Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

Box / folder: 5 / 55

Folder label: LLH to Carrie and Everett Lane (parents), primarily from Chaochowfu

Dates: 1916 Jan-Feb

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Dear Ones,

I started this letter, but found it impossible to find time to write and so sent the postal which you have probably received ere this.

So day is Sunday, January 16, and we are back at our big lovely house at Dholai Chah, but you know that we must make the best of it, and work and hard as we can to conquer our sorrow and disappointment. You can perhaps, realize how my thoughtful and kind friend is at this time. The good lies beyond my imagination of what a mens could do; and together we can bear much more easily the blow that strikes us; I suppose as deeply as anything that has ever happened to us.

"Mother, I see you with your nursery light, Leading your babies all in white, To their sweet rest; Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night, And that is best.

But grief is selfish: I cannot see Always why I should so stricken be, More than the rest, But I know that, as well as for them, For me, God did the best."

One of the Presbyterian girls whom I met at Thalapong last summer and met this with no quotation marks. It seems very very beautiful to me, and I have said it over and over again to myself when I have been tempted to question, or doubt. Mrs. James's baby boy was born Jan. 5 while we were in Swat. She had a birth a very easy ease, only from ten to 10:30 P.M. no instruments. Mrs. Page's baby boy was born the next day, Jan. 7th at 8:45 P.M. quite a hard case - and instrumental but both doing well.

Sometimes you know when other people have gone hard experience, we say, "I wish I had been that myself," and so I comfort myself in thinking that perhaps someone else is spared the same experience. On the other hand, we know of course that it is a necessary experience, and we trust that our little Katherine is in the arms of Christ and we pray God to give us another like me that you may all see and hold and love.
We put the little wrap around her for a while - as Aunt Jan would have wished. I am sure.

There are so many things to write about that I do not know when to begin - or how to say them all.

I am enclosing a panoramic view of That Yang for Father. Sorry it did not come before.

There have been so many letters that I have wanted to answer personally, but I do not like to keep the letters for fear that Ellion will not have time to write to other students - and their brains - together with lack of favorable opportunity have made me neglect what I should have enjoyed doing.

First of all we want to thank you for the lovely Christmas presents. It was just too good of you to send the check for the hand sewing machine and we appreciate it very much. We have been talking it over very seriously and I had just about decided to sell our foot machine and buy the hand one, when we learned that the hand machine will not take a heavy seam. It hardly seems wise for us to have the two, for during the summer we can always borrow a machine for the small amount of machine sewing we want to do. The hills and our trip at the hills is likely to be shorter rather than longer, now that Ellion is out actual work. We have also considered a gas stove, a better stove, and a furnace heater but cannot decide yet which will be most necessary and useful. But we do wish to express our appreciation of your love and thought for us.

Ellion has received two numbers of the National Geographic magazine (Oct. and Nov.) and is especially pleased at the preface of the number that has those beautiful pictures of sand dunes. We happened to see it while at Hahachai. This does not correspond to the P.P. package which you mentioned coming from Japan - and which you hoped would be right.

Fanny, too, has continued to send me the "Mound Holyoke" which I am much interested in. It is very good of her. Thank you, Fanny.
Chiao Chingfu via Suntao
January 23, 1916

Dear Ones,

It is 3:45 P.M. and E. and I are just back from Sunday School at the little school room at the foot of the hill, as hungry as bears, and I have just been hunting the boy to tell him the popular joke for us, the better we shall like it.

In little school room at the foot of the hill, I suppose calls up a picture of a little square room in a square wooden building— but no such thing.

E. and I walk down the hill and along a path almost filled with pieces of rock, cement, and broken crockery, until we reach to one side potato to give foot-room to reaching a high cement wall finally having entered this shall on three sides and pumped off one or two black fat pigs, usually we push back a grass gate and enter a court yard with some pots of flowers adding one side and tomato plants climbing on the side which opens outside.

---

So you can trace our way in and imagine us sitting in the cold room with a cold breeze blowing: the big doors have to be opened to give light for there are no windows.

Three small brown backboards are hung on the wall, two make up there and higher up room become happier and formal decorations as well as two long strings of small flags across attic.

On one side is the teacher's room, and the room of a daughter of the old Bible woman, and the old father lives in one of the rooms too.

Every day in the week between twenty and...
Thirty students come to study with an excellent teacher – a girl whom I am teaching to play the organ.

