

1895

- Phebe Kinney Beard is born June 18, 1895 at Sharp Peak, China. Willard and Ellen live in Foochow, China otherwise.
- On August 1, 1895, nine missionaries and one child were attacked with swords and spears and killed in Hua Shan (or Wha-sang, a mountain village near Ku-chen or Kutien or Kucheng).
- X-rays discovered by German physicist Wilhelm Roentgen
- Willard is 30 and Ellen is 27.

[These diary entries, dated from **January 1, 1895 to January 16, 1895**, were written from Foochow, China by Ellen. She begins writing on her first New Year's Day in China. Willard had to travel out into the country and it is their first time apart since being married. She talks about some of her activities on the various days. From the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Tuesday, January 1st [1895]

Our first New Year's day in China! We are spending it with Mr. Hubbard's people at Pagoda Anchorage. Willard and Mr. Hubbard returned yesterday afternoon from a three day's journey in the country about Sharp Peak. We have never been separated for a single night before since we were married. Today Willard and Mr. H. went on another short trip in a boat expecting to return by one o'clock; but did not appear until three. This disturbed Mrs. H's plan to go across the river which was eventually carried out in part.

The thoughts which events have led me to entertain today are apropos to the beginning of a new year. Briefly stated they are, - The necessity of plan and purpose in life; and the necessity of persistence and finess in executing them. Our obligation to others. True love and unselfishness the foundation of happiness in the home.

[When asked about Sharp Peak, Donald MacInnis replied: "Sharp Peak was an island in the mouth of the Min River where the early missionaries went to escape the summer heat. Later, stone houses were built on Kuliang mountain, a day's walk from the city, and a whole summer community built up there."].

Wednesday, January 2nd

The weather today is similar to that of yesterday altho it has not rained. We started at 10:30 for home. I felt a slight headache and after eating lunch, I was thoroughly seasick. We had intended to attend the Missionary Concert at the So. Side but walked directly home from the boat.

Thursday, Jan. 3rd

[no entry]

Tuesday, January 15th.

The weather has been true to the standard of late preceeding days,- the thermometer running below 50 degrees and heavy mists or rain filling the air all day.

Affairs of the mission have precluded all study. At 9.30 A.M. we went into the city and sat in business meeting assembled at Dr. Baldwin's for nearly an hour when it adjourned to attend Miss Woodhull's examination of her Woman's School and Kindergarten. There were several very interesting little ones among the sixteen, who carried off the motion songs and the ball and block studies very creditably after only four months study. We heard little of the woman's work as we returned to resume business before dinner. We with Mr. Woodin dined with Miss Woodhull. At two o'clock we attended the Class Day exercises at Mr. Pete's school. They were arranged wholly by the class and consisted of a discussion of the question "Is an education profitable?" The boys talked readily each from the standpoint of a different occupation and the audience seemed much amused altho I understood none of it.

Immediately following this was Dr. Woodhull's examination of hospital students. This showed good work with four students. Tea was served at the close of the exercises. Business meeting again convened holding until 6 P.M. The principle items of business transacted was the expunging of the "Dr. Whitney resolution", appropriation in asking for a new man to take Mr. Pete's school; also sanitarium suites were voted to be rented.

I have firmly concluded that the rule for new missionaries not voting the first year should be strictly adhered to.

Wednesday, January 16.

The Field Day Exercises of the Scientific College called Willard into the City for the forenoon; they passed off much to the satisfaction of the audience.

I assisted Miss Newton in decorations for the graduating exercises. The exercises passed off very creditably in the afternoon altho not a large audience was present. The class consisted of two girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete, Mary and Miss Chittenden took dinner with us. After the close of the afternoon exercises, a business meeting was held at Mr. Woodin's. Mr. Goddard called in the evening.

[This letter, dated **January 2, 1895**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks. He and Ellen visited with the Hubbards at Pagoda Anchorage then he and Mr. Hubbard went on to Sharp Peak and had a Chinese feast

while there. They can have furniture made cheaply in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]

Foochow China.

Jan. 2nd 1895.

Dear Folks:-

A Happy New Year has been wished and I trust spent by you all. We thought of you and remembered you when we talked with the Father.

Last week we experienced the first wet days in Foochow. The rain began to fall Thurs. and it rained steadily till Sun. morning. Fri. afternoon Mrs. Hubbard sent a sampan up from Pagoda Anchorage for us to come down and spend the Sabbath. It was a cold, raw time and rained hard but we went. The wind favored us and we were less than two hours on the water, and found a nice warm fire and a good supper waiting for us. Sat. morning Mr. Hubbard and I arose at 5:30 o'clock and started for Sharp Peak at the mouth of the Min river. About half way down the tide met us and we stopped at one of the numberless little villages along the bank of the Min. Mr. H. talked and read to the crowd that everywhere gather about a foreigner whenever he stops and I stood by him and allowed the natives to examine my coat and gloves and hair, and sold tracts. One man invited us into his house, gave us a seat and treated us to boiled sweet potatoes. They were good. Mr. Hubbard had an errand on board one of the steamers lying in the anchorage so we went on board and were treated to tea cake and crackers. We arrived at Sharp Peak village just as dark fell. The helper= the Pastor- was at the boat to meet us and we went straight to the chapel. The mud was pretty deep in the streets but it was so dark we could not see it so it made little difference. This church was to celebrate Christmas that evening and many of them had already gathered. The servant- a Christian worker and sort of colporter [*or colporteur - sells religious materials*]- made supper ready for me. The Pastor gave us some tea and a neighbor sent in some milk. These with the food which we took with us made a good supper. The chapel was very prettily trimmed and all in good taste except one cross which was all covered with advertisement cards. It looked a little odd to see this decoration on a cross, but to the Chinese it was very pretty, and answered the same as a cross decorated with roses and lilies for us at home. A number of men spoke, and after these exercises, the presents were given to the children. These chapels in the different parts of the mission- all have a day school connected with them. Where the work is not too large the pastor is also teacher in the day school, so the church and school are very closely linked together. Nearly all the children in the Sharp Peak church are day school scholars. These each had an image of play and gaily painted, and a picture card. The one who had been most regular in attendance had first choice of the images. It was as hard work for them to decide which was the handsomest images as it is for some little American boys to decide which is the biggest orange. After the children were disposed of the older ones went in for a feast. Of course Mr. H and I had to partake. This was my third Chinese feast within a week,- and I had eaten a supper only two hours before! But I sailed in and wished I had not taken anything with Mr. H. This feast was good. They had some fried oysters that would do credit to any New Eng. house wife's cooking, and the chicken was good. And they had eggs boiled hard, the shells taken off and then fried in batter- fried whole. These were delicious. Two kinds of fish were very nice. I am getting used to diving into the same dish with seven others, and throwing the refuse either under or on the table. Here is a description of our bed. Two horses - just like our carpenter's horses,- on these four boards each a foot wide, on these an oil cloth, then a mattress of cotton one inch and a half thick, and then a plush robe,- sheets and covering. We slept like bricks. The next morning was bright and clear. We rolled out and climbed the hill to create an appetite for breakfast. Hot potatoes and rice were added to our bread and meat. This was our fare till Monday night. I liked it. The sweet potatoes are good and the rice is always good, add a little bread and eggs and meat, and have sugar, salt and milk and I shall enjoy these country trips. It makes me happy to find that they are agreeable to me for my work is in this line. After I have learned to talk I shall be all over this part of the province of Fukien- for 75 miles back from the site of Foochow. Mr. Woodin was gone 16 days on his last trip. This I believe is the longest one that is made in the mission. Mr. Hubbard is located near the center of his field and is seldom away from home more than one night at a time. Sharp Peak is the place where we expect to spend next Summer. Up on top of the hill is a very pleasant house arranged for five families. I think we shall enjoy it. A fine beach lies at the foot of the hill and we can bathe as often as we are willing to descend and climb the hill. Monday morning we started up the river stopping on the way at Wung puo to rent a place for school and chapel and rooms for chapel and school teacher. We reached the Anchorage late in the afternoon. In the evening we all took tea with Dr. and Mrs. Whitney and then son Henry and daughter Mary. New Years morning Dr. Whitney, Mr. H and I started again on a tour, visiting other of the stations and returning at 3:30 P.M. This morning Ellen and I started for Foochow at 11:00 o'clock and reached our home at Ponasang at 3:00 P.M. It is now 4:45 and I'll take a rest. The mail came again last Thurs. Ellen received a letter from Etta. That was all. Fri. morning, Jan. 4th a letter has just arrived from home. I tell you it has done me good. You may be sure there is no discount on home news. We are full of business, but there is always time for and everything is always dropped when

the American mail arrives. I am glad to hear that you are all well. I think it may be a good thing to box up some of the snow and send it over to us. We shall not be likely to see any for a few years. I believe that a little falls sometimes, but it is so uncommon that the Chinese stand on the bridge and watch flakes fall into the river and dissolve, wondering what becomes of them. All along the street they pack it into images- men and women engaging in the sport. Some box it up to preserve it. We have had one or two frosts- nothing colder. Mrs. Woodin's calas are out door in bloom. She has had them put in two nights is all. The Chinese never have fires for warmth. When a cold comes they put on the clothes- padded coats and fur lined coats. The class called Coolies who do the work about the house and carrying on the streets never cover their ankles. It looks rather incongruous to us to see these men with their shoulders and bodies thickly padded, but with ankles bare, no stockings and only a pair of Chinese shoes.

I am glad to hear from Ruth that school is going on so well with all of you. Does James still peddle? I wonder how Ben is getting along. I must write him. You see, you folks have the advantage over me. I must write a full letter myself. Each time you have several for each letter and can take turns writing. I hope you will write all about the farm work and how Oliver is getting along, and all about the Uncles and Aunts and cousins and I hope Aunt Louise will find time to write a letter to us telling all about Grandfather and Grandmother and the news at White Hills. [*Louise is Willard's mother's sister. The 1900 census shows Louise Nichols, born in Sept. 1857, living with her mother, Phebe A. Nichols, born May 1819 in Huntington Town, CT. Louise's father, Nathan Bennett Nichols died in May 1899.*]

I think that we shall send a list of articles for Oliver to purchase and send to the Board rooms in Boston to be forwarded to us. I am lonely without any tools. My knife which you have not seen- which contains a saw, gimblet and tweezers punch, cork screw, hook and two blades- is my whole outfit. It does very well, but I think I must have a complete set of tools for carpentry work. I'll see what I can do here before I write definitely. We have not heard from our goods yet since they passed the Suez Canal Nov. 27. We wish we had bought less furniture in Boston. We can have it made to order here for about half what we paid in Boston. I gave Ellen a writing desk, - 2 ½ ft. long, slanting top, covered with cloth. The top lifts up and under it is a large space and a number of pigeon holes below and back are three drawers a foot wide and half a foot deep. It is of hard wood stained to represent black walnut. It cost only \$4.75 in silver. That means about \$2.50 in gold. I have ordered a desk for myself- an office desk for \$11.00. It is to be 53 in. long, 32 in. wide, - flat top- four drawers on each side of me as I sit at it, and a cupboard on each side at the back and pigeon holes above that are separate from the desk. We are going to have a side board, a book case and one or two wardrobes made. There are no closets in these houses, so each one had to have his own.

Next week will be the week of prayer. The three missions here observe it together. The meetings are held in the P.M. at 3:00 P.M. Next Sunday Dwight preaches. This begins the series of meetings and the week day meetings are prayer meetings held at the private houses. I lead the meeting one week from to day "Home and Foreign Missions".

Yes Phebe, I knew Eddy quite well. He was in Hartford last year and spent one night at the Seminary. I saw him again at Detroit. I do not remember seeing him at Madison. Pitkin his chum was there. Eddy and Pitkin I understand have means at their disposal and are going out to the foreign field under the A.B.C.F.M. but will pay their own expenses. So the Board gains not only two good men but their support as well. I almost envy the man who is able to give not only himself but his expenses as well, and yet this is wrong for the Lord asks of us only what we have and if we give that we have given all, whether it be only self or self with money added. Then again He asks only prayers and work and money and does not want self in the foreign work, but desires the personal work in the Christian land. One work is no greater than the other, and I am more and more inclined to think one work is no harder than the other if both are done with equal consecration and devotedness. There are temptations to battle against here as well as in America. This city has so many missionaries and other foreigners in it that a spirit of rivalry in dress etc. is not entirely absent. Then servants are so cheap- only \$4.00 silver per month that one has to guard against laziness. We new comers feel this more than those who have been here longer, for they can use the language and there is always work enough for every one who can talk. We find it hard to study all the time, and get the proper exercise. Here at Ponasang there is no good place to walk. The city is on all sides of us, and one is not forcibly impelled by the pleasant streets and handsome store windows to stroll out. Dwight and I went out into one of the cemeteries nearby and a beggar spied us. He followed thro the streets for a mile and up on a high hill and would not let us look off with any comfort. When we started down into the street again he blocked our way. I kicked his shins and Dwight accidentally hit him on the head with his cane. He left us then. Begging is a profession here as much [as] making idols, and the beggars are often rich people who ply their vocation part of the day and sit at home in ease the rest.

Now that letters have started I trust that each mail will bring something from home, and unless the work becomes very demanding and takes me off away from home you will hear often from me. I am in no danger of going into the country at present- not till my tongue twists more easily.

Love to all Will and Ellen.

*[This letter, dated **January 4, 1895**, was written from Ponasang, Foochow, China by Ellen to her dear friends. She and Willard have been busy socially. Ellen attended a Native Woman's Missionary Society meeting. She will be helping Miss Newton with graduation exercises. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Ponasang, Foochow, China
Jan. 4" 1895.

My dear Friends,

Willard has left a place in his envelope for my letter which may not be a repetition of his, as we do have some different experiences.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodin invited [*me or us*] to dinner today, Dr's. Woodhull and Nieberg of the Woman's Hospital, Miss Woodhull, of the Woman's and Kindergarten Schools, and Mr. Goddard; it was a very pleasant party. I think it has taken as much of our time to accept invitations for dinners, evenings, excursions and visits since we have been here as it did ordinarily in America; so you see social life is not entirely lacking even in China.

This afternoon I attended the Native Women's Missionary Society. It took eight members, two hours to discuss the disposal of fifty dollars which they had raised in two years with the aid of foreign contributors. I did not stay through the session as I could understand only such of the discussion as filtered through the minds and escaped in occasional remarks of the foreign women present. The society is but two years old, has a membership of thirty, nearly all of whom are comparatively poor women and are doing a good work among their heathen sisters and in the schools. They pledge themselves to go out once or twice a week to do personal missionary work among the women.

We had quite a rest from studying the language the past week, in one visit to Pagoda Anchorage. Willard's three day's trip with Mr. Hubbard was his first experience in "touring" and was the longest we have been separated since our marriage. But I suppose I must become accustomed to his long absences from home as touring is to be an important part of his work.

I am coming to understand enough of this "Baby lovish jargon" to comprehend our washerman's request for starch and blueing and to find the hymns as announced in Chinese; so I think there is a possibility that I may speak the Foochow dialect intelligibly some time.

Miss Newton's school is preparing for the Graduating Exercises of its class of two. She has asked me to assist in the floral decorations which are to be elaborate, I assure you. They are to have a class ode and a parting song composed by the graduates, organ solos and duets by the native teachers and undergraduate pupils, and their diplomas are printed on white silk.

Following close upon the Commencement Exercises of the two schools comes the Chinese New Year which is a time of great festivity. As they reckon time by the moon, their new year begins several days later than ours,- Jan. 26"- it being to day the 9" day of the 12" moon.

I have received but one letter from my home and we were both very glad to hear from you in the letter received to day.

My limited space prevents personal messages, but I send a big bundle of love which may be distributed in Holiday Greetings (perhaps now somewhat passé) and every day remembrances to each and all.

Very Sincerely,

Ellen.



Chinese houseboat. A pagoda can be seen in the distance. Is this Pagoda Anchorage?
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter, dated **January 29, 1895**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks. Some of their household goods have arrived and some letters from home. Willard explains Chinese reckoning and what the New Year means for the Chinese. He sold his bicycle for lack of places to ride it easily. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China
Jan 29th '95

Dear Folks

It is a long time since I have written you, not because there was nothing to write but rather because there was too much "going on." Two weeks before last was our Week of Prayer. The three Missions joined in daily meetings. Dwight preached the first Sunday in the English Ch. and during the afternoons of the week meetings were held at the homes of different members of the Missions. I led the meeting Fri. P.M. Subj:- Home and Foreign Missions." The meetings were very interesting, well attended and lasted from 3-4:30 o'clock. One of the Ch. Of Eng. Missionaries preached on the last Sunday and administered the Sacrament after the custom of that Church. Interspersed with the prayer meeting our Mission held a number of business meetings which completely filled the day. Then add to this going away to dinner and having others come to dinner and the time was all occupied. To explain this:- the day that I led the meeting, our Mission held a business meeting at our house from 9 A.M. -1:00 P.M. Well ten persons had to come from the city out here and if they attended the prayer meeting in the P.M. they had to stay to dinner. So the folks at Ponasang invited them to stay for dinner. The courtesy was returned when the meetings were in the city.

Week before last was Commencement week in our schools and colleges. And every day was full two or three times over- if we count the invitations from the Meth. and C. of Eng. Missions. Nearly every day was rainy. I conducted the Field Day exercises for our Banyan City Scientific College on Wed. morning of that week. We had

arranged to hold them in our compound in front of our house but the rain drove us under shelter and we had to exercise in Cowan Hall at the College Business meetings demanded very much of our time this week also. One can form no conception of the amount of brain work it takes to manage a Mission like this with the educational and evangelistic work- with too few preachers, too few teachers, too many seeking employment, too many unqualified, a Chinaman is just as ready to accept a lucrative position- even if he does not have to work very hard in it as an American as most of the converts are from the poorer classes and a good living means much to these- they do not look to laying by anything. Our pastors are paid according to their expenses- a man with a large family has more than one with a small family. Then some of the churches help more than others. The largest sum which any pastor receives is \$108.00 per year from the mission, he has a large family and is working where there are no church members. We hold a meeting tomorrow morning to consider whether it is best to keep him. He has worked in this village four years and has done nothing. His boys go to our schools and his girls are in our boarding school. They get all the help possible and then skip off where there is more pay or more (to them) desirable employment. Of course they have a right to do so in one sense, but the man seems to be simply scheming to see how he can squeeze another dollar out of the Mission. This is only one case out of many that come. We young fellows are apt to think the older Missionaries rather lenient sometimes. But old heads are generally better for counsel and I prefer to be seen more than heard for a year or so. Well beside the planning connected with our own work alone, we have to take into consideration the methods and fields of the other missions. Most of the country about is definitely apportioned to each of the three missions. But the city and suburbs are undivided and sometimes before one of us knows it he is working in the same locality as another mission then one has to remove himself. To add to the difficulty of our business this year in arranging our mission work, the appropriations asked for were \$ 2422.00. We received \$840.00. What was to be done? We could not turn off preachers and teachers in this way so we went into our own salaries and have nearly supplied the deficit. Ellen and I gave 1/6 of our appropriation from the Board for this year. But when you know that one dollar in gold which we receive from the U.S. is equal to two of our silver dollars and that one of these silver dollars has as great purchasing power here as one gold dollar in America, we are not so benevolent as would seem at first thought. This is letting you into the inner working of the Mission a little. I hope I have given the true color to the picture. There are so many influences at work, and one part of the work is so vitally connected with every other that it is a very easy matter to give a one sided view of any question pertaining to Mission matters.

