

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Beyond Chicago
March the 9th

Dear people of the _____ Church,

You
will be glad to know that I
am thus far on my way
without serious mishap.
Last night in Chicago, with
all my delightful visits along
the way memories rather than
anticipation, I was just beginning
to wonder whether I should
lose just a bit of courage in
face of the long, solitary journey.
Suddenly we heard singing,
which proved to be the joyous
of a group of the Moody
Institute girls & one of their
number who goes on the same

boat with me as far as
Shanghai. We shall both
meet friends in Vancouver,
and are looking forward to
an exceedingly pleasant trip.

It is getting more and more
wonderful, the farther I go.

The word "missionary" seems to
be a magic one, and opens
the door everywhere to kindly
interest and courtesy. I
cannot help believing that
people all over the country
are being increasingly interested
in and convinced of the
power of foreign missionary
work.

Don't forget that I need

your constant prayers!
Yours in the Master's Service,
Abbie J. Sanderson

If the above seems too
abrupt or can be changed
for the better in any
way that you see, just
go ahead! Or if I have
left out something important.
The letters should be
sent to each pastor, if
possible - I'll let you
see all about that.

We are now waiting in St.
Paul station, and you
may be sure I am glad
that is some one with me —
for Mrs. Young of this place —
to whom Mrs. May telegraphed
hasn't been able (on account of
this bad snowstorm we are in)
to get down to meet me. I
don't know yet whether Mrs.
Parish will get on at Minneapolis
and can't find out whether
reservations have been made
for me — But I'm not
alone — so I don't care
much what happens!

Love —
Abbie

PEAK HOTEL.

HONG KONG.



Swatow,
April 12.
LAST MONDAY

"PEACEFUL HONG KONG"
OF THE SAFE TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

Dearest Folks in the World -

We arrived day before
yesterday about ten o'clock in the
morning. I hadn't supposed that I
should be here two whole days before
writing to you but such is the case.

Now can I ever tell you all
about it?

We had a very comfortable trip
up from Hongkong. In spite of all
warnings to the contrary in the letters
they sent us from here - Our boat
stopped in Swatow Bay, and a
multitude of sampans crowded
around from Swatow harbor and from
the island. The boatmen just swarmed
up the side of the ship. We watched very
eagerly for people who might be at &
meet us. After fifteen minutes or so

we went on the other side of the
ship - and there they were. As soon
as they were able to get aboard we
found that the following people were
there. Dr. Leach, Miss Culley, Miss
Traver, Mr. Hildt, who has come down
from Chao-chow for some committed
meetings, and Frank Foster, whom I
recognized while he was still in the
Sampan because he looks so much
like John. When we got to shore
Mrs. Worley, Mrs. Capen, Miss Fildes
and the two Capen children were there
to meet us - I met later the others -
I can't tell you how many people
presented us with the Copied books
you ever saw - Mr. Capen and
F. Foster gave us some beauties -
The Capen children brought us lovely
ones - and later when we were
going through the compound Mr.
Capen sent some of his very choicest
for me - two different yellows -
a beautiful hug jacqueminot, etc.

In the afternoon there was
a prayer meeting at Mrs. Behaviors
a session with the English Presbytery
over in Swatow proper - Dr. Foster,
down from Kitagang for the
committee meetings, was the
leader. He and Frank were
so delighted to think I saw Grace

PEAK HOTEL

HONG KONG.



TELE. ADDRESS:
"PEACEFUL HONG KONG"
and 211-212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

as I came through Waterville - I'm
so glad now that I did miss that
train!

I am sharing Miss Culley's room
with her in this lovely house -
Eastview. It is just for the time
being - Conference is next week -
Then the Hildretts are very anxious
for us to come up to stay with them,
but it is by no means decided and
moreover, we don't have the decision
of it ourselves - for which I am thankful
since I would never know what was
the wisest thing to do -

Since the earthquake Mrs. Wiley,
whose house was very badly damaged,
has been in the guest room here -
downstairs - Miss Childen's room
is next to ours - A bathroom

opens into our room and on to the
upstairs porch - Another - the same
from Mrs. Fieldens door - and
downstairs I don't know - By the
way - Helen Fieldens is Margaret Fieldens
cousin - and looks like her in
a good many ways! Miss Culley
reminds me of Charlotte Leach.

Dr. Everhard is staying with
Dr. Leach and Miss Northcott very
near here. The first night they
came up here, and the last night
we went down there to dinner.
Today - our household is invited
to Dr. Ashmun's to lunch.

Yesterday morning I visited the
girls' school - and this morning
the woman's school - yesterday P. M.
at the woman's prayer meeting. At
the first and last of these I had
to make a little impromptu speech
which was interpreted. They asked
this morning again, but I said
simply that I was glad to be there.

Yesterday afternoon we had two
hours beginning our language
study - It seems like the
worst thing that could ever have
been invented, but I'm going to

PEAK HOTEL.

HONG KONG.



TELE ADDRESS:
"PEACEFUL HONG KONG."
ON THE LATEST TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

enjoy studying it, I think, as soon as I can get any sense to the differences in tong. It is certainly very difficult "ts, th" as I have learned already - But our teacher said at the close that we had done "hó, hó" (pr. Law, law!) which means very good - we go at it again at two this P. M.

So many questions will arise your minds, I know - and so many things crowd in to tell you that I can't possibly think of them all -

I'm not going to send for anything by you for a while yet - for you have to have an export license - Don't know yet whether I'll be able to send you anything while I'm here because I have to have a U. S. import license to do it.

It is ~~not~~ for me to describe this place to you, for it is surpassingly beautiful - I am delighted, not only with the people but with every flower and fruit of all kinds!

The earthquake damaged a good many of the houses - so that now and at the conference next week, they will try to plan for larger work for future years. You may not be living in this house when the plans are completed.

I had supposed we would be in the dormitory with the girls - but we are in a beautiful house by ourselves - The teachers (Chinese) take care of the girls -

There are three or four servants - The cook - the houseboy - who takes care of the rooms and waits on table, the cooler - who carries water, scrubs, sweeps, etc. - Then there is a fourth one - and I haven't yet made out just who he is - Mrs. Worley's cook, maybe - Can you imagine a cross between Miss Filpatnick and Lena Cushing? That fits

PEAK HOTEL.

HONG KONG.



TELEPHONE
"PEACEFUL, BEING HOME"
OF THE EAST TOURIST SYSTEM.

Mrs. Worley pretty well.

I brought one fine big rope grass chair from Hong Kong - Dr. E. brought a similar one - We don't know whether we shall take these with us to Chee chow foo or not -

The next to the last day on the ship - "My hand got a jerk" - and that nice little glass bottle that fitted in my bag - slipped out of my hands and broke - but what matter? I got the prescription filled in Hong Kong - The next I can say for the dash on my body is that it is no worse! As for my head, it is decidedly better. Although I haven't used the ointment

every single day -

My hair is a right though -

The rainy season here has just begun - and far from being swelteringly hot as we expected - the air is somewhat behind a part of the time - but today I have my sweaters on in the house -

Hair needs washing - but don't know when I could get it dry - I don't curl it as you can just imagine how it looks!

But everybody seems glad to see me, though, so I'm not worrying. Maybe after a while it will get used to not being curled and will behave a little better -

Will try to write a more orderly and consecutive etc one next time, so

Fare thee well until next time

Love -

Abbie











Dear People of the Church

Durango, China

Apr. 9, 1922

Before you read my letter, please look carefully at these five little paper banners. At New Year's time these banners are given the place of honor over the door of the house, and worshipped in order to bring to the home during the year the five great blessings, - Prosperity, Peace, Long Life, Prosperity, Wealth, and Happiness. They may be seen in many of the very homes from which our girls come. If the girls become strong Christians, sooner or later they will be able to have these symbols of superstition removed. Do you want to help tear them down?

Yesterday a cable from America gave instructions not to go ahead with new buildings until regular work appropriations had first been cut down, - because of the appalling deficit. This looks as though the work on our buildings may have to stop, even though the money has already been appropriated. I wonder if you can even guess what this means to us?

Long years we have dreamed and waited and planned for High School buildings for our girls. There is no other girls High school in the district and the girls from every side are streaming now for higher education.

Here are just a few glimpses at our situation: high and grand girls both crowded into spaces too small for grammar alone; classes held all day long in tiny dining rooms as well as in damp basement rooms; girls sleeping in inflammable mat sheds which elsewhere are forbidden by government; 140 pupils assembling daily in a room big enough for 70. Do you think we need these buildings?

And just now we know not where to look for the sum of \$4500.00 to finish paying for the bridge from our new house over to the school. Can you help?

The situation is serious; but it can be remedied. Many of you are working ceaselessly and whole heartedly, and turn your purses inside out for the Gospel's sake. But - some one, some where, has lagged. Are you - YOU - one of the sleepers?

No, I'm sure you are not, but perhaps the man next you needs a little prodding and maybe you are the one to do it! Please pass along this S.O.S. to some one in the church or the town who is not awake to the great dangers that lay on our heads. WILL YOU HELP? Don't forget to pray for us. We need your prayers more than ever before.

(ABBIE G. SANDERSON, SEATON, CHINA, LANGUAGE STUDY AFTER THE MISSIONARY TRIP).
Feb. 1st. 1920.