There was very few at Sunday School this afternoon – a young girl (the daughter of the old man before mentioned) and the former cook of the Presbyterian doctor, and his child, an old man, (a Child about 70.) and our teacher the is superintendent. The child of 70 is looked too queer for anything bundled into three or four layers of padded clothing (for there is a piercing white wind to-day) from the hips up, but looked scantily clad in a single thickness of cotton cloth over the limbs. She looked rather like a hut on sticks and she sat there like a statue; in fact, I wonder very much if she can move her Arms in these thicknesses of padded garments.

He sang a song or two, the teacher read from the eighth chapter of Romans and then explained it phrase by phrase, and then he had the company repeat the Golden Text three times. He sang another diminuendo.

I should say in all fairness that the entire or almost the entire school usually attends Sunday School, but it is vacation now, and since the single child in warmer days, too, some of the village women come in a small number, but the place is small at best.

I have papers to begin work for a grade Sunday School, and when the teacher returns, I shall study with my teacher each week in order to get a vocabulary to use in that work. I shall be a very wordly student at first for it is almost impossible for me to talk with any ease, but there is nothing that will help me so much as getting over my diffidence and lack of confidence, and trying in spite of my deficiencies.

As we both miss only so much, it helps us to go into the work with more zeal and of course we cannot help having more time and opportunity. God makes the best of every circumstance.
Crib pad.

Light comforter

Crib sheet finally

cotton cradle blanket 1st, in America.

blue wool cradle blanket " England.

4 cotton cradle blankets

2 large white knit booties

2 Irish crochet small booties

2 baby socks

2 pairs white wool stockings

3 cotton 4 wool 3/4

3 piece diaper cloth made up into diapers.

nice wool GERMAN Petticoat

2/3 (entirely) "

hemstitched 5 1/2 (not very fine work)

maine cloth Petticoat beautiful

maine cloth Petticoat beautiful

maine cloth Petticoat 1845
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Maker</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Music nightingale nightgowns</td>
<td>Mother N.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 woman nightgowns with string in bottom</td>
<td>Billy Bartholomew &amp; Co.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 wren nightgowns with string in bottom</td>
<td>Aunt Jan.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellisons baby dresses</td>
<td>Mother N.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful lined embroidered dresses</td>
<td>Cousins Helen &amp; Marion</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful lined embroidered dresses</td>
<td>Mother Bartholomew</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 flared stitched dresses with taffeta</td>
<td>Mother Bartholomew</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 dresses with lace and ruffles at bottom</td>
<td>Hildbrut</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 flared stitched dresses</td>
<td>L.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 slip taffeta dress</td>
<td>L.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 mohair dress</td>
<td>Helen Bartholomew &amp; Co.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 short dress</td>
<td>Mrs. James &amp; Chorley</td>
<td>G. R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 &quot; &quot; embroidered</td>
<td>Beth Little</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cashmere jacket white in pink embroidery</td>
<td>Quasi Stella</td>
<td>G. R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot;</td>
<td>Edith Holland &amp; Co.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot;</td>
<td>Mother N.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot;</td>
<td>Aunt Helen &amp; Co.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot;</td>
<td>Mrs. Helen &amp; Co.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 flannel &quot; &quot; white &amp; pink</td>
<td>Jimmy Hildbrut</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot; &quot;</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; in blue embroidery</td>
<td>Mrs. Rose Fielder</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Dear Dr.,

Such a pile of letters as I have received - and have not answered promptly. Envelopes and three postals from home have accumulated in the last two months.

Yesterday came lovely letters from Aunt Cele and Matting and a few days before from Mother B. - and Beth Little and Mother H. It is so good to hear.

I can hardly believe that Ruth was getting home so early before Xmas. Nice, aren't it? - Hard to think of it, to keep at it until Dec. 24. Did Bob and Red come? I hardly expect so, because I think Mr. & Mrs. B. are going home two tvh of their house just for the Christmas dinner.

What was the matter with Aunt Mary Paddock? The letter sounds as if she had been in some sort of accident.

I went to a quiet busy week - studying every morning except Thursday, when I had to help in the kitchen as Dr. Newman was here for one night, and dinner Thursday on the way home from Kaying. He could not get away at his sister's wedding.

In reality, I had a rather hard time with our patients. In tried to be nice and give them each a nice vacation of a week - and they have taken advantage of it and have asked for absence on every possible excuse until finally, I think had to say that I will try to arrange a similar vacation every year but they cannot be away longer without paying for a satisfactory substitute and having our permission to go. He says he'll do conditions now. Try to get them evidently did not like goings very well (I offered to come back with no pay, but as not shown the right spirit since his return 21 and has finished the work and been unpleasant. I am going to talk to him - and hope for better conditions in the future - or else he must go permanently.

