Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Dear Mother,

I sent you a most unsatisfactory letter yesterday morning. I'm afraid it made up my mind that I would not again under any pretext put off my letter till Saturday morning. I'll make it a regular practice to write a day when I can, and give some thought to the letter till toward the end of the morning, and then perhaps as yesterday, things will come up that demand instant attention. And the mailtime is not especially flexible. I was sorry it took such a measly letter yesterday as I'm going to send this tomorrow to Sweden. I hope it will get there first. After all, it makes it a little easier to remember that we hadn't said anything about the Christmas mail. That came the previous week after our letters were mailed, and it was so long ago that I didn't realize (in the hurry of yesterday) that I hadn't mentioned it.

But we certainly appreciated the Christmas mail. There were 38 pieces for the two of us, and we hadn't had any mail at all for 10 days. They came the middle of the afternoon. Many thanks for the gift. Home's picture now occupies a place of honor on my bureau and pajama is on the server table. The money will be much appreciated when it comes.

I don't believe I said you much about Christmas. I planned a surprise for Lettie and had no end of trouble in carrying it out. On the 21st I gave to each of two little girls a doll, a blouse doll, a picture figure, and two little girls were overjoyed. A bottle
of perfume, a flash (at only cost 5 for a
bowl), a little pink, some chocolate candy
in tinfoil, and some choco. freezer.

I could only go without my little
suitcase, not expecting to buy as much. my
ballet coat pockets also Thompson
and on my arm when I got there I didn't
expect to have to dress really so much.
I'm in there in the house next door.
and on Christmas eve I take a pair of
stockings and I smuggled the
bags to my room. I had a little on the
outlet of the stockings and I hung them
in the bathroom. and when she went
in the morning she was as pleased
as could be. you knew we thought
it was really present when
she wasn't expecting anything.
but I wasn't surprised. next year I
And I had no end of trouble
doing it this year. she talked of going with
one, and it seemed a good deal better to it
and she wouldn't let me go that I didn't want
her in the first part of stocking that
I stole. got her, and wasn't turn
up for a week. I carried my daily surface
and read newspapers and the things
but without one or two. it was
at first. we then put it away.
I thought it was pretty bad and I thought I'd go all
hate doing. it was hard to smuggle it
in and not have her find it. I got her
into bed, and then I hung the stockings
up in the bathroom. and then I was in
bed. she remembered something she had
forgotten in the things, and I had to go
and then the things in the adjoining
room while she was getting the things
I decided to leave them there. and I
put up a little before she went and
left the things without showing in that suspension.

It was a difficult thing to arrange but
it was certainly worth while. you know that
it's necessary to give a James dinner
to all the missionaries.
within reach. That is all the female widows and unmarried ladies on the compound. One girl from the building eleven at the table in all. I went to the Chinese church in the morning police services.

By the way, we moved into our house on Locque 83 after supper. But spent most of the evening at the wards house making candy for tea. At 7 P.M. I went to Swatow shopping. And in the evening I went to tea. Then I made an address at a sort of graduation exercise. Thus, we were away the most of the day. Friday evening we were invited down to Daker's to supper at plan about the hunt that early the next day. We have got to go down to help about getting some cartridges and make final arrangements. Many people were all of the hunt. Thus, we had to go back to Shang's to eat the goose. I ate the other fresh man was invited too. Friday we were meeting at dinner at 6 P.M., and went back. All the old Americans we have had at home. I thought I would like to go back to Shang's. That was in Xmas night, but the others remember that I went to Swatow for a Presbyterian meeting and slept over the night. I was there. I thought it was worth while but that is a true missionary way of doing it done to be put up all the time. That is true.

That meeting was quite interesting. You have seen that the English were always more alongside. So far as I can see the two mission stations get along nicely. Our work here in Peshawar is practically all here on the Kurchi side. We have a little light not so pleasant to live in. But more convenient and more advantageous.
The English Missionaries are all Scotch, and most of them come from Glasgow. I was to follow one Church of England man, from Dublin, I believe, and I guess he's English. At this first meeting one of their missionaries made a speech, followed by several Chinese and then they served tea and cakes. A man spoke in Mandarin and I was interested to hear it sounded. I have got to sort that out. It almost sounds pretty familiar, in fact almost as the man was saying, but in Chinese words in a language that I don't know. That Mandarin talk sounded like English. I heard the man was a big[tine.

We went up to Shanghai from the country seat by train. The station is quite out in the city, and it is at 5 o'clock, so we met two girls to carry our baggage and we walked the city's narrow streets laid on both sides with shops, in many of which we could see calves, donkeys, and other animals, like sheep, etc., at work. The shops front to being ill-adapted.

It was a mighty interesting lift we went through the city to the river where we crossed on a bridge to the other side, and we had dinner there. Then took boats and dangled along the river to Yong King, a market town arriving at about sundown. On the river we shot a cannon for the boatman, and a shot which made a good start of course we slept on the boat, and Betty says it is the first time she's slept without a net which he got to climb and it once on the boat. On the trip she sweated and our first night at a boat we tried to do it but the mosquitoes were too fierce. The next morning we went down the river to the mouth and had one big hunt. I don't suppose you would be specially interested in the details, but in the morning we shot two wild hens, and in the afternoon Baker and I got a duck and a goose. We brought those home and left the wild hens with the others who hadn't s
anything that day but we were going to wait (Wangkung) the next day while the sun was better. I haven't told what they found. We were then about 30 miles from the town and all ready to start Tuesday evening, and we figured that we could surely get there by midnight. But we didn't. We stayed there all about midnight to go in the tide, because it wouldn't be fast as the rain had quite as run in against the tide. After breakfast we went down river to get the incoming tide, and got to wait a few hours for tide enough to cross the flats. Then we had to wind in and out those streams and canals in and out several times. Sometimes they were sometimes salted, sometimes failed, sometimes treacherous, that is the boatsmen would lose the sail and make the sail all fast to something that was fast in a wave. He made a wave end of the sail, and put the block on the mast top, and pull the block of the mast. And put the block for the next about quarter from the water, and that was too far to walk, you may be sure. I had the sail on, you ought to have seen me with under shirt cotton shirt and woolen shirt, sweater coat and oiled skin slicker, sitting in the sun and trying to keep out of the wind to dry without. And at the same time seeing a bird flit here and there the coils of cumber glass and a pair of extra dark amber glasses to protect my eyes, a wonderful construction. We had a feast last morning and we could hardly believe it. We asked the boatman how he said it was 'sour' which means either snow or frost. Barker said: 'In America that sometimes gets 2 or 3 feet deep, that man that it would be cold to death' (a common phrase), and Barker said for that is just what does happen.'
the way that "what would you do if you need them" needs only 1/2 minute to express it—and get ordinary when one speaks in English and another translates. it takes the translator 2 or 3 times as long as the speaker.

I wouldn't have believed that in less than two months (with lots of breaks) I could give ordinary household stories in Chinese without difficulty. I never knew the words at all. I expected to be at about the "this is a cat" stage. Instead of "every day if we have peanut butter we eat it, and if there isn't any peanut butter we need butter" which isn't as complicated in Chinese as it sounds. as the is getting on well too. she can read and write a great deal better than I can.

I must close now with lots of love, and thanks for the Xmas present.

Your loving son

Eldred
Mean Mother,

It is the hour of teaching the SS. lesson and usually spend the time in reading, but I thought that today I would write to you instead, and tell you about the events that have occurred since I last wrote. I am not sure whether I have, because at first after the trip I was too busy when we returned. It seemed like a lot of time had passed, and I wanted to say a lot of things, but not until I had time to write down and see if anything developed. I must.

