

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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美國人往清國賣布

American living at Khabulak

my name
孫安美

Principal of Girls' School

正光緒
等女學校校長

To my dear I. K.

With Love & best Xmas
wishes

Allice St. Johnston

Sealed

Suataw, China

May 23, 1918

Dear J. K.

Beloved, I've been waiting until I had a chance to write a good long letter to you girls - and the time didn't come -! And I've just this minute realized that it won't be possible for you to get my best birthday wishes in time - But I suppose they'll be worth about as much when you do get them - and you'll know that I wished them, on May 27th - whether you ever get a letter that says so, or not -!

The steamer letters were my joy and blessing - Now I do prize those scraps you put in! Let me congratulate you on originality too - As it happened, on the steamer I was

neither seasick, homesick nor love-sick -
and who knows? I might have been
all three were it not for those blessed
"cheerful cherubs" - I'm preserving them
carefully - In fact I haven't yet made
up my mind to part with any of the
letters ~~yet~~ - although I don't keep letters -

Well - we had a glorious trip - and
a royal welcome when we reached Swatow.
There are about eighteen missionaries
here - and they have made us feel
wonderfully at home - and needed.

The beginning of language study is
not easy - and I get pretty discouraged
at times - still, I'm getting interested
though of course I can't understand
a sentence if it get.

We are across the bay from the
city of Swatow - and the boats from
Shanghai and Hong Kong, bringing mail,
come in two or three times a week.
We don't get home mail "that often"
though! I am hungry for letters all
the time - I don't know when I
feel less like studying - when I want
some mail badly - or when I've just
got three letters from home and have
been all excited reading them. (I've
had three together only that once!) There's
one thing still worse, though, and
that is to get a letter just before
the woman's prayer meeting in the
afternoon - and sit through an
hour, or more, not understanding
a word of what's being said - and
that letter just fairly scratching to
get out of the envelope - I don't
know whether I shall go the next
time that happens!

It's beautiful here - and it's good
to be here - I wish I might share
with you the mangoes and coconuts
and pineapples, etc. that we are

enjoying just now - We have been having the rainy season - although sunny days happened once in a while - and everything molds in in a day - take off leather shoes at night and in the morning they will be all covered with a green mold - Bibles - Landbag - trunk straps - and even your beautiful leather case - have to be brushed every day or so - But the hot weather is coming - and it won't be so damp then, they tell me!

I'm not going to write about the people out here this time - because that would take too long - and I want this letter to go today! Remember - I'm just dying to hear about Grace's teaching - and Thag's and also - D. K's -

Love to you - from one who
loves you much - Alice J. Sanderson

Thi Song, Nakhon
Via Swatow China
Aug 4, 1919.

My own Own Dollars:

Like an excited beginning to a letter, and this minute! (That and plain facts - for I know you love a - as we explain!) It is just 5.30 of the clock at a Monday morning. I am not writing just as early but I did it even before and liked it as well as you. I am supposed to study today, but I believe it of no use. I have attended to take the day off for today. I am probably not going to finish this today. No, I want to write tomorrow. I am a much and get on over there that will be it after writing to you! you'll look to see me. I started my pen and I am stuck a hairpin in it. I dashed some water in my eyes to get the sticks out, but my stockings are just to make the ink. I am then know I want to follow a thin, can breakfast ready for them, put on the clothing, and sat down. But he had very hot, even up till, but this morning there is a cool fresh.

Yes, and I had to put my sweater on too. In a slight of hand - but I am doing the things at once, and a delightful things. First, I am willing to go, and that is a real pleasure. Also, I am enjoying the view from my northwest window and likewise the one from my south end door.

Our house is on one of the hills which form a ridge between two long little valleys. The roofs of two villages may be seen from here, and the intervening spaces give the appearance of a crazy patchwork quilt, divided off into all sorts of queer shapes and sizes, planted to rice in rows and also steeply, stages of development. Even the hillside steep as they are, have been cultivated. On the further of the

ridge of hills I can count fifteen terraces, and some of these have around the hills far enough to make up for the fact that they are wide enough for only four or five rows of sweet potatoes.

At the top of the hills stands the old house, where I lodged last year. Behind it, green and beautiful, rise the mountains which cover on either side of the broad deep valley of Thi Song (of which these two little valleys are only a back part). The better view of the terraced hillside is repeated on these have mountain tops - especially just now, in this early morning light; and the blue and white of the sky are reflected in the few little dabbles of brook that trickle along almost out of sight.

I have seen the stream so swollen by mountain rains that it would have been more dangerous to cross than Swatow Bay in a storm; just now it is not more than a few feet across its widest point, while with a good stout stick you can jump across in some places!

Oh, I could ramble on and on. - get time, I suppose, are not the things you want most to hear. But truly, the mountains are wonderful, and just now, with the deep, velvety shadows on them, they remind me of some fine soft flesh upholstery, that while more sitting give and spring if you pounce on it. They are not fit, just to look at!

Aug 26 - (I am ashamed to write the date!)

April 20th I received those songs of Mrs. Simonds. After your letter telling me you intended to send them, I looked for them with the utmost eagerness. I have sung many and

sung them - especially the "war songs". This is I believe the best "Some what in frame" is a favorite with our whole compound, and I am delighted with "Long in Apple Blossom Time" and have already sung it. I am glad to be into a lower key. My voice was never very high - though I need to manage it also sometimes. It is practically all my music lessons. But here the language affects every one's voice, and sometimes I find it hard to believe it.

Even to E. natural. I don't that anything. But I can't rock at the songs (in vacation time). The songs, which are, very nice! - I like the singing at the beginning of the National Song Day. I do hope she will visit there.

you will be able to send them along to me. I don't get any new music out here. I saw in a shop in Swatow "The latest fox-trot 'I'll Stick Around you like a honey bee'". Just for fun I priced it - \$1.75! I suppose some of the community people might get desperate enough for a new dance tune - all otherwise I'm sure I can't imagine who would buy! You can see that it is a treat to get good music. Some girls stopped here on their way to Burma - and we copied two or three songs that they had, because we knew we wouldn't have any chance to get them again.

I'm so glad you received the Chinese candy all right. I didn't expect you to relish every morsel at first taste - but I wanted you to taste just the same. Another box, sent the same time as yours, has elicited no response - so I'm all the more glad to hear of the arrival of yours.

Please believe that I'm all sympathy as I read off your narrow margin defeat in the business of Salted Superintending. Isn't it just the luck, to have our destiny ruled by some such trifles as the milking of a cow! I'm hoping every day, though, to hear that you have found just the position you want - a much better one and more advantageous in numberless ways - than the one you first applied for - I wish the man who got it success - working under a committee who may desert him at any minute!

Mabel Bovell - dear girl - has had harrowing experiences. Miss Cody, whom Mabel helped to care for, was dreadfully sick. She had blood poisoning, a carbuncle, influenza, pleurisy, inflammation of the lining and covering of the heart, double pneumonia, neuritis, and the last few days meningitis developed. The doctor also thought that tuberculosis had set in. Doesn't it strike horror to your heart to read of it? She died the 2nd of February. Mabel says she has been through some pretty hard things; but this is the hardest yet, and it seems sometimes as though she couldn't get away from the memory of it. Not long after that, she had word of the serious illness of her own father - an operation necessary, and scarcely any encouragement of recovery - At times like that the distance oft here is awful. But he did recover and is well again - now - Wasn't she been "tried in the fire"?

Yes, she can get spirits made out here - In fact I think I shall send to her for some - To mine of that group has begun to fade.

Your letter is a joy and a delight - so your letters always are - You ask the things you want to know - which makes it easier for me to tell you; and you chat away just as though we were back in M.L.H. Romble. I haven't been getting so many letters this summer - It is probably because I send so many letters myself, and maybe it is a blessing that I haven't accumulated many more to answer - But you can't believe how I miss them, and how blue it makes me feel to think that maybe folks are going to stop writing altogether. I shan't let you stop! So there!

Up here in the hills we don't see and hear as many birds as we do in Swatow - The martins (grain stealers) have built their nests up here very high this year; so the natives declare there will be no bad typhoons. We are having a nasty flurry just now though - but it may not amount to much.

Bats that dart suddenly out from the verandah beams, and grasshoppers as big as toads, that fly

as well as up - and down; a color colder than ³
the Japanese writing paper as they soar over the
sweet potato fields; these are the nearest things to
birds that have come to my notice up here.

Down in Swatow, though, we cannot but hear
and see them all the time. Some of them make such
insistent shrill tones that they get annoying at times,
while there is one whose clear liquid note is heard
often as we are sitting at afternoon tea; and that
is when we listen for more. Mrs. Page, our nearest neighbor,
was disgusted indeed to find us interestingly watching
a bulbul nest; first the three brownish little eggs, and later
the scrawny hoarse little birds who didn't know any
better than to stretch their mouths for worms when
we went near to look at them. (Until the mother
scolded them soundly, and taught them to duck down
into a motherless ball, with heads tucked under one
another's wings!) Mrs. Page says bulbuls eat fruit -
and he wanted to shoot them.

#It's true that I haven't told you very much about my
school. I'm afraid. But you see I'm not really in
it yet, and that makes a big difference. When I'm
studying Chinese characters from morning until night,
I don't think so much about the girls in the school as I
do about the long lists of characters that I have yet to learn!
This fall I am to do more than teach music, however. There
has been trouble in the governing of some of the details,
giving permissions and all that - and I'm to put
my finger in that pie. Whether I shall get it burnt
like Jack Horner, and want to pull it out, remains
to be seen. I shall, at all events, get better acquainted
with the girls, and the experience ought to be a good
preparation for my work alone after Miss Culley
and Miss Fielden have gone home.

(Nao Grace told you that I asked her what she
thought about the foreign field for herself? Mother
has said several times that she thought Grace would
make a splendid missionary - and being of the
same opinion myself - (I know she would make
a ten times better one than I - because she has such
good judgment) I wrote to her. I got pretty much
excited when I thought all to myself that possibly she
might come, and I'm very sorry, of course, to find
that she can't think of it at all.)

Our girls sit on benches (two, three or four at a bench)
and study at higher benches which have a place under
the lid for books. The benches and desks are in regular
rows with aisles between, as at home. They study from
books - out loud whenever they are permitted. The
study hour in the evening is enough to make your
headache; a regular jangle of words shouted at the
top of their lungs. They do not spell words in
American fashion - for there is no spelling in
Chinese. Whether the character be a simple one like
the one 人 which means man, or this 魂 which means
spirit, or some other one ten times as complicated as
the second one, there is not a sure way of knowing
how it is pronounced. You must know the character
itself and its sound, and its meaning - It's appalling
truly, this prospect of trying to talk and teach in
a language which you know you can never learn
except superficially. On the other hand, the Chinese
boy who is working for me up here - he is perhaps
thirty years old - doesn't know a tenth as many
characters as I do - and with what little I have
already learned I could be his teacher for a long

time without exhausting my "fund" of knowledge!

There are real school buses - I think I sent a picture showing ours, to Grace - (though I'm not sure - I must ask her for a list of the pictures I sent, as I will not be duplicating as I send.). But there are not any automobiles. There may be in Shanghai - yes - I ~~remember~~ not I rode from the city out to Shanghai College in one. But one doesn't have such things in Swatow - nor up here at Tsai Tung. Any one of the pictures will give you the reason why. The picture of the group of us out for a walk shows the condition of the "big roads" in this region - The biggest there are - and big enough for two men to carry a sedan chair - means big enough for anything here!