Dr. Newman and Mrs. Brucefield, perhaps you remember, talked with us on their way up here January 15. Dr. Newman was going up to Kaying to see Mr. Campbell. He who had a serious of apoplexy - (two men in and his wife came out just dead last after purposely. They are not over 50 old years old, now it is decided that he must go from permanently and is to go as
soon as possible. Well, Dr. Norman started with us over night. We had a nice evening talking—
I tried to learn all I could about acrophobia (fainting) and then playing cards. The next morning he studied with Ellery and touched while I enjoyed myself in the
kitchen. Really I do enjoy preparing things and they are test so much better. Things that the Chinese prepare are likely to have a slight foreign taste.

- Served soup with tomato stock as a basis and onions,
  celery, salt, potatoes, and beef extract for flavoring.
  2. I made scalloped salmon in the casserole.
  3. Tomato baked with bread crumbs on top (flavored just right, almost always Chinese forget sugar and salt in it).
  4. In had patties and fried onion and whole wheat breads
in a pudding called _tapioca_ with plenty of
  orange juice—and the whites on top. It was
  very nice. We had ginger to top off with.

This may sound concealed—but really truly it tasted better to me than any meal for a long time.

Our Montgomery Ward boxes are all open
and the contents put away—sparked 1916—and
listed for future reference. It is quite a little
work.

Dear—

The girls from the otherside—Miss
Dick—a new librarian from Liverpool, and Miss
Chekichlin (who is living in the room) came over to call,
and on Sunday in the evening they came to tea. I went
with my way around the city as I wanted to meet Ellery. I had gone in for a committee
meeting. It was the first time I had been in
the city since my return. I wanted to see
the Mandarin coats and such things and was
just waiting to be invited into some
future, then to some shopkeepers called
to me, took me in to their inside rooms
and showed me the best things they had, but the coats and shirts were
not half as pretty as what I saw last
year and as I did not buy. It was
good to bargain for. They wanted
$100 for three shirts and I offered $50.
They came down to 20.00, but I could not
have it and so I came out most in tears.
to meet E. and go over the other side for tea.
I expect Mrs. James back toward the end of this week. It will be so nice to have her here again.

Then just come home from Sunday School. There were more than 75 today than last Sunday when it was so cold. It has really been quite warm the past three or four days. We have not wanted a fire—not extra clothing.

Glad you have let Main Street house.
" This is our chicken coop.

Father, did you know you sent me one of John's potatoes written Nov. 3, 1914, just before his birthday? I could not understand it until I saw P. O. stamp. How pretty your plant must be!

S. glad, Marion, that S. C. says your ears have improved.

Marion, do you ever make cheese croquettes or rice and cheese croquettes? They are very nice. Nut roast with peanuts is good, too.
Dried or baked vanilla make a change once in a while. Dried lime beans and a little bacon go well too. Macaroni and cheese or tomatos—another old dish.

I worry a little about your not getting caliphagia, as I see how anxious you all are—but I hope we did right. I think you would have worried more with the cable.

Remember how cold Rockport church used to be sometimes. I wonder who will be our minister. Mother, I can't remember whether Peter was half to fame or not. All the past months seem rather dream-like and untrue. I can hardly believe that all that has happened is true.

Do you ever see your hair combing for your cushions? They make very good ones.

Has Carl made a night drive in school? I bought a
Beauty embroidered one for about 1.50 fr. many here.
But I am afraid it would make them too expensive if I
sent them home because I added duty--that is too expensive
to sell- and rather expensive to wear.

It seemed so good to get the letters this week.
Let me know all about your Christmas here when you
can.

By the way I sent a small package for Charlie this
week.

How about duty on packages this year? Please
let me know if you have to pay on parcels of small value as well as big ones, and
what it is easiest to do--to
send a whole lot of big parcels, or small parcels.
Did bits arrive for Polly & Lucie?*

The American stamps I can get from Shanghai, but
these returned to me from America, is went
too much to pay a bill.

When you get those sketches of the Almanac for me to study, too. We
have sent heaps of messages the last three months
and received them too. Sometimes I watch the sum at too.

It does seem a pity that Dr. Peckard had to resign. Miserity
affection of a very obstinate kind was the cause I guess

Yes, diphtheria patient recovered, and took
her out, too, also the baby with impurantate suckle,
the case that ellicon was it too about but did it, I think.
The Chinese pulled away the rubber tube from child and
any American baby could then die probably.

