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November 8th, 2004

Miss V. Winifred Todd
2500 West Henderson, #210
Porterville, CA. 93225

Dear Miss Todd:

I am writing to request four permissions in connection with the future edited and annotated publication of Hazel Todd's correspondence from China. These are listed as follows:

1. The publisher, Eastbridge, requests worldwide rights to publish this book in all languages.

2. I request permission to re-edit, annotate and re-publish all of the material you have compiled and privately published in the 1977 volume *Letters from Hazel* (Fresno, California: Liberty Printing Company, 1977).

3. I request permission to edit, annotate and publish any of Hazel Todd's unpublished correspondence now deposited in the archives of Whitworth College, Spokane, Washington (this includes translation and publication of any of Hazel Todd's correspondence in Chinese).

4. I request permission to cite information that you gave me about Hazel Todd in our October 4th, 2004 interview in Great Neck, New York.

5. The publisher, Eastbridge, requests permission to publish photographs from Whitworth's archival collection on Hazel Todd's life and career in China to visually document the book (including the book cover itself).

If you agree to these uses, please sign below and return one copy of this letter.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Robert Gardella

I grant permission for the uses specified in this letter.

[Signature]

Date: November 19, 2004
Founded by the English evangelist James Hudson Taylor in 1866, in the early twentieth century the China Inland Mission (hereafter, CIM) had more missionaries operating in China than any other single Christian agency, Protestant or Catholic (Latourette 1929, 382). Consistent with its founder's intentions, CIM recruitment was non-denominational, international, and latitudinarian with respect to educational qualifications for service. The CIM further distinguished itself by adherence to ad hoc "faith-based" financing rather than reliance upon planned budgets and guaranteed salaries, by requiring missionaries to conform to Chinese social and living conditions as much as possible (including wearing Chinese dress) and by situating the direction of CIM activities in China rather than abroad (Latourette 1929, 385-386; Latourette 1997, 1325; Rabe 19, 87 and 148).

Theologically speaking, CIM was best known for proclaiming Protestant evangelical orthodoxy at a time when modernism was vigorously challenging biblical verities and spiritual certainties (Bates, 142-155). The primary role of CIM missionaries, sustained during virtually a century of activity, was to diffuse the knowledge of the gospel as widely as possible throughout China, in particular the virgin territory of the vast interior of the country, rather than concentrating upon converting influential social groups such as the scholar-gentry (Neal, 336). Proclamation of the gospel through vigorous and sustained itinerant preaching, and distribution of the Word through sales of bibles and tracts ideally would lead to lasting individual conversions. While these CIM activities certainly enabled the subsequent formation of denominational churches, the organization characteristically deferred in this regard to the long-term interests of other Protestant missionary bodies (Latourette 1929, 386; Bates, 142-143).

Lawrence Kessler's fine study of a Presbyterian mission community at Jiangyin in the Lower Yangzi region illustrates the social gospel in action in China over the first half of the twentieth century, an approach disdained in theory but not infrequently adhered to in practice by CIM missionaries. Following the social gospel path in mission work, as the majority of denominational missionaries at that time practiced and understood it, entailed protracted commitments to educational and medical activities that...
often overshadowed the purely evangelical tasks CIM proclaimed as its raison d’être (Kessler, 157-161). It would nonetheless be highly inaccurate to depict CIM missionary activities in China as blindly confined to ambulatory preaching and conversion of “heathens” in the heath (note here Kwok, 204 and Latourette 1929, 386-387). The present paper argues that, in practical terms, the life of a CIM missionary in the field might indeed embrace a limited version of the social gospel without formally acknowledging the fact. Putting the matter more directly, and in the words of Hazel Todd, whose recorded experiences in early twentieth century China are the core of this inquiry, “Is there anything a missionary does not need to know? Bookkeeping, housekeeping, gardening, nursing are a few of the skills required in addition to a good thorough knowledge of the Bible and its practical applications.” (Letters, August 4th, 1936, 84)

Hazel Todd arrived in Shanghai on October 10th, 1920 at the age of twenty-seven. Except for two extended furloughs in the United States (from early 1927 to early 1929 and from mid-1937 to late 1938), she would spend the rest of her life in China, where she died suddenly of typhoid fever on November 17th, 1941 (Letters, 1, 38 and 91). Her experiences, whether humdrum or dramatic, over twenty-odd years of militarized political conflict, localized banditry, mass nationalist awakening, incipient communist revolutionary activity, and brutal Japanese aggression, were recorded in a weekly to monthly stream of letters to her family back in southern California. Approximately half of this correspondence, some three hundred fourteen letters, was compiled and privately published by Hazel’s younger sister Winifred Todd in 1977. The remaining manuscripts, along with photographs and assorted memorabilia of Hazel’s career, were eventually donated by another relative to Whitworth College, Spokane, Washington. They are currently in the final stages of being processed for inclusion in that institution’s archival collection centering upon the history of the Protestant experience in the Pacific Northwest (Interview).

The Call, John Hersey’s epic fictionalized account of an American missionary’s spiritual odyssey in early twentieth century China, began with his hero growing up in a disadvantaged rural environment. Hersey’s protagonist secures his missionary “calling” along with a college degree and a relatively desirable Y.M.C.A. position dispensing the social gospel (in that case, lectures on basic scientific and technical knowledge) in China. In the present case, the exigencies of life differ from the novelist’s art. Growing up in rural North Dakota in a large Presbyterian farming family with stringently limited resources, Hazel Todd developed her “calling” from her childhood contacts with an uncle, then on furlough, but serving at the time as a Protestant missionary in Sierra Leone, West Africa. When the family subsequently moved to southern California, Hazel determined to pursue her missionary vocation without the personal
expense and further delay of obtaining either a high school diploma (her
North Dakota education having been academically devalued after the
family’s shift to California) or a post-secondary degree (Interview). With a
deserved reputation as an organization that “valued spiritual sincerity over
academic preparation”, the CIM was Hazel’s logical choice for an
immediate and lasting affiliation (Rabe, 87; see also Neal, 334).

