

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

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Folder label: Abbie G. Sanderson (AGS) to family, from Swatow and Kuliang, with enclosed poems by Chinese students and enclosed missionary circulars from others

Dates: 1935 May - Aug

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(143)

Swatow, China
May 2, 1935

Dear Cae,

Whatever will you do with this bad child who seems to be getting into the habit of writing to you more and more seldom! ? Here it is Thursday evening and I am at my regular school study hour. I have been away a long time now. It happened that last Thursday was a holiday so I didn't come and the last time I was here before that was the 3rd Thursday in March.

Do I always write "This week has been a busy one" or "This week has been pretty full" or "This has been a hectic week"? I write that sentiment all too easily, I feel sure. And yet it always seems true, somehow. I wonder whether I am one of those persons who always think they are terribly busy but never accomplish anything. I fear that is a true picture of

me. I get so many things on the string and then never finish them up until circumstance compels me to. I am always having to rush like mad to get a number of things done all at once. That means that beautifully planned beginnings taper off to almost nothing at the end, and I'm forever in a fever about things that ought to be getting done or ought to have been done long ago. Why couldn't I have been born one of those calm personalities who never seem to flutter, yet with a turn of the hand, and no fuss and furor, yet really accomplish the things that are done in the world! Maybe I'd get bored, however, if I didn't have to do - or think I had to do - all this mad rushing - I suppose it gives me the feeling that I am somebody and clips the

inferiority complexes - !

Sunday afternoon the funeral service for little Chek Hong, Mrs. Lim's boy, was held at the church - It was a very beautiful little service.

The coffin was closed, of course - (the child had died Friday - more than a week before) and rested just outside the church door while the service was going on. Beatrice Erickson sang Brahms' Cradle Song, with words adapted by Mrs. Lim from the "Mary's Lullaby" words which the kindergarten children had learned and which Chek Hong himself liked to sing at night before he went to bed - It is a lovely thing, and lovelier than ever with these words in which this mother invokes the blessing of sweet sleep upon her child and entrusts him to the Heavenly Father's care -

More next time

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Swatow, China
May 5, 1935

Dearest One,

In my last letter I began to tell you about little Chik Hong's funeral, but didn't finish. There is not a great deal more to say except that the kindergarten children sang one of Chik Hong's favorite songs. The kindergarten teacher spoke briefly about the child at kindergarten, and Mr. Waters gave a very comforting message referring to the child Samuel "serving before the Lord" in His temple.

Just why it gives so much comfort to the Chinese to have pictures of a funeral taken, I don't know - But almost always they

want to have them and they asked me to take some - I don't yet know how they came out.

Our "Philippine" guests left yesterday. Arcola Pettit had been sick in bed two days with a very heavy cold and we tried to get her to stay over a few days. I think she would have, had it not been a beautiful sunshiny day and she was afraid it wouldn't be so good a few days later! She is mortally afraid of the water. As it was, we went out to the steamer at the very worst time in the day, just when the tide was strongest and the waves were highest. There was no slightest danger, but the

boat did tip & toss!

Today is Parent's Day here - Church begins early and lasts late - There are many special songs, including one by a group of fathers, one by a group of mothers, one by the young people, one by the grammar school, ~~two~~ by the kindergarten; also there is a short dialogue by some small children - I don't know how much time there will be left for the sermon!

Later:

This noon we had dinner with Catherine Ho to meet Miss Russell and Miss Ling, Y. W. C. A. secretaries from Shanghai who are scouting around to see whether it is wise to start a Y. W. ~~for~~ in Swatow. I don't believe the time is ripe

yet and I rather think they
feel that way too -

I'm going to send this
letter, as it won't hang around
waiting until it is stale the
way some of mine do -

In our garden we have
roses & roses now, Easter lilies
(just the last little ones), snap dragons,
a few straggling wisteria sprays,
some struggling sweet peas,
carnations, anapdragons,
daisies, gladiolas, begonias
bougainvillea, geranium (including
my new pot of fancy geranium
which I just got in Shanghai -
hollyhocks, nasturtium and jasmine
all in bloom now and a
riot of honeysuckle blossoms on
our "Old Oak Bucket" trellis
effect - We do enjoy them so!
Love to you ^{all} - Abbie

LAMENT FOR MOTHER

Oh!

How still you are !
You do not speak to me.
You are not breathing?.....
You are so pale and white!
The God of Death, who cannot b
 be turned back
Is coming down over you.
Your eyes are closing
And your tears are welling;
My lips cry aloud bitterly,
But you are weeping silently

Oh, it is hard to go away
 from a living friend;
It is hard to say goodbye to
 a dear one who dies.
Oh, Mother!.....
How can I keep from touching
 your dear body?
How can I keep back my crying?
Dearest,.... Kindest!.....
You are so still now.
No one can know the deep
 hurt in my heart.....
Oh, Mother, how can you be
 so cruel as to leave me?
You crush the budding freshness
 of my life,
You put out the light of my
 happy, carefree living,
And leave alone and lonely
 the child you love.
Upon the wide and shoreless sea,
 with its wild waves,-
How can this tiny boat without
 a rudder hope to cross it?
Ah, Mother!
In this unfriendly world of
 people,
Among so many who are heartless,
 Worthless, scheming,
Who in all this world would
 love your child but you?
Oh, Mother! *as far as*
Once again I stretch the horizon, *& the* from this
 far corner of the sea;
Where shall I stretch my
 arms to find you?

Life is only a dream,
But this dream of mine is

Lament --

a dreadful one.
This night is so long - so dark;
The roar of the sea is around me,
And I am a helpless girl alone,
Distressed and grieving in
a cold, unthinking world.

Oh ---- Mother!

By Huang Hai-huan, 16 yr. (girl)

EARLY MORNING

Little early morning breezes
Blowing the grasses beside the road-
They blow the sadness of my heart away.
I run - run on and on
I have run past the noisy city,
I have run past the quiet village,
I have run over and beyond the hilltop,
I am running on the shore of the bay;
I am running on the plain once more.
Now I am running on a little path;
I shall run and run with all my might,
I shall run the whole length of my life-
I will leave the dust far behind -----
Oh, lovely early morning time!

By Chen Chih Chung, 14 yr. (boy)

TO MY PEACH BLOSSOM

Smiling Peach Blossom beyond the wall,
I am drunk with your sweetness;
How can I pluck you with my hand?
Every day I walk up and down
On this side the wall;
In the gentleness of your smile
I forget the sadness of the world.

Smiling Peach Blossom beyond the wall,
I long and long to kiss your lips,
I have tried many times to steal one kiss,
But this wicked, wicked Wall
Keeps us apart!
Oh, Peach Blossom, I shall always, always love you-
Wicked Wall, I shall break you all to pieces!

By Meh Lo K'unan, 13 yr. (boy)

SPRING RAIN.

Foggy morning sunshine,
 lightly wrapped in mist,
Little breezes bring the dropping
 sound of rain;
And the Kokoeh hills
Are washed clean with
 the fresh color of spring.
Clusters of rain jewels
Cling on the branches of the trees
And rest upon the grass,
As beautiful as the Empress
 stepping from her bath.
Oh, Spring, what joys you
 give to me!
You fill my heart full of
 beauty and song!

By Li Hsieh Li, 13 yr. (boy)

SELECTED
BANK

More poems sent to E. Owen
for the poetry book
Written by our students
and translated by Mr. Day &
me -

Swatow, China, May 12, 1935

Dear Ones:

Hospital graduation exercises last night make us realize that the end of the school year is almost here. And while we do not ourselves have formal graduation exercises now, yet the work always piles up at the end of the term. I sometimes wonder how we ever got it all in! No student can have a certificate of graduation until he has passed the government examinations. Those exams are not given until well along into July, and we can scarcely hold school over until that late date for graduation. No one feels quite sure that he will pass, and thus no one wants to go through the form of graduating until he knows whether he really can be graduated or not. The matter will settle itself some day, I have no doubt, and commencement day will be as important here as it ever was.

The exercises last night were very fine indeed. The program was planned to fall on the day when hospitals and nurses everywhere in the world were celebrating the memory of Florence Nightingale. But one student was graduated; she is an exceptionally good student, however, and the ones in charge- Dorothy Campbell, to be exact- were trying to have just as good a graduation for her as there would have been for a larger class. There were various items of music on the program- anthem by the Y.P. choir, violin solo by Dr. Cheng, duet by Sanderson and Ericson, hospital songs, etc.- but the big feature of the evening, except the graduation exercises themselves, was a portrayal of incidents in the life of Florence Nightingale. Tsang Phok Kien took the leading part, and different ones of the hospital staff took other parts. Un tien and no. 3 over at Eastview, and I am not sure but Theng lai also, were pressed into service. Tang Seng had a number of parts as well as being general handy man behind the scenes. *Keh's cook* ~~Un~~ Sim really covered himself with glory. He took three parts that I noticed; he was the dignified butler, announcing callers, "Dinner is served", etc. in the opening scene in the Nightingale home; he was a wounded soldier calling pitifully for a drink of water in the scene where many wounded were lying with none to answer their calls save some soldier who was not quite so badly hurt as the others; but it was in the court of Queen Victoria, as Lord Chamberlain, or Court Announcer, or Whatever, that he shone. Dignity? and Poise? Well, you should have seen for yourself. Hui Lang was the Queen, and arrayed in queenly robes she was- and a "diamond" tiara of Mrs. Pan's. L. S. wore Kenneth's old fashioned satin knickers and coat.

One of the most effective bits was Nightingale making her rounds of the wounded soldiers on Christmas Eve, straightening a cover here, feeling a pulse there, with the whole place absolutely in darkness except for the tiny old-fashioned lamp which she carried. It was the middle of the night with most of the soldiers asleep, and all of them quiet. Two clear high voices sang Hark the Herald Angels Sing very softly behind the scenes. It made an unbelievable contrast to the preceding scene where the soldiers had no beds, no care, and where one of the soldiers was found to have died the day before and nothing had been done about it. The difference between heaven and hell, and the soldiers themselves said more than once.

The point of the whole story was brought out graphically in the last scene, where Florence Nightingale, over ninety years old, sees in her dream the thousands of nurses who were to follow her in her noble profession. The hospital nurses, community nurses, children's nurses, Red Cross nurses, and many others, came to her to comfort her, as she bemoaned the fact that she could no longer be in active service. She did not actually see "thousands", of course, but a representative of many of the different types came to her in the dream. When she waked, a woman destined to be a superintendent in some of the hospitals Nightingale had founded came to talk with her, and the story ended on a high dramatic note when Nightingale passed into her hands a torch symbolic of the great life work she had chosen.

The exercises which followed were simple but lovely. There was a song by the nurses, a short speech (yes, really pretty short) by Eng Mok-su (Lin Ek-toi had been invited but couldn't come), and Dorothy presented the two diplomas, one from the hospital here, and one from the China Medical Assoc., which by the way, was stamped with Cum Laude. Long Tien made a very sweet, serious, well-prepared response the nurses repeated their "pledge of service" and then came the benediction and we all left the church.

Dorothy put an enormous amount of work into the thing and it was just splendid. The costumes were beautiful, and the thing was well staged, but best of all was the splendid way the message was put across- in such a way that it will not be forgotten right away. How Dorothy ever found so many people to be in the thing, I don't know, or how she ever persuaded them to take part. It was great, anyway.