I have buckled down to books again, after my country trip, and it is not much like play, I can assure you. I am preparing to teach Myer's General History in Chinese next year to our third year High School Class. The Chinese translation of that book is Classical Chinese, which is entirely different from the spoken language of the common people. It is really very difficult for a person who has had no more Chinese than I have; so I am rejoicing that I have been able to procure for the four or five weeks between now and the opening of the new school term after Chinese New Year, the services of a young man who has just graduated from Nanking University, and has come back to teach in our Boys' Academy. I have been struggling along (I didn't know it though, and thought I was doing pretty well) with a High School boy for my teacher. But the boy's English was very limited, and I wasn't very sure of the meanings. This young man gives me the delicate shades of meaning, putting the Chinese into perfect idiomatic English. I enjoy the work much better with him, of course, and get a great deal more out of it, too. He enjoys it all the better, too, because it is rather advanced work, and I have to work to get it. It is hard to get it, but harder still to keep it. I am reminded of what a teacher of mine said last year. She was complimenting me, with fine sounding flattering words (as they always do everybody) and telling me that I had a fine memory. A moment or so later, when I forgot some characters that I had learned the day before, she said with a sigh, "Koi tit, koi sit," which is a Chinese proverb. It says, in the clever, terse way the Chinese have, "Easy got, easy lost." I had a good laugh then, and asked her where my fine memory was! Then she made all haste to apologize, and to repeat the flatteries she had said before.

Examinations in school begin this week, and then comes the vacation, but not mine. I shall want every spare minute to catch up in, so that I may hustle off that last Language Examination which hangs over me. Miss Fielden leaves for America in about three weeks, and we have no one who is just ready to take her place teaching English. I'm deep into Medieval History, and Miss Miller, who came in December, is just beginning her language study. She will have to study two years, just as I have, before beginning to teach the Chinese girls.

The other night some of you heard me telling about a few of the difficulties a missionary to South China encounters when he attempts to learn the language of these people there. These difficulties seem mild indeed in comparison with others that come to every missionary when he has been there long enough to think he is beginning to understand the viewpoint of the Chinese. For he is bound to make a great many mistakes in this line while he is getting his experience.

I went through one period while I was out in China, of feeling that missionary life out there was nothing but a series of difficulties, one after another. People here at home wondered why I didn't write more inspiring missionary letters ~~have~~ to be read in the churches and to be printed in the magazines. I thought at the time that the reason was because nothing happened except troubles with the house servants, troubles with the school work women, trouble with the teachers, trouble with the girls or with some of the parents, troubles with some of the other schools in the district, troubles with the villagers, troubles with some of the Chinese church members. And when it happened, as it does once in a while way out there in China, there are Americans who fail to agree about some matter or other, it seemed to me that life had become such a complicated affair that it could never be straightened out!

As I look back on it now, I feel that much of the trouble was imaginary, ~~nothing~~ needed to be worried about; that a great deal of it came from little blunders which I made myself because I was as yet ignorant of the people, their customs and that point of view that we talk about so much. When I am back in China next year, I hope I shall not forget that many of the difficulties that seem such mountains will prove to be only mole hills if I can ~~only~~ succeed in understanding the situation before it frightens or discourages me.

Bright Love is a girl who has been in our school a number of years. When she was a small child her parents engaged her to the son of a family in another town. Two years before she was to graduate from grammar school she went to her home for the summer vacation as usual, but two days later when we were getting ready for some repairs on the school building during the time when it was vacant, we found her back again, hiding in one of the rooms upstairs. The working women were friends of hers and they had promised her not to tell us that she was there. When she had reached her home she found that the young man was getting anxious to be married, and his parents were planning to make a raid on the home and carry her off. He would not allow her to remain in the school so we sent for her mother. ~~There~~ had been able to manage her daughter. She was willing for the ~~other~~ family to come and "seize" her daughter. The money had been paid years ago for the daughter was married there would be no more need for the ~~money~~ for rice and tuition and other expenses. The girl ~~was~~ was one but since we would not keep her in school against her mother's wish, she ran away to the next village to the home of a friend.

I did not know what to do. Bright Love had told me about her how she could not endure the thought of marrying the man to whom she was engaged. He was stupid, and ugly, and many other things which she told me every time she thought about it. And the girl had not yet ~~asked~~ asked her school work. She begged me to write a letter to ~~see~~ see the family asking for her to be released. And of course it ~~was~~ was short of brutal for the girls parents to force her to marry ~~the~~ the man whom she hated. I wanted to do everything in my power. But before I went to China one piece of advice I had ~~from~~ from older missionaries about everything when you first go out. ~~I~~ I wish. She helped me to do some more investigation.

from the Chinese point of view there was no reason a earth why the girl should not marry the man. In fact, with the arrangements all made and the time arrived when the girl was considered of a marriageable age, for her to ask her freedom would have thrown grave suspicions on the young man's reputation. He had committed no crime and so there was no reason why the arrangement should not be completed. And if I, a foreigner, had interfered in the matter, I should have incurred prejudice not only against myself, but against all foreigners, for coming into their country and meddling in their affairs when I had no business to do so and when I did not know anything about their customs. So I dropped the whole matter, though in my heart I could not help being sorry for the girl.

I did tell her I would lend her some money for tuition if she was allowed to come back to school, on the condition that she would pay half her tuition by making tatting and then pay back the money I loaned by making more tatting later. I received a box of it from her this summer. This is what happened. The girl was so eager to continue school that the young man's family finally agreed to let her keep on with school for two years more, until she graduated, last year. In the summer she was married, and last year taught in the school connected with the Inland Church, across the bay from us in the city of Swatow. She and her husband seem perfectly happy. I have found out the reason she called him stupid and ugly and said that she hated him. It is the same reason why a girl I know said she didn't like dandelion greens. She had never tried them! This girl had never seen the man at all!

Then there are some of the difficulties which seem trifling when compared with the happy things they bring. Gentle Fragrance: loud voice, asking for desk; Father a teacher who became Christian, I'm afraid studied everything carefully, good student; one of my most conscientious music pupils I ever had and one of the most promising ones too. Her I remember the day when she came asking for church membership. It may seem incredible to you to keep a lovely girl out of the church even for a month because she had a temper but that is what was done. The teachers in the school who knew her, thought that she ought to be a little more careful about that matter of temper if she was going to join the church so they asked her to wait until the next time. The next time she had no interest in the matter, she said and didn't want to join.

Music tantrum... Decision day just before I came away she rose and said she wanted to be a Christian. In the winter I had a letter from her which I should like to read just as it came to me. Fan ... letter from Cokshun.

Difficulties with workmen. Strike of servants. Ultimatum.

- " Little girls; strike when they wanted to parade.
- " " would not wear costumes "kui"
- " " Physics Chem in Eng. "weeps" Phak tau's letter.

Not really difficulties... Cheng ang... letter.

Letter from Abbie G. Sanderson to the Aroostook County Baptist Churches.

Swatow, China,
October 31, 1920.

Dear People;

Sunday night here and Sunday morning there! We are just at the close of God's day, and you are just at the beginning of it. This is the one time in all the week, I believe, when I most often think of you. It is a real inspiration to picture you all getting ready for the church services and the Sunday School services and Young People's and all. We have had our busy, full, happy day and you are all ready for yours. (sky,
"As you watch the sun sink down in the west, While the glowing colors flood the
"As you think that perhaps across the sea, The last bright rays have wak'nd me;
"Then I watch the sun and so do you; It shines on us both for a minute or two,
"And the miles of sea 'twixt you and me Seem very small.

"But all the day & the long night too, ^{When} skies are blue & the clouds hang
"There is never a moment when God above Is not watching o'er us with tender
"And I look to Him and so do you;
"Be cares for us both the long years through,— (love.
"And the miles of sea 'twixt you and me Seem none at all.

Aren't these verses beautiful? One of my fellow workers out here, a dear girl who lives with me, wrote them to her mother. I'm sure you will be happy to share them too.

I have seen a good many busy days, and struggled with not a few puzzling problems since I wrote my last letters to you. Miss Colley went home in June as she had planned, and after a good summer's rest in the hills, I have plunged again into the work for which I have been preparing these two years. I have been confronted with some situations which were difficult, and constantly there is a little fear lest some carelessness of mine or my inexperience may do something to harm the work. Yet I feel, too, that His is the hand that is leading me, and if I can only learn to trust Him more fully, His own work will surely prosper.

On the 21st & 22d. of this month we celebrated the Sixtieth Anniversary of the opening of the South China mission. We did surely have what the Chinese would call a "lee-jiet" which means "a lot of people together having a grand good time." Only a certain number of delegates from each school were present at all the sessions, and our chapel was filled with guests from inland stations. We had speeches from American guests; Dr. Robins of the Rochester Theological Seminary, and missionaries returning to their work in other parts of China, as well as missionaries who came from their fields specially to help us celebrate. These speeches were given in English, and translated into the Swatow dialect. Some of our own missionaries gave addresses in Chinese, after having given a brief summary of their talks in English for the benefit of the Western guests. In the devotional services the Chinese pastors took turns with the missionaries. But two of the finest, most stirring talks we had were by two of our college graduates. These men have a far vision of what the Chinese church must do if progress in the future is to be rapid and real. They believe thoroughly, and preach forcefully the gospel of a church which shall not be dependant upon the money, the energy, the Christianity of the foreigner. We are proud of their spirit.

On Thursday afternoon the residents in the port of Swatow were invited to a tea to meet the Western visitors; and on Friday afternoon the delegates, both Chinese and foreign, enjoyed a tour of the schools on the compound. The Academy boys exhibited the apparatus that is used in their science courses, along with some of the work of their Health Promotion Club, such as model houses, model kitchens, sanitary and unsanitary wells (all in miniature). They greeted us with rollicking band music, then with welcome speeches and Chinese string instrument music. The kindergarten kiddies were nothing short of captivating as they gave their little exercises and acted a little story on the tennis lawn. Last of all the visitors came to hear our girls sing. I wish you might have heard them. It is more than worth any number of discouragements to hear those sweet voices singing "My Task", "O come to my heart, Lord Jesus," "Flies as a bird to your mountain," "Sweeter as the days go by," "We shall see the King some day," and others.