Hazel Todd’s correspondence discloses a resolute, vigorous individual
with what seems to be an uncomplicated sense of both herself and her
mission in China. She faced the rigors of life, the episodic loneliness, and
the insecurities of early twentieth century existence in the rough
hinterlands of Hunan and Anhui with little complaint, doubtless schooled
and skilled by the demanding life of her early years in rural North
America. Hazel nursed the sick, routinely walked miles each day to sell
scriptures in the villages, fended off the frequent incursions of gun-toting
warlord soldiers, attempted to teach rural women to read their own
language with the Gospel as a primer, and capably managed the complex
daily living routines of the mission station. Without any Sinological
background prior to arriving in China, Hazel became competent in two
dissimilar provincial dialects of Mandarin and also acquired a basic
command of the literary language (some of her later correspondence was
in fact written in Chinese). She personified the conviction, going back to
Karl Gutzlaff and the mid-nineteenth century, that single women would
eventually become essential in carrying out the missionary enterprise in
China in all its challenging variety (Lutz and Lutz, 288).

The present paper is a preliminary effort to sort out several facets of Hazel
Todd’s missionary life in China prior to my current task of re-compiling
and annotating her complete correspondence for publication in the near
future. Without recourse to chronological narration and without affording
a comprehensive image of her activities and concerns, the paper briefly
presents three aspects of her career that surface repeatedly in her letters:
medical work in rural Hunan and Anhui, close encounters with troops both
domestic and foreign, and unsympathetic brushes against China’s
tenacious folk religious tradition. In this way, perhaps a more lively and
varied picture will emerge, not only of one American woman’s mission
experience in a troubled country at a critical time, but of a deep-rooted
ecumenical historical movement—once trumpeted in an early twentieth
century tract’s unfortunate title as The Christian Occupation of China—
which has hardly ceased to color Sino-American relations (Kessler, 21).

Medical Work in Hunan and Anhui

While Jiangyin’s Presbyterian missionaries developed a coordinated and
sophisticated medical program with a full-fledged hospital and staff of
physicians and nurses, Hazel Todd usually operated with far fewer resources as a paramedic and eventually a nurse in back-country Hunan (from 1921 to 1930) and Anhui (from 1930 to 1941) (see Kessler, 31-37 and 54-58). She immediately faced the inadequacies of the situation, as her comments from central Hunan in October, 1921 reveal: “A greater knowledge of medicine and how to use it would be worth nearly everything to me. We see such awful sores on children. I am going to see what can be done with sulphur or iodine” (Letters, October 21, 1921, 7).

Throughout her career in China, Hazel frequently had recourse to simple remedies—boric acid for eye infections, Unguente for burns, and goat’s milk as an infant “formula”---that might have seemed like miracle cures in a countryside barely beginning an acquaintance with modern medicine and still wedded to traditional indigenous remedies. Her comments in November, 1921 witness the appalling inadequacy of the latter, in this case, what appears to have been a poorly conceived moxibustion treatment: “Tonight I am in the mood for crying rather than writing. This afternoon a small boy came for a baby less than two months old. We found that we had been called as a last resort. The Chinese doctor had been called first. He had so cruelly burned a place on each side of the mouth and two or three places on the stomach of the baby. We were too late. We can do nothing but pray.” (Letters, November 28, 1921, 8)

During her early years in Hunan, Hazel recurrently commented upon the high rate of infant mortality, and the difficulty of convincing parents of the merits of hospital care (scarce enough throughout China at the time) and basic pediatric health (Letters, October 30, 1924).

During her first furlough from February 1927 to February 1929, Hazel undertook a course for medical missionaries at the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, which essentially gave her the training to operate as a nurse upon her return to the field (Letters, 38). She turned that experience to good account in subsequent years. A March, 1930 letter from Nanchow in northern Hunan reports two weeks of largely successful treatments of patients for round worms, bronchitis, eye infections, and ulcerated feet. Local Chinese evangelists urged her to abandon her gospel itinerating in favor of medical work, but this was a Hobson’s choice that Hazel never saw as either necessary or desirable (Letters, March 25, 1930, 45 and Interview; see also Letters, April 28, 1931). All the while her letters were still punctuated by the commonplace and often unavoidable tragedies of life in the back country, this time in central Anhui. She records one such episode on March 31, 1931, noteworthy because it clearly involves the local practice of tongyangxi (securing a female child as both a “daughter” and future daughter-in-law): “Today the cook’s little granddaughter was buried. He feels simply terrible about it. I think she had beri beri. Had I had my notes taken at the Bible Institute or a suitable medical book, I might have found out what to do to save the child’s life. The cook sobbed as he told me the story. The child had been sent to live with her future
mother-in-law, where she was neglected, not getting proper clothing or food. We hope that this will be a lesson for our Christians to not follow the practice of having the future mother-in-law bring up their daughters. This darling girl was just five years old." (Letters, March 31, 1931)

Ten years later, in the midst of the Sino-Japanese War on the frontline of conflict in the same Anhui localities, Hazel Todd still faced the same day-to-day professional amalgam of striking success and dispiriting failure in medical interventions. Interruption of normal commerce and shortages of imported medical supplies (indeed, of any imported goods) added to the difficulties of this last year of her life. In mid-May, 1941 she reports that the use of a costly imported drug that just happened to be on hand immediately saved the life of a rat bite victim—this in the sizeable town of Shucheng, thirty-five miles from the nearest modern physician (Letters, May 12, 1941, 121). In early July, 1941, however, Hazel laments an understandable but tragically simple error in judgement: “Something happened recently for which I am very sorry. My error in psychology cost a life. A mother brought her eighth child to me for an examination. All her other children had died. With very little discernment I could tell that the child had worms, so I sold the mother a dose of santonin for thirty cents. The mother did not like the idea of her child having worms nor that this santonin should be followed by castor oil. So she took him to a Chinese doctor who probably knows less than I do about treating children. He gave the child a hypodermic needle of something, probably morphine, and charged ten dollars. Later another doctor was called in from the country. He told the mother the child had worms, but the medication, even if he could get it, would be too late. The next morning the child died with worms crawling out of his nose. One cannot help feeling sorry for that mother as she realizes that she had the right remedy in her hands and would not use it because she thought it was too cheap. I bought the medicine back because no one else within thirty or forty miles has any. This whole thing is an example of the way so many reject God’s way when it is available and so simple.” (Letters, July 8, 1941, 123-124)

