Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Folder label: AGS to family, from Swatow, with enclosed letter from AGS to Mrs. Humphreys, Baptist Foreign Mission Society

Dates: 1936 May - Aug

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Dearest Pa—

Thought you might be interested to read this letter as I made a copy—
I’m sending the picture separately—
(This letter can be read anywhere but shouldn’t be published for they may want to use some of it at the Rooms—may not though; I fairly scrambled through it because it had to be done today & it’s pretty bad, I know.)

Could you guess any of the people in the picture?

Here they are:

Back row, left to right:
- B. Linbeck
- Phoebe Yau (pres. Kakoli Church B.P.U.)
- P. Leach
- Isang Bun Jau (pastor)
- Winnie Nak Yau (secretary)

Middle row:
- Jand Chek Min (pres. Kakoli Church B.P.U.)
- David Yau (field evangelist)
- Lo Hui Cheng (kindergarten)
- Helen Hoo (evangelist)

Front row:
- Kang Yong Bue (Bible woman)
- Hia Sui Mary
- (a little man)

(More another time—)

E. C.
Swatow, China
May 4, 1936

Dear Mrs. Humphreys,

Has anyone written to you, I wonder, about the Religious Education retreat we had this spring over in Chaoyang? It was such a worthwhile meeting that you ought to hear a little about it, at least. Miss Traver reported, I am sure, on the retreat of similar nature held here in Kakishih last year. We felt that was a good one, but in several respects it was surpassed by the one this year.

The nucleus of this retreat is the Religious Education committee of the Ling Tong Convention, with the addition of a few others especially interested and connected with religious education work. The Fellowship formed this year was simply continued this year and several new names added, either by reason of election to the committee or because of special interest in or connection with this type of work.

The seventeen who appear in the photograph which I am enclosing were present at almost all sessions of the retreat, from the beginning to the end. We lived in the Grossenbach residence, the women on the upper floor and the men downstairs. We did all our own work except the carrying of the water. One was appointed to cook the vegetables, another to do the buying, another to wash the vegetables. The rest of us were divided into two groups, for the dishwashing and the sweeping. "We" washed dishes and set the tables today while "they" did the sweeping, and to-morrow the other way around. Working all together this way was really a grand way to get acquainted and it put us all on the same level as nothing else could have done.

The meetings began Friday evening, March 6, right on the heels of our annual Mission Conference and the meetings with Dr. Rushbrooke. The weather had been very cold and rainy, and some fears were entertained that it was unwise for us to go into an unheated house to live. The skies cleared, however, and no one suffered from cold or dampness. A minimum of time was needed for the election of a chairman and one or two committees, and we went at once to the business of hearing reports from the different districts in regard to various phases of work. Throughout the four days emphasis was laid — or rather time was spent in reporting progress that had been made, in discussion of how to make further and more rapid progress, and in devotionalas as the key to all the rest.

The topics for the "business" sessions will show you the trend of our thinking:

- Reports of Progress from Associations (Mr. Tang, chairman)
- Report of Lay Training Institutes (Mr. Lee Sheun Chek)
- How to Accomplish the Training of Laymen in the Whole Field (Miss Traver)
- Report of Young People's Work (Misses Sanderson, Johnson, Siu Un, Mr. Lee)
- How to Interest Preachers in Training Others (Mr. Tang)
- The Oxford Group Movement (Dr. Leach)
- Rural Reconstruction (Mr. Tshus)

The devotional services were most helpful. Miss Tang Siu Un gave the morning messages on "How to Pray"; Mr. Luebeck the evening talks on the following subjects:

- How to Read the Bible for Personal Spiritual Help
- How to Keep in Remembrance of the Presence of God
- How to Know the Will Of God
Now that I have already written a whole page about this retreat, it occurs to me that I have not even begun to give you an idea of what the meeting really meant. It was perfectly splendid. The frank and easy interchange of ideas and the gradual working out of possible plans for future work; the friendly groups talking about the most important things of life long after the meetings had closed; the musically inclined gathering around the organ to learn a new melody or to sing a praise song before breakfast; the apparent realization of how every part of the work dovetails into and depends upon every other part in this Christian task of ours; the whole a real spiritual experience for every one of us.

Much of the planning of the program was done by Miss Traver and the two Mr. Lees; and the plans were well laid and well carried out. Definite programs for future work and practical suggestions for the carrying out of the various phases of the work were outlined by the Laymen’s Group, Preachers’ Group, and Young People’s Group meeting separately for a short time Monday morning; the findings of each group were discussed and passed upon by the whole in the afternoon. All actions, however, were in the form of suggestions to be presented to the Ling Tong Executive Committee for approval and formal action. (One of the suggestions made was for a Young People’s Rally to be held annually; this suggestion, though approved in spirit, was not taken up in the recent meeting of the Ling Tong Executive, because of lack of funds. It so happens that two of our leaders in young people’s work were present at the retreat, and realizing the value of a good get-together for the young people, these two are taking it upon themselves to push the thing through; I have a pretty good idea they will succeed, too!)

On Sunday morning at Chaoyang the local church people took advantage of the opportunity of having guests, and almost all had some share in the worship service and Sunday School. The afternoon service was also given to one of the guests. A number from the retreat went over to the church at Hai-Ming and rendered service there. The high point of the retreat came in the closing service Monday night. Mr. Luebeck led us in the devotional service which quite naturally became a consecration service for us all, and as we prayed in turn around the circle the burden of petition was that each heart might be cleansed so that God can do His work through us. The communion service which followed will not soon be forgotten. As we stood, hands joined, while we sang a song of praise, and then while Miss Pang Sin On led us in the closing prayer, there was a sense of dedication, of unity of purpose, of dependence upon God, of longing to be used by Him, that some of us had not known before.

How much real, lasting, practical value was in this retreat at Chaoyang we cannot tell. I feel that I have reported it inadequately enough. Many things have been omitted. I have told about the fun we had at the social hour, nor of the “scrambling” it took for us foreigners to cook up a foreign meal the last night we were there—by request! (We hadn’t thought of that contingency and weren’t in the least prepared! But that is another story by itself.) I haven’t told of the renewing of our solemn pledge to pray daily for each other and of our covenant to do all in our power for the cause of religious education among great and small here in South China. But I hope you’ll get a glimpse of the fun, friendliness, fellowship, and earnestness to learn how to serve which we were privileged to see and feel those few days at Chaoyang.

Sincerely yours,
Dear Ones,

Here I am, off as that again—though last night I really wondered whether I should really get off or not. So many notes to correct, so many last things to arrange—ai-ya! I don’t know whether the necessary things are all done or not or whether I shall suddenly have my blood run cold in the middle of the night from thinking of something that had to be done before I came away.

I didn’t really think I should be coming away this spring, but here I am. Perhaps it is just as well, since I am planning to stay right through the summer in Swatow. I hope I can get my errands classified and done up brown with a minimum of effort. Tomorrow I must spread them all out on the table and make a “plan of attack.” We shall get to Shanghai on Tuesday, probably, and I’ll have Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and maybe Friday to do the errands and see the friends. I’m planning to do as much as possible
these few days, so if there is a steamer Saturday night or Sunday, I shall come directly back and get at my chores again.

Mr. and Mrs. Ling are both on board. He is going up to the meeting, and she is going with him to see if the change will do her good. She is as much better than she was, but she is far from well now—so I have hope to believe that the change is just what she needs. I hope that the excitement of getting ready to come away and the exertion of actually getting out here to the boat today will not be too much for her. Little Alice, the wee daughter, is so precious! She didn’t want to come up. "I don’t want to go to Shanghai with mama," she said. "I’d rather stay at home, mama could more easily get well—no having a little girl to take care of and worry about."