Girls do not go to school with boys - but lately our girls have been invited on several occasions, to watch a boys' basketball games or some such thing. The schools go pretty much as the teachers please, though government supervision exists, and a certain standard has been fixed. Because the teachers haven't been accustomed to be strict in their requirements, though, it is difficult to enforce improve the girls into the necessity for each one to do what is assigned. The teacher often ineffectually explains what has already been explained ten times - and we feel that this time might be better spent. If the girls don't have their books, they haven't been accustomed to getting low marks; they have more time to do them. If they miss an examination however poor the excuse, they are allowed to make it up - and as there is a chance for improvement.

The schools in China have been taking a prominent part in things these days. Just before we left Swatow suppressed excitement was in the air, and everyone was wondering what would happen next. Right now is literally the time of the "student movement" in China, with more than the usual meaning in the words.

Many discussion meetings were held, to which delegates were called, even from our girls' school. We could not tell when the schools might have to close outright. Indeed the Boys' Academy did go without graduation exercises and without exams, except for the graduating class; and our school closed a day earlier than schedule. The students' strike did not entirely pass us by, you see.

The patriotism of the students perhaps does consist to an extent, in hot resentment against the Japanese. But it is mingled with a shame that some of China's most important offices should be filled by men who are so unworthy as to accept bribes. High-wrought emotion, of course, always has its dangers, and even here in Swatow it has brought masses of serious trouble, controlled only by the most careful handling on the part of those in authority.

An editorial from the China Press (Shanghai) puts the case pretty well clearly:

"One should perhaps discourage strikes ... But it is impossible not to express gratification at the Chinese students' strike; not for what it is, but for the promise it holds. If in this strike there is the germ of a new and vigorous China, if there is the beginning of a new generation of China - who shall blame China, then it is worth the price.

"Everything depends on how the movement is guided. If it is allowed to dwindle away in futile noises and inflamed petitions - then it

me a failure. If, on the other hand, it is well led, well organized, well directed, and its energy used to constructive united purpose, --- then everything that foreigners and Chinese can do to aid and abet the students' movement should be done.

"By every right and every custom throughout the world, the students should be the bearers of the responsibility of the new age in China, --- There is a chance not only for present students but for former students, particularly the students returned from England and America. There is the responsibility for teachers."

"The students' movement is China's last hope. China is its own worst enemy and must be its own saviour. The foreign powers however benighted cannot put China on its feet. China must do so itself. It cannot do so unless and until it destroys its greatest enemies, its own corrupt and treacherous officials, its own selfish citizens who are not officials, its own people of every class who do not accept responsibility. The disease is Chinese. The remedy must be Chinese."

Of course, this article does not say anything about Christianity, what the lack of it means, and what the acceptance of it could mean --- but that last paragraph states exactly what some of the difficulties ^{are} out here just now. So it is beginning to be the students themselves who will have the final authority on some matters --- not either the parents nor guardians, nor yet the government officials.

We do not have the same conditions for the same reason here nor with quite the same results as at home. Much of the work here is individual hand work, not machine work --- so we miss the battle of factories and the concomitant herding of people together. It is true that many people live in one house --- all huddled like sheep in a storm; but that is because they have always done it, and they are not used to any other way. A great many of the poor people are beggars; it is a regular profession here --- and I cannot bear it. They might so easily find something to do, especially in a place where so many foreigners are bringing in demands for things that are not made here. Still maybe I don't understand conditions.

You were right in surmising that Swatow has a considerable population not native. There are over two hundred Europeans and Americans not counting Japanese, and Eurasians. Besides the American Baptist mission, and the English Presbyterian mission, there are the English, American, Russian, Dutch and several other consuls. The Standard Oil Company, American Tobacco Company and several steamship companies each have a number of foreign employees. The Customs here is controlled by the ^{international rule} British; the officials are all European. I can't think just now of what others there are but there are a great many interests which bring people here. Swatow is the fifth largest shipping port in China. X

The "prominent Swatow woman" was doubtless Mrs. Hance, wife of the director-in-charge of the Butterfield and Swire Steamship Co. They are English. "Tiffin" is what everyone in the Far East eats at noon. Nobody here ever has lunch, or luncheon, but always tiffin. I think the English brought it, but I'm not sure but it is originally French (?) or Hindustani, maybe.

Don't you think I'd better stop? Please write again
Always with the dearest love
(Cubed + pictures) Your own Edith

I think, in some of my letters, about how very great the need is for native trained workers. We are building up a high school course now, too, and of course that calls for better trained teachers than does a grammar grade only! We send girls to Lockport Normal School and will have one now at Ginling College. She will doubtless have to come back and help while Miss Kelley is at home on furlough next year. One of the other teachers, however, a younger one, has been promised that she may go next fall if some one can be found who can help her out. Any amount that you might give would be a help to her.

Forty dollars will keep a girl in our school for a year. Sixty is the regular price for board and tuition, but girls are allowed to come by paying forty if they cannot afford to pay the larger sum. There are other needs that I might mention, such as a typewriter - which I very much need - and laboratory equipment (which is still very limited in quantity and variety - but I thought perhaps you would rather put money into a girl who would go on working and

more than paying for the money that is put into her education
by the added value she is in her work. Forty dollars to help
a girl in the school does not mean that amount of money
given outright; - it is simply loaned to the girl, and when it is
paid back it goes into a perpetual loan fund, and so it can
be used over and over to help more girls. Thank you so much
for thinking of helping out in our work out here. I've don't know
how much it means to me to have folks I love way back there in
America remember me and the work I'm in out here.

I'm as glad about your getting the fine position, in spite of
the man and his "kew". And after I read that Hist. of Ed. exam,
I stand in silent awe with bared head - in positively abject
amazement and admiration. If common sense got you by that
it will get you by anything. If you ever find you have too much,
just send some out to me, will you? Honest - I don't got none at
all. Lots of times - I'm the great ignorantest - and I certainly do
stupid things - China is a good place to learn something every day
thing. I learned today that my camera was an organ - I heard
one little boy tell another that the black box had music in it! Very much love, Abbie.

P.S. This typewriter is Miss Sallman's Corona -
She takes it with her wherever she goes -
The Gospel House-boat, on the River Hang, about a mile from
Theng-hai
Tuesday, Oct. 21, 1919

My dear! - I have had any at all just now!
Rain, rain, rain! You might think that would be a great calamity when one is out on a country trip in China, but in this case we are not minding very much, - in fact, we are rather glad of the rest.

Miss Sallman and I started out from home last Thursday afternoon. We came across the bay to Swatow and up the river as far as the village of 16-pi that night. In the morning we met the two Bible women, who had come in several days ahead of us. We had been delayed by rain, and they were beginning to wonder whether we were sick or what had delayed us, anyway!

At the 16-pi chapel about twenty children were studying in a room whose only light was from the entrance to the inner courtyard and the door opening on the street. Such a dark, dismal place - no wonder people are not eager to come and listen! It was very nice and clean, though, - partly, perhaps, because they, the foreign Kou-mis were coming!

One of the women who came to the chapel to go visiting with us had such an interesting face; Miss Sallman told me her story as we were walking along. She came to the hospital in Kakehieh and was converted as well as cured of her illness. But when she went home and told, her husband was greatly displeased, and scolded her and beat her. Still she persisted in the face of many persecutions. Her husband went away to foreign parts, and would send her no money when he found that she kept on with her Christian worship. But even at times when she had almost nothing to live on, she prayed, and kept on praying. Mrs. Waters had told her that if she prayed, a way would be opened, just as it was for the children of Israel in the days of old. And surely enough, her field, which before had been practically barren, yielded eight earries of rice; thus a way was opened for her! When her husband found out how persistent she was, he began to send her money and kept on until he came back himself. Not long ago he was sick, and was cured by medicine which a preacher from Swatow gave him. He heard about Christianity at the same time, and now he, too, has become a Christian. You may be pretty sure that that woman believes in the power of prayer! She was so happy that she told everybody along the road who we were and what we are here in China for!

We went back to the chapel to eat our lunch. But when we got out our nice egg sandwiches, I couldn't repress a wall of dismay - for the napkin in which they were wrapped was positively alive with diminutive black ants. Fortunately very few of them had reached the inside of the paraffin paper, so we brushed them off, and calmly ate the sandwiches. If a lot of dirty horrid flies had got into them we would have had to go hungry, I fear, for we wouldn't dare take any risks out here in the country where people don't know there are such things as germs, and wouldn't believe it if they were told!

In the afternoon we visited and tried to encourage a woman who for some years has been a widow. When she was first widowed, she was so wretchedly unhappy that she traveled about from temple to temple worshipping all the different idols that she could find, searching for comfort and peace. Some day when Miss Sallman was in the village this woman called her into her house and told her that she was a Christian. Miss Sallman, after learning that she had been to the chapel several times, asked her who had led her to be a Christian; she answered, "Nobody." Then the story came out.

She had finally decided for herself, after worshipping many idols, without any benefit, that there must somewhere be a true God who could give peace to her miserably distressed heart. So taking her two little boys by the hand one day, she set out, with one fixed idea, to find the true God. Passing our chapel, she heard the singing and was drawn to go

in and listen. She said that when she went in, (although that first time the meaning of what the preacher said was not clear,) she felt a peace in her heart that somehow told her she had come to the right place to find the true God. Just now a part of her work helping in the family has included keeping the shop open on Sunday. With this drawback she has not been attending church as regularly as she ought. She has not been very well either, and is somewhat discouraged because she realizes that she has not done right. I have the feeling that our visit and the talk there with her cannot help doing some good.

Let me tell you how we got back to the boat that night. In the morning we had to walk about a half hour before we got anywhere at all; and we tramped around all day, visiting three villages in all, - but we had a little treat at the end.

From Swatow to Theng-hai there is the queerest little railway you ever saw. I have seen the little cars from a housetop in Swatow, but I have never been very near one and of course never before rode in one. They are called "Light Convenient Machine". You will believe they are not very heavy when I tell you that the way empty cars are switched to make way for passenger-laden ones is by being lifted off the track (two rails about two feet apart) by their motorman-engineer-conductor or whatever you call him. There is room for just four in each car- two seats back to back. The only protection of any kind is a tiny roof, - no closed cars on this line! The motorman furnishes the power by pushing from behind. When enough speed is gathered, he jumps on, too, and we have a merry little coast all together for a few yards! It seemed like a private little electric trolley- and quite the most rapid thing I have seen since I came to China. Miss Sollen is quite sure they could beat the Chicago Elevated!!! We traveled nearly two miles in seven minutes. About halfway we met another car with passengers. We all stopped, got off, and then each car started off in the opposite direction from which it had been traveling. I wish I had a picture to send you of us sitting up like little men in that tiny featherweight contraption!

You would have enjoyed as peep at us in Sunday-school at Theng-hai. Miss Sollen took the younger women, and I stayed out in the older women's class with the older Bible woman. Lung-hiang Ché, the younger Bible woman, had the children's class, and the preacher had all the men. The Láu-i (older Bible woman) had some difficulty in keeping concentrated attention, because of the groups of heathen women who drifted in to see the foreign kou-nié. They upset her talk terribly, of course, crowding around and staring and asking questions about me. The Láu-i would then try to say a word or two of the doctrine to them; they would politely nod, nod, "Yes, yes, yes-" to all that was said, - but what they wanted was to see my queer dress, hat, spectacles that somehow stuck on to my face without any supports over the ears, the ring on my finger and the tating on my collar! Then somebody would tell them there was another kou-nié in the other room, and off they would run to see her. Then the Láu-i would try to take up the thread of the lesson where she had left it, and go on until others came in to interrupt.

