

Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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To: W.K. Towner (ESH writing from Thaiyong, Kakechieh)

From: William Terrell, Edith Traver

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The Connecticut Baptist Convention

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17 July 1946

Rev. E. Story Hildreth:
Brooklyn
Connecticut

Dear Story:

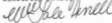
This will acknowledge your letter of July 16. Thank you for taking all the trouble to put into the letter the data which can be transferred to the report blank.

This is much more than an acknowledgement of statistics. It is for the more important purpose of assuring you of my prayerful good wishes as you go to the New England Baptist Hospital. I hope that the experience will do everything that is expected physically and that out of it may come also an enrichment of spiritual life. I will appreciate it if you will contrive ~~of~~ some way of letting me know how you get along. No one would deliberately choose to spend his vacation in the hospital but I trust that even there you may find some vacation flavor in complete rest, relaxation, change of scenery, etc.

I am glad to get your report of the meeting. It gives me hope that Baptists and Congregationalists may yet find a way toward useful cooperation without either having to invoke their veto power.

Mrs. Terrell would want to join me in this note. Our best regards to you and Mrs. Hildreth.

Sincerely yours,



Executive Secretary

WST:P

house for living, eating, etc. which they do on a far less elaborate scale than we do, so that the arrangement isn't very inconvenient, and each family uses its own room for sleeping, and keeping its own personal property, (if there is any). Our houses here are built on that same plan. For instance, this one which is owned jointly by Mr. Page and Mr. Speicher of our mission, both home on furlough, has three bedrooms and one common room, besides kitchen and servant's quarters, which of course are also common in a way. One bedroom is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Giffin, another by Dr. Mildred Scott, and the third by Mrs. Hildreth and myself. You see, in this way an unmarried woman (or a man either) counts as a family, but sometimes two of them go in together, either to save expense, or because rooms here are hard to get, and that is the only way in which the second person would be able to get here at all. The common room is used for a dining room, for playing games occasionally in the evening, and for a living room or study on rainy days; on sunny days the verandah serves the latter purpose.

The valley is divided by a river which at present is very shallow, so that one can wade it almost anywhere, but if you don't want to remove shoes and stockings you cross by one of two bridges. But when it has been raining hard up in the hills sometimes you don't cross at all, but instead go down and watch the bridge riding at anchor and hope the force of the stream won't be able to break the wire. On our side of the river are three houses all of them built along or on the edge of the rice fields. On the other side are three, each on a hill of its own. The fullest at present is the "Hill House", which has four rooms containing one married couple, a couple with two very young children, a woman whose husband has't come, and her three children, and a widow with one boy. That makes six adults and six kiddos and is not a very favorable place to go to study, but I notice that the people who live there have a good time, and the children get on very well indeed. Indeed it a big time for the children to get together in

such numbers. For instance on our big compound at Kakchieh, with seven houses occupied, there are only five children, and the big Presbyterian compound at Swatow which has at present seven missionaries, not counting wives, has only one child, unless you count two children of missionaries, said children being university graduates. Indeed their whole mission has only seven children. Now all these seven children are up here at Thaiyong, and also six of the children of our mission, and that makes a very nice community of children to play together. I believe the children enjoy the company at Thaiyong as much as the adults enjoy the colonies; and it's hardly necessary to say that we adults enjoy the opportunity offered by the fact that twenty-eight of us are gathered here.

Well, I started to tell about Sunday, but I seem to have got switched off. On Sunday morning at 10.30 most of us go over to the service in the English Presbyterian chapel (Chinese). I don't know whether I have said anything about the difference in dialect in our mission work, but we have two, Hak-lo, and Hakka. The work that I expect to do, down somewhere near Swatow, is among the Hak-lo speaking Chinese, but up here we are in Hakka territory, so of course we don't get very much out of the service. Why do we go? Simply for the example. The Chinese don't make the distinction between Hakka speaking foreigners and Hak-lo speaking foreigners, and if approximately half the foreigners never attended Chinese service, it would make a very bad impression. Eighteen of us, I believe are from the Hak-lo work this year, and when we go, we think if good if we can recognize half a dozen isolated phrases in the whole sermon.

Sometimes people at home who don't care for the religious features of the service, go to ~~the~~ hear the music, but if one went for the sake of hearing the music at this Hakka service, he might be disappointed. Imagine a people who have approximately five tones to the scale instead of seven, so that our music is almost as strange to them as our words; led by a teacher whose idea of the tunes, gathered chiefly from ~~the~~ hearing them

sung in other chapels nearer to the mission center, (where you would think the singing was distressing to death) was exceeding vague and inaccurate at the best, and that best had been steadily degenerating for months or years; singing so loud as almost to drown out his voice, and never helped by an organ or any other instrument (and they say it really needs a cornet to make itself heard to the Chinese); and you have a musical situation that is likely to produce almost anything (except what we could call a tune.) Sometimes I try to figure out what tune they are trying to sing (usually a hopeless task, however); sometimes I sing a tune of my own; sometimes I pronounce the words in their tones according to our dialect; it really does make any special difference which I do, because none of these "discords" will make the conglomeration sound any worse than it already does. But the Chinese like to sing the hymns this way, so why should we object.

I have secured a copy of the hymn book that they use, so that singing is an exercise in deciphering the characters. Then when the preacher reads I find the place in the Chinese testament, usually with some help, because I can't understand his words as he announces the passage. Then I try to follow, which is none too easy. My testament is translated into the Chi see character according to the custom of the Hakka dialect; sometimes the preacher reads a similar book in Hakka vernacular, translated by Presbyterians instead of Baptists; sometimes he reads from a book written in the literary language which is different from any spoken language, and his effort then almost exactly corresponds to that of a man reading a passage of Cicero and translating it into English, as we used to do months ago (how many) sometimes my dialect takes one or two dozen words to express what he can say in three or four. Usually before he gets thro I give up the attempt to keep track of where he is reading, and go back to try to read the passage again according to my own dialect, and understanding the meaning, with occasional reference to the New Testament in a more familiar language. Yesterday this occupied my attention all thro the sermon, and constituted the chief benefit I got from attendance on the service.

Of course dinner follows this service, and sometimes a nap comes after dinner. A nap is a mighty good thing to take in this climate, but we don't always succeed in getting one. Then at two-thirty is another Chinese service. There are so many Hak-lo speaking missionaries and servants and teachers here that sometimes they have the afternoon service and Hak-lo and then we all rejoice and attend. If all adults attend that makes between thirty and forty, which is a pretty good audience, and then many of the natives attend too. It is different at that service. The preacher announces a hymn, and I can find it in my own book; I can find the Scripture passage, and follow it as he reads; that doesn't say that I can understand it all, but I can understand some of it; and eight and sound help each other so that I can understand more than if I listened to it or read it. And I can understand part of the sermon; so I feel glad over that, and wish they had Hak-lo service every Sunday.

Then at five o'clock comes service in English conducted by one of the missionaries, and that is a joy indeed. The ~~evangelistic~~ evangelistic and educational missionaries take turn in preaching, in the order in which they arrive in the valley, and usually there are just about enough so that each man preaches once. And most of us don't preach in English so often as to use up all our material; I believe I preached in English as often as any one at Kachieh last winter, and that was only four or five times, even counting when I spoke to Chinese thro an interpreter. Mr. Giffin who is in the house here only preached in English twice during his first term of service. But a man who is preaching or teaching in Chinese all the time collects fine and large ideas, and when he comes to gather them together into an English sermon, there is a good deal to it. At least that has been the case with all the sermons that I have listened to, and it is a joy to hear them.