This morning at breakfast she said, "Mama, after breakfast I want to tell you a secret." So after breakfast they went into the bedroom and shut the door. Then she said, "Mama, if your headaches get better in Shanghai will you write and tell me?" She is a little darling.
I didn't go to bed very early last night as tonight, although it is only eight o'clock, I propose to turn in early - read a little while in bed if I'm not sleepy, then turn over and have the grandest long sleep I have had for months! In a way, I am sorry that I'm sleepy.

The air is cool and fresh and it would be a great opportunity to write some of the many letters that I'd like to write in a leisurely fashion. But there is another day coming, so goodnight to you!

Next day (Sunday)

It is very interesting to learn that we are on the same steamer with Mr. of Lingnan University, Canton, who is a delegate from the Leung-Kuang (Southern Baptist) Convention to the same meeting. Mrs. Ling and I are attending.

We boarded the steamer in Hongkong, not knowing of course, that we would encounter two fellow Baptists on the way.

Tuesday 4 p.m. We are just passing the University now, on our way in to Shanghai. We should have been in this morning but for bad fog, which made it necessary to anchor from 9:30 to 6 a.m. - A fairly good trip, but Mrs. Ling has not been well - much love - Colle.
Dear Walt,

Here I am, spending all my money and everybody else’s money, in there few days while I’m waiting for it to be time to get out of the Board of Directors’ meeting—which is in the morning—I’ve bought everything from baby organs to hat dyes, from eel lives oil to an ice cream freezer, from mimeograph roller to face powder from hair nets to rubber heels!

May 16—And here it is Saturday, and I’m out at the University, and the meeting is all over. Parts of it were rather slow, it seemed to me, but perhaps that was because we didn’t have the excitement this year that we had last, of having Dr. Maddry, Dr. Bathersby, et al. as guests, nor the business of having to close the Seminary.

May 19—And here I am back at Beaman’s, after travels. Ellen Peterson was at the Board Meeting and she took me back with her on Sunday to Hangchow—Monday morning we went to the famous Lin Yin Temple—in the afternoon had a little ride on the lake then went out to Hangchow Christian College and saw one of my old boys who is now studying there. We all had tea (including fresh strawberries!) at the home of Mr. March, a Presbyterian missionary—who took und the train in his case—I left there 6 p.m. & arrived Shanghai 10 p.m.—taxi brought me right home to my same old room here at Beaman’s—Today din & leave lunch.
with Mrs. Pressey at a luncheon of some kind at the American Woman's Club. Then I'm going to see Eva Reynolds & Dunbar, who is bemoaning the fact that I can't go to her house for a meal. Then Harold Long is calling for me & take me & his brother's house for dinner. Shopping this a.m. & tomorrow—then off for the steamer & Swatow tomorrow.

I must now mail this and get on my way & the duties of the day—

more next time.

Love

Cecile
Swatow, China
May 26, 1936

Dear Aunt Sue,

Back at work again — and don't truly as bad as any youngster who goes out of school for a week's holiday and finds it hard to buckle down to work again! I haven't corrected any of my exam papers yet — though there is a pile of them to be done, I can tell you! Notebooks, too.

David Campbell is here, and Bessie Gillis, the bride-to-be, has just arrived — and with the excitement of a coming wedding in the air the papers and notebooks mentioned above are coming out the little end of the horn.

May 27

This has been a happy day for me; the Bunkels (with little 2-year-old Georgie) are staying here with us on their way home on furlough. (Anna Foster and Louise Campbell are expected down on Saturday, too, to be here for the wedding Monday.) All day long I have known that a party was in the air. The cook went early to Swatow; at noon Parker House rolls appeared — we never have those unless we are having a
special dinner -; this afternoon two leaves were put in the table - and so on! But I did not know who the guests were to be until they arrived - David and Bessie and Dorothy, and Margaret & Everett Bucket. (Margaret you know is Dorothy's & David's sister!), and Geneva Dye. It was a lovely party. Bessie is a very sweet girl and I believe will make a splendid wife for David.

All day long cards and remembrances have kept coming. Mabelle gave me one of the new hymn books (I had really bought it myself but she paid me for it - so I'm very happy to have her do that nice thing). Marion got a silk embroidered slip and left it in Shanghai for me. Other gifts included a rubber shampoo brush, face cream, soap, face powder, silk picture, enameled pin, silver sugar spoon, finger towel, writing paper, vase doily, and a newly printed book of poems by Dorothy Bucket (written mostly when she was 11 years old - called Breeze in the Bamboos, really a lovely thing. Your letter with the birthday wishes came last Saturday, - and I've had her with me all day today!

Now that Marion has gone home, I have a Mai Che's full time again, so I'm going
make myself some duds, if I can possibly get them cut out! I've done one already, a blue raw silk (45¢ a yard Mex) with a white belt and big white buttons. I shall take pleasure in wearing it, too, if the weather keeps so cold as it has been for the last three days! But I have several pieces of this material to make up— and I must get at that as soon as I can.

All those things must take a secondary place, though, because of "more important business." I don't know whether I told you that on the first day of our school 25th year celebration Brunn Suebeck out of a clear sky asked me when I could come to Yungking & talk to the young people there about the Oxford Group— with the hope of forming a group! It just about took my breath away! But I am still planning to go, if a time can be arranged— and perhaps take Clara L. with me. I don't know at all what I shall say— or what it will be like— I shall have to do some very hard "listening" all the time between now and then.

This very week is the week for decisions to join the church, and there is some work
in that line I am pretty sure I ought to do — but don’t know just how or where I am to get in touch (individually) with the certain boys and girls who are on my heart. It must be done very soon — ought to be done tomorrow, I think!

And now it is time for me to get to bed. Wish I were going to see you this summer! Arthur keeps writing to ask whether I’ll be coming home before next winter — and here I am holding my breath for fear I shall not be allowed to come home next year in the summer time! However — I’m going to keep on hoping.

I didn’t keep a record of the letters sent while I was in Shanghai. I think it was two — but I’ll have to guess at the number.

Uncle, much love to you,
Debie

Later: I’ve found out that two of those boys — both from the choir, are to be baptized next Sunday! Good news?! I should smile! One of them is the boy who sang “O Come to my heart, Lord Jesus” as a tenor solo last Christmas — and this makes me very happy. It’s the same one I had a big fuss with just about that time — he was going to resign from the Y. and get out of every thing! But he is coming tonight now.
Swatow, China
May 31, 1936

Dearest One,

Why is it that I let your letter go until I am so sleepy that you only get the tag ends?

June 2.

I was in bed when I wrote that, and I suddenly decided that it would be better to wait a day and a little more and then write to you more coherently! Moreover — I know there would be something more to write about — and there surely is.

First let me say that the packages of Life-savers and Almumines have arrived and I am enjoying them all tremendously. Marvin Stephens always wants a chew of gum when she is working on letters or hospital accounts, but I prefer a little sweet to roll around under my tongue when I am struggling with piles of English papers! Thank you very much. Indeed they do remind me of the auto rides! And somehow, I like to be reminded of those rides. They bring very happy memories to me — even the "Letter & comedy" on slippery
ice, a car door crashing when the door was slammed, ten attempts (or twenty?) to get up Hazard's Hill! And all the rest — Anne Foster is here just now (on her way to America) and she is interested in the Alumnae, too, although Grace is not there any longer, this year.

I had a very nice birthday, thank you! I have written to you since then, haven't I? — telling you that although I had known all day there was to be a party of some kind yet I didn't know until we sat down who the guests were. There were Mrs. — Mrs. Burket, Dorothy Campbell, David Campbell and the bride (then to be) Beatrice Gillis, and Geneva Dye. And it was all very lovely.