Kajung

Hosun

Kitang Ari

Kitang

Swarow

Swarow Bay

Kabichen

Wong Kang

Honan Bay

Kabichen
I suppose you have seen maps of the district before, but here is another. A very rough one you see. The four Tables stations, Choochewo, Kityang, Shoochewo, and Shingung are roughly at equal distances from Swatow the port. Kityang is the outlet for the rivers that enter Hainan Bay. and is the only big city in that district. Kityang is the city at the junction of two branches of the Putongs River and is the metropolis for all the people who use those roads and their branches as avenues of trade. Choochewo is just where the Tung River leaves the hills and is located in the plain which extends the rest of the way to Swatow. Tungung is at the mouth of another river and is the metropolis of his district. Wherewith may be said as to the attitude toward the peasants of the people who live in those cities strategically located for reaching the interior.

I have east longing eves across the Bay many times after the sun went behind Swatow. That is Mr. Stalbmore's field, and in the natural way of looking at things would fall to my inheritance I thought. Because Mr. Stalbmore must go home shortly after my language study is finished. He might with come back and do his work as president of the theological seminary is through to keep him away. Then my wife should live in the port with plants of company all around for the time while I was away. It was a pleasant dream. I asked Kofehieh and liked the social opportunities and all the rest.

But after a while some disturbing thoughts intruded on coming in. Mr. Stalbmore was not only in charge of the field of Shingung Swatow, but was also the head of
the seminary and mission treasurer.

I suppose in addition to his field I

should inherit his other places?

I observed that as a matter of history all the men who had been in evangelistic work at Nkakelech had been drafted into school work, which didn't attract me, although the little school at the academy wasn't bad. Still what I wanted to do was the work with the churches and for the heathen. I counted up the houses and found that 300 of the students which is established half do many members of the faculty as it has already had at some period in its history. There wouldn't be houses enough for all but alone to give one to an evangelical missionary, so that in case they got all the desired would practicably have to go somewhere else to live because the teachers couldn't; and there is no prospect of any more houses at Nkakelech.

I took the fact that if one considered undertaking to live at Nkakelech this winter I should have to live in the house of Mr. Worley, which is the biggest house in the compound, to be sure, but it already contains all her furniture and all her brother-in-law's furniture, so that it is about full now, and we have enough furniture for house ourselves; and that next fall her brother-in-law is expected back and we should have to get out with no other place to get into. I considered the fact that the river from Shaarowna down spreads out like a fan, so that almost all of that plain that I had looked across the bay at can be more easily reached from Shaarowna than from Swatowa while some of it actually can't be reached from Swatowa without first going up the river. I considered...
the fact that Baker the Peaceful
missionary was personal and missionary
ideas that are about as close & mine as
those of anyone in the mission and he and
has always have so far proved through
congenial to us and that the same
is true of James the Presbyterian
missionary at Cifun.

And after some of these considerations
began to feel a drawing toward the city.
Of course when I came back Mr. Kemp was
living there and Baker, temporarily at
Kakelak was hoping to get back. But
Kemp died last summer. And Baker goes
on furlough in a few months.

I was thinking quite a bit about the
city when I was and I went up with Mr.
Baker. And before we came back we
had practically decided that we would
ask to be located there. And as the
conference committee approved, we shall
probably be living at the no closest
before you get there. I have 15 boxes
all packed (but that includes a good
many such as 1 doy glasses paper & a box)

I'll tell you more about here
in a later letter. Our compound is
across the river on a hill which so that
there is no difficulty about river and gu-
pleas about the fun getting removed
less about the conference which is just
over and accounts for the gap between
this letter and the last. I forget that if
we had to start packing as soon as camp
was over. I must have my minutes
written up to date and I used to closed
not room. And the minutes were already
by written 3 copies) and then Friday, our.
But that left no time for letters in
especially as we had company in for
only my a good many morning.
I beg to thank you for the Christian work and Evangelist, and for the calendar. I'd like to find a suitable one especially for that comforter that is so nice to look at as well as to use. I am sure you will thank Father and Aunt East and Mary for the draft, shall be very grateful. I hope to be able to write the folks in a day or so, but in the meantime, you may assume that I received their gifts and will be grateful.

It is just after eleven this morning and almost full time. Since yesterday morning, I have packed up 10 boxes of books and papers, 3 of trunks etc. The dining room table, cooking wish casuari, and some other foods, are also 3 dozen punts of 20,000 case, two other boxes of medicine, and other breakables, 23 boxes besides 1 box of books that were already packed, and one tin-lined box from home unpacked.

The arrangement is that Baker is to fill the first boat with his things. He is to move up two before further. I am not sure of what space might be kept. I am not sure if Baker has so many things packed up to fill a boat.

But as it is with 25 boxes ready, and a bureau, organ, bed, hammock, etc., and ten bed, 6 arm or rocking chairs, a big book case, a lamp, cases, and plenty of miscellaneous all available, I think it is not enough to fill a boat myself.

Wishing you all a happy New Year.

Lovingly,

[Signature]
Swansea Jan 23

Dear Mother:

The conference begins today and our guests came yesterday afternoon. I can't say that I have enjoyed having them here as much as I might. They are Mr. and Mrs. Adams of Hope, with their two children, and they are very nice but our household hasn't got so that it will run automatically yet, and the advent of that kind of a family is like throwing a deck of cards into a machine. This morning it took 45 minutes to eat breakfast, and I didn't get half enough to eat, but I had lost my appetite by that time. Watching them chew up pieces of orange and then throw them on the matting while his parents were too much interested in the conversation to notice what he was doing, and while I was waiting fifteen minutes or so for the fruit course to be over (for practically no fruit) helped.

The worst of it is that we are getting along with just two servants, whereas a household is supposed to have three. The Adams' brought one or two servants, I can't figure out which, but one of them is going to leave tomorrow. I notice that our servants seem to be doing most of the work, and I'm a little worried for fear they will get tired out and grumpy, and disinterested. And things have been going along so nicely that I hate to have anything interfere with them. It's hard enough to break in servants when you know the language.

I am glad you got the Fire Dept. matters all settled satisfactorily. It must have been a good trip. All right for bad about the funeral.
I have just looked in my tackle box and found where I made the mistake of $10. Which was the cause of Father's having the chance to maintain my credit for me. Please thank him for doing it, and be sure to have him draw out from Chamberlain's bank that $10 and the .75 of the $1.75 that he made good previously, and send it in.

Sat., 10 a.m.

Your letter has come in which you spoke of having sent pictures to various people for me. Thank you. When I have more leisure, I will note who the people are, and write accordingly.

The pictures were never paid for so far as my records show. Please ask them to pay for them. Have him draw the money out of the People's Savings Bank, and let me know the amount.

Thank you for sending the watch and bracelet. And of the other errand. I had a Xmas present to you of course I planned and... But the papers are filed away in the middle of no where, and I haven't time to look them up. In my haste I'm afraid to say that last night I was appointed recording secretary of the Conference, and that gives me a big rush of work to do right now. I must be back in a few minutes at meeting, and this morning's report isn't ready. I'll catch up tonight. But the guests take all the available time in morning and afternoon.

Goodbye with love,

[Signature]
Dear Mother:

To-morrow is Valentine's Day, and I am racking my brains to figure out how to get a Valentine for Lottie. It is a little complicated to arrange under these circumstances. I wrote the enclosed at a time when I was hungry and sleepy, and they are pretty bum. Complicated syntax, poor ideas, and a punk point of view make a combination that isn't worth posting. But Lottie got hold of the letter, and criticized it a little, and now she says that if I don't send it she will think she is responsible, etc, etc., so I guess I'd better send it; but will herewith give a paraphrase, giving the sense that they were intenede to convey.

