Hanksville,
May 3, 1924.

Dear Mother,

The last mail boat had a fire on board and almost all of the mail got wet and so much of it and smelled like a smoke house.

It has been over a month since I have written a letter to anyone. I don't like to write a letter until I have time to send something worth while, and with making up school work Grace and I haven't even had time to read our magazines. I haven't read my journal since I was sick, and only a few articles in each Digest.

We are catching up in the conversation but are having rough talking in character work. It took the man in both a month ago and
received 827 to the character pulling me down. Grace didn't hand in her paper in the characters so didn't get a grade. We are taking our character writing with the January class. They now have about 80 characters. The October class has had 175, so we are working double time so that we will know enough of them by June to take the exam.

One week ago today Grace at last had her tonsillectomy, and altho' the tonsil that had quinyng twice was the worst scraped up tonsil I have ever seen removed, she had a very easy post operative time of it. Yesterday she was in school part of
the time, and in the afternoon took the character quiz.
No school today (Saturday) because about 25 of the
Language School students are taking a trip for
Chinkiang to see the points of interest. I am now on the
train bound for that place, but Grace is at home.

Chinkiang, 10:30 AM

When you travel by train in
Chins, you are required to buy a
platform ticket to get through the
gate to the cars unless you hold
a railroad ticket. The railroad
tickets are punched on the train
but not taken until you leave
the station and pass through the
gate.

Chinkiang is very hilly,
so nickels and are not much
good, and chains are need
almost altogether. I haven't gotten used to the repulsion at seeing two men carrying one man in a heavy box on poles. I always feel that if these men can walk and carry that heavy chain and man, that I can walk the distance unencumbered.

We climbed to the top of a hill, locked, where we stopped at the home of Mr. Stumpe, the Presbyterian Mission. From there we walked down to the boat on the Yangtze River to the builk of the Yangtze River. We found a launch waiting to take me to Silver Island.

Silver Island, 1 P.M.

We landed on this gun in the Yangtze at 11 A.M. and were escorted by a Buddhist Priest to the temple. He showed us some of the monastery relics. One of these was an
Old brass war drum, said to have been used in the war boats to call them to battle 1500 years ago.

Another relic was an old, three-legged, brass incense urn 1500 years old.

There was a beautiful chain inlaid with mother-of-pearl, said to have been used by a former emperor as a throne.

The most interesting object was a set of light-green jade belt at one time worn by one of the Mong Empire's about 500 years ago. This belt was stolen by a prominent Mongol who later came to this island to rest. In appreciation
of this privilege he left the hill with the monks.

After going through the temple with the huge Buddhas we climbed the stone steps to the rugged top of the island, where a terrace could be climbed and a wonderful view of the surrounding Yangtze Flanked. Almost every bit of the space on the island not actual rocky cliffs are taken up with the Chinese buildings which are built with such a labyrinth of courtyards, doorways, ladders, etc. that you are always lost.

1:15 P.M.

The launch is leaving Silver Island for its return.
to Chenchuang. I would like to snoop around on this small island in a week, and the entire time would be full of interest. The entire island would cover only about 100 acres.

Golden Island 11:15 PM

We arrived here at this monastery just in time to see the start of the daily session of the Buddhist Monks’ Convention.

First, the long line of priests filed into the temple and stopped it around the shrine. Then, gongs and drums were rhythmically beaten while the priests, with khada placed on their heads, chanted a devotion. Then, the rhythm changed, and they all knelt down and over and over again chanted a certain sentence, gradually increasing the speed.
In another building we saw other kneeling by tables with open books before them from which they were chanting other verses. There are over 1000 priests here now from all over China. They are initiating young men into the order. What a shame that all these fellows are wasting their lives in the selfish seeking for the storing up of merit for themselves so that they may reach the happy land of non-existence (Nirvana) where they will escape forever the tiresome round of transmigration that they are now encompassed by. Or, if they can't store up enough merit to reach Nirvana and become a
Buddha, they may at least be reborn into a happier existence, candidates for the Buddhist hierarchy like those at the top. They not only work for their own liberation but have to be fed by the already overburdened, bordering-on-starvation, people of China.

