improve, but it is slow business. Miss Sollman is feeling marvelously better these days, but whether there can be any permanent improvement is a big question.

Much love to you,

Love,
Greetings to Groupers the World Over

by Toyohiko Kagawa

April, 1934

Early in 1931 in a classroom of Shanghai University the Christian leaders of China assembled for a Fellowship Conference. At that time I met the father of John Roots, one of the leaders of the Oxford Group Movement. John's father is Bishop of the Diocese of Hankow and exerts a great spiritual influence along the Yangtze River, as well as all over America, which he has just revisited for missionary propaganda. At that time I was happy to learn that Bishop Root's son was headed in such a good direction. And on that occasion there was another American, Dr. A.R. Kepler, the secretary of the Church of Christ in China, who was rejoicing because his son had been influenced by the movement. Not only then, but through the years of turmoil that have intervened, the Christian Fellowship, formed with Chinese friends then, has endured, and last month Dr. Kepler and these friends welcomed me again to deep, reconciling fellowship with Oxford Groupers in Shanghai, Chinese Christians who through the Group, and especially through Mrs. Millican, the wife of the Christian Literature Society secretary, had been enabled fully to forgive the recent sins of my country against them. I asked their forgiveness and through Christ we were reconciled. In the hospitable atmosphere of the home of Mr. K.S. Lee, who gives a wonderful testimony to the power of Christ to change his own life, we shed our tears together in reconciliation. I am impressed with the power of Christ to reconcile Chinese and Japanese in this time of acutest strain between them.

......

And as I have heard repeatedly from friends in Canada, the leaders of the Group Movement desire a closer relationship between the Kingdom of God Movement (in Japan) and the Group Movement. That is just what we are praying for, here in Japan. We want to link up with friends in England, Canada, and other countries in a world-wide vision of the Fellowship of the Kingdom of God, as your editor, Frank Raynor, expressed it........

When Bishop Roots came to Tokyo a year ago last autumn he brought the book, For Sinners Only, and as a result I asked three of my helpers to translate it, working at triple speed for rapid publication. Meanwhile some of the Christian women leaders of Japan were having prayer meetings at the home of Miss Shaw, praying for the coming of the Group to Japan........

By the end of 1933 quite a number of people were earnestly seeking the Group way of life. In order to help them to enter that experience, two house parties, one in English and one in Japanese, were held near Tokyo... and just at present two are being held near Osaka and Kobe. At both the Tokyo house parties the Holy Spirit made his power felt in a very special way. Many lives were changed and nearly all were greatly influenced. This was especially true of the Japanese party........ The following are quotations from letter testimonies received later:

"I feel this time meant more to me than anything I have experienced in my life. By knowing and making sure that God is alive and Christ is working now as never before, all my trouble and fear disappeared. Now I feel I can say with Paul that I can do all things by the power of God,"

"I am very thankful we went to the party. It is marvellous what a change it has made in us. We still fail a lot, but it's wonderful how we are changing........ I do want to be ready for anything that may come."
"It was a wonderful experience. . . . There were no loose ends. . . . I felt that the idea of such parties and the principles employed there were all due to an experience of God. We all surely experienced something in the fellowship, or Koinonia, which marked the early church."

Now there are social, ethical and religious reasons why the Oxford Group Movement has such power. In the faith of this group in the direct guidance of God lies the secret of the new conviction and assurance in supernaturalism that Nineteenth Century Christianity almost lost. No matter how it may be criticised, the essence of religion lies nowhere else than in this conviction of God's direct guidance. Is it not true that we have been too deferential to materialistic civilization and so have failed to emphasize the spiritual experience of God's revelation and guidance to the uttermost? It was this craving for God, this unutterable joy of the experience of the grace of God, which attracted the students of Oxford University. It was this which they grasped when they had reached the point of utter disgust with materialism. This Quiet Time method is both fully personal and fully social; it is also Oriental and scriptural. Man's very existence demands such mystical experience.

* The Groupers . . . . restore to the family, the home-unit, the warmth of spiritual fellowship which it had largely lost since the eighteenth century. As a worker in the Kingdom of God Movement I have much to learn from their manner of putting forth their utmost effort for a wandering soul. The building up of society will never come while we forget the individual. Where can you discover any result from social revolutions, without the conversion of the individual soul? I do not mean by this that there is no need for social change. It is just because there is no need for such change that I insist primarily upon the need for a genuine religious movement such as the Group Movement, centred upon the transformation of the individual. The experience of the Groupers of regeneration, and their testimony to such regeneration,- their "sharing" of Grace and of Confession,- their assurance of the Holy Spirit,- whoever wants to criticise these things, let him criticise! I am convinced that all of these Group methods are simply carrying on the eternal types of religion, and that the Groupers are paddling in the manik current of pure Christianity.

The start of the Co-operative Movement in Denmark was in the work of a Christian pastor. He was asked by a laborer, "Rev. Pastor, it is very good that you want to help us find God, but could you also tell us how to get our daily bread in this life?" Here in Japan we find these two quests coalescing, and that we as Groupers in the Society of the Friends of Jesus organize Co-operatives to solve the problem of bread for our people, we and they are enabled to find God, and not otherwise.