1. Lottie teaches English at the Bible Women's training School. The representatives of the Women's Boards here are a little touchy about names; they object to being called "single workers, and they object to having that school called "Bible Women's School", both of which are very logical names. Incidentally the Chinese name of one of these representatives of the Women's Boards is "unmarried woman", and the name for the school is "married women's school", but the "unmarried women don't seem to object to those names at all, and use them constantly; and incidentally the Chinese way of saying those terms is very terse; it is kou-nie, and hu-oh.

2. The paragraph about dinner is not quite so muddy as the rest. It seems to mean that Lottie's teaching makes the dinner later than usual, but that her husband is trying to make the best of it; and the fact that he didn't growl any more while going thro the extra wait is an encouraging sign that he may get used to it.

The new teacher is a heathen, who comes to us with fine recommendations as a teacher. We have only had him one lesson, but that is enough to demonstrate that he knows Chinese, and has a good idea of how to teach it. And
while he doesn't know some of the Christian idioms, our personal teacher, who does, can supply us with them. The man is very attractive, and I think he will make a good teacher. This morning it was harder work than usual because we were not used to his ways and words, and vice versa, and because he was more critical of pronunciation than out other teachers. For the first time today I learned how to pronounce one of the important tones, and it is a lot easier than the effort that I have been making. I think we shall have to work harder, but I think we shall make faster progress.

Of our class of five, two have already left us. Miss Northcott is to be nurse in Dr. Edith Bacon's hospital at Kityang, and as Dr. Bacon was living there alone, she was anxious to get Miss Northcott there for company, and the Conference finally decided to let her go. We were very sorry to have her leave us. Dr. Newman has also left us. He came out here expecting to do medical education at Chaoshowfu, probably. But there is no prospect of medical education there for many many years to come, and there is a medical college now being organized at Canton under most promising circumstances. They invited Dr. Newman to the faculty, and the Conference, approved of it. It is subject to the approval of the home board, of course, but I think there is little doubt that they will give it. Dr. Newman left yesterday afternoon. He was able to get a boat which goes direct to Canton, which will save him a great deal of bother about transshipment at Hong Kong, as he has a lot of truck with him. I am glad that I am not the one who has to leave. I guess I told you that at one time there was talk of trying to change us to Kaying in the Hakka dialect, nearly a week up the river. That would have involved grave questions of providing supplies, which won't come up in the case of Newman who is removing to one of the largest trading centers in China.

Maybe I didn't say much about that Kaying proposition. At the time that the Central China Mission was closed up, our mission was very indignant over the matter, and I must say that I think they were pretty nearly right in their contention that the matter should not have been rushed thro with such precipitancy; also that from what
I can see here the board seems to have made a serious mistake in closing a mission which was showing more returns in converts than any other mission in China; was centralized, when they are doing their utmost to get the other missions centralized; had splendid leaders among the Chinese, when the great need of the other missions is native leaders; and could go for as long as necessary with the present plant. Whereas the great argument for closing it was that it required the immediate expenditure of an amount so large that they couldn't do it; and that it wasn't worth while to go on at the present rate. The contention doesn't seem to be proved. Even at the "poor dying rate" the mission had over a hundred candidates waiting for Huntley to get back and baptize them. And weeks after the committee had told them that the Board was going to withdraw, Huntley and Brooks Clark went out and baptized over forty; and everyone knows that it isn't every good Christian that wants to be baptized, that gets a chance to.

Well, I didn't intend to do more than refer to the matter, but now that I have got started, I might as well go ahead. I heard Percy Bakenman at the Rooms talking about the necessity of closing the Rooms, but didn't pay any more attention than just to listen. No one else said a word about the matter, altho a good many days before the Board had already taken action that called for one delegate from South China, one from East, and one from West China, to go to Hanyang, where the Central China Mission is located, and proceed to wind up its affairs. When we got here Mr. Waters had gone to Shanghai on this errand. He merely got a cable to start, and got instructions by mail at Shanghai. But as we made such a leisurely journey but the first that I heard about the matter was from Brooks Clark and the Huntley's on board the Tenyo. They kept very quiet about it at Boston.

The committee consisted of Mr. Waters of South China, Mr. Ufford of East China, Mr. Taylor, on his way back to West China, in con-
nection with Rev. G.A. Huntley, M.D. head of the Hanyang Hospital, and the only man in the mission at the present time, except those who are learning the language. They also co-opted the services of Mr. A. Beamam, on his way back to West China.

The instructions of this committee were to break the news to the Hanyang Chinese Christians and to proceed to redesignate the Hanyang missionaries, with the understanding that the Board was so determined to transfer their Hanyang work to some other denomination that the committee could go on the assumption that the transfer was already accomplished.

The Hanyang churches send a rousing delegation to the meeting which they expected was for the purpose of planning how to strengthen the work. And they were met with the statement, that the Board was like a man who had so many children that he couldn't feed them all, and had to part with one for the sake of the rest; or one who had several stores which showed a profit, and one which didn't and closed that one. Analogies that the Hanyang Christians didn't find quite convincing, and I don't blame them very much. They tried to get in a petition to the Board to put them on trial for a term of years, but I don't believe it amounted to much at Boston; I haven't heard anything about it.

The Board's expectation was that the London Mission would be glad to take over the work, Hanyang being their chief place. But the London Mission has a staggering debt, and has retrenched very, very heavily this year, and couldn't think of taking our work. So there you are; the committee proceeded to the work, redesignated the missionaries, and they have started to their fields to learn new languages, and the Board doesn't know who is going to take over the work. Furthermore, altho the great argument for closing the Mission was that the other Boards felt that we were one too many, the fact is the people like the Episcopalian bishop expressed extreme regret that we were leaving, and many people said that our Board was making a big mistake in leaving; that the big investment which
the Board seemed to consider necessary in order that the Central China Mission might make a
worthy contribution to the Christianization of China, were not necessary, at least for the
immediate present; and one denomination said that our withdrawal would strike their works
a blow (by depriving them of the support they expected through union work with us) that it would
take them years to recover from.

Now, altho the Board couldn't take time to find out whether anybody was ready to take over
our work, before they scattered the missions; yet on getting a cablegram from the Judson party
who spent a few hours in Hanyang, they decided to wait until the Judson party got back; and then
they might decide to keep Central China after all and if so, they would send re-enforcements as soon
as possible.

But it was only a month before these incidents that they had cabled Bailey and Clayton to go to
Hanyang to live, having previously ### assured them that they wouldn't be sent there unless it was to
be permanent. Then they sent out word, which uproots these men just as they have got nicely
settled; and if they are going to keep the Central China Mission after all, their idea seems to be
to send out a different lot later on.

P.S. After thinking about this I decided to rewrite which I have done
on different stationery. After you have
had all you want of it in Hoke please send it to Wetherbee at
Bridgewater. Then you can ask her to
send it to your last before it goes to
the rest of the Lane list.

Lovingly

Eckerson
Dear Mother;

It is going to be Saturday tomorrow, but so I guess I had better get my letter started. It is 12.15 Friday, and I have a few minutes before dinner. We have class from 9.00 till 11.30 and then Lottie goes down to the Women's Bible Training School, which those irreverent people who refer to the representatives of the Women's Boards as "single workers", to their great indignation, would also call, the "Bible Women's School", to their equal indignation. See if you can follow that complicated rhetoric. The Chinese names for them are "unmarried Lady" and "Married Women's School", and it is a sample of how quickly you can make some things in Chinese, that kou-nie, expresses the representative, and hu-oh, the school.