Today at our Y.P. meeting Mr. Ang Tsak Chiu told the story of Kagawa in a way that made him seem very real. Mou Khiang was deeply touched and when he, as leader, closed the meeting he could not keep the tears back as he told how very deeply the story of Kagawa had impressed him. He said it was his hope that some one from our Y. P. group could be something like Kagawa. Afterwards, -will in the grip of the emotion, he said to me, "I suppose the people here will think I am crazy- but I don't know of anything in my life that has moved me so deeply."

Here is where I say a few words just to you people; the letter this far is written with several carbon copies so that I can send to Arthur, Mabelle, Mrs. Capen, Emily, Velva, and you. I wrote in some detail about the graduation so that the Swatow people could see the thing a little more plainly.

The news that you are back home in S. B. just arrived on Friday. Sorry that you were down after you got back; too much exertion getting ready, do you think? Or that combined with the long ride? Your letters sounded very fine in regard to Father's endurance powers. I hope his good health continues and that you are going to be better from now on.

Very much love to you all,

Abbie

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Swatow, China

May 24, 1935

Dear Ones,

A letter from Arthur
Saturday, but none from you -
Arthur had been through South
Beiwick but did not stop for
a meal. Father had a cold -
you were not very well. Hope
that your letter will arrive in
a day or two and say that
you are better -

Our "second monthly" exams
begin today - and a week from
today we begin our special
"cramming" of the graduates
for their monthly government
examinations. I'm thankful
to say that the school is
not stopping all other work

as they did one year, in order
to do this cramming - It
means extra ^{work} ~~cramming~~ extra
questions, etc - extra time -
and we can never tell
whether we are preparing
the right kind of questions
or not - It is a difficult
business!

It happens that my
exams are so arranged
that I have Tuesday and
Wednesday free - I planned
to do a lot those two days!
But lo and behold, a
special educational committee
is appointed to get the
statistics from some of
the mission schools, and

the result is² that Mrs. Baker
and I go to Kityang Tuesday
and come back Wednesday!
It is going to be a hot trip I'm
afraid - and yet not so hot
now as it would be later -

Friday afternoon I go to Exeter
for an interview with
one ^{man} from another station
regarding schools -
just now I'm struggling
too, with a letter which must
be sent off right away
to Mrs. Humphreys, our
new Foreign Secretary -
The Board has sent out
the statement that they
can't see the need for
any more workers at the

Woman's Saloot. This don't
"set" very well, and coupled
with one or two other

statements makes a misunder-
standing which ought to be
set straight if possible.
You know how I fuss over
the writing of that kind of
letter - Well, I been
fussin' again!

Fannie ^{has} shut up shop
at Ungkum and is now down
here packing up finally
and getting ready to go home.
We shall have some friends
to her but not as many as
to Mrs. Morley because we shall
hope to have Fannie back

again, while ³ Mrs. Woley
went for good -

I am still planning to
go to Kuliang this summer
and get a little more
mandarin - I should think
that any letters sent between
June 20 and July 20 might
be addressed to me there,
Cottage, Kuliang,
via Foochow, China -

Much love to you -

and some to Uncle George,
Aunt Fannie, Aunt Bertha,
Aunt J. Joe, Lathrop ^(modern) ~~(old)~~ ^{Whites}
Maryland, Vada, Fred, & al..

also a special to Tom Oliver
for being good to my mother
& father — and kind
good wishes to others if occasion
requires or permits —

Oh yes — ask Miss
Pherner who Charles Pray
is, who has been to China
twice in the last year
and a half, and is on
his way here again —

He wrote, giving her
name — and asking
permission to come
and see me the last
of June — His letter,
however, sent from New

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Jersey was dated Apr. 15
and he wanted an answer
before he should start out
May 1 - !

I seem to remember that
the station-master at Rollings
was Charles Pray; is this a
son, or a grand son, and is
he in the navy, or what?

The letter said nothing
of his work; simply said
that he had seen Mina
Plummer, nee Horne, some
1½ yr ago, and he had
meant to write to me
ever since then (!)

I wonder! - Yrs. Athol

Swatow, China

May 26, 1935

Dearest One,

Your letters are so
good to get! Last week I
didn't get one and it was
grand to get yours of Apr. 22
today. One written by Arthur
on Apr. 28 says that my
"paper" - though he didn't
call it that - had been
duly received and forwarded
to you - So by this time
you know what it is,
although you may not
be able to comprehend
all that I was 'driving at'.

I don't want you to send anything but good wishes for my birthday - don't you know that? I'm so thankful when I get news that you are well and getting along all right, that I don't need any other thing in this world, I really believe -

Had a good letter from Helen Paulson yesterday - she was disappointed not to see you when she was there, but you were sick at first, and then she herself got a cold -

We have had a pretty stiff blow here this week -

It is hardest on Marion, but it hits me pretty hard, too, in a little different way. Marion has had a letter from D. Ling in which he practically blames her for the death of his little boy. No word of gratitude for all the service, but on the contrary, blame for not giving better service. It all seems so terrible, especially when I know how broken up Marion was over the death of that little boy - and how she worked day and night, hoping and praying that the trouble might not prove to be rabies after all.

We can't understand his
point of view - Whether
he thinks they should
have been told sooner
that it was rabies, so
that they might have
sent for a Chinese doctor,
or what, we don't know.
To me it seems incredible -
that he should take
this attitude - and yet,
as Marion says, such
things are happening right
along in hospitals at home -
people are suiciding the doctors.
But somehow this has a
different "feeling" - and
she regarded these people
as friends and was glad

to do all in his power for
 them - If you mention
 it to anybody - maybe better
 not say who he is - just
 "a prominent person" - or if
 you have told anybody about
 the principal's son dying
 from rabies, then don't say
 anything about this. It is
 an awful thing - maybe
 it will clear up. In trying
 so hard to think what
 the right attitude toward
 him is - I have a
 sinking feeling every time
 I ~~see~~ him - wondering
 whether any thing could
 help him to see matters
 differently - As for Marion,

it is not surprising that
the bottom seems dropped out
of everything and she feels
that she can never get
back to normal again -
Before this happened, she
always said that she
didn't think she would
ever come back - giving
as her reason the idea
that she thought people
wouldn't want her back -
I can't imagine just
how she feels now - but
I think she must wonder
whether it is worth while
or not. I do so want
to help her if I can, yet

Talk doesn't help very much -
and sometimes I wonder
whether I'm helping more
or hindering!

Mrs. Wiens, ^{family} of the Mennonite (German)
mission up inland from here,
who once spent several weeks
in our girls' dormitory (next door
to us here - when the dorm.
was not being used) with the
family, ~~which~~ they had been
driven out of their station, is
now in our hospital here with
an advanced stage of cancer.
She cannot live longer than
a month, the doctors think.
Mr. Wiens is here with her,
but he is over at Sloatow
holding meetings every evening

this week and will go later
to Chaohowfu if his wife
is in such condition that
he can leave her bedside.

They are really very wonderful
about it. She clings to life
in a way. She knows the
doctors don't give her any
hope, yet she thinks she
will try some kind of a
fast or something to help
her get well. It seems
to me if I were in her
condition I should want
to go soon - but perhaps
I wouldn't -

I must stop for this time

Love to you -

Abbie

Swatow China

June 6, 1935

Dearest Ones,

Last week's letter not yet written and here it is Thursday. A great many things were happening last week and it would seem that they haven't stopped happening yet! Last week our hearts were very heavy and troubled because of the misunderstanding between Dr. Ling and Marion.

It was dreadful for Marion; she didn't want to go on living - I guess. A third letter made us feel that there were threats behind the attitude and it seemed incredible. Then hospital people sent for Marguerite Easman, who is a very good friend of the Lims, as well as being a doctor who can understand a doctor's difficulties. She and Kenneth Hobart spent two or three hours with Dr. Ling Sunday afternoon and in the evening they went again and Marion went with them.

It seems that just about all of us who knew of the matter were praying earnestly that the thing might be settled. I didn't really have faith to think that it would be, but it was. "All flattened out", as Marion said afterwards -

The members of the class of 1935
are cordially invited to attend a
Practical Preparatory Palaver
given under the direction of
Miss Interrogative Brown
and

Mrs. Transitive Verb
at the home of Miss Sanderson
on Thursday evening, June the sixth,
at half past seven.

June the third

Both sides admitted mistakes and expressed a desire to get rid of misunderstanding, and the thing seems all cleared up! I feel like a different person since that happened -

We were scheduled to have more experiences - of a different kind, however - and unexpected, nerve-racking ones -

Money is getting to be a dreadful problem - For our Shanghai checks, which, used to bring an equal number of silver dollars and sometimes more (when Swatow paper = silver here in Swatow) we are now getting ^{Swatow paper money} \$10.51 for \$100. But that same \$100 Shanghai check brings us only \$33 silver. And the

Swatara paper money, which used to be worth 15 or 16 dimes now brings only 7.1 dimes & the dollar! So the washwomen and other helpers naturally want to be paid in silver - but just as naturally, we don't see how we can do it - So we have had a big "time" about it - That has been settled for the present for which I am very ~~thankful~~ ^{grateful} -

Monday night about 10 minutes past eight, Marion came in from Swatara, where she had been to see a little sick boy - She was rather white - and after she said rather breathlessly "Well I've had a new experience: I've been rotted!" she began

to keep a little - She
was followed from the
jetty, and attacked on
an isolated part of the path.
beaten ^{about} and knocked down
until she gave up her purse
which she held on to until
she was afraid she would
get badly hurt. She screamed
bloody murder, but there were
no policemen around and
two or three students who
heard her didn't get there
in time to help very much -

Her bag held a fountain
pen, a stethoscope, a little notebook,
and about \$5.00 in change -
The fountain pen was found,
about a half hour later, by
our boy who was then taking

a message down to the police office - The things that were taken were of small consequence compared to the effect on Marion - She had been ~~on~~ a pretty high tension - and then to have this horrible thing seemed almost too much -

The next day Dr. Ling wrote down ^{to Marion} and said he had heard about what happened and he wanted to know whether he could help in any way - Then he took it upon himself to get the church here to write about ~~the~~ it to the Quaker city authorities. She thinks he is going the second mile now to keep good feeling! We are all so relieved and

thankful that we don't know
what to do - For if a person
of Mr. Ling's position, education,
and intelligence should
persist in misunderstanding
there is no limit to the
estrangement that might
follow all around -

Let me see: what else has
happened?

I had the loveliest box
from the Ethelyn Hursey Class
at Providence - of which
Helen Paulson is the president.
I sat down immediately and
wrote my thank-you - for
I know how my delays
can drag on!

The box contained a fine array
of sewing and toilet

articles - Woodbury's Soap ⁴⁺
Koro Konia; Arnolin - Pebers &
some other kinds of tooth paste -
& tooth brush (these cost more than
they used to!) Mum - thread,
needles, buttons, snaps, lingerie
tape, mending cotton - and
six or eight dress patterns
my size - Did I pounce on
these last ones?! I shall
just revel in them if I can
find a holiday or two to do
some sewing in! †

Your package of Leaflets
and Alumnae came the
same day - I don't suppose
people at home can dream
what a help it is to have
these old choir and Sunday
School books come out to us -
I am already planning to
have one of these songs
translated right away. Some

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of them are very very pretty
Will you please thank Mrs.
Hon - and Aunt J. for
asking - and Mr. Nellie
for letting to send - I'm
very very grateful.