I ask you who are Groupers in Britain and America to remember that most of the people in the world are poor, very poor. You may be more comfortable, but even in your own countries you have millions who are unemployed now. They tell me that 85% of the population of England is urban, and 80% of that of the United States, and that millions are unemployed. So we must go out of our bourgeois groups, down, down to the lowest. We shall find God there. God dwells among the lowest of men. He sits on the dust-heap among the beggars. He stands in line with the unemployed. It was in the slums that I found God most deeply, while I lived for nearly fifteen years there. None of us will know God as fully as we might until the whole world is evangelized.
Evangelization means Emancipation! The Evangelion, the Tidings of the Jubilee, means the emancipation of every human being from spiritual, social, political, and physical oppression, according to Jesus' own manifest in the synagogue at Nazareth (Luke iv, 18). This one Greek word, Evangelion, was used by the early Christians to mean both evangelization and emancipation, concepts which we have separated nowadays. They thought they were inseparable. Since the Oxford Group Movement is distinctly a love movement, which has recovered the flavour of First Century Christianity, I ask you Groupers to carry out the Love Movement completely in action. Carry it out until you have established in all the world the seven kinds of Christian Brotherhoods which are its modern exemplification – the Co-operatives: 1) Producers, 2) Consumers, 3) Credit 4) Marketing, 5) Insurance, 6) Mutual Aid, and 7) Utility Co-operatives. Get the tariff walls abolished between nations and establish international trade agreements to make production gear and consumption, and end waste and competition. Thus you will abolish unemployment and war, and make abundant life – economic, social, political and spiritual possible for everyone. God has greatly blessed you, but you may not keep that blessing unless you share it in world-wide service. If Britain and North America will help us in our mission work in the Orient, we can carry through in the power of the Holy Spirit. My desire is to establish a concrete Christian Internationale.

England has the Consumers' Co-operatives, Denmark the Producers', and the Credit Unions were strong in Germany before the present debacle. What we need is all the seven forms fully established and interlocking, in international as well as nation-wide absorption of activities hitherto carried on by private competition in the old, cruel, wasteful, laissez-faire manner. This is what I mean by the Christian Internationale; and I believe that God will lead us up to it through the Christian Internationale of Prayer and Friendship which I proposed to the Chinese and other friends gathered in the Fellowship Conference in 1931 in the classroom of Shanghai University. That conference of Christian leaders unanimously accepted my proposal. ....... Almost immediately after that Fellowship Conference our hearts were broken by the Manchurian War and the Crucifixion of Shanghai, which happened because we had not yet been able to organize the world-conquering Christian Fellowship then aspired after in germ idea. These recent tragedies are God's stimuli through which He is guiding us to concentrate all our efforts and give our very lives if need be to its full realization. Every one can help by organizing prayer groups and Co-operatives in his own local community, and by praying for the international organization of the Co-operatives which may come partly through such world-wide movements as that of the Groups, partly through the present agencies of foreign missions. But first study thoroughly; And be sure of your guidance! I believe that guidance will come to many Groupers in this direction.

I am especially grateful to the friends in Canada who are working to bring together the Kingdom of God and the Oxford Group Movements. They are seeking to secure God's guidance, not only for the individual soul, but at the same time for corporate Christian action. Executives in big business meet in groups to seek agreement among themselves as to business policies, but they leave God out. These Christians of the Oxford Group in Canada are meeting in Groups with Jesus Christ in their midst, and seeking guidance corporately, repenting of the corporate sins of modern capitalism, aiming at corporate action in world-wide economic and social reconstruction.
See! Though they admit that they are evangelists of the individual, they swarm like locusts and attack the cities! Ninety or a hundred of them at a time attack a city with a cell system like that of the Communist organizers. They move from soul to soul in close single combat, ready to shed their last drop of blood for the extension of the Kingdom. They are indeed knights, Crusaders of the New Age. Like the people of the Ittoen religious order of Japan, they live by faith, have no possessions, and are lay religious. It is a great blessing to England that many Oxford University students have been influenced by this Movement; it is also a great contribution to world history. One feels that one's prayers for a great many years have been answered.

Ah! The Spirit of God is working!
And to the wine-bibbers,
To those drunk with lust,
To those who fall into hell,
To the would-be suicide,
They are showing clearly
That Christ is salvation.

As I read such an attractive book of testimony,
The longing steals over me
That we in Japan also
May be melted into the grace of the Universe
With these Oxford Groupers.

Shall we not save the Orient from its gloom
By sharing with them the Grace of Guidance and Confession?

(Extracts from an article in the magazine "Groups" edited by Frank Raynor, author of The Finger of God and other religious books. The aim of this little monthly magazine is printed on the cover of each issue:

"Created to promote the wider fellowship of the Spirit, which is manifesting itself in the various forms of the group Movement, this Magazine is independent of sectarian or sectional control."

In this article Kagawa, while wholeheartedly supporting and encouraging the Fellowship Movement, gives timely warning regarding some of the possible pitfalls into which Groups and Groupers are in danger of falling if they do not strive for a world-wide view. Here he shows his keen power of appraisal as well as his sympathy with the needy in the world and his spirit of true Orientalism.)
Dearest Ones on Earth:

We are a very happy family once more! Marion came back yesterday and it is awfully good to have her here again. Clara came with her, prepared to stay as long as is necessary. Marion is still very weak. She says that she blames the most of the weakness on hypodermics which were administered in the purpose of getting rid of the amoebic dysentery toxin. (She administered the most of the hypodermics herself, by the way! I can't imagine pushing one of those needles into me!)

It just happens that Enid has been sick with tonsillitis for several days, so she has been at home in bed. Then we have another guest, Miss Seeger of the Basel Mission in Nanking, a German lady, here for the purpose of studying kindergarten in a week or two, since she is planning to open one in Nanking.