A week ago last Saturday all but four boxes of our goods arrived and I have been at work on them since Wed. evening. First I dove into the box which contained the bicycle and wedding presents. Nearly everything came thro in good condition. Some of the spoons or ladles look as if they had breathed a little salt air, and found it rather strong for their lungs. The bicycle arrived in perfect condition and I have been out twice on it. The main street is rather crowded for it, and the paths over the rice fields are too narrow and crooked. Chinese New Years Day, Jan. 26th I rode it thro' the street without difficulty- the people shut up shop on that day- and over in the foreign settlement the roads are very good. I had a ride of about seven miles on a very fine road. After the contents of this box were examined I let the stove loose and we have it at work, and are very much delighted with it, then we opened two boxes of furniture and found a dining table and six chairs, a parlor table, two folding rockers and two folding chairs, rugs lamps etc. So now we have our setting room furnished with our own furniture, our dining room ready for use, and are sleeping under our own clothing but not over our mattresses yet. The beds have not arrived. My desk is finished but it is varnished with Chinese varnish which poisons some people unless it is thoroughly dry. It requires about six weeks to harden. When it is once hard it is like iron. Hot dishes, boiling water etc have no effect on it. Furniture that was varnished 8 or 10 years ago is as good looking now after constant use during all that time. When this desk is in our sitting room, we shall call the room the study, and it will be furnished as completely as we expect to have it. We are taking much pleasure in arranging the articles in our new home and it is a long drawn out pleasure, for the goods come lagging along so. It is nearly two weeks since the other boxes came and the rest have not been heard from since they arrived at Hong Kong. I have bought a Chinese saw, balance and chisel, and have a hammer which I brought from home, and have borrowed a nail puller. The boxes furnish excellent lumber, and I take exercise by pulling out and saving nails, and I have already made a cupboard for oil cans, dust cloths, tools etc and on top the lamps are placed each day and cleaned. I have begun to make an ironing table and must make an ironing board and a bench for the wash tubs. Then we shall need a framework covered with an iron screen or netting for our "pantry." The people here call it a "safe." I shall make the frame for this and there will [be] numerous other articles that we shall need, which I expect to manufacture out of the nails and boxes that come from America. The carpenter or cabinet maker would like to do the work I suppose but I should have to wait his time and pay his price.

A week ago last Saturday was an eventful day for us. Our first goods from home arrived that day and when we went to supper we left our wedding presents and a lot of other nick nacks strewn about the room. We were just

about to put them away after supper as the mail from America was announced and we each found a letter from home. It would not be surprising if our eyes were a little blurred as we read them silently and then it was nothing against us if our voices were a little husky as we reread them aloud. Every thing spoke very loudly that night of home and dear ones. But my best of wives is very brave and we have so much to do, with study and arranging the house, etc that homesickness is not allowed to hold the fort for long at a time. Sat. evening:- I have had a very prosperous sore throat for the last two weeks. It has not however kept me from eating or from working most of the time. It has kept me from finishing this letter for I felt so ugly last evening and the evening before that I did not want to write. The throat is better now.

I think you will enjoy a brief account of a Chinese New Year as it has been seen by one of the Yankees for the first time.

Our time is reckoned from the birth of Christ. The Chinese reckon according to the cycle of sixty years, according to the Dynasty, and according to the year of the reigning Emperor. This sixty year cycle was started arbitrarily 2637 B.C. by Hwangti or his minister Yau. The present year would then be the 32nd year of the 76th cycle. The present Dynasty came in in 1644 at the end of the celebrated Ming Dynasty, and is called the Tsing i.e. Pure Dynasty. The rulers are not Chinese but Tartars. One of the first acts of this power was to compel the Chinese to adopt the national Tartar mode of shaving the front of the head and braiding the back hair into a long queue as a sign of submission. This then is the 251st year of the present Dynasty and the 21st year of the Kuang Hsu reign. The Chinese month begins with the new moon. This year the first of the first month or New Years Day came on the 26th of our January. As there are really more than twelve moons in a year, an intercalary month is put in when the calendar needs it. This year we shall have 13 moons. The 5th month ends June 22nd. The next month is called "In 5th" month and ends July 21st. Then begins the 6th month. The next Chinese New Years Day will be toward the middle of February.

With each New Years Day life begins anew for the Chinaman. He is one year older then without reference to the day or month of his birth. A child born in the last month of the year, is a year old at birth, as all children are, and after the next New Years Day is two years old. One of the first signs of the approaching New Year is house-cleaning. Every house must be scrubbed, inside and out. As none of the houses are painted, and as a hole in the roof is the chimney, and as this is the only house cleaning of the year, the appearance of the city and the villages is greatly changed. I thought at first, as I was passing thro' a small village on the plain the other day, that the houses were new, but it was the effect of the recent scrubbing. The shopkeeper tears down his old sign and puts up a new one in the most gorgeous colors he can find. The old candle stick is thrown on the rubbish heap and a new one is bought. The children appear in new garments, and the older ones also to a less extent. The confectionary stands blossom out in sweet meats of fantastic colors. Restaurants and bakeries manufacture their most tempting and indigestible cakes. One of the most popular is made of glutinous rice flour. The cake is about eighteen inches in diameter and about two and one half inches thick, of a dark brown color, rather sweet, but as heavy as flour and water mixed without shortening, and sticks to your teeth like putty. Fire crackers are very numerous at New Years and the air is as full of noise and powder in China, as at Fourth of July in America. Business is very lively for two weeks at the close of the year. The streets are more crowded than in the busiest parts of our largest cities during the Holiday Season. All accounts must be balanced at the end of the year. This makes a general cessation of business at the end of the year and a fresh start again with the ushering in of the New Year. It is a serious time with debtors, for if a man allows a debt to remain over a New Year's Day, his credit is gone. In some respect this is a good custom, a man cannot run in debt for years and then fail with a few millions in his pocket because his business standing is known at the end of each year. The last day of the year, and I had better add the last night also is a very busy time for the man who is hard up and who has debts to collect. He lights his lantern and goes out in quest of the delinquents, and custom allows him to extend the night into New Years Day as far as he can make one candle burn. But so long as he is collecting he must carry this lighted lantern with him. The last night is spent, by those who have settled their accounts, in feasting and drinking. New Years morning dawns and the city is as quiet as a New England village on a Sunday morning. Every shop is closed and the inhabitants are sleeping. About noon the people wake up, and a few stroll out and form into groups by the road side to gamble. No business is done that day and as I passed thro' the street, the city looked deserted. I rode my wheel without difficulty thro' the same streets in which I found difficulty in making my way on foot two days before. On the second day a very few of the poorer shops open, you meet a few men and women carrying burdens, gradually business starts. But as yet it is far from its usual briskness and this is the 9th day of the New Year. The Feast of Lanterns occurring the 15th of the 1st month helps to enliven business at this season. Lanterns of every conceivable shape are made and exposed for sale. Every one is supposed to purchase one. As we pass thro' the streets now we see the purchasers selecting and we meet others carrying home the paper forms. The lanterns are all made of bamboo frames covered with paper. Inside each is a place for a candle. They are all on the same principle as the Chinese lanterns we have at home, only of all shapes- fish, horses with

riders, men, women, houses, boats, birds, cows, ornaments etc. Some with a windmill arrangement inside, so that the draught of air caused by the heat of the candle will turn an apparatus on which are arranged figures of men, women, officers on horseback and sedans etc. They are very artistic and quite worth seeing. For the first two weeks of the New Year the women are free to go about. There is little work to do at home, as the house has just been thoroughly cleaned and as the men are not busy. Several groups of six or eight women have visited our houses during the past week. This must be a happy season for the poor women who are kept so secluded at all other times- little better than slaves. The house cleaning is done mostly by women who live in boats on the river. And after New Years Day these boat women- all large footed and strong may be seen with baskets going from house to house asking for gifts of cakes etc this they are allowed to do at no other season of the year.

The chair coolies always demand one half more pay for the first time they carry a foreigner after New Years. The native churches observe the first week of the Chinese year as the week of prayer.

The beginning of the New Year is a holiday season with the Chinese, not a holiday as with us. It effects not only the business among the natives but all business with which a Chinaman is connected. Ships are stranded for days because the Chinese sailors must have a vacation. I saw the books of one of the merchants here this morning and during the last month his business was recorded in about ten lines of one page of the ledger. Ordinarily his business for one month covers ten pages. It will take about five days more for business to assume its normal proportions. The more aristocratic a man is the longer he keeps his shop closed. But I can learn of no unusual religious ceremonies connected with the celebration of this festival season. It is the Chinaman's vacation as the summer weeks are the American's vacation and with this difference. The American can not afford the time to rest completely and all at once, so part of him remains at work in the city while the other part climbs the mountain or wades the shore.

I have written this account thinking you might like to copy it for some of the papers, if you deem it desirable. I would send it direct to the Sentinel or Bee but my time has more demands than I know how to meet, and then I have been using borrowed stamps thus far and do not like to ask for more than are necessary. All our goods have arrived and are unpacked (Wed. Feb. 6th) except the sewing machine. That will come in about another month. The mirror on our bureau was in 1000000's of pieces. This is the only serious breakage. I have had quite a siege putting together ten chairs, a dining table, commode, bureau, bicycle and stove. These all came knocked down and packed closely. We have used only about 215 cu. ft. of the 240 cu. ft. allowed us. And have about \$100.00 left with which to purchase furniture here. We ordered a side board 45 in long 41 in high three drawers and two shelves. The back extends 30 in above the top, making it 72 in high. There is a shelf on the back, 18 in from the top of the side board, 12 in wide. Then I ordered a low bureau or rather chest of drawers- 1 drawer 12 in deep one 6 in deep both 45 in long and two drawers 4 ½ in deep 22 in long. Beside these a book case 3 ½ ft long and about 4 ft high the whole will cost \$ 24.50 silver. Alas! Alas!! The bicycle and I have parted. The captain of one of the coast steamers came to see it the other day and asked me what I would take. I told him \$100.00 silver and he gave it. I could make no practical use of the machine and I thought \$100.00 was most too much to have lying about for the sake of a little pleasure once in two weeks or so. The money is on interest at 5%.

I have ordered about \$4.00 worth of silver ornaments- scarf pins, ladies hat pins, breast pins and hope to send them home to you some time within six months. These are all of solid silver- in very pretty designs- silver is so cheap here now that I thought I could send them home and if you like you may show them to friends and sell as many as you like.

Well I must close this long drawn out epistle. I hope you will continue to write for each mail. They arrive once in about 10 days. The last mail bro't no letters from America for us.

God is very kind to us as to all His creatures and we leave all our loved ones in His care. Give love to all. Congratulations for all birthdays. I was 30 yesterday.

Will

*[These letters, dated **February 21, 1895** and **March 4, 1895**, were written from Foochow, China by Willard and Ellen to the folks at home. Willard preached his first sermon and they had their first meal in their own home. Willard talks about the extravagance but necessity of having Chinese servants and the contrast between the missionary homes to the world outside the compound. Ellen tells about a visit to a Chinese home. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China.

Feb. 21st 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I think the last letter I wrote to you must have left Foochow 'ere this altho the only means of ascertaining would be to go over and ask, for there is no regularity yet in the coast service. I received this morning \$5.00 of U.S. stamps and sometime there will [be] another mail start for "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Then too we are getting ready to brave disappointment if another home mail arrives and we find no letters. All these considerations lend an excuse for starting another epistle. Even if the fundamental reason be love for the dear ones. [The following 2-3 sentences were written upside down among the above sentences:]
Mon. A.M. 7:40- I delivered my first address in the Foochow dialect last evening before the Y.P.S.C.E. at Ha puo ga- two sentences, twenty three words. The natives listened with wide open mouths- not exactly aghast- I do not know if they understood but I think they did most of it. Will.

I preached my first sermon a week ago last Sunday. (If I have told this before pardon me. I have written it somewhere but I think not to you.) Mr. Woodin was unable to make the usual tour into his district, and he was unwilling to send me with an interpreter, so the pastor of the church which we attend was delegated to go, and Mr. Woodin expected to preach for him. On Sunday he had the ear ache, and I spoke thro Ming Wung, as fine a young man as I ever saw. He is the same man who translates for me each Sabbath at S.S. Wouldn't we have had a good time in the country together if Mr. Woodin had allowed it! Tell Aunt Louise I should have eaten with this Chinaman and probably slept with him and been his constant companion for ten days, and come out of [it] all whiter than I was after haying a year ago last Summer. Ming Wung is a lovely young man [probably Ding Ming Uong]. He is the second generation of Christians, yes really the third, and the whole family are as nice as our own countrymen. There is one married son, Ming Wung, a little cripple, and little Kau Kau,= (Nine nine), and three nice daughters. The eldest graduated from our Girls School this year and begins to-day as a teacher in the school for a year before she is married. The other two are in the school, the youngest is as bright as a dollar and her eyes snap and her whole face has a roguish a look as you ever see on an American "witch cat".

I wrote that the mirror which came with our furniture was broken to flinders. I attended an auction the other day and paid \$7.35 for one to replace it, and as it was too large and there is no instrument here to cut it I must pay \$2.00 more to have the frame enlarged. I may feel thankful tho if this is the only extra for breakage on \$300.00 of goods coming so far. The fabulous prices which old articles brought at the auction made me think it would almost pay to break up house keeping and seen off once in a while. A half doz. chairs something the style of our dining chairs at home went for about \$14.00 and other things in proportion.

We are steadily working toward "getting settled" for housekeeping. The kitchen is in order, but only the stove or rather furnace is there- no spiders that stay where they are put, and such utensils, these must yet be bought. The dining room is all ready- as soon as the side-board arrives, which will be sooner or later. I think we shall be able to keep things running with one man to devote his whole time to cooking our food, and buying it from day to day, and another to help him in setting table and washing dishes, beside doing our washing and ironing and other work. I tell you what missionaries are extravagant on the servant question, but it is surprising to find how indispensable the servants are, and what a means of saving they are. In the first place, it would be poor economy for us to spend our time and strength to do that which a man will do for \$4.00 a month and board himself. In the next place, it is impossible for a foreigner to buy in the market for anything like a reasonable price, when his cook will go to the same market and buy meat and eggs etc. at the same cheap rates as other natives. Then it is impossible to buy in quantities as we do at home. Our cook spends about three hours nearly every day going to market. If we had to do this, how much could we do at the work for which we came out? We do no buying from the shops. When we are on the streets we go straight along. If we chance to stop to look at any thing we are immediately smothered with the crowd. Picture Ellen selecting a silk dress with twenty five Chinamen about her and each are near enough to touch her. Or me buying wash tubs under the same circumstances. I tell the servant I want an article and describe its size, shape etc. and show him one like the article I want and he brings it for less money than I could possibly have gotten it. Our furniture we ask the carpenter or cabinet-maker to come to us for orders.

I have arrived at the stage in the study of the language, when I can find out what is said to me, with the help of my teacher who cannot speak or understand a word of English- and a Dictionary. To-day our servant was going to buy a bed and he wanted to go and see it made so that he might not be cheated. Here is what he said to me. "Cing Siong mo ki kang i hek ngai gi pieng neng ga" (Cing Siong not go see he get badly him cheated.)

Cing Siong is the servant name, I would write out the Chinese characters for you but if I should chance to transpose two of them I could not tell the difference and you might laugh at me(?) for showing my ignorance. I have been able to settle with my carpenter, mason and cabinet-maker for two weeks or more. That is I can tell or understand the numerals and am able to distinguish whether an item is for work or material. When my forgetting and ignorance are in prime condition my good wife comes to the rescue and her superior knowledge brings the laugh on me. The other day we were out calling on some of the friends of the Meth. and Ch. of Eng. Missions. Ellen

was riding, and one of her coolies asked me what time it was “gui deng cung” and I could not make him out. Ellen told me and then he laughed. Bi Sing Sang could not know, but Pi Sing Sang niong knew [*or Bi Sing Sang niong?*]. I am known among the natives as Bi. The Sing Sang is the word for teacher, Niong means wife. The Bi is a high head tone and is not exactly like our B, but is a soft unaspirated P. The words for teacher have the same tones and are pronounced naturally. To pronounce Niong you begin with the high pitch and drop. Use the same quality of voice and pronounce the word as you do the “out” when you say sharply to a dog, “get out.” Well if I keep on at this you will know more of the language than I do.

We have just received \$5.00 worth of U.S. stamps (postage) from Shanghai. The report is that we will have to pay for them on the gold basis after this. We have the advantage over you thus far, for our stamps cost us only half as much as yours cost you owing to the exchange.

Last Fri. night Mr. Woodin was taken ill. He has not been very strong for over a year and the day before Fri. he had a very hard day's work- helping settle some difficulties among the Chinese. The Dr. says he has a constant low fever, but has no vitality- nothing to build upon. He has been here at work steadily for over ten years now since he came back from America the last time and was sadly in need of a rest, and Mrs. Woodin were planning to go home in the Spring of '96, but this makes it imperative that they go at once, if Mr. Woodin gets better. It will some what disarrange our plans and the plans of the whole mission. But it is all for the best. At present Mr. Woodin is a very sick man and the Dr. says very little about him. Well I am either tired or lazy and will bid you good night, to resume when thoughts are more plenty.

Mon. Feb. 25th, 8 P.M. This has been a very full day for us. We decided Sat. that, in view of Mr. Woodin's illness and the consequent addition to Mrs. Woodin's burdens, we must take care of ourselves as soon as possible, and planned to eat supper in our own home. We carried out the plan. And this was the way of it:- Our cook arrived about 12 o'clock to-day. We had previously bo't a tea kettle and had ordered some flour, sugar, salt, pepper, vinegar, apricots, figs, plums and corn starch. These goods arrived about 6:00 P.M. to-day. But we ate supper in our own dining room just the same, and here is the menu. Boiled eggs, apple-sauce, bread and butter, cake, peanuts, hot-water, cold-water, salt, pepper, sugar.-SATISFACTION, HAPPINESS. Mrs. Woodin had more bread and butter than she could use, so she gave up a little. Miss Newton happened in a few moments before we sat down and wanted to give some thing, so over came apple sauce, cake and peanuts, the eggs, hot and cold water, sugar, salt and pepper. Our cook or we furnished. This was something like picnicing but we did not trouble Mrs. Woodin, and from small beginnings, often, large engines follow. This may be the case with us, for our cook is an experienced hand and may run us into extravagance.

Birthdays have been lying about numerously of late. Feb 5th, 18th, 24th Father Kinney 25th and Mother only a few days before mine.

Wed. Evening Feb. 27th. We have just read your letters of Jan 6th and 8th. If you take half as much pleasure in receiving our letters as we do in getting one from home, I am sorry I cannot write oftener. I feel sorry every time a steamer leaves for Shanghai without bearing a letter from me to you. It seemed to me before I arrived that there would be plenty of time for letter-writing during the first year, but I have decided that there is never plenty of time for anything, for him who would make the most of life. There is sufficient time to do everything required and to do it well, but I believe it is detrimental to character, and it certainly impairs one's usefulness to live on the principal that time is an inexhaustible quantity. The men and women who today are making the world move and the men and women who have every minute full and a good many duties to perform between the minutes. So I always expect to be too busy to do anything “when I have time.” I must manufacture time by rapidity. This principle is being worked out right here in China now- China lives on the principle that there is time enough. The Chinaman moves only so fast, he swaggers along the street and if a man with a heavy load overtakes him, it is just as well, if he barely escapes being knocked down, as it would have been, had he quickly stepped out of the way as soon as the load approached him. And if- as I have often seen- one of the gentlemen of leisure is suddenly capsized by the force of an approaching sedan or other burden, he growls at the man whose road he persisted in blocking. In her war the same principle is seen. “There's time enough.” But little Japan has no time for anything and the big fat giant whimpers “these little men makes me muchee trouble. Please Christian Nation makee him stop.”-like a big black crow and a little king bird. By the way- Wei Hai Wei is taken, the Chinese fleet is all in the hands of the Japanese, so the fighting will not be on land entirely- I might better write the running away will be on land- There is nothing now to hinder the Japanese from going right to Tien Tsin and to Peking. The ambassadors from China are in Japan, and the last report was that at last they had full authority to negotiate for peace. China is learning that she is not the only schemer. Dr. Smith in speaking of this writes me:- “Coming from Japan, a nation which in itself presents in so striking a way the advantages that come from open-mindedness toward the new light and arts and machinery of the times, the lesson cannot fail to be the deepest possible.” It is hard to see what but overthrow will bring the present government corps under the power of the Gospel. Every official must obtain his office dishonestly, and must be a

worshipper of idols- else he is not an officer. It is his business to receive the revenues and expend as little as possible for the people and hoard or appropriate to his own use as much as possible.