Then to end the day some of us go up the the house of one of the E.P. missionaries for a good old sing. This man is the best musician in the

valley, and he has a folding organ, and one of the ladies of his house has a concertina; and as no one else has any other musical instrument than a phonograph, his is by far the best house to meet at. A concertina doesn't sound very dignified; but this lady is an expert on the violoncello, and has one at home several hundred years old. Only a violoncello wouldn't begin to endure this climate, and I am apprehensive about my violin even. So she was advised that a concertina was the only instrument that would stand the climate, and so invested in one. I wonder if folks at home ever happen to think that the mission field affects even a man's musical instruments

Just a word about these two dialects before I close, lest I leave a wrong impression. We have two dialects in our mission, and they have a good many in the West China mission, but they don't make much fuss about dialects, and we do. There are two reasons; 1, all their dialects are more or less alike, and our two are radically different; that is the lesser of the two, because if necessary we could each learn a smattering of the other dialect, so as to be able to communicate a little; the other reason is that the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans, and the Hakkae and Hak-loe have a long-standing dislike to each other. I suppose they will learn in time that in Christ Jesus there is neither Hakka nor Hak-loe, but they haven't learned it yet, so we missionaries are forced constantly to remember the distinction that the Chinese have. There is no difference in spirit in the missionaries. Also about the E. P. having been translated by Presbyterians; there is wide difference of opinion among scholars and missionaries about the proper translation for various Christian terms; for instance the word for God; we translate by "sin" which is an abstract word meaning essence or something of that sort; the E. P.'s translate it by siang-ti which is the name of a god whom the Chinese in ancient times recognized as the greatest of the gods; neither is satisfactory. And the same is true all along the line of terminology; the terms were worked out largely, and the translations made, before the missionaries got the idea of consulting together, so each side went it alone; now our Christians are familiar with one set of terms

and theirs with another. We are learning to work together now, but we are still feeling the effects of the old days when the two missions worked separately.

There is a beautiful spirit of friendship between the two missions now. We haven't much union work yet, but are hoping to soon. Of course the afternoon service here is strictly on the plan of co-operation on equal terms. Down at Hakchais the Presbyterians conduct service in English for anyone who wishes to attend, missionaries, and members of the mercantile and diplomatic communities. They take the responsibility for it, but we share in the work. Up at Chaochowfu plans are under way for union medical work, and we hope they will soon be brought to completion. Every month the members of the two missions meet together in a prayer meeting, and things are going very smoothly indeed; it is a joy to see.

I hope you went to Boston to the meetings, and if so, I should be very glad to have you tell me something about them. I am especially interested in the Central China matter; was there a big fight about it; did Dr. Goodchild have a prominent part in it; was it settled largely on the merits of the case, or did personal considerations enter in. If you'd write about the matter you might indicate whether you preferred to keep what you say to yourself, or tell it freely, or say that one of my correspondents who was present, says so and so. Our mission is pretty largely opposed to giving up the Central China work; and if the Board was to give it up, they don't believe that the right course was taken; it has been hard for me to get at the facts of the case and get them in proper relations, but my attitude on giving up the work has been that of confidence in the Board, and on the question of method, I haven't been able to see that either critics or defenders of the Board could demonstrate their case. I should be glad to learn what the people at home think about the matter.

Please remember me most cordially to Mrs. Turner. Hoping that you had a fine summer, and that all is going well with your work, I am

Dear Mother;

Here is a letter addressed to Oakland, but I had you in mind when writing it. Your birthday letter came the 18th. Also Lottie's present to me. And the R. folks wrote a birthday letter which arrived on the 17th. That is mighty close reckoning it seems to me. They were mighty nice to get too. Thank you for that \$20.00 each so much.

Lottie says I always pray in every letter that I haven't got time to write, as much as I want to. So I haven't said it for a long time. But today when I had written about 2 sentences of this the teacher came long before we expected him, and before he goes the messenger will have left so I must just send this last scrawl instead of the letter I expected to.

I hope you have been having a lovely time this summer
With hugs of affection
Elision

1072
Kakchich, Swatow, China,

October 12, 1914.

My dear Towser;

I want to tell you about a couple of Sunday Schools that I have seen recently. The first was in Chaoyang, where I was visiting the Grossbecks a week ago, and it was the fourth session that the school had held. The room was about fifteen feet square, open toward the street, where there was a space of about the same size, roofed in, so that the passers-by could get in the shade and look on, the publicity being a by-product of the Sunday School. I suppose that everyone who went by stopped for a while to see what was going on. It's easy to get a crowd in China.-

The opening exercises consisted chiefly of singing, and then the scholars were divided into classes of two or three, and went to studying. They had a simple book and a simple method, that of memorizing by rote. The scholars are absolutely ignorant; that is they do not know a single character. So the teacher read a phrase of four or five words and then the scholars recite it after him, looking at the book. After much repetition the lesson is ~~mastered~~ mastered, so that the scholars can recite the sound of all the characters, but without any idea of what any character means. Then the teacher explains what it is all about, and it must surprise the scholars to find that such and such a character means a word that they have been using ever since they knew how to talk.

This is Chinese pedagogy, very largely modified. The real Chinese method makes the pupil memorize the whole book, before any of it is explained. This is considered easier for the teacher, but the real reason why they do is that their ancestors did so. Some teachers take advantage of the custom, by demanding additional salary when the time comes to explain. They take the contract to teach for a certain price, but unless this is raised, they will simply refuse to explain the book; and rather than have the labor of their children in learning the book go to waste, the parents will submit to this polite form of hold-up.

These teachers were students from the Chaoyang grammar school, which is under Dr. C roesbeck's charge. I asked if they were all Christian, and Dr. C. said, "Not necessarily. We make no bones of asking the non-Christian boys to do Christian work; then there is never any doubt whether this is a Christian school or not". Teaching Sunday School, distributing tracts, and other kinds of work, the heathen boys do along with the Christian; they don't object, and we are sure that it doesn't hurt them any. It seemed strange to me that a heathen boy should make a satisfactory Sunday School teacher, but as I got to thinkin it over, I saw that these "teachers" do really just what the public school is doing for us at home; that is they teach the scholars how to read the lesson. Then when the scholars are able to read the lesson with understanding, a Christian man explains to them what the application to life is, and makes any exhortation that may be necessary or desirable. That is what the Sunday School teachers at home do after the public school has done its work. In this case, this applicatio was made by one of the Chaoyang colporters. He also took one of the series of large colored pictures, such as are used by Sunday Schools at home, and went thro it, explaining what each picture meant. I was interested to see how he started on the picture of Adam and Eve in the garden. "why do this man and woman not wear clothes? Is it because they have no cash? No it is because, etc". I never heard any one at home suggest that the difficulty was that they were too poor to buy clothes, but that is the first thought that would occur to a Chinese. Also the discussion of the money side would attract their attention, as many other things would not. This reminds me that the other day we were studying in Mark about the woman with the alabaster box of ointment, worth three hundred shillings, according to the Revised Version. That is translated into Chinese as three hundred ounces of silver, or thirty taels, and is an excellent translation in other parts of China where they use taels; but here the people use Mexican dollars, and native dimes. My teacher criticized the translation on the ground that it

was hard to figure up how many dollars that was; obviously his idea of the effect on the audience was that the preacher might go on reading the rest of the story, but the minds of the the audience would be hung up there calculating out that problem in financial mathematics. And the probability is that the story would be all over before the figuring would be done. The Chinese certainly are interested in anything pertaining to money.