After listening to the droning ceremony for a half-hour or more we climbed up to the seven-story pagoda, at the door stood an old granely priest who collected copper ("cone show" or "tip" money) from all that entered to climb the steep, narrow ladder-like stairs to the top. We wanted us to give him a dime each (equal to 16 coppers), but we learned from two English-speaking Chinese, who were just coming out of the pagoda, that
two copper was the usual core shaw. They were very obliging and raked the old log over the coals for us in this fashion:

What are you trying to do trying to make these people pay a dime when we pay only two copper? Doesn't your religion say to help others? Is this helping anyone but yourself?"

so we set in for two copper and the view was magnificent. I got somewhat of the same variety of sensation that I got on lookout point.

After leaving the pagoda and monastery we went to the foreign cemetary and visited the grave of J. Hudson Taylor, the first missionary of the China Inland Mission. Enclosed find
a few leaves from the vine on his grave.)

Chinkiang is a very popular city, and an important river port at the point on the Yangtze River where the Grand Canal crosses it. So it not only has water shipping north and south but also up and down the river. The city is very encumbered by its surrounding hills and needs room to spread itself freely. The Chinese never build on hills, except the temple; they always seek out the lowest land. The river is changing its course here, however, which is giving them more land.

The Hanfking has tapestry as its native specialty, Chinkiang has black lacquer, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, as its native specialty. I bought
a small tray which I am sending for Bernice's birthday present. It will be late in getting to her but it was purchased on the third or fourth at any rate.

There is a match factory in Chinkiang where women and children work from fifteen to sixteen hours a day to make your penny boxes of safety matches. There is also a large flour mill here and cheap straw hats are made by the thousands.

The entire day was cloudy with frequent sprinkles of fine rain, so we were unable to do much at picture taking.
We are now having our spring rains, which I here tell you were much needed. The people were at the end of their rope in both literal and figurative senses of the word, for the pond water was no more in about half of the ponds and the wells were very shallow.

You can't imagine the meaning of a dry season until you have seen one in China. Pond water is three-fourths of life itself here. There are ponds, ponds everywhere. Ponds to the right of you; ponds to the
left of you; green-scrubbed and muddied. Ponds that keep fish alive; ponds where mosquitoes thrive; ponds where the geese congregate; food stuffs and clothes are washed, and rewere emptied.

Let me name some of the uses for ponds: Perhaps first of all in importance is the carrying of buckets full over a well-beaten path from the pond to the intensively worked truck gardens. Beside the pond is a huge gong or a brick lined tank where a nice odouriferous mixture of human manure is kept. When they come up from the pond
with the two wooden buckets of water they put a dipper full of this fertilized in each bucket. From the buckets they water each plant individually with a long-handled wooden dipper.

The women take their clothes to the pond for washing. They get the clothes soaked with the greenish brown muddy water and then pour the water out of them with a club. Of course they don't get them clean for the water itself is from. But they do change the smell from that of sweat to that of the pond.

They might beside the woman washing her clothes may be found the squatting figure
of another washing pond for the next meal. If it is rice she is washing, it is invariably in a round, bolted, metal basket. The basket is lowered into the pond and swirled around. Then with their hands the grains are kneaded and then re-washed. It makes the water all milky. If it is a leafy vegetable that is being washed, the pond is littered with the last leaves.

And near these women another may be scrubbing her commode and pouring the rinsing into the pond or into the bank. The water buffalo drink and swim in the pond. The water is used to flood the rice fields. It is pumped by foot-powered water-wheels. All the ponds are stocked.
with fish which are caught in nets at certain times of the year. Also snails are gathered for food from the ponds. Most of the water used for tea is drawn from the wells which are very numerous. A most common sight, in fact, seen on any street at all times, is a man or woman carrying a bucket or buckets of water for a big two-wheeled water cart being laboriously drawn by a forlorn coolie to a tea-house or water heating shop.