Sat. evening March 2nd – This is a kind of piece-meal letter. But it may all the better give you a picture of our life here- it will be more like a diary. Our life is running along smoothly with housekeeping. Ellen tells the cook what she wants for some meals and for the others he prepares what he likes. He is a sharp looking man and an experienced cook. He comes to me with the reputation of being rather quick tempered and able to look out for No. 1. But thus far he has been all that we could desire. We have breakfast at 7:30 A.M. I get up and unlock the door at 6:45. After breakfast we have Chinese prayers. Ellen and I read a verse in turns with the two servants and we sing a hymn, after which the cook who is a member of the church offers prayer closing with the Lord's Prayer nearly all of which we can now repeat. The N.T. and PS and hymns are printed in the Romanized so we can read after a fashion. And each day with our teacher we read over the scripture which we are to read at worship next morning. The teacher does not know the Romanized so he reads the character and we read after him the Romanized. After prayers Ellen sees that the servant fills the lamps and then busies herself with sewing or prinking while I study with one teacher of about two hours when she relieves me of study and I "putter round" till dinner at 1 PM. After dinner we read one half hour, unless we have to go away, and then study till 4:30. And we busy at something till supper at 6:00. After supper we have our family worship soon after which the cook comes up to give Ellen his accounts. He does all the buying. She gives him silver dollars. He exchanges them for brass cash and buys his produce with the cash. One dollar exchanges for 1060 cash. The taking of the accounts consumes some time and is quite a task, for the cook does not speak or understand any English, and we have to find out in some way what he means by what he says. The dictionary helps us and we generally understand perfectly what he has bought, and what each article cost. After he is thro we read or write till we feel like retiring which is early. Since the goods arrived- about the middle of Jan. we have both spent all the spare time and more in putting things to rights and arranging for housekeeping. I have used the few native tools that I have bought to very good advantage, and believe that everything is in order now as far as I can put it in order till more furniture arrives from the cabinet maker.

During the last two weeks the weather has been delightful. We have not had a fire more than half the time- that is not more than half the days. Thurs. afternoon we walked over to the city thro the fields. It was so hot that we had to carry an umbrella to endure the heat. The sun is very hot here and even in the Winter foreigners have to use caution or they are liable to sunstroke. The Winter wheat is just heading out. The rape seed plant is all in blossom- it looks much like our wild radish- grows about two and one half feet high and has a yellow blossom. The fields are very handsome now with this rape seed plant and the wheat all planted in rows. This morning we were up and out in the compound for a walk ten minutes before breakfast. There was a shower last night and the atmosphere was as clear and fresh as a May morning at home. Our rooms are on the South side of the house and our dining the S.E. corner room. It was a very cheerful place this morning with the windows and doors all open, and the sun shining in. And we were a very cheerful pair as we sat down to oranges and bananas for 1st course, eggs on toast for 2nd course, and fried potatoes and gems of whole-wheat flour and coffee to top off. I wish that every young couple might be as happy the first week of housekeeping as we are. If you should suddenly drop down in Foochow and take breakfast dinner or supper with us, I expect you would open your eyes in astonishment and perhaps horror. Everything would be so different from what you had expected. You might accuse us of gross and wicked extravagance, for we have a very good house- not like a Fifth Ave. palace exactly, for our window panes are only 12x14 in. and all the windows are on hinges, instead of in window frames, and very likely you would be able to see outdoors thro some of the cracks around the windows. Our furniture is mostly from Boston. That which we have had made here is just as good. The food which you would find before you would not be wholly rice- This noon you would have had soup, mutton chops, potatoes, boiled rice, peas, beets, oranges, bananas, and hot water- no tea. You could have coffee for breakfast, but never any tea. To find the table arranged as nicely as at home, and a waiter to come at the call of the bell, and clear the table for each course would almost shock you- it did us at first- Then after dinner you write a letter home and instead of going to drop it in the box, you call your servant and send him two miles to the post office. Or you want to borrow a book of paper of one of the missionaries in the city and the servant goes with a note and brings the article. And you make up your mind that the missionary's life is very easy and pleasant. But you have been nowhere yet except in the compound which is divided from the native houses by a high wall, and the gate is watched all day and locked at night. When you go out on the street and are in the turmoil and strife of the busy noisy multitudes, and then go into the dark dirty, close rooms they call homes, or when you go off into the country sixty or seventy miles, and see nobody but Chinamen, and you hear no word but such as the Chinese speak, and live on what you can carry from your home, supplemented by Chinese food, and sleep each night on boards with a blanket over them, and hear nothing from any of your friends during the time you are gone, for at a distance of 20 miles up into the country you are nearly as far away from home as N.Y. is from San Francisco, practically. When you come to get into the work you are ready to change your mind and eat with humble thanks the best food you can

find when you are at your own home, and you see it is your duty to reserve all your strength for work which the natives cannot do, and allow them not only to do what you would otherwise have to do, but even to do many things for your comfort that might not under other circumstances be found necessary, and that might be entirely unnecessary. Now in this I have just written out the change which has taken place in my own mind since I left the dear home in the home land- I must leave the rest of this sheet for Ellen.

Most Lovingly your Son and Brother, Will.

Mar. 4" '95

My Dear Father and Mother, Brothers, and Sisters,

Willard has left a little space for me to fill hastily this morning before he goes to the P.O.- We have a most beautiful weather this morning, so like our December morning at home. There was a heavy frost last night and the air is the keenest we have felt in China; it is very bracing and refreshing. It was only three or four days ago that we suffered from the intense heat during a leisurely walk through the fields.

We are nicely settled now at housekeeping as I suppose Willard has already written. Our first meal in our own home alone at our own table was eaten with mingled feelings which made it peculiarly memorable; of course we relished it more than any other meal we have taken since we left our old homes.

I suppose our efforts at conversation with our servants are often ludicrous, from their point of view, but we generally make them understand our wishes.

That I may not repeat anything Willard has written I am going to give briefly a little sketch of a visit which is outside his personal experience.

Miss Newton, the lady in charge of the girls school invited me to go with her to call on some of the pupils during the vacation when they were at their homes. The first place we visited was the home of a wire maker and his shop was the front room of the dwelling, opening upon the street i.e. the entire front of the room was open. This seemed to serve also as the general living room of the family which consisted of man and wife, son and wife, too little sons, a daughter and a "little wife" (a babe of two years) bought to bring up for a wife of the second son.

As this was their only place to receive, we entered and were offered chairs after they had been unloaded of a non-descript lot of stuff and dusted, but we preferred some narrow benches which were at hand. As we were fully exposed to vision from the street, in this guest room, crowds gathered in front of the shop as foreign ladies visiting Chinese ladies, is a curiosity indeed. As this was a poor family we were offered only little cakes but the usual courtesy, along this line, is tea, watermelon seeds, and two or three kinds of cakes. After a few minutes conversation Miss N. asked a little girl of the school who had come in from a neighboring house, to read from the New Testament. This drew the by-standers into the room as thick as they could stand and nearly treading upon our toes. The street too was nearly blocked. Miss N. then took this opportunity to talk to them of the story of Jesus and the salvation he brought to all men if they will accept. They listened open eyed and open-mouthed; for many had probably never heard it before and not more than two or three of the whole company were Christians. When she had finished we worked our way out through the crowd and were followed by a multitude as we went our way to another place to repeat the same scene.

I must leave you here but again will tell you of a visit to a wealthy family.

With love to all,

Your daughter and sister, Ellen.

*[This letter dated about **March 4, 1895** was written by Ellen Lucy Kinney Beard. Ellen talks about a visit she took with Miss Newton to a poor family of a girl from school and how the neighbors crowded in to see them. Ellen has copied this from the previous letter for another reader almost word for word. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

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I must leave you here but again will tell you of a visit to a wealthy family.

Ellen L. K. Beard

*[This letter, probably dated **March 1895**, was originally written from Foochow, China by Ellen. This is an excerpt of that original letter, the whereabouts of which are unknown. I believe the excerpt was copied by Willard's mother, Nancy Maria Nichols Beard. The excerpt tells about Ellen and Miss Newton's visit to the home of a wealthy Chinese family. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Probably March 1895]

[Excerpt from a letter written by Ellen that was probably re-written by Willard's mother, Nancy Nichols Beard.]

Mrs. Beards visit to a wealthy Chinese family.

...have come here to teach these people, is the only thing which can really better the condition of the individual, we may feel that the opportunities for personal work, pressing so thickly upon us, are avenues through which we may indirectly exert our influence, (be it ever so small) to uplift the nation.

Life for the Chinese is so hum-drum; there is so little change from the old ways of generations ago; so little variety, diversion; so little that is inspiring to either body, intellect, or soul; so little of amusement, wit, humor; little that contributes to the happiness of child life; little to interest leisure; little to comfort and brighten old age.

I have often seen in my travels, through the streets, little ones sitting listlessly on the compters[*counters?*] of the shops, or wallowing with dogs and chickens and pigs on the filthy pavements, with nothing to busy and train hand eye or mind. I have seen aged men and women in their homes, with no other diversion or occupation than smoking the pipe, gossiping with neighbors, or brooding gloomily over their blindness or other afflictions, wondering why the gods should have inflicted so great an evil on so good a person.

I have seen young men and young women, of wealthy families in their homes, who had apparently nothing by way of employment, except the disposal of their leisure which they must accomplish, I fancy, by keeping their numerous servants busy, and by tricking themselves out in their finery and making visits.

As I visited one of these wealthy families with Miss Newton I found much that was interesting to me, and will doubtless be to you.

Entering the outer court of the dwelling, we passed through a door which shut off immediate contact with the street turmoil, as the poorer houses are not. We were ushered into the reception room which was a continuation of the court, and separated from it only by a flight of three stairs, dividing the floor into two parts across the entire width.

On opposite sides of this room were arranged the two tea tables, with a chair on either side, the indispensable furniture of the great room, of all Chinese homes.

Being ladies, however, we were not seated here, but invited to a more private place, - the ladies bedroom. This was small and dark, much of the room being occupied by the large curtained bed, and most of the remainder by high chests of drawers, surmounted by ornaments, idols, boquets and what not; or by gaily painted and decorated boxes of camphor wood, piled one above another, in which I suppose the gay garments are kept.

The bed is a wooden framed structure, with rattan bottom, on which there is a layer of straw covered with straw matting, to make it warmer. The only cover is made of two thicknesses of bright colored cloth, with a thick layer of cotton between, which is whipped till it is very fluffy. This is rolled up, and with the wooden pillow are pushed to the back side of the bed during the day. The bed stead and pillow are generally painted red, ornamented with gold. The door is closed only by a rattan screen. In such a room we were invited to sit and were accompanied

by a host of servants and children one of whom hastened to prepare the pipe for us but was told by our Bible woman that we never use one.

Neither the calmness nor the pride of our entertainers was disturbed when a big rat made an observation tour through the room. (May it not be said to the credit of the guests that none of them lost their self control!) We were told that the entire household numbered about forty souls- counting slaves, servants, their children and all. Two of the young men of the house being advised of our arrival invited us into "a better place."

This proved to be an ampler bedroom of better appointments generally among them being two foreign upholstered chairs and other foreign articles. The servants brought us tea as usual in covered cups, and later served hot milk in covered cups with foreign spoons. This later courtesy was unprecedented in Miss Newton's experience.

The three ladies of the house were out but these two gentlemen entertained us while we waited. They were very intelligent and pretty well informed. They asked many questions regarding America, and the Japan-China war. Yet with all their intelligence and social courtesy, one of the young men did not hesitate to cross the room to where I sat, and bend over me with the most unconcealed curiosity to make a closer examination of my hat, especially the feathers; it was really a marvel to them. My kid gloves have also been a great curiosity; but this man refrained from touching them and asking the price, as so many women have done, yes and men also.

As the ladies did not arrive, we left the house after a call of an hour.

Miss Newton and I received a call from another wealthy family last week. Three ladies, one a graduate of her school, came at about 10.30 A.M. and staid to dinner. When she had exhausted all her powers of entertaining, she brought them to me. You should have seen their costumes. The glory of the rainbow – fades beside them and their heads more...[*the rest of the excerpt is missing*]

[*This letter, dated **March 12, 1895**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He is beginning to learn the language through study and daily use. Willard talks about how Chinese patients are learning about God in Dr. Kinnear's hospital. The Woodin's are preparing to leave China. Willard tells what they eat on a daily basis. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.*]

Foochow, China. March, 12th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

It may be a surprise to you to hear that a Missionary's mail is delivered to him on Sunday. But as we were sitting for a few moments between arriving home from S. School, and taking supper last Sunday afternoon, a letter from each home and one from Harvey Lawson, Ellen's cousin in the Marathi mission, Ahmednagar, India came into the room and we opened them at once. Yesterday a letter arrived from Geo. Wilder in North China. Both of these letters were full of joyful news. Wilder stopped for a week in Tientsin before going to Tung Cho. He met Gertrude Stanley, youngest daughter of Missionary Stanley, and a classmate of ours in Oberlin '91. It was love at first sight and the dear old boy succumbed completely. He is no longer his own. Queer isn't it what foolish things strong men will do. I do not know when the wedding will take place. I think perhaps they are so happy they have not yet thought of that event in detail. Of course under the brilliancy of that bright and glowing mass of frizzles which is Gertrude's crown, every thing in China looked lovely to Geo. And he has enjoyed the study of the language, and the meeting with the people and every thing else. Harvey stands on the end of one big toe which only barely rests on this earth. He can scarcely look down so far as to see other common mortals and all because a young lady looked on him for the first time last New Year's day. His letter is full of the word "papa", and "the nicest girl" etc. I'll just wink to myself for a few months. The American Board in Foochow has the promise of a new member to help in the evangelistic work. The arrangements so far are to have the new member board with us. We think that by July we shall have had sufficient experience in dealing with Chinese servants so that we can make the board satisfactory. We shall have more room in a few weeks- or as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Woodin go home. Mr. Woodin does not gain very fast. Both he and Mrs. W. are getting a little discouraged. But the Dr. says he is doing as well as can be expected. They have written to engage passage on the China from Japan May 4th.

My mistake in thinking that the first year or two would be devoted to uninterrupted study of the language is further intensified. Last Wed. these churches were put into my charge. This means have a general oversight of them, pay the Pastors and the chapel keepers, and in a word do all I can for the good of the church, in all its branches of work. Wouldn't you laugh to see one of the Pastors or helpers call on me. He cannot speak or understand a word of English and I an infinitesimal amount of Chinese. Yet the other day- yesterday a fellow who is temporarily teaching a Day School came in for his months pay, and I gave it to him without any help (it was only a small load \$2.50) and got everything straight. Of course I knew some of the circumstances and I had seen the young man before. But I'll

do no more blowing. I must however say that I have thus far found the study of the language very pleasant. I regret that my time is occupied so much in other business that study is sometimes made a secondary matter. Although the phase may have its bright side= it may guard against my becoming tired of study. Then while I am at other things I am always in positions where I hear the language used, and words are brought to my attention and fixed in memory, when they would not be by just sitting with the teacher. For instance this P.M. I went over to the college to give a lesson in gymnastics. I told the boys to exhale. Mr. Peet said "who". I said "all the boys". "Ok" he said. "That is the word for breath out." That word sticks.

It seems hard to realize that you are having sleighing and skating while we are almost sweltering. To-day has been the hottest day we have seen in China. The windows and doors are all open and have been all day. It is now 9 P.M. and the ther. in our room on the east side of the house, with windows and doors all open, registers 74 degrees, and this is the beginning of Spring! We shall try to get down to Sharp Peak for the Summer early in June. We can study just as well there as here, and it will be cooler- with a sea bath only a few hundred feet below you free of charge- except the climb to get back home. I must learn about a six more characters before going to bed so good night-

Wed. 9:20 P.M. This morning I went over to the Bank. Since Mr. Woodin has been ill, I have done the physical part of treasurer's duties. In less than one week I have had in my hands over 500 silver dollars. You see the bank is two miles distant and not very much frequented by ladies anyway, so the treasurer is kind enough to go to the Bank and draw the money for the unmarried ladies. Three of them chanced to get out of funds lately. At first I used to feel rather shy with 150 or more silver dollars, going thro' the mass of humanity of all descriptions, but I suppose there is not danger whatever much less in a crowded street than in a side street. The weather this morning was very oppressive. I have taken off part of my winter underclothes, and if this temperature keeps up the rest will have to go.

Ellen led the prayer meeting this afternoon, and covered herself with credit- which is nothing to be surprised at. She has set a good standard for the other ladies of the Mission. It is only a very few years since the ladies began to lead these weekly mission prayer-meetings and some of them refuse to do it at all. We see here, among the older missionaries much of that conservatism which characterized the churches at home half a century ago. And it is surprising that we do not see more, when we think that these men and women were transplanted from those churches and have lived here ever since, with only two or three breathing spells. They accept with great readiness the new ideas, and institutions which we younger fry bring out.

Thurs. evening:- Another hot day. This A.M. I attended prayers at Dr. Kinnear's hospital. He meets all of the patients who care to attend at 9 o'clock each morning. Nearly all of the patients who can, attend, and often people from outside stop in. This morning the room was as full as it would hold, nearly 40 present. Some of these students at the Hospital, one was the evangelist and is regularly employed to work among the patients and one was a Ch. of Eng. pastor who had come to consult the Dr. about himself. The account of the demand of Herodias for the head of In. Baptist was read and then the feeding of the 5000 with a little exposition of each by the Dr. and one of the students, then a hymn was sung and prayer offered. After this an invitation was extended to all who wished, to come into the inquiry meeting in an adjoining room. About 23 came in to ask questions and learn about the "Jesus doctrine". I never shall forget the scene. On my right a pastor who has just dropped in to consult the Dr. is talking to a poor old half-blind man and a young man. Both are listening intently. The Dr. tells me that the pastor is saying to them that Confucius and Mencius were sinners as the rest of us, and that they needed the saving power of Jesus as much as we. They did not have any of that power in themselves. How foolish to worship them! Directly in front of me the Evangelist is talking to an old blind man who is almost a Christian and 4 or 5 others, all are listening intently. At the left a medical student of the Dr's. is talking to 5 or 6 more. Now another student enters the room and a corner is found for him, and he has three listeners. A full half hour is spent in this way. The Dr. and I are looking on. But the inpatients must be dressed before clinic at 11 o'clock and it is necessary to stop the inquiry. I speak a few words to all, after another student comes in with about a 10 more men with whom he has been talking in an adjoining room. Then all kneel and prayer is offered. A few more words from the Dr. and the company disperses. Do you realize what this means? That about 40 persons hear the Gospel in some of its parts every day. And that here many of them hear it for the first time, and that these persons would not be at all likely to hear it in any other way. It means more than this. It means that about 25 persons are daily asking questions with a true desire to learn about the Gospel. Do not understand that these are different persons each day, for many come day after day, for weeks and months. It is hard for us to realize the state of mind of a Chinaman who has no idea of God,- who worships the Earth and the heaven and believes in spirits with evil intent only. And whose worship consists in trying to appease the spirits, who plans to have his house situated so that the spirits will not trouble it, and if the situation is bad builds a fence in front so that the spirits will not find the entrance. For this man to turn about and accept the

Gospel of Jesus Christ, which has for its beginning and middle and end love – love to God and love to man,- love to God as a king and forgiving and provident Father. And love to man as a brother with a soul, to whom he is under obligation to not only wish him well, but to work for his wellbeing,- for this man to turn about in his career in this way is not a thing of a moment's achievement. No person will read or hear this, who does not know enough to duty, to know that he ought to love God with his whole being. Conversion with him then is a simple act of the will in deciding to choose the right course. With the ignorant heathen it is different. "How shall they believe in him whom they have not heard?" Often- I may say all the time people are refused the privilege of joining the church simply because they do not in the estimation of the missionaries know enough yet about the truth of the Gospel. This doubtless does sometimes try their faith, but their faith is all the stronger for the test. To-day about a fifteen persons came into the city from a village out on the plain on which our missionaries have been working, to ask for entrance into the church. Since I have been here I do not know of one communion in any of the three churches of Foochow City and suburbs, without at least four persons to join the church. But I was speaking more particularly of the work in the Hospital. Dr. Kinnear speaks of a very marked change among the patients, in the manner in which they receive and treat the Gospel. He said that it would have been an utter impossibility two years ago to have gathered thirty persons for reading the Bible and singing and prayer. He says that the patients used daily to dispute and contradict the Christian workers. There were almost no inquiries. Now there is no disputing. The listeners want to hear and they listen thoughtfully. One of the Pastors (Chinese) told Sunday of the changed attitude of the people toward Christians which has been so noticeable by all workers during the past few months, in this way. When any are to now heard talking about putting out the eyes of the foreign children (=missionaries) even the heathen rebuke him by saying- "Why do you speak thus, that is the language of years ago."