I'm glad to have the
^{other} Jackson books, as you know
without my saying so - and
the Albums of course -

June 7 -

Well! I didn't get my
tale quite finished yesterday.
Wednesday night I didn't even
get to prayer meeting because
the Young People had a
business meeting and social
and I felt that my place
was there. I had been
asked to prepare a talk but

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The business took such a long time that there wouldn't have been time for all I wanted to say. Mr. Long, the other adviser, made a good speech, during which the Y. P. president came & asked me if I could cut my talk down - So I suggested leaving it out, and he was willing - I hadn't prepared it so well as I wanted to, and anyway, I have a speech or prayer meeting talk to give at the faculty group soon - I was just as well pleased.

Yesterday afternoon after the Women's Missionary Society meeting in the Church

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We went over to Dorothy
Campbell's to a children's
party - We had picked up
our dresses, tied on hair
ribbons and we carried
dolls - When we got there
we sat in kindergarten
chairs and were served
morsels of ice cream in butter
dishes (which we ate with
salt spoons) and wee cookies -
Afterwards "big" size dishes
of ice cream came around.
Then we played "London
Bridge is falling down,
and Follow me to London".
It was charming to see
little George Kitt Hobart
standing in front of Beatrice
Erison when the song ran

"Stand and ^{for} face your partner."

He is ^(five?) four years old - and
Beatrice is taller than I!

Little Sylvia and Peter Pan
(Dr. Pan's older boy) ^(9 days at their wedding) were not

too small to enjoy the game,
though Sylvia had to be
helped a little -

~~main~~ ~~gathering~~ ^{children} gathered around the
cake in the center of the
room where reposed a
beautiful cake with one
candle on it - with all
sorts of animals marching
around the edge of it -

The occasion was the first
birthday of little George Burket -
who arrived from Haying
with his parents the day
before - A grand time was had

by all! I rushed home a little early, & eat my supper and complete preparations for a party for the seniors - twenty boys and five girls -

The ^{rough} draft of the invitation I sent them appears elsewhere in this letter ^(and invitation). They are busy to death preparing for government examinations. When I heard that ~~they~~ ^{we} were to have a holiday yesterday I scratched off an invitation and then when I came actually to plan the party yesterday I had to do a lot more scratching!

But we had a marvelous time - They all entered into the spirit of the thing and

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The evening sped all too quickly.
I didn't feed them very much -
sandwiches - tiny cakes with
a dab of fancy frosting in the
middle of them, and mango
ice cream (since mangoes are
cheap just now!)

I used many of the old ^{games} ~~gags~~
some that you used in Farther
Light as far back as Moosup,
I think! All the numbers
were in English except no. 5 -
though of course we spoke
a good bit of Chinese during the
evening - Thus we really
kept quite in the spirit of
Preparing for their exams - !
I shall be sorry to see this
class go -
Much love to you
Atta

1. Enlarging the Vocabulary *St.*
2. The Art of Answering Questions
3. "Do this!" - ~~Everyday Test~~ *Everyday Test*
4. Famous Pictures - *Intelligence Test*
5. Narration - Story-telling.
6. Advice - Writing Exercise
7. Poetical Effort - *Living Poems.*
8. "Follow the leader" - *Recess.*
9. "How, When, Where?"
10. Spelling Race.
11. What Shall I Give Her to Drink?
12. Riddles -

to Redos Blues

(1. Two sides divided, and raced to find ¹⁵hidden letters and put together the words which proved to be

GRADUATING CLASS

2. Each wrote a question & put ^{it} in a bowl; then each wrote the answer to that question & put it in another bowl - Then questions & answers

were read at Random whether they fitted or not - causing much amusement.

3. "He can do little who can't do this"
pounding with stick & passing with left hand

4. Guessing "The Birthplace of Burns"
"The Dark Blue Sea",
"A Stirring Subject" etc.

5. First adjectives and names were supplied (around the circle in turn) then a story (prepared before) with these words added was read - much amusement

6. Acting by each side, of a word that rhymes with - ?

One side acted a word that rhymed with shook - It took the other side a good while to guess that the word was look -

Then we had cats & a few riddles and they had to go home)

Suataw, China

June 10, 1935

Dearest Ques,

Summer days are beginning to come. I felt pretty hot today walking up to school, and back just at noon time. I am very comfortable now, though, sitting here at my desk in front of my open East window.

Saturday, fortunately, it was cool, and Kenneth and I were not uncomfortably hot, as we had expected. We might be, on our mission to Chaochowfu to ask questions about the school there. Neither did it rain, although I was prepared, with an

umbrella in my hand and
rubbers in my little 2x4
(or thereabouts!) suitcase which
Emily sent me (with chocolates
in it) at Christmas time.

The principal met us
half-way in all the questions
we had to ask, and was
very gracious about showing
us around. Yet it was
all very different from the
days when we used to go
up there to examine the school,
when I first came to China.
Then a delegation of teachers
and students met us at the
station, insisted on carrying
every last bit of everything
we carried - umbrella,
handbag, etc. - and were
so thoughtful and friendly.

Mrs. Khen this time did ask us how long we were going to stay - we got there about 10.30 - and then said "well then you'll have dinner here - you'll eat with us, won't you?" We had, however, brought our own lunches, and were glad we had, for I'm a notion it would have put them out considerably if they had had to get dinner for the two of us -

In the old days the school was a girls' school, though, and now it is co-ed, and the proportion of girls is small. We knew the teachers then, - most of them had been our students - "The world do move"!

We have to make a report to the Board as to the value

of these schools - Whether
it will be of any use to
them, I don't know. I
think very likely the axe
will fall before we get
our report to them. We
have had intimations
recently that some fairly
big sections of the work
will have to be cut out,
for lack of finances -
but we don't know what
sections. It may be that
the Hakka work will have
to go -

Yesterday Mrs. Wisner, the
Mennonite missionary, died at
our hospital. When she came
in a few weeks ago they knew
she could not live long -
cancer had gone all through

her system - Her going
 was very peaceful though -
 and there ~~was~~ a beautiful
 little service at the church -
 with Mrs. Baker officiating -
 As I sat in the church, listening
 while Elsie and Beatrice sang
 "My Faith Looks up to Thee", and
 "I will Guide Thee with Mine Eye" -
 and Edna playing for them -
 what a comfort it must have
 been to Mr. Wiers to have
 American friends there to
 express their sympathy and
 their desire to comfort him.
 He and Mrs. Wiers came
 back to China two years
 ago on faith - and instead
 of their passing out money
 to the Chinese, the Chinese
 have brought things to them.
 He has been very much

worried for the last few months because burial affairs are often very difficult to arrange here, and very costly. It happened that today policemen came just at the close of the funeral and made some fuss about a burial certificate or permit - right at the church door just at the close of the service - out loud in great big voices - However Mr. Viers minded that very little, because there were friends here to look after the thing for him - and because it was so much less of a rumpruss than he probably would have had at an inland place - It is a blessing

4

for her - and for him too,
for her to go now. He is
wonderful in his submission
& the Lord's will -

Have I told you that I
really am planning to go to
Kuliang? Letters arriving in
Kuliang (via Foochow) before the
25th of August will find me
still there, I think -

We are delighted that postage
has gone down a little - It
ought to go down a lot more,
but 20¢ is much better than
25¢! You asked if you
had put enough postage
on your letters - I guess
so, for I haven't had to
pay anything on any of them!
Love to you. Alice

Suataw, China

June 16, 1935

Dear Cues,

The end of the term is fast approaching. I am afraid I shall not be able to get in all my entertaining of the various classes before the end of the term if I do not hurry. The foreign members of the faculty are now planning to invite the Chinese members for a social evening some time this coming week. I wish it were over. I have not been in the mood for socializing for some time and I don't know just how well well I will be able to pull off a social stunt.

Exams for the seniors begin

this week and then the grand
rush is on. I am trying as
hard to take things as they
come, but my desk, and my
desk drawers, bureau drawers,
tops of tables, chairs, chests
and everything else get piled
high with everything under
the sun and then the
rooms are in such a mess
that I can't stand them
another minute - so I steal
an hour from sleep and
clear up a bit. But it
is very much like father's
famous definition of house-
cleaning - "Moving clutter
from one place to another"!

I have about decided
that I will stay over for
the Convention the 16th &
17th of July. That means I

go to Kuliang July 18th, probably.
There is a bigger, faster boat
sailing on that day, & I am
going B Class, which will be
\$9 (Mex) cheaper than on other
boats; - \$27 instead of \$36. If
exchange continues as it is now
that means between \$11 and \$12
gold going and \$15 or \$16 coming
back. Coming this way the big
boats don't stop at both Foochow
and Swatow so I have to take
the regular one. Of course this
doesn't count the chair up the
hill to the mountain, and carriers
for the baggage, nor staying over
night if I have to stay. I don't
know yet whether I shall be
alone except for a little Hakka
young woman who is going up

to study. I'd be glad if one of
the other missionaries ^{could} go when
I go. Marguerite is going up
again this year, and the Hobbs,
but I doubt whether they'll be
going as late as I go, if I wait
for Convention.

One reason I'm thinking
so seriously of staying here late
is so that I can get some
of my things sorted out and
straightened up. If it isn't
too dreadfully hot I should
be able to settle down and
get some letters written. I
can do so much better at
that business if I'm not
interfered with by twenty
thousand other affairs!
When I feel that I've got
plenty of time to write a
letter I can go at it a

little more leisurely, and take more pleasure in writing - feel now as though I were having a real chat with the fellow at the other end.

I am ashamed when I think of all the letters I should have written ages ago! I owe Maryland and Lolla, to say nothing of a great many others. Now Clyde is stepping off, and I want to write to him - or to him and her. I didn't get from your letters whether you had met her or not. If ^(yes) so, what is she like? Don't tell, but I'd like to send them something for their dining table. Is there any way that you

can find out the size of
their dining table, - if it is
adjustable, both the small
size and larger size? I'm
not sure just what I can get,
but I'd like to get something
they could use. What is your
opinion? Do you think that
table linen would be as accept-
able as anything? And have
you any suggestions as to
whether Chinese linen or
Irish linen would be better?
I'm undecided as to whether
I shall keep it until I come
home to avoid duty, or send it
on now anyway. I'm almost
afraid to send it ^{now}, because
they charge such high duty
these days! What do you
think?

What do you make out of

the enclosed letter? It came with a birthday card. I figure that the town is Sedgwick - and wasn't there a Ronald Gower who lived in Sargentville & went to school with Arthur? I seem to have some faint recollection of something like that.

I must quit and write a letter to this Mrs. Triggall. I want to send the letter on to you but now as I read it over I realize it should be answered before I send it on; otherwise I may forget what she wrote.

I had a letter from Uncle Arthur's Mr. Hoover yesterday. He speaks of Uncle Arthur's 95th birthday celebration. Why

is it that I can never remember
to send him a letter in time
for it? If you think of it, will
you tell me the date of his
birthday the next time you write?

He seems to think Uncle A. is
pretty feeble - and that Uncle A.
himself feels he won't be here long.
He is pretty remarkable, I think -

Much love to you both -
and to all the dear ones -

Abbie

Waltham April 30th 1936.

Dear Miss Abbie Sanderson.

Last September the Secretary of our Mission Circle, at Beth Eden Church, gave me your name and address, as having the same birthday (May 27th) as I had.