Miss Sollen told me what an interesting lesson she had with her women. She showed them some of the practical things they might do in their everyday living that would prove Christianity had made them different. She spoke of the case of the women in confinement, who are left to live or die whichever it be- and not even their nearest friends will come in to help them or do anything for them. They do not dare for fear of defilement, or some similar superstition. She told them that even though they might not know much about bringing children into the world, yet all of them could wash clothes, cook rice, and help in such ways as that. Just then one of the Christian women spoke up and said that was the way she first got hold of a woman whom she has lately been able to interest in the doctrine. She helped her three days and three nights when her little girl was born. And there she was, sitting on a bench right behind them, - holding her baby! A pretty good witness, wasn't it, for the heathen women who had come in to

listen! They were all standing around and shaking their heads in amazement saying, "My, no! We would never dare do that! Should say not!"

Of course I am on the lookout all the time for possibilities for our school, - I just naturally can't help it. The other day as soon as we got into one place the woman immediately began to give us her daughter of 17! I was particularly attracted to one of the little girls in the day school in Theng-hai. She came way down to the boat (about a mile) to visit us, on Sunday afternoon after the service. She and the other little children with her were so excited when they got here; she said they ran after us, but got to the ferry too late to come over with us and the ferryman was not pleased to let them cross for they hadn't any cash. So they just stopped right there and prayed, - three of them did, she said, but the little boy Ho-ta-khin (did not dare make petition). It is a shame to tell it, but the truth is, as we found out later, the boy who didn't dare pray was the preacher's son, - and this little girl is from an absolutely heathen home! If she has got that much just by coming to our little school, I say she has gone a good long step, don't you? Well, the ferry went across once without them - while they stayed behind and prayed! And when the ferry came back, the man was willing to let them cross. Then, she said, they went on and lost their way. They got way over to the kuai-piang-shia (little railroad) before they discovered that they had taken the wrong road. So then they stopped again and prayed, - what more natural? - then turned around, came back, found the right road, and here they were! She is ten years old, and a darling.

We went later to her home; as soon as I saw her mother (whose very image the little daughter is) I fell in love with her. I couldn't resist telling her that I hoped she would send little Ho-k-kheng to our school in Kakchich in two years more (we take them in at twelve). She seemed delighted, and promised she would surely remember. She said the little girl had talked so much about how phai-ghiang (fine and elegant) the kou-nie were, had praised them so much, and their fine clean boat, - that she had rebuked her for exaggerating; but now that she had seen us, she could see that all the girl had said was true! She was courtesy itself: asked me first if I had come to China to sell things, - then asked how old I was, - then would I have a smoke? (tobacco in the Chinese water-pipe) Before we left they served tea in the tiny cups. I am usually glad that the cups are small, for the beverage is often strong enough to float eggs (pretty nearly!) I'm not fond of strong tea, but out here the stronger it is the more honor it means, - so we drink it graciously!

These days out in the country I am doing very little book-studying, but they tell me this getting out and into Chinese homes is a most necessary part of my education in preparation for my work in the girls' school. I am enjoying thoroughly every bit of it, and I am undoubtedly getting the finest possible practice in conversation. Already I have two pages jotted down of words that I never heard before, - such exceedingly useful words as unconvinced, satisfied, superstitious, wide-awake, noisy, urges, worth-while. It is different from just reading them out of a book: I get them right in their proper setting, - as they are used in everyday, idiomatic Chinese talk. And of course to use one of these words once is worth more than simply repeating it over and over a dozen times!

Of course you know without my telling you that I meant to answer your two letters sooner! (Mildred Ralph would say, "If you had meant it, you would have done it!"). I was delighted, too, with Leticia's letter to you. And I wish she would just sit down and write and write like that to me! Please tell her I'm humane too, honest Dave - and if I owe her letters it is never because I want to owe them to her - and I would just love to hear from her at any time.

You ask about what an amount of money would do out here. Any amount would help out our educating one of the girls to come back and teach in the school. I must have said something

Swatow, China, Apr. 4, 20

Dear Idella —

Ever since I knew that I was going to have this nice typewriter sent out to me, I have promised myself that I would write to you as soon as ever the machine arrived. But now that it has come, I don't know very much more about it than a cow! Of course, I can peck and hammer away at it after a fashion, but it is a rather slow process, I can assure you. But, oh! you don't know how HAPPY I am to have it. It will make my letter-writing somewhat easier right away now, and wonderfully so a little later, when I get so that I can really use it correctly. It is a perfectly splendid machine, the Noiseless, (and it lives up to its name). Miss Culley, sitting in her study just across the hall from mine, can hear the bell once in a while, and the carriage return, but the striking of the keys does not reach her at all. Isn't that the kind of a typewriter to have? I do think I am the luckiest girl that ever was born!

Heaps of exciting things have been happening out here lately. We have been scared by thieves, have had one of the new young lady workers announce her engagement and the fact that she will stay only two years. It is just fine for us, for she has come to teach English in the Girls' School; she has relieved me of some of my work, so that now I may put full time on studying the language for the next month. Then I shall have to write the folks about something else than study. I think everybody must be dreadfully tired of hearing nothing from me but "I spend the most of my time studying this language!"

You see, I.K. dear, the above is a carbon copy. I wanted to tell everybody

about my new typewriter so I made alot at once. I'm sending you the ninth copy- not because you are ninth on the list of my beloveds (you are much nearer the top than that!) - but because I wanted to

show you how legible it is even with my exceedingly poor technique. If you have seen the Noiseless at all you know that it runs by a new method,- pressure instead of hammer-blow printing. People discouraged me by saying that this kind would probably not make more than two or three carbon copies at the most. I am delighted with it.

Before I rave on any more about this typewriter, let me tell you how very much I appreciate your sending me Mrs. Simonds' songs for Christmas. We get so very little new music out here,- only a song or two that some one brings back from furlough. I like them all, but especially "Just Turned Two" and "I've a Cottage Built for Two". I am much interested, too, in a sacred song, the beginning of which appears on the back of one of them: "Seek Ye the Lord". The tempo is not as rapid as in the others, and I think my poor unflexible voice could get hold of it, maybe. It is the height of ill manners, isn't it, to ask for more when somebody has just given you something nice? But I do hope you will send it to me if you can get it easily. I should like to be able to play the beautiful accompaniments of her songs, too. Emily Miller, the new girl who has come to work with us, has bought a "used" piano (I'm going to pay for a share in it sometime if I ever become wealthy enough!), so I am having the joy of practicing on that once in a while- whenever I can get a spare moment.

Splendid letters have come from both Lutie and Grace but I have not yet had time to answer them. Lutie spoke of something that the ~~three~~ three of you were going to send me and I wondered whether it was the music. That was lovely, whether it was from all of you or just you; Lutie said, however, that it would arrive about a month after her letter was received. If it was the music, will you please pass on a share of my thank-you?

Must

stop this now with the promise of a better one as soon as I have learned how! Always yours, *Abba*

沈 楊 春 寓 在 蕭 竹 松

Swatow, China
May 30, 1920

Dearest L.K. & Moses you blessed little darlings!

Just this very minute I finished one letter to you

and I have decided that I will not stop at one attempt to reach you while you are at Commencement this year but will send two letters and send one of them to the EMPRESS OF ASIA; which, by the way is the boat that brought me to these honorable shores. That one will travel more rapidly, but it does not leave until several days later; so I cannot guess which one will be more likely to reach you in time.

In the other letter I charged you to give my hearty, affectionate greetings to all the good friends of 1914 and to everyone else from Prexy himself to Lottie and Grace and Eva Keyes. If you have a good chance and dare to and feel like it, you might find it an interesting way to pass a little time to let Prof. J. Bill B. in on my dark secret (since I'm now far enough away to feel embarrassed!) which secret being (have I revealed to you?) that I am now spending a considerable amount of my time in translating Western HISTORY (Meyer's General) from English into the Swatow dialect for classroom work this next fall. (We already have it in the Wen-li, or classical Chinese; in fact, I prepared some of that for my fourth and last examination in the language work, April 1919). I think it is the biggest joke that I ever heard, that I should come out here to China to begin straight away to prepare for teaching EUROPEAN HISTORY IN CHINESE! Well, don't you, too?

Oh girls, I know you will have a perfectly scrumptious time; wouldn't I love to be with you? But you must have a little bit of your good time for me and write and tell me about it. But I know you will do that without my telling you, too.

My very best special love to both of you dear girls, and a tiny silent tear along with a wee bit of a heartsache that I can't see you, though that doesn't mean for a minute that I'm wishing to any other place but right here!

Pictures for Gladys in other letter -

日本郵便



*Mr. J. H. Farber
New York City*

U.S.A.

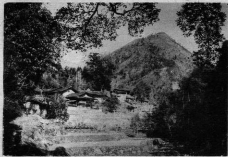


Bahing, Indies China

Aug 21, 1920

*Just received your beautiful gift - I
can't thank you enough - but want
to say that my heart just runs over
and I think you are dear girls - and
I'll tell you privately in a letter sometime
who is the dearest of all!*

Love Abbie



A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, PINJIE, CHINA

Swatow, China, September 13, 1920.

Dear Girls:

Colby does not seem so very far away after all. The first thing that made it seem nearer this summer was Idella's letter with that wonderful gift of yours. It almost made me wish, not quite, that you had gotten ahead of the other good friends in sending me my typewriter. In the days when I was still wanting the machine, I thought long and hard about the convenience of having a small machine like the Corona, which I could easily take on the steamer, on the houseboat, or almost in the sedan chair, wherever my wanderings might take me. My big Noiseless typewriter is a good deal of a nuisance to take away on a summer vacation. It is a splendid machine though, and now that I have it, I doubt if I should want to exchange it for another, no matter how handy or convenient. I did manage by packing it in its huge box and wrapping it with brown paper and then oil paper, and finally straw matting, to get it safely up to the mountain to Kuliang, and back down again to Swatow. If it had been your Corona, though, think how easily I would have carried it in my hand all the way.

Since you left the use of the gift to my discretion, I want to think of the very best way to use it. I might use it to help some especially needy girl, or it may be that I can find a baby organ to put over in one of the dormitories for the girls to practice on. The ones we have now are all more or less dilapidated, and the girls are constantly coming to tell me that the keys of this one stick or that the pedal of that one is broken again. They will be delighted indeed if they can have another new one. I might use the money for equipment for our library or for some furnishings in the new dormitory which the W. W. G. is building for us, but I have not yet decided. When I do, I will surely write you all about it. *There are heaps of just such places where it is*

badly needed.
The reports that come from the Colby centennial are thrilling, and make me wish so hard that I might have been there to see you all again. But Idella's letter says that the good old class of '14 is planning a reunion four years from now, and you can just bet there is one little missionary who will be there, unless something dreadful happens to prevent.

We had a delightful, restful summer at Kuliang, but I am glad to be back at Swatow again and getting ready for a busy, happy year. It does me a world of good to hear from you, so please do write some more.

And there are some people, such as Ruth Hamilton, Aldine Gilman and others I might mention, who haven't written to me at all. I might have thought they had forgotten me, but E. K.'s letter drove away that doubt. There is still plenty of time, however, and please remember that I always love to get your letters.