Well anyway, Lottie goes down to the school five days a week, to teach English. There are two kou-nie's here, one of whom runs the schools and the other does country work. The one who ran the schools last term taught this English, but the one who does it this term, isn't in a position to do so, for some reason, so Lottie was invited to fill the gap, and I judge that she is doing so to great satisfaction of the girls, and to the moderate satisfaction of her husband, who is proud of her doing so well, but notices that dinner is somewhat later than usual owing to the fact that she gets too interested to close at 12.15, and sometimes doesn't leave there till 12.35. Dinner is a variable feast; sometimes it is ready as early as 12.15, and seldom later than 12.25. But never mind. It is a whole lot better than having guests who are very delightful people, but are not willing to make the effort necessary to be on time at meals.

We had a new Chinese teacher this morning. When the language committee found that there were to be five of us Freshmen, they decided to have a class, and on the recommendation of Mr. Kemp, who lives up at the county seat, Chaochowfu, they decided to engage one of his
former teachers, who as he says, is one of the best he has found. The teacher however, couldn't begin till to-day, so we have been using the personal teacher who was engaged for Dr. Mildred Scott, as a class teacher, and it has been a very satisfactory arrangement. I was sorry to hear that the new teacher had come, because it meant the breaking up of that arrangement, but I had seen him once, and he was a very nice appearing man, so I guess we could stand it.

Of course, we have had only one lesson with him, so it is a little early to say how he is going to be; but unless, he turns out to be an utter failure, we have got him for our teacher for the rest of the year; and so I guess it is safe to say we are going to have him. Because he knows Chinese, and he knows how to teach it.

Whether we enjoy it is not such an important question. For this particular morning, I had to work a good deal harder than usual, because I had got used to the vocabulary and ideas of the other teacher, so that I had little difficulty in understanding her, while this man frequently said whole sentences in succession, of which I didn't know a word, indeed couldn't make out what he was talking about. But Lottie says that it wasn't any harder than usual to her, which enables me to understand better how she feels at an ordinary class.

This man is a heathen too, while the women teachers that we have been having are Christians of long standing, educated in our schools, which makes it easier for us to understand each other. The very first thing that this man did, was to read two words ma-kho, which represent Mark, (the gospel) as be-kho. Well, "be" is the ordinary sound of that word, and one would have to know a little about the Bible, or something of that kind, to know offhand that that name was intended for Ma-kho. But that is a matter that won't be hard to adjust. We shall simply have our personal teacher in the afternoon give us the pronunciation of the words in Mark as we need to know them, and then if the class teacher gives us heathen pronunciations where the
Christian pronunciation is different, we can enlighten him.

I got a hair cut this week, to my great satisfaction. There is just one barber in Swatow that is worthy to cut the hair of a foreign devil, and I had been four times to his shop, and sent word to him once to come over here, without any results. My hair was getting so long that it was positively uncomfortable. Last Wednesday afternoon, when we went over to Swatow to the union prayer meeting with the English Presbyterian Mission, Lottie and I went a little early, and while she did a few errands I went to the shop and was delighted to find the man in. Price 20 cents Mex, which is not an exorbitant price from my point of view.

The other day I went to the bookstore and got five or six copies of the gospel of Mark, for 10¢ Mex, which equals one nickel and three coppers. Our teacher said that we paid far more than a Chinese would have paid for the volumes.

When we came out here there were five of us in the class. But at Conference time Miss Northcott went to Kityang to live for a while. Dr. Edith Bacon was living there all alone, and it is expected that Miss Northcott will be her nurse when she has learned the language. If Lottie is going...
Dear Mother;

I wonder if you know very much about the matter of the closing of the Central China Mission. I don't know as much as I wish I did, but I do know some things that you may be interested to know.

The mission was founded by Rev. Mr. Adams, father of our Arthur S. Adams of the Hakka mission at Hopo, who was our guest at Conference, and whom I have met before at Detroit, and on the boat from Hong Kong. The elder Adams was a missionary at East China, but he wanted to do something somewhat more pioneer, so he went to what is known as the Wuhan and opened a mission.

The great river of China is the Yang-tse-kiang which is a good deal over a thousand miles long, for it is navigable for over a thousand miles. The missionaries to west China have to travel on it and it is a journey of some two or three months. The river is the main channel of commerce from east to west. 670 miles up the river is the forks, where the Han river empties into the Yang-tse. At the forks are three cities, like New York Brooklyn and Jersey, practically one city. Their names are Hankow (mouth of the Han), Hanyang (plain of the Han), and Wuchang (warlike, having many descendants). The three cities together are called Wuhan, Like Greater New York, and they are the coming center of China. Ocean going steamships can go to Wuhan. There is a railroad to Peking already in operation, and via Hankow is the quickest way from Shanghai to Peking, the only decent way in winter. Another is being built from Hankow to Canton, and another is being built, or will be built from
from Shanghai, thus making Wuhan more than ever the great cross-roads of the Empire. The place contains tremendous iron works; for instance, a place for making armor, second only to the Krupp works. And as there is an unlimited supply of coal, iron, and labor, all right close at hand it must increasingly become a great manufacturing center as well as a great commercial center. Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Canton derive their great importance from being chief ports of entry of foreign goods, etc.; as China develops into a civilized nation, Wuhan will become the great distributing point for home goods as well as foreign; and foreign goods can be more advantageously distributed from that point, because they can be laid down there as easily as on the coast, and from there scattered in every direction. Furthermore, Peking is a very poor place for a capital. It is like putting the capital of the U.S. at Portland, Maine; and practically all the food consumed there has to be brought in from the south. Practically everyone admits that not very far hence the capital will be transferred to Hankow. It is pre-eminently the most strategic point for mission work in China.

Well, Mr. Adams went to this center and opened work "on the dike". There has been a good deal said about this as an unfavorable situation. It is true that the compound is cramped; and that Han-yang is the smallest of the three cities. But the three are much closer together than New York, Brooklyn, and J.C. And "the dike", on which the compound is situated is the main thoroughfare from Hanyang to Hankow, and practically all the traffic from Hanyang County to Wuhan goes right by the chapel doors. It would be hard to find a better place for a street chapel.

There is a fine hospital at the place, but very little in the way of schools. The spirit of the mission has been to place its chief emphasis on evangelism, in which it has had greater success than any other mission (Baptist, at least), in China.
For some years now, there has been a persistent agitation for the closing of the Central China Mission. A few years ago a commission went there, and were so impressed with the importance of the center, and the work there, that they recommended that it be greatly strengthened at once. But they neglected to say, that if it couldn't be strengthened it should be kept along anyway.

As a result the argument was; in order to make a worthy contribution to the Christianization of China, we must have schools, colleges, etc. To equip the mission as it really ought to be equipped, will require a specified number of families and of thousands of dollars, the number being so great as to be prohibitive; therefore close the mission. The argument overlooks the fact that with small equipment the mission was already making a worthy contribution. At the time the Board was voting to close it, there were over a hundred waiting for baptism, waiting for Huntley, the only ordained missionary of mature years in the mission to return with us on the Tenyo, so that he might take charge of the examination of them; a record that many another mission might be proud of. And the argument also overlooks the fact that there were a large number of other missions at Wuhan doing a great educational work, but somewhat deficient in evangelism; the argument assumes that the Baptist mission must do the same kind of work that the others were doing; and neglects to notice the advantage of having the Baptists make their contribution along the line of evangelism, for which they were especially well fitted, much more so than the others.