Suggesting that I send you a card in time for that day.

Slas for my good intentions - Christmas brought me a new pocket-book and her card remained in the old one until this morning so I am afraid this card will be late.

Now I must tell you of a strange thing I went downtown to get the card and and do some other shopping, and there I met a friend, (Mrs Pitt Danforth. Ne Grace Gower) so she brought me home in her car and came in for a chat, and the card with your name was lying here on the table, so I passed it to her saying this is the missionary who has the same birthday as I have, Mrs Danforth looked at the name a moment and said: well I think that lady's father was pastor of my father's church when I was born, and I think likely she went to school with my brother Roland Gower.

she gave me the name of some little town in
Maine. was it Bedrie, or Bedar or some short-
name like that,

If you are not the person she had in mind.
this will mean nothing to you, but if you are
it will make the world seem smaller and
all of us nearer to-gather.

I my self was born in a small mining village
in Nova Scotia, it was called Goldenville,
and by the way that Village was named by
an American Lady who never saw it.

It happened this way: when there were enough people
there to have a post Office, they decided to call
a mass meeting of the inhabitants to choose a name
and a young American there wrote to his sister
of their intentions and she wrote back that
Goldenville would be a nice name.

So when the meeting was called, this man
offered the name, and it was chosen.

I am aware that this is not a regulatrin
letter to a Missionary, but as far as I can
remember I never did the expected or regular thing
so you will have to excuse the rambling.

We think of you in these troublous times
and Pray God that he will give his ~~Angels~~
Angels, charge concerning you.

(M) Bessie B. Frizzell

15 Summit St.

Waltham
mass.

*See X
copy sent Arthur
I'm enclosing a copy - will you
please send it to Arthur - (save postage!)
When you write. (15-1)
Swatow, China
July 1, 1935*

Dearest Ones:

What do you suppose? I bet you could never imagine and I can't either. A friend of Uncle Arthur's, & Mrs. J. Vinton Scott, is conducting a party of tourists to Manila on the Express of Japan and she wants me to meet her in Hongkong. I can't do it because I am this week in the midst of examinations and next week getting ready for the Retreat for Christian workers and the Convention to follow ~~AND~~ various other reasons. There are a few things about her letter which seem a little strange to me, but that may be because I don't know her and we are often prone to wrinkle our brows doubtfully in regard to people, things, or affairs we have never seen nor heard of before.

According to her letter, she helped Mr. Hoover to give the 95th birthday party for Uncle Arthur; Uncle Arthur is very anxious for her to "contact" me, knows she is writing the letter and said he would have Mr. Hoover write to me about her. (I got Mr. Hoover's letter last week but he did not mention this lady, except to say that a lady friend of Mr. Yeaton's had helped him with the birthday party) She has a movie camera and Uncle A. is very anxious for her to get some pictures of me and my surroundings (She couldn't take pictures of my surroundings very well in Hongkong, I think;) She knew I might not feel able to afford the expense of the trip to H.K. but felt sure that Uncle A. would take care of that. (Not hearing from Uncle Arthur direct in regard to this matter, I scarcely see how I could take that for granted!) I really am very curious but I can't manage to see the lady, I'm afraid. I wonder whether Uncle George will remember having met the lady?

Exams are on, and on with a flourish. The graduates, poor things, have to take three complete sets of examinations; they have the regular school finals, a special test in preparation for the government exams, and the gov. exams themselves. They began the business earlier than the other students did, of course, and the whole affair will be finished. I have really culled some valuable information, especially from my English Conversation papers.

"There are six ways of traveling; motorcar, ford, bus, packard, doug." Ask Uncle George if he ever had one of that last mentioned kind. It is an easy-riding kind, but we don't usually spell it that way!

"When my friend's wedding is over I say best wishes to the bride and you are graduated to the bridegroom".! Get that?

A letter from Mrs. Nelson of Newport, R.I., says "You'll be interested to learn that one of our dearest church girls, almost like our own, is now the minister's wife in S. Berwick, Me. She speaks so lovingly of your mother and father, whom they've missed this winter, but were glad they could be with your brother (on the cape, I think she said) where the cold was not so severe."

One from Gladys Paul says "I don't suppose your father and mother will be in South Berwick this summer. I shall go over and investigate anyway."

I have been a sinner about writing lately. Please forgive.
Love Abbie

Swatow, China
July 8, 1935

Dear Ones:

I have my typewriter out - have just been finishing up a report that some one else was supposed to finish a long time ago! So I'd better tap off a little howdy to you people before I close up the machine and go to doing something else.

This is what people call vacation. I am certainly thankful I did not have to go to school today. I seem to have plenty without. I wrapped up a handkerchief this morning for Edna to take down to Hongkong to give to the woman from Salem Oregon who wanted me to come down to see her and who offered to take anything I might want to send to Uncle Arthur. Then I wrapped up a little handkerchief for Elsie's birthday which comes while they are away on vacation. Then I was interviewed by the committee of the Young people who are getting ready to hold their annual summer school for the illiterate children, gave them my contribution and also about sixty pencils for them to use.

After that I started on the report on Woman's Work (mentioned above) but was interrupted by a student whose cousin has gone crazy and who came to see about borrowing a room down in the Rest House for her to live in for a while. His brother was crazy a few months last year and had that room. The property committee members are the ones to decide this matter, not I, but I am the boy's teacher, and the girl was formerly my student, and I am glad to do what I can to help them out in this time of distress.

Now the report is finished and sent to the office, and I am dashing this off to you. I must hurry, for I have a dress still to cut out this morning, so that Mai Che can sew on it while I am off this afternoon. Today the meetings of the Ling Tong Union Missionary Societies are scheduled to convene, afternoon and evening. I don't have anything to do except to use my eyes and ears and make as good a report as I can to Edith, who has already gone to Kuling, to be there in time for Religious Education Conference. She is the Woman's Workers' for this field and she has to report to the board.

I suppose Marguerite will be down from Kityang today but I am not sure. The meetings of the Christian Workers Retreat begin tomorrow night and I have forgotten just how long those meetings go on; right up until the convention begins, I think. I leave for Hualiang the day after the convention closes, if I have remembered right! And sandwiched in between, I have choir rehearsals to get the singers started on their songs for the summer. They are undertaking a special song for every Sunday, just as they did last ~~summer~~ // Summer.

It is raining! We thought we had a very brief rainy season some weeks ago, but the real rains are coming down now. The hill opposite our house had all its trees cut down last spring and in consequence the whole hillside is rapidly washing down into the reservoir. I wish you could see the view from our veranda when the torrents are pelting hardest. It is a sight worth remembering.

Much love to you.

Althe

(153)

Swatow, China

July 14, 1935-

Dearest Ques,

We are right in the middle of Retreat and Convention. The Retreat ends to-morrow noon and Convention begins to-morrow night, and we have a big Joy Divisional Committee to-morrow afternoon. We had a Woman's Committee meeting yesterday. We must get things pretty well done up for the summer - for the Convention ends Thursday and several of us go away immediately - three of us - Kenneth, Margarita & I leaving for Kuliang that very day.

If I thought I was going to have a breathing space with extra time to get extra things done those ten days between July 8 and July 14 I was very greatly mistaken. Entertainment Committee business is no small task

and there were one or two rather
bad litches this time - The choir
has been trying to get ready for
the summer and we have been
getting new members and ^{having} ~~new~~
~~extra~~ practices - I had to take
Eun's place in a Young People's
Work discussion at the last
minute - Doing it actually wasn't
so bad but I thought I hadn't
time to prepare a speech in Chinese
and so I nearly went up in
smoke over it! The whole
company divided into three groups
Sunday School, Young People's Work,
and Training New Church Members.
Tang Sim Yun and I had the Y. P.
group. The first day she introduced
the subject - The second day I led
the discussion - and it was very
interesting - Then we presented
suggestions for the committee to
adopt - (Such as having a Y. P.
Society in every church where possible,
buying material which would help the

pastors to know how to lead the
Y.P. - buying books for Y.P. to
read - having a conference for Y.P.
once a year - having a ^{Y.P.} leaders
training class once a year, - having
a movement towards getting the
teachers in the schools to pay
more attention to leadership of Y.P.
etc - People said that our group
made more concrete suggestions than
the other groups - but I don't know
whether it will go any further
than that or not -

The Ling children are home from
college - (3 of them) and other students
are coming back - to. They keep
coming to call - One girl called
Friday - from Amoy University -
she goes to Shanghai for a leaders'
conference, then goes to work
in the Y.W.C.A. at Hongkong -
It is a joy to see these young
people coming along so beautifully -

That word "joy" makes me laugh a
little, because this last week,
especially until the Y. P. business
was over, it did seem as though
everything in the world, almost,
went wrong! It is the worst
"depression" I've had - except
when we had the big trouble - that
I have had for a long time - I
know I was tired - and the
physical condition does have so much
effect on the mental!

But the world looks rosier
now, and I'm not going to
worry if I can't get all done
that I planned to do before
going away for the summer!
I must take my bunch of
unanswered letters with me,
however...

Then maybe - maybe when I
get to Kuliang I can sit down
and write to you leisurely -

without scrawling all over the page - Don't you hate to read my scribbling when it looks so terribly like hen's tracks?

I should think you would -

Clara Leach is staying with us over the week-end - She and Marguerite are taking turns coming to the meetings. Marguerite was down last week and then went back and Clara came down; Clara goes up Tuesday, Marguerite comes back Wednesday and we leave for Kuling Thursday -

* So it goes!

I'd better quit now - and see about getting a few of my letters together - The trouble with me is that I try to do too many things; I am starting two quilts on patchwork - I'm trying to get some work ready for Mai Chi to do while I'm gone - I'm getting

some language study notes ready
for a student to type while
I'm gone (so that Geneva Dye,
our new doctor who is coming,
and Carl Capen who comes out
this fall) can have them to use in
studying the language)

I'm getting songs ready for a
student to copy while I'm gone -
and I'm trying to make a new
dress and make over an old one
before I go away - and there
are ~~six~~ ^{six} periods of meetings
to attend each day; 8-9.30;
9.45-10.30; 10.45-11.30; 2-4;
4.15-5.30; 7.30-9.30 - ^{many} ~~most~~ of
them run over time, too. - I just can't
seem to get all these things done,
somehow! Woman's Committee
notes must be written up; Contracts made
for girls borrowing from Jackson Loan Fund.
Heigh-he! Love to you, Abbie

On Board S. S. Yuma
July 19, 1903-

Dearest One.

8.00

It is about 7.30 a. m. and
my cabin windows (port holes, I should
say) are closed for the washing of
the decks - I can't go on deck because
they are washing the deck - and as
I'm sitting in the A Class lounge
trying to write this little scribble
to you - If A class passengers
come along maybe I'll be invited
to withdraw! Anyway, another
passenger (I suppose, B class along
with me, since she sat in the
dining saloon downstairs with us
last night) is also sitting here - and
as I've got ousted, I suppose she
will too! The weather is pretty
hot - and my cabin is on the sunny
side of the ship (but the breeze side!)
this a. m.
I've just looked up at the clock

and see that it is 8.00 instead of
7.30. ^(I was only guessing before!) That is good news - for we
have breakfast at 8.30 and I didn't
much like the idea of waiting around
~~until~~ for a whole hour before eating -
I have had an apple, a glass of water,
and two soda crackers already
and they staved off the pangs of
hunger so that I can manage
for a little while longer - but on
ship-board one gets hungry. In
the winter time it is easier to stay
in one's cabins, but hot weather is
different -

We have just finished a very
strenuous convention - I took
notes for Edith Traver, who has gone
to Kuling, and I shall write
them up after I get to Kuling -
They will be full of names that
you don't know, but I'll send
a copy to you anyway. The
report won't show all the "strenuosity"
but it will give an idea of how

things went.