Well, now our big news is the wedding, which took place last evening even at Eastview. There was a big supper first, to which all those in or connected with the family were invited, or connected with the ceremony, and the American Consul and Mrs. Hinde. That included Dorothy, Louise, and Margaret, the three sisters, and Anna Foster, Dr. Pan (best man) and Mrs. Pan; (Dorothy was Mrs. Paris' maid of honor eight (?) years ago, and Beatrice Ericson last night sang "Because" — the same song I sang at the Paris wedding!)

The ceremony was a very lovely one. It began
by a big prelude by Elsie on the baby organ, which was followed by David's singing, in a nearly room, a very appropriate lover's song — then came the wedding March played by Elsie, and the procession of the little flower girl (daughter of one of the Chinese hospital helpmates) in a long gown of green satin with puff sleeves — then Dorothy in apricot filipino organdy stuff and bouquet of tiny rose buds of a matching color — and then the bride in white satin and tulle, with a braided white satin bandage and a bouquet of gardenia, white pansies and other tiny white flowers — minute, the groom and best man came in of course, and away then came Beatrice's song — then the ceremony, performed by Everett Burkett, David's brother-in-law — then while the two were kneeling, four of us (Mr. Cope, Bea, Bruce, and I) sang "Perfect Love" without an accompaniment. Then came the prayer, the "going out" wedding march, and the bridal party was followed up the stairs for a simple reception.

Mr. Stocker was there, and Botby, her daughter, who just arrived on the steamer from Shanghai in time to come to the wedding. After the reception David and Bessie were towed in a sampan down to Double Island by the Stocker's launch — We heard this morning
that when they got down to the Island the Mission house down there was all ready for them, beds ready, flowers in each room, house all lighted — and Mrs. Stotke did it all. She surely is a wonder —

Little Georgie Burtet — age almost two — was present at the wedding and enjoyed it immensely. When David began to sing Georgie recognized his voice and whispered to his mother, "Uncle David!" We are enjoying little Georgie very much — he is a tremendously interesting child — I can't tell how many hundred words he has used already — not the ones repeated immediately after he has heard some one say them. Tonight he came up in his pajamas in a bit after supper. Matelle put on some victrola records — you should have seen him beam as he said "Music!" and then pretty soon "Violin!" very plainly indeed.

Much love to you, Abbie
Swatow, China
May 4, 1938

Dear Friend,

The other day I read of Easter programs in a church at home, and realized that the hearts of Christian people are the same the world over and often the same ways are found in different countries to express Easter joy and praise. This year Easter was a very happy one for me. I was awakened early that morning by the nurses from the hospital who came to sing carols and alleluias outside Dr. Stephens' door. (Dr. S. has been sick a great deal ever since last summer. She has now gone home on furlough and I hope you will all pray that strength may return to her quickly.) The Daring Endeavorers held their sunrise meeting almost immediately after that. At Sunday School we had only time to practice the songs for the day and then we had to leave for the church service at nine.

The young people's choir dressed in their white vestments for the occasion. Songs were sung by each of the schools, scripture passages recited, a little story given by the kindergarten children; the choir with its twenty-four voices added its contribution to the worship service. At the close of Mr. Capen's good sermon we had the joy of seeing four of the girls and one of the boys from this choir of ours go down to take their places among the sixteen who were baptized. Of these sixteen, the five from the choir and two others are from the Academy student body. Others are from the Woman's School and from the village. It was good to see among them Mrs. Li Tsho Seng, the wife of our minister (mother of the crippled boy.) She has held back for years but is now baptized after several of her children have already come into the church.

Last Easter we attempted an Easter vesper service of music with this choir we are so happy to have. The young people are a joy to work with; their enthusiasm and willingness to work are a real inspiration! This year with a larger number of singers we tried again and we feel that it was worth all the work put into it. Again the white vestments appeared, though of course they are only one of the small details that helped in the dignity and beauty of the service. The program included two solos, a duet, a trio, a male quartet, a mixed quartet, a double quartet, a sextet, and three fairly long chorus selections. The most ambitious of these was the opening part (first three numbers) of Stainer's oratorio, 'The Crucifixion'. There were scratchy places, of course, but on the whole they did splendidly and we are pretty proud of them. More than that, some of these young singers have already made the decision to use their whole lives in the service of the Master, in definite Christian work. It is more than thrilling to think of them, in future years, passing on to many other young people, after we are gone, music that they are learning to love now. For the young tenor soloist who sings at Christmas time, 'Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for thee,' and the baritone who sings in Passion Week the cry 'Could ye not watch with me one brief hour?' can not be quite the same as before, after having those great words and melodies burned into their souls. A certain influence remains, sometimes a potent one indeed. (These songs were translated by members from the choir two boys who are graduates of the academy.)
June 9.

I cannot send this letter off without adding the further word that on this last Sunday we were made very happy when two more of the young men from the choir went down from their places to be baptized. Both had parts in the Easter song service, one of them the very one who sang "Come to my Heart, Lord Jesus" at Christmas time. Things like this are great encouragements to us!

Sincerely yours,

Did I send you a copy of this letter which was written first of all to Mrs. Reilly, N.E. District Secretary? I had Mai chio's daughter type some copies of it, with the addition above, and send to a few people - Mrs. Hazard, from whom Christmas letter (January) from me has just been returned. It was from the dead letter office - I had addressed it to her at Charleston, Vermont! (I wonder what I had on my mind?!!)

Yesterday was Miss Lollman's sixtieth birthday which is the "big" birthday in China - and there were big celebrations of the day in Chinese and missionary circles. The evening before there was a big party at the Woman's School at which I was all invited, with numbers on the program by the school graduating class of this year. We were each given presents for each group of silver candlesticks, scrolls of paintings, etc.
long life characters — a beautiful woven silk picture all framed for hanging — and a birthday cake on which Mr. Papen counted (not told) the candles to be just sixty!

Then last night Marcelle the Papens and I were invited over for a birthday supper at her house — and all the other missionaries in the compound were invited in afterwards too. We listened to music and ice cream dessert — the Victrola afterwards — and came home fairly early.

Thus Miss Sollman had her “big birthday” celebration, which many of us thought she would never see again. She was so much better — was like her old self again last night.

Much love to you.

P.S. Pucki — Mai Ché — Abbe.

daughter wanted an English name — how do you like "Pucilla Huang"?

P.P.S. Marcelle's 60th birthday came last Feb. but she did not notice it abroad — therefore no celebration such as this one!
June 15, 1936

Dearest Ones,

Clara and I have been up here meeting the young people and we have had a good time. Clara spoke at the prayer meeting yesterday afternoon and I spoke to the young people. Both of us stressed the necessity for deeper spiritual life and suggested a few helps toward attaining that end.

The young people were very cordial, and although we found a young people's society here which includes some rather young people and some who are older than we usually included in a Y. P. Society yet they are an interesting group, and
Bruns thinks that if we hadn't come they might not have joined in the sending of delegates to our Y.P. retreat in July. As it is, they have voted to send two, and they seem quite interested in it.

I alone this week and it came here because it would be before the final exam rush, but lo and behold, two days before I should leave Kakehina word came that exams would be held more than a week early—and all schools must be closed by the 20th instead of the 26th! So I had to burn the midnight oil to get exams questions ready before I left. We didn't accomplish all.
we had hoped up here — but it may be that the few seeds have been sown and something started which will lead some people to do thinking about being more “complete” Christians —

That was the aim.

10.30

It is Mon. a.m. and we are just about to leave Ungley to go back. I have been scribbling this so that I can mail it on my way through Stratton —

Much love & ym

Abbie
Dearest Ones;

I have a rather poor typewriter ribbon but some brand new carbon paper and I want to see what I can do with them. Right then I had a good long stop because then ribbon was stringing out and the threads getting all wound around the machinery! So I got a srewel needle and a steel crochet hook and went to work. I just got my hands nice and black when one of the Y.P. boys came to get a check to send to Shanghai for some books for the vacation Bible school. So I washed up and went down to see him, then came back and went at this again. Hadn't done a thing but get my hands dirty again when I had a call from a former student, last year's Y.P. president, who is going to be Carl Capen's language teacher in the fall (Khiok Bun).