Servant problem is bad again. We dismissed the
boy last night. And company coming this week too.

I haven't ordered the J. yet. I want to make
inquiry about it and may let it lapse for a few
months.

Yours ever,

[Signature]
Dear one,

Sunday evening. A grate fire is burning although it is warm enough so that we do not really need it. Miss Truscott is lifting by the fire writing and I am at my desk - and I feel I'll enjoy when Mr. Page and Mr. McGlashan come up on Monday all ready for the annual hunt. I did not have great difficulty in urging him to go along. You see I had company then and was going to have more this week and it was a fine opportunity for him to get away. He really needs to do so. I think I am contented here this week and if I am any tickets at night he makes up, to know of it all right. I have been surprised really to see how much he has thought of and for me all these days. It certainly is a great blessing to me that I have such a husband. I don't believe there are any too many.

There is too much to write about this week. So I'll tell you in brief and then till as much more as I can.

Last Sunday I was in Eji but came back in time for dinner and we both went to S.S. on the train in the city and I sat at the foot of the hill.

Mr. James and Mr. Gibeon came over to call and we kept them for dinner supper. Our boy did not get home in time to prepare our tea. We took him to table for that and one or two other things. He was unwilling to talk about his duties and so we did tell him no more; I'm willing to have him go. When he offered that solution to the difficulty - and so all in one without any delay and company coming!!!

On Tuesday Mr. Miss Truscott did not walk in as I expected but in talked Mr. Colman announced and without a boy.

I try the way we had tried to get a boy from the mission to work but he wanted exactly twice as much as he was worth (over the boy gate) and A knew nothing needed and so we refused him. He then tried to get Mr. Baker's old cook - but he would not come for a cook's wages all the he is hard up and so we are still hunting, but Miss Truscott brought a boy on Wednesday and that has eased the situation for the present.
Since depending on Miss Dew to take me shopping, and so I told Mr. Cerman he would have to take me in, which he did, after. I had him along to defend on. We went into China store first and Mr. Cerman bought quite a lot of little things to take home as he was going this June. I believe. I bought a pair of dark blue shoes like this & it is very pretty - and cost 60. I could not get the China dealer to buy them at all. Then we went into shops where they have second hand clothing - Chinese robes and such things. Mrs. Baker wanted me to buy some things for her to sell for the China town week. Which you could see when I bought:

- 2 mandarin coats - long - @ 8.00 each
  - Dark blue silk embroidered in gold thread

  - 1 plum colored silk jacket trimmed with embroidered blue silk and mandarin revers.
    - max. 3.00

  - 1 yellow silk skirt with 2 embroidered pans
    - Dark blue narrow embroidery.
    - 3.50

- 2 strips of hand embroidery on white satin. 2.00

- One beautiful piece of heavy dark blue satin (embroidered with flowers) - big enough for two fairly narrow dresses.
  - 2.10

These I am sending my to phone to look at and then to send & Mrs. Baker to sell. Wish you all could see them.

Mr. Cerman was so excited that he went out again in the afternoon and bought fifty dollars worth to sell. To help a student who wants to go to America. He got a lot more than I did, but most of it was not in quite such good condition. Which you could see his embroideries and shirts and jackets and coats.

He has been having an awful time with rats. They have gnawed the two doors to get from room to room. And in there to hide soap, etc.
night and cannot even lean candy out in boxes because tight — nor can we lean flowers around for they eat the petals. They make us up too, and smash bottles as they run around. Nothing is safe. Finally when we had cleaned all catching them in any of the three traps we had set for several nights I've heard the Mrs. Page off a new means. She took a grain and a half of scarlet meal it with butter, butted three small pieces of bread, and put them in the rooms where the rats trouble us most. In the morning two of the pieces of bread were gone, but the third remains untouched. I want to see the effect.

She then found one hole and stuffed it up—and now her cat sleeps and gues around the places where they have gnawed.

As Mr. Carmen says and sings, we have had nice musical evenings.

Thursday was New Year's Day and we all went to the city for service. It seemed like Sunday all day long. I had a long nap in P.M.

On Friday Miss Page and Mr. McGeechan arrived unexpectedly for dinners and took Ellicey B. in the hands. Luckily we had plenty of food in hand and send a good dinner as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Soup</th>
<th>Stuffing</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tomato Soup</td>
<td>Stuffing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cold boiled ham</td>
<td>Salmon steak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beets</td>
<td>Mash potatoes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Soup other vegetables | perhaps spinach | St James pudding with orange sauce

Saturday afternoon I was called by Chinese with Miss Turner most interesting. On Sunday I called on the Presby tenues.