I do not know but every time is a time of opportunity and therefore of responsibility, but I cannot help feeling that God is preparing the hearts of men and women in Foochow just now as never before to listen thoughtfully and honestly to the message which his servants are bringing them. And I do not know how to be thankful enough to Him that He has led me to this field. I have reason already to thank Him for the friendship of Chinese young men. It gives me a thrill of joy, and at the same time a sense of my own unworthiness steals in, every time I shake hands with Ming Wung. And there is another boy- Muk li whom I am getting to love very much. I have been teaching him to conduct a class in the Gymnasium for Mr. Peet, and so have become well acquainted with him. The other day I saw some of the fruits of his labors- a young man who is teaching school in one of the villages on the plain outside the city. He is the first Christian in his village and the only one. His father has recently died. This village has boasted that it has no Christians, and this boast was a great barrier against anyone's carrying out for Christ. Moreover it furnished a good excuse for those who had heard the Gospel and whose consciences were not easy. But this young man had the courage to brave it all and now stands alone- a babe in Christ but as yet firm. The villagers are all the more angry with him because he has taken away their boast that there are no Christians in their village. He is enduring much persecution. Won't you pray for him, and for a number of his fellow villagers who want to believe and confess Christ but who as yet have not the courage. And I trust you will all remember the daily work in the Hospital.

Fri. evening:- We had the first thunder storm this morning. The thunder and lightening were just like American thunder and lightening. And the rain much the same. It came down in generous quantities for a few moments. We have had a fire all day, so you see New England is not monopolizing all the sudden changes in weather,- today the house closed up and a fire to keep comfortable.

Mrs. Woodin is anxiously making arrangements to go home. It is rather hard work for her. She has Mr. W. to care for and he is not very easily enter[tained?] and then the Dr. tells them that they must stay in America at least two years and when they speak of the stay they say "if we come back." As they have been here for 10 years a large amount of stuff has collected, and this has to be disposed of, for the house must be occupied by another while they are away. Mrs. W. is selling most of her furniture etc. We have bought all the stores she had,- butter, canned goods, soap, essences etc. and the kitchen utensils and some other furniture amounting to about \$40.00. Perhaps you would like to know the course of procedure for a miss'y to leave for home. He goes about his premises and rakes together all his old trash, and then puts in that part of the newer that he does not wish to keep or take with him and puts each article down on a piece of paper with the price he will take for it. Then he sends it around to all the people of the mission. They look it over and mark off the articles they will buy. If anything is left, he may have to leave it or throw or give it away, or he may send it over to the auction rooms.

[The following sentence was written upside down:] If Ben will write me a letter I'll send him a solid silver scarf pin.

I have just run on to the clipping from Aunt Maria [possibly Sarah Maria Shelton Beard, the wife of Willard's Uncle William Thomas Beard] concerning the use of the phonograph for training young missionaries in

foreign languages. I forget whether I have expressed my thoughts. But the language is only a part of what we have to learn. It takes some time to become acquainted with and accustomed to the people themselves, and personal contact is here a necessity. Then the young missionary- unless his experience is different from mine will have no moments left unoccupied if he is only willing to work. I doubt if the phonograph entirely supplants the native teacher, just yet.

I was very glad to hear of the church meeting. God must result from such a gathering. It will keep the members alive to what the church is doing, and thus will open their eyes to what the church is not doing but ought to do. And every such gathering will help to make the church members more truly "members of one body" and when we come to realize most fully that we are the different members of Christ's body- one the hand another the foot, another only one toe or finger, another an arm, another a mind, etc. All the work according to the direction of the head which is Christ,- each of us obeying that head just as the different parts of our bodies obey our heads,- then we shall realize the fulfillment of the prayer we so often pray "thy Kingdom come." I want to tender my congratulations to Uncle Charlie and Aunt Hannah. They will be fresh even at this late day for it will help to revive the pleasant memories of the anniversary. And people have long ago stopped congratulating them. I payed the poor wheezing Chinaman just as I had agreed with him. I am sorry to hear that Grandfather and Grandmother are not as well as usual, but I hope they are better now.

Flora has written us two nice letters, and we must write her direct sometime. It was a letter from her that reached us first after our arrival at Foochow. I think I have explained the Am. stamps. China has only private local stamps. Japanese stamps were used till the war began. Now we must use U.S. stamps or English stamps in which case our letters would likely go by Eng. Then the Eng stamps cost 10 cents.

I was glad to see a letter from the little brother who used me for a greased pole when I came home from the Seminary, and who used to spoil a clean collar for me every time I came. I wish he could be where he could soil a few of them now. You wonder what I'm living on. Well, pretty good food. This morning we had whole-wheat gems, boiled eggs, white and brown bread, coffee, oranges and bananas. This noon we had soup and duck pie, cracker and 2 kinds of bread and fruit as before. We think it better to eat much fruit and vegetables and less meat, so we each eat one orange and one banana at nearly every meal. Oh I forgot to mention potatoes, peas and boiled rice for dinner beside what I mentioned. I think we are living pretty well, don't you? We have chicken or duck once a week and that means about three meals of it. We get rice, steak and roast and nice corn beef. But we try to have meat only for dinner. We have as great a variety of vegetables as you have at home. We see lots of little pigs here in Foochow. Every time we go out on the streets we have to push them out of our way or go around them.

Mary we set- no, there were several fires set in December, but the rains soon came and since the middle of Jan. there has been no fires that promised to burn thro to the U.S.

I have not had a heartier laugh for a long time than over the word picture of the Episcopal ministers appearance and disappearance. I suppose I had better congratulate all whose birthdays came at or near the arrival of this letter. Tell Father to take care of himself and throw those tablets (brown) of Dr. Randall's into the sound.
Lovingly Will.



Dr. & Mrs. Baldwin Missionaries in Goshow, 1847-1895

Written on front: "Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin Missionaries 1847 - 1895" [Caleb C. and Harriet F. Baldwin]
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson. A duplicate is in the collection of Virginia Van Ansel.]

[This letter dated **April 8, 1895** was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to the Dear Ones at Home. Willard had a surprise birthday celebration for Ellen. She has had a Chinese tailor sewing for her at a low price. Willard will be accompanying Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin to the steamer that will begin their trip back to America. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China,
Apr. 8", '95.

Our Dear Ones at Home,

Your letter dated Feb. 3"-20" reached us on Apr. 4"; and Willard says because it was addressed to me. I must write four sheets and he will put in a note (which by the way is at this moment fast outgrowing the proportions of that name).

I think you must be having a delightfully snowy winter from all accounts; we should appreciate a slice of it here on some days when "nik tan" waxes hot, making us escort to our summer frocks, and the mosquitoes to sally forth in swarms to an evening picnic with genuine picnic appetites. A letter from Mrs. Evans of Shanghai two weeks ago told us they had been having snow for two days and the streets were nearly blocked. It seems strange to think of snow so short a distance north of us, but I think the cold rain and hail we had at that time must have been the fringes of their snow storm. It was amusing on that Sunday afternoon to see the girls in the Boarding School coming home from Sunday School holding up the front part of their gowns to catch the hail stones; it seemed to be a novel experience to them.

When the clouds lifted from the mountain tops on the previous Friday morning a quantity of snow could be seen, but the next day it had all disappeared. So we have seen snow this winter- about the same as seeing it in a picture.

We have recently purchased at Shanghai, a baby-organ which we enjoy very much. It leads the singing every morning at family worship and keeps up our patriotism by rendering "America" two or three times a day.

The 29" of Mar. was my birthday anniversary and Willard was as successful in giving me a surprise as I was in getting my First of April joke on him. Without giving me the slightest suspicion of his purpose, he solicited Miss Newton's assistance to get me away from home about half past five to give him and the cook a chance to work; then he asked the cook to make a birthday cake and get up a supper for three. Miss Newton appeared at the appointed time with an invitation to come over and meet Mrs. Hubbard [*Nellie L.*]. I went and for the succeeding twenty-five minutes there were lively proceedings at our house, I imagine.

When I started home Miss N. walked along with me and as she did not seem inclined to return I invited her in and she accepted. Until the teabell sung I noticed nothing suspicious except that Willard had filled all the vases and rosejars with fresh flowers and gotten out some extra decoration for the room. But when he asked me if we should invite Miss N. to stay to tea and I entered the dining-room to arrange another sitting at the table, the discoveries I made there revealed the secret. It was a perfect surprise and a very pleasant one.

For two weeks I have been employing a Chinese tailor to do dress-making and plain sewing. His work has been unexpectedly satisfactory considering how imperfectly I can use the language to explain my wishes. But let me tell you what he has accomplished and see if you ever got as much sewing done for five dollars (in silver= 2.50 in gold) in America. He has made two mattress covers, two cases for woolen clothing (to protect from moths) two pillow covers, five summer dresses for myself, fixed over two other dresses and done five or six other odd jobs which would take an hour or more apiece. He does his sewing very well and can copy almost any illustration in a fashion-plate with a few suggestions and a waist pattern. The ladies who are just returning to America have had all their dressmaking, sewing and some millinery done here because it is so much cheaper than in America.

Tonight, Willard starts off at about one o'clock to accompany Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, and Dr. Kinnear [*Hardman N.*] who is ill, down the river to the steamer, in a launch which leaves Foochow about 2 o'clock [*see photo next page*]. The Dr. takes a trip to Shanghai for his health and Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin are on their way, to America. Willard will stop on his way home at Sharp Peak where we are to spend the summer in the Sanitarium and I do not know when he will return.

Well, Stanley, another thing we have to eat now is strawberries. We are having them every night for tea and occasionally a shortcake or strawberry cream for dinner.

Now I have no more room and must close without having said anything about our missionary work or anything else except our own personal affairs; but I'll save all the interesting things along that line for another letter.
Very Lovingly Your daughter and sister

Ellen.



LAUNCH TRAVEL

Overland travelers must take bedding, clothes, and food in bamboo baskets, carried by coolies. On the rivers and larger creeks these launches carry densely-packed passengers.

Photo from Fukien A Study of a Province in China, by the Anti-Cobweb Club, Foochow, Presbyterian Mission Press, Shanghai, 1925. [Book owned by Jana and Mark Jackson. Copy also in collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **April 8, 1895** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. A birthday and going away party was given for Dr. C.C. and Mrs. Baldwin who have been missionaries in Foochow since 1848 and will be going back home to America. Willard and Ellen attended a talk on Korea by Isabelle Bird Bishop. There is potential war between China and Japan. Willard keeps busy with the business end of missionary work. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, April 8th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The diary tells me that the last letter set out on its eastward journey nineteen days ago. It does not seem so long. Since that time I have fallen prey to my better half in an easy April Fool. April 1st was the 75th birthday of Dr. C.C. Baldwin of our mission. He has been here in Foochow since 1848- a stay of 47 years. - He wanted to spend this 75th birthday here and then he was ready to return to America. The members of the three Missions gave him and Mrs. Baldwin a surprise on that day. We had a nice little programme of singing, and speaking by some of the little folks and three addresses, by the three oldest members of the mission body. Beside the missionaries, the Consul's brother, Marshall Hixson and his wife, Mrs. Wynde, one of the secretaries of the Meth. Ch. from America, and Mrs. Isabelle Bird Bishop were present. We had our pictures taken, and Ellen and I are going to send one to each of the homes. Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin enjoyed the afternoon immensely. They knew just enough about it, to break the exhausting force of the surprise, and we were at the house only about two hours in all. That evening Mr. Hubbard [George H.] gave a stereopticon entertainment in Miss Newton's school. E and I attended. After the show we were sitting in the parlor and E. looked at my shoes very inquiringly and asked if I had worn them in that way all day. "How?" "Why, the left shoe on the rt. foot." I fell into the trap. But only one other person in the room heard the fall. Ellen has not spoken of it for two days now. I hope she has forgotten it, for it makes a fellow feel so small to be twitted of such a thing.

A week ago last Sat. night we had the rare privilege of hearing Mrs. I. Bird Bishop. I rather think this is the result of coming to China, for I doubt very much if you at home have had the same privilege. She is a very

ordinary looking woman medium height, rather stout, about sixty years old, and some gray. When the picture of the birthday party comes you can make up the rest of the description. She spoke on Korea, and was very interesting, tho not an orator. It is very evident that she keeps her eyes wide open while travelling. She has visited Korea twice- once before the war and once since it began. She was wary about prophesying, but said that the Japanese had begun a good reform. The government of Korea was the government of China carried to the limit of corruption. There are two classes of people- one works and the other squeezes. The result is that no one has any enterprise. She illustrated the squeezing process by telling of the building of a telegraph line recently. This actually cost only about one tenth of the money collected from the people. Each collector and officer took a handsome slice as it passed thro his hands. Tigers abound in the land, so that people never go out after dark. Men bury their money in the garden in the absence of banks. The cash- the only medium of exchange is so unwieldy that she actually ballasted her boat with the cash that was necessary for her trip of a few weeks. The women are worse off than here. They never go out in the daytime uncovered, and they must work almost night and day. The Japanese are undermining the squeezing and monetary systems and have assumed control of Seoul (Sool).
[According to the book *The Boxer Rebellion* by Diana Preston, page 25, *Isabella Bird* was attacked and nearly burned to death while traveling in 1896 by a crowd in Liang-shan, China. She survived.]

I have no doubt that you are watching the papers and the mails very closely for news concerning the war. It seems to be the prevalent opinion that the seat of war is changing fr. the North to the South. I think it is true that the Pescadore Islands are taken; that Li Hung Chang has gone to Japan; that a fanatic Japanese has shot him under the left eye; that the bullet has been found after much probing; that his son has taken his place on the peace commission; that Japan offers peace on condition. (1) that Korea be independent, (2) that Formosa be given to Japan (3) that 400,000,000 taels (1 tael= about \$1.30 silver) be given Japan (4) that a part of the main land be given Japan. In all probability China will agree to the first three conditions. But it is also probable that she will not agree to give up any of the main land. In view of the shooting of Li Hung Chang an armistice of three weeks has been granted by Japan, which will end April 21st, (if it does not before, the Chinese may break the law, and Japan will defend herself). The atmosphere in Foochow is as full of rumors and fears as it is of misquitos. The people saw a great many foreigners going thro the streets last Mon. to Dr. Baldwins and they at once thought that it was connected in some way with the war. The Chinese Christians are very much alarmed- not so much on account of the danger from Japanese soldiers as from Chinese mobs. To-day the Christians are fasting and praying over the matter, and many of them declare that with the report of the first gun they will fly to the mountains. Our cook asked me very curiously the other night if we're going to Sharp Peak- at the mouth of the river- or to the mountains for the summer. He thought Sharp Peak would be nearer the Japanese. Some women called at one of the missionaries houses in the city the other day and wanted to see Miss Chittenden's trunks. They would not believe the words of the missionaries but wanted to see for themselves if the trunks were being packed. These were not Christian women. Those who have charge of the Boarding Schools are in straights. The boys and the girls go out just enough to hear the worst rumors and then come back to the school and tell each other what they hear and the result is chaos. The girls in one of the schools were discussing the way in which they would prefer to be killed the other day. Last evening Miss Newton could not attend church because her girls (about 90) were so excited over the rumors they had heard Sat. P.M. when they visited their homes for an hour or so. If the Christians can only be prevailed upon to keep quiet, and keep their heads I do not think there will be much danger. But they are like so many children ready to believe and fear the worst. They think we will run off as soon as danger threatens, and they think that our Consul will tell us beforehand when the Japs will come,- as if the Japs sent messengers ahead of themselves to notify the people when a battle was to be fought. According to the best reports they will find Foochow an easy prey. The present resident Viceroy is a very old man. His successor has been appointed, but he is sharp enough to be a long time on the way. If he arrives during the war he must pay the soldiers in his province out of the grants made to him, and he prefers to let the present incumbent do this. But the present incumbent does not delight in paying out money any more than the other Chinese officials. He does not care a fig whether the Japs take Foochow or not. He has only a few soldiers with him now. His forts down the river are poorly manned; he has sent all of his goods away, and the Chinese say he has only his pipe and opium bag left. He is not a native of this province, and if he can be relieved of his office soon will be glad. The next officer under him is nearly dead and his deputy is a hot headed rash fellow. This is all from the lips of Consul Hixson and I suppose is reliable.

Tues. night:- The latest rumor is to the effect that peace is declared. You will probably know it before we do if such is the case. The latest papers to-day report Li Hung Chang as doing well.

Dr. Kinnear does not get much better. He has been sick for five days with a bowel trouble. We hope he will be able to go to Shanghai with Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin. They start Fri. The steamer is now in.

The last mail brought the class letter- Hartford Sem. '94- All the boys have written. Abe and Darius are or were in Berlin. Strong in the Maine frontier. Summer still in Minn. Carleton in Ky. among the mountain whites,

Bell at Hartford and Brewer in South Glastonbury. Are we not widely scattered? Carleton trots young "Dwight" on his knee in his leisure moments after teaching twenty four classes a day. Bell has accepted a call to preach in the south and is there at work I suppose before this time.



This photo was probably taken at Hartford Seminary between the years of 1891-1894. Willard names the men in the photo on back as: 1= Thomas J. Bell, 2=James A. Solandt, 3=Herbert C. Carleton, 4=Willard L. Beard, 5=Iso Abe, 6=Ozora S. Davis, 7=Frank S. Brewer, 8=F.A. Sumner, 9=J.A. Otis, 10=Dwight Goddard.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The big bundle of Advances arrived all right. If you will continue to send them, I will order them from Chicago for next year. The orders are sent to the Board rooms from the Mission in a lump in time for the Jan. numbers to start. The papers had all been ordered for Foochow before we arrived and I will not bother to order till next Fall. The Putnam Patrol arrives with each mail and is a very welcome guest- especially to Ellen. I wonder if any of the papers- Bee or Sentinels- care for any of my letters. Enough to send the paper to me?

Here is a conundrum for Stanley. I am walking in the main street of Foochow, which is eight feet wide. In front of me is [a] Chinaman- Just here the street is comparatively clear of travelers- I want to pass by this Chinaman. He takes up, with his body and numerous coats four feet of the street. His swagger occupies four feet more. Where am I to pass by him?

These days are full of business for me. In the last letter I think I wrote of a theft from one of the churches in my charge,- well I had to get Mr. Hartwell to help me out of the matter- we arranged it all satisfactorily to everyone. To-day another of the buildings is sagging and must be repaired. Last week I had nine new benches made and put into the other church. This is very pleasant business,- to be compelled to provide more room for those who ask to come to church. But the more one is compelled to use the language the more he can use it. I spoke again Sunday evening with no one to interpret. This time about thirty words. E. and I have both made a nice mistake this week. She thought to give up coffee for breakfast and told the cook to make only half as much, after that morning. At dinner instead of bringing only hot water as usual, he brought on coffee for one, and I laughed at Ellen. I wanted to go over to a lacquer shop and so told the cook I would go with him when he went to buy for the table, as he would have to go to show me the way, but I heard nothing more from him till he called me about noon and told me

he had brought the lacquer man to me. I had to send him away as I wanted to go myself and see the articles. I wanted to buy something for Oliver and Grace. We have to send by Mr. and Mrs. Woodin when they go. I found a box which I trust Oliver and Grace will find useful and ornamental in some place in their home. We should have chosen a different article if time had allowed. But this gold lacquer requires two months at least in the making and Mr. and Mrs. Woodin's goods go in about two weeks. We send also the silver articles which I wrote of some time ago. In each will be found the price for which it can be sold, and I will put in the box also the price I paid for it in silver. These articles are all solid silver. I gave out the silver dollars for some of them. If you or any friends want more like them I can have them made, if silver remains low. If it jumps up no six[?].

Next Sunday Ming Uong and I are to try an experiment of a S.S. Easter concert at the Ha buo church. We practice a little last Sunday. You might have laughed at some of the responsive reading and at some of the singing, but the boys and others did the best they could. One little fellow yells so both in singing and reading that he grows poor over it. You know the Chinese study aloud and recite with backs to teacher. Their vocal chords are well developed.

The latest news from the Boston office was that a mistake had been made in our appropriations and we must find \$460.00 more somewhere. You remember I wrote that it required \$2422.00 to carry on the work one year. The Board sent out \$840.97. But thro some misunderstanding we (the parent Board) had to pay over to the Woman's Board work, from last year's acc't about \$625.00. Add to this \$460.00 and you see the appropriation is - \$245.00. It looks rather dubious but it will never do for God's servants to distrust Him. I believe the funds will come from some direction just as much as I believe God is to be revered in the whole Empire of China. And if I did not believe that I would start for home next Fri. with Dr. Baldwin. By way of Heaven it is only a step to all the dear ones in Conn. Ellen and I are very happy. The Father is very good. Lovingly Will.