By the time he had gone and I had got the ribbon adjusted the mail had come and I started to take a peep into my new Atlantic, which my loyal friend Eva Morris has continued to send to me all the years. But Mabelle got the new Etude in the mail and she wanted me to go downstairs to the piano and try out the duet in it. Then "Triscilla" had some trouble with a letter she is typing for Elsie and I stopped for a bit to help her out.

Next came a visit to the hospital: our coolie's little boy, about eight (?) is sick with a complication of troubles and although he is much better still he is really very weak. I have been so busy with exams that I haven't visited him as I wanted to. He is enough better so that he could say a fairly enthusiastic thank you for the tiny little game book that I took to him. I told him that he must not try to play the game yet, but that he could look at the pictures and that I would come again and tell him the stories and then later when he felt strong enough, he could learn how to play the game. (It has a little metal spinner and pasteboard counters with which a game something like parchesi is played to fit whatever story is given.) This little boy is very much interested in drawing pictures - got a prize for drawing the best ones at the kindergarten, or something like that, and he began to study the pictures even before I had left the room. I really must go to see him often.

After I left the hospital I went to see Miss Sollman and to return to her some commentaries I had borrowed. Have I told you how much better she is? She has to take things easy, but she goes out a good bit and seems quite her old self again. Last week we attended the celebration of her sixtieth birthday (61st, actually) at the Woman's School. She had the greatest collection of things that ever I saw, many of them typically Chinese gifts, from the inland. Pig's feet, all sorts of fancy bright colored cakes, rolls, big and little figurines, and dishes and dishes of long, unbroken noodles, a special symbol of long life. There were huge birthday cakes with candles, three short plays in her honor, then presentation of gifts from various groups of students and alumnae. (We don't say much about the simple way that we celebrated Mabelle's birthday last February, - she was born the same year as Miss S. But she wasn't saying much about which birthday hers was, whereas Miss. S. has been talking about hers for months. Kitty, Kitty :)
After supper I sat down for a minute with the Atlantic again, and in came Chek Min, after money that I had promised to give for the expenses of a Young People's Retreat which is to be held here just after the convention. He and Cheong Hui, the two boys on the committee for this retreat are going out tomorrow to visit some of the surrounding Y. P. society officers and see if they cannot get delegates appointed from some of the societies. Travel takes money, ergo......! He spent a little time looking at a map of the district where they expect to go tomorrow.

And here I am, with these few bits of this afternoon's experiences tippe-tapped off to let you know that I am not dying of ennui although it is already the second day of vacation ! This morning I spent a good bit of time before breakfast by myself and two hours later in the morning with Chek Min getting into shape the first part of the talk I have to make at the retreat on important points about organizing and carrying on Y. P. societies. It is not ready yet, by any manner of means !

I have been giving the white ants a rest today, just feeding them on sweet potato to draw 'em out of their hiding places. We wait until a huge potato has the inside pretty much eaten away and there is a multitude of the critters swarming inside of it, then we take the whole thing away and /pælʃ/ kill the bunch of 'em, then repeat the following day, until it is to be seen that the ants are growing fewer (or wiser !). Then we pour ant oil down the cracks up which the ants have been pouring, nail the board (if any) back on again, and try to forget about the ants until the next year. I don't believe I shall be able, however, to shut my eyes for some time without seeing those creepy crawling things ! The nest we found under the floor of my bathroom got rid of a good many of the things, but it is pretty discouraging to have them still swarming out the cracks up in the third story of a stone and cement house. Out on my little back veranda we discovered a thing I shouldn't have thought possible - ants coming out a crack between the cement railing and the solid stone pillar. We opened a little crack in the railing itself and found the ants swarming in wooden lathe which we had not known was inside that cement railing ! The whole section will have to be rebuilt, I am afraid ! Yesterday was a feast day, so the workmen have not been in sight these two days. They promised to come tomorrow but I have no doots as to whether they will or not.

I am ashamed that I have got so slack about writing to you. Now that vacation has come that is one thing that I hope to pay a little more attention to ! Please forgive -

Very lovingly,

[Handwritten signature]

Carbon to you -
the original to Arthur
(Mistakes ? !)
Dear Ones:

I must get this letter started to you, though I am starting one at night again when I'm really too sleepy to write decently. And I'm sleepy tonight not only because of laziness but because of a few tired muscles.

School has finished, all in a great hurry. The authorities fear trouble from the Japanese, or from the notified one or both and they are forehanded in one respect, that of getting the students safely in their individual homes, where their parents will be responsible for them and also where they won't be allowed together in groups of students that can make things very difficult for the government on occasion.

Hooray, my papers are all corrected and my grades finished and handed in for the term! I had to stick right to it, but I believe I got through the business this year as expeditiously and as satisfactorily as at the end of any term I have had yet. I feel that the papers were marked with a certain degree of fairness because I could stick at the thing long enough at a time to judge the whole class.
My mind hasn't been entirely on papers, however! Just the day before leaving for London last week we discovered a nest of White ants in my bathroom floor. That floor, and the floor of the bedroom, have had to come up. I'll tell you more about it later.

Love,

Abbi
Luzon, China, July 1, 1936

Dear Sue,

The days are rushing by pretty fast—and some of them are pretty full.

Monday was a strange day for me. The Roman's Union Missionary meeting had two sessions, afternoon and evening—I was booked for a short devotional at the beginning of the afternoon session. Monday morning I wasn't even sure what I was going to say at that. About eleven, Margaret Lee came over and said that Tang Sin Lin, our successful young woman evangelist, was sick and could not speak that night, and asked me to take her place! Somehow it didn't seem right to say no—so I said yes—though I had no time to prepare. I had to go to the afternoon meeting and play for our girls' choir as well as play for the whole meeting. I tried to collect my thoughts, although I was at the meeting from two p.m. and then at half past four. I had Chek Min come over and help me get some of my thoughts into Chinese. That evening I managed to get through somehow and nobody too terribly disgraced! It is the hardest thing for me to realize that...
that the Lord can will and does, help us through impossibly difficult situations if we let Him. After it was all over I began to feel very much ashamed of myself for not always being ready in an emergency such as this — What am I out here for any way?

The very night that I was speaking, the annual Sing Sing Retreat had its opening session, over at the church. The meetings are going on now and I think we have a good preacher in the morning meeting. He has two sermons today and yesterday were thought-provoking to say the least. Yesterday’s emphasized the thought that in the great three “Faith, Hope, and Love” we must not overemphasize Love to the exclusion of the other two. Today’s sermon was about carrying the Ark of the Lord on an ex-duty — using man’s methods to try to do the Lord’s work.

The man is Hsing Meng Tai — from Peking.

Love & ym

Abhi
Swatow, China
July 6, 1936

Dearest Ones,

We are in the middle of the Convention program right now. The Retreat seemed in many ways a good one, but alas for certain funds that cannot be done away with! Tonight at the meeting there was grave evidence of dissatisfaction in a certain quarter - and some decided moves toward stirring up a fuss. We cannot know until tomorrow comes whether anything will be accomplished at this meeting or not. Tomorrow is the last day. They had really accomplished nothing until tonight - when they voted to erect a $100,000 50th Anniversary Memorial Church in Swatow! That is out of a clear sky - a surprise to most of us - They hope to get $50,000 of it from America! Mr. Page was asked about his opinion - and he told them frankly that they couldn't expect a dollar right now. "Wait until the depression is over," he said. "Begin your plans now, but don't ask them to give any money yet."