Well I did want to tell you about those calls. Some places were so poor and dirty. I just pitied our teacher's wife. She has such a little place! She looked young that had four living children. The youngest had died a year or two ago.
This is the day for God to return from Heaven.

He had given the teacher some old Literary Digest and he had used them to plaster his walls. Think of that! You cannot imagine how small and smoky—how crowded and dirty his two rooms were—just a bit of land—just a crowded court-yard outside. She would drive me wild to live in such a place. I see only something to give them to make them more home comfortable.

Then he called on the wife of Mr. Kemp's former clerk named Mrs. M. I found her with a little baby about 3 months old—the little thing laid in a cradle such as we had our canned goods in to take them to Thaigong. I don't know what was in it, but it looked as if it was stuffed with rags.

She had two children:

Mother said she had not enough milk for baby girl and how do you think she fed it?

She heated milk and put it in a white cloth, put a rag in the milk, then put one end of the rag in the baby's mouth and let it suck the milk up. Her fingers were sometimes wet to help the milk along.

It was very queer at my place yesterday. At the time the women of the house—a four-room place—was not ready to receive callers. I am in the receiving room—my room is a small, dirty, double bed covered with the remains of food. She hastily called whom appeared to be a little slave girl about 12 yrs. old. To clean away the table and make things tidy. The slave girl rushed off the table with a dirty rag—letting the rice fall on the tile floor, where children were girl enough to pick it up—this all in the great room—mind you!

A daughter of the house then came and scolded. The mistress removed the table. And then what did the mother do but sit down in a chair and begin to comb her hair in my presence. Then I was surprised at her skill in anointing it.
The first woman we called on had a most nice home; clean and up to date. She was up to date too, for she had decided to become a woman dentist.

Her husband depuis a drug store. She graduated at woman's school in Kakechik, and also can play the organ very well. Her mother went to Denver and learned dentistry in a few months. Daughter & I just and he taught her. She had a buggy, and plate for false teeth, and quite a bit of equipment displayed behind glass doing. She is a very attractive girl too -- has two or three children and Daughter is about 26 or 27. She plays organ in city chapel. They are supposed to be well-to-do.

But the poor people whom we called on certainly represented the opposite extreme. I can still see the rooms that we visited; nothing better than a bit of dump, heap in a cellar where a man and wife and several children lived. They entertained us in a room filled with big horn crockery for sale. Daughter had a cat tied by a string to something, rats clowning in many numbers. Where on earth they slept I don't know.

He saw several cats, but all were tied by a string. I wonder why? And in my plan of affair, kept in big wire cages. But again Daughter. I begin to appreciate that it means.

These women -- or at least many of them -- seem to think nothing of spitting on the floor, and much supposed to throw the remains of buns in the floor! ! ! Awful!

Well it is after 9:15 - Then not even looked at letters to answer questions. But it was certainly pleased to hear from George and John this week as well as to get a big envelope from Ruth's letters this Jennie. Put on a little handkerchief, Jennie. I'm a little short yourself. Jennie. Don't be hard on yourself! I am so worried about your parcel. Will you write Seattle or am I anxious about it? Defined that I'd like to see it.

George will please send out and let me know what duty there was to pay on the parcel for tobacco and Jorge and then I can tell about charge.
Sorry I can't write more but I send love to each and everyone.

Dr. Bacon and Miss Northcott are expected to arrive tomorrow.

Love

[Signature]

Mosquitoes are buzzing, it is quite warm.

[Signature]

Billmore Hall 24
Chaoccupfu,
Feb. 12, 1916.

Dear Ones,

Ellison is out making cuttings of roses and transplanting some, but it is rather damp and raw outside, and as I have a tendency to toothache, I am taking my exercise indoors to-day. I do wish the dentist would come, for I need extensive repairs.

In my last letter I wonder if I mentioned that there have been two bad boat accidents here lately. One of the Kityang launches went down the other day and over a hundred men were drowned. Undoubtedly there were more. It happened this way. It being the day before the biggest holiday of the year, many people were anxious to go home. It was the oldest boat of the line at Swatow. At 2 A.M. people began coming in order to be sure to have a place. They say as many as 800 crowded on to the small launch before 5 A.M. and it simply sank right at the wharf. It was dark and cold, very few of the Chinese can swim— and hence as many deaths— there were more than thirty women in the cabin they say— and for them there was no hope of course.

The other accident I have not heard details of, but a Japanese steamer from Swatow to Hong Kong was rammed by another boat in the night and more than a hundred lost their lives there too.