Thank you again for your love and for being so good to me away out here.

Very lovingly yours,

Abbie J. Sanderson

Swatow, China,
February 15, 1921.

Dear Mr. J. K. I.

Do you realize that I have been in China almost three years? I can hardly realize it, for time has swifter wings out here, I think, than in America. My first two years were spent in language study. After the fourth of the semi-annual examinations I began to take more work in the girls' school, and a month later Miss Gulley, the principal of the school, went home on furlough. So since last June I have been the chief cook and bottle washer, figuratively at least. I find that preparing the schedule, scurrying around for teachers when there aren't any practically, then mangling those teachers and keeping peace in their petty jealousies and misunderstandings, giving or withholding permissions, finding work for the many poor girls who must earn, and trying to give an opinion (whether you have one or not) on almost any subject from the earing of skirts in our older classes to the reason God had for punishing the prophet who unwittingly disobeyed more heavily than he did the one who deliberately lied (the thirteenth chapter of First Kings), and a multitude of other things such as teaching English as well as music and Old Testament history in Chinese, are a surprisingly different proposition from getting breakfast in college under the competent direction of Miss Cutman, our matron. In fact, I can't think why it occurred to me to mention the two situations in one sentence unless it is because we have over one-hundred twenty girls in the school, which is about the number of girls who ate in Posa Hall when I got breakfast as a Junior in college.

Sometimes I want to scream or do something equally stupid, simply because there is not enough time to do the things that have to be done. I don't scream, though, and of course I know that it is not normal to feel that way even, and I don't feel that way nearly as much as I did in the beginning of last term. Then I was untried and just plain scared. I did not know what things I should meet and did not realize how many people would help me out if I got into a hard place. There are heaps of them, I know now. I felt my limitations and worried about my health and about other people's opinions of me more than I should have. To worry is a downright sin with me I know, but yet I can't seem to help it somehow. But now when I am not worrying so much and have a more rested, easy-going feeling, I can't help wondering about the reason for it. I am sure a part of it is the knowledge of the many people who are praying here in China as well as in America. I hadn't thought much until last week about the prayers of the Chinese Christians. I was talking with one of our Chinese girls about the difficulties of this new strange work. When I said that people in America were praying for me, she answered, "And I know of a good many Chinese people who are praying for you, too". Well, that little word held a great deal of comfort for me.

Sometimes we get to feel that we have to grope our way blindly and fairly walk on eggs in our dealings with the Chinese, because we don't understand their point of view and because their attitude toward so many things and their way of thinking are so different from ours. It almost seems at times as though they don't work in sympathy with us. I am sure the fault is often ours, but that is difficult to see at times. So when something like what I have told you comes out, it draws us ever so much nearer to them.

I must have told you, didn't I, that my small brother Arthur was married New Year's 1920 to Gladys Farrand, a Burlington girl? Arthur met her when he first went there to study at the U. of Vermont. It is most interesting and exciting to have a sister whom I've never seen! We thought they were very foolish to marry when they did, of course, for now he is working instead of studying, and it's a big question whether he will ever finish college or not. But an old maid sister would be expected to fuss about her kid brother getting married, I suppose. Anyhow, they are immensely happy, and proud as punch over a new three months old daughter, Ruth Gertrude. Wouldn't I like to see her?

When you're in New London again, I hope you can meet Helen Fielden, who taught in our school when I first came out. She has returned to America for good, ^{mostly} on account of health. She has been out here twice and will probably not be out again. She was my house mate for nearly two years. She left here February 1920. The enclosed pictures both show her.

Again thanks for your loving thought of me always. It was such a joy to have the Centennial thing - and the money you girls sent I have practically decided will be used for a Victrola. I'm very anxious to have the new records that teach the girls mandarin, the national language. There is a big movement well under way, to make this the uniform speech of China, and to use a phonetic alphabet. Always with love. Abbie



THE SUBPLANE FOR BALT. FISH, CHINA

郵政便所

POSTAL NOTE.

Can be made payable to
any person.



Miss J. H. Thompson
Rt. 11
New Hampshire

Andover,
New Hampshire

N. H.

Andover, N. H.

Aug 27, 1891
I'm happy to send you a package
of taffy (about \$1.50 worth). If you
have no opportunity of calling to send
it on to Mother at Highgate St. Our
girls are doing a lot of it & come this
way. I am going to write to you soon.
Love, Abbie J. Sanderson

Swatow China

Nov. 26, 1922

Dearest J. K. dear,

Reading of your letter the one written last January -
has brought me all sorts of doubts and
qualms - and I have arrived at the
state where I am ready to go on my
knees with apologies. In it you
ordered some talking - which I can't
remember sending - and also sent
money. I am a poor business woman
I guess - for I can find no record
to tell me whether the \$20 was
for talking you already had or for talking
you then were ordering, or half of each.
Can you forgive this long delay and
tell me how much talking I still owe
you? That I should forget this is
unpardonable, I know - but perhaps
this will go to show you that I am
indeed far from "doing the things I
ought to do at the time it should be
done". I am just as bad as I used
to be, if not worse - and you know
how very bad that was. I shall
await word from you most anxiously.

(2)

I'm enclosing a copy of my letter to
the Maine churches - Because it
tells a good many of the things I
would say in a letter to you. One
of the high school girls has helped
me make these copies - and together
we have made 80 copies.

Another apology! Did I ever
tell you how very much I enjoyed the
Candy that you and Leta sent to
me? That lovely tea box is in
almost constant use - with cookies
and other sweets that come to us
now and then. We can't leave
things around at all on account
of ants and roaches - so I've found
the pretty box a very useful one too.

And I'm pretty sure that I forgot
to thank you for "If Winter Comes".

I'm not the only one who enjoyed
reading it. After I had finished it
it was loaned for months. Its cynical,
don't you think? But frightfully true
in places. I fear.

Oh - I tell - I can't answer your
splendid letter yet I want to when I
see you and talk it all out.!

I may be a different person from the one I would have been had I never been a missionary - but I am inclined to doubt that. That I have had some harder trials and richer faith-strengthening experiences than I knew before I came out is certainly true; but the same or similar circumstances might easily have come to me had I remained at home. You speak of my "spending as much more time with things spiritual" - Ah! - it is so easy to neglect these things in China as it is in America. I must confess that long hours in preparation of a Bible lesson to be taught have many times taken the place of my own private devotions, and that more than once the business of this life out here has been my excuse to neglect the searching for strength where I really do know it may be found.

I am very happy in my work out here. But I should never say that it is because I have given up so much. On the contrary, I have given up very little. The receipts are far in excess of the expenditures, as far as my happiness is concerned. I have not given up my Father and Mother - I

Have missed them sorely - but ~~you~~^{you}
 have not gone one whit out of each
 another's lives. I gave Arthur up a
 little bit when he was married, I guess.
 But I think that was because I have
 never seen Gladys - After I know how
 willing to him won't seem like sharing
 letters with a stranger - And I surely
 don't expect to give up my friends -
 not the nearest ones - you and
 Gladys Paul and some of the others -
 We'd be separated if I were in
 America - and if I ~~go~~^{go} ~~you~~^{you} ~~are~~^{are}
 to go, I suppose I'd not be as
 happy as I expect to be when I
 see you sometime between July 1923
 and December 1924!

One of the very happy times came
 this last week. The girls came to me
 for a story they might act out at
 the 14th year (jubilee anniversary)
 meeting of the Missionary Society.
 I told them the story of Van Dyke's
 mansion - and with very little help
 from me they produced a beautiful
 heart-stirring drama which covered
 them with glory and ~~made~~^{made} the
 affair a wonderful success. These
 are the talented Christian Chinese girls
 who are my pupils; and my being here

helps to make it possible for them
 to study; their education fits them
 in a position to witness for Christianity
 in a way that will win hundreds more
 of their sisters, could ever hope to win
 were I possessed of all the virtues
 and graces. The other night after "The
 Mission" I was thrilled anew with the
 joy of knowing these beautiful girls.
 It was not simply being glad they
 had been successful - but it was
 realizing the fineness of the girls
 which enabled them to do so
 clearly and so quickly the reach-
 ing of the little story, and
 the real talent they showed in painting
 the pictures to their audience. They
 threw themselves into the task wholeheartedly
 and I just love them for it! That's
 one of my privileges.

Mother and Father are now in
 Sutton, Vermont - and Arthur is
 teaching a junior high school at West
 Pawlet, not very far away. Shant
 I be one delighted girl when I get
 back to them again next summer?
 I can scarcely wait.

Affectionately yours

P.S. Is your exact address
 Andover of South Framburg?

Fairfax, Vermont
Mar. 24, 1920

My dear Idella:-

It seems hardly the thing to be addressing the Supt. of Schools in this familiar way - However, nothing else would be natural. I felt that you would be disappointed about the typewriter - but there are still plenty of needs to supply. I am inclosing a list of those things which I shall try to supply myself as fast as I can. We sent a Thermos bottle a year ago - but was broken when it arrived. altho' I took great pains

in packing it. She
was greatly disappointed
because, as she said,
a Thermos bottle (borrowed)
saved her life on one
of the country trips.
Her fountain pen has
given out and as for
the other things enumera-
ted - she went without
them or with a meager
supply - The three teachers
kept house together
and Miss Fielden is
on her way home, her
term of service completed,
and Miss Culley comes
on furlough in June.
Miss Fielden will prob-
ably bring much of her
personal property with
her and Abbie will
not like to use Miss C's
things a whole year.
She took very little silver

with her - a few pieces
that I could spare - and
not anything very good
except $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. teaspoons
that she had had for
years. Friends have
given her, since she
went, a few pieces
of the Adam pattern
of Community silver - in-
cluding - butter knife, sugar
spoon, one teaspoon -
 $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. butter spreaders
and I've that for birthday
and Christmas - we'd try
to send something in this
pattern - O, there are
so many things which
might be sent, if you
want to make a per-
sonal gift. A gift
to be used for the
schooning of some Chinese
girl would be sent
to the Treasurer, designated

for that purpose -

The Treasurer is

Miss Hilda L. Olson,
18 Creighton St.

Providence R. I.

I know Attie would be
greatly pleased to have
you do anything of this
kind - To her could
be given the choice
of the girl to be benefited.
Please let me know
what you decide to
do.

You probably never
heard of Gladys Farrand,
an Essex, Vt. girl, who has
spent the last four
years with her grand-
parents in Ohio. She
returned to Vermont
and met Arthur in
Burlington soon after
his return from overseas.
Thereby hangs the tale!

We do not feel that
we know her very well
yet - I shall make
them a little visit as
soon as the travelling
is settled. Perhaps I
told you before that they
have been here a few
days and Mr. Sanderson
has been to Burlington
to see them where they
are keeping house in
three rooms - They ap-
pear to be contented and
happy - but Arthur is
working very hard out-
side the College rock.

With love to
you & Lucy

C. H. Sanderson



Wool Blankets
Table cloth
Napkins
Clinical thermometer
Fountain pen
Aspirin tablets
Vermouth
Quinine Sulphate
Carving knife & fork
Thermos bottle.
Silver



Swatow, China

Feb. 21, 1926

My dear dear J. K.,

The other day I had notice that a parcel was waiting for me at the P. O. That alone is a good bit of a thrill. When it arrived, I opened it with great eagerness, for it said candy and nuts on the labels. I even took time to untie the knots in the biggest string, meanwhile remembering the great patience that certain of my ~~many~~ friends has been known to exhibit at times (in contrast to my own great lack of it!