We were so pleased to receive the big box from home.
I wish you could see how cute Phyllis looked in her new rompers, especially the greenish-blue one. She is a picture in that color. The little stockings were a very valuable addition because we can’t get baby’s stockings here, and Phyllis couldn’t wear the ones she had any longer. No need of my mentioning my delight upon seeing Dad’s big stick-candy. The tie is a beauty. We were pleased to get the medicine and were just out of everything sent. I used some of the C.P.2 on Had after her tonsillectomy to prevent rheumatism. We were lucky in need of an atlas and were
figuring on buying me it would like to get hold of the Geographic new map of the world.

We have just had a fine convention of delegates from all the churches of our mission in China here in Hankow last week. At that meeting action was taken which I believe will prove to be the most vital forward step in our work since our mission has been established in China. That convention adopted a new Constitution for all our work in China cutting out the old idea of stations and churches with two distinct bodies, the missionaries and the Chinese.
with the actual power vested in the foreign group and its Advisory Committee. The whole spirit of the Constitution is that within the Church, thru its delegate at Convention and an elected Council is all power entrusted. This means that the Chinese themselves will be shouldering much more of the responsibility than they have been permitted to or cared to for the most part, take in the business of Christianizing China; at least the part we are responsible for.

The missionaries here have been led to the belief that if their work
is really to lasting and get anywhere that the real responsibility must be shifted from foreign to Chinese shoulders and that the missionary work should be chiefly advisory.

The Chinese are responding wonderfully in the sharing of burdens and all are encouraged.

The points of the Constitution were thrashed out first in two simultaneous sessions, one of Chinese and one of the missionaries, and then discussed and adopted in joint session.

Alexander Paul and Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Doane were present at the meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Doane had driven
and supper with us today.

We had been feeding Phyllis two bottles a day, but Brack's tonsillectomy is drying her up so that we have decided to wean Phyllis altogether and let Brack dry up to stay. The baby is doing well on Klin's full strength. We put into her Klin spinach, water, oatmeal gruel, and cod liver oil and a little sugar or salt, vinegar. Also, she gets the juice of 1/2 an orange and some boiled egg and toast to nibble on each day.

As yet she has but two teeth, but the others in front are almost through now. She creeps about the bed and can pull herself up to a standing
position. She is a very happy baby, sleeps late, cries very little (almost never), waves bye-bye, paddles baker when we sing the whole without the moten, blows a whistle.

May 5th.

This morning Phyllis Ann has her third tooth, an upper incisor.

She is as well as ever, eats anything, and has no more sore throat.

If I get this in the post office this A.M. it will leave Shanghai tomorrow.

Love to all,

Douglas.
Nanking, China
May 4, 1924

Dear Mother Cothren,

We surely did get a big kick out of our Easter box. It came just the day after I think Doughy is really pleased the most about his stick candy. He has a piece in his mouth most of the time. However, he was also much pleased with the medicine and all of0 the Nibbles sweet new things. Her compotes are just a gold fit and she has worn them most everyday since they came. She looks especially pretty in the blue dress that G&R made up. Why isn't one? Pearl says I can get it in Shanghai. So I think I'll send them when I need to make her some more. Just now her two grandmas have been well supplied, and I surely do appreciate it for. I have to ship school to find any spare minutes to buy cloth and cut out thirty for the tailor. I didn't get some things started last month while Pearl was gone. I made up that five gingham you gave me with around collar, pockets, and a row of buttons down the front you can see it in the picture - only Phyllis hides most of it. Also get some raw silk for him a new dress and some shirts and Phyllis some under pants. Every one here wants more than forges. I'll put in a piece after it washes the filling all comes out and it gets shiny and soft and wears very well. Only costs 35¢ a yard. Won't you send some? To go back to the box. My love it is very full. I can wear it so well with my green sweater. Nibbles' stocking shoes are a little strange but that is a good part. I can tell you. We thank you so much for all your love and thoughtfulness.
Hopes from home are about the biggest event in our young lives out here. I think you got in all the pictures and bulletins and I surely do thank you. Doug and I are going to have Sarah's table boy and his wife my little Auntie to take with us to Kuchowka and we surely are tickled to death over the prospects, for they are both very good, young and happy. They are Kuchowka folks and homelike and refused to stay on here permanently, so we are sort of being adopted by them, much to our delight. Beccas at Wantingholm had them for three years, so they are well trained so I shall hang on to them as long as I can you bet. He is a very good laundry man as well as being especially quick at serving a meal and his wife is a darling. Nubby she also happy together, and I am never anxious at school for I know she is taking good care of her. Pearl hates to give them up, but there seems no way to make them want to stay on in Wanting as we are the gainers. It will make our first year of housekeeping much simpler of course for we are well acquainted with the way they do things. I certainly enjoy having an auntie, primarily to help with the baby while I am at school, but she does so much else. Keeps her clothes and rooms in order, cleans, makes beds, keeps bath room in order etc. and waits on me every wish. When it's time for the baby's bath, she gets everything ready—brings water—about my little old habits I laid out her clean clothes she even can tell whether the water is the right temperature, not by using the bath thermometer, Phyllis gave us then, while I am washing Phyllis she gets the little
on hot water and-collect her playthings which she
scrubs after Phyllis gets out. We have a good
time you may be sure. Phyllis turns all around
and sometimes seems to splash the ceiling, now.
An amah surely gives more advice than we
pray for - together we help her too. She has
an infatuated uterus and suffers bad pain sometimes
and I have gotten Dr. Helen Brenton Pyger
our nurse does not help her quite a bit - and of
course she is wonderfully grateful -