Some people say that the Captain of the Kityang launch who had run away to escape the vengeance of the relatives of the drowned people— was on this Japanese steamer— I do not know—

A Buddhist society has taken care of the burial of those bodies which were not claimed after the launch went down. On every coffin they wrote, "Remember Buddha."

The Christians were over there too, helping relatives find their dead. It was very sad.
Well, after considering several applicants, we have selected as new coolie an old man of 55 who seems earnest and willing and has a reputation for honesty which we hope will prove true. He formerly helped in the kitchen of the theological seminary at Kakchiesh but has had no other experience. His own business is to work in the rice fields, but we hope to teach him to take care of the cow, as well as his other work. I am a little afraid that he may not get on well with the other servants who are much younger than he, but they are both good-natured and I hope that all will be well.

We go to Swatow this next week, for meetings with Mr. Tewksbury on Sunday School Methods. It seems as if we have hardly had time to settle down before we are off again.

On Monday I went calling with Miss Traver on Chinese people in the city. It was a long morning's work and I was very tired when we came in for dinner at 1 P. M.—but I was very glad I went. Just at this minute I especially remember a little fellow of about 8 yrs with silver bracelets around his ankles— who nearly went wild about the colored pictures Miss Traver had to give away with the extra Literature which was sold. You could see that he was his mother's darling and it was lovely to see how he teased and wheedled the cash from her to buy books enuf to give him several pictures, even if it did show he was spoiled by so much indulgence. He was insistent— and not only spread them all out on the table while we were there, but would not part from them when he accompanied us and his mother on our next call— He had a nice bright face— was evidently the oldest son of three children. I remember seeing a man tossing knives too— He kept three sharp knives tossing from his hands all the time— Another man had just been doing the same thing with swords; but I did not see that.
In all the heathen homes where we called there was a table for the gods with incense sticks burning on it and offerings of fruit and oranges.

Another place where we visited was most interesting. A woman who had studied at Kakchich for a few months had married into a heathen family. It is interesting to see how quickly one sees the effect of foreign influence. The room was clean and well arranged, tho small—Evidently her husband was well-to-do.

She had been married about ten years, but had no children, and so her sister-in-law had given her her second child, a little boy about two months old. She brought it in for us to see.

One of the storekeepers came over here one day this week to bring some goods for Dr. Bacon (who came with Miss Northcott on Monday to visit us for a few days).

He came only into the down stairs room, but he was full of expressions of wonder because it was so big and light and yet there was no bed in it. He also wondered at the number of books, altho only half of them are down stairs.

Feb. 26—1916

Guess where I am?—On a boat going to Hong Kong—It is like a trip to New York from Boston—I have a nice state room all to myself on a new boat—This is only its fourth trip. I was the only woman at supper altho there are several women on board—And Dr. Newman and Mr. Tewksbury are along. I am so glad, for I should have been quite unused to going alone— I am getting to be very dependent on my husband.

The boat was made at Newcastle on Tyne and is 41 feet across. It has over twenty first class state-rooms. There are about twenty foreigners on board and some important Chinese. A Chinese Mandarin is making the trip— a fine-looking man.
Mr. Tewksbury is the man who has been holding the Sunday School meetings. He was in Peking during the siege of Peking in 1901 and tells most interesting tales about it. During that time many many people had to be put in the city- and he with 70 other foreigners slept in a big hall in a chinese palace- a house with 999 rooms. They used at meal china dishes old as the hills- of priceless value- the buildings had been looted several times, but still things of great worth were there. In some rooms they found a whole pile of boxes filled with fans- evidently for gifts. in some rooms they found watches- I believe they found 50 velvet cases for watches- the watches themselves had been stolen. They literally had to wade thru silk garments in some rooms where the harem had formerly been. Here the women leapt their silver always in the bottom of the boxes where their clothes were and robbers in hunting for silver had thrown the clothes around- I cannot remember half he said, but you can imagine how interesting it was.

Tuesday Ellison opened his school in the chapel and Tues P. M. we came to Kakchi-ch by the late train. I have attended the morning meetings but not the afternoon ones. They were extremely bright, and interesting and full of life and certainly will begin a new era of s.s. work and aggressive work in our churches.

Ellison visits a church to-morrow and then goes back alone for a week or more-poor man. I shall miss him as much as he misses me too- for I do miss him lots. I am to visit Harriett Allyn in Canton and have my teeth fixed by a good American dentist. We can take the train from Hong Kong to Canton, but to go thru Hong Kong I have to have a pass- and have it vised by the English Consul-etc- much red tape.
love and live in God, and be compassionate to each other, to all the people of the world. Love and serve mankind for the sake of God. Exalt your thoughts. Enlarge the circle of your ideals.