Now please read all of what follows, or else none at all; for I'm going to tell the whole story, and if you stop halfway you won't feel that you've been properly thanked, I'm sure!

When the inmost wrappings were off, the outer cover removed, and then the inner one, what met my gaze but deliciously browned peanuts. My thought was, "Well now, bless her heart! Of course she doesn't know that we have peanuts to burn out here. ~~but~~ but she does remember my fondness for them, and it was mighty nice of her to send them anyway -"

you with perforated pink paper -
Please excuse it. It came out in
a box of Christmas things for the
school - rainbow writing paper,
which the girls love, of course.
The pink in this one box was
all ruined, but I'm using it
up on my long suffering friends.

It's not easy to write about
conditions out here just now, especially
when it has been so long since I
have written to you at all. The
country is anything but peaceful,
as you have surely gathered
from the newspapers. In our
mission here the ~~Chinese~~ Chinese
have declared independence of
the foreigners and responsibility
in all lines of work has been

to a larger or smaller extent ~~been~~
taken over by the Chinese. Some
of them are doing very well, but
I don't know what kind of a pass
we may come to before we are
through. Their ideas are so very
different from ours - in some respects.

The Christian schools in this
district are having a harder time
than a great many schools in
other parts of China. Edicts
have gone out throughout the
country that no religion shall
be taught in any school, public
or private, and that no school
shall ~~and~~ have for its aim the
propagation of religion. Every
school must register with the
government, and thereby subscribe

of the above and many other such
rules. Elsewhere Christian schools
are ignoring these demands, and
are carrying on as usual. Here
in Kuangtung, however, where
the Anti-Christians are very active
and the Communist faction so
~~violent~~ ^{persistent} in spreading their anti-foreign
propaganda, we have little hope
of escape from the demands.

When the various inspectors come
to our school, we, ^{foreigners} keep in the
background as much as possible.
They, of course, would like to see
us in Timbuctoo or ~~the~~ any
place far from China. Our
Chinese principal, Miss Pui, is
finding her position a most difficult

one. She is doing splendidly - meeting all sorts of criticisms bravely - and she says she is just beginning to realize what the responsibility of the girls school has meant to us foreigners all these years. Poor girl, there is grave question about her health and she is discouraged. I want so much to help her, yet I can do so little -

Some people think that if the missionaries ^{should leave} left China now, that Christianity would soon slump to nothing out here. I don't believe that ~~but~~ for a minute yet it does sometimes seem as though a rough awakening must come to some of them - I don't know what

kind of a crash - before there
can be any spiritual progress -
Perhaps the foreigners will have
to leave China when the crash
comes !

There is great danger of our
criticising them for lack of
vision when it is really we who
are short-sighted and don't
understand the workings of the
Chinese mind . They think we
have unlimited wealth because we
can't live in the ten-in-one
room, monotonous-rice-and-fish-diet
sort of fashion to which the Chinese
are accustomed . We, on the other
hand, think them materialistic
and unspiritual if they show signs
of wanting to emulate our style of

living! What ever shall we do to understand each other?


The British missionaries here in port and inland are being shamefully treated; schools closed, no servants even for the most menial work, houses used for barracks after the auction of the furniture, wholesale boycott continued all these months. I shouldn't have said missionaries only, for all British are thus treated. It makes one's blood boil to see innocent people receive such treatment. A boycott has just now begun against The Standard Oil people - and may eventually come to all Americans -

This sounds like a gloomy letter, I fear - but I'm really very happy - and especially so since I've had your candy to nibble on!

Much love to thee, Alice

The next thing was to taste them - "What a shame!? Travelled so long that they're not very fresh any more - sort o' tough". Then I saw the corner of a chocolate bar sticking up - and I shouted "hooray" and ran in to show Mabelle Culley my prize and to tell her about Betty's chocolate bars and how hard I used to have to try to resist temptation. Then I came back and emptied out the peanuts and then - lo and behold, I spied something more beneath the milk chocolate - Perhaps I didn't sneak then - and ran in to Mabelle - and didn't both of us come pretty near spoiling our

perfectly good dinners with that
irresistible brown sugar nut
fudge - for it was then 11 A.M.
and we couldn't wait! (Since
then we've been finding the chocolate
fudge almost as good as that.)

One thing more - for supper
the next night we had a most
delectable peanut fluff - made
from American peanuts, let me
tell you - Now I don't know
whether I have yet made my
meaning clear or not, but
what I want to convey to you is the
fact that  I appreciate your gift.
The candy is delicious, and there
is so much of it! My thank-you
from the heart.

You'll wonder why I'm favoring

Dear Blessed J. K. - Yours has to wait a long time in any word from me - but I'm still here! I still have the card which gave me such a thrill - the one that told me you would meet me at W.R. Junction! When I look at it I get the thrill all over again and the memory of our little visit. Did I tell you how I enjoyed the book? -

Szeow, China, June 11, 1925

Troublesome times in China! We are certainly finding out that you can never tell what is going to happen, not even from one day to the next. First we have rumors of fighting, then we have troops of soldiers arriving in our very midst, then we have the opposing forces arriving and before we know it, almost, a battle has been fought and the city has been taken.

Last week occurred the riot in Shanghai, about which American papers have doubtless told. We see many reports, of course, but it seems to us as though the Police (foreigners) had to shoot in order to keep the peace. The Chinese newspapers tell only one side of it, and anti-foreign sentiment seems to be growing widely. (I meant to write 'rapidly' there, but I rather think 'widely' fits too!) Now comes the news of civil war in Canton. The universal strike in Shanghai of all those working in any way connected with foreigners, and the strikes of students everywhere seemed bad enough, but war nearer yet is a more fearful thing.

We have our petty troubles right here, too. Yesterday morning at the boys' Academy, as he was getting up to take his regular turn at leading the chapel exercises, Mr. Waters was hissed and clapped at and shuffled at in a most insolent manner. When he found that he could not make himself heard, he sat down and the Chinese principal, Mr. Fu got up and rebuked them, told them to come to order and "listen to the doctrine". Whereupon some of them declared they didn't want to hear the doctrine and they wouldn't and they wouldn't even hear him. Mr. Fu tried to reason with them, but they kept getting worse and worse and turned into a regular mob. They had various meetings among themselves and finally called a meeting of all the schools here on the compound to call a cessation of classes (they didn't call it a strike this time!) Our teachers in the girls' school said they couldn't sanction anything like the affair with Mr. Waters, and if they were to be called upon to take the girls out on the streets to preach and to get money for the strikers in Szeow they wouldn't do it. That was what might easily happen if a general strike of all the schools were called. In any case, with affairs so uncertain everywhere, they felt it would be far wiser to close school immediately and send the girls home to their parents than to keep open for ten days longer and have each responsibility resting on us. The upshot was that a little before three we had a teachers' meeting and decided to close, and before five nearly half the girls had started for home! I'm still gasping and wondering if it has all really happened.

The boys' schools have declared a strike, and are to be out from now until next Tuesday getting funds for the strikers in Shanghai and arousing sympathy for them, I suppose. I am glad the girls have gone!

I mustn't stop to write more now, for it is 9.30 P.M. and I must be dressed and have my breakfast and be down to the boat to-morrow morning by 4.30, off for the day to examine the little country school up at Nam-leng. Four-thirty sounds early, but it will be cooler to go then than later in the day.

I hear you in a "more enviable" position of something!

Love, love, Abbie

A recent campaign in American universities, started with the purpose of teaching people more about China, discloses the facts that up to the year 1750 more than half of all the books in existence were Chinese, and that even in 1850 China had more recorded literature than any other nation. For up-to-date facts—the world's largest publishing house today is Chinese, and there is a Chinese encyclopedia containing 11,000 volumes. The campaign seems more than worth while when through it people may become better acquainted with a culture which has flourished for thirty centuries in a country which holds one-fourth of all the people in the world.

Svetlov China
Mar 7, 1925

My dear Della,

Behold in me a woman sunk in shame! seventh of March already, and I have been here in China more than two months without sending you a scrap of a line even to tell you that I arrived without mishap. But I somehow that you have at least had some sort of word from Sutton which would let you know that I survived my ocean trip very well, although it was a rough one, and that I am just about as busy as I can be in affairs out here.

One reason that you haven't heard from me is that very ocean trip itself! We had so many ups and downs, and the ups were so high and the downs so deep that we didn't do more than one forty-ninth of what we had planned to do. (That is an editorial "we", I guess.) Still, the little Chinese girl who went with me was pretty sea-sick part of the time. I consider that I got along pretty well myself, having lost only two parts of one dinner!

Getting back to China was even better than I had thought it would be, and as you may imagine, it wasn't long before I was into everything as deep as ever before. I have classes from 8.30 to 11.45 and some days later than that, and begin again at 2 in the afternoon. This includes arithmetic, Old Testament History, a good bit of teaching in English, and several individual music lessons, finishing with my hour of preparation in Chinese with my teacher from 3.30 to 4. I have made many good resolutions about getting out for a walk or tennis every day, and I have done it a good bit, too, but can't seem to make it every day, no matter how many resolutions I make.

You wouldn't think that it would take two months to get settled in a couple of rooms, would you? But when I got here I didn't go right into my own rooms, but waited until Emily Miller left them to go home, the 5th of February. Even then I couldn't get settled in a minute, because I had to wait until we could get some one to help move the big furniture and get back some of my things that some other folks had been using while I was away. And then while I was moving things and was all upset anyway, I decided to have some things painted. That meant another wait. So it was not until last Saturday that I got my very own things together and got really straightened out. The insides of my trunks, bureau drawers, and various other containers are still subject to none but the most private inspection. I had half an inclination to do that this morning, but I had really much rather be having a little chat with you, and the other things can wait.

Last night Miss Culley and I were invited out to a Chinese dinner. The affair was given in the home of one of our most attractive girls, who was recently married to the port doctor's Chinese assistant. The bride's sister and two other teachers in our school were present and we had a very happy time together. I have seldom been entertained in China when I felt as much at home as I did last night. The house was as clean as a pin, we had a real linen tablecloth and monogrammed napkins to match (a wedding gift, I think). As for the eats, well, I like some Chinese food, but not all. This meal, however, was a feast,

partly Chinese and partly foreign, and every bit of it delicious. We began with fish, then had soup, then a sort of chicken pie with all sorts of goodies in it, then a stew with some kind of quahaug-like animal in it together with asparagus and mushrooms; after that they brought on the most marvelous lobster salad I ever saw, which looked like the whole animal, with head, tail, claws and antennae all rampant, but upon serving revealed everything from beets and carrots and mushrooms to green peas and chopped celery, to say nothing of great slices of firm white lobster meat. It certainly made me think of certain repasts I might mention- prepared for me while I was in America by certain thoughtful, loving hands,- or hearts, at least! I can't remember everything, but I know that by the time the noodles came on I was filled with sorrow to think that simply for lack of capacity I had to go easy on one of my favorite dishes! Some of the mushrooms were from Paris; we had preserved cherries from America and chocolate creams from London. The pomeles and oranges were Chinese, and the rich dark brown cocoa from goodness knows where. When we had devoured all of these things, we were just about ready to quit and come home! It was time, too,- after ten o'clock when we got up from the table.

This doesn't sound much like war, does it? We had only one hint of it all evening long, and that was when our host spoke a word or two in favor of Sun Yat Sen in a tome that his sister-in-law feared was a trifle too loud to be used in a room so close to the street where the soldiers on guard are continually passing and repassing. Men have been arrested, tried, and sentenced to be shot for smaller offences than this.