It is now 4.30 p.m. and our steamer is just coming in sight of Sharp Peak, near the entrance of the way to Fookow - We have to go up to Pagoda Anchorage - and it looks very much as though we will get there bright - I am glad, for that means we should get up the mountain tomorrow before the sun is too hot.

This has been a lazy day. I took a little walk on the deck before breakfast and another after breakfast - then lay down until noon - I didn't sleep - but I did rest - After lunch I came right in and lay down again, thinking I would do some reading - but I dropped off and didn't wake up until just about tea time. at 4 -

My things are all packed and all I have to do now is finish up this letter.

address the envelope, and stick this
label on which I'm writing in my
suitcase - Oh yes. I mustn't forget
to take down my washcloth which I
have pinned to the electric fan to get
it dry - - Then I'm ready -

The boat is shifting around now
so that the sun is coming into the
cabin again. Pretty hot - I wonder
what the temperature is - It was 90°
yesterday at Kakchich - That is fairly
hot for the seashore -

The cabins on this ship are very
comfortable, though - and clean. Marguerite
and I were to have been together but a
little Hakka girl is with us, and there in
a cabin is really too many - Marguerite
thought that was a cooler cabin and so
all three of us could stay in it, but
I couldn't see the sense in that, so I
moved out - I enjoy a cabin to myself,
somehow! You have things all your own
way then. Am I selfish - or what?

3
Already I have begun & made a list of
things I must do when I get to Hiliary.
I am definitely planning one hour of
Mandarin each morning. Whether I'll
get more than that, I don't know. They
have put me down for the advanced class
but if that is too hard I may have to
take some second year work also - Depends
on who the others in the class are, somewhat.
Aside from the mandarin, I have too big
things I want to do: letters, and lesson
sheets of notes in Chinese, Romanized with
English explanation, for the beginners in
the Swanton dialect. Mr. Geneva Dye will
begin her work this fall. Carl Capen
will be here too, but of course they
cannot study together, for Carl has
the background and tone-foundation
already. How much use the notes will
be to him, I don't know - How good they
will be anyway I don't know! I have
been through the first book, writing
down each character as it appears from

the first time and then the
romanized + English - with
combinations of the various characters.
One of the girls is typing the sheets
and writing the character - I have
brought a good part of the first
book's ^{notes} with me and want to revise
them and get Kenneth to look them
over, while we are up here at Kiliang.
Send them back to the girl and
have her retype them if necessary -
It's a good sized job -

12 P.M. the same night! We got in
after all, about 6, but the launch
didn't come after us until 8 - and we
had trouble with coolies - Mr. Henry
Lacey met us - and he and Kenneth
had to carry some of the luggage
on their shoulders part way - Now
we are settled for the night - and we
leave early in the morning - It has
been 93 - 92 - 94 - 94 - 95 - 94
in temperature for several days and
it is hot. Good night to you + love
Alice

July 21, 1934

Dearest One,

7.40 a.m. Sunday morning, and I'm up here on the cool mountain after a very hot trip from Swatow, up through Toochow, where it is several degrees hotter than in Swatow - The last days before leaving Swatow were hectic ones, and I got very tired. The day before we sailed I suddenly realized, sitting in the convention meeting, at 4 p.m., that I had not packed as much as one handkerchief, and I had to be ready to leave the next noon! So I got some one else to take notes, and I rushed home to pack. I had not got out of the meeting before I realized that I was far too tired to sit there one minute longer. I got home and had a cup of tea, which helped establish a little steadier equilibrium - and between 4 and 6.30 I made progress. At six I went to a final choir rehearsal - then back home to supper, then after a meeting again. After we got home I did some more packing, then I washed my hair - in the wee small hours! That's just a sample of the rush - I didn't know whether I could get ready or not, but I did, even though several belts and other accessories are still in Swatow, I find. I do have a toothbrush, comb, and some writing paper, however!

Now I'm up here in the cool, with no committee meetings to attend, no choir to drill, and nothing, at present, to hurry or worry about! I don't know how long it can last.

Coming through London ^{was} very fortunate, though I feel that we imposed upon people right and left. Bishop and Miss Gurdy left for Peking on the "Junnan" and Henry Lacey came down to the steamer with them. Miss Plumb at Tai Maie, who was expecting us, had arranged with him to meet us, and he just did everything for us, even to carrying some of the heavy baskets of luggage up the long steep path from the jetty to the street - on his shoulder - when the carry men made trouble and began to fight about who should carry the luggage. He and Kenneth carried all the baggage that distance for us - It was eleven o'clock at night - thermometer about 90° at that very moment - I feel so guilty to think of his doing that for us - Then he took us in his car up to Tai Maie, where Miss Plumb was waiting for us - Kenneth stayed with Mr. Lacey, and Marguerite & little Grace Lee from Hops (coming up here to college) & I stayed at Tai Maie. Miss Plumb got up the next a.m. and called us at 8.30. I had to repack some of my baggage, for one of the pieces was too heavy. I went downstairs and did that before I dressed, knowing that struggling with straps and locks etc would get me all in a lather & I should need a bath just the same, whether I had already had one or not. I managed very well - got repacked, & my-

bath taken and clothes on in plenty of time for breakfast at 6.30. We left by auto about 7 - and at just 8 a.m. we were leaving the foot of the mountain with our carriers of baggage - Kenneth walked up the mountain but I didn't feel equal to that. It was worth 1.50 ^(max) to me to be carried up! Got here about 10 and Pearl had a cup of tea waiting for me - My - it is good to be here!

The household at present consists of Ellen Suffern who is doing the housekeeping (at present) and who is Pearl's close friend; Sylvia Aldrich - another Methodist girl who is a teacher; and I. Two others are coming later - Ellen & Pearl room together, Sylvia is to have a roommate later on, and I have a room all to myself, (separate toilet & washroom all to myself) as long as I'm here. It is a lovely little room, with the sun coming in in the morning (when I'm out here on the porch working or away at mandarin class) and cool and restful in the afternoon when I want to lie down or loaf around - It bids fair to be very restful -

Ellen and Pearl went to the tennis court yesterday afternoon after tea, and Sylvia to the library, while I stayed at home and unpacked my things and took my time about arranging things just as I want them. I have a desk with

a big drawer and many pigeonholes, and a bureau with three drawers, a bamboo pole strung up to hang my dresses on - and plenty of pegs and shelves in the bathroom. Pearl brought bed, bedding, basin, pitchers, towels and even washcloths for me - which makes it so much easier for me. I had only one carry coming up the mountain - big straw suitcase (koo) on one end, and my small suitcase, leather traveling bag, and typewriter on the other end. It was a little overweight, but all I had to pay was 60¢ for the man to bring it all the way up the mountain. (I think prices are cheaper here than in Swatow.) We were fortunate that it didn't rain coming up. I was afraid, on account of my typewriter, but I took the risk, and was lucky.

I tried to choose the most comfortable dresses I own to wear coming up the mountain for I knew it might be hot. When I got in the chair, however, I discerned something that I hadn't reckoned on - the glass buttons on the back of my dress caught in the rattan of the chair as well as dug into my back! I had Kenneth's coat, however, and that put behind me made a great deal of difference.

----- At the present moment (10.35 a.m.)

I'm sitting on the shady porch in the most delightful breeze. The outlook is a cozy little yard enclosed by a stone wall, with many fine trees beyond - and the green of mountain beyond them. From where I sit I can look down into a deep valley on the right, and I can see the roof of a cottage on a little lower level than this at the left - we can see into no neighbors' houses and no neighbors can look down into our house - Sylvia has gone to a Bible class and Pearl and Ellen are in their room reading and resting - A cicada is humming in the distance and I can hear passing footsteps and voices now and then - but nothing to disturb or bother. Doesn't it sound really restful?

The mail-man has just come, with American mail for everybody but me - I can't expect any just yet. What probably reached Swanton yesterday may possibly come up on yesterday's steamer and get to Fitchburg Tuesday and up here Wednesday, but I think it is more likely to leave Swanton Wednesday and get up here Saturday -

We are living off the fat of the land. Yesterday morning we had fresh peaches for breakfast; yesterday noon pork, sauerkraut, string beans and peach pie, and last night

good New England baked beans and brown bread. Ellen says if I lose weight this summer she will charge me double board, and if I neither lose nor gain she will charge triple board! Since I can't afford anything like that, there is only one thing left for me to do, and if I continue to have as good an appetite as I have had the first day I believe there will not be much difficulty!

Well - will this do for the first of my Unhinged epistles? It was only yesterday, I believe, that I was wishing for time to sit down and spin out a long scrawl. Well, here it is, though I'm not sure it is worth very much. It has done me good to sit here and write it, anyway -

I hope you are both well - and the others too. I wonder whether Gladys Paul has been over to see you yet?

Much love to you,

Yours -
Abbie

#254 Kuliang

July 30, 1935-

Dearest Ones,

Two days after I got here your first letter to Kuliang arrived. I say first, because now I am hoping for another one. I rather smiled when I read that you did hope I would say in my next letter the right number of the cottage, for I know that I didn't tell you. Pearl wrote it in one letter but I mislaid the letter and never did find it. I wrote to her for it again and got it just in time to know what cottage to come to when I got here! But it doesn't matter, except that you were perhaps worried. My mail coming to Kuliang for me will reach me here.

Today and yesterday we have been in the grip of a typhoon, or rather - all day yesterday we knew it was coming, and were watching the barometer go down. Last night right after supper the wind and rain started in. None of us got much sleep, because we didn't know how much more violent things would get. My room had no leaks, but at 5.30 this morning I fairly bounced off my bed when the storm holding the

pole on which all my clothes were hung came down with a sudden crash! The harm was done, however, and I picked up my clothes, hung them on the bed frame and crawled back into my nest. When we got out to breakfast we found the barometer beginning to rise. The dining room, kitchen, servants' quarters were all a-drip and we had to move into one of the bedrooms for breakfast.

This afternoon the gusts are coming less frequently, and the sky is brighter. Sylvia and I went to the library to change a book - it's a very short walk, but I know it did me good to get out. We don't know how much damage has been done but a number of trees are down near here, and this is a fairly sheltered place.

This morning I didn't accomplish very much, though I did work. We didn't go to mandarin class, for we knew the teacher could not get out in such a storm. So I stayed at home and began the typing of the notes of Convention. I got only 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ pages done - but that is a beginning. I also finished a letter to Emily, the first for several weeks.

In my last letter did I mention the Oxford Group? Do you read or hear much about it? And what is your impression?

There is a fairly strong movement along that line in the Fookhow area. The meetings began shortly before I came to Kuliang two years ago. When I was here then I was in Bishop's Hinds' group - the oldly group, they say, of several on the mountain, that got any degree of help from the meetings. I enjoyed them very much. Since then a Mr. & Mrs. Williams have come back from England and they are on fire for the business. Group teams have been started in several places, and amazing reports come of bad situations improved and of lives radically changed. Generally speaking, there is whole-hearted approval and linking up with the Group and its methods, or there is a scornful disdain or pitying contempt for it.