Well, to tell about that other Sunday School; yesterday I went over to play the organ at the first session of the Junior Boys' Department of our New Graded Sunday School. Formerly all the classes met in the chapel, with crowding and pandemonium. There really was hardly enough room for every body; all the boys of one age were grouped into one class, under an adult teacher, who did most of the talking, and had to do it loudly in order to be heard. Under the old system no other way was possible. But largely thro the efforts of Miss Traver, who is thoroly acquainted with Sunday School methods, and know well how to apply them, the school has finally been graded, and the kindergarden, primary, junior boys, junior girls, at least all meet in different places. I noticed that in the opening exercises the superintendent read one of the Psalms in Wen-Li the literary language of China, which is understood by scholars everywhere, and spoken nowhere (somewhat like Latin a hundred years or so ago). It is about as if one had a class of high school boys, and some of them cared enough about the Bible to bring along their Greek Testaments so that they could follow the reading. When they went to class work, they were divided up three or four to a class, but all was quiet; the teachers were explainign the spiritual meaning of the lesson. What made the difference? We have had schools for many years at Kakchieh. The superintendent is a teacher in our Academy, who got his schooling here; the secretary is head teacher of the Primary School, and got his education here; the teachers are scholars in the Academy, excepting one who is a student in the Theological Seminary; and the pupils are all scholars in our schools.

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Church Feb. 14
Blanchard
Lana
Munt

Kakchih, Swatow, China,

Dec. 5, 1914.

My dear Towner:

I wish you could have been at our prayer meeting and heard Miss Sollen tell about an incident which came under her notice. What I can write will be only a poor imitation. It was about a woman whose husband used to beat her every time she went to the chapel; not an uncommon event in heathen countries. And all her village were opposed to her Christianity. One day her husband met her coming back from the chapel and threw her into the pond, from which she was with difficulty rescued by her fellow Christians. Her only comment was this. All her village was happy when she was thrown into the pond; they had been unhappy when she was going to the chapel; and she was glad that she could make them happy for once, even if she had to be thrown into the pond to do it. Her husband hasn't beaten her since then, only scolds her, and she has hopes that his heart is being softened. She was sick for quite a while after the pond, but as soon as she was able she went to the chapel again and ran the risk of the beating she had reason to expect. And then some people say that the Chinese are rice Christians.

Another incident that interested me was in regard to some people at Yang-leng, where the Seventh Day Adventists have been very active and have succeeded in unsettling a good many of our Baptists. There are many people there now, who keep both Saturday and Sunday, and one of them defending her position, said to Miss Sollen: "Kou-nie, I am a member of this church and I am faithful to it; but if it is necessary to keep the sixth day to be saved, I am willing to keep that as well as the worship day; is there any objection to doing that."

The Adventists cause a great trouble to our churches. Their mission of course, is not to the heathen, but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel who are ignorantly keeping the Christian Sabbath instead of the Jewish and so they go to our churches and try to win over the people.

They find some ex-preacher who has ability but who perhaps was deficient in some point of morals and is now out of the ministry. But he still has his acquaintance with the churches and his knowledge of Scripture and doctrine. They pay him a fat salary (far more than we dare to pay for fear of attracting unworthy men into the ministry) give him some instruction and then send him out to win away Baptists and Presbyterians from their allegiance.

But there is one thing~~s~~ that they might well teach us, and that is "concerning the collection". We know that the Adventists are a feeble folk not greatly blessed with this world's goods, and yet they have already attained to the mark of the average of 18¢ per week per member, and are pressing onward to 20¢ per. If only our Baptists would come up to that there would be not talk about Central China, and if all the other evangelicals would do the same there would be no need for Zwemer to write a book on unoccupied mission fields in Africa and Asia, for even that inaccessible part of the Arabian peninsula would already be occupied. There is no body of Christians whose teachings I deprecate more strongly than the Adventists but they certainly set some of us an example of enthusiasm and loyalty.

The English Presbyterians across the bay are certainly having a hard time. One of their oldest missionaries, of clear head and deep scholarship thoroughly trained in Chinese, so that altho \$5-25 in English he is the best preacher in the port, yet he is said to be still better as a preacher in Chinese; this man is due to go home on furlough in a few days, and they are going to keep him there for Home Secretary of the Board, or something of that kind. Another, Dr. Gibson, of almost equal attainments, is suddenly ordered home at once on account of his wife's health. These two men have had charge of all the evangelistic work of the Swatow field, which includes the territory that we call the Swatow field and also the Hityang and Cheoyang fields; and besides they have been running the theological school; so that roughly speaking they have been doing the work of our Dr. Ashmore, Mr. Waters and Dr. Foster. Now they are both ordered home at once, and the senior evangelistic missionary of their Swatow field will be the son of Dr. Gibson

just finishing his two years of language study. Of course they will simply have to close their school, as we have done, and Mr. Gilson will get his fill of responsibility at the beginning of his work. A hospital in China so it is I don't think I have mentioned our seminary. Mr. Peters was ordered home suddenly on account of health a year before his furlough was due, and Dr. Ashmore's furlough is due a year from next spring. The seminary can't be run with anything like the standard that ought to be maintained with less than two foreigners, besides Chinese teachers, and it really ought not to have three. There was no one who could be possibly spared from the by evangelistic stations (in fact we already had one station unoccupied, and because it was borrowed for school work here). And as the prospect of having two men available in the next two or three years was small, it was decided to close the seminary temporarily. This plan has two other advantages; it sets Dr. Ashmore free for some translation work that has been needed for a long time, but which he has hitherto been unable to get working for; and it will enable the Seminary to reopen with a higher

Standard. It is late now to wish you a merry Christmas, but Mrs. Elveth and I bid you. Of course we are sorry to have the Seminary and the Hospital both closed. But we feel that the temporary closing of each is really a constructive move. When you start a hospital you can't have first-class helpers, and you can't do things the way they ought to be done, because the Chinese can't understand some things that we Americans inhale with the air. And you have no constituency and have to resort to various devices to get the Chinese to come and be treated. Likewise when the Seminary is opened, you don't always have ideal students; you have to take the best students you can get, and use what teachers are available. Both the hospital and the Seminary had reached the time when the missionaries felt that they ought to adopt higher standards; and each was in bad shape to put them into effect. Mr. Anna Scott, I don't happen to remember how old she is now, but she retired and went home once back in 1907, has finally

had to go home. Her successor, who is her granddaughter, Dr. Mildred Scott was just getting nicely started in language study, but you have to know more Chinese than "just getting nicely started" to run a hospital in China. So it seemed best on the whole for the hospital to be closed until Dr. Scott was fully equipped with Chinese words. We then we hope she will be able to start the hospital on a new basis which will be better than the old. And we have similar hopes about the seminary when it is reopened; that we shall be able to have better Chinese teachers; that some of the students who are now scarcely well enough prepared in ordinary Chinese education to profit by the work may prepare themselves in the meantime so that when it opens again they will be ready to absorb the instruction without spending so much effort on the mere reading of the characters; and that in the meantime our lower schools and academy will have men prepared to enter the work somewhat as college students enter a seminary at home. If the closing of the hospital and of the seminary produces these results, we think it will be more useful than keeping them running in the meantime.