Another argument was that Wuhan was overcrowded with missions, and that the Baptists were not welcomed. I do not pretend to know whether this was ever true in the past; it certainly is not true now. The other denominations expressed regret at our leaving; deprecated the idea of the Board that such a tremendous immediate investment was necessary;
and one mission, which was expecting to do union medical work with ours, says that our withdrawal will strike their work a blow that it will take years to recover from.

Another argument is the terribly cramped location of the compound "on the dike", with a lotus pond in the back yard, and Huntley had to go to his hospital in flood time, in a packing box for a boat. I have already explained that "on the dike" meant one of the most strategic places for a chapel; it is not necessary that schools, if we did start them, should be on the same place; the lotus pond can be easily filled up, maybe it is being filled already, which will make useful land of that space; and while the chapel ought to be kept anyway, if at any time they want to sell the land where the rest of the compound is located, it is constantly increasing in value, and from the bright prospects for the future of Wuhan, it isn't likely to decrease at any time.

Another argument which I have heard is that the mission is so cramped that it has no room to expand, either in the city or the country; as nearly as I can find, this argument is not in accordance with the facts. And the only other argument that I can remember is the churches of the Central China Mission are not self supporting; neither are those of any other Chinese mission that I know about; there are self-supporting churches scattered here and there, but most of them have to be helped a little. That argument doesn't seem very convincing.

Well, just before we left Boston, the Board took action which meant the closing of the Central China Mission; but we didn't hear anything about it, nor did I know that such a thing was contemplated till I was on the boat, and missionaries returning to China told me. I have looked over the January number of Missions, very carefully; that is the latest one that has come here; but there is no announcement of the fact. I wonder why.
On the Tenyo, Brooks Clark, returning to West China, told me about the matter. When we got here we found that Mr. Waters was up in Central China, on this matter. The Board cabled him to start, and sent written instructions to Shanghai. They appointed a committee of Waters of South Taylor China, Ufford of East China, ______ with Beaman returning to West China, as co-opted member and Huntley, returning to Central China (at least that was the committee; I wouldn't want to say what were the terms of their appointment). This committee was to break the news to the Central China Baptists, and to consult with the missionaries as to their designation.

The committee debated earnestly as to whether their instructions should not be interpreted to mean that they were, first to see whether the work could be transferred to some other society under satisfactory conditions; but Huntley and Taylor, fresh from the Rooms, insisted that the Board's idea was that they were to proceed at once to redesignate the missionaries; Taylor wanted to take along with him the man that he expected would be designated to West China (which isn't quite so harsh as it may sound, as the trip is so long and hard and dangerous that an inexperienced man ought not to take it alone, it seems to me.)

So the committee proceeded to redesignate the missionaries; I am not familiar with what they did except in the case of two men who had been one year in the Language School at Nanking, and had just gone to Hanyang to live. Bailey was designated to West China and went along with Taylor; Clayton was designated to South China, but while packing up caught a very bad cold, and I don't know whether there was any pneumonia or not but he was threatened with it, and there is something about tuberculosis, so he was ordered home and sails to-day from Shanghai.

The committee talked with representatives of the other Wuhan mission as to their taking over our work, but didn't seem to find much prospect of it. The Board expected that the London Mission would be glad to do
so. But the London Mission is crippled with a heavy debt, and made a big slash in their China budget this year; for them to take over our work is apparently out of the question.

The Hanyang churches sent a rousing delegation to meet this committee expecting that it had come to plan about strengthening the work. When the committee told them that the Board was like a man who had so many children that he couldn't feed them all, and had to sell one to be able to feed the others, their answer, after consultation, was that they didn't understand this doctrine; they thought that the children ought to be willing to go hungry together for the sake of the family. They wanted the Board to put them on trial for a period of years, but I don't know whether anything came of this or not.

That is the main history, so far as I know it. But there are two other little things that are worthy of mention. The Board told Bailey and Clayton that they wouldn't be sent to Hanyang unless it was a permanent thing. And yet just about a month before this incident they cabled "Bailey Clayton Reside Hanyang". The other is that the Judson party, which had visited Hanyang sent a protest against the closing of the Central China Mission, and the Board decided to wait until the Judson party returned to the states before proceeding further, with the idea that the Judson party (which was only in Hanyang a few hours) would have some further light to throw on the matter.

Now what I would like to understand better is 1. why there hasn't been more publicity in the matter. 2. if the Board can afford to wait for the return of the Judson party, why couldn't if wait to see whether my mission would take our work before they scattered the missionaries; 3 what arguments led them to that course anyway, to break up the mission before they had any assurance that someone else would take over our work.

The Central China mission was gaining more converts with small equipment than any other of our missions, according to figures that
were showme, and that I have no reason to question. It was centralized, and the Board is making large efforts to get the other missions centralized; it has splendid leaders among the Chinese Christians, and the great need of the other missions is leaders among the Chinese. And it furnished a basis for work in the coming center of China. And the Board is apparently willing to let all these things go. I must say that I think they are making a serious mistake.

There are other matters on which I know a little, but don't feel competent to say much about them. What I have said in this letter I feel sure of.

At present, so far as I know, Huntley and Brooks Clark are in charge of the Central China Mission. Huntley is a clergyman and a physician. He was the head of the hospital at Hanyang and had a flourishing training class. During his absence a work for women has been done by Dr. Emily Bretthauer. I understand that Huntley has not undertaken any medical work since his return, but has been supervising the evangelistics side. He and Clark went out recently and baptized over forty. And it isn't every good Christian who gets baptized in this country. Many that are sincere and good get turned down.

Brooks Clark was returning with us on the Tenyo, going to West China, where he has served one term. The trip is a very dangerous one, as thro the gorges of the Yang-tse, the current is very swift, and the river rocky. The first few times one doesn't mind it much, but one comes to understand the danger, and the oftener one takes the trip, the harder it becomes on his nerves. By the time they reached Shanghai, Mrs. Clark had got into such a nervous condition from thinking about the trip, that the West China missionaries and the East China physicians said it was out of the question for her ever to attempt the trip again. It would undoubtedly be too much for her mind. So the Clarks had to seek a redesignation, and pending action by the Board, Clark is helping
Huntley at Hanyang. The committee wanted Beaman to stay also, but for various reasons he decided it was important to get back to West China, so he started up the river with Bailey and Taylor, (also, I suppose, with Beulah Bassett and Pansy Mason, who are returning). But a few hundred miles up the river his nerve gave out, and he had to turn back. Beaman has been keeping the river warm, traveling back and forth of late years. He cannot stand the climate of West China, but he loves the place so that he will try to go back. He had a very serious operation about a year ago in the States, and evidently wasn't strong enough to stand the trip; and he has made it so many times that he fully appreciated the danger. It isn't a matter of weakness to turn back in a case like his or Mrs. Clark's. It is simply recognizing that if the man goes on thro the trip, he will go to pieces on the way. It is no fun to be a missionary to West China. You are two or three months from civilization, and to get to it you have to go down thro the rapids; and sometimes the sun doesn't shine for months at a time, maybe for a whole year or so, I am told. I'm glad I didn't draw that. Well, anyway, Beaman started back, and after a little while his boat struck a rock and went to pieces, and he and his family were taken off by a passing boat just a few seconds before it sank. All his money which was in silver, sunk, and all his supplies, and those of his books and papers which floated were so wet that they had to be thrown away. That is truly a case for sympathy.