Saturday morning was the grand parade in Swatow city. Our girls and the primary and the kindergarten, and boys' schools from Kityang and Chaoyang, & even as far inland as Kaxing. The Women's School and the theological seminary and our boys' Academy were all there; the whole parade made an imposing procession of over twelve hundred people. The bright banners and bright splashes of color in the crowded streets, and the various school bands beat their drums and tossed their horns, demonstrating their enthusiasm by a joyful noise though some critics hesitate to give the same praise! The Chinese love processions, and this grand display seemed a most fitting climax to the biggest event in sixty years.

Our 124 girls send you warmest greetings. I am daily getting to know them better, especially the ones who are in my classes in Old Testament History, Music, and beginners English. We are sorry that our third year class of High School work could not be opened this year on account of insufficient teaching staff. The girls are clamoring for this work, and we must begin it next year. Will you not pray that the right teachers may be found and the way opened?

I want to thank you for the letters you dear Arcostock people have written to me and the things some of you have sent me at different times. I wish I might write each of you a personal letter. I want to tell the Bridgewater girls again how much I do appreciate the splendid boxes they sent. Some of these things will make Christmas happier for the girls this year! And thank you all for your prayer and loving interest. That, I know, is what carries me over a good many hard places out here!

Yours in the Master's service,

Abbie G. Sanderson.

Swatow, China, May 7, 1922

Dear Girls:

Last Sunday was a day to make our hearts sing. Out in the open air, in the big court and on the banks around the stone baptistry in our little valley here in Kakohieh, eight or nine hundred people-- possible a third of them Christians-- were gathered to witness the solemn rite of baptism. Potted flowers bloomed around the edge of the basin, and the picture was completed by the score or so of baby faces which peered wonderingly through the blossoms close to the rim of the pool.

The childish treble of the primary girls as they sang about Spring faltered a bit but was none the less lovable. The music which followed, however, was of the kind we are just beginning to enjoy out here. It is no easy task, yet quite possible, to train Chinese voices; and those of us who know best what that means felt our hearts bubbling over when the group of boys and girls from the high schools sang in four parts Stainer's beautiful Who Are These? In Chinese they sang it, bursting forth joyfully with the "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" then on more quietly "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes.... in the blood of the Lamb", and softening to subdued tenderness in the closing refrain

"And God shall wipe away all tears-- all tears-- from their eyes-- all tears-- from their eyes-- all tears-- from their-- eyes"

After Mr. Waters' fitting talk about baptism the candidates came forward; and we had the happiness of seeing fifty-nine young men and women, boys and girls confess before the world their determination to follow Christ as Master and Lord.

Only one or two of the fifty-nine have even reached middle age; the others have the best part of a lifetime before them to honor God here in this country where He is so sorely needed.

Eight of the number are from our own girls' school. I must tell you about one of them. Ever since she came to us three years ago from an absolutely heathen home we have watched her with the greatest interest and hope. About a month ago, when Dr. Poter was here holding special meetings, Cheng eng stood quietly in her place and signified her desire to become a Christian.

Her father is a manager of the theatrical performances which almost always are given in connection with idol worship, but he is willing, it seems, for his motherless little girl to accept Christianity. Will you help us to pray that he too may come soon in spite of the many difficulties?

At the examination of candidates one of the questions that came to her was this:

"And you are willing, you dare, for the sake of Jesus, to give up all worldly pleasures, such as theaters?" Her answer rang bravely and clearly:

"I am willing; I dare!" And she will!

June 25:

No, girls dear, don't get excited, - I haven't kept the letter two months, as the heading of my letter would seem to indicate, just barely two weeks! The other page is one I began long ago to send to several of my friends at home. This is one of the copies that has never yet been sent so I am putting it in with one or two of the pictures that you may share it too.

On Thursday of this last week we had graduation exercises in the chapel, and fifty women and girls received diplomas. I shall need no photograph to help me remember the spectacle of the students from six schools streaming into the building from three doors all at once; the graduates marching in from the center back through an aisle formed for them by a double line of next year's graduates. The smallest came first, the kindergartners from the two schools were followed by the two primary, then by the older grammar girls, the women's Bible school, and the class of kindergarten normal, the first in this district. After the graduating address we listened to a speech from the commissioner of education in Seattle, who kindly favored us with his presence and seemed rather impressed by the exercises. Then each graduating class received diplomas and sang its graduating song. The march was our own girls' graduation march, sung by our girls, as all the schools marched in and out. The closing prayer was sung by the women's school. That line of graduates, from tiniest to tallest, will stick in my mind for many a day!

The day after graduation Emily Miller and I started off at five o'clock in the morning, took beds and food and went by little boat and local steam launch to Phau Thai where one of our graduates teaches a primary school. We had my personal teacher and one of our high school girls along and so we were able to get the most of the examining done in the morning. Then they invited us to eat with them and they gave about the most delicious Chinese food I ever tasted in all my life. I ate a good deal more than I ought to I know; but when a taste for their fish balls, mushrooms and shrimps, livers and gizzards, tripe, kidneys, chicken, duck, birds nest, sharks fins, spicy vinegars and salty soy sauces has once been acquired, nothing else in the world tastes as good as most of the things at a Chinese feast. They had some weird gray octopus affairs which I could not bring myself to touch, - but I suppose even they have been good if I could have screwed up my courage!

We finished our exam. in the P.M. and then gave each child a tiny doll. Some of the dolls had lost arms and legs, but the kiddies were breathlessly pleased and excited about them. It was a treat to see the girls in their faces as some of them came and couldn't make up their minds which to choose!

Did some one say furlough? Mine comes next year, June 1925. Mr. Evraham and I hope to sail together, and I do hope we shall run into some of the rest of you on the way. I am hoping to land in Seattle, but it is hard to make definite plans so far ahead.

Blessings on you all, and love to each one of you,

Affectionately yours,

Abbie J. Sanderson

Aug. 6, 1928.

Dear Folks:

The great Swatow earthquake of February, 1918, took place just before I left America, and although I have heard many people say they would not have missed it for anything, yet I have never understood just how anyone could feel that way, nor have I ever wished for one minute that I had been there. I can understand better now, though, for the mammoth typhoon which swept this district August 24 & 25, has been a strange experience for me, and one that is teaching me many things. Perhaps it will help make me a better woman and a more consecrated missionary.

Until about nine o'clock Wednesday night Mary Ogg and I were enjoying the most cheerful sing,—and our songs were the most peaceful of lyrics & lullabies. Emily Miller and I had our beds brought into the living room, for we knew that we should never be able to stay in our beds out on the veranda where we have been sleeping, in the high wind that had come up in the evening. About ten o'clock the two bamboo mats that we have used as awnings were torn loose and made a great racket whipping against the pillars and railing and flying up to slap and hit on the veranda roof until they were wrenched off completely. The storm came on so quickly that we could not get all the shutters closed, but we did the best we could, then lay in bed and waited, while the house shook, trembled, stopped, then started violently again. This kept up until about midnight, when the storm suddenly shifted from the north, and the west window, directly beside our beds, blew in,—with a mighty crash and fall of glass, and the horrible rasping shriek—like a great madman's—of the wind & rain whistling into the house. That awful howl still rings in my ears.

Our bedding was soaked before we could get it down stairs, and the rain was already pouring down from the upstairs room, but we dragged our army cots out into the hallway, and got the Chinese women and children settled there with us. We thought that the storm was abating and that we might get a nap, but no—, another shift in the wind and we were up on our feet to brace the front door against the raging tempest. The cock came and helped us hold the door, and the Chinese women helped to get our trunks, boxes, clothes, etc. out into the hallway. One thing that puzzled and frightened us all was a rolling and pounding as of huge tenpin balls. We could not determine the direction of the sound, but the walls drunkenly quivered and shuddered as the shocks came thick and fast. We held the door for over an hour. Suddenly the water began to rush in at the door cracks in knee high swirls. Emily & I looked at each other, & then she said,

"Abbie, that is the ocean."

Just then one of the women, apparently struck with the same idea, leaned over and tasted. The water was salt!

You see, the two houses of the Chaoyang mission compound sit side by side, and about 80 feet back, facing a shallow lagoon about forty acres in extent. The lagoon is walled in from the sea on three sides, by a dike about 4 feet high. On the top of the bank on the land side runs the public road, just beyond a compound wall which was eight or ten feet high. The Greenbecks' yard is a little higher than ours, but ours is built up on a five feet basement, which makes our floor nearly three feet higher than theirs. So when we found it was the sea water beginning to swirl insistently around our feet we hurriedly piled a few things on tables and chairs and rushed up the stairway through the pelting of rain, plastering and bits of flying glass from the skylight above. Leila Campbell had long since been driven into Fannie Northcott's room. Her shutters had blown off, the window broken in, a part of the roof off, and the rain coming through the ceiling in great streams, just as in the living room which Emily and I had left a short time before.

In Fannie's room the girls were frantically holding their door as we had held the one downstairs. Then the gust switched a bit to the east and we took turns holding first the door and then the window. Emily and Fannie took courage in both hands and went out on the east veranda, and closed the shutter there while we belted it on the inside. Then we concentrated on the south door, which was our last hope. It was a matter of some moment to keep that door shut, for with the exception of one tiny and quite inaccessible room under the kitchen, the room we were in was the only one that was dry even in spots. More than once just as we thought the door could not hold a moment longer, a little respite came, which generally meant that the next gale would be fiercer yet.

Straining every muscle, one of the women pushed by mistake against the glass, and out came the lower pane, letting in a furious blast. In a wink Emily had stuffed a pillow into the hole, and it held! Finally we got the door nailed shut in several places. It seemed then as though that is what saved the day; I suppose it was then that the storm really began to die down. We all dropped down to get what rest we could the remaining hour or so before dawn. At five o'clock we were able to go into Louise's room and look out toward the front. Never in my life can I forget that sight!