Mar. 15

My letter didn't get finished right away, did it? It has been right here in the typewriter for over a week. I can't somehow seem to find time to write as I want to. And in the meantime, things have been happening. At the very time I was writing the above, a week ago last Saturday, the Northern soldiers were retreating and the Southern soldiers were entering Swatow. They say we may see them return any time, for the Northerners really far outnumber the others, only the soldiers somehow lost their morale and took to their heels without even trying to defend the city. As they retreat they are robbing and looting promiscuously and the people in the villages are terrified. There is no respect whatever shown for women, and some of the tales that come to us are pitiful indeed. For nearly a week all the shops or many of them were closed or almost closed,- some doing business through barred windows only- but things seem now to be moving back toward normalcy. We do not feel, however, that everything is settled here yet. And just yesterday we heard of the death of Sun Yat Sen. He is really gone this time, I guess. How much his death will affect the situation is yet to be seen.

There is no need to worry about us. Here in this harbor we are well protected; there are two Japanese gunboats, one British, and one French. An American boat is just up the coast at Foochow, and will be ordered here if thought necessary.

It is really ridiculous that I haven't written to you! But I have thought of you often - and I surely do treasure the memory of that little visit with you. The little book you gave me is on my desk now, and I am planning to use it - some parts of it - in talks to the girls next year. It is fine. "Our Lady's Tumbler" arrived about two weeks ago and the lesson in that has already been used in a class talk. I'm going to use it again in a missionary's prayer meeting talk. Do you suppose any one will object to the theology? I enjoyed reading it ever so much. Some how it made me think of a paragraph from a little book I once read about Jesus' boyhood. He told his father, Joseph, as they were walking on Nazareth Hill (that's the book's title) that he thought he liked Jonah best of all the prophets. His father thought that strange. But the boy Jesus went on to say that the other prophets were always denouncing the heathen and criticizing, while Jonah, honestly and humbly - even though unwillingly, confessing his own sin, was used of God to save a whole city full of people! Perhaps the poor tumbler was too!

Well - I'm writing a longer letter than I thought I could - I shall love to hear from you.

Always yours
Abbie

Shanghai China

Mar 13, 1927

Idella, my dear -

Yes, I'm not a refugee, ^{like} ~~as~~ a great many people here in Shanghai ~~are~~ - I'm just up here to attend a China Baptist Publication Society meeting. I'm one of the five directors appointed from our South China Mission this year. Other meetings are being held at the same time to some of which I am invited. So I'm waiting until they are all over, and going ~~back~~ with the others, instead of today, as I had at first planned.

I wish I had time to write a full description of all that has happened since the first of January. We had strikes of all kinds in different parts of the country - but hadst expected it would "strike" so near home. First the boys' school had a strike - making all sorts of impossible demands - then our own girls' school followed suit and the result was such a mix-up that we closed and shall not be able ever to open again on the same basis.

I have been transferred to Charchow, thirty miles inland from Swatow, to help Emily Miller keep that station open. Just at present all the foreigners have been called to the ports - which means that I have never actually gone to Charchow to live yet. I don't know how soon the consul will give up permission to go up there, especially since there is no other fairly living there at present. But if we get to neither we may pick up and go without waiting for his consent. I shouldn't want to do it without the approval of the mission, but I think the mission will allow us to go.

I haven't any very definite work laid out up there, but shall have to feel ^{my} way along. I intend to spend much of my time

this spring in study and possibly some translating -

It has been a good vacation & get up here & Shanghai and see the shop windows and meet all the people and get away absolutely from the rush of school work and the strain of routine affairs - I haven't really rested, for I have been on the go until my feet ~~are~~ like boils - The meetings occupied the time for the first two or three days, and since that I've been doing a quantity of shopping - mostly for other folk - I've been here a week -

Now I have written a page and a half without mentioning the Christmas present which came from you - I think not one of us had seen "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and we have just enjoyed it immensely. There is one man in our mission - (from Maine, I think said, upon reading Leacock's Novels that he was positively disgusted with them - wished he hadn't read them - not anything worth a half a cent between the two covers, etc. - I wonder what he would think of this one? We must try him and see - It certainly is telling - and just the kind of "mind-surgery" that is truly helpful -

A week later - (yes - not a whole week later, for this is Thursday.) The above was written on Sunday, right after dinner, & I got so sleepy I had to stop. I'm rather sleepy now - but I'll curb my drowsiness long enough to finish this epistle to you! I'm now aboard ship bound for Swatow - We have had a quiet trip - and I shall be glad to get home again -

Last week I had Chinese dinner with Ellen Peterson - and the other night sat at table with Mr. & Mrs. Dryden Phelps - He is Harold Morse's brother-in-law, you know -

I'd like to gossip a space, but I want to mail this when I am ashore - Much, much love to you - Abby

P.S. When I read over the letter I just finished I felt that I had left out some important things I wanted to say - so I'll make another stab -

Our mission force is sadly depleted. We have at present fewer men than we have stations - and it looks as though two more will be leaving for home soon. Some have gone for health reasons - some have retired - and some gone on furlough. For those who stay there is not a great deal of work because the foreigners is viewed with distrust and suspicion in many places - and even in places where he is met in a friendly way, there is little opportunity for missionary work. You can talk about any subject but religion, but when you begin on that subject you are frozen out. That is not surprising, I suppose; and not very different from the situation in America -

We are distressed because the Porter bill did not go through. Abolition of all unequal treaties may make it necessary for the foreigners to leave China, but I believe it is the cure for a great deal of the anti-foreign feeling that is abroad out here today. I think that the "unequal treaties" form one of the ~~most~~ powerful enemies of the spread of Christianity here in China - Chinese courts are dreadful, of course - and I cannot imagine anything worse than to have to be dragged into one - but I believe that the Lord could save us even from Chinese courts! And while I don't think we are called upon to make martyrs of ourselves - yet I do think that we would advance far more rapidly in our religious work if the Chinese didn't have the feeling that we are here in China with a "Bible in one hand and a gunboat in the other".

Guess it is time for me to quit. More love - Abbie

Deane Hall, Iloilo, P. I.
August 17, 1937

Dearest J. K.

Perhaps by this time you have heard from some source or other that I am no longer in the land of so many troubles and wars. Last May a cable came to Swatow from the Mission House in New York asking Emily Miller and me to go temporarily to the Philippines to work. My school had been closed as the result of a strike, and Miss Miller's station had been closed because the other workers there were needed elsewhere; with political conditions so uncertain it was thought unwise for her to live in that city with no other foreigner near.

So I am here for a while, enjoying work which is somewhat similar to the work I had in Swatow, yet different in some ways. I live in a dormitory with 28 Filipino girls, only four of whom were Christians at the beginning of this term. A number of them have already decided that they want to be Christians and my hope is that the others will come too. These dormitory girls are high school, normal school, and business school girls who simply board here.

Besides these girls there are three distinct groups of students here in this compound, and my work is so arranged that I am brought in touch with all three groups. With the Kindergarten and Bible Training School girls I have classes in Child Study, Music and English; and I have them and some of the dormitory girls in a short evening prayer service once in two weeks. The Evangelistic Institute gives a one-year course to young men and women who wish to devote themselves to some form of Christian work; with them I have classes in English and Bible. Deane Hall is a sort of church home for students. Meetings are held there on Sunday and on Wednesday and we teachers take turns in leading the chapel service every morning at 8.45. The Institute, Training School and dormitory folks are expected to attend. The Hall is open every day for students who wish to come to the gym., reading room, or Bible classes. I teach the Life of Christ twice each week.

The choir includes some from all these groups. Leading the singing is another of my tasks and I enjoy it in spite of my own limitations in the line of music. The Filipino girls and boys love to sing, and I think that it is easier, on the whole, for them than for the Chinese to learn our music.

There is a spirit here which I covet for the friends in China whom I have left "for a season". It is the spirit which brings decisions for Christ every week and baptisms every Sunday. Perhaps I have not yet been here long enough to appreciate the strength and the number of Christianity's enemies here in this land but it seems to me that there is less opposition here than in China.

I am happily situated here, - glad for all these experiences because they may be of great help in the work in China, to which I am hoping I may return, - sometime, I have no idea when.

And, -- I should love to hear from you !

Much love from Abbie

Suataow, China

Apr. 28, 1928

Dearest F. M. -

I have written almost none except my home letters for months and months. When your long one arrived last month I read it and sent it on to Mother, for she is always eager for news of you.

The experiences you have had in the last two years - it is hard for me to imagine what they must have been for you. In your letter the note that sounded uppermost was

that of being thankful that you
could do the things for your sister
and the others who needed you so.
I sometimes wonder what would have
happened to me if I had had to do
a fraction of the hard things that you
have done so bravely and so well - apparently
without stopping to think that they were
hard - The good Lord knows where
to put responsibility, - I'm thinking -

My heart is still smarting from a
sorrow that I feel comes very close to me.
My beloved Mabel Correll did not rally, as
they hoped, from an operation for some
trouble in the stomach - She has never been

well since she left China - but they
hoped she would get back to a
degree of normalcy in time. Her
mother's letter shows how stunned she still
is - as though it could not be that her
Mabel, who to her was life personified, has
gone -

My record shows that I sent you a
letter in August, from Hoile, P. I. In
October they sent for me to come back
here. The morning after I got the word
from New York, a telegram cable reached
me from Swatow saying "Reds in control
Swatow, await letter" ! So I had to

wait two weeks more - not knowing whether
I might not get back here after all - even.
But the sojourn of the Reds was very
brief that time. Since my arrival the
last of October I have been teaching in
the new Coeducational School which takes
the place of the Boys' School and
the Girls' School that were here before.
Thus far the venture seems successful
but we cannot tell what may happen
in a week's time or even in a day's time.
Mr. Ling, the principal, has many
qualifications which fit him for the
position - but whether he will be able

stand all the criticism ² that is sure
to come without getting discouraged
or disgusted is hard to say. We
are trying our best to give him what
help we can, of course.

The routine work is teaching English
but there are extras such as Sunday
School class, teaching singing, calling,
and making outside contacts with
the teachers and pupils. We are at
a period now when religion cannot
be pushed down any body's throat (not
that I was ever conscious of having tried
to do that with r. & anybody!).

We have Opportunity all right - but I feel so ignorant of how to open the door -

Emily Miller, who went with me to Hobe, was kept there longer than I was. She was sent back recently and is here with me teaching in the school this term. We shall have the summer together, and then she will go back to Chaokowfu, where she was last year -

All this will happen, of course if conditions keep up as we hope they

May. We have had a few scares
this winter but nothing has really
happened. The Reds have come
nearer and nearer - but relief came
in time to prevent their getting
back into Swatow. An utterly fearless
band of robbers has been attacking some
of the nearby villages, and the people
here got into a panic over the
possibility of their coming here. The
British consul's wife wrote to a friend.

"We are sitting peacefully on the
edge of an active volcano." We do

really sometimes catch the feeling too,
that an upheaval may come at any
time. And yet, there are many things
that are encouraging.

I'm enjoying the work with boys
more than I ever expected to. We have
210 or so boys, and about 40 girls -
I find myself just as sorry when
the boys have to be punished, and
just as glad when they do well, as I
did for the girls - and it rather
surprised me!

With much love.