So there were six of us around the table this morning at breakfast - and the conversation was slightly (!) more lively than it has been when Mabel and I were here alone.

I was greatly relieved when I received a note from Clara saying that she was coming with Marion and was going to stay long enough "to see her out of the woods."
Marion has no reserve strength to speak of at present. Still, she walked up the hill herself yesterday, from the jetty, but she was pretty well fagged afterwards. Clara has been rather planning to go to the medical conference in Canton next week, but she gave that up without the quiver of an eyelash, so to speak, when she felt that she could help here.

This is not much of a letter but I'll send it along as it is instead of waiting for time to write more—

Very very much love to you

Abie
Swanton, China

November 6, 1935

Dear Mother,

Two letters from you today! Also a letter from Velma and a letter from Lena Greene from the Odd Fellows Home in Concord, where she is matron. She was afraid of the job, but has had no trouble at all—85 people to arrange for—living arrangements for Bertha is at home alone—working.

We have been having many meetings here. Muriel Lester, of Kingsley Hall, London, has been here with a group of people and has been one of the chief speakers at Presbyterian meetings over in Swanton City.

She came over to this side once, and
spoke for a half-hour to the missionaries and then to a mixed audience in the church in the evening. I was very glad to see her and hear her, yet I have the feeling that she was not at her best in that meeting - in either meeting. She was obviously very tired, and it may be that we should not have asked her - or that she should not have come. We couldn't know that, of course.

Her co-worker, Miss Gladys Givens, happened to be here in Stratos at the same time though not in the same group. Miss Givens spoke in the church Sunday evening on the power of fear in one's life, and Monday morning at the academy on the International Voluntary Service Movement which has been rebuilding villages destroyed by the war in Europe and
is preparing to do other good deeds all over the world. People enjoyed her talks very much. She is as deeply spiritual as Miss Lester, but she was able in her talks to make people see her interest in world-wide economic problems. Miss Lester is just as interested in them, but she referred to them in such a round-about way that people didn’t get hold of what she was saying—fine though she is.

Sunday afternoon we had a treat. Mrs. Millican, wife of the Christian Literature
Society in Shanghai, I met with the group or team in the city and she came over to speak to about 25 Chinese and foreigners. She had been asked to speak on the Oxford group but she simply told of a few experiences that had come to her since she has been in that group—the last two or three years.

Everyone was delighted with the help she gave, I think. She answered the questions that had been in some people's minds—and although she did nothing that sounded like urging us to form a group here, I think what she said would help toward that end, rather than hinder.
I was so glad to have her speak of the Fellowship as a way, not the way, as some have done. People have been saying, "There is nothing new in this; it is all old.

She told of a Methodist deacon who made that kind of protest. First meeting he said, "Nothing new here; just what the Methodist have always taught." At the third meeting he decided, "Guess I was only right half right; these people have got what the Methodists used to have but have lost!"

This kind of fellowship group
may not work out here at all. But I think the nearer each one of the missionaries gets to the things that the group stands for, the better we shall find our lives getting. Being always in the attitude of desiring to yield one's whole self to God—and taking some time every day to the accomplishment of that purpose. There is nothing new, it is true—and there is nothing about which any one need to think he cannot understand. It is just trying on a little different task to do what you have always wished to do, but you get just a bit farther along with it, and really do some of the things you wish.
It seems to me I must have told you long ago - I wonder if I failed to do so! - that Marion ate Chinese food just one month, and was very glad to get back to American food again - or rather, to American style cooking. We managed to live fairly cheaply in the few months following that episode - but now that Mabelle is here again I am not sure just how things will be - She is housekeeper this month, and we are having simple enough food so far, though it is good to have a little variety.
from what we have been having
for the last year or so. Mabelle
always thinks up some good
things * to eat * , some how other
things that the rest of us forget
about. She is more "housekeeperly-
minded", I should say.

Here are some pictures which
you may enjoy squinting at.
I know you'll like them,
for I have learned from experience
that the ones I'm not in
cells with the comment "Oh, Abbi
isn't in that one "! Does
that sound egotistical - ?

In another way I think
you may not care much
for them, because they have
pretty much the same smirk
all of them! I was afraid
I shouldn't look natural, you know, if I didn't have my mouth open!

Dr. Dye is a fine little woman, we think. She has started in the language study with a will and gives every sign of doing splendid work. She is going to the hospital one hour a day to keep her hand in the medical work.

Must stop to mail this.

Love you!

Abbie
Elvie sends the enclosed.

Dearest Cues,

Day before yesterday I received two maps of Palestine—just exactly what I want to use in my Sunday School class. The day before that I received paper patterns for some toy animals from Bernice Drew of Toronto. I've already had the girls make a cat—and it is too cute for words!—The day before that I had a lovely piece of cymity from Helen Clark—I suppose it is for a Christmas present.

I am very happy to have all these things, yet they make me somewhat uncomfortable in two reasons. One reason is that they remind me that Christmas is fast approaching and that I have as yet done nothing about it. The other reason is that I am reminded of many white cross packages which
have come in the last few months (and before!) that have not yet been acknowledged. And I have that same old wish welling up again that I could, in once in my life catch up all the loose ends and begin fresh. It seems as though I should be able to get somewhere if I could only begin with a clean page - no tag ends to drag me back! But these things don't seem to be the way life is made, or the way I am made - as something! And it would seem that just at present my chief problem is how to keep myself quiet and unflustered enough to get some of those disturbing tag ends finished up — I'm going to begin now, by not rumbling on and on to you in this letter as I would like to do, but with a few things I have got to say and then getting another letter or two written.