The only thing visible was a wall of sea which appeared to be vellying full speed into our front yard. Talk about surf—and breakers—, there they were, at our very door! I have no words to tell the thrill of horror & yet of fascination that gripped me as I stood watching that surge of water beating towards us. In reality it was much lower than it had been in the night; nevertheless the impression was that of an onrushing flood that must swallow us up the next moment. As the day grew lighter, we could see that the compound wall had blown down. As the waves broke upon it we felt the spray on our cheeks. We could see the Groesbeck's verandas stripped of roofs, and their tall date palms, custard apple trees and others bent almost to the ground. The terrific tidal wave had rolled on past us up into the fields in back of the house, carrying broken shutters, parts of boats that washed ashore, and all the planks and crossbeams of our lower veranda! This explains the noise of pounding tennies,—the veranda was simply torn loose, knocked to pieces, and driven along. Our upper veranda was ripped in a good many places, & the roof all gone but the frame. We have a hole through to the sky in the living room.

We went down stairs fearfully; but the water had not come much higher than when we left the hall, and the most of our things were high and dry. Emily had no dry hats, and I had no dry shoes. I found my camera, with three exposures still in it, soaking on the floor. As soon as it was bright enough I took the pictures and hope that they may come out all right. Under the camera were books containing all my pictures of the great Swatow earthquake. We peeled them off, washed them, dried them, and now I am planning to put them in the same book with any pictures that I may be able to get of this catastrophe. I am not sure that I shall want many pictures, though; I need none to help me remember it!

The Groesbecks had a more frightful experience than we did; waist deep water throughout their lower floors; huge China closet crashed to the floor and many dishes broken; desks and typewriters and all sorts of valuable records overturned and soaked with mud and water. The door was broken in half, and no one knows how many things have been washed away. Their kitchen and servants quarters were quite demolished and not a thing left in their pantry; no sugar, flour, eggs, charcoal nor even stoves. Fortunately our culinary department was not disturbed; the Groesbecks came over here to meals until yesterday morning. The hardest thing for them was that Dr. Groesbeck was out on a country trip, and nothing was heard of him until he got here late tonight. We could not help worrying, & we have all been singing hallelujahs since he came.

The fine big chapel here has but two walls left standing; the prow of a huge fishing boat split the whole building and brought the roof down. This is the building that was used for a hospital, and several patients were drowned and buried in the debris.

This all seems bad enough, does it not? But we consider ourselves fortunate indeed when we hear reports from elsewhere. Over 3100 bodies have already been dug out of the ruins in Swatow city alone, where the stench is unspeakable. Our mission compound is a wreck as far as roofs are concerned, many Chinese houses flat, and many more people homeless than at the time of the big earthquake. Miss Quiley has ten Chinese people in our house with her now, and she is using some of the rooms for a hospital. Whole villages of ten and twelve thousand have scarcely more than two or three houses left standing. Whole families are wiped out.

Many of the river launches were smashed to bits; we found the red and blue cabin door of one in our front yard. There is no way to get to Swatow except by small boat, or all the way by chair, and either way at an exorbitant price. For the first two days we could get no chairman because they were all busy cleaning up their own houses or carrying coffins. Two villages very near here suffered severe losses, and we have heard the wailing at all hours of day and night. The shores are lined with the wrecks of large and small boats; several were caught on the lagoon dike and probably thus kept from crashing our houses down. Our boys helped to get in a number of boatmen who were washed up clinging to planks. The coolie we hired for the summer ran with his wife and six children from their tinyatched which was blown over, to the chapel; and they lost one little girl as they were fleeing from there to the school.

A number of people swam to the high new Institutional Church building in Swatow and were saved. Our chapel in Kakohieh was not badly hurt but some of the schools cannot possibly be reopened this fall.

More I cannot write; the details are sickening. Will you pray that we may be nightly strengthened in this great trial of our faith?

Yours in our Master's service,

ABBIE G. SANDEHSON.

Smetow, China, Nov. 4, 1922

Busy days are these! So busy that I have not yet had time to mark off on the calendar how many of them are left before I come to America. I am getting more and more excited as the time draws near. I do not long to be with you again! And although my leaving here for a time must mean a heavier burden for someone else, still I hope that the rest of a furlough will fit me to do better work than ever when I come back. There are still several months before July, but if they fly as swiftly as these five years have sped it will not seem long until I see you.

You have heard about the terrible typhoon which swept this district the second and third of August. Those who have not seen the awful devastation can have no accurate idea of the villages laid waste, the boats crashed the splinters, the people who have no food, no decent clothes, no homes. Can you imagine what it would be to go to bed peacefully at night, and in the morning to have nothing left of your house but flattened bits of broken wall; to find all your clothing and furniture and everything else washed away, your pigs, cows and sheep drowned, your crops ruined, and all your family gone, leaving you dazed and hopeless in the face of such calamity? There are thousands of people who had just this experience. Our own mission buildings suffered severely. Many of you, I know, have been touched by the tale of our great need and are loyally supporting our Board in this time of emergency. Some of you have sent money directly to us. If your own eyes could but see it all, you would know how grateful we are every bit of help. It is impossible to see how the needed work is all to be done; but God will supply all our need, according to His boundless riches, we have His own promise. I want you to thank every one who is helping to share this burden. Especially do I want to thank you for the prayers that I know are going up to the Father for us. We do need them!

Two of our missionaries, Miss Sollman and Mr. Baker, have been released from regular duties to carry on relief work in connection with the local Red Cross. They are distributing by the thousand garments that have been made by Christian women and girls. They are overseeing the building of dikes and houses and giving out literally bushels and gallons of medicine. They are sending out bamboo mats to shelter temporarily those who have no protection from sun and storm. Although they are sorely needed at their posts, we all feel that this call is the more urgent one; and truly they have a wonderful opportunity to take the Message to many who have never heard it or have long been indifferent.

We cannot all share so directly in helping to relieve the suffering. Some of us must stay here in Kakchih, keeping the school together as well as we can. Our roofs were sufficiently repaired for us to receive girls this fall, but you should see the mat-shed that we put up last year! It is a sight; the mats gone, beams and planks all twisted and split and cleaving away from the main building which it adjoined. Many of the girls were obliged to find boarding places outside the school. Particularly in the case of newcomers from heathen homes, this situation is far from ideal. We do not get the desired contact that comes if they live in the school.

Contact with these Chinese girls is what we want- a way to get acquainted with them and know them so well that we shall understand how to help them. My contact with them comes while I am teaching such things as square root, proportion, and algebra. I have also a class in elementary child study. I wish you might hear the wide-awake discussions about the play instinct or

a teacher's best method to draw out a shy or backward child. They have good ideas, and oh, the graphic way that some of them can tell a story! Once I apologized for so frequently giving them illustrations from my own childhood experiences. The immediate chorus of protest convinced me that, at least, they had not been bored. Of course they preferred stories about my brother and me to dry stuff printed in some book! That was the sort of thing that "just suited their hearts". It was "good to death" - "haw-see", with an upward drawl to the "haw" and a most emphatic "see". (can you say it?)

In my Old Testament History class I get some marvelous information and puzzling questions. "The sons of Jacob are - Ephraim, Manasseh, Seth, Enoch," and sometimes even "Abraham". "What happened to Salomon when he died? Was he saved?" Many a Bible incident, however, has a profound significance which we Westerners miss but which the Chinese girls grasp immediately because it vividly portrays to them some familiar, everyday scene. In that class I am not always the teacher, but often the learner.

Miss Miller and I each have nine organ pupils -and they can make a racket when they are practicing! It might be rather hard on the ears if we let ourselves forget what a tremendous thing it is going to be for them to be able to play the organ later on.

(visit us

How would you like to meet our 150 girls yourself? Come out here and we'll make you feel at home in a jiffy. Let me warn you, though, these girls may request you to do anything from taking their picture to making a speech in chapel. They'll just ~~know~~ you want to help them! Perhaps you will be in my study when some of the older girls come to straighten out a knotty problem about the buying of food or looking after the sweeping; or when they come bringing tating to pay for tuition. (Would you like to buy some? It is inexpensive and if you will send to me you may have any pattern you choose) Or, if you are there when the missionary sewing committee comes to discuss ways of earning money, your opinion is sure to be sought, and you will be assured that your ideas are invaluable. Our Missionary Society is an old one which has recently become a World Wide Guild, - one of the first in China. On Wednesday afternoon, that time ordinarily used to study drawing and sewing, you may see the primary and grammar grades busily making trousers, jackets, and mattress covers for the typhoon relief. The High school girls have done a good bit of relief work, too, but all outside of school hours except on Independence Day, Oct. 10th, when the whole school turned to and each class tried to out-sew every other.

Last week at the girls' prayer meeting the subject was "Willingness to Serve". The leader gave an earnest little talk and the prayers which followed showed that more than one girl was thinking hard. The singing of the hymn "I'll Go Where You Want me to Go" brought a catch to my throat, as it always does, and a yearning to my heart that every girl might learn what it means to be willing to be God's messenger. On Sunday another one of the younger girls was baptized; I was so proud of the quiet, happy way she took the step. The longer I am here the more I realize how small is my part in the working out of God's great Plan. Many girls will not be led to Christ by any word that I can say to them in person. But I can pray for them all; and I am very confident that God will ~~use~~ mightily use some of these young women to teach, and preach, and live His Gospel in China.

Christmas greetings and all good wishes for the coming New Year!

Yours in our Master's service,

Abbie J. Sanderson

Robinson Baptist Church,
Care Rev. P. C. Clark, Mass Hill⁻²⁻

1. The first step was to identify the key players in the project. This included the project manager, the sponsor, the steering committee, and the project team. Each of these groups had a specific role to play in the success of the project.