Abbie

Yes - I have the Albumen - and do enjoy it - Mother sends
it to me -
~~Let~~ me say! Bravo for the M.A. -! I was as much interested in
all your N.Y. experiences -

Svatow, China

Sept. 11, 1929

Idella dear,

Ten minutes ago your letter of July
14 reached me - It is now quarter of three in
the afternoon; at three I must go to school to
teach a class of senior high school students
Ivanhoe - rather, I must be there at three -

Tonight it is my turn to lead the missionary
prayer meeting, and since I did not know that
fact until yesterday, my preparations are as yet
far from complete. Sometimes I do manage
to get ready before hand, whether for prayer meetings
of for some other occasion, but, as you have
ample reason to surmise from the brisk (?) way I
keep up correspondence with you, I am still in
the front ranks of the "putters-off" - Not so
near the front as I was once, I hope!

For reasons stated above I must not write
a long letter to you just now, when I had
rather do that than anything else - Tomorrow
is a full day at school, with classes in
English grammar, English orations, Good manners
Health rules, and music. I shall not finish
at school until 5 P.M., and I shall not promise

to finish this letter then. But I'm beginning it now because I am more likely to finish it once it is begun than I am to get started if this long silence of mine grows any longer.

Before I leave for Evanston, I want to tell you that I did receive Giants in the Earth and was tremendously thrilled by it - I sent so many "wireless" thank-yous to you for it that it is hard to believe none of them were caught by pen and ink and sent off in a letter to you! I am not the only one who enjoyed it. No one else in the mission has had it, so I've enjoyed sharing it -----

Alas! Now it is September 16, and nine-thirty in the evening. Every day things have conspired to prevent my continuing this epistle to you. When I got home Thursday night I was weary, and went to bed soon after supper. The early hours of Friday morning are free for me this term, but last Friday I had three calls to make, and I got them over just in time to go to class. Friday afternoon I attended a Sunday School committee meeting, and Friday evening a Young People's Social and Business as they call it. I'm one of the advisers, and right now we feel rather anxious because enthusiasm is waning a bit.

Saturday was busy because Emily Miller finished

packing and left for Chaochowfu, and because I had a long string of callers; some, students wanting help with lessons, others girls who had tattling to bring and tattling accounts to reckon. I also gave myself a much needed shampoo, and then I finished getting ready my Sunday School lesson.

Sunday is always full, but I believe last Sunday is my record. At 8.30 A.M. I went to Sunday School, where I have had the two duties of teacher and organist. On this occasion (last Sun.) I introduced a new organist, one of my girls who has been studying music but has never before been called upon to play for any service. She will do well, I think.

Morning service comes at 9.45 and lasts until after 11. I got home about 11.30, and lay down to relax for a half hour. At 1.30 I was off again, this time to a meeting of the above-mentioned young people. That was followed, at 3, by the afternoon church service. I was organist at both of these meetings. At four we had a "Young People's" special committee meeting, and when I got home from that I was quite ready to quit for the day! A bath and rest fixed me up, however, and I got into my clothes just in time for supper. And I went to bed without even writing my letter home - Haven't

written it yet! Today's school work finished at four. Then I had three people to see about church affairs. I then came home and drummed on the piano for twenty minutes or so, then got to work correcting papers for a grammar class of 57 boys and girls - I finished that stunt just before I wrote "Glas!" to you (above).

Now I'm up to date on ultra-recent history, I wonder what back history I can dig up that will be of any interest.

I can't seem to make myself believe that I haven't written to you since my return from the Philippines, but if I haven't, you may not know that I was called back here to help in a new co-educational school which is practically a combination of our former boys' and girls' schools. The management is entirely Chinese, and I am simply one of a corps of teachers. You can't imagine the relief of not having any responsibility! This summer I met a Dutch Reformed church girl who is principal of a big girls' school in Amoy (a night's trip from here by coast steamer). The poor girl was so burdened and so anxious for any help she could get. When she found I had been principal of a girls' school she almost fell on my neck! I couldn't help her much, for conditions here are apparently not the

same as in Amoy. For one thing, our people are
 led-headed and independent, and there is no question
 of a foreign woman's being principal of a school
 of any scholastic standing in Swatow. They won't
 have it! Any school which continues such arrange-
 ment cannot continue to bear the name "school"
 but must be called "institute" or some such title,
 which instantly marks it as a school which is not
 accredited.

But I don't know that you care to hear all
 this chit-chat. I really don't know very much about
 the threatened war. It is so far north of us that it
 scarcely seems to be connected with China. This summer
 Emily Miller and I were at Baguio, P. I., again
 for a six weeks' rest. While we were there we got
 a Manila paper every day and followed the
 China cables with the utmost interest. Now, I'm
 up to the ears in school work, Hongkong papers
 are always at least a day late and sometimes
 for a few days late; and when they do arrive
 they contain very little China news - more
 British. The Chinese press, sad to relate, can
 not yet be depended ^{on} to tell any more than
 the controlling powers wish them to tell!
 It sounds very queer to say that you hear more
 news of China when you are in U. S. territory
 than when you are right in China, but

such is really the case!

Now about Lome fold. Did you know that Arthur lost little Roy, the third baby? He had never been very well - something the matter with his stomach - but at the end the trouble was meningitis. Arthur has been teaching at Southwest Harbor, Maine - I haven't heard whether he expects to keep on teaching, or what. He wrote something at one time about changing to superintendent's work. There seems to be little promise of the "seventeen" children! Ruth, Ralph, and Robert keep him pretty busy. I had snapshots of them recently; they do grow so!

Father and Mother are in Charlotte, Vermont. Do you ever take long drives in one of those cars of yours? They would be delighted to have you run in on them, I know. I think Mother is not very well; she cannot keep from over doing - then she has to pay. I am getting eager to see them again, and it is more than likely that I shall leave Swatow for furlough next July. Gladys Paul has always said she wanted to come out to meet me this time. I have written to hold her to it and ask if she can't keep on going all the way, - around through India and Palestine. Can't you come too? And wouldn't we have one grand party?!!

Much, much love, Abbie -

Swatow, China, November 11, 1929.

Dear Friend,

A very happy Christmas to you! When the 25th December comes around I shall be thinking of you and wishing not only that I might see you but that you might visit me out here and see for yourself what Christmas is like in Swatow.

Carols under our windows very early in the morning; firecrackers pop, pop, popping from every direction; a rush to open gifts at breakfast so that we may be on time for the Christmas service in the church; Christmas dinner together (at the different homes in turn); sometimes kindergarten exercises with a wonderful tree on which hangs a dolly or other toy to make each child glad; or the girls' party, where the girls themselves provide gifts that are useful for the most needy children in the neighborhood; and may be a happy time at the Academy, where boys and girls join in a celebration to which all the people in the village are invited. The best part of the whole season, to my mind, is the White Gift service held by the Sunday School the Sunday before Christmas. The classes vie with each other to see whose gifts (cloth, towels, rice, etc.) are arranged in the most original way. Money contributions are also large. The gifts are all put into the hands of a committee, and many poor people and old people who have no one to care for them receive things that are often greatly needed. Giving with no thought of receiving is the keynote of this service, and the giving is joyous and some of it lavish.

Just what Christmas will bring to us this year no one can tell. Fighting, banditry, kidnapping, — all have brought terror and suffering to thousands of people. The great, yearning cry all over this land is "Peace!" A young Chinese who has been in government service wrote recently, "The only hope for China now is Christ. Nothing else can save her, as far as I can see."

The bright side of the picture is that all over China men and women are deciding for Christ, even when the decision costs them a great deal. One by one men of Christian vision are coming into positions of influence in the country. And there are not a few Chinese Christians who have dedicated to the Lord all their time, money and talents. Let us pray for "White Gift" services where not only things, but lives, will be brought and laid at the Master's feet.

Next Christmas I hope to be in America. Until then, or until I see you,
(願上帝祝福你平安 May God's blessing of peace be yours.)

Abbie G. Sanderson

Swatow, China

November 15, 1935

Dearest J. K.,

Your letter came
this noon - bless you!

I'm doing as you suggest
sending word immediately
so that you will know
I got your letter a day
ahead of your guess -
You didn't leave quite
time, however, for me to
get a card back to you
and you to get another
back to me - Christmas
is a little too soon!

My experience this summer
has proved a very great
blessing to me. I am
spending no more time
with backward thoughts.

The "track" seems to be
cleared and there has
been a deal of joy
and satisfaction and
peace - more than ever
before.

I do wish we could
talk - I believe we
should find our thoughts
tending more in the
same direction, were we

to analyze them, than
we have perhaps thought.

This is not a real
answer to your letter.
I have the chance to
send this to Hongkong
today by the Greenbacks
who are leaving for
America - If I can
manage, I'll send
you a card through
the Swatow post office
either this afternoon or
to-morrow - and you
can see what the
difference is -
This should reach you

several days sooner -
Love to you from
my heart,

Abbie

I shall be wondering
when you get this -
I wish terribly that we
could write oftener - !

Begin here X

Perhaps you have guessed that my life out here is not exactly what the average person at home thinks of as the manner of living of a missionary. I do not live in a place where we see only Chinese; we do not have unique, thrilling experiences every day that will furnish good material for missionary speeches and missionary letters and so on. Our problems are not those of how to get bread and butter nor of how to battle with snakes, wild beasts, consuming fevers, and unhealthy climate, though of course there is an element of all of these in the realm of possibility. We each have enough work (or feel as though we have!) to keep two people busy, if we did it all, - but that is not the thing, as a rule, that wears us out and gives us the fagged feeling and a worse-than-that look! We have, on the other hand, routine of an ordinary work-a-day sort, - school business and school discussions from morning till night. Many of the problems are not so different, after all, from those you would find in a girls' boarding school in America.

There is a peculiar rest, though, in the feeling that you have a share, however tiny, in the shaping of the lives of a hundred and forty girls. And I believe that although it is hard sometimes to do one's own work honestly, without being too much or too little dependent upon the opinions of older missionaries, too much or too little in awe of their advice and criticism, and without putting too high or too low a value upon the help and richness of their years of experience; though it is not easy to go through with the countless discussions and controversies that must come without losing one's own open-mindedness, straightforwardness and his grip on himself in general; still, all of these things in themselves are worth more than we ever dream. I wouldn't be missing it for anything I know of in the world. The petty, everyday annoyances loom large out here, perhaps for the reason that you can't get away from them as you can at home, - but if you can rise above them, and can get the lessons that are hidden in all these experiences, you have the key, I think, to a doubled usefulness and incomparable happiness.

Our missionaries out here are about the finest bunch of people I have ever met all in one place together. There are sometimes disagreements between the workers of the men's Board and the workers of the Women's Board, but they always blow over and when we need help of any sort the men of our mission are always right there to help us. They tell with us over our building plans and discuss long hours with us our educational plans just as they do their own work. This last year there have been nine single women workers here in Kachiah on this side of Swatow Bay, and one over in Swatow City. Of this number only two came to China before I did, and they have both been here over fifteen years. Of the others, two only are younger than I, and the rest not more than thirty-five years old, I suppose. In our household of three I have been senior missionary, though younger in years than the other two. You can perhaps imagine how staid and sober and dignified we have been at all times! Do you think anyone would dare be otherwise with me in the house?! Ruth Sperry has just gone home to be married and in February Miss Culley, whose place I am taking at present, will come back from furlough. Our households have to be rearranged entirely this fall when our new house is completed. Even with this additional residence we shall barely have house room for our workers.