Our Mission here is strongly opposed to the closing of the mission at Hanyang. They have a two-fold reason; one is that they have constitutional objections to asking a Baptist to unite with any other body; in this I don't fully agree with them, to the extent to which they go; the other is that they think that the Board is giving up something that they will regret many times, and I fully agree with them in that.
Feb 21.
Kakechek

Dear Mother,

I am afraid that this week you will think to be the beginning of the lean year following the fat ones. I believe that because it seems that my letter about central finance and my copy of the letter to France must have got in with the same mail and at about the same time as my letter of the previous week—and then two weeks went with this one and it made no sense because I didn't find out that there was a Hong Kong mail today—and I'm not going to send this because it would have to go in about 3 min. and what I could write in that short time wouldn't be worth while. I'll mail it Monday instead.

Today is Sat and has been full of a number of things. I just after breakfast went down to Mrs. Worley's and put together a phonograph that she had just got from Aunt Christmas. It was perfectly simple to me, but she didn't know how to use it. Then I came home and put my carpenter shelf in order. I found that it was a bit out of order, and it was all put together. I had had it nearly a week, but hadn't been able to put much time into it. I finally found a perfectly simple little matter that I had left out of the plans and that only took a few minutes to fix, after I had had the book put in order. I put the shelf in the same place this time when it wasn't there at all.

By that time it was nearly dinner and I spent the few minutes just before and after that meal fixing up my start suit case. I had got it shelved in it some time ago, but we hadn't figured out the best way to put it on the shelf.
I decided that the best way was to nail two or more pieces of wood to the plaster with big nails and then screw the back of the giant to those boards. Then when we leave we can unscrew the giant and take him away with us, andxED can put hooks to hang things on the board as the place is appropriate.

In a few minutes now Zette is going to the English chapel where she is to play the organ to morrow for practice. I am going to take my violin along and we expect to have a pleasant hour. They we are going to try to interview the carpenter about some work - always an unsatisfactory matter as we can't make our ideas perfectly understood, and the hoped-for articles are always badly delayed. Our book case isn't done yet and we hadn't been here very long when it was ordered, and all our books are still boxed up.

Last night I had some developing and got some very good pictures from my little vest pocket Kodak, and some indifferent ones from the German Kodak. I sold it up to me to take my pictures soon as the films were in tin. Land boxes are likely to spoil in the dampness of spring, and in the heat of summer development is difficult and result uncertain.

Wednesday night the compound prayer meeting was held at our house. Here are just 14 adults on the compound now, and we have just 14 chairs. It was a rainy night, in fact it had been uncomplimentally wet during the afternoon, but after supper we decided that the room was so damp that we ought to have a fire. When it was built it burned too well, so I turned it in ashes, and then the smoke kept coming out into the room. I took the ashes and put it up in front. Burned the fire meanly, kept it alive, and the rest out of my naked flues and it kept.
Dear Mother;

I think perhaps you will be interested in the account of the trip that Mr. Waters and I took in to Phau-thai the other day. We left here on Friday morning in the house boat, expecting to arrive about the middle of the afternoon. But the boat fell among unfavorable winds. You can count on an east wind almost every day, and when it comes it certainly makes this old bay, which opens to the east, an uncomfortably rough place. And as we were going west, the more wind, the better. But this particular day, a west wind sprang up just after we started, and the boat labored heavily, and the men at the oars also labored, but perhaps not quite so heavily. Anyway we didn't make good progress, and I didn't feel comfortable. I don't believe I have mentioned what a house boat is like. In the first place it is a boat. It lies moored with its bow to the shore, and you walk a plank to the bow, then walk on a space about a foot wide along the outside of the cabin, almost to the stern, when you go down a hatchway in the middle of the boat, and there you are. As you reach the bottom of the stairs the bathroom is on one side of you and the pantry on the other, each one just about big enough to turn around in, but having everything that is necessary for the trip. You go thru a curtain and there you are in the captain's stateroom. On either side of you is a single couch, practically built on the side, tho I guess it could be taken down. At the end in the middle is a small table. There is just about room to get between the couches and the table, so as to sit on either side of the table facing the center, but when you are there you are fairly comfortable. Your baggage goes under the bed. There are hooks to hang clothes on, and a few shelves to put books and things on. And you just go about your work as if you were at home. The steersman runs the boat, and has two or three boatmen to help him. The boy takes care of the housekeeping, and serves the meals almost as if you were at home. After you have been in a cold chapel for a service of two hours or so it is nice to get away.
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Hakchiah, March 21, 1914.

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to a warm house boat, instead of having to stay around that same old chilly chapel (they can't help being chilly and damp in this climate) to eat and sleep. It is the ideal way of travel. But it has some disadvantages. Whereas you can be comfortable and use your time to advantage on the way, it does take you longer; and when you run into a head wind the boat has so much surface above the water that it takes a good deal longer.

And that is what happened to us. About the middle of the afternoon it became very evident that we wouldn't come within miles of Phau-thai. It was absolutely necessary to get there because the Mr. Waters had been extensively advertised to give a stereopticon lecture that evening. So we got out walked six miles across country, cutting off a big peninsula, and on the other side, took a "boat-baby" as they call the little row-boats, and got to the Phau-thai chapel just at dark. Then Mr. Waters had to get busy and arrange things for the lecture, and he didn't get much supper, but I bet that what he did get tasted good. When we left the boat, we had one of the boatmen carry a small lot of stuff for us; it had to be small in order to make good fast time. The lantern took us a good deal of the space, and there wasn't much left for grub. But we did have some rice, some bread, and a can or so of Campbells soup. You could tell that it was Campbell's the first mouthful, but it certainly went right to the spot. The second bowlful had a lot of rice in it for substance, and that was all the supper I needed, and you couldn't get a supper that would be better under the circumstances.

After supper the lecture began very promptly. Mr. Water ran the lantern, and gave the lecture, and I stood up with a long bamboo stick and tried to tell from what he was saying in Chinese what needed to be pointed; rather a strenuous mental exertion, and of course I had to be prompted somewhat in English. The slides he showed included pictures from Honolulu, Yellowstone Park, especially the geysers, New York, for
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instance Brooklyn Bridge and the skyscrapers, and a lot more such stuff, ending with a series of pictures representing the life of Christ, about which he made a few remarks explaining what they meant. Then the pastor of the church in Swatow across the Bay, followed, with a talk on what China needs as being not so much mining and railways, as morality and willingness to undergo hardship for the good of the country. I was surprised to see how the audience sat thro it all and what careful attention they gave. Not exactly what you would expect of a crowd that had been attracted by the pictures. Another thing that surprised me was that when Mr. Waters showed pictures of the moon, and of a comet, and not extra good pictures, and called for guesses as to what they were, someone of the theological students guessed each one right, before I had fully made up my mind what the picture was meant to represent. Who says a Chinaman doesn't know anything?

Then after that came the fun of finding the houseboat. So we got another boat-baby and started down stream looking for it. It was finally located about seven miles below Phau-thai, which was as far as it could get before the tide turned; and to go against both wind and tide with a clumsy heavy boat, is out of the question. When the tide turned, the boatmen just tied up and went to bed. So did we, when we got to the boat, but it was nearly midnight. And Mr. Waters lost some more sleep when they were traveling those odd seven miles during the night, but I never knew a thing till I woke up in the morning and found we were at Phau-thai.