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Caribbean, Pacific and all other islands for the coming 1955-1956.

Shanghai, China, Nov. 4, 1922

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Miss Miller and I each have nine organ pupils -and they can make a racket when they are practicing ! It might be rather hard on the ears if we let ourselves forget what a tremendous thing it is going to be for them to be able to play the organ later on.

How would you like to meet our 150 girls yourself? Come out here and we'll make you feel at home in a jiffy. Let me warn you, though, these girls may request you to do anything from taking their picture to making a speech in chapel. They'll just know you want to help them! Perhaps you will be in my study when some of the older girls come to straighten out a knotty problem about the buying of food or looking after the sweeping; or when they come bringing tatting to pay for tuition. (Would you like to buy some? It is inexpensive and if you will send to me you may have any pattern you choose) Or, if you are there when the missionary sewing committee comes to discuss ways of earning money, your opinion is sure to be sought, and you will be assured that your ideas are invaluable. Our Missionary Society is an old one which has recently become a World Wide Guild, - one of the first in China. On Wednesday afternoon, that time ordinarily used to study drawing and sewing, you may see the primary and grammar grades busily making trousers, jackets, and mattress covers for the typhoon relief. The high school girls have done a good bit of relief work, too, but all outside of school hours except on Independence Day, Oct. 10th, when the whole school turned to and each class tried to out-sew every other.

Last week at the girls' prayer meeting the subject was "Willingness to Serve". The leader gave an earnest little talk and the prayers which followed showed that more than one girl was thinking hard. The singing of the hymn "I'll Go Where You Want me to Go" brought a catch to my throat, as it always does, and a yearning to my heart that every girl might learn what it means to be willing to be God's messenger. On Sunday another one of the younger girls was baptized; I was so proud of the quiet, happy way she took the step. The longer I am here the more I realize how small is my part in the working out of God's great Plan. Many girls will not be led to Christ by any word that I can say to them in person. But I can pray for them all; and I am very confident that God will ~~use~~ mightily use some of these young women to teach, and preach, and live His Gospel in China.

Christmas greetings and all good wishes for the coming New Year!

Yours in our Master's service.

Abbie J. Sanderson

Swatow, China, Aug. 10, 1925

Dear Friends:

I wonder how much of the truth of all this mess over here is getting to United States ears. Letters ought to arrive very soon now telling us what you people in America are hearing about us. I want to explain to you the situation as it appears to me; but events have been racing along and attitudes of mind changing so swiftly that what I think to-day is often very different from what I thought yesterday. I realize, too, that my being so near to it all may blur my perspective and make some unimportant details loom all out of proportion. That is why it is so hard to write.

The Shanghai Affair of May 30th not only brought forth anger at the shedding of Chinese blood on that day but also released a blaze of long-pent-up indignation against the foreigners for their superior airs and for their exploitations in the past. Old China, with her traditional slowness of communication and lack of co-ordination, astonished us by breaking into conflagration everywhere at once. The British and the Japanese were almost immediately boycotted in every possible way.

After the shooting in Canton, certain Cantonese leaders, incensed because the French and the Americans did not run enthusiastically to their support against the British, agitated the question of extending the strike to include us too. In Canton it was done. The British here in Swatow are not allowed to travel nor to buy even food in any shop. All public and private Chinese servants are forbidden to have any dealings with them. All British coast steamers have stopped. Boatmen and ricksha men now ask our nationality before they will take us anywhere, and the other day a ricksha coolie refused me because, he said, he would draw no "red-headed persons" whatever! On the first of August the violent faction of the strike agitators daubed Swatow with inflammatory posters which flaunted foreigners' wrongs against China past and present, and announced that a strike against all British, Japanese, French, and Americans would begin that day. It did not begin, for there is a majority who evidently do not want it—yet. It may come any day.

It is easy to read the mark of the Bolshevik in these various denunciations of "foreign imperialists" and "militaristic dogs". But the Chinese look upon the Russian Reds as their friends and are blind to the fact that they are sparing neither money nor pains to gain a foothold here in China. There is little doubt that much of the present indignation was first aroused and later fanned to flame by "Red" propaganda. This province of Kwangtung where we live is strongly Communist. There is a Cadet school in Canton, controlled by Bolsheviks, through the influence of which many mission schools may be prevented from opening this fall simply on the grounds that the schools are under the direction of foreigners. This question is already coming to us.

Whatever the causes may be, the fact is that all China is on edge with resentment which is just now directed mostly towards Britain. A girl student wrote to me last week from Peking:

"Unfortunately we must fight England. We are already learning to wrap bandages."

The Chinese are nursing all their grievances, and many of them want war; British subjects in this country have suffered not a few outrages, too, in the past few weeks. Some of our people started up river to Thai long for the vacation weeks, but were accosted in the night and warned to turn back by the Wukinfu English Presbyterian missionaries, who had been attacked that day by red-necktie soldiers (one branch of the Sun Yat Sen forces). Their compound was invaded, the houses looted, the two women and one of the men were beaten and threatened with knives. The other man was sick in bed with fever. All four were helped by the hospital assistants to escape at night by boat. When they

reached Kityang the Reds were still after them, so they fled to the other side of the river, where they hid until morning. They were finally picked up by a launch and brought safely to Swatow. Affairs cannot go on as they are much longer. War with England is terrible to think of, but many people fear it is unavoidable. Heaven grant that it may not be!

The Chinese have suffered deplorably unjust treatment on many occasions; there is no doubt about that. No one can blame them for wanting to free themselves from bonds which deny their equality with other nations. Of course they resent the presence in their country of foreigners who have the constant protection of alien gunboats; what they resent even more bitterly is the fact that such protection is necessary! Exactly what an abrupt giving up of all rights might mean to the foreigners now living in China, no one knows; but that is not the important question. If we fail now to practice the rule which we have tried to preach, that of putting ourselves in the other fellow's place, we can't expect the Chinese to put much faith in our preaching. On the other hand, we must think twice before surrendering extraterritoriality while China is still in her present state of political chaos if it means, - and there is grave danger of it - that all the church, school, and other buildings that have grown up through the years may be lost forever to the cause of Christian missions. The government must be far more stable than it is now before there can be assurance that mission property will be safe without foreign protection.

With conditions as they are it is inevitable that our church work should be affected. Great changes are coming thick and fast. Our Chinese Convention held here in July was one grand upheaval and overturning of old ideas and ways of managing. The wave of national feeling ran higher and higher as the sessions progressed, and the rehearsal of recent injuries did not help to stem the tide. One speaker after another frankly said that they were sick and tired of the old taunt of being "running dogs of the foreigners" and that they would stand it no longer. Then they declared their independence and calmly proceeded to form a new Chinese organization to take entire charge of all mission work - including the distribution of funds - without foreign control. We are asked to be advisers.

For years the missionaries have planned to give over the work to the Chinese as soon as they were capable of taking it. In June we took definite steps towards the accomplishment of this object. To have them suddenly turn and demand full control of all administration whether they are ready for it or not has almost taken our breath away. But it is right that the Chinese should have untrammelled charge of their own work and we want them to have it. They will never be at their best as long as they are under us. The degree of efficiency and initiative they have shown in the organization of their committees is splendid. Their willingness to take the brunt of responsibility is most encouraging. If only we may have clear vision, patience, humility, and understanding in order to give our utmost help to these new leaders!

Never in my life have I felt so conscious of my own need of Divine Guidance. The future is most uncertain; what is coming next, whether or not our work even this fall term will go on as usual is all a big question. Our plans are thrown high in the air, - yet this may just be a part of the Great Plan. Our task now is to trust and wait, knowing that our times are in His hand.

Sincerely your friend,

Arthur J. Paulson

Swatow, China, Aug. 10, 1925

Dear Friends:

I wonder how much of the truth of all this turmoil over here is getting to United States ears. Letters ought to arrive very soon now telling what you people are hearing about us. I want to explain to you the situation as it appears to me; but events race along and attitudes of mind change so swiftly that what I think to-day is often very different from what I thought yesterday. I realize, too, that nearness sometimes blurs the perspective and makes unimportant details loom all out of proportion. That makes it hard to write.

The shedding of Chinese blood in Shanghai on May 30th released a blaze of long pent-up wrath against the foreigners for their superior airs and for their exploitations in the past. Old China, with her traditional slowness of communication and lack of co-ordination, astonished us by breaking into conflagration everywhere at once. The British and the Japanese were almost immediately boycotted in every possible way. The British here in Swatow are not allowed to travel nor to buy anything at all, -not even food. All public and private Chinese servants are forbidden to have any dealings with them. All British coast steamers had to stop and very few have been able to run ever since. Boatmen and ricksha men now ask our nationality before they will take us anywhere and the other day a ricksha coolie refused to take me because, he said, he would draw no "redheaded persons" whatever!

After the shooting in Canton, certain Cantonese leaders, incensed because the French and the Americans did not run enthusiastically to their support against the British, agitated the question of extending the strike to include us too. In Canton it was done. On the first of August the violent faction of the strike agitators caused Swatow with inflammatory posters which flamed "foreigners' wrongs against China past and present and announced that a strike against all British, Japanese, French, and Americans would begin that day. It did not begin, for there is a majority who evidently do not want it yet. We should not be surprised to have it come any day.

It is easy to read the mark of the Bolshevik in these various denunciations of "foreign imperialists" and "militaristic dogs". But the Chinese look upon the Russian Reds as their friends and are blind to the fact that they are sparing neither money nor pains to gain a foothold here in China. There is little doubt that much of the present indignation was first aroused and later fanned to flame by "Red" propaganda. This province of Kiangtung where we live is strongly communistic. There is a Cadet school in Canton, controlled by Bolsheviks, the influence of which threatens to prevent many mission schools from opening this fall simply on the grounds that the schools are under the direction of foreigners and are therefore undesirable.