Encountering Troops, Bandits and/or “Reds”

Recent years have witnessed several major states in the throes of political disintegration, accompanied by prolonged periods of regionalized military anarchy and efforts at political and social re-integration. Perhaps this will equip contemporary observers with a more sympathetic appreciation of early twentieth century China’s protracted, far more troubled search for political stability, social justice, and economic modernization. Be that as it may, Hazel Todd and many of her missionary colleagues from the ‘twenties to the ‘forties faced the anarchy and casual uncertainties of life under the Republic with a mixture of apprehension, personal courage, and
By early to mid-1930, Hazel’s letters record increasing communist and bandit activity (the two threats were not always clearly distinguished in Hazel’s narratives, Guomindang official pronouncements, or undoubtedly in real life) in northern Hunan. These incidents included the looting of a CIM outstation near Nanchow costing Hazel scarce medical equipment and some personal effects (Letters, July 23, 1930, 47), and the murder of a popular Chinese evangelist who had been her close associate in joint itinerating work in the countryside (Letters, September 2, 1930, 48).
Less than a month after the death of her Chinese co-worker, Hazel (then in Shanghai) was ordered by CIM not to return to Hunan but to resume her mission vocation in the apparent safety of central Anhui (Letters, September 28, 1930, 48). Five years later, in 1935, the bitterness of these episodes had not abated, and Anhui provided little sanctuary in the struggle between communists and Guomindang forces, judging from Hazel’s rare jeremiad in August, 1935: “If the communists confined their propaganda and activities to the realm of economics, which is not my sphere, I might not mention them. Having lost my worldly goods twice at their hands there is a personal score against them. One of the finest Christian workers with whom it has been my privilege to work has walked many a mile with me preaching the gospel and shepherding the flock, lost his life when taken by communists. Because of them it was necessary for me to give up working in Hunan where I knew the dialect and was used to the work. In the last four years three of the C.I.M. missionaries in Anhwei province have lost their lives at the hands of the Reds. Just today I heard someone speak of twenty thousand having been killed by communists in one county. There are probably a score or more counties that could report something as bad or worse. At the present communism is one of the greatest forces the enemy is using against the preaching of the gospel in China. Since I came to China for nothing else, my prayers for those who hold to communistic teachings are for ‘those who despitefully use us’. The best thing I can wish for them is that they get soundly converted.” (Letters, August 7, 1935, 79)

Hazel’s closest brushes with government soldiers, while non-lethal, were hardly non-threatening episodes. It was the usual pursuit of men wielding guns to get what they wanted in Republican China. Common soldiers with or without their officers were constantly on the lookout for a shelter to occupy for some indeterminate period of time, or at least some “borrowed” doors and benches to provide the makings of rustic beds for their bivouacs. On at least four occasions from 1933 to 1940, Hazel had to fend off small bands of troops attempting to tenant either the main CIM chapel at Shucheng, Anhui or an outstation in the vicinity (Letters, June 17, 1933, 66; February 12, 1936, 80; July 17, 1939, 99; September 27, 1940, 112). One example of her fortitude (and probable luck, as well) occurred at Shucheng in June, 1933: “During the morning some soldiers were in who wanted to occupy the chapel. No elaborate argument or nice words were at the tip of my tongue, just a dumb question, ‘Who wants you to stay here?’ They answered by telling me to get the key for the door. I calmly asked the question over again. The third time I asked, one of the soldiers said he was going off to find some other place. I thanked him for his trouble. All the other soldiers went off with him, and we saw no more of them. One of them remarked as they went off, ‘That foreigner talks Chinese.’ ” (Letters, June 17, 1933, 66)
There can be little question of Hazel Todd ever having had a sympathetic appreciation of traditional Chinese belief systems—to Hazel they would have been, simply stated, formidable obstacles at worst and minor obstructions at best in getting the Word to China’s idolatrous millions. The diffuse and pervasive character of China’s indigenous religious beliefs had long presented Christian missionaries with problems of accommodation or rejection, a history too long and much too complex to rehearse here. For Hazel, as for CIM missionaries in general, China in this respect signified one long battle against an enemy wearing various guises in many separate encounters. The first recorded engagement came on March 16th, 1923, when Hazel encountered a Chinese evangelist’s wife in Changde, Hunan, who told her that people were “afraid to drink her [the evangelist wife’s] tea for fear of eating the foreign religion”. Hazel’s apt retort was that she wished the Chinese “were that much afraid of using tobacco” (Letters, March 16, 1923, 13)

While indigenous folk beliefs spoke in idioms that were all too intelligible to the masses, Christian imagery would at times link the gospel’s message to a much more esoteric cultural setting. Hazel recalls an instance of this occurring in a February, 1926 message from Nanchow, Hunan: “Although it was muddy, over a hundred people were out to church yesterday. The evangelist spoke of being a new creature in Jesus. Of course, this being the beginning of their New Year, he had many illustrations to bring out the points. His wife had the women’s meeting, but while her message was good, I have heard her do better. Her subject was the Sunday School lesson on Jesus the Good Shepherd. The Chinese acquaintance with sheep is so slight that they do not understand it very well. Furthermore they can be so cruel to animals that they do not understand anyone loving them.” (Letters, February 15, 1926, 31)