Well - it was a crazy meeting tonight, and I still feel a little bit rattled from it!

We are supposed to finish tomorrow and then begin our Young People's Retreat the following...
day. The thing that makes me heart sick is thinking of the young men just entering the ministry who have to listen to these fuses. I wonder that they have the courage to go on, really! Still, this is late at night and it has been a long day. Perhaps things won’t look quite so black by morning! I’ll finish then.

July 8th

The Convention is over. We had a rather stormy session in part, and some of the leaders were very much ashamed that there was not a better spirit shown. The last afternoon, however, was spent quite peacefully in electing officers and committees in the coming year. I was on the nominating Committee, but I could not avoid getting on some of the Committees even then. Our hope is mine which I take with fear and trembling—and that is, being elected to the Long Tom Executive Committee. Sometimes I have been asked temporarily to take Miss Rollman’s or Miss Francis’ place but never before have I been regularly elected. The missionaries on this committee this year are Mr. Baker, Mr. Page, Mr. Capen, Mr. Leach, and A. J. S. I wonder whether my being there will...
ever help at all?! Sometimes I doubt the use of the foreigners being at the meeting — but yet this time I have a feeling somehow of a piece of rock to do — play that I may be used as much as He wants me used — I am very glad Clara is the other American woman — we understand each other and have learned to "get down to bed rock" or some things — as we ought to be a tremendous help to her in this work.

How today we are busy getting beds ready for the young women delegates — they will stay here at our house, and we don't yet know who will be here — whether 8 or 14 or more! I'm waiting this moment for the girls to come from Swatow to help get ready the girls' rest rooms up at the Seminary, where the meeting is to be. We don't want them to have to come here after every meal — but stay there as much as possible — we all eat together there at the Seminary.

Well — I can tell you more about that lately.

I am greatly concerned about Aunt Fannie — and Uncle George — so give them my love and sympathy.

Love to you — Abbie.
Dear [Name],

We are very happy about the spirit of the Young People's Retreat, which was held here in Kakchieh July 9-13. Forty young men and women from ten Young People's Societies in the Ling Tong field assembled the day after the annual Ling Tong Baptist Convention closed. The first evening attention was paid to getting acquainted and in setting up officers for the Retreat; the following four days we ate, sang, discussed, played, and prayed together in fellowship that we feel must be the beginning of something very much worth while.

We borrowed the entire third floor of the Seminary building, using the dormitory rooms for the boys and the assembly room for the meetings; the girls Enid Johnson and I took into our home, about ten minutes walk from the Seminary. We ate all together at the Seminary dining room.

The meetings were really of a very high order. These prevailed a spirit of harmony and of wanting to work together that is not always seen in meetings of older Christians. The addresses given morning and evening were by some of our best leaders, who showed that they have not forgotten their sympathy with and understanding of the young people. The three devotionals each day—morning, sunset, and bedtime—were led by delegates from the various societies in the city and country, near and far; they were very fine indeed. The sunset services, out on the hills, were beautiful. The first night we saw a triple rainbow arching up from the valley just as we were closing the meetings—truly it seemed a "bow of promise" that was wonderfully fulfilled.

This Retreat was "born" last March at our Religious Education Retreat at Chaoyang; it was planned and carried out by a committee appointed from the two societies in Swatow City and the one here in Kakchieh. Mr. Tang Chek Min, president of the Kakchieh society, was a very able chairman—he was ably assisted by vice-chairmen from other societies. Another of our delegates was the secretary, a leader among the song leaders; our other two delegates did valiantly in helping to look after details of living, eating, etc. Of course it was all the young people working together, however, who made the Retreat what it was.

The singing was a happy feature of the meetings; the new Universal Praise books arrived in time for us to use, and some of them we did, from morning till night, learning new songs and singing old favorites. Saturday was a special play-day. After the usual song practice and devotional periods, we set off in two big sampans for a trip to Double Island. Beautiful sunshine to start with—favorable wind and tide—and we went down to the island almost in record time. One of the Swatow members had got the loan of the Customs matched for us; we rested there, went bathing, came back to the matched and had "kiam mue" (seasoned rice with the "extras" cooked right in it), watermelon and other fruit. The rice was cooked after we got down there, and did it taste good after that sea bathing! After lunch Mr. Capen gave a ringing talk on Pleasures
(the right kind). While he was talking a rather violent squall came up, and it was so heavy for a while that we could scarcely hear the speaker's voice. We played games until the rain stopped, about three o'clock, then sailed back home again, none the worse for wear, and ready for the meeting of the evening.

On Sunday morning the whole group attended the regular worship service in the church. As we listened to the sermon by Mr. Lee Tabin Chek, one of the Retreat leaders, on the subject "I am the Way", we thought of that great number of Baptist young people in Chicago convention who would on that same day be listening to a message on the same great theme. Mr. Lee's appeal to young people here to seek not blind alleys, nor roads that are too broad, nor short cuts, but the Only Way to Life, as they can find it in Jesus Christ, is one they will not soon forget. One item of special interest in this service was the anthem of praise in which the voices of some of our visiting delegates blended with those of our regular young people's choir. Again in the evening the Y.P. met as a group in the "upper room" at the Seminary, and the thought of the morning was well followed up by our young woman evangelist as she talked of Spiritual Life for Young People.

It is hard to say which was the "high point" of these few days; but there remains the impression that the final session, Monday evening, was charged with a very definite note of consecration—of giving one's life and strength in service. Mr. Lee's talk on work in the country drew a clear picture of some reasons why young people are not attracted to live their lives in places of obscurity, inconvenience, and discomfort, where infinite patience and loving endurance are required if people are to be won to Christ. In the closing devotional which followed, Mr. Sit of Kityang brought to us the ringing words of Jeremiah, "Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee" "Be not afraid of their faces" "Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth" "See, I have this day set thee over the nations.... to root out, to pull down.... to build, and to plant."

After we had sung together a beautiful song of fellowship and farewell from the new book, a prayer was offered for China and her many agitating problems. This was followed by another for the work of the church throughout the Ling Tong. The closing prayer, by the chairman of the retreat, for our young people and their work, seemed like a sacrament in itself—gratitude for the spirit which has been with us these days and a solemn pledge to give ourselves anew to Him and His work.

The next morning before we separated, we saw one small group of young men kneeling in their rooms in earnest prayer. They may not have been afraid of the dangerous roads that some of them must travel on the way to their homes, but they do have to face the fact that the whole countryside is in a state of uncertainty, and they cannot be at all sure what any day may hold in store for them.

Thus for the first time we have been privileged to see the young people of this district brought together and an organization formed which we hope will become a power in working interpreting the spirit of Christ here in South China.

Sincerely yours,

This will tell you, though very poorly what we have been doing.

Mrs. Asher Came July 16 and we are having a good time. More later — I, Able
Swatow, China, July 17, 1936

Dear [Name],

I have had bad luck with several typewriter ribbons recently and now I am putting on a new one and hoping that I shall really get some satisfaction out of it. Beatrice says it is mouldy in spots but I am hoping anyway and this looks pretty good after I really got started.

Right there I went to wash my hands—they were pretty smutty from changing the ribbon. Before I washed up I wanted to find out whether I had the thing on right or not. Guess I did!

Now the next thing I want to do is to finish up this short note and start a real letter telling about our Y. P. Retreat. I ought to make several copies of that so I won't try to begin it on this sheet.

Eva Asher of Foochow is to arrive tomorrow, so I must not sit up too late tonight. The steamers from Foochow almost always arrive early.

Much love,

July 24

Dear [Name],

You see I lost this little sheet when I finally got around to send the account of the Y. P. retreat—now I'm taking Eva Asher to Nanking this morning and I expect to be gone over the weekend. So I want to get a little scribble off to you, even though it isn't worth much, because I know you must be wondering why in the world I don't write any more!