I suppose it is late now to wish you a merry Christmas, but Mrs. Mildred and I and I both wish you and the church a very happy and prosperous New Year. Please remember us to Mrs. Towner, and to Mr. Rider, if you happen to see him.

Sincerely yours,

Chaoshowfu, via Swatow, China,

March 3, 1915.

My dear Tommy;

My teacher is sick, so I can't study with him to-day, and I thought I would seize the opportunity to write to you this morning. So after, unpacking a suitcase full of papers, making some disposition of them, and banging the suitcase and another on the ceiling of the storeroom, dusting off my desk, and straightening out the papers, fitting a new Chinese lock on the cupboard in place of the balky old one, counting the coal snaks which have been emptied this winter and hanging them in a basket on the said storeroom ceiling, clearing away some things that were temporarily stacked on top of a box, filing away some magazines, unpacking a box of dinner table set stuff, tacking up a curtain, and a few other jobs of like nature, I can sit down to my typewriter to take my pen in hand to write you that I am well and hope you are the same.

As you will perhaps suspect from the preceding paragraph, and the address at the top, something has come up to disturb our peaceful life at Kakchich. It certain is the fact. Up to a few months ago I had no idea of ever leaving Kakchich if I could help it. But several considerations called my attention to the desirability of leaving. One was the fact that if we did stay at Kakchich it would be a matter of temporarily occupying one house after another, according as different people went home on furlough, and lent us their houses; unless I were assigned to one of the Kakchich schools. Because there are only about enough houses in Kakchich to accomodate the men who are needed to teach the various schools. And I didn't want to get drawn into the school work, much preferring the evangelistic work.

Secondly, I became impressed with the importance of Chaoshowfu as a place to work. It is the prefectural city, the center of wealth, education and culture for this prefecture and has a wide influence

thru that fact. It is a city of some four to eight hundred thousand residents (Chinese statistics are elastic, you know, but it is surely above the lower figure), and a great center of trade. A large part of the plain behind Swatow, which is at present worked from Kakchich, can be more readily reached from here.

These were the two principal considerations. Others were: Chaochow a year ago had two missionaries, Mr. Kemp and Mr. Baker. Mr. Kemp died last summer, and Mr. Baker is going home on furlough in a month or so, and that would leave the station without a worker. Also it would leave two empty houses. You know sometimes we let other things affect our judgment about our work. At Kakchich there are lots of missionaries, and tennis, and the foreign community, and the English church, and maybe they influenced me to think Kakchich a very good place from which to work; if so maybe the Lord showed me the two houses in ~~Kakchich~~ Chaochowfu in contrast with moving every year or so and doubling up, in Kakchich, in order to overcome the attraction of the flesh-pots of the life in port.

Then too, the fact of the station being without any worker, made a strong pull. Of course until next fall I am supposed to be studying the language and not doing any work, except on the side, but even that work on the side might count for something. And after the final exams were over, there would still be a year in which to work before Baker returns (and of course, one can't absolutely guarantee that he will return, or that if he does the Conference won't send him to some other place). Another consideration was the thought of being settled with something to look forward to and plan for; and another was the thought that perhaps here in the interior I might learn the language faster.

These and other considerations led me to ask the Reference Committee to send me here, which they did. And I should have written and told you about it once, but ----- Immediately after the Reference Committee Conference opened its session, and I was recording secretary, with plenty to do. Immediately after Conference closed we began to pack up to come

here, and there the excitement begins.

I must mention that altho Baker is a Chaochowfu missionary, for the last two years he has been living in Kakchien, filling an aching void in the faculty of the academy caused by two men being at home on furlough at once. Mr. Kemp died last summer and the field has been without any foreign oversight since then, except as Baker was able to get in a week-end trip occasionally. He was anxious to get up here as soon as possible to get the work well under way before going for furlough. And of course I did not want to lose any time. So we turned our teacher over to the new missionaries who had just arrived, and went to work packing as soon as Conference was over. We adjourned about 2.15 on Saturday Jan. 9, and the first thing was to get dinner, and the next thing was to get our guests off to the launch, and the next was to get some exercise, the first in nearly two weeks, and the next was to write up the Conference notes, and the next was bed, and the next was Sunday.

So the packing didn't begin till Monday, but when it began, it was in good earnest. I think that by noon I had eighteen boxes of different size and contents all packed up. Most of them were of things that were easy to pack, like books. By Thursday we had a boatload, so we had the men come and begin carrying. I suppose you know that they don't use the horse trucks in this part of China. For one thing land is too expensive in most places to be wasted in roads, but then there are plenty of other reasons. Anyway, the ordinary wagon used for carrying freight is a bamboo pole on the shoulder of a man, or several. If the packages weigh about fifty pounds, the man will hang one from each end of his pole and sling it across one shoulder. Burdens of say 150 to 200 or 225 are slung on the middle of the pole between two men. Larger and heavier things are handled in various ways. For instance a long heavy box; a rope is wound around each end and a pole stuck thro each rope, with a man's shoulder under each end of each pole, four men in all; a mattress, ~~is~~ wrapped up in cylinder

form, which is light but awkward, is carried on a man's back. A piano, but that is a separate story, which I'll tell later.

So when we wanted goods carried down to the boat, we didn't telephone for the Union Transfer Co., but what is just as simple, told one of the "Khu han ta'ta" (Go and call the carriers,) and in a few minutes the yard was full of men who make their living by picking up such odd jobs as that, all anxious to carry light loads, and lots of them. But that wasn't what I wanted: I wanted them to carry full weight; that meant an argument about each carry, and the rest of them waiting outside while the argument was going on. In the morning I went down to Baker's house, and helped him wrestle with the carriers, and we did have a time; several chances to carry off something light while we were not looking, were joyfully seized by the men. The most illustrious sample was the drawers of Baker's desk. Our desks here are usually made in three sections, top, and two sets of drawer. You can imagine that the latter are not very heavy; up here one man carries both sets, one on each end of his pole. But while we were not looking, two men carried off ~~one~~ one set between them. Easy money.

Baker's work took all the morning. After dinner, which the men ate practically while I was walking from Baker's house to mine, because the Chinese don't believe in mastication; mine were carried. It was easier at my house because we made them stay on the verandah except when they were getting their respective loads, one at a time; so Baker went to the boat to see that they didn't do such things as set an iron box on the top of a lacquered desk or something heavy on a cane seated chair. The Chinese are very fond of doing such things to the foreigner's things; unless he is there to watch; I don't suppose it is done for seaminess, but it gets the same results. I had fifty carries on that boat, and Baker about the same. And we were mighty glad to tell the boatmen that that was enough and he could go. Then we went here to pack some more things.

My "boy" went along on that boat to look out for things. The boat was due in Chacchofu Saturday afternoon, so Baker and I took the noon train

to be there when the stuff came. But they didn't come till Monday morning so we had to get our own needs all that time. - What spare time was left, we spent on Saturday afternoon and Monday morning in supervising men who were washing floors, paint, etc in our respective houses, and I can assure you that between bossing the men, and directing carriers where to put things, I was busy.