I am sorry I have no more time to write more
now. We want to get this off this morning for the boat.

Love to Prof.
Grace

The Atlas tickled me a lot. I'll show you
remembered how much we liked yours. We
have been talking of getting one all week.
Hankou, China,
Mother's Day, May 11, 1924.

Dear Mother,

Where ever Christianity takes root, there "Mother" means beauty, love, patience. How little it means in the strife unblest by the love-fragrant Word. To Christian "Mother" is the willing, loving, servant of all her household; to the heathen she is the slave to all, more especially to her mother-in-law and her husband. What a great difference there is in a " servant of all" and a slave to all! But how can you expect a people to see beauty in brotherhood where the hand exiguated for life still holds desire for all forms of beauty.

In China, the opportunity to pursue beauty has been too much the privilege of the wealthy, and one's first contact is with the class that is submerged under unspeakable difficulties of economic conditions. They must fight to keep head above the mere verge of enough to eat and enough to keep the body warm. They have not time to see that "man cannot live by bread alone."

Upon first seeing Chinese cities and villages one is struck with their ugliness, lack of sanitation, foul streets, congestion, filth, filth, disease, the dogs, filth, wild children; sitting, rolling on the hookworms and dysentery. Cadened and muddied their will, every...
burning incense, meaning their peace, wealth, 
love, and nothing garish, passing bouses 
of night soil for the garden, and men pulling 
hearty loads; this is what we first see 
in China.

There is the beauty that the resident of 
months and years finds. It is the beauty of 
old things, of a former generation, now in the 
hands of the rich; they alone have time to play 
with beauty. The beautiful things are hidden 
behind high walls whose somber, gray, forbidding 
bricks add only to the pictures of dirt. But 
they include old family heirlooms, priceless, 
unappreciated by their owners, as excepted 
as possessions of ancestors, and like the owners, 
are falling into decay. There 
are ceilings of wonderful carving, old paintings 
and cut velvets hung in uilken scrolls; tapestries, 
carved teak, lacquer, pottery, porcelain, old 
embroideries and finely wrought brasses. The 
beauty is everywhere, but it is not in display.

As the beautiful things of a material nature 
are hidden so are the beautiful things 
of their religion a rather religiously hidden 
from the eyes of the casual observer. They 
are hidden by superstitions, by products 
that older, more beautiful philosophy of 
a past more glorious generation of sages. 
Now we see only the burning of incense,
The use of red candles and firecrackers before the wooden images of the Buddha (the means by which offerings and firecrackers to wake up and attract the attention of the dragon god). Also, we see the burning of food, paper horses, paper house, gilt or silvered paper horses (representing gold or silver bridg) before the grave of the departed so that their souls will have these things to inhabit in the spirit world.