I must write to Uncle Ollie.
He has evidently received the handkerchief I sent him by the woman who came out here, but nothing more is said about her. He is very anxious to know what he shall do with the pewter tea canister I once gave him. It doesn't really matter—but he has asked twice now—so I'd better answer and tell him to give it to some one he would like to give it to—

I'm sorry you are having so much work with preparing diets and eating them, and trying to get the proper kinds of "clean-outs," etc. I suppose there are some of the "little things" we should not allow to trouble us as much—and
yet those little things somehow are so often the things that keep us more than anything else from having a peaceful, satisfying sense of joy in living —! Lena Cushing wrote me the other day "I believe for a long time that all things do work together for good" — and I guess we have just got to keep on believing that — and living trustfully, as though we were sure it is true —

Much love

[Signature]
Coming to
me from anywhere,
folks must "go down to the
sea in ships". These brought to our
Woman's Bible Training School this year a fine
lot of young women, mostly Christians, to be trained as
servants of the King of Kings. But some who came heard the Gospel for
the first time. Each of the Personal Workers in the School is praying
definitely for these who have not yet found Christ and whom we hope will
soon accept Him. The number of baptisms this year is the largest in our
Mission's history with a number from our School. The School missionary
society, and that of the local church are having interesting monthly meetings
and each is supporting a Bible woman and contributing to the support of
the woman general evangelist for our section. The work some of our teachers
and students did this summer is a great joy. Ships took them from our island
shore to many villages. The reports at our first prayer meeting were thrilling.
Our principal's was best. Her village is 3 miles from a church and roads
were flooded by the rains which ruined most of the crops this year. Miss
Chen had classes all day and at night. Large groups which she taught Bible
stories; reading; writing; Mandarin and a little English. She used their
Ancient Hall, which the elders refused her before on the ground that
the "ancestors will not come to take the offerings if Christianity is given
here." Her family is the only Christian one there, but she hopes for many
soon and that some day they'll have a church. The joy in her face and
voice showed what it means to this girl, busy all year with her heavy
responsibilities here, but using her vacation time for work for her Lord.
Please pray for this and the work of the School and Sunday Schools and
churches in which our students have so large a part. I am very busy but
thankful to be well. With Mrs. Worley's retirement; Miss Sollman's very
serious illness, I am the only missionary in the School, where we've

1936

formerly had three. Our kindergartener, Miss
Smith helps in teaching some music and English.
Work and problems are heavy. I am so glad
I can carry as much as I am and the Chinese
staff is so loyal and willing. We are praying that another missionary may soon come to prepare
to take over the privileges we older ones must pass on as time flies. Music is in the air with
preparations for our School Christmas pageant and the Sunday School White Gift and church
music. There remain many who have never heard the "Good News"—old yet ever new.
Never has it's healing and comfort been more needed in this sick old world. May it's
joy be yours this Christmas and through 1936. — Your missionary, Elsie M. Kittlitz
Dearest Ones,

And as the days go by!
We are in the midst of getting ready
for a big musical to be held in
the church this Thursday evening.
We have been getting ready for
several weeks now—trying at the
same time to get started on
Christmas work, for there isn’t much
time after Nov. 21 to get ready
for Christmas. Second Monthly
Examination comes in between
then and Dec. 25 and spoils
several of our rehearsals—so
it behooved us to be forehanded.
For the musical our group people
are preparing a special setting
of “Nearer My God to Thee”, with all
alto and tenor duet in one place, a
bass solo in another—and a soprano
alto and tenor trio in another. The
chorus is entirely by students.
They are preparing another song “Sing,
Sing Praise” in which they’ve	
invited Dorothy and Mabelle and Beatrice.
And Mr. Liu, Mr. Copen and me to help them out on the different parts - That will be the final change of the evening and we are practicing hard to get it into shape.

Friday night we had a full practice at the church - and we tried to give thorough practice to those two songs - and also to the one which was sung today in church. Saturday night we met again for the same purpose - here at our house. The air is surely full of music these days!

Have you ever heard me say "This has been a pretty full week"? I thought I was going to get enough so that I wouldn't say that so much - but truly, there have been a lot of things this last week! See if you don't think so!

Sunday night I stayed at home and shampooed my hair. Monday the whole compound was at Edna Smith's for a farewell
supper for the Grebeeks. It was a pathetic thing to see them keeping a grip on themselves against the hard fact that they are having to leave for good. We all realized that they (especially he) were in condition to stay on longer. Building the church down in Bangkok has meant a great deal of strain—a great testing of patience and endurance—almost to great to be borne.

Tuesday night we had a great three Chinese teachers. It was a pleasant quiet evening—but even then Marion was not feeling well and the next day she was miserable and went to bed in the afternoon—malaria. She has been in bed ever since, and is just today beginning to feel more like herself.

Wednesday night was prayer meeting. Before prayer meeting we
had a rehearsal of the extra members of the chorus for next Thursday night. At prayer meeting we heard Henry Waters tell about his work in the Philippines. He is enjoying work and problems in Adolfo. He and Penn are free, you see, visiting Father and Mother at the last time — for Mr. and Mrs. Waters go home in the spring not to return. We are losing our older missionaries fast.