Well we got back to Katchich and went to work again, getting ready for boat No. 2 which was to leave Wednesday afternoon. That was a day. Mrs. Baker went off in the middle of the morning to catch the noon train. All her stuff ~~that~~ that is all housekeeping goods, were loaded, so she couldn't stay over night. If she didn't take the noon train she would get up there about five o'clock, in a house nearly empty, with packed boxes in the storeroom and elsewhere, with no cook, because he had to go on boat No. 2 along with the cow to look out for. Her boy is only about sixteen years old, and hardly a competent cook, her cookie when she got there would be a man absolutely untrained, and she has two children, about 3 and 4 years, respectively. We decided that she would have enough on her hands ~~so~~ without us, so we would stay in Katchich till the next day. Later, it turned out to be fortunate that we had so decided, for when Baker's goods had been pretty well loaded on boat No. 2 it became evident that the boat was nearly full. So I devoted the rest of my time for a while to getting Baker's affairs in such shape that he could take the afternoon train, and to arranging for another boat the next day.

The next day was a pleasure. The boat came early, and so did the carriers. Mrs. Worley had invited us to spend the night and have breakfast with her, so that we had been able to finish packing up bedding and kitchen things the evening before. The men carried the goods I asked them to, without much argument, and we had just about a comfortable time to get to the train. So we said good-bye to salt water and to the mercantile and diplomatic community, without any regrets at the time, and certainly without any since.

I must postpone telling about the piano till another letter. I just want to tell a little about things here. The city of Chaoghowfu lies at the point where the River Han leaves the mountains and begins to spread thro' the delta plain which extends from here to the sea. The mountains are close above us, and the first fork is immediately below the city, the next about half a mile below. The name of the city is pronounced just about like chow-chow by us foreigners, but if we knew Mandarin we should make an important distinction between the Chao and chow. In our dialect, the chao becomes tie, and the chow becomes chiu. It means Tide water department, prefecture, but in common English I suppose it would be rendered by "county seat", and that is exactly the meaning of the phrase, "hu sia", by which the people of this prefecture refer to it.

Our compound is across the river on a hill top, about half an hour's walk from the chapel, which is in the heart of the city. The two houses are some fifty yards apart, each in its own compound. There are no other houses on the hill, but at the foot of the hill is a village, and a little up the river, where the bridge joins this side of the river is quite a little trading community. The bridge, however is the interesting thing. I must tell you a lot about it some day, but just now I will mention that except at the center, which is a bridge of boats, the bridge is lined with the most interesting shops. It is a pleasure to cross the bridge, just to look at the shops.

Just across the river and outside the walls is the English Presbyterian compound. We have most pleasant relations with them, socially, and this very week Baker and I are going over there to talk over what we can do in the way of co-operation with them.

I was glad to hear from you about the great meetings you have been having. Your letter telling about the plans reached me the very day the climax meetings were due to commence, and I can assure that I prayed for their prosperity. I hope the after results were all that could be desired.

With best regards to Mrs. Towser, I am

In a letter to Dr. Towner a little while ago I told some things about moving up here, and mentioned the piano, but didn't have any time to tell about it, so I am going to tell you now how it got up here.

It is a historic piano. It was given to Mrs. Waters when she came out here I think, and I don't know how long that was, but she was out here for several years before she was married, and she has a boy about twelve years old at home with her in Morgan Park, Ill., right now, so you see the piano has been in China some time. We are glad of that, because the climate of China is hard on pianos and such things. It is very hot and damp here in the spring and summer, and the glue comes loose, and the iron and wires rust, and the wood swarms and cracks, and the cockroaches (which everybody has, and think nothing more of them than California people do of flies) eat the felts and other things, and altogether to bring out a piano is a risky proposition. But this piano has been out here long enough to get toughened and acclimated, and had had its insides doctored several times, so that it has just about settled down to a good steady mode of activity. It doesn't sound as nice as the Steinway grands that one sometimes hears at home, but it sounds pretty good to us, and it was considerably cheaper than a Steinway. When Mrs. Waters went home she put the piano in the home of her niece Dr. Mildred Scott, and at the same time offered it for sale. We didn't decide to buy it for some time, and when we did we felt bad at taking it away from them, and especially at taking it away from Kakchieh, for it was the only ~~good~~ piano in the seven houses there. But we are glad to learn that Dr. Scott has since bought a new piano, so that now both Kakchieh and Chao-chowfu have one.

When the piano was moved to Dr. Scott's house, they simply called a man to take the contract. He furnished the poles and ropes, and managed the job, and I think he charged \$100 (1.00, or maybe it was \$2. So when

I had the piano moved to our house, I let the same man have the contract. But when we were moving up here, I thought I could save money by being my own contractor. So I told the men who were carrying other things that I wanted that carried too. First we had a debate about how many men it would need, so I told them to rig it up, and see if six men could carry it; if not, then we would use eight; I knew eight men had carried it before. So they got interested in the question of fixing it up. I had four heavy ropes, big enough to go around the piano. They had one big bamboo pole, and for 10¢ Mex, I rented a wooden pole. They put one in front of the legs under the keyboard, the other in the middle of the back of the piano, and lashed the ropes under the piano and tied them firmly around each pole and then over the piano. Of course Mrs. Eildreth and I had previously covered the piano to prevent scratching. The six men couldn't carry the piano, as I expected, so I willingly told eight men to take hold, and said that I would give them 10cents Mex. each for that load, which was twice what they were getting for other loads, and equal to a third of a day's wages, so they were glad of the chance. And that meant that it cost me 90¢ Mex to get the piano carried about half a mile down a road that is steep and crooked and not very wide, and loaded on the boat. Could one do that at home? But just to show how prices are going up in China. When the piano was carried up the hill for the first time, they say that the men were around it so thick that it looked like ants carrying a caterpillar; and I think Mrs. Waters told me that the total cost of taking the piano from the boat up to her parlor was 16¢ Mex. (And we had paid \$1.00 Mex. to the contractor for taking it 200 yds

We hadn't given such anxious thought to the question of getting the piano down to the boat, because that kind of work has been done before at Kakchien, and the road is fairly good. But up here it is different. Landing from the boat the carriers had to walk on planks till they reached the bank, and then scramble along the side of the bank, which was slippery with mud till they reached the place to climb up into the road, which was likewise steep and rough and slippery. From the road, a path leads up the

hill to the house. It is very steep in places, is only about a foot wide in places, and portions of it are covered with stones and broken pottery, thrown there by the Chinese for some reason that I don't know. We had some bargaining with the men, and they wanted a dollar for the job, but finally it was agreed that they were to use as many men as they needed, at the regular rate of 4¢ per day man for the trip up the hill. So every man who was working took his share of the job. Can you imagine how twenty men could get hold of one piano. Of course most of the way, they couldn't possibly do it on a path a foot wide. But when we came to the bad places, there were plenty of men all ready to go to help at the place where help was needed most, and that is just what we wanted in the interest of safety. In due time after some sweating and a great deal of loud talking the piano was finally put in the house. You ought to hear the Chinese working at a job like that. Some men will get excited and commence to shout out his way of how the work ought to be done. If all approve, they do it so, but if not, they they begin and argument, in which it usually looks to me as if the question was settled on the basis of who has the best lungs and uses them most vigorously. The head man in the cases that I have seen, seems to say comparatively little, but some rattle-headed fellow, whose tongue is loose, does most of the talking. Naturally, I don't say such. I don't know Chinese well enough to yell it, and they won't keep quiet long enough to hear what I want to say in an ordinary tone, and they might not understand it anyway.