Whatever the causes may be, the fact is that all China is on edge with resentment which is just now directed mostly towards Britain. A girl student ^{here} to me from Peking last week;

"Unfortunately we must fight England. Already we are learning to wrap bandages".

The Chinese are nursing all their grievances, and some of them want war; British subjects ^{in this} country have suffered not a few outrages, too, in the past few weeks. The Capans started up river to Thai long for the vacation weeks. They were accosted in the night and warned to turn back by the Sukinfu English Presbyterian missionaries, who had been attacked that day by red-necktie soldiery (one branch of the Sun Yat Sen forces). Their compound was invaded, the houses were looted, and one man and the two women were beaten and threatened with knives. The other man was sick in bed with fever. All four were helped by the Chinese hospital assistants to escape by boat at night. When they reached Kityang the Reds were still after them, so they fled to the other side

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With conditions as they are it is inevitable that our church work should be affected. Great changes are coming thick and fast. Our Chinese Convention held here in July was one grand upheaval and overturning of old ideas and ways of managing. The wave of national feeling ran higher and higher as the sessions progressed, and the rehearsal of recent injuries did not help to stem the tide. One speaker after another frankly said that they were all sick of the old taunt of being "running dogs of the foreigners" and that they would stand it no longer. Then they declared their independence boldly proceeded to form a new Chinese organization to take entire charge of all mission work- including the distribution of funds- without foreign control. We are asked to be advisers.

For years the missionaries have planned to give over the work to the Chinese as soon as they were ready to take it. In June we took definite steps towards the accomplishment of this object. To have them suddenly turn and demand full control of all administration whether they are prepared for it or not has almost taken our breath away. But it is right that the Chinese should have untrammelled charge of their own work and we shall be only too glad for them to have it. They will never be at their best as long as they are "under" us. The degree of efficiency and the initiative they have shown in the organization of their committees is splendid. They may not yet comprehend the full meaning of the burden of responsibility, but their willingness to take it is encouraging. If only we may have clear vision, patience, humility, and understanding in order to give our utmost help to these new leaders!

Never in my life have I felt so conscious of my own need of divine guidance. The future is most uncertain; what is coming next, whether or not our work even this fall term will go on as usual, is all a big question. Our plans are thrown high in the air - yet this may be just a part of the Great Plan. Our task now is to trust and wait, knowing that our times are in His hand.

Sincerely your friend,

Abbi J. Sanderson

Swatow, China, August 10, 1926

The big thing that is filling our minds just now is the Ling Tong Baptist Convention. From the time the movement for an independent Chinese church was initiated here in Swatow we have been looking forward to this year's session. We have felt that it would gauge rather accurately the progress that is being made toward the accomplishment of the ideals set forth a year ago.

The convention was preceded by a retreat for Christian workers, in which the inspirational and the devotional were supplemented by frank helpful discussions of such problems as control of mission property, ways and means of developing a better educational system, concrete plans for making the Ling Tong Council a more effectual organization in the immediate future, and the paramount importance of spiritual life in the churches. If the retreat did no more than to give the Chinese leaders opportunity for expression of ideas and exchange of opinion, it was more than worth while. Some of the bothering problems were thus partly thrashed out in advance instead of coming up suddenly for decision when no one had had a chance to think things out clearly. I hope such a conference may be held every year.

I wish I could make you see what we saw and hear what we heard at the meetings of the Convention itself, which began the evening of July 20th. We saw our Kakchiah chapel well filled with delegates from all parts of the Ling Tong field. We saw Dr. Tai, just back from America, welcomed to the chair, where he proved his ability as a wise and tactful presiding officer, quick to understand the various points of view and fair to all who wished to speak. Mr. Lo Siah-ku, last year's able moderator, took the chair several times in his position of first vice-chairman; Miss Alice Chen, principal of the Woman's School, as second vice-chairman presided with charm and dignity the final evening of the convention. Mr. Eugene Wang of Swatow Christian Institute was the secretary.

We saw the affairs in hand directed in a most business-like, well ordered manner. We heard animated yet friendly debate regarding the various programs of work that were presented. We heard special music at nearly every session, - a solo, a duet, singing by a group from the girls' school, by the church choir, or by kindergarten kiddies. And we saw a full attendance at all times.

The first evening
Seldom in a meeting anywhere have I been more gripped than I was by the message brought by Principal Fu of Swatow Academy. Over and over during his address came the call. "Ye must be born again!" Quietly, yet insistently, "Must be born again!" And as Mr. Fu led our thoughts, that large audience of men and women sat silent with heads bowed and hearts lifted in earnest petition that every one there might have the right preparation for the important tasks ahead; that all selfish desires and motives should be taken away and first place be given to our Lord Christ. It was a wonderful opening service.

Copy

Dr. Procter and Mr., Bau, welcome guests from the East China mission, both brought helpful words of advice and encouragement. Repeatedly throughout the convention emphasis was laid upon the futility of human effort unless the aim be to preach the saving power of Christ. Jesus. "Christ, the center of our beings," was the note sounded by almost every speaker. There was an unmistakable yearning for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and we could not but feel that the hearts of men were truly being guided by Him.

Mr. Lo's closing address on Friday night was one of the mountain tops of the convention. The theme was not a new one, yet it held a ring of challenge; "Set your goal high; keep your face steadfastly towards it, - and grow." Not one of us who was present will soon forget the thrill of that call to loyal service.

We have much reason to thank God and take courage. Problems there still are, many of them, and some differences. Dr. Tai, if he accepts his election as the new Executive Secretary, faces no easy task. The funds in prospect are far from adequate to the carrying out of the splendid plans that have been made. The question of co-operation in woman's work is one of the most difficult of all. Registration of mission schools is to the minds of some the only possible way; to others, it is unthinkable.

These are but a few of the questions that are pressing for immediate answers. For a wise, a happy, and above all a right solution to them all we know of only one method, - that of prayer and trust. We must have a deeper trust in God. Will you join us in the prayer that God will mightily use His workers for the advancement of His kingdom in South China?

Most sincerely yours,

Abbie J. Sanderson

Copy

Baguio, Mountain Province,
Philippine Islands,
August 15, 1932.

Ever since I left America last January the back of my mind had been planning to write to you, but my hands, feet, heart, and head have been pretty well occupied with other things. The very night I arrived in Swatow I attended the first teachers' meeting of the spring term and ever since then there has been increasingly little leisure time. The very fact of being kept busy, however is a source of no small satisfaction to me; last year was a hard one for our school and I had visions of more strikes with days and hours of suspense and uncertainty. I am glad to be able to report that our students are hard at work again, settling down to regular school life in real earnest. At our Junior High speaking contest we listened to twelve ardent speeches on what true patriotism ought to mean to a young Chinese today. The indications are that some valuable lessons are being learned about love of country.

I am more than happy to be back at work again. One of my chief joys has been working with the Young People's Society of the church. These young people are willing to work; one of their projects is a Junior group, helped and sponsored by the older group; another (being carried on now) is a six weeks' summer school for poor children of the community. A meeting one day in May where some twenty members quietly and earnestly volunteered, one after another, to speak to certain of their fellow students about beginning the Christian life was a precious experience to every one of us present. One of these so approached has taken his stand and has been baptized; others are thinking more seriously than ever before. Lin Chin Yi, high school senior, president of this organization, has a handsomely bound copy of the Bible in a conspicuous place in his room in the dormitory; its presence there calls forth some jibes and not a few questions from his non-Christian school mates. Many of them know a great deal about the Bible, he says. Some of them want to trip him if they can and others have honest questions. I have been deeply stirred to hear him tell of the encounters he has had and of the way he welcomes them.

Hazel Mann of our mission in Iloilo, P.I., visited us in Swatow during April. In her comprehensive report of that visit she speaks so kindly of us all that I think her letter a good advertisement for the South China Mission and I am sending you a copy. The trip described on pages 2 & 3 came during my one week of spring vacation and is one big reason why some of you at home did not get a letter from me sooner.

Now summer vacation is almost over. I have had a good rest here in lovely cool Baguio, and I am leaving for Swatow this week several pounds heavier than when I came in July. School begins September 1st.

(Fifty copies of Hazel Mann's report I am sending to different friends: thirty-five of these are accompanied by this letter with salutation and a few other words added - I've sent one to Uncle Arthur.

*many of you are sending your thoughts right along
with me*

Manila, P.I.
April the 2nd -
Dear girls
All the way from home I have been planning to write ~~you~~ letters as soon as I reached the end of my journey in China. But it takes time for mail to travel half way around the world, so I have decided to send my contribution to the Spring letter from Manila. Next year I shall hope to write all about the girls in the Boarding School at Swatow.

I have never crossed the Canadian Rockies - if you have never crossed the ocean on such a steamer as the Empress

been through

the Pacific Ocean Services Ltd. THE EMPRESS OF ASIA

~~of Asia, that which if you have
never traveled overland in Japan
from Yokohama to Kobe -~~

Let me tell you how you may follow
me, if you wish, in my trip thus far.

First, go through the Canadian
Rockies - Take the Steamship "Empire
of Asia" one of the two largest and
finest boats on the Pacific today.

Then in Japan, travel overland
from Yokohama ~~by~~ ^{by going up} and get an
upper berth in the small Japanese
sleeping car. (You'll find it such a
convenient size, especially if you
~~should~~ happen to be somebody who
is nearly six feet tall!

Kobe is the best place to do
your shopping. But if you are
coming out as a missionary, I'll
better not tempt you by telling about
the tempting shops - You'll wish that
your ~~hours~~ were weeks, and your
pennies millions!