This is the last page of the letter. I wish I could get a letter from Aunt Louise [*Willard's mother's sister, Louise Nichols*]. I used to enjoy her letters so much when in Oberlin and in Hartford. But I know her principle is not to write till the gentleman has written to her. I wish she would lay aside her scruples since this is an old married man. If I wrote to her I should feel as if it ought to go all around as these home letters do. I spend nearly every evening and some of the daytime at this desk with this pen. Harvey Lawson's letter is over a month old and not answered. Of course you will give Grandfather and grandmother our best wishes. Kiss Aunt L for me, and give her a little of Ellen's love. Tell all the Uncles and Aunts and cousins we think of them often. If Elsie will write to us we'll send a letter for her to read to the mission circle.

Ellen is studying Websters Unabridged. She is specially interested in Proper Names. [*Hinting at pregnancy?*] We read of thermometers freezing up and of blizzards- but even while we read the mosquitoes are so thick we have to clear the air before we can see clearly and pith hats are a necessity if one would be armed against sun stroke.

Lovingly, Will

[This letter dated April 16, 1895 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about the preparations of getting Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin to their steamer for their trip back to the U.S. Mr. and Mrs. Woodin left for Shanghai to go back to the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, April, 26' 95.

Dear Folks at Home:-

A great deal has occurred since I wrote last, not only here in the Mission and in our home life, but in the world about us. We have been busy and so have nations.

Of course we have been looking forward to bidding good bye to Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, ever since we met them in Nov. last. But when the time came, it was a different feeling that came over us, and then too some one had to do a great deal to help them off. This was pretty well divided. One of the ladies helped Mrs. Baldwin in making her outfit; Dr. Kinnear arranged about shipping the goods, etc. When they came to start, more help was needed. Owing to the war also, this steamer has to anchor at the mouth of the river, 40 miles from Foochow. It was advertised to start at 4 A.M. April 11th. The launch which transfers passengers from the city to the steamer left the city at the delightful hour of 2:00 A.M. Dr. Kinnear and I had it all planned to go with Dr. and Mrs. B. as far as the steamer, and after seeing them off go up to our Sanitarium, which is only a mile or so from the buoy at which the steamer anchored, and stay till Sat. and return home for Sunday. But what did Dr. Kinnear do but up and get sick, and not want to have the care of two people over 70 years old.- 75 years old- and one sick man on a launch. Nor did they want to go on the launch. So I and they tried to find a house-boat. This is a boat built [*for the*] purpose to live

on, and when a family is moving down the river and have to be on the water over night they always try to have one. There are eight or ten of them on the river. But at this particular time they were all in use and I could not find one for love or money. So it was arranged that we would start from Ponasang at 12 midnight. Mrs. Hubbard at last volunteered to go down the river to be company for Mrs. Baldwin. We all got over to the launch on time and in good condition if it was dead of night. But the launch was packed with Chinamen and inside it, one could not get a breath- so dense was the tobacco smoke. The deck also was full of luggage. But a sampan was hitched on behind and the two ladies and the sick man rode on that, while Dr. Baldwin and I stuck to the bow of the launch. The trip down the river was rather pleasant after all. We reached the steamer a little after daylight- we hung up to a junk and waited a little for the light.- But the steamer was literally swarming with Chinese. Every state-room was full. The Chinese were fleeing from the city- afraid of the attack by the Japs. But Mrs. Hubbard kicked up such a row that Dr. and Mrs. B. were given a stateroom, and Dr. K. had part of the saloon curtained off. After taking a cup of coffee with our patients Mrs. Hubbard and I said good bye, and took a sampan for Sharp Peak, visited the Sanitarium, then took another sampan for Pagoda Anchorage. I staid that night with Dwight. Next morning we came back to Foochow arriving just in time for dinner. Mrs. Hubbard has been up to Foochow for over two weeks, while Mr. H. has been into the country, and while their house at Pagoda Anchorage was being painted. Well, we arrived at Ponasang to find Miss Newton, who is at the head of the Girls School, with 90 girls, ready to break down. Mrs. Hubbard had to step into her place, and Miss Newton went off to visit and rest. She has been resting since, but expects to return and resume her duties Monday April 29th.

I had thought that the box which I wanted to send home was all arranged for, but the first thing that I heard from Mr. Woodin, when I returned from seeing the friends off, was that he could not invoice my box with his. An invoice costs \$5.26 silver, and lest the merchants who ship large quantities shall stick together and put all their goods under one name, each man has to say that he has purchased the goods which he invoices. Mr. Woodin did not wish to purchase my box. Miss Chittenden was in the same fix. So I bought her box and had the two invoiced. It took me two whole forenoons to get that invoice where I could leave it for the proper men to sign and finish ready to send. But I was glad of the experience.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Woodin were about ready to start,- waiting for the next steamer to Shanghai. They were able to help themselves off. But as soon as they were off we had to tear up and move into their part of the house,- which we have been doing ever since. To-day we have the last of our effects over, and are partially settled.

Since I wrote you last until yesterday, I have been the only man in the compound- only foreign man. Our cook went home Wed. will return to-morrow. Our coolie has never had any experience in cooking, and Ellen has been into the kitchen a number of times daily. We hope to settle down for a month now. Then we must pull up and go to Sharp Peak for the summer.

Tues. A.M. April 30th.

Your letter arrived yesterday. Congratulations to the big 11 year old- take good care of the pigs. If some of the fallow animals that wander about the streets here could find some kind benefactor with nice wheat middlings, to feed them. They would deem it a God send.

The cards arrived yesterday- just in time, for the S.S.'s are all out of them and the little folks begged hard for them last Sunday.

You will notice in the Miss'y Herald just arrived here an article and picture from the Foochow Mission. [See an example of the *Missionary Herald* on the last page of 1902.] The young man whose picture you see is a familiar person. He passes our house four or five times each day. He is one of the staunch characters here in the church, and the head man in the large Xn. [*Christian*] Endeavor of Geu Cio Dong. The young woman read a fine essay at her Graduation last Jan. We heard it. I do not say we understood it.

The hot weather has struck us altho we are standing it very well so far.

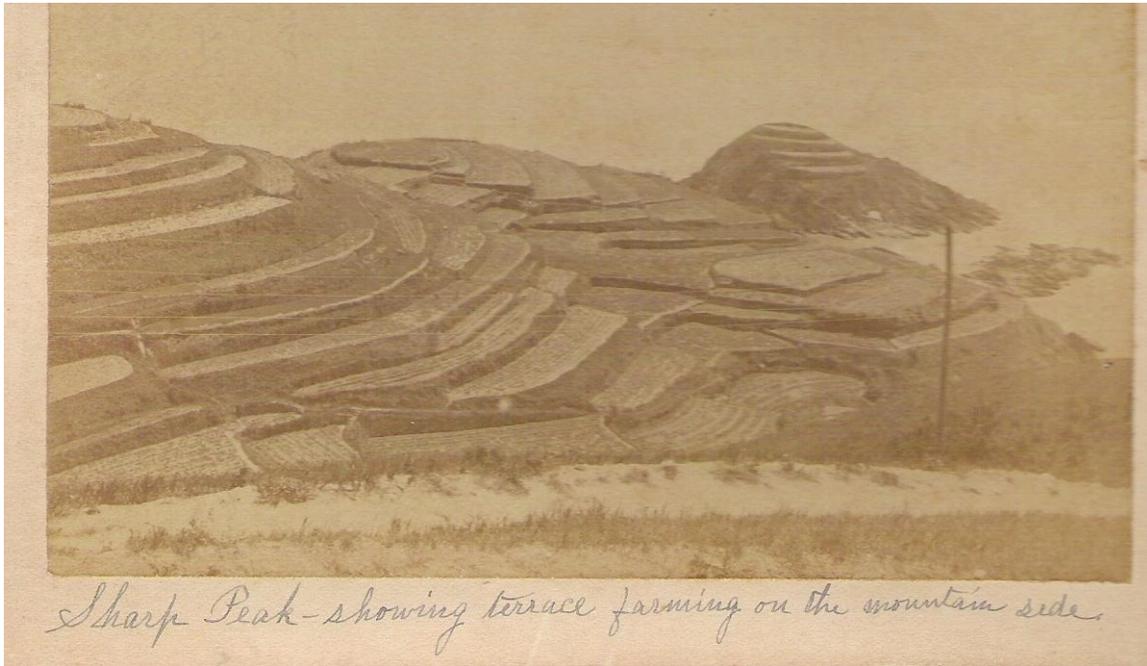
Goddard comes in with his servant and teacher each morning to attend prayers. Three of our servants are Christians and they offer prayer in turn. Dwight and I take our turn in English prayer. But always repeat the Cio Gi do Ung -Lord's prayer in concert in Foochow.

A bevy of papers arrived the other day from you and they were very welcome. A thoughtful friend in Putnam has sent us a few copies of Public Opinion.

When does Elizabeth graduate? I thought it was in March. Well I must make this letter short for it must to this A.M. to try and catch the steamer. Ellen has been very well indeed, has suffered from hives some, but otherwise is all right. Before this reaches you we shall be at Sharp Peak. But our address will be the same. I expect to telegraph to Putnam about July 7th and I shall write them to send a dispatch to you immediately upon receiving mine. [Willard is referring to the impending birth of their first child.]

Love to all

Will.



Sharp Peak – showing terrace farming on the mountain side
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[This letter dated **June 2, 1895** was written from Sharp Peak, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard and Ellen are at Sharp Peak for the summer to escape the heat of the city. Willard describes the process of travelling to Sharp Peak and up to their living quarters in the Sanitarium. They have been married 9 months and he alludes to Ellen's pregnancy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
June 2nd 1895.

(Sharp Peak)

Dear Folks at Home:-

Rest! Peace! Happiness! These three words express the conditions of the Dear One and myself this first Sabbath of Summer months and of our vacation at the sea-shore. Before us stretches the ocean with little islands dotting the horizon in one direction, and the ragged outline of the mountains on the mainland just visible in the other direction. The muddy water of the river gives to the deep blue or green of the sea many varied hues. Just about us on every side are the little hilliest and larger peaks of the island each under cultivation- some to the very top- and each terrassed [*terraced*] in quarter moon fashion, making the scenery very picturesque. The telegraph station shows clearly only 100 rods away, in its dress of pure white. The Methodist Sanitarium a little nearer and the residence of Mr. S. Pye the telegrapher only 50 rods distant remind us that we are not the only inhabitants of our little world. The birds sing merrily and the sea gently rolls and the waves dash against the rocks just enough to lull us into rest. We have lived again to-day the morning at Block Island last Sept 7th [*Willard and Ellen spent their honeymoon on Block Island, located off the coast of Rhode Island.*], and with the intervening experiences of practical live-work, are realizing that God has made man and woman helpmeets, and these two possess in themselves all that is necessary with God's love to bring rest and peace and happiness into love.

We left Foochow- Ellen left Thurs. afternoon and I left Fri. afternoon. We had made arrangements to start with goods and servants and teacher Thurs. P.M. I had to go into the city to attend a business meeting of the Mission Thurs. A.M. Ellen was to direct the last of the packing and be ready to start for the boat when I returned from the city. The cook always attends to the carrying of the goods from the house to the boat. He had several coolie loads on the boat when an officer came and said that it must be reserved for the transportation of soldiers that P.M. The goods had to be taken off- altho we had definitely hired the boat and altho there were other boats which the officer could just as well have employed. We received Ellen's note stating the difficulty just as we were sitting

down to dinner in the city, and sent Mr. Hubbard's Chinese card and the U.S. Flag over to the boat, but it was of no avail. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard were up from Pagoda Anchorage in their own boat and took Ellen home with them that night. I staid with Dwight and the next morning went over to the river with the cook and procured two smaller boats. The coolies had the goods ready by 4 P.M. and the cook told me to come over myself for the boats did not dare to approach the landing to receive the goods for fear the officer would seal them. My presence would deter him from doing it as I could appeal to the U.S. Consul. This intimidates the Chinese every time. So at last we were off. I reached Mr. Hubbard's about 9 A.M. the next morning yesterday. Ellen and I started down the river reaching Sharp Peak about 11:30 A.M. and were at the Sanitarium eating dinner- cooked dinner- eggs, potatoes, etc. at 2 P.M. It took 39 men to bring all our goods up from the boat. These are paid 60 cash apiece. 55 cash = 5 cents. Now do not imagine that we brought the whole city of Foochow up with us. It is a very steep climb from the water up to the peak on which our Sanitarium stands. Some of the way is so steep that stone steps are made. In one place there must be nearly 200 of these on a stretch, and it was all three men could do to carry Ellen up. I made them stop and rest three times on the road up and helped them up the steepest places. The path, much of the way is built on a very steep side hill and a misstep would take the whole lot of them – Ellen, chair, and men down from 10 to 200 feet. Then we have to bring wood for the weekly washing and coal for cooking and provisions- flour, sugar, etc. for the whole summer. Oh yes! The cook bought 9 chickens also and they were brought down (there are only eight now).

We land at the little village at the North side of the island. I have already described this village in a previous letter. It is stuck in between the hills in a little cove, with about 175 houses. There are no other houses on the island except the Customs telegraph. Three Sanitariums and the native houses in which live the men who take care of the Sanitarium during the winter. These buildings are at the opposite end of the island. I should say that the distance from the village up to our Sanitarium was 1 ½ miles. The road of course is very crooked and the straight line would not be over 1 mile.

We are in the East end of the building- have three small rooms one at the outside- one closet – one for the Amah's room [*an amah is a Chinese woman working as a nanny*], one for our wash rooms and wardrobes. Next these are three larger rooms- one a dining room, and I sleep in the next room to that and Ellen sleeps in the other. There is a veranda which can be closed in, besides. There are five suites in the sanitarium. There is a veranda which can be closed in, besides. There are five suites in the Sanitarium. The two end suites are as I have described ours. The three middle suites have the three large rooms and a wash room each. The kitchen and servants quarters are about 10 feet from the dining room door. We look from the East windows down on the ocean, some 400 feet below. The beach in which we bathe is a little to the South, and a very steep descent and climb it takes to get a swim.

We are cut off somewhat from food supplies but fish, oysters and milk and eggs and vegetables are plenty.

Wed. P.M. June 5

It has been very cool since we have been here. We wear the thickest clothes we have, and keep the house closed. Mosquitoes are absent and the fleas which were so friendly at Ponasang are not here.

It is nine months ago to-day since we were married. The time has passed very swiftly and has been freighted with blessings that have fallen upon us so thick and fast, that we have had to stop at times to realize that these good things came from the hand of an all wise and provident Heavenly Father- that they were not chance droppings or mere matters that the ordinary course of events brought.

We have both been well all the time and for the past few weeks have had added to the other joys of life the pleasure of anticipation [*Ellen is pregnant*], which can be understood only by those who have experienced it. Before this arrives it may be that a cable gram will have reached you by way of Putnam. [*In a future letter dated October 29, 1942, Ellen says, "Times certainly have changed! People talk much more freely about this matter than they used to when I was young. Then it was more or less of a secret between husband and wife and the wife's mother and sisters, and the Dr. If a woman was "expecting" it was spoken of in whispers just between two women. Now it is common talk in the family "when the baby comes" unless there are young children present, - before the men relatives too."*]

It is very good of you mother to copy the letters. I had a feeling before I left home that no small part of my work when in China would be in touch with the progress of God's work in the whole world before she has used the means of growth which God has placed at her disposal. And the church at home does not understand how much her knowledge of and interest in the work in foreign lands has to do with her success at home. I shall feel happy if my letters can increase that knowledge and thereby the interest. I only wish the letters were better and more frequent. But you can do much to help on both these deficiencies both by improving the language and by scattering the information. I am glad that you are copying parts of them. I was anxious that some parts of them might reach more eyes, but could not find time to send separate letters. This copying obviates the difficulty. I shall write the Shelton people in the near future. I had quite a list of such letters to write and am reducing it as fast as possible.

[Letter not finished. Ellen's letter dated June 9, 1895 explains why.]

[This letter dated **June 9, 1895** was written from Pagoda Anchorage by Ellen to her Dear Friends. She is at Pagoda Anchorage for a short time while Willard takes a tour to Ing Hok and other stations nearby. She includes this brief letter with Willard's unfinished letter dated June 2, 1895. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Pagoda Anchorage,
June 9th, '95.

My Dear Friends,

We are not wandering Arabs who fold their tents with each sunrising to spread them at its setting, in a different place, altho the several places of residence referred to in this one letter may seem to indicate as much.

It chanced that the adjourned annual business meeting of the Mission, at which Willard ought to be present, was appointed for the Thursday following our migration to Sharp Peak. It was arranged on Mr. Hubbard's offer, that his boat should take us up as far as Pagoda Wednesday eve and that I should stay at Mr. H's to take care of the children and keep house while all the rest went to Foochow. We further planned that I should stay with Mrs. H. for a week while Mr. H. took Willard and Mr. Goddard around through Ing Hok City [about 50 miles up the Min River from Foochow] and several adjacent out stations. This is a field of great possibilities and opportunity but has been only half worked for a number of years on account of the non-residence of missionaries miles north of Foochow, and W. and Mrs. G are looking over the field with the hope of establishing a missionarie's residence there, where one of them expects to reside, and enlarge the work in every way. Mr. Woodin has previously had charge of the work there, visiting the place two or three times a year.

Mrs. Hubbard is in poor health just at present from a low state of the system. She needs a rest very much as the trying summer weather is at hand which will make improvement difficult. They are to spend the coming summer at the mountains.

Our rainy season is nearly over now; it generally ends about the 20th of June after which it is very hot and dry. We have not had as much rain or warm weather this season as usual; but the few days we have already spent at Sharp Peak were very rainy and cool.

This is a very pleasant and restful place, - quite as much so as Sharp Peak as the constant dashing of the waves is not heard here. It hardly seems a typical Sabbath today, however, as I have not been out to church. Last Sabbath (at Sharp Peak) was the first Sunday on which I have not attended at least one service, since I reached China; and I have rarely omitted the second. Willard generally attends three each Sunday.

As he did not have time to finish his letter before leaving, I will complete it by sending his love with mine to all.

Your loving daughter and sister, Ellen.