While most of her skirmishes relate to popular beliefs and traditional practices, on occasions Hazel did engage in dialogues with more sophisticated proponents of indigenous religions. In mid-October, 1926 she encountered a Buddhist nun who had evidently read through much of the bible with apparent appreciation, asking Hazel several questions for clarification. Hazel returned the favor by inquiring about Buddhism, whereupon the nun “went off into such deep language, I did not understand nor could anyone else who listened. It was not intended to satisfy or explain matters but to mystify and impress anyone with her superior wisdom. Let’s praise God for the simple gospel. Buddhism can never bring peace to the soul.” (Letters, October 15, 1926, 36)

From Hazel’s perspective certain things were much easier to understand, such as the repulsiveness of the idols in the old Chinese temples she visited when on summer leave in 1929 at the famed hill station of Guling.
theatricals. The Christians, of course, were busy learning to read and studying the Bible as they progressed." (Letters, June 6, 1940, 110)

While the clear inference drawn from the last incident is that village Christians were non-participants in the collective traditional ritual activities of their communities (a supposition amply supported by the scholarly literature; see for example Litzinger, 41-52), Hazel did not utterly rule out indigenous ritualism. Instead, she emphasized that it must simultaneously witness to both Christian and "heathen" sensibilities, as in this account of a funeral in Shucheng in June, 1940: "Yesterday there was a funeral. The woman who is our out-station leader told me it was the second Christian funeral she had attended. Afterwards at the Bible class I explained some of our Christian customs about these things. 'That ye sorrow who have no hope', I have emphasized. With the Chinese, even the Christians, there is likely to be so much of that loud, bitter wailing, much of it being for the neighbors lest they be criticized for being unfilial. Still, we must not do things in such a simple way that the heathen criticize us for not caring for the dead and tempt some weak Christian into trying some heathen practices. Our service can be an opportunity of testimony before the heathen relatives, friends, and neighbors we might no other way reach." (Letters, May 29, 1940, 109)

Conclusion

Lawrence Kessler's study of the Jiangyin Presbyterian mission concludes by noting that the mainstream of American missionary activity in early to mid-twentieth century China can be subsumed by the social gospel paradigm. A concentration on medical and educational work meant the "increasing professionalization and secularization of mission work" (Kessler, 158-159). A focus upon Western civilizational values that were inclusive of, but hardly restricted to Christian teachings, appeared to merge the process of China's modernization with a tide of "cultural imperialism" backed by Western power and privilege (Kessler, 159-161). The purely evangelistic approach of an earlier era had been displaced if not rejected as "an outmoded and impractical conception of mission work" (Kessler, 158).

Judging from her records of life in the CIM, Hazel Todd could hardly have agreed with such a characterization. Her career was certainly marked by a increased degree of medical professionalization, but never at the cost of secularization. Far from shunning evangelical work, the evidence indicates that Hazel considered that her primary duty during her entire stay in China. As for confusing China's Westernization under imperialist pressures with its modernization, there is little evidence that Hazel expressed much angst about the matter. While laboring under the protection of the treaty system—as most foreign nationals did until its
abolition in the midst of World War II—Hazel was nonetheless exposed to the daily hazards and fascinations of life in a turbulent and challenging rural environment. It was a world far from the urban sophistication of the treaty ports, but to Hazel Todd that was simply what mission work was all about—-that was the essence of one American life in the China Inland Mission.

Bibliography

The primary source for this paper, referred to in the text notes as Letters, is the following privately printed and distributed volume of Hazel Todd’s China correspondence from November, 1920 to October, 1941, as compiled by her younger sister Winifred:


The writer interviewed Winifred Todd on October 6th, 2004 with reference to the above volume and other aspects of Hazel Todd’s early life and missionary career; the interview is referenced in the text notes as Interview.

Secondary Sources Consulted:


Dear Janet,

Here are six examples (many others could be found as well) of discrepancies between the privately published letters from Hazel and the actual documents themselves. Students could also investigate the background of both Chinese history of the time and the U.S. missionary enterprise in that country to give them better grasp of contexts.

A) Nov 29, 1921 - note the exclusion re: the baby & its fate here

B) Aug 8, 1923 - note the exclusion of further remarks re: Chinese politics

C) May 25, 1925 - note how much edited out esp. remarks on "true Jesus" Church church

D) July 22, 1925 - note editing re: statements on Chinese politics

E) June 9, 1926 - note editing out of "gossip" (?r: Chinese Christians

F) Oct 7, 1940 - note heavy editing up re: comments on missionary activity (key book passages are bracketed) I hope this is of use - Many thanks for your kind assistance over the past two weeks!

Bob GardeLLA
and oil to make it stick and a net at the back to hold it in place.

If my observations of the work here are correct, only a small beginning has been made with the women. Nearly all the work has been done by men for men, and you can never make me think that is the correct way. I told Mr. Draffin we were only touching the edges of the women's work, but he hemmed and hawed trying to push the idea off. This much is certain: the soul of every woman we meet today is precious in the sight of the Lord.

Nanchowting, November 5, 1921

The chapel was full Sunday morning. There were about fifty women and girls there and about twice as many men. Our calling helped the attendance of the women. I stationed myself in the back of the room and tried to usher. One baby in the back started to cry and was nearly scared stiff of me, a foreigner. One old woman left a basket containing two or three chickens in the chapel before the service began then came in during the service to get it. Two or three came inside the door but left when asked to sit down. Some of the children ate peanuts, scraped, visited, and read aloud, their only way of doing it. Some women drank tea and ran back and forth with babies. There is more that can hardly be written.

Nanchowting, November 16, 1921

Since my last letter I attended my first wedding in China. It was part foreign and part Chinese. Our chapel was decorated with red and white flowers. A large piece of red cloth was placed on the chair of each one who took part. Mr. Draffin performed the ceremony, and Mrs. Draffin played the wedding march on a folding organ. The bridegroom wore a purple broadcloth gown, a purple satin coat, a red sash that came around over his shoulder, and a foreign hat. This hat was considered special and was kept on during the service. He is a church member about twenty years of age. Since he had never seen the bride before the service, he kept looking sideways to get a good look. The bride was a bright looking girl in her teens. The bridegroom's parents had paid one hundred and twenty dollars (Mexican) to her parents for her. She wore a blue satin blouse of Chinese style and a beautifully embroidered black skirt. Around her hair she wore a black satin band decorated with flowers. Her shoes were red satin. Red is the color for Chinese brides.