Now you board the wonderful steamer,
again, which takes you through
the beautiful, beautiful Inland Sea,
to your next port, the last in Japan.
By the time you have paddled
up and down the hills of Nagasaki
for a few hours in a drizzling rain,
you are ready to give your
last yen for a pretty Japanese
parasol, and rush down to
the dock ^{down} ~~down~~. If you look
sharp, you will see patches of
the delicate pink and white cherry
blossoms on a distant hillside,
even though it is not yet April.

Easter Sunday you must spend
in Shanghai. If you visit the
Union Sunday School at the
^{American} ~~Union~~ Church, you will surely
think you have been mysteriously
transported back to our own
United States. A kind hearted
~~missionary~~ who didn't know

~~you were coming, perhaps, may~~
~~take pity on you and take her~~

After church - you'll run
down to Shanghai Baptist College
six miles below the heart of the city
and all day you will be greeted
and entertained most cordially
by missionaries, whom perhaps,
you have never seen before -

Isn't that fine so far! But
now! — ! Speaking of plunging
suddenly into hot weather!

Yesterday we searched out the
very best set of our white clothes - while
the day before we were very comfortably
in such things as woolen suits, etc.,
heavy winter coats, etc.

But we are very happy, and enjoying
all the odd, fascinating sights in
each new part, - even though we
do feel that we must be all the
time on the lookout for some
unfriendly, too hot sunbeams! And
well soon be at our journey's end.

You blessed ^{Chiquita} ~~get~~ ^{don't know what}
a comfort it is to ^{know that} ~~bring~~ ^{get} gifts

Svatov, China.

November 15, 1934.

Dear Friends,

There are a good many of you who have had no word from me since you received the two little "pictures" last Christmas time. May I send you two or three more this year?

The first "snapshot" is of a group who sat around our table one noon about two weeks ago, the last day of the Swatov-Kachich Association meetings. These Chinese women and three American women, just having lunch together and happy hour of fellowship. Let me introduce them to you.

Left to right - just as they happen to come, Enid Johnson, who lives with us here in Kachich but whose work is at the Swatov Christian Institute across the bay. She can tell you many tales of stormy days and high waves and the difficulty of getting over that strip of water to be on time for meals, lessons, song practices, missionary meetings and many other kinds of meetings. Next, a young woman whom Miss Johnson has for years been encouraging in her preparation for Christian work-Tang Sui Eng, now returned from Nanking Bible Institute to take her place as our new worker for women.

Better not say too much about that tall one in the center-you've heard all about her before. She still teaches in Kak-Kuang Academy and she will keep on talking for hours about "her" Young People if she can get you to listen to her! The young lady in the flowered gown is Lu Sun, a former classmate of Miss Tang's, and now a teacher at Kak-Kuang, after two and a half years at Shanghai University. Next is Dr. Marion Stephens, the "madie" who lives at our home, of the department of surgery at the South-Shanghai Hospital. She and her co-workers have been kept pretty busy this year; in the summer time almost everyone in the mission had a turn at some sort of sickness-some of it very serious. Praise the doctor is Margaret Lee, dean of the Woman's Bible Training School, a capable leader whose Christian experience is an inspiration to many. Of these six some are older, some younger; some have been in the relationship of teacher and pupil; no two, except Lu Sun and her "big sister" beside her, are now working at the same task; yet all are facing in the same direction, that of the desire to serve Him who is our Master, Christ.

The second picture is of another group around the same dinner table last Friday evening, with the same three hostesses, and guests as follows:

Dr. H.C. Ling, principal of Kak-Kuang Academy, whose over five hundred high school boys and girls from this part of China and outlying districts are studying together. Mrs. Ling, the principal's wife, gracious and efficient leader in women's work, experienced in organizing missionary societies and in holding the kind of mother's meeting that is really helpful. Mr. Spencer Yang, recently returned from official translating work in Surarak to teach English subjects in the academy here. At a faculty proper-meeting not long ago he led the group in the discussion of our problem of doing personal evangelistic work among the students. Mrs. Spencer Yang, Mrs. Ling's sister, whose story of savage tribes near the place where they have been living was of greatest interest to the women who heard her tell it last month. Mr. Woo, Mr. Chen, Mr. Lin; three more academy teachers, each a specialist in some department. Mr. Woo is a northern man; everyone likes to hear him speak Mandarin, not only for his clear, correct tones, but for the pithy, vivid way he has of saying truth while truth. The young people will not soon forget his talk at their meeting last week from the text, "He hath done all things well". Mr. Chen teaches mathematics, but his sermon at church last Sunday morning on "Blessed are the Merciful" was like a heart-to-heart talk. He told of asking his Sunday School students which they had rather be, the Rich Man or Lazarus. Some said one, and some the other, but one wide-awake lad said he guessed he'd like to be the Rich Man now and Lazarus in the next life! That gave an excellent opportunity for a lesson on making one's choice now. Mr. Lin is a graduate of Fudan Christian University. His specialty is Chinese literature, but he wants to keep up his English so that he can do some translating work, or as he admits, do the translation partly in order that he may keep up his English!

We could not all talk the same language that night, and we finally fell back on a game where words were not necessary. We ought to get together for these play times more often, I believe.

There are good many more pictures I should like to show you, but I shall have to let all the others wait until next time.

A very happy Christmas to you!

Yours in the Master's service,

Abbie G. Sanderson
Abbie G. Sanderson

Dear Friends:

People who don't know the inside of the story perhaps cannot see just how small pieces of velvet, silk, and cotton prints can do missionary work! If you had looked into my room any day for several week before Christmas you might have wondered whether you were in a tailor shop or a bargain basement. Little piles of scraps and pieces were scattered around on the chairs; Misses. Fig, Popsy, Ping and others marched across the top of the dresser; on the couch were spread out partly made patchwork pillows in such old-fashioned designs as "Grandmother's Flower Garden", "Monkey Wrench", and "Jacob's Ladder". I am not sure which was the most popular top; the big white bunny stuffed with cotton, the little one stuffed with rice balls, holding a carrot between his forepaws, or the red print elephant with a red flannel cover on his back! This is the second year the girls (During Endeavor!) have made toys to earn their white Christmas gifts. This year they made over \$25.00, which they gave to help the Old Folks' Home in Kiyang. Our girls love to make the pretty, interesting things and they like to have a real share in giving to those who are in need. We are most grateful to all of you who helped by sending materials. You made it possible for the girls to give something of their very own—work they had done with their own hands, not something that somebody else had earned for them!

It would take a long time to tell you about all the celebrations we had at Christmas; the cantata given Sunday evening by the regular Young People's choir, assisted by a few other singers; church entertainments three evenings in succession by various schools on the compound; the kindergarten program, with Miss Alice Chen's small nephews as the dignified master of ceremonies; and staging early Christmas morning and many other affairs. At a session of the fifteenth anniversary meetings in the Suifu Christian Institute the following Sunday we heard echoes of Christmas in a program that was entirely musical even to the paper, a hymn reverently played on the violin. The high point of the afternoon came when all the choirs of Suifu city, overflowing the platform on both sides and down in front as they stood there, lifted voices together in the anthem, "Beautiful Land". We have our Presbyterian friend, Dr. Li, to thank for this accomplishment, a thing which would not have been possible in Suifu ten years ago.

This fall we have had a number of distinguished visitors from different parts of the world. Miss Mabel Lester of Kingsley Hall, London, was here with a group of people from Shanghai; Miss Gladys Owen, also of Kingsley Hall, was here at the same time. Dr. Lee of Hartford Seminary stopped off here for a few days on a trip through the Orient. Dr. and Mrs. Don Poling, of Christian Endeavor fame, were here for a few hours one day. There were others also; they all brought inspiration of one kind or another.

There is help, too, that comes to us from the people right here. At the November Women's missionary meeting Mr. Lee, our minister, spoke on the text, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel". He has a young son who is a bright lad but a cripple from birth. He can walk about, but cannot run freely as other boys do. Not long ago he was baptized. The father told this story of him:

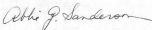
On the day of his baptism he said, "Father, can I be a preacher of the gospel when I grow up?" His father said, "Yes, I see no reason why not." He answered, "No, I can't." "Why not?" "My legs! I can't walk, and a preacher must certainly be able to do a great deal of walking if he is to go about preaching the gospel." His father then said, "Boy, I hope that you will keep faithfully at your studies and learn how to 'hold a pen'; that you will read many books which will help you; that you will learn to know the Bible thoroughly. Then when you are grown you can perhaps write about the gospel—books which, traveling to many far places, will reach many more people than could hear you preach at one time in any church building." The boy nodded his head; this appealed to him.

We are going to hope that this lad may one day write some great Christian literature for China!

At a recent Friday night faculty fellowship program Miss Christine Chen was the leader. She is a quiet little person who always protests that she can't say much, but she usually throws out a subject which sets everybody thinking. Her topic this particular evening was "What is the Christian way for us to look at war?" When Mrs. Dan Faling was here she asked us to join with women in America in praying for peace, whether between Italy and Abyssinia or between China and Japan. Miss Chen spoke of this and raised the question as to whether we ought to pray simply that war may be ward off. Will that solve the problem? Japan has treated China abominably; China hates war and doesn't want it, but under the circumstances is it right to let the aggressors have their way and never say to them, "You shall not?" Are there not some things that are more precious than life? When justice and righteousness are being violated, is it not wrong to keep quiet? The subject was a provocative one, and soon opinions and suggestions were coming from every corner of the room, as well as further questions. "Why is there so much wrong in the world? Why is there so much suffering in the world?" etc. We sat long after the usual closing hour. At the end some one said, "Well, we really have not come to any satisfactory conclusions about these problems." Still I feel sure it was a good thing to bring the questions out into the open, especially since some of them are the very questions that Chinese students are desperately in earnest about at the present moment.