That day I missed the fun, because I was suffering from the grip when I started, and it wasn't safe for me to start out on an all day trip through the villages in that cold wind. I was sorry to miss it, and the men who did go out had a fine time. About a dozen of the students in the theological seminary were there, three of the teachers (counting Mr. Waters) and one teacher from the Academy. They all divided up and went around to the villages, talking to people about Christianity, and they had a very good hearing. I can't tell much about that. I stayed at home and studied Chinese as many hours as I usually do in the morning, slept till dinner,
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The first speaker was the pastor of the Phau-thai church, who spoke about God. I didn't get much of that sermon. The next was the school teacher, who gave a sort of lecture on anthropology or biology or something showing how man was different from the lower animals chiefly in having a moral sense. Our pastor at Kakchien spoke on sin and redemption, and the Academy teacher spoke on redemption leading to Christian service. Both these men closed their talks with a strong appeal straight from the heart, for the hearers to give themselves to Christ. Nobody responded but it would be a very unusual thing for a Chinese to do so on such short notice. And if the local church follows the matter up as it should, there will be undoubtedly results from the meetings.

The theological students were certainly happy over the results of the week end's efforts. I was pleased and impressed with the way they took hold of things, and the spirit they showed. It indicates to me that the day of the old fashioned Chinese preacher is approaching its end, and the sooner the better. The older preachers were the best that could be had in their day, and were vastly better than none at all, but their conception of Christianity is far from the deep spiritual one that is needed, and their ideas of the way the churches ought to be run are sometimes those of the brake rather than the engine. This isn't the result of my observation; it is what the older missionaries have told me. But these students seem to understand what Christianity means, and their
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After their service one of the Christians invited us into his shop to have something to eat, and while we were waiting for it to be ready, it was certainly interesting to watch the students talking about the day's work. I hope I get another chance to go out with them, and if I do, I want to put in the day in the villages with them.
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Hakchien, March 21, 1914.

Dear Mother;

I think perhaps you will be interested in the account of the trip that Mr. Waters and I took in to Phau-thai the other day. We left here on Friday morning in the house boat, expecting to arrive about the middle of the afternoon. But the boat fell among unfavorable winds. You can count on an east wind almost every day, and when it comes it certainly makes this old bay, which opens to the east, an uncomfortably rough place. And as we were going west, the more wind, the better. But this particular day, a west wind sprang up just after we started, and the boat labored heavily, and the men at the oars also labored, but perhaps not quite so heavily. Anyway we didn't make good progress, and I didn't feel comfortable. I don't believe I have mentioned what a house boat is like. In the first place it is a boat. It lies moored with its bow to the shore, and you walk a plank to the bow, then walk on a space about a foot wide along ♂♂♂ outside the cabin, almost to the stern, when you go down a hatchway in the middle of the boat, and there you are. As you reach the bottom of the stairs the bathroom is on one side of you and the pantry on the other, each one just about big enough to turn around in, but having everything that is necessary for the trip. You go thro a curtain and there you are in the captain's stateroom. On either side of you is a single couch, practically built on the side, tho I guess it could be taken down. At the end in the middle is a small table. There is just about room to get between the couches and the table, so as to sit on either side of the table facing the-center, but when you are there you are fairly comfortable. Your baggage goes under the bed. There are hooks to hang clothes on, and a few shelves to put books and things on. And you just go about your work as if you were at home. The steersman runs the boat, and has two or three boatmen to help him. The boy takes care of the housekeeping, and serves the meals almost as if you were at home. After you have been in a cold chapel for a service of two hours or so it is nice to go home
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to a warm house boat, instead of having to stay around that same old chilly chapel (they can't help being chilly and damp in this climate) to eat and sleep. It is the ideal way of travel. But it has some disadvantages. Whereas you can be comfortable and use your time to advantage on the way, it does take you longer; and when you run into a head wind the boat has so much surface above the water that it takes a good deal longer.

And that is what happened to us. About the middle of the afternoon it became very evident that we wouldn't come within miles of Phau-thai. It was absolutely necessary to get there because the Mr. Waters had been extensively advertised to give a stereopticon lecture that evening. So we got out walked six miles across country, cutting off a big peninsula, and on the other side, took a "boat-baby" as they call the little row-boats, and got to the Phau-thai chapel just at dark. Then Mr. Waters had to get busy and arrange things for the lecture, and he didn't get much supper, but I bet that what he did get tasted good. When we left the boat, we had one of the boat-men carry a small lot of stuff for us; it had to be small in order to make good fast time. The lantern took us a good deal of the space, and there wasn't much left for grub. But we did have some rice, some bread, and a can or so of Campbell's soup. You could tell that it was Campbell's the first mouthful, but it certainly went right to the spot. The second bowlful had a lot of rice in it for substance, and that was all the supper I needed, and you couldn't get a supper that would be better under the circumstances.

After supper the lecture began very promptly. Mr. Water ran the lantern, and gave the lecture, and I stood up with a long bamboo stick and tried to tell from what he was saying in Chinese what needed to be pointed, rather a strenuous mental exertion, and of course I had to be prompted somewhat in English. The slides he showed included pictures from Honolulu, Yellowstone Park, especially the geysers, New York, for
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The theological students were certainly happy over the results of the week end's efforts. I was pleased and impressed with the way they took hold of things, and the spirit they showed. It indicates to me that the day of the old fashioned Chinese preacher is approaching its end, and the sooner the better. The older preachers were the best that could be had in their day, and were vastly better than none at all, but their conception of Christianity is far from the deep spiritual one that is needed, and their ideas of the way the churches ought to be run are sometimes those of the brake rather than the engine. This isn't the result of my observation; it is what the older missionaries have told me. But these students seem to understand what Christianity means, and their
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After the service one of the Christians invited us into his shop to have something to eat, and while we were waiting for it to be ready, it was certainly interesting to watch the students talking about the day's work. I hope I get another chance to go out with them, and if I do, I want to put in the day in the villages with them.
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Kakchieh, April 17, 1914.

Dear Mother:

I guess that first I will tell you about the trip to Double Island Point yesterday. Mr. Waters asked me last Friday afternoon if I cared to go over to Double Island Point with him, and I said that I would like to, but thought that I would be too busy. But when I spoke to Lottie about it, she was strongly in favor of it, as nearly as I could make out, so I went up after supper and made arrangements. We had to get up at about quarter to six, and leave the jetty before seven o'clock, on account of the tide. You have no idea how strong the tide is in this bay. It is almost like the tide at such places as Goose Cove dam, not quite so fast, but on a great deal larger scale. We go out with the tide as far as Double Island, which guards the mouth of the bay, getting there at about the turn of the tide, so that we can come back with the tide. It's more important to have the tide favorable when you come back, because otherwise both tidal and river current are against you. The river current is very strong, and it has a direct current up along both sides of the channel, but the north half, but the river keeps on coming down on this side, so the current over the bar most against the bar, which means that the tides saw against each other for several hours, and sometimes you can see a regular line of foam afterwards, which marks the line between the two tides. Now that I am on the subject I might mention that in these tide water rivers, they have a big and a little tide every day.