Well, that brings the piano to the ground floor, so we will pay off the men and let them go. There is too much else to do to-day, for it is Saturday about one o'clock, and the carriers have just brought up the hill two boat-loads of stuff, about half of it ours, the rest belonging to the Baker's, nearly two hundred carries in all, beside the piano, which was the last thing unloaded and brought up to the house.

The next step is to get the piano up stairs. Our houses in South China are so damp that the ground floor can't be used for living rooms, so the piano has to be put on the second story. Our house in Kakchich was a

genuine bungalow. The "ground floor" was about four feet in height, under the rest of the house, and was not used for anything. The floor on which we lived was on the same level as the path which leads to the house, so it was very easy to carry the piano in. But putting the piano on the second story was a different matter. Pulleys are not common in Chaochowfu, and we doubted if the roof beams were strong enough anyway to use a pulley. I happened to think that the contractor who was fixing the house might have had experience so I offered him the job. We finally agreed for two dollars Mex. So he laid two logs slanting against the upstairs verandah floor, to keep the piano from catching under that floor as they lifted. He built a framework on each side for men to stand on to pull on ropes, he took out the baluster and ~~leg~~ replaced it afterwards, called the men and paid them off, listened to my instructions and amendments to their plans, and saw that they were carried out, all for about ninety cents good U.S. money! They ran a rope from each end of the piano over the roof men, and set men to pull on 'em; they had other men on the scaffolds pulling, and maybe men on the verandah. I forget, because I was giving my chief attention to how the men were handling the piano down below. When all was ready, the men on the ground put their shoulders to the task, those on the verandah lifted, and it went up about six feet, and there paused, because the men on the ground couldn't lift any higher. So then they got boards and shoved some more, and finally it got up on the verandah. And then you ought to have heard the shout of triumph. The Chinese were pleased to death to think that they had accomplished the task, and went off saying all kinds of nice farewell greetings.

The piano is now in its place of honor in our sitting room. Won't some of you come out and visit us, and see what it looks as if it were worth all the bother of getting it here. We not only expect to have a great deal of pleasure out of it ourselves, but also to use it in getting in touch with the scholar class over in the city. We had one who called yesterday, and was much pleased to hear what the foreign piano was like. Hoping you will do the same,

When I was writing to you about our moving up here, I left the story unfinished, merely telling about up till the point when we took the train ourselves for Chaoshowfu, having seen the last of our goods on the boat.

The Bakers and we had talked matters over, and decided that since they were only going to be here a little while, we could make an agreement that would be to our mutual advantage. We were going to have to leave our cook behind us in Kakchieh, for he was only borrowed from the Page's for their furlough, and they would be back within a month. The Baker's had a good cook, and when they went home, he would be out of a job. When we first got to Chaoshowfu we would not know the ropes, and just before the Baker's left for home they would be exceedingly busy. So it was agreed that for the first half of the time the Baker's would keep house and feed us, the rest of the time we would keep house and feed them.

Consequently when we got to Chaoshowfu that Thursday afternoon about five o'clock we found the Bakers waiting for us, and we only had to get washed and get the bed made up in order to be ready for the night. That certainly was a great comfort. I wish I could remember what we brought up with us. I know there was a lot of bedding; we had to have that in Kakchieh until after the first boat left, and we should need it in Chaoshowfu before the first boat arrived. Likewise there were several kinds of household things, and in particular there were some saws that I had not happened to find a convenient place in any box for. I know there were two carries. I guess they also included some clothes that we didn't want to have all packed up on the boat for two or three days.

Well, we had a good night's rest, and spent the next day getting the house into fair shape in preparation for the arrival of the next batch of freight. We expected boat no. 8 to arrive Friday night, and sure enough, it did appear at about sunset. So we agreed with the carriers for the next morning, and explained the scheme which had been used by me at Kakchieh with good success. I used ordinary tags, writing my name and a serial

number on each one. Then when a man went off with a load I handed him a tag, or if four men carried a box I gave them four tags. That had several advantages for me. They can't forge my signature, and so I don't have to pay for more carries than are actually carried. And it gives me a chance to try each carry and see if it is full weight. I don't know what the Chinese expect to gain by the system, but we found they were just as enthusiastic in its favor as we were. So after breakfast Saturday I went down to the boat, with a bundle of tags on a wire, just like the ~~Armstrong~~ Armstrong Transfer man in the old days going thro the train as it approaches Boston. When I got down there I certainly had my hands full. Boat number three had come during the night, and there were twenty men eager to carry light loads. Except for the advantage which the tag system gave me I never could have prevented them from going off with light loads just as they did at Baker's in Hakosten without the tags. And I never in the world could have kept count of the carries, so that they might have reckoned on almost any number. Well I spent a busy morning and I guess Mrs. Hildroth and Mr. and Mrs. Baker up at the houses must have spent one about as busy disposing of the stuff. Many times I had to make up a load of several things from each house, and altho I explained to the man who was which, you couldn't expect him to get it straight, and then the people at the houses would have to straighten it out. The last two articles were the piano and the big wardrobe, and the Chinese insisted that they must have extra pay for handling those. Well the piano was a different matter, and I have written to _____ about that. But we didn't think that the wardrobe was that difficult. They said that two men couldn't possibly carry it, so to prove the contrary Baker and I (Baker had come down by this time to see how things were progressing) picked the wardrobe up in our finger tips and carried it a few, maybe twenty yards, and then asked them if their shoulders had as much strength as our finger tips. Even a Chinese can follow that sort of logic. I mustn't forget to say that that morning's work was about two hundred carries, not counting the piano

Saturday afternoon was a busy afternoon, you may imagine, and so was the next week. You probably know something of what it is to settle a house, and it isn't any easier in China than elsewhere. But we put forth strength as the Chinese say, and by and by got the house into fairly good order. We had sent for the contractor to come, and make some repairs on the house, but, hadn't heard from him, and it was so near Chinese New Year that we thought he must have decided that he couldn't finish the work before New Year and, so we had better wait till after. The house hadn't had any repairs worth mentioning for a long time, and needed none badly, but we resigned ourselves to doing without them for a while, and gave our attention to getting the house in order; and just as that was nearly done, along came the contractor, all prepared to do the following work, whitewash two of the five rooms downstairs, and three of the four up stairs, besides servants' quarters, paint windows and doors in several places, whitewash the walls and paint the floor of all three bathrooms, mend the drain, and do a lot of repairing of wood-work and small jobs of painting different things in the house. ^{is} By the confusion. We finally changed the plan for whitewashing, for this reason. ^{is} ~~By~~ study, which the lobby we didn't intend to. But the walls of the sitting room upstairs, extend down the stairway and are the same as the walls of the lobby. The lobby is white, upstairs was "whitewashed" a sort of cream color, and where they stopped the yellow there was the strongest kind of a contrast. "That's where the appropriation gave out". But we decided that the study would have to be done sometime soon, we had better have it done now, and avoid that line of demarkation, by coloring the study walls the same as upstairs. (To make it worse, they had made a black, black line, to show the point up to which they were to yellow when.) The third room upstairs was omitted for a different reason: Naturally you have to remove the furniture from a room which is being whitewashed, especially if the floor is being painted too. And by the time that we had put into two rooms, besides their own furniture, the furniture of two other rooms, and three bathrooms, they were pretty full. The weather was so damp that we couldn't keep things on

and the other rooms were not done so we couldn't put things back. And to put all that furniture into one room, the smallest of the lot at that, would be out of the question. So we just had to let that odd room wait, and it is badly in need of whitewash. Our appropriation for repairs was \$60, and strange to say, when the carpenter's account was finally settled, counting out repairs on our furniture etc, which we pay ourselves, the cost of repairs on the house came to exactly fifty dollars. So if a typhoon comes and takes off the roof, we shall have to make other arrangements. But if his bill had been \$250, \$40.00. It wouldn't have made much difference.