[This letter dated **June 16, 1895** was written from Sharp Peak, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He gives advice to his high school aged sister, Phebe, on good study habits. He goes into detail about his trip with Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Goddard to Ing Hok and the surrounding countryside. He and Ellen are now parents to a baby girl named Phebe. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sharp Peak
June 16th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Another letter arrived last evening from Mother and Phebe. It always makes us feel better to hear from you, and between the two homes, we receive a letter nearly every mail. I am especially thankful for two items of news which this last letter brought. First that Grandfather and Grandmother were so much better and second that Phebe was back in school. And now a little advise my dear sister, - but what is the use of advise after the turkeys are all stolen for this will not reach you till one term is over and a good part of the vacation gone, - but it may help on next years work. When I began the second time in the B.H.S. [Birmingham High School] I started the same as you in the Spring term and got along all right that term but the next Fall I tried to do two days work in 18 hours and then in the other 6 hours get rest enough to do two days work more in the same time. This was distasteful to Mother nature as well as to Mother Beard. Mother Beard used persuasion to no avail but the other Mother came to her assistance and

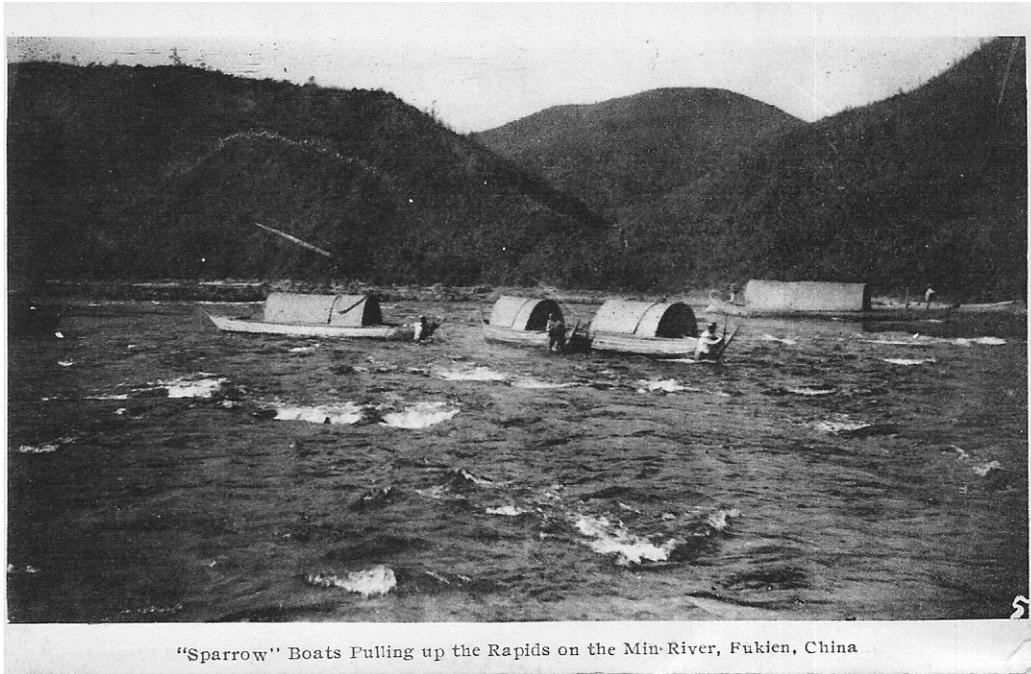
said “stop”, just in time to save me. It does not pay to study after 10 o’clock at night. And if you stop at 9 o’clock and go to bed you will recite all the better the next day. You will be tempted to study late at night unless I am much mistaken. If you yield, it will be only a short time before you become tired and study becomes a burden and you get nervous etc. It requires a struggle to close a book with a lesson half learned and go to bed but it pays. Now another mistake that I made all thro my course of study. I used to study as late as I dared and as hard as I could and then jump into bed as quickly as possible so as to have as much time for rest as possible. But I found only this Summer that this is a poor policy. The brain requires much of the blood to do its work while in action and if one lies down immediately after studying or thinking hard, his blood is all in his head and sleep is out of the question for an hour or more if not longer. I used to get so tired on Sunday that I could not sleep often till midnight and I was troubled in the same way in college at times. I tried last Summer, reading for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour before retiring. I looked for a simple story that took no mental effort. If it was funny all the better. It was a short story in an “Advance” or “Independent” and so entirely different from the line of the day’s work that my brain and nerves were quieted and I found no trouble in sleeping as soon as my head touched the pillow. The person who takes a half hour of perfect relaxation before retiring is pretty sure of a good night’s rest. Even if the hour is late he will gain by taking this half hour in which to prepare for rest. Well postage is too costly and time too scarce to authorize further expenditure in cheap advice.

In the last letter I think Ellen told you I had gone for a week’s trip into the country. We had a delightful time. Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Goddard and I. We started June 7th, Friday at 8 A.M. traveled all day by boat. At 4:45 P.M. we reached the rapids and had to exchange our deep boat for an “up river boat”. The ascent from this time was very interesting. Our boat had two men three women and two children. The older a girl of about 10 years. The younger an infant. Here is the process of ascending a rapid: - the stronger man jumps into the water and with a stick, fastened across the bow of the boat, lifts the boat along thro the rushing waters. When the water is a little above his knees, this stick just rests on his neck. The other man is doing the same work at the stern. The water in some places is very shallow and the bottom of the river full of stones. The boat catches on these and the men must lift it off. At times it requires the combined strength of the whole six [*these men are called “trackers”*] to move the boat up against down-coming water.



This photo is on a greeting from F.H. Sparks with the words: “All good Wishes for “1926” from F.H. Sparks, Pucheng. This is how we are “pulled” up the River Min.”

[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]



“Sparrow” Boats Pulling up the Rapids on the Min River, Fukien, China.
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Fri. night we reached Gak Liang, and spent the night there. We found a chapel as large as an old fashioned New England dining room. The ceiling was about as high as the ceilings to those rooms used to be. The floor was of dirt, and a pool of water stood a little one of side of the center. In the second story, we found a native stove, a table, a rattan bed bottom on two wooden stools, and some chairs. We carried our own mattresses and bedding. In a very few moments we had the beds ready, and were called to supper. This was a little like picnicking, - a little better for we had hot rice and potatoes, and hot water to drink. Supper over we held a service at which the natives crowded [crowded] in with curiosity to see the little organ which Mr. Hubbard carried with him, and of which old and young never tire. What would they do if they should hear a large pipe organ, or an orchestra? The next morning we started again for Ing Hok, 15 miles up the river. The scenery was very pleasing. The river became narrower, and in places full of rocks. The mountains rose continually on either side in long ranges. The valleys between the ranges extending many miles back from the river. The sides of the mountains were covered with trees and here and there a mountain brook dashed headlong over rocks and this gorges racing with itself on the way to the larger stream at the mountain base. The banks of the river were beautiful by flowers of different kinds, prominent among them were Easter Lilies in full bloom. Very few villages were seen from the boat, and these not large. But we walked two or three miles for a rest, and found the houses stuck in behind the hills all along, so the country was by no means devoid of population. Orchards of Plumb, orange and peach trees were seen wherever the land was level enough for them. The water buffalo was a common sight. We saw several herds of from 9 to 12 feeding under the care of a boy or lying in the water taking their daily bath. The little yellow cow, something like our Jerseys was frequently seen also. In and about Foochow we use the milk of both these animals, but I could not find as they were used for anything except for plowing and for food up the river. At 5 P.M. we landed at the walled city of Ing Hok.

Sunday June 23rd (A whole week has sped since I began. This bringing to our home the little daughter, of whose advent you are doubtless acquainted 'ere I write this. Inclination leads me to break off the Ing Hok trip and tell the weeks experiences now, but I'll stick with my story.)

We were scarcely unpacked when the native helpers came to Mr. Hubbard with a problem. There are here, one theological student who has studied two years, one who has taken the full course and a young man. Ming Uong's brother who has studied medicine and is practicing some, and preaching every other Sunday. The whole region has one ordained Pastor. We found him here at Ing Hok. These helpers said that a church members wife had died. His father is not a Christian. She had a younger brother who was not a Christian. In the hurry of the funeral arrangements the husband asked a friend to order some food for the friends who came in to attend the funeral services. The deceased wife's heathen brother met the friend and told him to buy also some idol paper, very much more food, and to have the Taoist Priests come to perform their incantations. When the husband heard of this he

refused not to pay for the idolatrous part of the ceremony. Now what should we do? We all went over to the officials, told him the case and asked him to send and inform the heathen relatives that the Christians would not pay for the idolatrous worship. He was very kind and did as we desired. The approach to the officer was a very interesting part of our trip. Arriving at the Yamen, we pass thro three doors which are open, and which lead into open courts with the quarters of Yamen runners and hangers-on on the side of the courts. At last we came to a little side door where are two door keepers. We must now produce cards. Each of us has his Chinese card and one of the doorkeepers takes these while the other watches us and the crowd that have followed us in. We are asked to walk in. We go thro a dark room with another open court. Here a man asks our business. This explained partially and after a time we are asked further in. This a little dark room with an office. A table stands in the center of the room and everything looks as if a game of gambling had been broken up. We do not find the head officer even here. But this young man is his deputy and has authority to inquire into all cases. If they are not too serious he manages them himself. Our case was listened to by him, and after consulting the head officer he did as we desired. All the time the case was being stated the windows were full of natives who had followed us in and hear all. Nothing can be done in secret here in China. The public is peace maker and police court. Every wrong is told in the street- shouted out at top of the voice, curses called down upon the offender's head, and the neighbors given the details and made the judges. This for petty offenses. The serious crimes go before the officials. I have seen many a fight on the street, which after all was only words. The would be (?) fighters begin with loud words and curses, and finally come to blows. This is the signal for the lookers-on to interfere. The fighters are torn apart, and held, then they become very fierce- they act like mad men. You would think they were ready to tear each others eyes out. But the truth is they know, they are safe, for the neighbors will hold them. Well this publicity is the balance wheel of society, and were it not for the power of money, and official squeezing I should think it might work very well.

But to get back on the subject: -Sat. evening Mr. Hubbard held a service in the chapel at Ing Hok. Sun. he administered the sacrament. In the P.M. we walked up the valley about 4 mi. to hold service at a village but the only one had gone to another place that day. So we sold some tracts- I sold one with Dwight's help- and came back to the city and had another service in the chapel. [*Earlier missionaries passed out tracts (religious literature) for free until they realized many were coming to get them just for the paper and not the information on them. Carlson, Ellsworth C. The Foochow Missionaries 1847-1880. Cambridge, MA: East Asian Research, Harvard University, 1974.*] Mon. we went up the mountain about 7 miles. It was a delightful trip in all senses. The day was cloudy, and not excessively hot. The scenery was grand. We wound up around one peak after another- most of the way by a mountain stream now shut in with a very narrow vision- now coming out in view of the city below us, and catching glimpses of the river as it felt its way down between the mountains. We were to visit two chapels. The first was Gatau=the head of the divide. Here we saw one Christian whose face I shall remember a long time. It was so buoyant, and he seemed to be so sure of his hope. Mr. Hubbard talked with his neighbors a little. They knew the right, but just like so many people at home said "yes it is a good life, but your neighbors only curse you, and then one can not live up to the standard. If you only do as well as you profess it would be very nice." To which this bright man answered, "Your neighbors curses fall back on himself. A peaceful mind comes from doing the best one knows how." We held a service here with about 25 and went on to Uo-cia, ate lunch with three dear old Christian gentlemen- farmers to bring us tea and hot water and help us in any way possible. We held another service here and then came down to Ing Hok. The mountaineers greatly took my fancy. They are so simple and earnest, and modest. They live in the midst of God's most beautiful handiwork. Nature teaches them in the quiet morning, at hot noon, and with the lengthening shades of fading day. The bird in the tree above their heads and pure water rippling over the stones below them is each unsullied by contact with the world of sin. The whispering breezes from the fir does not think so harshly of the old monks who retired from the wicked world, and the quiet of the mountain solitude, to live out their days in contemplating God.

The mountain sides here are very steep. But, some of them are cultivated to the very peaks. All the terraces. I saw many of these terraces only 4 ft. wide and 3 ft. above each other. They are irrigated by water led thro bamboo troughs from the mountain brooks. How would you like such farming on strips of land 4 ft. wide and 3 rods long- on an average I counted 17 hills of sweet potatoes on one of these terraces the other day.

Mon. night Mr. Hubbard had to go to see the officials again and I conducted the service in the chapel. I did not preach. But I could ask one and another of the Christians if they loved Jesus, or if Jesus loved them, or if Jesus loved all men, and then when they said yes, ask them to tell why. The men in the audience- and the room was packed [*and they*] were very attentive. Tues. A.M. - At 6 we were descending the river. At 4 P.M. we reached Liang A where was a chapel and where we stopped for the night. Wed. we reached Pagoda Anchorage and found the dear ones all right at 4 P.M.

July 3rd. Another letter arrived from Mother, James and Ruth night before last. I read them to Phebe. She expressed a strong desire to see her Grandparents and uncles and aunts. When I told her of them and their number

and how much they would like to see her, she opened her eyes wide. Now you want to hear more of her history than than the brief note I sent to her great grandparents. Well. Ellen was quite well till 12 o'clock midnight June 17. She woke me at 2 A.M. June 18. At 7 A.M. Miss Phebe greeted us with a lusty yell. Since then Ellen has been growing strong steadily every day, and Phebe has been growing smart, pretty, good etc. large and fat also. If I had been able to order the whole course of events I would scarcely change a thing. I wrote in the White Hills letter that we had a Dr. and his wife a trained nurse in the same building. The weather has not been excessively hot, and this was just right for we have not been afraid of colds. I have done everything except wash and dress Phebe, and to-day I did that. How she enjoyed it! I put her into a bowl of water and let her kick, - at which occupation she is an adept. I have not touched the language since Phebe arrived but I have done a lot of writing. The Mission have voted to ask money to enlarge one of the churches in my care and to build a Theo. Sem. I shall probably be in charge of this also. I was asked to present these needs to the Board in a letter, and it took all my moments for 12 days. I am also authorized to engage Ming Uong to help me in teaching, and have had to write him two letters. Then last Sunday the Missionaries here on Sharp Peak said that they must have a service and I was at the top of the alphabet so I preached to-day. I have the Mission Prayer meeting. Tomorrow we celebrate and you must not judge too harshly of the character of the Americans if I tell you I am the last resort for the oration. I hope to write a good long letter to Dr. Smith after this work and then get to studying again. - But this is digressing. I am very sorry Dear Mother that a letter does not go home by every steamer, but other duties press so hard that it is a very hard thing to do. I tell Ellen she will have to do a little more in that line when she gets up. She sits up now to have the bed made and to eat. She also can tend Phebe some. But that little darling needs little but enough to eat- of which Ellen has a good supply, - clean dry clothes and a good bed. She is not in arms one hour of the 24. She is awake about 5 hours now, but amuses herself. You see we began at the very first and she never has been walked with at all except as she has been carried from one bed to the other. Why did you all keep so mum about the fire? But we are thankful for the Providence that kept you all safe. This letter is all about myself and my increasing family, but I judge your wishes of my own in making it so. God has been very good to us. I never saw Ellen look so perfectly happy clear thro as when she lies watching her little charge. We have only one wish unsatisfied and that makes the other blessings all the more dear.- We wish, so much, that you could all see your little great granddaughter, granddaughter, great niece, niece, but we must abide the Father's will. Meantime pray that her parents may have wisdom to guide the little life into Christ's love from infancy.

We think of Oliver, and Grace as very happy in their home. Most hearty.

With love Will.

[This letter dated July 28, 1895 was written from Sharp Peak, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. They are still at Sharp Peak. Willard updates his family on the growth and development of weeks old baby Phebe. He attended a convention on Kuliang of missionaries and other religious men. Willard attended a native church on Sharp Peak. He speaks of an epidemic in Sharp Peak and Foochow which caused many deaths in Canton and Hong Kong the previous summer, but he feels they are safe high up on Sharp Peak in the pure air. He lists others who are staying at Sharp Peak for the summer, also. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sharp Peak

Foochow, China

July 28th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The sun and the tide keep on their course and Phebe grows just the same whether study and letter writing is done or not. But too long an interval between letters is sure to bring news of anxious waiting so I'll improve a few minutes now. Phebe is asleep and her mama is preparing to go to the service which is in English this afternoon. Today it is held in the Methodist Sanitarium and the distance is not far, - about five minutes walk. Ellen has not yet been down the hill from our San. but she plays croquet and walks about as she likes, so I am going to let the Amah sit by Phebe while I help Ellen down the hill then. I'll come back and "tend baby", unless she sleeps and lets me write. We do not like to leave the little girl with the amah alone yet. Ellen can not bare to see the amah touch her, so one of us is always at home. Phebe is doing well- growing like a little pig. Her stretching is something prodigious. In the morning about 5 o'clock she begins and as if she had grown so much during the night that her skin had to be stretched out to allow for room. She still sleeps a good deal of the time, tho she begins to think that life does not consist wholly of eating and sleeping. She holds to eating well, and that is the one thing she cannot be cheated on or out of. She has outgrown two shirts and four pairs of socks. It is impossible to keep on a pillow for she is sure to roll

off. Today she turned over in bed alone. I am thinking of taking her down to the sea some day and put her in to see if she will swim naturally. I think there is little doubt about it for when she is awake her hands and feet are seldom still. Last night she slept from six o'clock till twelve. Here endeth the first chapter which is all about a little bit a bundle of humanity of only about 10 lbs. weight.

Since I wrote last I have paid a visit to the city and to the mountain where some of the missionaries and other foreigners spend the summer. Mr. Hartwell and Mr. Hubbard held a meeting for Pastors and helpers July 16-18. The Pastors and Preachers and teachers and colporteurs [*a seller of religious books or material*] and others in the employ of the Mission come together for a kind of convention. Three meetings were held each day. Sermons, prayer meetings, essays- the subj. of one was the advisability of a newspaper for our Christians- Foochow has no such medium of news now,- then the drawing ticket for the men is the fact that at this time they receive their quarterly pay. And this is a bad feature. The men got their money by Thurs. noon. The meetings closed Thurs. evening and one of the best men was to preach that evening. But only six of the brethren were to be found. The rest had gone away to be near the stores where they could buy what they wanted to take back home. I told Mr. Hartwell I should have ended the meetings before rather than have such a slim attendance at the last. But it seems this is not an unusual occurrence, and the older men are used to it. - Wait a bit!!! But another outside feature did more to take away from the real spiritual life of the meeting. This will give you a little idea of the multitudinous demands upon a missionary's time, strength, patience and tact and executive ability. I wrote you of the little difficulty we found at Ing Hok between the Christian and the idolaters. At this meeting in Foochow these difficulties were large and numerous and all the time of Mr. Hartwell and Mr. Hubbard and the ordained pastors was given to these cases, when the meeting was not in session. I did not hear much of the trouble because I could not understand and then I was not present all the time, but I got enough to see Christianity is making... [*Unfinished, then jumps to the following:*]

Monday.

This is the last page. - I am getting very careless about the order of my pages, but please pardon me. Phebe kept a faithful watch all the time her mother was at service yesterday, but the Amah held her and I wrote till Ellen was seen on her way home. Then I went down the hill to help her up. This was her first time away from the Sanitarium and she stood it all right. Phebe lies on the bed cooing, and beginning to think someone might attend to her.

Next week we are to have daily meetings in English. Sat. evening we got ready for a typhoon but it did not come. A typhoon gives warning at least 24 hrs. beforehand. In this it is better than a cyclone, or a tornado. But it lasts about 3 days and tears roofs off and carries away the sides of houses etc. Our Sanitarium is built with a view to keeping the wind and rain outside when a typhoon comes along. The Eng. San. is in a very exposed place. A few years ago a family was living in one end. A typhoon came along and tore off the roof from the room they were in. They moved. That roof went and on till the last room in the San. happened to hold and they were safe.

Lovingly
Will.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Everything but study is progressing well. I have begun again to study some and find that some of the characters have stuck. I am reviewing the first 6 chaps. of [*unreadable word*] in the character by myself. My teacher has heard that he has a two weeks old son and wants to go and see him. I could not say no.

I went to the native church yesterday for the first time since Phebe was born. It is in the village at the other end of the island and down on the seashore between two high cliffs, - so high and steep that there are only three or four places where one can go up by means of steps. Of course it is very hot down there and as it is a walk of two miles the foreign attendance is not large. I was alone. But I was glad to count 14 Chinese who came from our homes, - servants, teachers and students who are here studying with some of the missionaries. I pronounced the benediction in the Foochow dialect- the first time here, the second time in all.

While coming home from church I heard that the same or a similar epidemic to the one that caused so many deaths in Canton and Hong Kong last summer, had appeared in Foochow, and in the Sharp Peak village. It has taken away some whole families in Foochow. It appeared down here only a few days ago. I write this because I expect you will read an account of it in the papers and at once think of us. But we are as safe here as you are in America. We are on one of the highest points of the island- about 350 or 400 above the sea- if I have written differently before, take these figures in preference- the air is very pure. A strong sea breeze that makes the mould grow luxuriantly on everything blows nearly all the time. Our shoes have to be cleaned every other day. A mouldy Bible is no proof that it is not read every day. The case to my razor is green every time I take it out. But we bro't down only the few things necessary to live with, so our trouble from mould is slight. The thermometer remains at about 78 degrees, rising to 85 degrees and falling to 75 degrees. But there is a something about the atmosphere that

makes one perspire at the least exertion, so that a change of clothes is necessary about every day. During the morning and until 4 P.M. the sun is very hot and very bright so that no one goes out unless necessary. About 4 P.M. you will see different ones going for walks or to make calls or for baths. I have enjoyed the bathing very much. Sat. P.M. 22 were in the water together. It makes a jolly time. But as the path is much of the way steps and all of the way very steep it makes a good climb of 350 or 400 ft. up to our sanitarium.