After the ceremony there was a feast. Some rather peculiar things were served, but most of it was good. The best dish was lotus nuts cooked in syrup. There were noodles with chopped meat and peppers, a large garnished fish, some delicious pork, a dish made mostly with pork rinds, eels, and, of course, rice.

Tonight I am in the mood for crying rather than writing. This afternoon a small boy came for help for a baby less than two months old. We found we had been called as a last resort. The Chinese doctor had been called first. He had so cruelly burned a place on each side of the mouth and two or three places on the stomach of the baby. We were too late. We can do nothing but pray.

Nanchowting, November 28, 1921

Last week we made a trip out into the country six or seven miles to a village
somewhat bigger than Strathmore. The evangelist, two older men who preach (one employed and one at his own expense), the Bible woman, the school teacher with twenty-seven school children, Mr. Draffin, and I went. The Chinese themselves had done some good work there, but Mr. Draffin and I were the first missionaries. They were quite curious about us. We thought we were going to help them burn idols, but we found in several places that the idols and the mantle piece where they had stood had already been destroyed. We put up some gospel posters on the blank places left on the walls. In the few days we were there we held a number of services. At the one held on the street there was a large crowd. At the end of some of the services I tried to talk with some of the women. They kept interrupting though to ask me questions. The Chinese polite way of doing is to ask your name, then your age, whether your father and mother are living, whether you have grandparents; older brothers or sisters, then your younger brothers and sisters. Then they ask what all these people do and their ages. It is most polite of them to ask and not at all polite not to answer. What amazes them most is that I have four brothers! Anyway one can understand that it is difficult to get in a good word for the Lord sometimes.

The package of dried fruit and nuts came. I do thank you for sending just what I wanted. The figs are the best of all, but it all tastes just like home.

Nanchowting, January 28, 1922

Today is Chinese New Years Day. Firecrackers could be heard all night. Today we are spending most of the time receiving guests. Shops are closed for a couple of weeks while everyone has a good time feasting, and the heathen go through a lot of idolatrous proceedings. Last night we counted the lights on a good many graves. These are built to keep the spirits warm. Clean paper is now put on front doors, and new idols are set in place. We need to pray now especially for the new Christians that they may not fall back and replace their idols.

Nanchowting, March 23, 1922

The written part of my second examination has been done. This has taken three full half days. With this over the required work for the first two years will be done. The hard work was worthwhile since it is preparation to make the gospel known to many who have never heard of the love of our Lord Jesus.

At the conference we attended recently the matter of foot binding came up. The (Chinese) evangelists waxed eloquent about it, and the oldest man in the group, a man more than seventy, had the most to say against it. One of the best arguments he used was that a girl with bound feet could not study. The suggestion was made that the church perform no marriage ceremony for a girl unless she lets out her feet. Hereafter a man or woman in the church will be disciplined for binding a daughter's feet.

Nanchowting, April 26, 1922

This has been a week of study, but I did go to a feast, spent an afternoon teaching a young church member, and gave a short talk at a women's meeting. Even a few minutes talk was not an easy thing, but one does have to make a beginning. A young girl came to me a couple of times to have her eyes washed with boric acid. Besides using such treatment, I do believe in divine healing. We do have some remarkable answers to prayer. The church members seem to have much sense about such things. They all agree that if there is idolatry going on in the home, it is useless to pray. The Chinese helpers told me later that in the place where I helped care for a baby that later died, incense was being burned.

Tomorrow morning we expect to start for Changteh by native boat. All the
It has been a long time since my last letter to you and yet I seem to get so lazy about letter writing. I feel like having a good cry tonight instead of writing. You would think you in my place and had seen what I said today. In the middle of the afternoon a small boy came in for gummy for a baby less than two months old. He said the baby was having something like colic. Mrs. Graffin called me from my books and we put on our hats and went. The mother worked for Mrs. Graffin last year and this is her third baby. Mrs. Graffin said she had wanted to tell her how to take care of the baby and save this one. The baby was putting its head from side to side and looked so unlike a baby should look and so pale. We found they had only sent for us as a last resort. They had called in a Chinese doctor first. And he had so cruelly burned a place on each side of the mouth and two or three places on the stomach. If they had called us in when they did him we might have done something but last was we were afraid to do anything for fear if the baby died on our hands we would be blamed. So we kept saying we could do nothing but pray. Probably tomorrow the baby will be burned beside the road like a dog. But the poor little baby will be little off than in that one little room where probably more than ten people live. Strange to say even though the mother-in-law has a baby less than a year old she seemed even more concerned than the mother. Perhaps she does not fully realize.

We can praise the Lord for another kind of experience week before last. Just as I was closing my books for the day the evangelist’s wife came in. She told me that the young woman who acted as guide for me when we went out to that small village I told about in my last letter was sick. She had not ate anything for two days and could not move without vomiting afterward. It was a place Mrs. Graffin had never been to though I had been twice before and the evangelist’s wife also came. Then the Bible woman who helped where we were came also which made for. The young girl herself asked us to pray for her which we did and had a small prayer meeting by her bed side. I also sent over a dose of castor oil but knowing so little about medicines it is only as the Lord guides and blesses such things that they have any effect. The next morning the Bible woman and I went over to see how she was. We were most cordially received and they told us that she was better right away and had ate soup. She was sitting up in bed and looked as much better. She and father had both begun to attend service but yesterday her mother who with her and her mother seemed so friendly. As soon as some one else is free again I hope to go with her to see her relatives at that village in the country. It is perhaps half as big as Stratmore but being the only missionary to go there it so regarded
as my share of the work.