Eva is the best kind of guest possible—entertains herself—no least bit of trouble—eats anything, is willing to do anything and doesn't want to make any trouble. So when I actually get down to the business of resting I see no reason why I can't get a good rest. The house
and the days do go by, though, and I do not accomplish very much —

I must tell you a little about the widespread satisfaction over the decision that Kwangtung and Kwangsi are to join hands with Nanking for a united China — and that without bloodshed. The news has just come in the last two or three days, and whereas there was always a fear to speak out, lest someone might hear, yet now it is evident that for a long time the common people have wished that Tsan Chi Tung could be ousted here in the South — They never dared to say so out loud, before —

I wish you could have been at our Woman’s Prayer meeting yesterday afternoon. The appointed leader could not be present and at the last minute, Mrs. Law Khiam Hong (one of our Academy faculty wives) took the lead — Instead of the usual Scripture and exposition, followed by one or two short prayers, she gave an opportunity for special requests for petition and thanksgiving. Could you have heard the simple request for healing of a lame foot or a weak heart, and the straight forward way in which these women pray to each other and each other’s sons and daughters, that their song may be taken away so that God can have a chance of heal them, you would realize the sincerity and trustfulness that some of them have in a great measure.
than most of us, I'm afraid!

This was one of the most earnest prayer meetings I've ever attended. They prayed for our preachers throughout the Ling Tong, for the deacons in every church in the Ling Tong area, and for every Christian, however humble, in the whole Ling Tong. Then one woman burst spontaneously into a prayer of thanksgiving for God's marvelous leading in the affairs of the country. Mothers' hearts everywhere have been filled with peace - and with reasons too! There was unspeakable relief and gratitude that we have pulled through this phase of the country doing without the necessity of Armed War! Some people may say this showed Japan didn't want China to fight - and this is a step in her favor - however that may be, there is unspeakable relief and joy because fighting between the sections of the country can be avoided. These prayers were lifted by the women who were praying together and truly as they prayed, half aloud, all together, the "voice of prayer" was heard rising in the church building.

该 lips (from this again and if fine?)

Much love to y'rn
July 26, 1936

Dearest Ones,

Having neglected you so long, I've decided I'd like to come back again in the matter of writing. I had hoped to bring Eva Asher up here sometime during her month here — and since Clara is leaving for Thai Yong the first of August, I realized that now was the time for us to come.

We missed the ten o'clock launch yesterday (because the boy stayed behind to finish, and incidentally to collect the fruit and cake which he had forgotten to put into our lunch basket!) So instead of waiting until one thirty, in
the rain, we took Rickshaws to the station, and I gave Eva the experience of riding on the train (her first for four years) up to Chaochowfu - took her to see the big stone bridge there - and the basket street - and the view across the river to Bakers & Hildreths old houses - then across by bus to Kitzing. We got here about an hour ahead of the one thirty launch - so we were glad we had done as we did.

This morning at church I felt as though I had fallen among a host of friends. As soon as church was over I was surrounded by school girls home on vacation, former students, delegates to the recent Y.P.
Retreat, and other old friends—I was quite overwhelmed! It rained this afternoon so we didn't make some calls that we had expected to make—but we may do that tomorrow—as well as some trolling around to see a few things up here in the city.

Another thing that I'm doing up here these two days may sound trivial but it is nevertheless real—and that is, I'm getting away from the daily round and every day scenery down in Swatow. There is a different feeling, to be away just for a few days even—no responsibility about the choirs—no worry about the J.P.
just a relaxed feeling of letting the world run by itself instead of me at the steering wheel! It is truly a grand feeling —

Much love to you — and Clara sends her love too.

Ym

Abhi
Dear Mother,

Your letter of July 3rd has just come in, and I’m realizing that I haven’t written to you this weekend and also that I haven’t been careful about recording the last two or three letters I have written. But I think this is 197 —

The night of August 1 we got ready for a typhoon — doors and windows all tacked up tight — and as many precautions taken as we knew how — But the gate didn’t do any real damage to our house. The Woman’s School, in the process of being re-roofed, is in the worst condition of all. The temporary matched roof blew in and water poured into the whole building — I don’t know when they can get it all dried out. We lost several banana trees and the tops of several papaya trees. Our precious lemon tree toppled over but the boys braced it up again and only one lemon fell off in the process.
Mr. Page but all of his avocados peas - a new experiment he has been trying out - it is a pity. But on the whole we got off pretty well - a few pieces of screening out of windows, and three panes of glass broken. We are very glad that we don't have such a story to write as we had in 1922!

Hwang's and Gunnan are still apparently undecided as to whether they will join the Nanjing government. I feel that a great deal we read about in the papers is a blind & comes up some things that are really going on, but you can't always tell. We are so grateful that we are not to have narrow right here that we perhaps get to be sorry in the places where it is raging - or where it may come.

One reason there is so little fighting is that the soldiers are unwilling to fight. How long the rations will be able to keep some of them at each other's throats is a question -
Pauline Senn called on me today, on her way to Center from Arroy, where she has been attending Dr. Song's meetings. Swatow, August 11, 1936

Dearest Eva,

Eva and I are just back from supper, and are sitting out on the front screened veranda, the one place around here when there is any breeze at all. She is reading and I am writing. I feel it in my bones that I am going to write this one letter, and then I am going to bed!

Tonight we went up to Beatrice Ericson's porch for supper. There is always a lovely view up there, and the sunset tonight was gorgeous. Our little "club" has dwindled — six now — we three Americans, Mrs. Catharine Ho, Hazel Chen, and Dr. Beatrice Lee. We are having some pretty good times together, and it makes Eva have the impression that it is not so deserted around here after all. I feel it myself, too! I'm better acquainted with these girls than I should be otherwise. It is all to the good!

Our hearts have been saddened by news that has come to the family.
Of Poon Cheng Hui, our boy who is expecting to go away and study music this fall. On August 1 his mother died, while she was in Hongkong visiting his oldest sister, Mui Hing (the one who wrote to me about the little one who could "box" and play tennis -- you remember?)

The two older sisters in that family are married, but the other six children are still of school age, two boys just out of high school, their girls 18, and two boys younger. Their father (a pastor) died just two years ago, and now the mother has gone. My heart does ache so for them all -- and especially for our tall musical boy. He does need a father and mother so!

We just heard tonight that the second oldest boy is sick in Hongkong, and that one of Mui Hing's babies is sick too. Poor, blessed youngest! Sent a letter to Japan to Velma today -- she'll be here soon!

Had a dinner party for Eva the other day and invited three of her Foochow Christian University students, also several others -- but Eva was very
actually sick with bilious trouble that day, couldn't lift her head without vomiting bile! She took the stiff doses of home salt water (10 cups!) and calomel and castor oil that the doctor prescribed—and although she got rid of each dose shortly after she took it, yet she was much better the next day—and she has continued to improve ever since. She thinks she was eating a little too much—things often do taste good when one is away from home.

We have had fairly tasty meals since she has been here—but this noon was decidedly not a grand success! The soup was salt to death—and when I told the boy to dilute it he had no hot water except thermo bottle—water! Then beef heart, rice, and vegetables came so cold. Next a dish of buttered carrots that had evidently been cooked in a dish with a red hot pepper—and we couldn't touch it! But I hope we'll have better luck to-morn.