As the population is now settled for the Summer perhaps you would like the personelle of the island. The foreigners are all in five houses, - three Sanitariums and two private houses. The Eng. Sanitarium has six suites of rooms. There are one family with children, a gentleman and his wife and a single gentleman in this Sanitarium. The name of the single gentleman is Star. The married man's name is Light. So as Ellen says it is always Star-light at this place. There are six suites in the Meth. San. also. Here we find Rev. and Mrs. Wilcox and five children, Rev. and Mrs. Mirror two children, Miss Rouse, Miss Sites, Mrs. Gray (who knows Miss S.) and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hixson brother of Consul Hixson. These last three are visitors. Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear [*Ella J.*] of whom we have written before have moved into their own house. In what is known as the "telegraph house" there are two English gentlemen- Hill and Pye. In our Sanitarium, we occupy one end suite. In the next two suites are Dr. and Mrs. Whitney and Henry and Mary aged about 16 and 14, and Miss Wiley [*Martha S.*] a Eng. Lady who is boarding with them till she gets married. Her intended is a young man in the customs and cannot get off till sometime in Aug. to take to himself a wife. Next there is Dr. Bliss, a young man out only a year and a half. He is stationed at Shaowu (Shaowu) the station 250 mi. up the Min river. Next him in the other end suite are Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner [*G. Milton and Mary J.*] and two small children. If you should call on us you might think we were rather lazy and lived in a narrow world. It is true there is little physical activity. But we are doing quite a little work after all. Mr. Gardner has two theological students who came down from Shaowu [*pronounced show-woo with the ow as in how, according to the ABCFM*] with him and he has a recitation with them each day. Then they have two Shaowu girls about 14 yrs. of age who have been in Miss Newton's school during the last term. It is so far up to Shaowu- a three weeks journey- that they are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Gardner. These are some care also. Then I consider that I have earned \$12.00 a week beside my board as nurse during the last four weeks. And besides I have done a lot of writing that makes me feel good. Ellen needs no care now, indeed. She takes the most of the care of Phebe. So I have been able for three days now to put in about six hours on the language. Each Sunday afternoon we have a service in Eng. and each Wed. afternoon our Mission holds a prayer meeting. Two of the servants are quite athletic and after supper we have a little sport. Even my imperfect efforts and only ordinary strength gives me no little prestige among the Chinese. There are three croquet grounds and a tennis court here so we have a little fun, and in the evening we sometimes have games and social times. About week after next I expect to go up to Foochow to attend a quarterly meeting which Mr. Hartwell and Mr. Hubbard are to hold for the native preachers and helpers.

Week before last I received a friendly letter from a nice little Chinese boy. He is bookseller and chapel keeper at my Ha Puo church and a fine little man. But his letters are knotty things to read. He wrote it the classical character which is no more like the Foochow dialect than English is like French. But my teacher translated it with the dialect and I could make sense out of it. He said he had been on a visit to his home, and had been talking with some of his farmer friends about his religion. One family who kept an incense shop with many idols in it have just thrown away their idols and given up the sale of incense. I hope this young man may study theology under me in the near future.



Shrine- In the opening incense and idol paper is put and burned
 [Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

I think I have told you that I am in a fair way to become Pres. of the Theological Sem. next year. I have written two or three letters to Ming Uong about it, and shall see him when I go up to Foochow. I must, if it is a possibility, obtain him for my helper.

You are in the midst of haying- all at home I expect, except the two sons who have families. I wonder if father and mother feel any bigger with 12 children and a grandchild. There must be a little more room in the old home, - unless the younger ones have grown enough to fill the space. Has Mary reached Ellen's stature yet? They say I must not say "little sisters" when referring to Ruth and Mary, but save that appellation for Phebe. I want to hear from Elizabeth, about her tussles with bread. How much rice does it take for a pudding? Can you make a good pumpkin pie? If Ben won't write me I shall not send him a wedding present. If he will write me in time- at least one year before the event, I'll have something fine made. I suppose Flora writes as often as "school ma'am duties permit. Father ought to honor his first granddaughter with a letter. I enjoyed your letter James very much. I know you are having to work hard. But if you set out to go thro college and then take a professional course afterward you have a good many years of hard work before you and it may be an encouragement to you if I say that the boys who had to work with their hands to help the pocketbook while I was in college are the boys who are being heard from now. The last review brought news from four or five of these poor boys and the news was that they had taken first place or high places in their seminary classes, or had become associate editor on a city paper, had had honorable mention for work done in science while at Harvard or other institutions, had just been called to an important church etc. Of course the names of boys who had money enough, are in this category also, but proportionally the poor boys come out best, and the reason is, it takes hard work with sticktoitiveness to keep at study for 10 years with one purpose in view and the boy who has huge difficulties to surmount at the beginning has already learned a lesson in grit that comes to his aid many a time later. I do not know what college you intend to enter. There is plenty of time to consider anyway. It would be well to take the examinations at Yale and obtain certificates. But before I entered I should think twice. More on this later perhaps.

Letters overweight in foreign mail have to have double postage paid. Aunt Louise put a 2 ct. stamp on her letter. I had to pay 6 cts.-12 cts. in our money to get it. So if my letter was over weight you would have to pay 10 cts. extra- don't tell Aunt L. I'd rather pay twice that than go without her letter. Love to all Will.

The Hua Sang Massacre

Written by Willard L. Beard in Fukien A Study of A Province in China, by the Anti-Cobweb Club, Foochow, Presbyterian Mission Press, Shanghai, 1925.

In the early nineties there grew up in the Kutien district a society called the Vegetarians. By 1895 their numbers had reached 3,000 or 4,000. They seem to have been bandits bent on destroying the power of the officials. In 1895 the missionaries of the Methodist and Church Missionary Society missions in Kutien left for the summer resort at Hua Sang, fifteen miles distant. On the night of July 31, 1895, 2809 men started for Hua Sang; 120 actually reached the place, about six a.m. on August 1st. The Vegetarians burned the houses and killed nine adults and seriously injured two others, and two children died of wounds received during the massacre. All the victims were British except Miss Hartford who was an American. This massacre was not the result of anti-foreign feeling.

Massacre of Missionaries in China

[From "*The Illustrated London News*" August 31, 1895, page 259.]

The cruel and savage murder of a whole household of English Church missionaries, including the Rev. R. W. Stewart and his family, eleven persons in all, by a fanatical band of Chinese, on Thursday, Aug. 1, at their residence, Wha-sang, near Ku-chen, some days' journey inland from the commercial treaty-port of Foo-chow, is a shocking event to be more precisely related. The victims killed are Mr. Stewart and his wife, formerly of Dublin, with three of their children, Miss Elsie Marshall, daughter of the Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Blackheath, Miss Flora Stuart, Miss H.E. Saunders and Miss E. M. Saunders from Melbourne, Australia, Miss HESSIE Newcombe, and Miss Gordon, Miss Codrington and several others were severely wounded; two of the children were saved, but hardly anyone in the house escaped without cuts or stabs intended to kill. The attack was made in the night, when they were all in bed; most of the wounds appear to have been made with spears. It is said that the assailants numbered about eighty, and that they were a sworn band connected with a Chinese secret society, widely spread in the province of Fu-kian, and in other southern provinces, which has undertaken to destroy or expel all foreigners. The members of this association can scarcely belong either to the Confucian or to the Buddhist religion, both of which are supremely tolerant; it is more probable that they form a new sect arising in the pagan barbarism of the lower classes, but encouraged, possibly, by conspirators who are men of education, and even by some corrupt official persons, seeking to overthrow the empire, already much shaken, by bringing it into collision with the European Powers. The members of this fanatical league seem to have also taken ascetic vows of abstinence from liquor, opium, tobacco, and flesh-meat; hence they are sometimes called "Vegetarians." It is certain that they do not at all represent the ordinary disposition of the mass of the people, who regard Christian missions, in general, with complete indifference, and whose behaviour to strangers is usually quiet and peaceable.

We have been favoured by the Church Missionary Society with some photographs of Ku-chen, and of the mission premises there, which were the ordinary residence of the Rev. R. W. Stewart, and of the ladies belonging to the Zenana Mission. There are also views of the chapel and summer dwelling of the missionaries at Wha-sang, situated on the hills about six miles from the town of Ku-chen, and the actual scene of the late dreadful massacre. These have been communicated by the Rev. H.C. Knox, Vicar of Sileby, Loughborough.



The above photo is a close up of the following photo. I believe that Ellen is the woman at the far right standing and Willard is the man standing right behind the man with the dark beard. About 1895.

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



[This letter dated Sept. 8, 1895 from Sharp Peak, Foochow, China was written by Willard to the Folks at Home. Because of the raging cholera outbreak, the schools are not opening. One doctor estimates that as many as 21,000 have died in a small portion of Foochow. All of the missionaries from the country were called in because of the massacres in Kucheng. Dwight Goddard and Dr. Nieberg are secretly engaged. Willard describes a wedding of Christian natives which he attended. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sharp Peak- Foochow
Sept. 8th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

You see we are still at Sharp Peak and we expect to stay here until the first of Oct. I can do very little if we go back now, and as for studying I might just as well be here. The cholera is raging quite badly in Foochow and neither Miss Newton's Girl's School nor Mr. Peet's college will open until about Oct. 1st. This will keep all the workers in Foochow at the summer resorts later than usual. All Missionaries who were in the country have been called in, so the whole force of the three missions in Foochow is now at Foochow or at the mountain or here. I say at Foochow because on what we call the South Side the missionaries houses are on quite high ground and entirely separated at some distance from any native houses. It is much cooler here, and some of the missionaries may be found here all summer. Those who have come in from the country at the Consul's call do not know when they can return to take up their work. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner and Dr. Bliss from Shaowu 250 miles N.W. have been down since May and expected to start back about Oct. 1st. They may not go this winter. Mr. and Mrs. Walker the other Shaowu workers did not expect to come down this summer. But after the Kucheng trouble the Consul called them in. They arrived a week ago. So we may have a big force in Foochow this winter. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and their family are to move from the mountain and occupy the two suites next to us here in the Sanitarium next Thursday. Dr. Whitney and his family have gone home to Pagoda Anchorage. Mrs. Hubbard has been far from well all summer. She has been under a Dr.'s care all the time, - has not been confined to her bed, but not able to do anything. She is better now and they hope she will be all right if she takes proper rest.

Perhaps it will do no harm now to write you that Dwight is engaged. Dr. Nieberg is the fortunate one. They told us in May, but we have had to enjoy it in oyster fashion. They have finally told Mr. Peet. And others I find are wondering why he makes so many calls on one particular lady. Her picture is in the Baldwin Reception group which we sent to Putnam, - one photo for the Putnam home, one for the Long Hill home, and one for Grandfather's folks. I will send the tissue paper with the names of the different ones on (may have gone to Putnam) in this letter. But the paper over the picture and the number comes directly over the face of its owner. You will find the name elsewhere on the paper opposite the number.

Phebe grows like a little pig- as her great grandparents would say. I think it would make Uncle Stanley tired to take care of her for half an hour. She is such an active child, kicking all the time while awake. She is beginning to want to jump now, - watches us as we move about the room, laughs and plays and cries. She sleeps perfectly all night. The other night she went to sleep at 8 P.M. and woke at five the next morning as bright as a new silver dollar. She generally takes one lunch during the night. Sometimes I know about it and sometimes I do not. She is becoming somewhat accustomed to lying on the bed, alone, or with one of us to entertain her. She enjoys nothing as much as her bath in the morning and her rubbings at night. She measures 23 inches from tip to toe. Weighs about 12 lbs. But she has no use for the Amah. I am afraid we shall have to turn her off. She does nothing that one of the men could not just as well do, except washing the baby's clothes and tending her a little.

It has been nearly three weeks now since the home mail came. We begin to feel hungry for letters and papers. I have no doubt that the account of the massacre at Kucheng have caused the friends in Conn. many anxious moments, as their thoughts turned toward Foochow. But you have accurate accounts I think and are informed that we are all right because nothing is said about us. The cholera is raging furiously in Foochow. The Dr. forbids the opening of the schools yet. Our Dr. advises that they be not opened till November. One scarcely knows whether it is not more merciful to rejoice with the victims. Many of them are wretched beings simply existing from day to day, - some in houses crowded worse than the N.Y. tenements. Some with no place even sleep, eating and sleeping on the streets, and picking over rubbish heaps to find morsels of food. It is impossible for me to tell anything about the number of deaths from what I have seen. There was a report that 300 were dying in a day. The head physician (foreign) says that there have been 21000 deaths in a small portion of Foochow suburbs.

Sept. 16th Mr. Hubbard and family are in the suite next us. The children are very much interested in Phebe. The Sanitarium is not so lonely. Dr. Bliss and I expect to start for Guliang- the mountain- today. We go to Pagoda Anchorage and spend to-night and go on up tomorrow morning. We will return the latter part of this week.

Mother's letter arrived since I began this. I do not understand why you have to pay extra postage on our letters. I take pains to see that they are not over weight. Ask the Post Master to weigh them and if they do not weigh over ½ ounce they have no right to charge anything.

I suppose you are all scattered again. Flora back at (?) teaching. Phebe and James in Derby High School and Ruth in Shelton. Mary and Stanley at Long Hill University. Elizabeth in the culinary department of Century Farm Industrial Academy. Ben is eating 30 peaches a day, - is the oldest child at home feeling the weight of his responsibility and his increasing years. Evidently both he and father should be taught the art of writing. I have been waiting a long time to hear something about the arrangement of the new barn.

I came very near performing my first marriage ceremony the other day. Mr. Hubbard has charge of the work in Sharp Peak village. A couple wished to be tied. Mr. H. was notified, but had not replied. The evening before, I received a call from a friend of the bridegroom. He asked me if I could do the business, and I consented. I had the ceremony in Chinese character and set up till nearly midnight plugging on it, arose early before b-fast and read it thro 3 or 4 times. The time was 8 A.M. I took an early b-fast and started. I had all the arrangements, had the names of the victims, and was getting anxious when in walked Mr. Hubbard just in time to take all the honor. My invitation came on red paper in a large red envelope. The groom himself came to announce when all was in readiness. Arriving at the house we found one room- dirt floor, board partitions, bare rafters, one table, 4 candles, a tray with tea and cakes on it, two wooden horses for seats for Mr. H. and myself, the bride in a robe of bright red, and a red cloth covering her head. Her mother or an elderly woman stood holding her with both arms about her. When all was in readiness a mat was spread on the dirt, and over that a blanket. The groom stepped on one side. The bride was led onto the other side. The groom wore an official hat, and a thick wadded ulster. A coarse cloth hung on the partition, which he used from time to time to mop off the perspiration. He said very politely "I will". She merely bowed. No one saw her face. While the ceremony was being read they were not near enough to touch one another. The room was about 12 and 14 ft. In it were no less than 75 people and as many more looking on from all directions. These people were dressed as they happened to be at the time. Some had sickles and other tools in their hands. The children had bibs on- no other clothing. Many of the spectators never saw such a ceremony and were much amused. In the afternoon the groom called on me with an invitation to attend the wedding feast. The invitation was verbal accompanied by a blank red paper envelope and paper. A half grown chicken was flying and jumping about the room all during the ceremony.

Sat morning I caused great surprise by donning an old suit and dressing a beef. We have had three small cattle dressed by the Chinese. The skin is not taken off. The natives must have it on or they will not buy the meat. The dressing is done very poorly and I just thought I would show them how. The natives were not a little surprised to see a foreigner working at this.

I must close now to get ready to start.

With love to all
Will.

[The following was written in Ellen's handwriting:]

My Dear Uncle Ben and all the rest:-

Papa said I might put on the P.S. so I'm going to fill the rest of this page. Papa has been gone almost a week and I shall be glad when he gets home; he's coming next Tuesday and what do you suppose he'll say when he sees my first tooth through for mama says it's really almost through. Mary and Henry Whitney are staying with us while papa is away but they go home tomorrow. There was a little boy missionary come to Mr. Peet's home just a week ago but I have not seen him as he is at the mountain; probably papa will, before he comes home. Love to you all. Phebe

Sunday.

We have had typhoon weather ever since the day Willard left home, so that the houseboat has not been able to run; consequently this letter has been delayed a week. It has come off clear and cool today with the mercury at 74 degrees. Ellen.



Example of a ricksha and chair
 [Postcard photo purchased from ebay by Jana L. Jackson.]

[This letter dated Nov. 10, 1895 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He has been busy with the Annual Meeting. He tells the latest on his daughter, Phebe and how she entertained some Chinese guests one evening. Five of the murderers of the Kucheng Massacre were beheaded in Foochow. Willard requests from his father his recipe for communion wine. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow- Nov. 10th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I have half an hour before church service to jot down a few scattered thoughts. The Annual Meeting of the Mission began last Tuesday evening, and of course there has been no time for anything else since. It closes next Tuesday. All the pastors and preachers and colporteurs, and teachers and others in Christian work under the supervision of the Mission are in Foochow in attendance. I think altogether too much time has been given to the examination of Bible students, in which only the examiners and the students were interested, and to detailed reports of the years work. One Missionary took half an hour to tell what books the children in a few Day schools in his care were reading. And this when the next topic was "Self-support in the native churches". The same man the next day was reading a paper on "Dangerous Habits" and was telling about the manufacture of wine in different countries. He asked how long he had been talking. I insolently spoke up and said "25 minutes". It had the effect of shortening his speech a little but Mr. Hartwell was cut out of a talk and the delegates from the Meth. and English missions were limited to 5 minutes. But this straw will never do for a missionary any more than for another person. It is a very natural and a very easy thing to criticize, in my position- a new comer and mostly an observer. - Then beside the men who saw the beginning of the work here in Foochow is still here and the leader because he has been here the longest of any one. The work has grown and developed. Mr. Hartwell has also grown but he has not kept pace with the new methods at home. The introduction of a little more "hustle" and the eradication of stereotyped forms would be a great benefit to the meetings. And altho the Chinese do not realize this so as to perceive what is the matter. Yet they are very quick to perceive when the change is made from the old ruts into new paths, and they are also quick to respond.

Another hindrance to the best results from our Annual Meeting is the lack of any suitable place in which to hold it. No church will accommodate the gatherings and thus all meetings are held in two different churches two miles apart. When we all come together some can't come together for lack of room. But we have just purchased a building and lot adjoining the church here near me and I trust in His own best time, God will provide the means for the enlargement of the church building.

7:45 P.M. I am at home this evening, have just put Phebe to bed. She is a darling little treasure, happy all day long- if her food comes regularly. She did not like the first amah any better than her parents did, and frequently she

expressed her dislike in no gentle strains. We have a new one and I am sometimes afraid that we shall leave the little girl too much to her care. I think she takes just as good care of her as we do and the little one is very good with her. Thus far we have not asked the amah to have the care of her after we have furnished supper unless we are out of the house. The little bird wakes about day light and coos for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Then she wants to get up. I am generally ready by that time to take her to the amah. After our breakfast her mama puts her in a large tin bath tub and she kicks and crows and generally gets good and tired so she takes a nap after the bath. She does not sleep much during the day now. She is out of doors quite a good time in pleasant weather- and when the sun is not too hot. She has just purchased a carriage \$5.50 in which she takes a ride two or three times a day. After tea she is dressed for bed and that is the signal for a frolic. She has the privilege of jumping and cooing and laughing with papa and mama for a hour. And I wish you could see her improve the privilege. She bounds up like a rubber ball, and we have to hold her tight or she will jump away from us. It is her special delight to have her mama hold her, so that she can jump and her papa sit near and read or do something from which he can look up and talk with her. She expresses her delight in this by the most extravagant smiles. Last Wed. night she fell out of bed. I heard her wake about 4 A.M. and after kicking and wiggling for a few minutes she began to talk to herself. I was dosing when I heard a thump and then a yell. I jumped out of my bed and went over to find her the misquito netting was so tucked in that it broke her fall and sent her under the bed. She struck flat on her nose. Her mother lit the lamp and at the sight of the light the tears dried and the noise stopped.