On prayer Abdu’l-Baha says: “Sincere prayer always has its effect, and it has a great influence in the other world. We are never cut off from those who are there. Prayer is communion with God. One can pray for the dead and by so doing their spiritual condition will become better. Prayer and supplication are so effective that they inspire one’s heart for the whole day with high ideals and supreme sanctity and calmness.”

And again of faith: “The greater the faith of man the more illumined his life. Faith is a miracle; it has a wonder-working power. In reality faith embodies three degrees—to confess with our tongue; to believe in the heart; to show forth in our actions. Faith is not so much what we believe as what we carry out in our action. The faith of practice is the real faith. By being severed from the world I do not mean holding in contempt the things of the world, for civilization and education are the means of progress. I mean that one must not attack his heart to the world. All material things are for us so that through our gratitude we may learn to understand life as a divine benefit. All the divine messengers have come to this earth as specialists of the law of love. The human spirit is a comprehensive energy and controls the realities of things, and discovers the hidden secrets in the domain of the physical world. But the divine spirit discovereth divine realities and cosmic mysteries in the realm of the divine world. I hope thou mayest attain to the divine spirit, discover the mysteries of the divine world and comprehend the secrets of the physical world. The divine light alone which is the invisible...
February 12, 1916.

Dear Ones,

Ellen is out making cuttings, drones and transplanting some, but it is rather cloudy and raw outside, and as I have a tendency to tooth-ache, I am taking my exercise indoors today. I do wish the dentist would come for I need extensive repairs!!

In my last letter I wonder if I mentioned that there have been two bad boat accidents here lately. One of the Kityang launchers ran aground the other day and over a hundred were drowned. It happened this way. It being the day before the biggest holiday of the year, many people were anxious to go home. It was the oldest boat of the line on the Shantung at 2:30 AM people began coming in order to be sure to have a place. They say as many as some crowded on to the small launchers before 6:00 AM and it simply sank right at the wharf. It was dark and cold and very few of the Chinese can swim - and hence so many deaths. There were more than a hundred women in the cabin they say - and for them there was no hope of course.

The other accident I have not heard details of, but a Japanese steamer from Shantung to Hong Kong was rammed by another boat in the night and more than a hundred lost their lives there too.

Some people say that the captain of the Kityang launcher who had run away to escape the revenge of the relatives of the drowned people was on this Japanese steamer. I do not know.

A Buddhist society has taken care of the bodies which may not claimed after the launch went down. On every coffin they wrote "Remember Buddha!". The Christians were over there too, helping relatives find their dead. It was very sad.
Hell after considering several applicants he has selected as new cookie an old man of 55 who seems earnest and willing and has a reputation for honesty which we hope will prove true. He formerly helped in the kitchen of the theological seminary at Ryschiel but has had no other experience. His own business to work in the rice fields, but we hope to teach him to take entire care of the cows as well as his other work. I am a little afraid that he may not get on well with the other servants who are much younger than he, but they are both good natured and I hope that all will be well.

We go to Suatou this next week for meetings with Mr. Jenkins on Sunday School methods. It seems as if we had hardly had time to settle down before we are off again.

The week has been interesting. Had company until Thursday when Ellison came home from the hunt. On Monday I went calling on Chinese people in the city. It was a long morning work and I was very tired when I came in for dinner at 1:00 P.M. but I was very glad I went. Just at this minute I especially remember a little fellow of about 8 years with silver bracelet around his ankle. He was very much awed about the colored pictures mis from the box. He gave away with the Khan's daughers and was told he could see that he was his mother's' decing, and it was only to see how he touched and admired the necklace from his box bags enough to give him several pictures. Even if it did show that he was spoilt by so much indulgence, he was interesting and not only spread them about on the table while we were there but would not part from them when he was accompanied us and his mother on our next call. He had a nice bright face. He was evidently the oldest son of three children.

I remember seeing a man tossing tennis balls. He held three sharp knives twisting from his hands all the time. Another man held just one doing the same thing with scissors, but I did not do that.
In all the teakid homes where we called there was a table for the gods with incense sticks burning on it and offerings of fruit and oranges.

Another place where we visited was most interesting. A woman who had studied at Kolkata for a few months had married into a teakid family. It is interesting to see how quickly one sees the effect of foreign influence. The room was clean and well arranged the small, evidently her husband was well-to-do.