What they are after, however, is the victorious life, and who of us does not want that? Last week I went to three days of their meetings. Maud Martin of the E. P. Mission in Swatow is very much interested and wanted me to go - I wasn't terribly keen on it because I cannot agree with them on some points. Still, the meetings were very helpful in some respects. Maud is anxious to start a group

in Swatow and I know that she looks to me to get the thing started - I cannot be sure that it is the kind of thing, though, that will suit our need. I can't go into this sort of thing unless I can go into it honestly. So!

Mrs. Williams has a rather magnetic personality and I don't want to be deceived into thinking that I've got something real if it is only a shadow. The group's great emphasis is on Guidance and Sharing - Being guided by God is something which strikes many of them as an entirely new idea - but it doesn't strike me that way. Sharing is a different matter. With them, deep sharing is an exchange of confessions, two women or two men, baring to each other the deepest experiences of their lives - sins committed, punishments, teaching received therefrom, etc. Ordinary Sharing is witnessing before many what God's power has accomplished.

In regard to Guidance, I believe in it thoroughly and I have witness to give. But I stick at the point of "God has given me guidance that you are to do such and such a thing." That may be all right in theory but it won't work! Unless it is by aid of the domination of the stronger personality.

In regard to sharing - I cannot see the benefit in that unless it is very carefully exercised and is utterly spontaneous, rather than mechanical - There are other points I am sticking on too - The girls here in this house have no use for the groups - They know my attitude, of wanting to do the thing that is right, but of honest doubt as to whether this is the right way for me, (or for us in Swatow.) We don't talk about it much.

Now for the next chapter! (That was merely background -.)

The day after the "School of Life" meetings closed, I received the following letter:

"Dear Miss Sanderson

It has come to me in quiet time this morning to write to you in case you have been guided by God to act on something that was said yesterday.

" It was suggested that all of us, who had not done so, should have our 'sin account audited', an extraordinary idea to many of us Christians. And yet this sharing has been to many of us the first step into an entirely new life: it has increased our usefulness to God beyond all that we ever dreamed, and set our feet on a new path.

(the more I would)
"We are absolute strangers, & so God has told me to write and open the path in case He wants you to use it, that you may know (if I can be of any use to one who has ^{certainly} ~~probably~~ lived far closer to God than I) - I'm here."

It will sound odd too to you perhaps that before God told me to write, He gave love for you - - but there is no 'pushing' about this: the letter needs no answer, the love is just there, & I had to let you know His message.

That was all.

In His wonderful fellowship

Betty Williams

When the letter first came I had the feelings - "Well, I'm not surprised" - "She wants to work on me to get a Swatow group started." She feels attracted to me in some way - and various other unrelated thoughts. And I rather shrank from talking with her at all. Then it occurred to me that I had no reason for shrinking from her or fearing that I would be trapped into doing something I didn't honestly think was the best thing - so long as in everything I was seeking God's will. So after one day's waiting and meditating on the matter, I wrote the following answer, trying to respond as freely as I could honestly, so that she

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could not feel I was putting barriers up to prevent her helping me:

"Dear Betty Williams,

God cannot have guided you to write to me yesterday, I am sure, without some loving purpose. I think no one but God knows how earnestly I long to have my life one of greater usefulness, and I should be ungrateful and foolish indeed not to accept help which you can give me.

"Will you let me know whether I may come to see you, and when? I am usually free in the morning after nine-thirty."

Sincerely yours: —

I took the note to her house; she was there and made an appointment with me for Wednesday a.m. at her house. It will be easier for me to go to her house, for it will cause less comment than for her to come here. Wednesday is to-morrow — I find myself wondering whether the storm will be so hard that I can't go — I don't think it will be. And I am wondering very much what it will all come to. I don't feel any impulse to "share" anything with Betty Williams, unless it be a feeling of envy of her being so wonderfully used to help people.

We shall see!

Love to you, Abbie

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254 Kuliang
Via Foochow

Aug. 4, 1935

Dear Mother,

If you have received my letter telling of my impending interview with Betty Williams, I can imagine you are interested to know what this next letter will say.

Well, there isn't much to say, after all. The talk I had with B. W., and another later with Maud Martin, were very helpful to me in some ways. I have discovered, however, that by protesting that I have used some of their methods for a long time, and that many of them are not different from what I have been taught from childhood,

I have been but condemning
myself as an insufferable Pharisee.
So I decided that was the
wrong attitude. Betty said a
good deal about guidance
and surrender, all of which
I thoroughly believe. I told
her I couldn't see that Oxford
group methods were just what
we need in Swatow. Then
she said "That isn't your
problem; you don't have to
decide whether there is to
be an Oxford group in
Swatow." I felt somewhat
relieved to hear her say
that - but what I now
think she meant was that
it was for me to get deeper
than that and see what
there was in my life that

was hindering God's work in Swatow! She didn't say it - but I'm sure she meant it - and of course she is dead right -

I have come to the point now - I have done a good deal of thinking since I came up here - these few days - where I believe I can say, If the Lord wants an Oxford Group in Swatow - who am I to hinder? If He wants me to help in it, who am I to disobey -? If He wants me to show the deep sins and dark spots of my life for the sake of helping some one in desperate need, who am I to say "no"? But I certainly feel I'd have to have very dear leading on that last

point!

The "Groupers" stress one thing which is good - early morning meditation and Bible reading and "listening" for a verse that is to give help all through the day. Some of them call it their "meaty bone" - the more you chew on it the more goodness you get out of it.

I have been trying to "listen" in this way for the last few mornings, and I've had some pretty good verses.

"Blessed are those who feel their spiritual need, for the kingdom of heaven belongs to them."

"Blessed are the humble-minded."

"You must make his kingdom, and uprightness before him, your greatest care."

Do not worry about the morrow."

"Search, and you will find what you search for."

"Why are you afraid? You have so little faith."

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her." (That is the one I read this morning. I never thought of it before as a kind of promise!)

Perhaps these cool winds and breezes are as the touch of His hand to cool the fevers of impatience and dissatisfaction and worry!

We are now in our third typhoon. This is a worse rain, but a slighter blow, so far, than the others have been. Telegrams have predicted that its height would be reached Monday - but the blow usually comes first and the rain later - We are having the rain already and so no hope that the wind

won't get any higher - But -
I dunno!

Better let this go for this
time - and write letters to
Mabelle, Lonnie Campbell, and the
Capens, who will be starting back
for China very soon -

Much love to you,

Abbie -

(158)

Kuliam 257
August 9, 1933

Dearest One,

I am reading in
the July 4 issue of the
Christian Advocate about
Miss Mabel Hartford of Dover,
New Hampshire, for forty
years a missionary of the
Methodist Board, in the
Fochow region, South China.

Do you or any of the others
know her? She retired
in 1927 and is now living
at Dover, active in St. John's
church.

According to the reports in
the paper, she did splendid

work in Foochow, Kanton, and Yenching.
I know people in all those places -
Alice Pollock, nurse in Foochow, is
the one who lent me the paper -
Miss Hartford must have been
a missionary who accomplished
a great deal - who had dreams,
and made them come true.

She went to China in 1887,
so she cannot be young in
years now. The closing
sentence of the article
however, says of her, "She has
the secret of youth eternal."

I am meeting this
summer many people whom
she must know well - We
had a tea party here this

afternoon at which the birthdays
of Mabel Davis, Edna Jones, and
Lylene Aldrich (as well as that of a
new Dr. Tucker) were celebrated.

^(returned, but back has visiting)
Miss Trimble, Miss Mann, Miss
Ruby Sia, Dr. Li, Miss Abel,
Mrs. Carson, Blanche Apple,
Virginia Bachman Winter, and
others whom she would know
were present.

You may not ever have a
chance to see her, but if you
should, you could tell her
your daughter is almost
half Methodist this year, living
in a Methodist Cottage and
meeting many Methodist people
and enjoying it very much —

This week has seen me "traveling"
along a road that a week ago
I did not expect to "travel" on.
On Tuesday I was invited to
lunch with the Williams (and Maud
Martin & one other girl staying at
their house). I had expected to
have a good talk with Maud,
but at the close of lunch, Mrs.
W. said "You girls go and
take your naps & Althea and I
will entertain ourselves." I
had expected to have a good
talk with Maud. But again
I thought, If God is really
guiding Betty Williams, who
am I to say no - ? etc -
So Betty and I talked.

I guess she thinks I am a tough nut to crack! After a half hour or so of questions on my part, she said "He don't seem to be getting anywhere very fast. You be quiet now for a few moments and let God tell you whether He wants you to share now or not." She left me a few minutes - I was willing to "play the game" as well as I could, so I honestly "listened" hard - and what I heard was this: "If you don't share now you'll have to later. Don't hedge - And I thought, if this is the right way, I

may be sorry later that I haven't done it, and if it is unnecessary, no harm will be done -

The thing is, to share as God puts it into your hearts & do, on the four points of absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love - and surrender all your thoughts, words, deeds, worries, every thing, to God, trusting wholly in Him to guide your life - We didn't finish that day, and I went again on Thursday - We had very frank talks indeed - and prayers of surrender at the close -

I think there is something fundamentally different between

my point of view and Betty Williams'. I truly believe that she "saw the light" regarding this new way of life at the same time she truly became a Christian. Whether she thinks the same change has come to me now or not, I don't know - but I honestly can't feel that my experience this last week was the same as hers of two years ago at an Oxford House Party when she surrendered her life to God. — ^{I did not wait until this week to become a Christian!}

I was rather troubled at first, rebelliously thinking, I'm doing all this because Betty Williams thinks I ought to - and why do I have to follow Betty

William's guidance? Then the answer came quite clearly, "you don't have to; you have to follow God's guidance; stop fussing!"

A note received from Betty yesterday indicates that she thinks I ought to begin by "winning" the others in my house here on Kuliary who are not yet "changed" - They do not approve of B. W. nor of the Oxford group methods and my "guiding" is that "witness" I give must be silent rather than spoken. I think more help would be given if they could see ~~that~~ in me a life that is lived close to God than as if I should tell them "My life has been changed" in

as many words - I do not feel confident, as B. W. does, that this is the right and only method for everybody! And I believe God wants us to use all the Training, and Test, and judgment, and brains He has given us, however poor they be, in addition to His guidance - She thinks we must learn to ignore what our brains & judgment tell us is reasonable -

So, I'm very grateful for all the help she can give me - yet I think we cannot go "all the way" along the same line of thought - I think our religion must be a safe one - and I don't mean "safe and sane" by that, for I do believe in

taking big nicks for God!

I'd better not scramble on too much
or you'll begin to think I'm cracked!

Clara Leach is supposed to
come to Kuliang to-morrow -
and Marguerite goes down on
Wednesday. I'm staying till
about the end of the month.

I'm enjoying Mandarin
tremendously - and just wish
I could have a whole lot
more of it -

We have had five or six
typhoons all in a row and
are just beginning to have
sunny weather now - It is
good to get things out in the
sun and get that mildewed
smell out of them!

I have a good many letters

to write and I'm sorry to say I
am not getting them done very
fast - I shall spend up
the last two weeks I'm here,
I suppose!

Much love to you.