Much love to you, Cathie.
August 16, 1936

Dear Father,

Eva Asher and I are down here for the week-end with Mrs. Page and Eunice. I have been planning to bring Eva down ever since she came a month ago, but until this time we have had only one swim down here—a late afternoon trip swim, supper on the rocks, and sail home by moonlight. Typhoons have changed our plans a number of times. This last Thursday we had planned to come but a typhoony wind churned up the water so that there was no possibility of getting down here that day. The next morning, however, was calm and bright and auspicious for a trip on the bay. So we started out that afternoon as soon as the tide was right—and had hardly been on the bay ten minutes when it began to rain—rained the rest of the time coming down. Our suitcases and things, however, had been put away in the "stomach" of the boat and didn't get wet at all. It rained hardest of all just as we landed at Double Island and...
we were glad enough to change into dry clothes as soon as we got up the hill. Other parties came down later on in the afternoon, in beautiful sunshine! We had one good swim! The next day, Saturday, was bright but windy. We went down and had a good call on Mrs. Stoker in the morning. In the afternoon Mrs. Stoker invited us over to the International House - a matched on the beach - and we sat and had tea - with sandwiches, raisin bread, scones and jam, and cake, all from Mrs. Stoker's kitchen. Mrs. Stoker serves tea to hundreds of people during a year. There were at least six others besides our party who were at the table during the afternoon. I didn't go to swim - but sat and watched. Eve went down with some others, but the waves were really too high for good swimming.

This morning Mrs. Stoker asked Eve and me to go out with her family to breakfast over at the lighthouse on the island just across the way. The spray was dashing too high against the rocks, however, so that we could not land - and we went
instead to Fishermans Island, hardly more than a stone's throw from this island. We simply had breakfast and came back, up the waves and wind, even on the lee side of the island we were beginning to look threatening. At noon the wind was high and the clouds looked black. Boadcasts of picnickers from Swanton started back home in a hurry. Then the wind started in real earnest and the whole house has been shaking a little, by spells, ever since. Rain came while we were at tea, and we had to have the shutters on the porch put down in a hurry. Then after a while the sun came out and we went for a walk. Rain spattered once in a while but not enough to get us really wet. We walked down to the beach and got a close-up view of the magnificent combes rolling in. Then we walked up the other end of the little island just as we got to the promontory at the end of the island, the wind suddenly began to come in much stronger gusts and we
were glad to get home in a hurry. I mean, home to this house, of course. At supper time the rain began in good earnest and at the present moment (9 p.m.) we have all the porch shutters down and barred and all the doors to the house itself barred and shuttered except the one on the west, away from the wind. We usually sleep on the porch when we are down here, as I imagine will be rather Smoother, sleeping inside with most of the doors shut. The wind is high, to be sure, but I don't believe this typhoon is going to be very much. It seems to me the wind is not as strong now as it was a half hour ago - The sea is pounding and roaring outside - and if it were for the safety of some people who haven't proper shelters - and of some people who are afraid, I should love it. Enid had a terrible experience here in 1922 and consequently she is dreadfully worried now in any typhoon, and especially here in a typhoon. But why worry? It will all right, in any case!

We have not had a thrilling week and done here, in any sense, but all to myself all during these two or three days. I have fairly welling up with a great big thankfulness, for see, coming back here now, with Mrs. Page here, too.
reminds me so strongly of some rather agonizing days that I spent there two years ago, when I got the news that my father had had a very serious operation - and couldn't make myself believe that he could possibly recover from such an operation - and any degree that would make life worth living to him - reminds me so strongly of those days when I was so miserable mentally that I feel rebuked for my lack of hope and faith - that more than all, I am conscious of a very profound gratitude for all of our Heavenly Father's great mercies to us. There was a morbidity, I suppose, in my worry about how father would ever get about again - and whether mother could possibly manage, if father should be a permanent invalid - and I should feel ashamed now - and do, really. But the thankful feeling is bigger than the shame, somehow - and I have to write and tell you about it.

I'll add another note before I mail this, to let you know how big a blow this gets to be during the night.

Special - very special love to you both, and to the other dear ones near you.

Your

Laie, back from the Island - learned Abbie of Cheng's death (Cheng is your brother, son of the...
woman who just died.) It is hard for us all.
He was full of promise—just out of
Senin High this June—baptized about two
Sundays before that—a splendid young
lad—fine student—lovable lad.

"His ways are past finding out."

The text contains a heartfelt message about a recently deceased woman. The writer reflects on the loss and describes the deceased as promising, recently baptized, and a talented student and likable character. The writer ends with a graceful expression, "His ways are past finding out," which could be a reference to a moral or spiritual truth.
Dear Ones:

We just been reading over some of your letters, preparatory & destroying. I hate to tear up a single one of them, but have decided I must and thus avoid a piling up of old letters which if I never be able to destroy any easier, the longer the time goes on can't destroy them all I find.

As I've been reading I have decided that you get pretty poor answers to your letters - all the questions that go through my mind and all the things that I want at that moment to tell you, are sat by the time I get settled with pen and paper and the letter from you somewhere not in sight.

For instance: I don't whether I have ever sent thank you to Carrie Durgin for the Calabash. I'm very glad to have it, and I've found it very helpful a number of times already, sometimes in my own S.S. class lesson, sometimes in getting ready for a prayer meeting talk. I didn't mean it to be neglected, but saying thank you - and I do. Hope you will tell her so.

I have read of the 'candidate' struggles of the church since Mr. Kellic's departure. I'm quite aware of the fact that your people were very eager for the church to get a pastor without too great delay. I'm glad indeed that you have him now, I shall be happy for news about how the new dwellers in the South Berwick manse come.
along. Sorry the alliance between the two Baptist churches could not be talked about, this seemed a good time to do it.

Clyde and Phyllis must think I have no interest at all in their getting married— I hope you'll tell them when you get a chance that I am truly longing for the time to come when I can see them in their new homes, with their new families— your reports of little Billy make me very anxious to see him — he ought to be a pretty good youngster by the time I get home.

By the way, do you think it will be all right for me to wait and bring home wedding presents for Clyde and Phyllis? I already have them both, but late is send, or account of the duty they might have to pay. If I bring them, I’ll have no duty for I’ll have owned them a year— and if I use them once, that is enough to call them used! On the other hand, there is not a great deal of point to bringing home wedding gifts in people years after they are married! I wonder who will be the next to step out—

I'm glad to have all the pictures that are sent either of you or Arthur.
and his family. The ones you sent are not handsome, but I like to get them out and look at them. I have so few of any of you. Attain sent some recently of the children together and of the family together. They were pretty good but I wrote to ask Robert whether he ever expected to get to the point where he could stand still long enough for a picture & show how really handsome he is!

I'm wondering whether the roof, and the washing machine, and any other leaky things are all mended yet, and whether you have had money enough to do the things that need to be done.

Your latest letter, telling of the long ride, camp fashion, planned with Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Munseet & Mrs. Goodwin, sounded scrumptious to me! I hope you all had a grand time and didn't get too tired. I wonder whether there'll be any possibility of my having a car when I get home — and how I'll like it if there isn't!

Helee Clark is remaining at home. I believe her people still live in Exeter where her father has retired. I'm going to send a letter which Eva Acheson wrote and left here, as soon as I can get
One of my own written to go in with it.

I haven't heard from her for ages. I think she has been doing some studying. She had one of the girls here send me material (pink and white dimity) for a dress last Christmas. I'm made it up and have it on in a picture of Eva and me which I plan to send her.

I remember the McNutties but vaguely - still I do remember them, and am glad to hear about them. I connect them with Aunt Martie, in my mind - is that reasonable, or not?

I can understand and sympathize with you in your troubles about writing, anything that is to be printed! I shall be anxious for a copy of what was written about Aunt Fannie.

In regard to stamps - I don't remember having any letters at all from you with postage due, whether from insufficient postage or from overweight. I guess you are pretty careful. Some people are not!