That week we made a trip out into the country six or seven miles to a village somewhat bigger than Stratham in population. The evangelist, two old men who taught and one employed and one at his own expense, the Bible woman, the school teacher and twenty-seven school children went. Two men came from there to pull the boat and Mr. Graffin keeps two men for the work all the time. We went on Thanksgiving day which made it impossible for us to have a proper Thanksgiving dinner. They told us we would go very early in the morning and in this case it was before ten o'clock. We had not gone far when the evangelist, the teacher, and one of the preachers got off for a walk. They were surprised to see me get off too but when there is a good walk to be had I like to be there. Those three men each cut a switch but my method was different. I took hold the girls hands and led them one at each side. One & let go of the hand of one small girl to take hold of another one and the one whom I let go of began to whimper and say she could not walk unless I had held of her hand. We walked really far for them really about five miles. I think one or two of the girls have their feet partially sound and so we must see about it because school begins and so make the rule that all the girls must unbend their feet. We got there about three o'clock and they said dinner was all ready and was in about an hour I wish now they had the service first although the children were so hungry. There was such a crowd around us. After the supper they had a service. The Bible woman was with me that time but the time service was over the other women were gone. By the way Mr. Graffin and I were most likely the first missionaries there and so they were quite curious to watch us. The Chinese themselves had done some good there. One going there this time was at their invitation. We thought we going to help them burn the idols but we found the idols and the mantle where they stood in two of the three places destroyed. The left a small place on the wall and some paper so the were put up while once had been idols when these service were over. On Friday they held three services and we went in to pray for a very sick child. Mr. Graffin thought it was undemonstrated. One of the services was held in the street. That was held last and such a crowd of men were there as well as women that it was necessary to leave with the school girls at one. The other two times I tried to talk with the women at the end of the service. They were interrupting me though to ask me questions about my folks, my age, when I came from and where I was. The Chinese polite way of doing is to ask your name, then your age, whether your father and mother are living or not, whether you have grandparents, older brothers or sisters and last about your younger brothers and sisters and what all these people do and their
life and it is most polite of them to ask all these questions and not at all polite not to answer. The Chinese think it is wonderful to have four younger brothers. You see how hard it is to get in a good word for our lord sometimes. One time I was trying to talk to the woman after the service was over and one of the preaching came along. He really meant to help me by telling them all about me. One thing he said was that I could talk and read in three languages Chinese, English, and American. They gave us two Chinese meals the second day and the school girls tried to look out for me and see that I got enough to eat. The Bible woman was sick that day so that is the reason for my trying to talk to the women myself. They are so apt to think that it is all for the man unless we women do something ourselves.

We got home about seven o'clock in the evening, when it was pitch dark. We had no mishaps to speak of. A chicken flew out across the street against one of the girls when we were on the way to the boat. And one of the boys got sick but was alright the next day. The wind was in our favour but improved my time by studying. This is quite a description of Thanksgiving holidays.

This is Tuesday evening. The baby saw yesterday, I told about in the beginning of the letter died early this morning. One day when out walking with Mrs. Graffen she remarked that several babies had died recently. I asked her how she knew and she pointed to some little mounds of earth right where the pegs would be walking if they turned out to meet another person and without any mark at all. They may talk about the Chinese respect for the dead. Except for the display and bowing in connection with funerals I have not seen it. The school children it was with the other day went out of their way to walk over every grave possible. It is all to talk to them before we go again. Especially because they said something that can be understood to mean striking the devil when they did it.

The Graffen went away today to be gone two days and have left all the children here with me. That could be worse because with the servants it is so much a matter of hard work as anything else. I had to go off for a couple of hours this afternoon but all the children were asleep or were supposed to be. About ten women were here for catechism class. Some had not been before and some weeks no women come when Mrs. Graffen and the Bible woman are here. But the evangelist's wife and I managed somehow although she felt more like doing in bed. The new ones we tried to teach Acts 1:11. There are three men left on the compound including the cook and the gate-keeper. And there is the evangelist's wife and the young woman who helps in the house. Tonight the little girl who is two years old in September asked for more bread and jam and I told her to stave her off that there was no more more bread on the table. But she turned if
the book and asked in Chinese if there was any more bread. She got some more bread and jam. No woman missionary has been to the place they have gone to. There were these two places where no woman missionary had gone before so we decided between ourselves that we would each go to one of them.

The dried fruit and nuts came through in fine shape although it only came Saturday. Perhaps you have been wondering why things are not acknowledged quicker but the fault is not all mine. I already have your acknowledgement of the things I sent at the same time. I did not have to pay anything to get it. But another year of you and anything I will try to think of a plan to get it through without such an awful lot of expense. Things taste just like home. The figs came through the rest of all. They really from our own trees and if so who liked them? The recipe books are fine. I can see the use of any others I would like unless one that has good sponge cake recipes or ones that call for pea nut butter. Everything is good though I plan to use most of the things for Christmas baking and candies. I know you people went to lot of bother to send that box to me but it was what I wanted and I also thank you for it.

It is time to lock up and get things ready for the night so I must close for this time. My letter is getting few and far between yet there seems to be so little help for it.

With much love to all of you,

Hazel Ogg

Vancouver,

via Yokohama
China.

"He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath not might he might be increased strength."
slayed and gave them another invitation to come to church. Never before had I
been a party to going out in the highways and byways to compel the people to
come in.

Changteh, April 12, 1923

In the children's meeting yesterday we were talking about Moses and how
the Lord looked after the Israelites while they went through the wilderness. I
asked the children what the people did for shoes. They spoke right up three or
four at once saying they wore straw sandals. When the Chinese go on a trip they
are very apt to put on straw sandals and save their shoes which are mostly made
of cloth until they get to their destination.

Changteh, May 14, 1923

As soon as we got to the out-station this time we were told about the woman
for whom we had prayed on our last visit. She had promised us that if we prayed
for her, she would have the household idols taken down and burned. This has
been done, and the woman is well again after our prayer for healing. When we
went to see her, we found her very happy. She had learned two verses of scripture
and about two pages of catechism and was anxious to hear more.