Since then settling the house has gone on slowly. It is easier because of the fact that we had once done part of the work and have some ideas of where and how. It is harder, or at least slower, because I have for some time been studying again, and when you have spent the five best hours of the day in study there is no difficulty about how to while away the long winter evenings, in South China, at least. It is slower, also, because I keep getting out things that at first were piled up haphazard, or else left unpacked, but now I get them out, and haven't fixed places to put them, or else make places. Putting cleats in a box and laying shelves on them is one device that I have used. Out here in my study they would not look well, but in the room that I use for a sort of work-room and store room, which I call my carpenter shop, they don't seem out of place, and they serve to store a lot of things that my fiancée doesn't permit providing more luxurious quarters for. The work is nearly done now, and the house in fair order. This week and day when we were expecting callers I had to make so hasty removals, but I think the day of that is over now, and I can settle down to the routine of keeping the litter that accumulates during the day, cleared up. I wish you could drop in and see us, and see whether the house looks nice or not.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA
WILLIAM W. KEY, PASTOR, RESIDENT

To the dear Mother: Dec/30

A letter conveying our love,
congratulations and
prayers was mailed to you
immediately upon receipt of
the news of your second baby's
advent. I want to all the
Rockports & Brookports in the

East and was finally returned.
May God bless, protect and
prosper you all roads
always. You will always
have a warm corner near
the hearth of our life where
the fire of friendship glows.
I will hold a place in our
thought and prayers.
Affectionately yours
Mr. Wm. F. Johnson

Mon. Eve.

Dear Lottie,

I sent over to ask about Sim'ki

Ché. Her friend (a teacher in the orphanage) thinks she will surely go. So I wrote asking her to let you know at once. The friend took the letter this noon to Sim'ki Ché's mother, who was going to send by some one at once to Sim'ki Ché in Chia'-Chiu, so I asked the friend to add the request that she go at once to Hui City. Hui Lang Ché (the friend) thinks that she will go, - as she wants a position & needs it.

Hope all goes well.

Please let
me know.

(A little child (a dear child)
died yesterday at the orphanage.

2: (He wanted them to pray for him,
then he said he was ready to go, then
urged his mother to worship God.

Hope you are all well.

There was a tea today ^{well here &} for the
destroyer officers, the command, the
Coxles family, & Enid. Mrs. Speicher
was in bed, alas! Mr. S. didn't come
either.

Now Janus go to bed.

Love from
Edith J.

March 10, 1933.
Swatow, China

Dear Friends:

After a good vacation on China's most sacred mountains came association meetings in our five districts. We went by train, and by launch, up the rivers and out to the sea.

Then we went down the coast, Miss Kang and I, half-way to Hongkong to visit the churches that had been suffering thru these late years from terrible raids of the Communists. We went on board the launch at four o'clock one afternoon, but we did not start till the next morning. All day we rode down the coast till we came at dark to Kit Chieh, Pillar-rock. It is a great fishing town and market with a famous temple that encloses a noted image of Buddha that came years ago from the far north. People, especially women, came several days' journey to worship it. A pagoda stands beside the temple, but it was too dark that night to see more than the faint outline of the shore as we rode in a little boat from the launch to the landing. When we reached the chapel, prayer-meeting was going on. It was a new building, for the former one had been thrown down by the Reds. As I sat thru the meeting, I read the inscriptions in Chinese characters on the walls: Rejoice Evermore, Pray Without Ceasing, I Am With You Always.

A great welcome was ours, which was warmly expressed. We put up our cots that night in the chapel and made it our home for the next few days. There are three families that make up the church: a local man, a fish merchant, founder of the church, his wife, sons and their families, making one; and two families from up near Swatow who came here to open medicine shops. These all had to flee during the Red days, but not one person was lost. One of the two men in the medicine shops had to leave his money when he escaped--two thousand dollars--under one of the tiles in the floor of his house, and when he returned he found that almost every other tile had been taken up, but under that tile he found the money untouched.

Each day we visited in the market town, and in the villages near by. Then one day we went to visit the great temple, going up the long flights of steps past the many beggars, passing many wretches cowering and going. Just beside the temple a pagoda was a new cemetery. More than one thousand people had been killed there, men, women and children, because the town had offered resistance to the Communists. And here they had also been cast into a great trench. Later their relatives had recovered their bodies and buried them in row after row of white cement graves. The city has street after street of ruins, but life is busy again.

The old pastor from Kityang who has preached here and in other of these southern towns for many years, said that thru all this time of trouble there had been no baptisms, but now there had just been twelve, and he was very happy. Some of the twelve

were middle aged people, some young people and some were children. There were several little girls who were his special joy. Every evening he taught them the Bible. Every day they went to the city to school. There they told others of their faith, and there they encouraged each other. "We used to get angry easily", they said, "but we don't know. When one of us starts to do so, the rest of us remind her, 'You must not do that now, for we are Christians'".

The women of the church have a weekly prayer meeting and when we spoke of them of starting a missionary society, they were interested at once, as was their pastor. So the missionary society was started, the women and the children all having a share.

From Kit Chieh, we went by sail boat and by foot to the country of Lok Hong, Eastern Sea. The people are courteous and kindly. We passed many threshing their scant crops; and if we stopped for a word, they brought out the tea-pot at once and offered us a cup of tea. Lok Hong is a beautiful town by a winding river. It's church has just begun to revive.

We went next to two villages, where the people, busy in their harvest during the day, crowded the buildings every evening. The persecutions that have been endured would take long to tell. At one of these places, Tea He, there had been no baptisms for more than ten years. We held a meeting one afternoon inviting the women who were most interested. But men and women came, and when we asked how many were Christians and would like to join the church, and also how many would like to become Christians, there were four men and four women. The deacon of the shining face, who has suffered years of persecution went out to talk with his wife who had gone home and he came back, blessing, to hand in her name.

In all we visited nine churches in this southern field, all founded years ago by Mr. Speicher and where his name is now lovingly remembered. The people from about Swatow carry on all the business in these parts, the local people are fishermen and farmers.

The trip home was the worst I ever hope to encounter--a dreadful Thanksgiving Day--but the visit was worth even that.

Since then we have visited nearer home--the churches large and small up the rivers about Swatow. Especially have we been delighted with the women's missionary societies; there are twenty in all now and some more will probably soon be started.

Since I started this letter troubles have descended thick and fast upon China. What the future may be, we cannot say. May God guide!

Sincerely yours,

P. A. H. 4. 1911

Swatow, China.

July 30, 1932.

Dear friends,-

The mist is blowing into the room and hiding the pine covered hills of Kuliang and the beautiful Foochow valley. Miss Mary I Jones and I are here with the Hobart family for a few weeks of rest; but so far we have been having study and a Conference on Religious Education, and these have not been restful, but they have been inspiring and helpful.