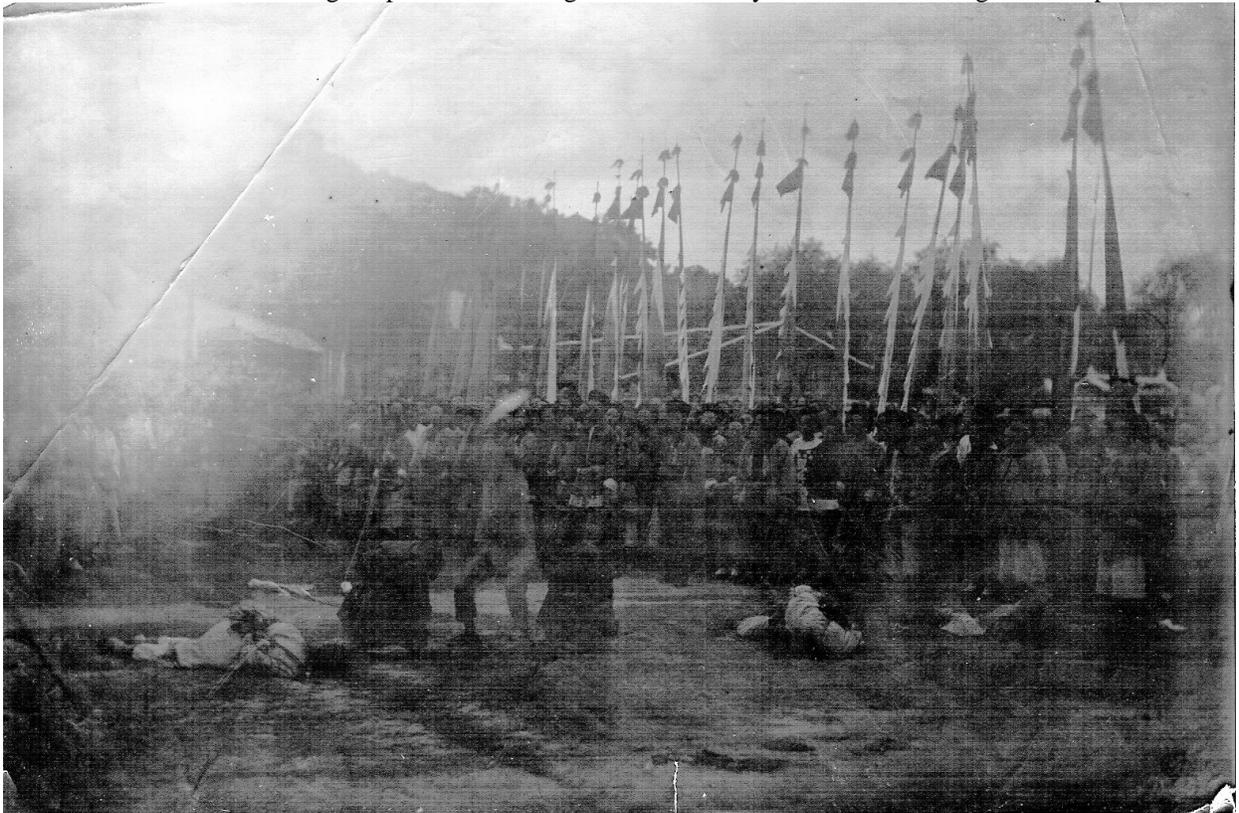
We entertained about 30 Chinese Christians the other evening. They arrived half an hour before we expected them. We had asked Mr. Gardner to show them stereopticon views and Mr. Walker to come over to talk with them and act as interpreter. But there was half an hour and I was in a straight. Ellen was busy and I could talk but little. I took our daughter and if you could have seen the way in which she entertained that room full of Chinese, you would have been doubly proud of your descendants. She acted as if she understood the situation and put on her sweetest smiles and threw them out to all alike with no partiality. It pleased the men very much to have the little foreigner take so much notice of them. I think she must be a true missionary.

Dr. Bartow has written from Japan that it is probable that he will visit China before returning to the States.

Last Thursday morning at 9:04 o'clock five more Kutien murderers were beheaded here at Foochow. They were brought down some time ago, but had to be reexamined and identified by the Consuls. Four of these were the leaders in the massacre. One of them carried the flag and shouted "Kill outright". Another was the instigator of the plot. The fifth man did not go to Hua-sang at all and advised the others not to go. He wanted to plunder and said the missionaries had little money or valuables. He advised attacking the officers Yamen at Kucheng. So his case was entirely in the hands of Chinese. The execution took place on the parade ground just outside the city wall. Dr. Kinnear and Mr. Peet attended. Dr. took 10 pictures- snapped all the time from the time the prisoners were brought to the place until the business was all over. He said the Chinese Prefect was very kind to him and kept the crowd away so that he could work his instrument. He estimated that not less than 10,000 people were on the grounds- 22 foreigners were there 22 at least- many of the Chinese officials were there. I attended the meeting that morning at Giu eio dong. On the way home, I walk on the street about 30 rods. I met the Eng. Consul, Dr. Gregory (M.E. Mission), the executioner carrying his sword and followed by an excited crowd and two other foreigners. I started from my home immediately with Dr. Kinnear- just as soon as he arrived from the execution, to go over to the river. All along the street the one topic of conversation was the execution and frequently the natives "that man was there and took pictures". We heard this four miles from the parade grounds. This shows that the event was thoroughly known. That the people know that foreigners are not incapable or afraid to punish the evil doers. There has existed an idea in the minds of the natives that missionaries especially were what we term chicken-hearted. That they could injure them with impunity. This event I think must do much to disabuse their minds of the illusion. The reports about the executions have been very confused. I was at the consulate Wed. and the following is the official number. At Kucheng the first time 14. Second time 7. At Foochow 5. - 26 in all. But in my mind it is not that this number has been beheaded. That should cause us to rejoice, but that a just court has been held and that guilty men have been executed. The Chinese have a way of offering to kill any number at a time like this. But they take no pains to find the guilty ones. Indeed they pick up coolies and beggars, any worthless friendless fellow, and he head counts one. But Consul Hixson insisted on a fair trial. He found by cross examination one of the men whom the Chinese wished convicted was a professional beggar. Under torture such a man would confess or say that he was one of the guilty party. On the other side the Chinese let a number of the prisoners go after the first examinations. Consul Hixson demanded they be brought back. One of these men was guilty and thro him they got the names of 25 more implicated in the business. The precedent has been established that a foreign government can demand and receive due recognition- in the settlement of such cases, and that a foreign government can also compel a fair examination of the prisoners. Now let Christian governments follow the good precedent and never be satisfied with a few dollars and a few beggars heads.



Above: Scan of original photo. Below: Lightened version by Jamie Jackson using Photoshop.



[This may be one of the photos that Willard is referring to. Following are descriptions from a list of photos that Willard sent back home in 1896:]

3. Parade ground at Foochow,- showing lines of soldiers trying to keep back crowds about 10 minutes before execution of the 5 Kucheng murderers Nov. 7th 1895.

4. Same ground as No. 3, - The five prisoners condemned kneeling, hands tied behind and flags stuck down their back telling names and crimes. The middle bent forward ready for the executioners axe.

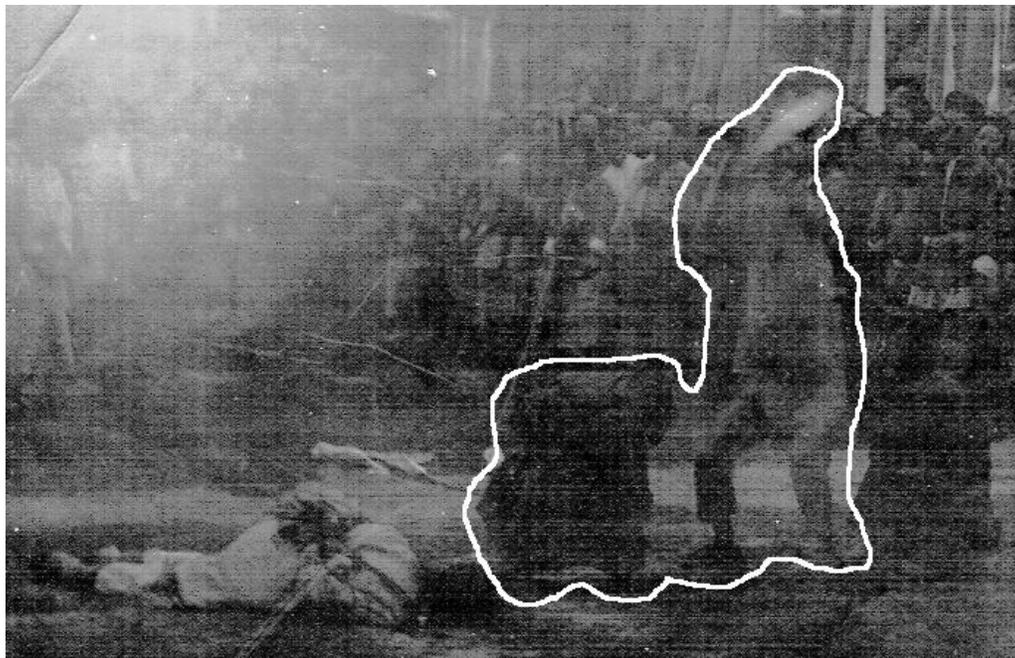


Above: This is a professionally restored version of the previous photo.



Previous photo magnified by Jamie Jackson. A man wearing light colored clothing is already lying on the ground at the left. Another man in darker clothing is kneeling immediately to the left of the man with the bent knees. You can see the flash of his ax above his head. See outlined photo next-outlining by Jamie Jackson.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



I forgot to tell of my latest achievement which was the attempt to read a 15 minute paper in the Foochow dialect at the meeting Friday morning. I was able to make the men understand enough so that there was a very lively discussion afterwards for nearly half an hour. I wrote on "Ken Laung Sing-ta Giong Caung Cai U Lieng-lik"= The necessity of proper exercise for the preservation of health. Of course it was only an attempt. The pronunciation was very faulty. But I consider it some encouragement that I could make the natives understand most of it. I wrote it in English and Miss Newton translated it for me. So only the reading was mine.

Will you send me the receipt [*recipe*] for making communion wine. I think you father make a lot of it and bottle it so that it keeps all the year. We are troubled here to get anything good. Grape jelly dissolved makes a

substitute but a poor one. We have nice grapes in August and Sept. and if I can get the receipt and your method of bottling I will put up some next year.

Before this reaches you another thanksgiving will have passed. God has preserved us another year and given us blessings too numerous to mention. Let us always remember Him as our Provider, Protector, and Father.

Love to every one of the dear ones is sent by
Ellen and Will.

I shall send Phebe's photo in a sermon by Mr. Walker which you will like to read, and lend to Mr. Park and Mr. Kenneston and Mr. White.

W.



This is probably baby Phebe with young looking Ellen. Probably 1895.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated Nov. 28, 1895 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his Dear Ones at Home. He and Ellen have been missionaries in Foochow for a year now and Willard still struggles with the language. The Annual Meeting concluded and it was felt to have been the best yet. Dwight Goddard and Dr. Nieberg were married. Cholera is still present and some Chinese around them have died. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China,
Nov. 28th 1895

My Dear Ones at Home:-

A year has passed since we began work in Foochow for a Missionary begins his work the moment he lands in the place where he is to labor. The time has been very short, because each day has been full of duties. Of course the study of the language never lets up. One is continually on the alert for a new word or phrase and when one recognizes a sentence it so rejoices him that his senses are all alive. He hangs it up on a peg in his memory box, sure that it will remain right where he has put it, and sure that he can go at it at a moments notice. In a day or two he wants to use it or perchance he hears it again, and lo' it has slipped off the peg and lies in a heap with the common lot of jabber, and he must haul the pile over till he finds it. Only repeated use serves to find where it is found when wanted.

Perhaps I am a trifle disappointed in the progress I have made in the language. To be sure I can make myself understood to some extent, but I know the idioms which I use are very laughable to one who knows the genius of the language. But this disappointment is partially compensated by a greater knowledge of the work and the field than I had hoped to gain in one year. It is further compensated by the thought that I have really done some work which the older and over worked missionaries would have had to do. The Annual Meeting which closed Nov. 12th with a Grand Y.P.S.C.E. [*Young Persons Society of Christian Endeavors*] Rally was a great help in learning the field and work. All the helpers both men and women were in attendance and each had something to do, so that we saw each one and knew where he was working, and also heard something about him.



Written on back: "Foochow Y.P.S.C.E. Nov. 12, 1895 Banners, organ, stage"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo: "Foochow Y.P.S.C.E. Nov. 12- 1895"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The experienced missionaries agreed that this was by far the best Annual Meeting that the Mission has ever held. The reports showed great progress in some fields and little in other fields. But on the whole the progress has been greater than in former years. There are several villages calling for pastors- one in which there are 37 church members- but there are no pastors. And the only available man to place at the head of a theological class is my own poor, weak self-made weaker by the ignorance of the language. But in God's plan there is time enough for all things, and He will bring all things to pass in His own best time. I have written many letters during the past few months mentioning the need both of the enlargement of the first church of which I have charge and of the need of a building for a Theological Seminary. We pray for these objects daily. This morning I found this verse in Micah 7:7. "I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me". I am afraid if we men had our own way the world would get to whirling so fast it would fly in pieces. WAIT. But to-day is Thanksgiving Day. Don't think I am going to enumerate the things for which thanks should be offered, - for it would be an enumeration of all my experiences. If I live up to the thoughts which I gave in my Sunday's Sermon on the U.S. Concord I must be thankful for bitter as well as happy experiences, for God intends them all for our development into well rounded Christian characters. We have both been well all the time. The news from home has been good news. God has protected us here from any danger, and has continually surrounded us with the kindest of friends, who have been always very thoughtful and helpful. Above all of these he has given us the best little cherub to brighten our home that we have ever seen. She is becoming daily more interesting, and as she grows older of course her personality is stronger. I think that she naturally has a very pleasant, happy disposition. She cries very little and is always ready to smile. Even when Mama or Papa speak to her from the other side of the room. And in the evening after her clumsy fettering day clothes are off and she feels free in a little flannel night gown she is ready to jump and kick and laugh in Mama's lap or roll and tumble on the floor with Papa. They tell me that I'll make a tom-boy of her. But if she only preserves a strong healthy body, develops a sound mind, and has a hopeful happy spirit that seeks to do good and above all tries to live a Christ life I will take all the risks of the tom-boy phantom. Thus far she is exceptionally healthy and happy. Her blue eyes are still blue. Her bald head is beginning to look streaked with a little hair. The day she was 5 months old she weighed 16 ¼ pounds with no clothing. Mother Kinney wants her picture at 8 months

to put beside baby's mother's taken at the same age. Before this reaches you, you will have seen her photo at 4 months old.

Sat. Nov. 30th. It is too bad after what I have written about Phebe to have to say that she has a hard cold. But this morning she seems better.

Last Sunday we all three spent with Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard at Pagoda Anchorage. We started from home at 7:30 Sat. morning so as to catch the tide down. It was a sail of three hours. In the afternoon we visited some potteries. The process of making the earthen jars out of the mud that is dug up near the river is very interesting. The large jars that hold half a barrel or more are made by sticking one layer after another of the mud on, and squeezing it into the proper thickness and shape. The men become very expert at the trade. The jars are put aside and allowed to dry after which they are baked. A long flume, partly under ground, on a side-hill is filled with the dried jars. In the side of the flume, once in 8 ft. or so, is a hole into which dried brush and grass is stuffed and fired. The flume being on the side-hill with an opening at the lower end. There is a tremendous draft and the heat is all kept in by the thick walls of the flume. The smaller jars are made on revolving wheels which are set in motion by the foot of the workman. One of these men was very proud to have us look at his dexterous motions and said that he had many designs of different forms of jars in his stomach. This is the ordinary way of saying "in his head" in English. Sunday morning I preached on the U.S. Gunboat "Concord". The Captain, 1st Lieut. and two other officers were present and about 40 of the men. The whole audience gave the closest attention and several stopped to speak a few words with us after the service. A Y.P.S.C.E. society of 4 members floats on the river and goes from place to place. These four men are the only Christians so far as I know on board. The Captain asked us to come over Mon. A.M. and see the men drill and look over the boat. Mrs. Hubbard, Ellen and I went. Mon. P.M. we returned to Ponasang.

Wed. P.M. the weekly prayermeeting of the Mission was held at the Kate E. Woodhull's in the city. Dwight and Dr. Nieberg had arranged two weeks previously to be married immediately after the meeting. E. and I were the only parties informed, and we were hermetically sealed. The Consul had to be present so as late as possible he was asked. He arrived when the meeting was about half over. He did not know about any prayer meeting. And when the hymn "Resave the perishing" was given out soon after he sat down, he was at a loss what to make of it thinking that hymn hardly appropriate for a wedding gathering. The officiating clergyman never performed the task before, but he succeeded in tying the knot so that all were satisfied. Most of the party were completely surprised. The Mission had been calculating on a Christmas wedding, and not even the Consuls appearance caused some to suspect. A collation was served, while Mr. Peet and I sowed the apartment of the newly wedded couple with China's staff of life. And a few toasts were given one to the bride- one to the groom and one each to the next Foochow bride and groom.

Thanksgiving evening all the Americans in Foochow were invited to a 7 o'clock dinner at the Consulate. It took about 2 ½ hours to eat. Then a few toasts and music and we arrived home a little after 1 A.M. next day.

The cholera is still present all about us. In August it was specially bad near Ponasang. Then it abated here and was bad in other regions. One of Mr. Gardner's servants died in our house Nov. 11th and Dr. Bliss' servant has been sick for over a week now. This is a good sign as a man is not likely to live more than three or four days after he is taken unless he is going to get well. One of the chair bearer's who carried Ellen over to the Consulate Thanksgiving evening was taken while there and was unable to carry her back home. He died next morning. This I know would seem very dangerous to me if I were at home and heard such news from a friend on the opposite side of the globe. But in China one simply must become accustomed to living in the midst of all sorts of disease and death. Trusting in the protection of an Almighty Hand to shield him. There is no danger from cholera if everything eaten is boiled, as boiling destroys the germs and the only way to catch the disease is to take the germs into the stomach.

Mon. morning Dec. 2nd. To day is the 54th anniversary of Grandfather's and Grandmother's wedding. Please give them the heartiest congratulations from their great-granddaughter- from their eldest grandson and eldest granddaughter.

Phebe is almost herself this morning. She slept all right last night and awoke with a smile this morning. The amah has gone home for two days so Phebe will have the care of her mother and father for a little time. The cook went home to see a sick relative more than a week ago. He sent a substitute. Sat. evening the cook returned sick. The substitute was taken sick at the same time. So with two cooks we have none. The coolie however is very anxious to learn the cook trade and he is willing to do his own and the coolies work for a little time.

I have not written much about the Y.P.S.C.E. Rally because I hope you will see an account of it either in the Golden Rule, Miss'y Herald or Advance. To all three of which I have sent a report and to the first two a photo of the gathering. I have sent to Father Kinney some photos and marked some of them for you.

Please tell Aunt Louise that the Advances have been very acceptable this year. But during 1896 we shall receive a copy each week from the office, so she need not send them. Tell her she might write some letters instead, to me.

Have I written that Mr. and Mrs. Gardner have another son the third. He arrived Nov. 13th 5:30 A.M. and is getting up good vocal muscles. Mrs. Gardner is doing well.

I want to hear from the school goers and the school teacher and the home stayers. Love to all from the three of us.

Will.

Our lemon tree had 29 lemons on it. The largest was 10 ½ in. in circumference, weighed 14 oz.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Years
W. and E. and P.

Phebe got hold of this sheet one day and the wrinkles remain. They are her greetings to you. W.

Although Willard and Ellen never mentioned it in their letters, many of the missionaries throughout China were called "Foreign Devils" by the Chinese.

From a letter in the collection of Virginia Van Andel, dated November 15, 1940, written by Catherine Hsueh (wife of Donald Hsueh, President of Foochow College at the time), we read an account of her trip up the Ingtai (Ing Hok) River and the difficulties of negotiating the river rapids:

"By this time perhaps you have received my last letter telling about our safe arrival in Foochow. Now we are at Ingtai, an interior place where Foochow College is, about thirty-five miles from Foochow City. The trip from Foochow to Ingtai was harder than the one from America to Shanghai.

Ingtai river is very narrow and has more than twenty rapids on the way between Ingtai and Foochow. When the boat came to a rapid the four boatmen jumped into the water, one man at each end of the boat to push it up and the other two men to pull on a long bamboo rope tied to the mast. It required a skilful man to handle the long oar at the end of the boat. One of the boats in which we had put some baggage crashed against the rocks in the rapids and was wrecked and all the games which our American friends gave to our children were lost and some of our clothes spoiled. Fortunately we had put most of our baggage in the boat on which we were."



Hospital Evangelist. Spends nearly all his time among patients of hospital. Undated.
 [Written by Willard. Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

FIRST LESSON IN CHINESE

One man has two hands. "One" is a single horizontal stroke to the left; "two" is two strokes and so on. Take a look at the character for "man."

一	one
人	man
二	(has)
手	two
手	hands

It looks like a man. It has a body and two legs. "Hand" too, looks like a hand with its fingers. The word "has" is not written in the sentence.

A lesson in Chinese by the ABCFM
 [From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]