Thursday was my regular night at school. The hour of the evening prayer service has been changed from 6:30 to 8 (between the first and second study hours). I knew it but I forgot temporarily — and got over to school at 6:30. Two of the teachers, Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Chen, were just finishing supper so they came out and chatted with me. During the talk, we arranged to
Take walks, and study English one day, and Mandarin the next, two days a week after 4 o'clock! Well—the days seem full already—but this seemed like a good opportunity to miss—I shall hope there will be time to do other things that need to be done and get this extra in too. These two are fine girls and they could seem no end to help to the girls if they would. They do help a lot, but they could do more.

Friday afternoon I arranged my class work and went out to the steamer to see the President off. Then Clara and I went on to Sarton to do a little shopping. Came back in time to get my supper and go over to the church for practice. Then came back to one house for faculty prayer meeting. During that—
meeting there was expressed a new feeling of hope that China is somehow going to get together on the matter of opposing Japan. We don't like to think of war—but the Japanese have been acting abominably in regard to asserting rights and grabbing things here in China—and it is time some things were done about it. Never before have there been able to see much hope that the political leaders would present a united front against Japan, but just recently there seems to be a new note of getting together and really getting down to horse tactics. There is a kind of air of expectancy, not the hopeless, head-shaking dejection that we have seen so much of recently.
Saturday I went to classes in the morning and came home at noon with just time to arrange the place cards on the table for a luncheon given in honor of Dr. H. H. Luce of Hartford Seminary, who is visiting in Swatow over this weekend. Four of his former students were present—Mr. Lucbeck, Dr. J. F. of the C.P. Mission in Swatow, Enid Johnson, and R. J. S. We also invited Miss Clara Smith (Mrs. Baker's sister who has come out to live with them for a time), Dr. — Mrs. Henry Waterg, and Principal Life, who with the people already in the house made a total of twelve.

Dr. Luce is full of the idea of making the Christian message a more simple one, approaching it from a more scientific angle.
Some people will not agree with his ideas, but he has been making for more than twenty years on the problem of how to begin telling the Christian message simply, so that anyone can understand it, and scientifically, so that intellectuals, agnostics, atheists, philosophers will be helped to believe and will find themselves accepting the idea of a personal God, whom we can find through union with Christ Jesus, or as he puts it, through knowledge of Jesus.

Well — there was not very much time left after luncheon — and before long it was supper time and we had to get ready for the evening practice.

Today came S. S. and church as usual — then I came out
of Y. P. meeting early & keep
think with Clara of how we could
help Dorothy Campbell who is
having some difficulties just
now. Then I went to Dorothy's
and had a long talk with her.
She is such a fine girl -
and if she has now got on
the way to a more joyous
satisfying life of service it will
not be from any thing that I
could give her - unless it be
the encouragement that comes
from knowing that there are
one or two earthly friends who
are trying their utmost to give
sympathy and understanding.
Clara has been a real help to
her - but there are one or two
experiences Dorothy and I have
had which are so similar that
there ought to be special help
come from that fact. So troubles
will straighten out if she can get clear on her spiritual and mental attitude — so thing world for all of us, I suppose!

Clara is writing a letter — put in with this — I have read it as I know how sweet some of it will sound to the ears of a fond mother and father — you just take it all with a grain of salt, though. Clara is prejudiced, I fear — all the same — it has been good to have her here — aside from the fact that I've been tremendously relieved to have her here when Marin was getting on her feet.

Dr. Luce is speaking at the
church tonight, so I must go to hear him.

Aren't we lucky to be guests to meet Mr. and Mrs. Dan Poting? I'm looking forward to it very eagerly.

Much love to you —
and to each of the others separately!
Yakima, November
Nov. 17, 1935

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson:

Perhaps Abbie will slip in with her letter this week. It has been grand to live next room to her for three weeks. I have liked Abbie for a long time, but this year we have found so much which makes us even better friends than before. Your tall daughter is one of the mainstay of this compound. Her good sense and understanding of people and helpfulness toward her is even more evident this fall than in previous times. The talks which we had with some of the missionaries in Wulang meant a lot to both of us.

Guess new generation have let come of the things which our parents stood for. Slippity. We knew as children it was there and so but we have not bargained for the important truths enough. The fellowship which Abbie has probably written about
has brought to mind some of the essentials and shown how much fuller and richer lives can be when fully surrendered in every detail to God. The thing which perhaps has helped me as much as anything is that we need not spend undue energy worrying about our wrongs, but as I John 1:9 says our past is to confess and He will cleanse us from all. The complete surrender of self and willingness to seek and follow God's daily leading are the truths emphasized.

I have found it easier to talk with people on spiritual matters.

Marion Stephens is better now. She has had a long sickness. We hope she will stay well now all winter. There have been many pleasant things about being here this fall. I like living in Vining. Aunt and uncle are seen more often. Just these weeks we have had several noted guests from away whom it has been a privilege to meet and hear speak. Dan Rolvyng goes through Wednesday. The abstracts are entertaining even at noon while the weather is fair. Artie and I are among the guests visiting my uncle.
Nov. 17, 1935

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Sanderson:

Perhaps Abbie will stop in and visit with her letter this week. It has been agreed to live next room to hers for three weeks. I have liked Abbie for a long time, but this year we have found much which makes us even better friends than before. Your tall daughter is one of the mainstays on this compound. Her good sense and understanding of people and helpfulness toward all is even more evident this fall than in previous times. The talks which we had with some of the missionaries in Vaiulug meant a lot to both of us.