The big tide comes in and forces the river water way back into the bay again. This big tide, and the flood of the river, and the country. Then the tide recedes, and so-and by the river makes up its mind that it will empty out not only the tide water that had been forced back, but the entire water before the flood tide can come upon it, but also all the river water that has been accumulating. Before this gets fairly to the mouth of the river, it meets the next flood tide, and.content to the vessel another out, it goes up and meets the tides and and and and for six hours or so, the flood tide forcing the rest back just a little. When the tide finally turns, the whole business goes out to see, as the it was doing it on purpose, and then the whole business repeats itself the next time it goes out.
cycle is repeated. Another thing. They use tide water for irrigation. The whole country back of here is crisscrossed by creeks, which fill and empty with every tide. But the inlets just off the creek I just like I have said, are way, way, inland. The fresh water, on its way to the sea, meets other fresh water driven back by the tide, and is driven into these creeks, as the tide ebbs, the creeks empty. With the incoming tide they fill again. But there is always enough fresh water between the inlet and the mouth of the bay to keep the salt water out, except when the river is very low indeed, and then they close the inlet to the creeks. The Chinese know some things all right. The ship channel is about in the middle of the sketch I have drawn, until you get to about the mouth of the river at town, the town Janjams are in. Town in town of the bay, and then it goes between Double Island and the South Shore, and then it goes at some little way at the north end of Double Island and then it goes way south to get around. Where I have marked "signal" a watch is kept, and when any ship appears headed for Swatow Bay, they run up a black ball, which is noted by the watch at the Customs House, directly across from us, and they run up a black ball on their flag pole. If any ship has no black ball and sends out a smoke signal, the boat has to anchor to wait for the tide (only the biggest ones do) to go in. The signal detail has to come out and tell us, and when they drop the ball, and leave it hanging a few feet below the cross bar, the lookout near Double Island makes out the name of the vessel. After everything need sail for 100 miles and the mail is put aboard, two men, steamer, and any other facts, he runs up flags according to a code, until they reach Shanghai and anchor. One of their ships is anchored for a European mail, another what line she belongs to, etc. Some of these flags are carried by the boat, some represent facts that the lookout...
knows. I do not know the origin of this custom. Of course there is
no telephone here, or anything of the sort. This may be partly for the
benefit of the shipping agents, partly for the customs men, some
numbers of both of whom live on this side. At any rate it is mighty
nice for us. I haven't got the code, but I can always tell whether boats
are coming in or not. Also I keep a record of the Douglas boats, and that
is lots of satisfaction. Practically all the outport mails are carried on
the Douglas boats, and they are the only good way to get out of here. There
are four, and I have finally got so that I can tell any one of them without
the spy glass, and I have got acquainted with their schedule, so that I
can know that the Hai-mun is supposed to come in from Hong Kong Mondays
and Thursdays, and go back the same day. And that of the three other boats
there is ordinarily one each direction on Saturday, and one north some
day during the week, another south another day. The boats leave Hong Kong
in the afternoon, get here the next morning, leave about four, and get to
Amoy in the morning, leave in the afternoon, and get to Foochow in the
morning. Sometimes they start back that day, sometimes the next. Sunday
they don't ordinarily load or unload, because the Customs make a heavy
close charge to discourage this. It's a flexible schedule, and once in
a while they abandon it entirely, and then they have me guessing till they
settle down to regular travel again. And once in a while a boat goes by
without stopping, and that throws me off. To-day the Hai-mun was in; she
usually comes in Thursday, gets back Friday morning, and has all day
Friday and Saturday to load. Now she won't get there till Saturday morning, and it is doubtful if she can get
her load before Sunday, and they may abandon their trip. It's lots of fun
and keeps me busy. I hope some day I shall settle down to regular travel again.
sea-plain; it is the name applied to the delta country behind Swatow. and Hai-thang, which is the name of some kind of a crab-apple tree; and hai-ching, which is the one we came on, and I have never been able to find out its meaning. These boats mean a lot to us. They bring our mail to us, and carry ours to you; they bring us visitors occasionally, and new workers very semi-occasionally; they carry people away, and in a few weeks they are going to carry away Mrs. Waters who has taken such good care of us ever since we have been here, and her mother Dr. Anna Scott, over seventy years old; and they represent to us the best means of escape, and yet not one so attractive that one is tempted to escape to Hong Kong on small pretexts; the fare is 15 Mex, and the China Sea is always rough.

Well by this time we have reached Double Island and had a good look around the place. Lottie thinks it is about the size of Thatcher's. I think it is about the size of Strathmore, and a little bigger than Ten Pound. Anyway it isn't very large. When I went down before I got hungry after a while and felt mean and sat right down on the verandah floor. The steersman said to me sin sen kha sing, which means a polite inquiry whether I was footsore (or leg-weary). When I told Mrs. Waters, she said she didn't know anyone could get kha sing on Double Island. Well, that is where all the traders lived in the old days, and all the warehouses were there. When Dr. Ashmore first came to this port having learned the dialect from Chinese emigrants in Siam, and also worked at Hong Kong, he had to buy a house on Double Island, and the ruin of the house are still very visible. Lottie didn't see how a house could go to ruin so soon, but it's easy to explain. The white ants eat the roof timbers, and then the roof falls in. The typhoons in the summer help it along, but it doesn't really need their help. Well this island contains the pilot's residence, the summer home of the Commissioner of Customs, the Foken house where all the children were brought up (they live up in port now.
they are married, and go to Double Island for the summer; they were grown
up before they ever went to England; the summer homes of the Baptist
Mission, where we should go for part of the summer if we didn't have the
chance to go to Tha-yong, and the Presbyterian mission, and one of the
consuls; a Chinese village, and a famous temple. Double Island is the
keystone of the "wind and water" superstition, because the prevailing
breeze for most of the year is from the east, and blows right across
Double Island up to town. But so far as I know this temple isn't connected
with that superstition. It is dedicated to a grandmother goddess for whom
the island was named. They were worshipping her when we were there. We
saw women bustling around and cooking things to offer to the goddess; of
course when they see that she doesn't eat the things they take them home
and eat them up themselves. The women who were doing this were exactly
like women seeing about the cooking at a church supper. Others were
kneeling down and shaking a jar which contained bamboo slips, repeating
something, which strange to say I didn't understand. When a slip fell
out the woman took it to a woman at a table, who gave the interpretation;
maybe it wouldn't suit, and the woman would go back and try again, hoping
for a more favorable verdict.

I don't remember any more excitement after those that I wrote about
last week. We went to church on Easter Sunday and my feet hurt me more
than they have for a week or two. It seemed merciless the way they kept us
on our feet, and I was mighty thankful when the "service" was over, and
the sermon began, and it was a very good one, by the best preacher the
Presbyterian mission has. Incidentally, they wanted to have plenty of
contrast, so they invited me to preach a week from to-morrow, immediately
following the aforesaid, and also the Bishop of Victoria (Hong Kong) who is
to preach tomorrow.

The rains have begun. There will be more and more from now on for
some weeks; I don't know how many. The roads were delayed, and threatened
to cause a great deal of distress because they are ready to


plant, but it couldn't be transplanted until the rain came. When the
rain came, I said to my teacher that the farmers would be happy, and
he said it wasn't the farmers only, but everybody, because if the rice failed
it would mean hard times for everybody.

Things have been going on about as usual. I am getting tired of
having dinner at 12:30 or after, and teacher at 1. According to the
arrangement which was intended to be temporary, but which threatens now
to last until we go away for the summer. If so, the sooner we get away
the better I shall like it.

I am sending a picture of the mission children (all except about half a dozen Lewis
children who didn't come and a few in U.S.)

Captain Edwin Make, Baba, Bente, and Lewis at Cheo-ma, Jeffreys. Bowdis and
Adams at Kapinga. Champing and Snaps in
the other district. The Adams were our guests.

They didn't tear up the house as much as I feared
or anything like it. But the house has schedule
of meals all to pieces. Bunter looks amiable
doesn't he. If he would only forget how to
cry and never succeed in learning again he
would be a pretty good fellow. Tell a
is a sweet biddy. I might go on and
say things about the Grosbecker kids who
are special friends of mine when
see them at all, and the Captain kids
who are part of the time. But let the say
It's time to send these to the mail so
must close.

With love,
[Handwritten signature]

P.S. The northbound boat just came in at 1:50.
The southbound was in before I got up. The Hoffie
mothers, the Douglas boats is heavy. South it is

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