Room about 8x8 I guess.

You can see that there was

Very little room to visit there.

continued on next page.

One of the stockkeepers came on my first day this week to bring some goods for Dr. Bacon. Dr. Bacon came with Miss Northcott on Monday to visit us for a few days. He came only into the down stairs room, but he was full of expressions of wonder because it was so big and light and yet there was no bed in it. He also brount the number of books at the only half of them, an dozen.

Miss Trays insisted that she must go from Tuesday morning at the 3 had invited the two girls from the other side for tea in the afternoon. They sent in at the last minute that they could not come - Too bad.

Dr. Bacon and Miss Northcott wanted to shop and I took out with them Wednesday afternoon to grass shops, junk shops, china shops - etc. all small things little places, but she found some old things to take home with her. Dr. Bacon went home this morning on fuks and Dr. Millard takes her hospital fah that time.

Was certainly glad to see Ellison on Thursday about 2:00. He had been away nearly
a week. The men shot three more geese and a good many ducks, and smaller birds.

I did not finish writing about the woman. The sketch of whose room I put on the previous page. She had been married about ten years but had no children, and so her sister-in-law had given her her second child—a little boy about ten months old. She brought it in for me to see.

Mon. P.M. where do you think I am? Indeed! I have a little malady that I have had head until I came to China. It is not serious at all. Probably caught it last Monday while shopping—it is called Dengue (pronounced Dengy) Fever. Comes on with a slight chill followed by fever for a couple days which is usually repeated once again after two days more, but fever does not go so high second time. My fever came on Friday night, was light all day Saturday so that I scarcely noticed it—in fact I should not have known if it had not been for thermometer but Sunday Mon. beginning at 99.7 it steadily rose 101.7, 102.2, 103, until we decided to send for doctor. I am very uncomfortable and no fever at all today, but of course cannot go to Swatow as I planned—Pten Ellison seems never able to attend these meetings (on my account). It is too bad!

I was going to take the big pile of letters that received from you all and read them this and answer them, but I see that I forgot to bring them with me, and so I'll have to let that go this time as I do not want to call Ellison. He is busy at work on conference minutes Digest.

Very much love to all of you.

Sottie—

Jennie's package hasn't come yet and I am curious which she would send as a treat for it. Thank you Jennie for all good letters, and the nice note in the last lot. Love to you Sottie.
Dear Ones All, Guess where I am! On a boat going to Hong Kong. It is like a trip to New York from Boston. I own a nice state room all to myself on a new boat. This is only its fourth trip. I was the only woman on the upper deck, there are several women on board. And Dr. Newman and Mr. Torksbury are along. I am so glad, for I should have been quite inclined to go alone. I am getting to be very dependent on my husband.

The boat was made at Newcastle upon Tyne and is 45 feet across. It has only twenty first class state rooms. There are about twenty foreigners on board and some important Chinese. Mr. Torksbury is the man who has been holding the Sunday school meetings. He was in Peking during the siege of Peking in 1900, and tells most interesting tales about it. During that time many men and women had to be put up in the city - gold or silver to offer foreign relief in a big hall in a Chinese palace - a house with 999 rooms. They used at meals china dishes as the bills of priceless value. The buildings had been looted several times but still things of great worth were there. In some rooms they found a whole pile of boxes filled with fans - evidently for gifts. In some rooms they found matches - evidently they found 250 relief cases for matches - the matches themselves had been stolen. They literally had to make these silk garments in some rooms where the parents had formerly been. Here the women kept their silver always in the bottom of the boxes where their clothes were and robbers in hunting for silver had thrown the clothes around - I cannot remember half he said, but you can imagine how interesting it was.

Tuesday Ellis opened his school in the church and I was there. We came to Takchich by the late train. Then attended the morning meetings but not the afternoon ones. They were extremely bright and interesting and full of life and certainly will begin a new era of S.S. work and aggregation work in our churches.
Ellen visits a church to-morrow and then goes back to live alone for a week or more—poor man! I shall miss him as much as he misses me now; I do miss him lots. I am to visit Harriett Allen in Canton and have my teeth fixed by a good American dentist.

We can take the train from Hong Kong to Canton and go there. Hong Kong then to have a pass— and have it fixed by the English Consul etc. etc. much will take.

I must go to bed. Good night.

This has been 25 or more letters from home. Everybody is glad to write and the letters have been such a comfort. I am very sure I have looked eagerly for them and hope that you could have comfort. If I have to have the storm for you as well as for ourselves! I am so thankful that you approve of our not coming.

May much love.

Lottie.