There are just about enough of the Sunday School cards you sent left to last
until we go away for the summer if we do not give each child one every Sunday.
Last Sunday there were twenty-five children who came. The picture rolls came
recently. Those I use most for meetings, I will have mounted on Chinese paper
and fixed like scrolls. Some of them are precious and will be used many times.
Some are hung in the school room and in the guest room. A few will be given to
children who learn a number of verses, but no child would be given more than one
big picture in a year. They are all much appreciated.

Hankow, June 28, 1923

We were two days getting to Hankow. The foreign concession looks good with
its real streets and a few marks of civilization. Tomorrow we are going by train to
Kikungshan.

The Drafins wrote that their date for sailing to Australia is in August. They
will stay about a year there around Mr. Drafins' home.

Kikungshan, July 9, 1923

Miss DeJong with the Bannan baby, Miss Chaffee, and I had a compartment
second class on the train coming up here. The last night in Hankow was too hot to
sleep. As we went up the grade the weather was changing. At the station we put
on raincoats for warmth. That night I slept under a double blanket and my
steamer rug and was really not warm enough. After the train ride we came up the
hill by sedan chair. In the houses belonging to the China Inland Mission here
there is room for forty people. Right now there are thirteen of us here, nine of
whom were at the Bible Institute in Los Angeles together. The hills here are
velvety green. The terraced rice fields look like stair steps covered with beautiful
carpet. Here and there one can see silver threads of streams. It is good to be away
from the smells, sights, and sounds of the valley as well as from the heat that
seems to press one down.

Kikungshan, August 8, 1923

Everything is going the same as usual. We go for a walk nearly every day.
There generally are some meetings going on. We do not get all of them, of
course. Mr. Hunter has arrived from Los Angeles to speak to us. How good it

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does seem to see him and hear what is going on in Los Angeles.

This is a great place to spend money. For one thing I had some dental work done. Two fillings had come out of my teeth in the spring. I thought I should have those fixed without waiting for a toothache. I suppose I should have been thankful that the charge was about fourteen dollars Mexican (seven dollars in gold) as it had been a full two years since my teeth were looked after.

Peddlers come around all day selling all kinds of embroidery work and handmade lace. One day a Hindoo was around selling the richest looking silks I ever saw. Some of it was very expensive. I bought a quarter of a yard of some burnt orange colored to trim a brown serge dress. On one side it is like crepe de Chine and like satin on the other. If I were not afraid of the high duty, I would send it home, for it really is too nice for me. It cost $3.75 per yard (Mexican).

Except for malaria which I get once in a while I usually keep fairly well. The altitude at Changteh is about one hundred twenty feet, low, damp, and hot. By coming away I have been free of malaria this summer. My junior certificate would not have been given me if I did not have fairly good health. Miss Chaffee still does not have hers for that reason.

This week I have been studying a text book used in Chinese fifth grades, with a Chinese teacher. This book has a great deal of what is called Wenli in it. Up to now nearly everything has been Mandarin which is what people talk. Wenli is the old literary style. I hope to study more than is required in order to be able to teach more of the Bible than the first foundation principles.

Do not worry about what you read in the papers about bandits. The safest place for us is where the Lord wants us. I know of only one foreigner in the hands of the bandits now. He is an old Italian Roman Catholic priest. I do hope that the foreign concessions are maintained and not put in the hands of the Chinese. There could be quite a story told of dishonesty and corruption in Chinese politics. One of their proverbs says it, "The little fish eat bugs, and the big fish eat little fish." We have had a few picnics up here. Every Wednesday night is a musical evening. We have sessions on methods of work and many prayer meetings. Yesterday we had a day of prayer for all on the hill.

Up here there are heavy fogs. When the sun comes out, everything must be aired and dried. This included clothes, bedding, books, shoes, and insides of suitcases. The verandas are thus beautifully decorated with so much on display. Anyway the fog is refreshingly cool. Today I am wearing a woolen dress for comfort.

Hankow, August 30, 1923

Coming back the walk down the hill from Kikungshan to the station took me an hour. The train was on time, and we arrived in Hankow at nine thirty in the evening. We came on to the mission house by ricksha. When we arrived here, we were given ice cream and ice water. That ice cream tasted very good. It had been so long since my last chance to have any, and it was such a sweltering hot evening that anything cold helped.

Changteh, September 14, 1923

Miss Chaffee and I have been back nearly two weeks. Miss De Jong and little Miss Bannan made the trip with us. The trip from Hankow took three days. The boat, which should have started at noon, was underway at six o'clock. By the time we were really out of sight of Hankow, it was dark. Two hundred people were on a boat that holds one hundred thirty comfortably. About sixty men got off in a small boat to be picked up later before we went through customs at Yochow. That was another delay in the heat, but little things like that do not count in China.

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Dear Mother,

This will probably be the last letter written from Tampico, because we will probably be moving soon. We have enjoyed being here this summer, but time has come for us to go back to our work. There are a number of things in the way of writing letters, and with things I had hoped to do and have not done. But suppose we get past the summer, you know I always did dislike to write letters. Now, sending stooges is more interesting. But not here, we can get an automobile, so far as food, clothing all day long it cost to mail two letters, business correspondence, etc. Then, letters from her, etc. должна, etc. of course, to need.

One thing we didn't have before coming, was our teeth, seeing and more of the bugs, the flourishing, etc., we are away from home. The boys are not so much better these days, and that makes them as sensitive as I thought I had better have them fixed without waiting for a toothache. It cost me about four dollars Mexican in all, nearly half for that. I am glad I did not have to pay more, as I did two years ago when they were done up. Besides there are pittures around all day long selling all kinds of embroidery work and hand made articles. One day an Indian was around selling the native clothing which he made. I gave him some money, but it was so soft and cheap. He bought a quarter of a yard of pretty colored stuff for my use in my room. I bought a quarter of a yard of better colored stuff for my new bureau. It looks like red, but it is not, and the other, too. It really is to nice for some and I have a notion to send it home on the boat. It really is to nice for some one to have a notion to send it home on the boat. I, of course, would not wish to send it home.