But in the early days, the founders had much of beauty in their phlegm, even approaching nothing of the important points in Christianity. Who can say that God did not reveal Himself to some extent to these seekers of the truth? Perhaps we of Christianity could learn much degenerate from the real truth as given by Jesus. I believe we should frequently take inventory and see if we are on the right track or not.

We missionaries study the religions of China to see what points of contact we may have with the people with whom we are to work; we must know their background in order to rightly present Christianity. You will perhaps be surprised when I tell you of some of the beautiful things in early Chinese religion, most of which degenerated or preserved in the small groups of the scholar class.
The greatest Christian characteristic is love. God is Love." — 1 John 4:8; and. "The greatest of these is love."

Confucius says, "Altunram (the Chinese character, 色) is indiscriminating affection or love."

Also, "The Supreme Ultimate (the De or God) is love." Confucius also says, "Life is Love."

He also says, "Altunram (love) is not only one of the four great characteristics of Nature (Love, Benevolence, Revenue, and Wisdom) but includes all the others."

How does the Bible say we shall know God? By the study of the life of Christ — "A Word became an Act." How does Confucius say we shall know the character of the Supreme Ultimate? "By the expression of love in Nature."

The great Buddha, Gautama Buddha, also had something to say about Love. "Right conduct includes love."

Hatred never causes by nature, but only love."

Our Bible says, "All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them."

Matthew 7:12. Confucius said, "What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others." Or as a modern Confucian scholar, it translates it, "Do not give to others what you do not want."

The statement is negative. The Chinese do not understand it negatively."


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When there are the differences in Christianity and Confucianism? One is found in the practical application of the last command: "Love God, love man." The Chinese believed in a God supreme; but they believed that the Emperor (The Son of Heaven) only could worship this God; he alone was worthy to approach Him. Their approach was by dutifully bowing to the Ruba, the ruler worshipped God in the Temple of Heaven in Peking at stated intervals.

In practice ethical or altruistic love in China is absorbed by love for their elders (filial piety) and ancestral worship and respect for government replaces worship of God. So the Chinese have merged the point made by their early teachers, of universal, ethical love.

The love of Christianity is not a static thing; it is a dynamic force; and Christ is this dynamic Christ in God in action in the world.

The dynamic love force of Christianity may be expressed by a triangle, to better see it:

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\text{God} \quad \text{Neighbour} \quad \text{Yourself}
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At the tip is God. At one angle of the base is yourself. At the other corner of the base is your neighbour.
The true man travels from God to you, and from you to your neighbor if you wish to return that love to God again. We can only return the love to God through love for our neighbor. Christianity emphasizes the whole triangle, while the Chinese emphasize only the base, and by neighbor is meant immediate family or clan. We of the West, on the other hand, are accused of failing at the base, and of allowing exploitation of our neighbor.

The Chinese religious life is largely taken up by the worship of substitutes for God (ancestors, idols which represent good spirits that have reached the highest point of goodness) rather than a conversational fellowship with God.

In Christianity we believe that where truth is then God is found; we work to understand the new values in life and understand the new values in life and truth as God reveals them to us. But Confucius taught that old things are best.

The Chinese have no idea of the remission for sins. To them sin is not the act itself but the punishment for that sin. They have no sense of personal guilt and do not admit acts of sin.
put on definite adherence to any system of religion. At certain times they were Confucianists and at other times Buddhists or Taoist priests were called in. They haven’t our Western background for such religious exclusiveness. Although all the missions here hold to the idea of their own denomination we have to admit that the clinging to Denominational exclusiveness is one of the most harmful things that is slowing up the advance of Christianity today. They can’t understand why Christians can’t worship and associate with all other Christians on the same basis, especially since the Bible does not teach it. What do they care about the influence of an American Civil War in making a Northern or Southern Methodist or Baptist or Presbyterian Church. What they want to know is the influence Christ had upon it.

Grace is better than she has been for some time. She is not all tied out every night like she used to be; so the terrible toming is bearing results.