Guess our generation have let some of the things which our parents stood for slip by. We knew as children it was "there and so," but we have not emphasized the important truths enough. The fellowship which Abbie has proudly written about.
Dec. 1, 1935

Dear Ones,

Was I sick when I got two letters from you yesterday? Yes—but ashamed, too, for two weeks have gone by without my writing to you, and that is something I don't intend shall happen. What shall I do about it? Write two this week? Maybe—or maybe I'll send you an air mail letter sometime—as soon as I find out how it can be done and when the "Clipper" is traveling. I understand that the price at present is 1.00 gold U.S. to half an ounce—and if I send it Manila air mail it that will be 20% more. That would send 11 letters to you by ordinary mail and it therefore seems like quite a lot of money! The letter would take at least 15 days from here—if it had to go by way of the P. O.—and that is not enough shorter time than some of the letters go. How to persuade me to send the expensive kind to you? Maybe if I have some very thrilling news to tell you some day—but I don't expect it—at least—not the kind that would have to be written in such a hurry!
These two letters from you yesterday were very welcome ones indeed. The first told of some of father's chopping down apple trees, and useful some very swell stationery to write to me on! Black & white on the back of it — latest style, no doubt. You bet I was glad to get that letter, you bet I was glad to get that letter — paper on — even if you had taken paper on — even if you had taken — paper on! I don't get enough of your letters so that I go into great states of mind concerning what kind of paper you use. —

The second letter told of dinner —

<vis> — I was very much interested.

Of course — but I am interested too, to note a different slant of mind in myself regarding that gentleman from one previously experienced. I should like to see him now — whereas a few months ago I think I should
Have been wary about such a meeting.
I think I shall never again be so afraid about anything in the world
as I used to be—does that sound crazy? But somehow it
seems to me now that there aren't
as many things to be afraid of
as there used to be!

If Warren B. could tell me where
I could buy cheap a good second-hand car to use while on furlough,
I can see no reason why that
wouldn't be as good an idea
as it let Roy Miner help me—
Maybe pick out a new one.
He would have good opportunities to
know about bargains in cars—
I can't imagine spending
much more than $50 for
one this time, though! Some
people have got fairly decent
cars for that price, but I
don't think I'd ever be lucky
enough to make that kind of deal. We shall see, however, what we shall see!

As to the time of my furlough, that is hard to tell just at present. We have spent much time in committee and out of committee discussing the pros and cons of whether this one or that one ought to be allowed to stay over until next year — I mean, 1937 — of time who are due to go in 1936 and their name is legion!) Almost half the mission is due & have furlough in 1936 — and if they all go, somebody will have some work to do in 1936-37, and I imagine that I'll be ready for vacation when it is due. After said year is over! My furlough is naturally due late in the fall of 1937; in normal
times I should probably come home a few months earlier— in July, at the end of the school year, as I have done before. As far as I know now, that is what I hope I'll be able to do this time—but with times so hard in the Board it is difficult to know whether I'll be asked to stay over another year or not. Maybe if enough people want me I come hard enough, maybe I'll get there. It seems to me that nobody could want me to come much harder than I do—! But we can't tell anything yet. If it is the Lord's will that I'm to get home by last of July or first of August, 1937, I'll manage it, no doubt—I am quite willing to cooperate!
I have another letter to write so, much as I should like to continue my chat, I really must quit and go to that. Maybe I'll have time & begin another letter to you —

Much love,

Abbie

Pat lyde!

[lay off beans, pe, and green corn! you'd be happy if you do — they say! —]
Dearest Ones,

I am trying to think which of the things I have heard and seen lately I can best put into a letter which cannot now be called a Christmas letter but which will take the place of a Christmas letter. Maybe if I write some of them to you that will help me to decide how to write my general letter.

On Thursday afternoon at our regular woman's missionary meeting Mr. Lee, the minister of our church, spoke on this year's "Golden Word" "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." This man has an interesting family; the oldest girl is the wife of one of our academy graduates who is a teacher in the...
grammar school here; the next
daughter, just graduated from the
Academy, is our librarian; a
younger boy is a bright lad, but
he has always been a cripple
and cannot walk and run as
freely as other boys can. Not
long ago this lad was baptized.

Mr. Lee said that on the day of
his baptism he said, "Father,
can I be a preacher when I
grow up?" His father said "Yes,
I see no reason why not." He
answered, "No, I can't." "Why not?

"My legs! I can't walk and a
preacher certainly must be able
to do a great deal of walking."
His father then said, "Boy, I hope
that you will keep at your studies
and learn how to "hold a pen" (that
is, to learn the art of writing good literature)
that you will read many books which
will teach you the meaning of the
gospel, that you will learn to
know
the Bible and be able to write about the gospel. Then, when you are grown, you will have knowledge and a spiritual life of your own; you can write about it, and these books, traveling to many far places, will do just as much good as if you preached the gospel; and will reach many more people than could hear you in a church building. That is what I hope for you. The boy nodded his head; he could understand this, and it comforted him, and appealed to him —

Friday night at our faculty fellowship meeting, little Miss Christine Chen (Yang Ching Hui) was the leader. She is a quiet little person but I’m here to tell you that she has a thinking apparatus! She always protests that she can’t say much and that she hasn’t anything worth —
saying, but she threw out a subject which soon set everybody talking. Her subject Friday evening was "What is the Christian way to look at war?"