I ask about Mabel's attitude toward the Fellowship - Thus far she has been non-committal - I'm pretty sure her attitude would be that it would be helpful to some people, but not...
called for in her case (somewhat as I felt!) We are wondering whether something a little more definite ought not to happen along that line this coming year down here. There are dangers, however, in “letting your life that there is a God” who really will do what he has promised if you give him the chance — and in all for going no faster than it seems right to go. So it is a reasonable thing to try with all one’s might to avoid pitfalls that some others have fallen into. One of the greatest of these is giving the impression that the Fellowship method is the one and only way to come to God! And yet, we don’t want to hold back if we ought to go ahead.

Perhaps I have told you before this that Beatrice Ericson is staying out another year because of shortage of funds — The went to Dagnic for vacation this year and I hope she got a good rest. Morton had to go directly to the hospital when she and Evelyn got home to Cincinnati — Temperature of 105.8! It seems incredible! They found malaria, and she began to
get better right away — Velra saw them at the coast and she thinks they are coming around all right and in the end will both come back & China. But Velra wasn’t here at the end of this last year — I am not at all sure Marion will come back — though I hope she will. Their address is 4609 Thoburne St. Cincinnati, in case you ever wanted to know — they are dear girls — I grew very fond of Marion this last year — though I don’t know whether she knew it! Edna Smith went with the Hobarts through Europe and is now in Bloomfield (I suppose at Berkeley Heights Park). Mrs. Luebeck is needing her furs but she is getting along pretty well. Jackie is I dear — though very small. I am very much ashamed about forgetting Elinor’s kimos — I had it in mind that the idea would be to bring one home when I came. Now I haven’t been able to find her letter — I must write to her about it.

You better telling of seeing Helen Paulsen didn’t say whether they had had my thank you for Christmas gift. I wrote right away after I got it —

Much, much love & yu — Addie
Dear Ones,

This is supposedly the last day of vacation. Really I feel as though vacation ought to be beginning instead of ending.

Part of the reason why I stayed at home this summer was in order that I might get some of my trash rearranged! If I come on furlough next year I’d like to have as little as possible for people to bother about in case of—Typhoons or anything that might happen either in China or America.

But alas, the white ants put a crimp in my plans, and the attic was not cleaned up at all until three days ago! And what cleaning it got consisted in a large extent of stuffing things out...
of sight. Did you ever try that plan? I don't recommend it in the long run but sometimes it is the last resort— as it seemed to be this time. When ever I shall get the time to go through the things up there again now, I do not know! Maybe they'll have to wait another few years, until I am contemplating going home on my next furlough!

The clans are gathering.

Makella arrived on Saturday from Manila, and I suppose all the others except Mrs. Baker and her sister have arrived today, though I have not seen any of them yet. Oh no, Miss Rollman isn't back yet—but I suppose she is started back. Did I tell you she went to Ching-tau? Because she didn't at all! She went to Chefoo—
and I remember having told somebody wrong.

Velma and her friend Mrs. Makina and Dorothy Hare our new evangelists are at present in Peiping, and will arrive here about the middle of September — that is, unless the mission votes in a hurry to have Dorothy stay in Peiping for language study. I don’t believe they will.

I laughed when I saw your list of my 192-193-194-195 letters! I must have failed to record some of them. This summer I was very lassadaical about my recording — but perhaps I can be a little stricter with myself about it now. I’m glad to find I’ve written a few more than I thought I had!

The two enclosed clippings are from the same paper (Hong Kong). The British Horse Party is the one that Mr. and Mrs. Williams invited me to attend — but there was no possibility
that I could go — with Y. P. Retreat here, and Eva coming, etc. I hope I shall be able to attend one sometime.

The other clipping is a fair sample of reports of the struggle in Kwangsi. Saturday night at their weekly meeting the Y. P. had quite an elaborate game of the Big Generals — in this fight sending out orders for their underlings to catch the rascal ones — quite exciting!

To bed now — a lot to do tomorrow, before school begins in dead earnest.

Much love & yrs.

Ada Boardman sent me a clipping about Uncle Arthur — I suppose Duke sent them & Uncle George as I'll not send

Abbie
KWANGSI UNEASY

FANATIC GENERALS MAY GO COMMUNIST

ANOTHER MISSION FROM CANTON: HO CHIEN AND CHING CHIEN

FRONTIER PRECAUTION

There is a growing undercurrent of terror among the Kwangsi people that the fanatical generals Tsai Ting-kai and Pei Chung-hsi will resort to Communism as a last means, when they find themselves too hard pressed by the Nanking Government.

A military conference in Canton has decided to send a final telegram to the besieging Kwangsi commanders. If this fails also war will be declared.

There were rumors in Canton yesterday morning that Kwangsi had decided to give up the struggle; that Chiang Kai-shek has permitted Li Chung-jen to remain in Kwangsi, while Pei Chung-hsi will go abroad.

A later message states that Generals Ching Chien and Ho Chien, the Homan Chairman, will probably go to Kwangsi to make a final appeal for peace. It has also been suggested that the peace parleys might be held in Hongkong. In the meantime government troops have been withdrawn a few miles from Kwangsi frontiers.

Mr. T. L. Soong's financial reform programme for Canton centre on reduction of exorbitant taxes, stabilisation of the paper currency, eradication of gambling and opium, checking of smuggling and strict budgeting and auditing of Government accounts.

IN KWANGSI NOW

People Fear Possible Red Dictatorship

CONDITIONS ON RIVER


Although opinion in regard to the possibility of the small foreign population here is concerened, no incident has been reported. THE press generally report a growing undercurrent of terror on the part of the native population that the fanatical generals Tsai Ting-kai and Pei Chung-hsi will resort to Communism as a last means, when they find themselves too hard pressed by the Nanking Government.

In general the populace holds hope for ordinary civil war, but recollections of past experiences with red uprisings and the common memory of the Fokien revolt in 1925 in Shanghai played such an important part in a concrete basis for the growing tides.

Even the twenty-one Roman Catholic priests of the Marist Mission in Kwangsi province, who recently were released from their 400-mile war, have not forgotten the bitterest conditions under which they were forced to abandon their rebel state if familiarisation of innocent Belgians is established.

Defence Strengthened

Contrary to popular belief the Kwangsi exchange on Hongkong money now is at a 1½% premium. The feeling in Wuchow as evidenced by the price of tea yesterday. Following widespread reports of the re-establishing of fortification efforts, the export price of tea had been hovered around 25.70 dollars per 100 pounds.

Radio Takon

Late Sunday night troops searched many shops and homes in a large number of raiding parties were particularly concerned flocks of suspected flying on the night-time possession of radio sets. On Monday morning a military order was made providing for the destruction of all matchbooks and temporary structures along the riverbanks. Because of the recent high water most of these students had been temporarily abandoned and the military apparently seized the opportunity to eliminate them. At several points along the hand sandbags were thrown up.

The hills above the city and the river banks for a mile below, as has been reported, are honeycombed with dugouts, gun emplacements and airblockhouses which are being supplemented daily. The long lines of soldiers trudging up the hills with heavy timbers, water buckets and cement bags brings to mind descriptions of what must have been a common sight in North China seventeen centuries ago when the Great Wall was under construction.

Alleged Mine Field

Wuchow lies approximately seven miles west of the border. Beyond the first mile below the city where the banks are lined with log depots preparatory to the establishment of a blockhouse, there is no sign of human activity until the border.

At the border a steam launch supplies incoming junk and atomisers with a pilot, who directs them through the minefield which is said to have been laid between the border and Wuchow. It is significant, however, that steamers are apparently following their usual course over this stretch.

So far as Japanese influence in Kwangsi is concerned this correspondent has interviewed residents and travelled extensively during the past three weeks and has obtained first-hand information to the effect that Japanization is general.

On Sunday evening, however, the correspondent distinctly established from first-hand information that two Japanese both about 35 years of age arrived in Wuchow and reported at the local military headquarters—United Press.

Canton reports say there is no mine field.