Alice

Alice Ince said I might have
the clipping about Mrs Hartford,
so here it is -

The Methodist Woman

YEARS ago in old St. John's Church, Dover, N. H., Clara Cookman was telling her missionary experiences to an assemblage of girls. Looking intently into the earnest young faces before her she concluded with slow emphasis: "This great St. John's Church with so many girls, surely, one of them ought to go to China."

In the group was Mabel Hartford, a young school teacher whose father, a Union soldier, had died in Andersonville prison when she was four years old. At eleven her mother died. Brilliant, pleasing, alert, this young teacher was not entirely satisfied with her life. Six years before she had listened to Clara Cookman's challenging talk at Hodding Camp Ground. Now the missionary was looking straight into her eyes—and she accepted the challenge.

In February, 1887, she entered the Chicago Training School and in September she sailed for China. Hers was to be a life of pioneering, blazing new trails, particularly in the work of education among women.



Mabel C. Hartford

At Foochow she opened a school, which became so popular that the following year she opened another at Kaitien. Three years later she had established a Girls' Boarding School. When adequate buildings were needed, with characteristic energy she set about raising funds. It was hard to make the folks at home realize the need, but she worked, and prayed, and trusted.

China and Japan went to war. All missionaries in country stations were ordered to the cities for safety, and Miss Hartford reluctantly returned to Foochow; but when peace was declared she returned to her post. Later at Hsu Sang, twelve miles from her station, with eleven Anglican missionaries she planned to continue her study of the language—but on the last day of the month, without warning, the Vegetarians, a bandit gang, fell upon these defenseless people.

Miss Hartford says: "As I ran out of the door I saw a man coming toward the house with a trident in his hand. He yelled 'Here is a foreign woman,' and rushed at me, pointing his spear at my chest. I thrust it one side so that it only grazed my ear, cutting the lobe—it passed to my left shoulder tearing my waist. He threw me to the ground and pounded me with the

handle." A Chinese woman who tried to intervene was brutally kicked. Then a native Christian, aided by a servant, grappled the assailant and Miss Hartford escaped. Only one other foreigner escaped that massacre! The murderers were brought to justice, many of them being delivered up by relatives and neighbors, and beheaded.

After a furlough year in America she returned to the field, where she had the joy of dedicating a modern school building for women and another for girls at Kaitien. Next at Yengping, she lived in a native house, and taught women and girls, also

visiting homes, holding meetings and acting as general advisor.

Once more there were buildings needed, and again Miss Hartford toiled tirelessly to make her dreams come true—a building for women, a home for missionaries, and a building for girls crowned her labors. After her third furlough she returned to pioneer, this time in Yuki, where for ten years she was the only foreign resident. When civil war broke out her school kept open despite bombardment; her people looked to her for protection, and when she was finally ordered to leave with her women and girls, the city surrendered in thirty minutes.

In 1927 Miss Hartford returned to America after forty years of unselfish service, gladly given, to her beloved China. Standing as her memorial are seven buildings, but far greater are the Chinese leaders she trained. Esther Ling, her adopted daughter, who carries on the work—Philip Li, secretary of the Navy Y. M. C. A.—and a host of others who have found the life of Christ real because she lived among them.

Mabel Hartford is again active in the church of St. John's, at Dover, having formed a Wesleyan Service Guild to interest older girls and young women in missions. She assists the local W. C. T. U. as publicity secretary, and every missionary activity has her whole-hearted support. She has the secret of youth eternal.

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254 Kuliang

August 20, 1935

Mother dear,

Your fourth letter has arrived, and I suppose I shall not get another one from you now until I get to Swatow, unless one should happen to be forwarded from there the last of this week. Had I known that I should be staying up until the end of August I should have told you that you could send letters until July 30 - but I wasn't sure! I am leaving Foochow for Swatow Aug. September first. Eva Asher is staying at the University this summer instead of coming up to Kuliang

so I am planning to go down
either the 30th or the 31st of August
to be with her a bit before going
on to Swatow.

I was delighted to hear about
your visit with Idella - Indeed
I do remember Mrs. Cody and
the meeting at her house - and of
course I remember Miss Currier
too. I hope Idella will write -
I shall probably enjoy hearing
from her even more than from
Eva Owen, whose letter has
already come - written 5 days
before she saw you - and
dictated into an Adiphone(?)
machine, then typed later
by her secretary (!) She
praises my poems that I sent
her - says she has asked for

credit to be given me in the
 preface of the book, and my
 name will therefore appear there,
 beside the names of the Kings of
 Italy and Sweden! I must
 send you the letter, I think,
 but not this trip, because this
 week I must send on the
 Lyndonville card which I forgot
 to put in the letter last week -
 It is now time for breakfast,
 and I'm not bathed nor
 dressed! - - - - -

Marguerite has gone back
 to Kitzing, and Clara Leach
 has come for a few weeks. She
 has never been on Kuliang
 before, - and I think she is
 enjoying it very much already.
 I haven't seen much of her
 but she is near the Roberts and

she sees quite a lot of them -

This is "busy Kuchang" all right.

Yesterday I was at a dinner party at Mrs. Paris - (The Snator doctor's wife) In the morning before that I had already had a session with the tailor, who is making a little white "quasi" silk jacket (for me to wear when I need a little extra warmth over summer dresses -) Then I had a good talk with Clara Leach - then went to see Mrs. Wiant, to ask her about her own impressions of the results of Fellowship meetings in Foochow. Then I went to Mandarin class - and from there to Mrs. Paris -

At Mrs. Paris were two Anglican missionaries, two American Methodists and Stella Wong, a teacher in Hua Nan University (formerly one of our Hakka girls -) It was

really a very nice party - I came home and dropped down to rest for about three quarters of an hour, then went to a tea-party the other side of the mountain - At that party we had to do stunts after our sandwiches, muffins, strawberry jam, ~~sake~~ and tea had been disposed of - The enclosed slip tells what I had to do. I "induced" the old "Hey diddle cat - the fiddle and that cow that jumped over the moo-oo-on, the little dog laughed & thought the dish daft, to clope with a regular spoon -" etc. One had to preach a sermon, another to tell her spall son's latest pranks - another to tell the funniest story she

had ever heard; Miss Ezzard had to "wriggle like a lizard" - the others had to sing a duet - and so on - Lots of fun -

Today is just about as busy - This morning after breakfast I was visiting to you, and Miss Hazel Chen, an Amoy girl who is going to teach in our school in Swatow this fall, came to see me. I think I am going to like her a lot - Then I went to Mandarin - I want to write letters this afternoon, then I am going to a tea which Waneta is giving for Dr. Leach this afternoon - It is Clara's first year here. * This evening we go to a party which is a farewell to one of the mission girls (Hinghua)

who goes home to be married this fall. They are giving her a "shower" bouquet consisting of a tea cloth and napkins and a bureau set, all tied up into a bouquet of buds and flowers - wired to make them stay in place - a symphony in blue and yellow, with ferns in green - and yellow streamers at the end of which will be tied little limericks and poems on tiny rolls of paper. The people who are giving the party have been married just five years today, so they are to be fêted also - and given a carved wooden lamp stand for their living room - I'm supposed to make up a limerick now, and

my mind is a blank ! I'd
better say goodbye to you for
a bit, and get that done,
and a little rest before I
go to Waneta's -

Much love,

Abbie

B.

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And now for a solo dear Miss Sanderson
We've heard that to music your talents run,
Soprano or alto, take your choice,
But let us hear your melodious voice.

#254 Kuliang

August 27, 1933-

Dearest One,

Now that it is within three days of time for me to go down the mountain, I have begun to sort the letters that I ought to answer! I have been able to tear up a good many that would have been destroyed before I came if I had had time to get at them then. Well! In this way I can make room for some of the few things I have bought up here, most of them for other people - I have been a little afraid of getting ~~things~~ ^{baggage} overweight - I imagine that it will be all right, however, for I have sent off a few letters, and this ^{trip} should be going down the mountain, not coming up. The coolies are not as likely to object - and anyway - they get paid for the overweight.

But I have bought two pair of shoes - both ordered by some one else and taken back because they didn't fit - One is a rough white buckskin - good for school & general wear - the other "Hond" pumps for dress-up - The white ones I bought in Dover have just gone ^{down} - There were \$5.00 Indian money, which makes them just about the price of the \$2 gold shoes I got in Dover - Shoes for me weigh something and also take up a lot of room - so they'll have to be

planned for. An "Atlantic Monthly" and a "Geographic Magazine" have come up here, and I'm borrowing a book from Jeanie McChes to take down for Swanton people to read - and there all weigh something - The thing I'm sorriest about is the paper & envelopes I brought up here to write letters on - expecting to send letters off, instead of taking them back to Swanton again! Really I believe that if I had one week longer up here right now, I could get many of these letters done - My mind wasn't settled to it, somehow!

Last Friday afternoon Mrs. Williams invited me to her house for tea, then a meeting of a few people, then supper - and then a larger meeting. In the smaller meeting there were nine people - and what we did was really to prepare for the evening meeting. I suppose they would call this a smaller group the team. This team meeting was practically a number of "Quiet Times", some shorter, some longer, after each of which the thoughts which came, or convictions, regarding different matters were pooled. First, the larger number of people felt that Grace Davis should be the leader. She felt at first that David Williams should be leader, but was willing to be "checked up" on that "guidance" - What it amounted to was everybody's earnestly praying to be led in

(Grace was ^{the leader} in the evening; she is a teacher in Anna Ran Roman's Colleg, Fookien.)

the matter of who should be leader - all willing to do it if that seemed best (though some of us very shrinkingly, I fear!) Then a time of "listening" for what should be the line of thought - who & how many should take part, what lines of thought stressed, etc. (Some of them had evidently been in prayer regarding who should be invited, and the list ^{had been} made out, invitations sent, etc.) Those who would probably come, those who might come, etc, were considered - their problems, how help might be given to them, etc. After it was decided that we should ^{all} have a part in the meeting there came a time of "listening" for each as to what each one felt God wanted him or her to say. Then we told each other what we felt we should say; anything that someone felt would not be helpful was talked over and thus we knew practically what the line of thought was to be - The points brought out were mainly

1. We are getting a new idea of God, getting to know Him in a different way; now we must face the next step; how can we help others?
2. We are witnesses out here in China, expensive ones; what have we got to show for it?
3. Am I living a "surrendered" life?
4. Am I able to face trouble, sickness, death, problems, as a Christian should face things?
5. "What wilt Thou have me to do?"
6. ~~There is the~~ The only way to keep what you receive of blessing is to ^{be} ~~give it away~~ - share with some one.

By the time these things were all decided it was time to have supper and we had good eats - soup, salad, meat, vegetables, lemonade - and a mixed fruit dessert. Soon after that was finished people began to come - about thirty in all - from all the denominations here, Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Lutheran, Reformed Church - Irish, English, Scots, Americans.