Mrs. Joan Poling when she was here recently talked about the women in America who have pledged themselves to set apart some time every Monday to pray for peace—between Italy and Abyssinia, between Japan and China—and in every part of the world. She questioned whether in the present circumstances, we ought to pray for peace—that is—to pray that war should be warded off. Japan has treated China so abominably that it is not right to stand up and say to her "You shall not"
There are things that are more precious than life — and when justice and righteousness are being violated, is it not wrong to keep quiet about it?
The subject was a provocative one and the first thing we knew, opinions, suggestions, and further questions were coming from every corner of the room. One of the teachers, Mr. Chew (about whom I wrote a tiny bit in last year’s Christmas letter) reported a conversation with some non-Christian teachers who were probing with such flings as these: "Well, you say God is all powerful; what did He make the world in such a mess? — or rather, make men with such great possibilities for evil?"
Mr. Chew wished for more wisdom than he had to give an answer that would better...
those who were asking the questions.

He felt ashamed of resentment.

He felt sorry that

Miss Lee told of questions she had heard some of the students and teachers discuss.

The general trend of which was "Why is suffering necessary?"

And of the great difficulty in finding an answer that would satisfy the inquirers.

Well! We ran over time, and still the meeting kept on. Many of the questions raised were not settled, of course, but the meeting closed with prayer, in a note of trust and confidence in God that if we would but let him fill on if we would but let him fill on, if we would, surely lives and hearts, that we would surely bring order out of what seems chaos.

Not all could agree that we must fight against war in all conditions and circumstances, but no
are all agreed that war is despicable and frightful and not to be resorted to if any other way can be found—I must quit now—and hope to write more at some other time

Much Love,

Abbie
Swatow, China,
November 15, 1934.

Dear Friends:

Merry Christmas to you!

Last year at this time I was in the Shanghai Orthopedic Hospital. I am very glad to have spent most of this year at work in and near Swatow. I haven't been able to do much walking, but my co-workers and I have gone to three important towns to hold classes.

In Chauchowfu we lived in the large church compound in the center of the city, where women from other churches came to live with us. The city women came each day, and we had classes in Bible, health, child-training, music and Christian truths. In the evenings and late afternoons, when others could come, I held classes in Sunday School methods.

At an all day's meeting for many women, they resolved to do much church visiting and to go on with their studying. Two young women, sisters, said to me when the class was over, "Pray for us, for we want to work for others in our villages." I hear that they have been doing much.

At Kitang we had more than fifty enthusiastic, intelligent women. The Bible Class, Romans, they asked to have put at an hour when all could surely attend. Of the class in child-training they said, "We have learned a great deal to help us with our own children." And they declared, "The class in Christian truth gives us just what we need in talking to our neighbors."

One woman, both earnest and poor, from a town across the river, offered one of her two rooms in which to start a Sunday School. So every Sunday afternoon some of the women and young men go there to teach the women and children of the village.

The third place is a large village; there is no more space to tell of it here; of the class of girls and young women; of the thirty women, boys and girls baptized; of the young preacher and his wife. But there is need of much prayer for them, and especially for the young men of the place. Please remember them and us.

I have worked on the Swatow compound in connection with the Religious Education Committee, and in planning for the hospital evangelistic work with the workers there.

I went to Formosa this summer. That beautiful island is near by, but I had never been there before. It seemed wonderful to walk again as much as I was able to do there, but I have been having more trouble since then. However, I hope I shall soon be going about as usual.

Please know that I think of you much, and I know and appreciate your remembrance of me.

Love and best wishes from

Edith Haver
LATE IN THE FALL,
IN-FUKTEN CHINA

Dear Friends,

Chrysanthemums and poinsettias getting ready to bloom tell me that Thanksgiving and Christmas are not far off.

This fall I have gone just once into the country. I hope soon to be able to go again for several conferences or classes of several days each with women of the churches.

Yesterday Ling Chi Mei came to see me; she is our new evangelistic worker who has been in Nanking in the Bible Teachers' Training School. Just now she is in the church at Harmonious Mountain where there is at present no pastor. As we talked, we planned for a children's meeting there each week. I was glad of books to give her, of songs and stories; she asked for games, and for a Christmas song.

More things are being done in Religious Education these days. For many years we have held classes for women throughout the country, and now classes for men are being held by teachers of our Theological Seminary in order to train volunteer Christian workers. Good Sunday School work is being stressed in many places. Many volunteer preaching bands are at work. Opportunities are good everywhere. Last year more people entered the church in our section than ever before, more than five hundred during the year.

More women's missionary societies are being formed, and they are working in many ways, and reading and giving.

Many kinds of work call ceaselessly for the Spirit of Christ in his power and love.

My heart has been very sad lately because word has come of the death of a woman whom I knew first as a lovely young girl in my first village class twenty-six years ago. She has needed and wanted an operation, but her people did not approve. She has always been friendly, but has not been interested in Christianity, for her mother-in-law and father-in-law were opposed to it.

"Perhaps," says our little Chinese doctor, Beatrice Lee, "She would have become a Christian if she could have come to the hospital."

So many have done so, for here they have time to learn and to think, and the new way of life seems good to them. I am helping the preacher and the Bible-woman to plan the teaching and classes in the hospital, and also the follow-up work.

Troubles there are in China, plenty of them. In the north is the terrible famine, caused by the river floods. Communism is still at its ruthless work in many places. Japan, against the judgment of its better men, is pushing into China with guns and drugs. It is a time of distress in many ways.

I am glad always to think of the many of you who remember us each day.

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you all

from

Edith G. Traver.

[Signature]

All good wishes to you both!
Dear Ones,

Just home from a prayer-meeting that Edna Smith led. She had a good number of Christmas cards sung - some new & some old - one by one or four people, and some by all of us - Mabelle, Dorothy, Beatrice and I sang an old French carol in the four parts. We held the meeting at the Bungalow, with Miss Solomon in the next room so that she could hear. During the meeting Mr. Waters related vividly experiences of his last week in going to the "Church Warning" thirty-year celebration of the Independent Church of Auk-Book on Na-moa Island. Very encouraging - good spirit, enthusiastic young people, etc.