I have perhaps spoken before of the fact that Swatow is a port city. It has two or three hundred foreign residents, counting the seventeen in our own mission, the ranks of the English Presbyterians, the Seventh Day Adventists, the Catholics, and all the people who are in consular, customs, or other government service, and those in the different business firms. We do not come in close contact with any except those of our own mission,

But we do see some of them off and on. We make calls once in a while but not with any degree of regularity. When we do come in contact with the community people, it helps to give us a little different point of view. We should perhaps see more of them, but many of them live on the other side of the bay, and Swatow Bay is always a thing to be considered, I can tell you! The tides are swift and it is always a comfort to have an experienced boatman even when there is no wind. We travel to Swatow in a small boat called a sampen, sometimes rowing, sometimes sailing, sometimes both.

Speaking of traveling; in Swatow city we ride in rickshaws when we go beyond walking distance or if we are in a hurry. On the other side of the city is a railroad terminus; the line goes from Swatow to Chaoshowfu, about 30 miles. This train is not half as bad as it might be, but it is a pretty big contrast to the most rickety cars, even, that I ever rode on in America. When we travel anywhere but in Swatow we must go by boat or sedan chair. There are two or more automobiles already in Swatow. People were surprised one day at church to hear a honk-honk and a whiz, and then a greater commotion which was caused by the wretched voices of the wondering onlookers! Where they find roads wide enough to run the machines is a marvel to me. This innovation ought to hasten the coming of decent roadways, and if so, let us be thankful, and hope that folks will learn to run their machines nearly as fast as the machines are brought here, - so we shall not have many accidents! A motor launch has been promised us, and when we get that we shall be more independent about crossing that bay.

A few extracts from the little diary that I keep will perhaps show you how a little of my time is spent. This begins in vacation time last February

"Wed. In A.M. cut out a dress. In P.M. went to Union prayermeeting. Walked down to the jetty with the Presbyterians. (They live over in Swatow and have to cross the bay.) In the evening to meeting in the Big Village. (Week-of-Prayer meetings.)

"Thurs. Sewed. Got work ready for Siu-po and A-ni (two of the school girls.) Marion Boss came down from Chaoshowfu. The Tysons called..... Evening reading around the fireplace in Ruth's room.

"Saw Emily off on her trip then went to the consulate and shopping. In P.M. arranged for plans for piping the new house in case we ever get the money.

"To Chinese church twice and to English church once. Met Miss Tingley and Miss Regan of Burma, and arranged for their trip to Kityang.

"Up at 6.30. Hustled to get the sewing ready for the girls who asked for work. A quick trip to Chaoyang with Mary Ogg (who lives there). Good dinner and supper reading between. A grand rest after the strenuous two weeks of visitors, etc.

"In A.M. got letters together and began to write. Dictated to Mary (she is the mission stenographer, - not supposed to do my letterwriting but out of the kindness of her heart helping me because she knew I had so many letters to write). She got fourteen letters ready for me. Talked with Dr. Sun Chai about the condition of one of the girls. In evening went to walk, sang and sewed.

"Mary got more letters written and I have thirteen of them ready to mail. Slow work! The Greenbooks (Chaoyang missionaries) arrived about 5.30 from their country trip, footsore and tired.

"Letters, letters! I have twenty-nine to mail. I meant to go home but they persuaded me to stay. A delightful moonlight walk.

"Still more letters. In evening read G. Henry's short stories, "The Four Million". No exercise.

"A final spurt on the letters, - finished the forty-eighth one. In P.M.

took a walk over the hills and had an excellent picnic supper.

"Started going over Mother's and Arthur's old letters. Went to church. In P.M. had a little walk and then a good rest before supper. Afterwards finished Mother's letters and wrote her eight pages of foolscap.

"Left Chaoyang at 8.30 A.M. and read last half of Genesis on the launch. After arrival, read Chinese letters.

"After morning worship (in Chinese) went over to see Mr. Page about a room for the new teacher. Siu-po came to bring lace and to take accounts. In P.M. dyed a dress and it turned out scarlet instead of rose! Went to the opening of our cook's new house.

"Studied on History outlines (Chinese). Went shopping with Ruth. Made a call. Played tennis. In evening missionaries' prayermeeting.

"Took accounts again with Siu-po. P.M. Women's prayermeeting. Sat up late to make picture exhibit to send home.

"Read from Mark and Ephesians in Chinese. Several new girls arrived. Old ones appearing. Tennis for the third day in succession. Wrote to Mother.

"Registered new girls all day. In fact registered 12 for dormitory where there is room for only six. (I am a nut). Wrapped packages for mailing. Out for tennis for the fourth time.

"and still the new girls come. To Chinese church and then to English church. In P.M. Peggy and Margaret came over and we sang. Then went for a walk out to the point, - between my sessions with the matron and new pupils.

"Began classes after a fashion. Busy all day talking with teachers and pupils. Examinations in P.M. Still more new ones coming. Went to East Hill to see about new house. Teachers' meeting in the evening.

"Another new pupil, one whom I visited last winter when I was out on a country trip. In A.M. sent new pupils into classes and talked to latecomers finding each 50%. In P.M. taught my Old Testament class and talked with Teacher Lu about school at Hou le. I promised to help them open it. Over to East Hill house. In evening Girls' school prayermeeting, then Music Committee until about 10.30.

"Arranged make-up classes for the new pupils. A long session from the deacon from Tat-pou. Hong lau's mother came to talk over the Kuang pou school. Promised to help. At 5 P.M. a meeting of the educational meeting. At 8.30 Mr. Capen gave me his schedule; I skipped prayermeeting to arrange ours. (We had been running three days on a makeshift of our own; we had to wait for the Boys' Academy schedule because some of their teachers were to have classes for us and they had to do it at hours convenient to them.) About 10 P.M. Mr. Waters came to talk over the Kuang pou school. In bed about 1.30.

"Up at 6.30 and sent notes to the teachers about the schedule. Conference with Lou Sine (our head Chinese professor). Every minute busy until twelve. To hospital for throat treatment. Half hour nap. At school from 2. to 2.30 and from 3.30 to 4. Women's prayermeeting. Callers. To bed early.

"Mrs. Angell (visitor) spoke in chapel - a very nice talk which I interpreted rather badly. Three girls promoted into 3rd grade. Kia gek very ill with malaria. Mrs. Worley came to talk about Nam leng school. (The teacher who was invited couldn't come at the first because she was sick, then later the people didn't want her and hired some one else in her place.) Tennis. At East hill house found upstairs doors wrong. Spent evening discussing matter with Mr. Page and the contractor.

"Kia, Gek better. Hunted up some stray English pupils of Ruth's. Corrected with Hui pi Che and Mrs. Lin (my two Chinese help'rs). A long discussion about the Nam leng school, then Su-age, a mother walked in and announced that Su-age (one of our graduates last year) is already there and teaching! Thus that matter is all settled. Another session with East Hill contractor. Finished up accounts from Nov. To Feb.

"Read over passage in Matthew to prepare for tomorrow's chapel talk. Kia gek worse - took her to hospital and sent for her people. Had Mary Ogg

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audit my accounts. Miss Ang and I examined two girls for baptism then called on their parents. Finished picture exhibit and took it to Miss Sollman. To hospital again to see girl. The pages here to supper. Prayermeeting here at our house.

Led morning chapel at school. Got the doctor for my housemate (indigestion) Corrected Chinese compositions with teacher. Took accounts with the matron. At teachers' meeting to talk about applicants for church membership. Kiss got much better. Had my throat painted again (an ounce of prevention, you know!) Fat-pou preacher and teacher came to ask help in putting up new buildings. Ruth and I sang duet at women's prayermeeting. About 4.30 eleven girls came to tell me of their intentions of joining the church. A half hour of tennis, then talk with the matron about preparation for Dingley May's talk to the girls to-morrow. In the evening Miss Ang and I examined the eleven."

Etc. etc., ad infinitum! This will show perhaps that we do not intend to stagnate if we can help it, and that we try to make our exercise and recreation a real part of our life. Before we came out, some people who know told us that we must not neglect that side, and I hope I shall remember that.

Ordinarily people here in Swatow think they must get away for the summer. In fact, the other three summers since I came to China I think I should have felt myself most abused and ill-treated if I had not been allowed to go away to get out of the heat. But this summer it seemed to be my turn to stay right here on the spot, for more than one reason. Our new house is nearing completion and many details will require the oversight that only the future occupants can properly give. Our teaching force is low, we have lost our matron and are making new arrangements which are not yet complete. Moreover it costs money to go elsewhere and I went to Kuliang last year- a trip that is twice as expensive as going to Thai Iong, the regular resort for the people of this mission.

So here we are, and we are standing it pretty well. (by we, I mean myself and Emily Miller, my housemate, a very dear girl who is a help to me in a good many ways.)

Love
Abbie

Dear J. H.

Wed. Mar. 24.

Rec'd this letter a few days ago. Dorothy arrived Mar. 3. at 3. Her mother was with her all day in Concord where she had her knaisles treated. They are ~~at~~ taken out after school also in June.

She has taken charge of H.E. and it relieves me of a lot of care, really. Tomorrow night she is going to bring her horse from down town along & put her to bed as I want to lay down awhile & help my cousin make articles for a rummage sale to be held on Fri. Next help after. I joined that church last

Sun. by transfer as I felt as if I ought to be more active than I have been.

Dorothy pushed H.E. home yesterday & came on the car & brought her suit case &

my own provisions. She got here a few minutes before I did & had found the right house & key & got inside. She is bundling up the baby now as we're going out in the lovely weather. H. & she are going to ~~visit~~ ^{visit} ~~Barre~~ (Vanderbilt) tonight. We went out to Mrs. Levesque's supper last eve. We were of us enjoyed it very much.

"Sails of Sunset" by Cecil Roberts & "Old Ladies" by Walpole are two of the new books I am enjoying. The first is much the better, tho' perhaps not better written, a Italian setting, very colorful & the other a choice of my new reading.

Swatow, China

Jan. 22, 1925

Little, m' dears!

I did get your letter as soon as I got to China, after all. You see I took my time going across country - around by Seattle, etc. But it didn't seem very leisurely, with all the visiting, and all. It was really a grand rush. But when Emily Miller met me in Hong Kong, she brought me a nice little bunch of mail - and among the letters was yours - which I devoured - I didn't devour the dear little kid's - that is, I didn't quite. But I almost did - it is so dainty - and I do like it so much.

When you read the enclosed copy you will think you are at another missionary meeting, maybe. Still, I remember with satisfaction your saying at Manchester that Ruby Anderson's talk was "just a missionary speech" - and that seemed to imply goodness. Knows what about mine - still I was happy to have you say it and felt just the little warm flattered feeling that your complement I'm sure intended me to have. Anyway, I took it that you thought I wasn't dry and pedantic - and that pleased me, of course -

I wonder if you know how very much I enjoyed seeing you and your family? It was just great. And I shall have the anticipation - all these seven years - of another - and I hope - longer visit with you -

The visit with D. K. on the train
was wonderful - only cruelly short -
It seemed as though we got there
almost before we started!

The girls have gone home for
their vacation and so I am
grasping the chance to write a
few letters before the new semester
begins. I still have a big
pile before me. However - so I'm
going to say goodbye to you
for this time - with the
hope that I may hear from
you again soon.

Much, much Love.

Abbie.

P.S. Will you let D. K. read the
enclosed letter, please? I'm my own
stenographer these days - and so I stretch
my carbon copies out to make them go 'round!