Last Tuesday students on vacation from the Sun Yat Sen University in Canton headed up the entire student body of Swatow in a parade through the city for patriotic demonstration. The government has been trying to keep the student movement within bounds and has not been entirely successful in many places. Schools throughout the country have been closed early, by government order. Impatient youth finds it very hard to tolerate a policy of passively accepting a long series of outrages perpetrated by an enemy country. Will you please pray with us that students, teachers, and government leaders alike may have great wisdom and a right sense of values in the meeting of this extremely difficult situation?

Sincerely yours,



Abbie G. Sanderson.

May 14 - 1946

Dear Friend,

At last I have some definite news for you! I am to sail for China on the S.S. General Gordon leaving San Francisco May 29th.

I shall probably work as before, in Hak Kuang Academy, Swatow. Conditions there are very different from what they were when I left China nearly nine years ago, for the people in the Swatow area have suffered deeply. But there is a special joy in looking forward to working with some of my former pupils - now teachers themselves - in the task of training Christian leaders for future days.

I have been "getting ready" a long time. ~~Just last~~ there was a six weeks course for missionaries at Cornell; Marguerite Everham and I were the two Northern Baptist in the group. Then for four months this winter there was Mandarin at Yale - a study that ought to be a big help in meeting Academy teachers or students who do not know the Swatow dialect. It was fine, there at Yale, to have Louise and Alice Gilpin and our new people for South China as fellow students.

Of course the Giffins, with their born knowledge of Hakka, walked right away from me.

Since the last of March I have been with my brother Arthur at Berlin N. H. expecting sailing orders "any day after April 1st." Just now I am Philadelphia with Emily Miller and she is going to mimeograph this letter and send it to my friends. Tomorrow I go back to Arthur's and in another week I shall be speeding, bag and baggage, to the west coast.

I hope you will all forgive me if I have neglected you in recent months. I am always very grateful for your letters, and now I shall want them more than ever.

With warmest greetings
(signed) Abbie G. Benson

Abbie's Steamship Co. is
American President Line

311 California St. San Francisco
C. E. M.

Address

American Baptist Mission
Swatow, China.



American Baptist Mission
Swatow, China
December 5, 1949

Dear Friend,

Warmest Christmas greetings and good wishes.
May the New Year bring rich blessings to you and all
your loved ones.

You have heard, I think, how the Nationalist
soldiers all left Swatow on October 20, and how four
days later the Liberation army took over the city.
So far they have conducted themselves fairly well,
and, except for a few not unreasonable restrictions
about fire-arms, harboring traitors, etc., are not
interfering with the Americans. We are all well and
everything is peaceful.

There are not as many girls as usual in school this year, but the Loring
Endeavorers are busy preparing their handwork for the Christmas White Gift
service, and every Saturday morning at six o'clock a group of teachers meet for
Bible study and prayer. Yesterday, at church six persons were baptized, five of
them High School students. -- Thus in the darkness caused by the many threatening
clouds around us, the Light still shines.

We are renewing our youth in many ways just now, discovering once more
that we must indeed become as little children, must simplify our methods and
materials, must see everything from the viewpoint of the young people. Students
are again in the saddle, and the "horses" are the teachers who must, with in-
finite wisdom and love, draw their youthful riders along the paths that lead to
the higher things of life; even though sometimes the riders think they do not
wish to be thus drawn. How to inspire the enthusiasm for right living, and yet not
impose ones own will on the young comrades is perhaps the most difficult problem
that confronts us teachers today. The dream that these boys and girls have of
creating a new world is a stirring thing. God grant that they may choose the
right way to bring it to fulfillment.

We know that you are thinking of us and praying for us, and we shall try
as long as we can to carry on His work here in Swatow.

Yours in His fellowship,

(Signed) Abbie G. Sanderson

1310 S. 57th St.
Philadelphia 43, Pa
December 12 1949

Dear South China Folk,

Abbie's letter which came today was a pleasant surprise as it is the third since the turnover. She does not seem to be much worried over conditions there, and is even enjoying a little rest and leisure while the students take time out for celebrations.

It will be a rush to get the letters out for Christmas so mine will have to be short, but I must tell you that little Emily Kathryn Hamadell arrived in New Mexico last September, and of course I'm thrilled to have a namesake.

Other news of my family, I'm so happy to say, is also good. Mother keeps remarkably well and active for her age; she has crocheted four or five lovely baby afghans this fall and I'll probably get her to help me address the envelopes for these letters.

All good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Sincerely,

Emily E. Miller

Dear Friends,

This evening the principal of the academy invited all of the faculty to meet at his home for supper. There were forty-one of us at five tables and did we have a jolly time! Several new women teachers have come to us this term and we are very glad to welcome Lydia Lee back to our science department after an absence of some ten years. When I got home a few minutes ago, it seemed too late to do much work, but I thought I'd correct a few papers before going to bed. The first was short and so very much to the point that instead of grading any more, I decided to sit down and share it with you - just as it came to my desk.

"The first day of this term I stayed at home, for I had not enough money to pay the school fees. My father felt very sorrow. Finally he borrowed 200 \$H.K. from one of his intimate friends. and he gave it to me. Said sincerely, 'I wish you study hard this term.'"

This boy is not the only one who had to stay at home the first day because there was no money for tuition fees. Intimate friends who can spare the two hundred Hong Kong dollars are few and far between. so some boys could not come back at all. The school accepts tuitions in either rice or money, and as the price of rice and the exchange of the HongKong dollar vary hourly, it has been quite a game see whether it was cheaper to buy the rice and bring it or to pay the current price of it to the school. Again, some unlucky students brought their rice, found that the scales were different, and had to go back for more.

The inflation problem is still very much with us. The new 'stable' 4 to 1 Gold Yuan launched a few months ago has gone the way of the others and is now worth less than 1/2700 of a U.S. dollar. This works great hardship in some parts of the country, but here in Swatow, conditions are probably better than you read about.

To go back to the students' papers -- and don't you love this definition? "A rainbow is a long beautiful line in the sky"--Sometimes we wonder whether all the class-room work and correcting of notebooks is of much value, but as the years pass and we see the Christian boys and girls develop into real leaders in business and professional circles, a keen satisfaction warms the heart of the old teacher.

This was my experience recently when I spent part of the Chinese New Year vacation in Hong Kong where many of our graduates now live. Dr. Velve Brown was with me and between her former patients and student nurses, and my former pupils we had a wonderful time. I wish you could have had a glimpse of the seven girls who gave us a dinner at the Peninsula Hotel (one of the swanky ones). Two experienced women doctors - one married a doctor, two others married to dresswork exporters and real partners in the business, another the wife of the manager of the iron works, and so on. Afterwards two of the girls, in their own cars, took the whole group from one home to another to show off the younger children and to tell us about the older ones who are away in schools and colleges. One boy is in New York University studying for his Ph.D. On Sunday we attended one of the six Swatow Dialect churches in or near HongKong and met many more old friends, men and women of influence in the church and community, who got their start in the Swatow schools. It was indeed a heart warming experience and I came back to Swatow refreshed in mind and body and eager to meet the great challenge of the more than seven hundred students enrolled in the academy this term.

We are grateful for peace in this area so far though how long the troubles can be kept away from here, we cannot tell. Refugees have come south in great numbers, but Dr. Colberg of the Lutheran Mission, who is giving invaluable help in the Kityung Hospital, is our only refugee missionary. We are torn between the desire for reinforcements here in Swatow and the hope that somehow war may be averted and the missionaries not obliged to leave their stations.

I wish I could say a personal thank-you to all of you who have sent the cards and other gifts that have been so useful and have brought so much happiness. Some of the cards were so beautifully cut and pasted they were like new and we always try to put the real Christian message on them in Chinese. Then too it is so good to have enough for everybody. Thanks from my heart for them.

Sincerely

(Signed) Abbie G. Sanderson.

1310 S. 57th St. Philadelphia 45, Pa.

April 20 1949

Dear Friends,

Abbie's letter came almost a month ago, just about the time I was asked to prepare a new budget for the Community Chest, so the letter just had to wait. This budget was even more complicated than usual because the Phila. Child Health Society has moved in with us and all their figures had to be added to ours; and we don't rate as a hospital any more since we had to close the in-patient department for lack of funds. All the little cribs are gone from the 6th floor and the cubicles are used to examine patients in a Health Maintenance Clinic run by Jefferson Medical College. Phipps Institute have a S.C.G. lab there too, and both Jefferson and Hahnemann send their students to work and observe in our clinics. Our new name is The Fife-Hamill Memorial Health Center.

They rented the nurses' sleeping quarters to doctors and public health nurses doing graduate work, and almost the first to move in was Liu Sok-uang, the daughter of the nice Liu Sin Se Nio who was such a help in the Chaochowfu church. Dr. Liu is kept so busy with her work in the U of P. Graduate School, that we don't see nearly as much of each other as I'd like, but it has been grand to have her here and to know what a splendid person she is. The nurses all keep telling me how much they like her as a housemate and some who have friends at Graduate speak of the fine record she is making there. Of course I'm proud as a peacock about it.

I am thankful to say that my home news is much better this year. My sisters are quite well now, and Mother is much better than we ever thought to see her again. Last summer she and I had two weeks in Ocean City, and it was a wonderful vacation for us both (and for my sister Mary too). The Baptist church there holds splendid Bible conferences all through the summer so we had a season of spiritual refreshment as well, and we are planning to go again this year.

The babies continue to be the joy of my life. Little Dan has upset all my ideas about not liking boy babies' and his "Ah-may-may-mee" just pulls my heart out by the roots. Bonnie's very much the big sister. She is really fine with the baby and is quite a help to her mother.

Thank you for all the Christmas greetings and letters, it is good to be in touch with you folks again and I certainly am thankful that I offered to send out these circular letters for Abbie.

Sincerely,

Carol E. Miller