We have had another treat today; Dr. Edward Hume, the founder
of "Yale in China" at Changsha, who is now on a "sympathetic investigation" tour of mission hospitals in connection with all the boards — yet with no power to do more than make people everywhere be stronger that he is as interested in their work as if it were his own. I felt so ignorant all day long. He pointed out how we ought to know the big people in our town and province more than we do; how we ought to have more connections with prominent laymen — how we ought to know more about geography, history, current happenings and trends than we do. He was at our house for dinner and among other things he said that when he went up to Chaochow from yesterday with some of the younger E. P. mission.
Aries and asked the name of the city. He couldn't find out anything further than Chao-chow, which is the old name. After floundering around in the Beiduo dialect a minute I stumbled on the Mandarin name Chao-an (or Tie-ang) and then he said I was the first one who had been able to tell him the present name of that district, a city precinct. Well that is not a record and the very proud of I. We surely ought to know a lot more than we do - I'm going to buy a map tomorrow with Mr. Honey this P.M. Well I must quit now - I have an exam next. I'll remain that ought to be made out before I go to bed. Love

Abbie
Decatur One,

I tried to begin a letter to you yesterday but there were too many things going on — and still are going on! Still, we have a few days’ vacation beginning to-morrow and if I have my wits about me I shall manage during the “stop” to get in a little rest and also to get a few tag-ends caught up — Mr. Lytton said the other day something about knowing how to rest while working. That is a secret I’d like to learn.

We do get too rushed and too tired at Christmas, and it is wrong. This year was better than some years have been — but it was far from ideal. I had your package several days before Christmas and reveled in each separate thing that it brought — fashion sheets, and all. The pink silk is lovely — I think you should have
kept it for yourself. But now that you have sent it to me I shall proceed to make it into the niftiest kind of blouse I can manage to wear with fall and winter suits. It will just take the place of the blouse I made when I was at home—with the picoted ruffle around the collar’s cuff. Do you remember that one? I have worn it and worn it. It gave but under the arms, so I took in the seams and I am still wearing it and speaking softly to it whenever I pull it on over my head. I have dipped it in a dye bath at least twice. I’m expecting it to go any minute! But this new one will take its place.

I want to write little messages, if I can, to the ones who sent me greetings and gifts. Please say thank you especially to Aunt Bertha in the name and to Aunt Fannie and Uncle George for the cards, also to...
Uncle Will's people when you see them - let try to write.

By the way - when you write tell me what Phyllis' name is. You didn't tell when she was married, but suddenly one day your letter said something about her home and her husband. Did one of your letters get lost? Who is he, and what is he doing?

I think I'll get some table linen for Clyde and Phyllis both and keep it a year, then when I bring it home it can come in duty-free. What size of tablecloth would you think they would find most useful? And do you think it is dreadful to wait so long before sending wedding presents? I hate to have people pay duty on something that
They may not care much about.
And instead of doing duty on the things myself I'd rather put in a little more and have the things nice.
What is your opinion?

I want to write a general letter soon. In fact I have begun one once, but it seemed so unsatisfactory that I did not continue to the end. In this letter I think I shall tell something about the week's various celebrations.

For me, Christmas really began long ago with music practices. But we really knew it was here Friday afternoon when the Daring Endeavorers had their happy little Christmas meeting and a sale of the things they had been making. They took in $29.10, which was clear gain since the materials for their work came from America.
Then the Young People had their Cantata Sunday evening — "the best that has been done yet," a number of people thought — it was a real accomplishment, we feel — Monday night the Young People had their own celebration — Tuesday night the Woman's School had their celebration of the church — and Wednesday night our school also celebrated in the church — with a very moving presentation of "The Two Little Orphans" — and other suitable numbers — Friday night was my turn to lead faculty prayer meeting Saturday noon the mission people were all invited to lunch at the American Consulate — Sunday afternoon we attended a musical service at Skowhegan Institute — Our Young People gave 3 of their 10 Cantata numbers again — and when we were safely home from that service — we felt that Christmas was really over — I must say a little more about
their musical service. It was beautiful at the quietest they have ever had there in the noisy heart of the city. Everything was done in music. The introduction was a piano number "Hear, My God, is Thee." Even the prayer was not spoken, but a lovely prayer-song played on the violin. All the choirs of the various churches in Swatow, both Presbyterian and Baptist, had some share in the singing. The last number on the program was with hearing, I tell you! All the choirs in Swatow (not ours, this side the bay) stood up together — some sixty or seventy — and sang an anthem "The Beautiful Land" which the various choirs had rehearsed separately and then had come together on in practice twice. It was good to hear — and well done. The amazing thing about it,
was the difference that was to be seen between the musical abilities and accomplishments in Swatow now and those of ten years ago — They couldn't have found so many singers ten years ago — and they'd have been lucky if they kept one part on the tune, to say nothing of all four together! In the past our young people here on this side have had the reputation of being the best singers in Swatow. That is no longer true, and they have got to look to their laurels! That won't hurt them any, though!

We had one day vacation only, Dec. 25, last week — but it will be better this week —
I must get this off to you — so good night — with many thanks again for the things you sent.

E. Cranska sent $5 — and E. Hussey Cirl $25 — isn’t that marvelous? 1

Good night.

Abbie