My part was a small one - I simply told of my desire to get help, when I came up to Kuliav, - to help so many "down in Svatov" who are needing spiritual renewing; and of my finding very soon that I needed first to get rid of some of the things Jesus denounced most severely - Pharisaism - pride - hypocrisy - in myself! I told of reading the verse "But alas for you, you hypocritical scribes & Pharisees, for you look the doors of the Kingdom of Heaven in men's faces, for you will neither go in yourselves nor let those enter who are trying to do so" - and of feeling that it hit me pretty hard; I told of realizing that my spiritual life had been paralyzed, and of my renewed desire to follow more of some of the good impulses I have to "speak the word" - instead of letting those impulses die before they breathed

more than once - I told of my desire to leave off "credit-snatching" ^{etc} ~~and "blame-avoiding"~~

What that meeting meant to most people, I don't know - nor what the entire results will be - But here is one thing. Clara Leach was there - and was rather deeply impressed. She has been talking with some of the Fellowship leaders since then, and is apparently leaning decidedly in that direction - I had a good talk with her today and - I have a feeling that there is possibility of much helpfulness in the fact of her having been up here to meet the same people I have met this summer - As I see it, this whole movement isn't really new, - it has a few different twists that are exceedingly helpful in getting some people down to bed-rock reality in religious matters - but it is the same old Gospel - made new to those who have gone stale or who have lost the "vision" -

I must stop - or you'll still be reading this sometime in the middle of next week!

Much, much love to you,
 Albie

P.S. The very day I read the verse about "you hypocritical scribes and Pharisees" I saw a letter in the magazine "Groups" in which a man from Burma wrote of his discovering his own great sin of Pharisaism. He was so proud because he had been graduated from the oldest Theological School in America, and had taken post graduate work at the oldest University in America - He hoped he was sure of the trouble of looking down on others supposedly less well educated - and told of his story in a renewed consideration of his life. That letter was signed W. W. Dyce!

[Letters enclosed also included
July 7, 1875 from G. Owen.
June 23, 1875 from
R. Capron to AGS.]



Kulcar

August 29

Mother dear —

I'm going down the
mountain to-morrow and since
I am trying to throw away
or do away with all possible
stuff because the load is a
very heavy one, and these things
are accumulated that I want to
send to you, that is what I'm
doing. So this isn't a letter —
but will furnish you with reading

material to keep you busy for
a while -

All my love to you both
and to the other dear ones!

Yours

Abbie

Hingwa via Foochow
China.
July 20, 1935.

Dear Homeland Friends:

STATION S. O. S. Hingwa. Sylvia E. Aldrich. Announcer. CHRISTMAS is coming. What? thinking of Christmas this hot July day. Yes, not only thinking of Christmas but of that big family of children and students who are depending on us—you and me to bring them some Christmas cheer.

I should have been thinking of Christmas in June when I sent out my general patron letter. At that time it was so hot that I was thinking mostly about getting the letter off and getting to the mountain out of the heat. I am on the mountain top now. It suddenly dawned on me that I did not even mention Christmas in my general letter so I am sending this S. O. S. to you now. As I am writing I am reminded of that poem about a tree the last line which says, "For only God can make a tree". I am certain that only God could make these mountains with all their beauty...the trees, sunsets, the clouds and the quietness. The only sound as I am writing is the sleepy sound of a cicada and the drone of my machine. Words cannot describe their freshness only with the eyes and the ears can one appreciate their beauty.

It seems almost an imposition to remind you of Christmas when the papers contain so much of suffering from heat-waves, floods, and dust storms, but freely we have received freely we will give not only of our possessions but of our time in service, and above all of our prayers. Pray much that the children and the students may catch the real meaning of Christmas... "Not to be ministered unto but to minister".

Now for the Christmas reminder. MONEY preferred. That would make an exciting title for a book as "Jungles Preferred". Don't you think so? However I am not limiting the giving to money. I am including some of the things that we can use and are very happy to have.

Hose (children's sizes 7 to 9 including half sizes.	
Handkerchiefs.....	Bath towels medium size.
Pencils	Erasers
Cloth lengths	three and a half yards.
Balls	Beads
Tooth brushes	Paint
Soap	Wash cloths.

This is by no means a complete list but will give you an idea of the things that we can use.

STATION S. O. S. singing off.....On the air again in 1936 to express our thanks to all who respond to this signal of Distress.



Swatow, China
Just now at
Kuling, via Kinkiang
July 17, 1938.

Dear Friends:

The first of this year I was still not able to get about, (I am so glad that I can somewhat now!) so I was moved to the dry sunny rooms of the empty Capen House, and how I enjoyed the bright sun perch with its ferns inside and the rows of flowers outside! Many a group or individual conference was held in that room before I left it again for East View after Mrs. Worley's return to the U.S.A.

In February our Religious Education Committee held a retreat for about four days. The members invited a few others to meet with them. We lived together in two houses in a quiet place. The fellowship, the united study, the spiritual inspiration received made all resolve that we must meet again next year.

I had been asked to write a historical sketch of our South China Mission for a Chinese mission study book which is to be published in this centennial year of Baptist work in China. This took much research, but oh so much interest was found in the lives of the early missionaries and Chinese Christians! I hope the book will be an inspiration to present day Christians.

In April our Swatow association met on our compound, and local members of the Religious Education Committee were asked to prepare a demonstration for three of the periods. We presented a new rural pastor persuading his church members to do volunteer work in the church, and training them to do it; then he taught some of them in a Sunday School training class, and a model Sunday School was also presented. A good many took part in the representation, and the Chinese are born actors! But even the deacons who most opposed the innovations were won over, and all, young and old, went to work with a will. In the last period a discussion was held on the matters that had been taken up in the demonstration.

The next day I went to Kityang for three weeks' work. The women there had already started a two months' training class, and they wanted me to come and teach the more advanced classes. It is always an inspiration to teach the Kityang women. They are educated and progressive. We studied Second Corinthians, the Christian Home, methods of Christian Work, and Prayer. I had also a course in Religious Education for men and women leaders. Some of them are simply on fire. Pastor John Sung in his evangelistic meetings has promoted forty-eight volunteer evangelistic bands of Baptists and Presbyterians in that association; and the zeal of the leaders carries over into other Christian work. It was interesting on my last Sunday there to visit the Sunday School classes, and see how the teachers were trying to carry out our plans and to make the lessons become vital.

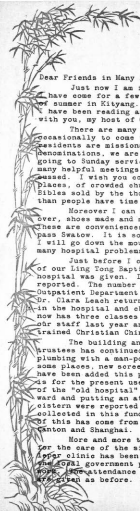
In May I led a retreat in Chaohow for the teachers and students of the Presbyterian Women's Bible Training School. Then Miss Kang and I went to Chaopang for the Women's Union Missionary meeting of that association. Last year I felt that these women were rather discouraged, and this year there was to come before them the proposal of raising the whole support of a new graduate from Nanking Bible Teachers' Training School, Miss Ling; also a share in another fine worker from there, Miss Grace Chen; as well as their usual share in the salary of Miss Kang. We prayed that a miracle might be done, and I felt that it was done, for they voted to take over the salary of Miss Ling if I would see to her travel money; they will go on with their share in Miss Kang's salary, but they were not yet certain about Miss Chen.

The annual Ling Tong Convention is going on now on our Swatow compound. The Women's Union Missionary meeting is just over. May all plans for the new year be of the very best! I am sorry not to be there, but am glad to be a representative at the meeting of the National Committee on Christian Religious Education which tomorrow begins its meeting in conference with Dr. Weigle of Yale.

I think often of my friends, and wish so much that I could write more. I appreciate your love and thought of me and of this work.

Sincerely yours,





DR. MARGUERITE EVERHAM
KITYANG VIA SWATOW
CHINA.

August 12, 1935.

Dear Friends in Many Places,

Just now I am in Kuliang, a place up in the mountains where I have come for a few weeks to get away from some of our six months of summer in Kityang. My desk is covered with your letters which I have been reading and greatly enjoyed—it was like having a visit with you, my host of God given friends.

There are many advantage for an upcountry person like myself occasionally to come to a place such as this. Most of the summer residents are missionaries, and although of many nationalities and denominations, we are all one great fellowship in Christ. I enjoy going to Sunday services in the English language, and attending the many helpful meetings where the problems of mission work are discussed. I wish you could hear the inspiring reports from many places, of crowded churches, souls born again, preaching bands, Bibles sold by the thousands, and countless other blessings, more than people have time to tell about.

Moreover I can get some much needed clothes made and made over, shoes made and mended and this letter printed in two days. These are conveniences we don't have in Kityang, and which far surpass Swatow. It is sort of a miniature furlough. In a few days I will go down the mountain and return to Kityang where the sick and many hospital problems are waiting for me.

Just before I came here I attended the last day of the meeting of our Ling Tong Baptist Convention when the annual report for our hospital was given. I am glad to tell you another good year was reported. The number of patients both in the hospital and in the Outpatient Department have more than doubled in these three years. Dr. Clara Leach returned last fall, and every department of the work in the hospital and church is helped by her presence. Miss Stephens now has three classes of nurses in training. Dr. Louise Wu joined our staff last year and Dr. T. H. Lo is still with us, both well trained Christian Chinese doctors.

The building and remodeling program as planned by our hospital trustees has continued; a nice gate house, a new kitchen, much plumbing with a man-power pump at the river and running water in some places, new screening and a small building for morgue and chapel have been added this past year. The new Isolation Hospital which is for the present used as a Nurses' Home, rebuilding the remains of the "old hospital" for a Staff House, remodeling the upstairs ward and putting an attic over it for a store room, rain troughs and cistern were reported last year. To date there has been \$15,712.14 collected in this fund, and expenses keep pace with income. Most of this has come from the Chinese in Kityang, Swatow, Hongkong, Canton and Shanghai.

More and more the community look to this hospital not only for the care of the sick, but for help in other ways. The hospital fever clinic has been transferred to the Kityang County Poorhouse, the local government paying the expenses and our staff doing the work. The attendance is increasing weekly. Evangelistic messages are given as before. In fact, largely through this connection, our

Christians were asked to preach there regularly on Sundays. Our hospital is given a half page in the local newspaper once a week for articles on hygiene. Medico-legal problems of the local government are often referred to us, and wounded soldiers sent to us. The local medical profession, rather numerous but poorly trained, constantly look to us for consultation and advice. Thus both in and out of the hospital there are countless opportunities to serve and witness for Him.

I tell all these facts very prosaically, but actually these are the things we have been praying and planning for these past few years, and the Lord has heard our prayers. There is much on our hearts still for which we ask the prayers of our Chinese church, and I share these with you asking you to pray it through with us. This hospital was started before the nursing profession was started in this part of China, and patients were accompanied by some of the family who cooked for them and looked after them. Thus with its forty outside doors it is not suitable for a modern hospital with nursing service. We do not have room enough for our patients—often do not have a single empty bed—nor is there room enough for the staff or any department of the work. We are praying for a new hospital when this will be used as a nurses' home, outpatient department and service building. But there are land difficulties as well as financial ones. We need guidance as to whether to buy additional land to the south of us, or buy the school buildings as requested by their trustees, when they will build elsewhere. At present there are almost impossible situations in both propositions. Electricity seems like almost an absolute necessity, but in addition to the money needed there is the problem of land as the plant should be on the river front with a pump for running water. There is also the problem of what kind of an electric plant to buy with a view to our needs in the present, the future, day and night use, x-ray, pump and other needs. Our greatest need is for a consecrated man medical missionary to fill the big place there is for him here in the hospital, the church and the community.

Please pray that we may be guided aright in solving these physical problems of buildings and equipment. Hitherto the Lord hath led us and we believe He will continue to lead. Pray that our Board in America may be able to send a physician to fill the big need there is here for a man missionary doctor. Pray most of all that Christ's power may flow through our lives and work.

Sincerely yours in His glad service,

Margaret E. Wickham