This last half year my Chinese co-worker and I have spent in our five districts holding training classes, but we have also visited many churches and homes. After the Chinese New Year, she and I went up the coast to Ungkong to be with Miss Northcott for awhile and to hold a class for the women there. A good number of those who studied last year were there; some of these had been baptized during the year, two of them had gone to study in our Woman's School.

One Sunday I went to visit a church seven miles away, where I had held a class seventeen years ago. Someone else on the road was robbed that day, but no mishap came to me. An old woman stood at the chapel door to welcome me. "Seventeen years it is", she said in welcome and brought forward her granddaughters to greet me. Their father was once a gambler and opium smoker and the old woman had even thrown herself into a pond in protest against his doings. Now he is an honored deacon in the church.

At Old River in the Chaoyang field we had more than fifty in our classes. Many were young women whose mothers-in-law said, "We'll cook the rice these days that our daughters-in-law may attend school". And they added, "Call us when our classes come, for we want to be there for those." We had courses in home life and in training of children, in personal work, in Bible, in Sunday School methods, and in hygiene; we had reading too for the many beginners,--and how they all did work.

Their missionary society is strong and growing. The Old River and the Chaoyang city Women's Missionary Societies between them engage a splendid woman, a graduate of our Woman's School as their evangelistic worker. All through the field the Women's Missionary Societies have grown wonderfully. I must write of them another time.

In Chaoyang city we had a good class, too; then we went back to Swatow for the associational meeting of the ten missionary societies in that district, then to Chaochowfu for our class there. Our days here were full of teaching and visiting. Mrs Baker taught the class in hygiene. The

splendid class in Sunday School methods was made up of teachers and other workers, men and women. The last day of the class in personal work, the women told of those whom they were trying to lead to Christ, and we all promised to pray for each other and each other's work.

After a few days at the pretty orchard town of Kham E, we went on to two large towns down the river where there are two progressive churches. Mrs Baker was with us, and there were several Bible women. Some of us lived at Tang Lin and some at Tang Leng. We had planned to have one class held at Tang Lin, for women of the three churches; but the Tang Leng church wanted work to be carried on in both Tang Lin and Tang Leng. So we did double duty, and quite wore ourselves out; but it was better for the women, and they did appreciate the teaching, and studied early and late.

One woman had been coming to church for about a month before. She was a good student, and studied the most advanced work. One of her sons had lately died, the other was profligate. She was so sad that her husband, a non-Christian, had said to her, "You must go to church or you will die!" One day, as we studied Galatians, she said, "As I hear you talk it sounds so good!" but my Buddhist friends say Buddhism is good. When I go to the temple there are gods there; but when I come to the church there is nothing here to worship". So we told her of God who is a spirit. She wanted us to visit her home and see her young widowed daughter-in-law, whom she is anxious to have attend our Woman's School. Dr. Marion Stephens was with us the last part of the time that we were at the two towns, and many sick people came to her.

After attending a meeting of the national committee on Education in Shanghai I went to Kityang; and there Miss Kang, my co-worker, and I, had a splendid class. Christian workers and busy mothers came every day and did remarkably fine work. The Kityang Women's Missionary Society supports one of the best workers in our field. She works not only in the city but in the Kityang district.

After attending Executive Committee meetings in Swatow, and giving a course in training to Daily Vacation Bible School volunteer workers, students of the Women's School; I went by sampan, train and launch to Kayin for the meetings of the Hakka yearly retreat and Convention. There was quite a party of us, westerners and Chinese, going the two days' journey up the beautiful river. Fifty years the Hakka work has been carried on; seventy one, the work in the Swatow-speaking section. Problems there are, of course, in our work, problems aplenty; but there are good Christian workers and great opportunities. Remember us every day, please, that all may go forward as it should in the work of the Kingdom of God in this troubled land of China.

Yours, as always,

Edith G. Traver.

Kuliang

Aug. 25, 1932

Dear people each of you,

haven't meant to be so long

in writing to you. I think of you often. I was glad to share Mrs. Roberts' letter from you the other day. Haven't meant to be long in saying thank you for your thoughtful Christmas gift, too. And when I was at the Bakers' in April, Mrs. B. said (she showed me your letter in which I said) I was to share in some of your books that certainly was lovely of you, & I did take some lovely ones, some for myself & some Mrs. Wolley & me both to use in Children's work, (no, payed. egg, ^{del. 2. 20.}) Thank you very much.

I hope you are all very well, as are your aunt, and each of the sisters & brothers that I met & didn't meet those at Holyoke.

I enjoyed meeting Mrs. Bacon here, who went to school with you, also Mrs. Volkert who was three years below you in college.

She lives near Amoy.

It was nice that you & Mr. & Mrs. James



could have such a lovely visit.

This summer Miss Mary L. Jones & I have been here at Kuliang with the Roberts. The Roberts are here, Anna F. has been here, Mrs. C., Louis, Dorothy & David & the new Stephens girls & Mr. Luebeck.

Mrs. Spicher & Mrs. Wiley are at the Peak Hotel, H. K., as are Mr. & Mrs. Waters, Mr. Adams. Mrs. Giffen is in Matilda Wood, & Mrs. G. has been at the Peak Hotel. Mr. & Mrs. Cohen have been at H. K., the part of the time in the Lowson Hosp. ^{which is now} Albi, Edna S. & Miss Ericson are in Baguio, Kay Bohm went to Mangilia to the Dicks', Mary she went to Peilaine. Jennie H. has just gone to H. K., Matilda Culley went there early.

Mr. Page has gone to U. S. A., as did Miss Silliman last Feb.

Don't forget that I have almost 80 of your writings to be used since almost two years ago.

I'm enclosing my last two revised letters so you'll know what I've been doing lately.

We had a good Relig. Ed. Conference here this summer. They want Miss Jones to come back next year.

She had the Home Group, & I the Children's Group, but it's pretty strenuous here, I'd like to go off to rest somewhere. I hope to hang on with

Had such a restful reinvigorating summer
at T'ai Shan last year.

Hope Mr. Hobart tells you what fine
work Ki Kang Mth su is doing. Mr. H
likes him so much in their evangelistic
campaign just together. Now he is in Siam
But people want him to come back for
various things before too long.

Lo Siab Kie Mth su isn't very well. He
is at the Institute. Please pray for him
sometimes. And please do for me,
for strength (I am better) & for wisdom in
this Relig. Ed. work & training class work
& Evang. work. I do hope Relig. Ed. work
will grow much. We need junior societies
we need ^{pl. d.} training classes, &
much need more interest
& desire for all this.

My! the typhoon is
getting fierce.

What good things have you
read lately? I've been reading
"Humanity uprooted," which I saw
at your house; also "A Lantern in Her
Hand" by Benson S. Aldrich; "How Small Heaven



"Teach Religion" by Blanche Carrier.
These are good.

- just here Mrs. Østskild sent (in
all this storm by her John!) ~~me~~ an invi-
tation to supper tomorrow night.

Mr. Buckel came very near dying the
other day from cholera! Several doctors
worked over him for hours (in Swatow.)

Now I must stop. I want to know
just how far John & Alice are in
school, tho. And I wonder just how
all they are.

My love & best wishes
to you all from
Edith Traver,

I hope all is going well in your
work. Please remember me to
the church people if they remem-
ber me. I went to picnic^g you
all, you know.