The stuff is 3.75 a yard Mexican. You must have been all excited at the time, but I am down. It looks to me as if what I have done has left me a little behind. But I hope, as soon as I can. The attitude of things is so much better than last year, I have been free from that the fevers and dysentery I suffered. I have been free from that the fevers and dysentery I suffered. But I am not sure about looking forward to the Mexico trip.
We have generally managed to look after their own invalids. And they would not have questioned my influenza certificate last winter, they had at the time, nor was in a state of health. Miss Chaffee has been out a very long time, and her certificate has been given on her health, and she will not work hard now, no matter what she does.

This week I have been studying with a Chinese teacher again. I am studying a text book made in their fifth grade, it is going to help me some time to get me to the book. It has a lot of papers or called Ma on it. We will now nearly everything here. Mandarin, Mandarin is what the people talk. And the is nearly the old literary style and some think it is different from Mandarin as it is more English, but I do not think there is that much difference. No teacher there is only a Chinese teacher. We have to be able to each make of the Bible than the first foundation principles.

I am not so much for the sword, I have to study a lot of the sword, there is not what has to be done, in order to be able to teach in the Bible than the first foundation principles. I speak of people talk in about bandit and such things, it lays we know there is only one person in their hands just now.

I am not so much for the sword, I have been in their hands, some great responsibility you do not do a lot, but do not worry about it. Nothing has happened so near where I have been so far. And after all the worst place is near where the sword goes. Things could happen to us in these days. We have a greater saving of God going on of more than people at home can see. But I have not mentioned matters near me, were not much, not much to say and I thought you might say about them if I was mentioning too often. I hope they do not do away with the foreign missionaries. I am sure in the hands of the Chinese, I heard one man say that of them, do not want foreign missionaries and foreign protection. He would send his understand, of of other missionaries are of the same opinion. Chinese men in other countries and somewhere people there that everything is not the same, not as long as we see so much of disinterested, and corruption have quite another story to tell. Those who know will not believe as much like their proverb, "The little fish eat bugs, and the big fish eat the little fish."
We have been on one more picknick since my last letter and we
hope to have another one before we leave. Every Wednesday night they
have a musical evening, and Friday evening the women I talked over
methods of work. Besides this there are lots of prayer meetings, etc.
Yesterday we had a day of prayer for all on the hill. Tomorrow
our own mission has a day of prayer. What we do really need is
more prayer.

This letter takes the worse for the fog. I left it on the table last
night near my open window. We do have such heavy fog up here. And
the last few days and then the sun comes out and every thing needs
sewing out in the sun to get them dry. This not only includes clothes
and bedding but shoes, shoes and the inside of suit cases and such thing.
Verandas as the English call them are sometimes beautifully decorated with
so much in display. But there is no way out of it. But one thing
about the fog is that it is refreshingly cool. Today I am wearing a wooden
beach in comfort. I wish you could see how nice it really is. And those
hills being so green would do your eyes good. It has been a fine
place to spend the summer. One would not want to stay here always.
though because there is work down on the plains.

It sounded good to hear about the fruit. What little fruit I did
do up, the tops were doubtful and Mr. Bannan’s cook did some of
it over. I am afraid it will not be much of a success and in the
fall there will be only wild grapes to make juice or jelly from.

My next letter will probably be sent from Hankow on the way
back so it is time to go back.

With love to you and all the rest,
Hazel Todd.
Mr. Draffin is preparing to build a new chapel. So far the only things bought are the poles for the framework and a bell. Some trees were chopped down in the yard, and from these lumber is being sawed to make seats. Some bricks have been promised. Mr. Draffin had a temporary bamboo fence built to keep children away from the workmen.

Today Mrs. Draffin has hired a woman to work in the house. This may be enough help so Mrs. Draffin can go out to the closer villages where she would need to be gone only over one night. I do not blame her for not wanting to take the children out. The Chinese are worse at watching them than the adults. More than that they want to touch them and give them all kinds of things to eat. After my experience last time I began to have a feeling for the lions, tigers, bears, and monkeys especially those that get watched while they are eating.

Nanchow, May 11, 1925

At a different out-station last week, the evangelist there took us to visit at his mother-in-law’s home. This evangelist’s wife is an earnest Christian who has often preached to her mother. The mother likes to hear the word and is not as fond of her idols as she once was. She has refrained from eating meat for twentyeight years. Now she says she can not eat meat because her “heart” will not stand it. In China I never know when they say the word for heart whether they mean heart or stomach. When one has a heartache, should I give a dose of soda or words of comfort? Anyway at the mother-in-law’s home we had a meeting with about twenty in attendance.

On one part of the trip we were traveling in a boat so small that the evangelist and a coolie had to walk. The current and wind were against us, so it took the boat four hours to go six miles. The evangelist went ahead, and he and a teacher of the school with two of his pupils were out to meet us. They took us to the school where we were served tea. We sold twenty gospels there and twenty more when we got back to shore. We crossed the river in the boat, but all the way we could hear calls to come back and sell more gospels.

In the name Nanchowting the ting means a governing town in a division that would contain one or more townships. These divisions have now been done away with, and recently the post office has dropped that syllable; however, either Nanchow or Nanchowting may be used on a letter.

Nanchow, May 25, 1925

This place does not lack for noise from daylight to dark. One day last week there were fifty workmen here, but that was too many. Most days there are around twenty. The house for the Chinese workers to live in is up to the top of the first story. Today workmen are laying the joists for the upstairs floor. The house will have ten rooms. The old church is now only a shell, as only the framework and roof are left. The new church is planned to hold five hundred people.

Kilungshan, July 5, 1925

The dress you sent came five days before time to start from Nanchow. It is so pretty and just the thing I wanted. The ribbon is lovely. One can buy fine Manila hats here very reasonably. I intend to buy one and trim it with some of the ribbon.

We have had some rather exciting times the last two weeks. The students have been stirring things up. Of course, they say they are against Japan and England, but the deeper we look into it, the more we see that it is both anti-foreign and anti-Christian as well as Bolshevistic, and therefore against the law. While they have done us no personal harm, they are stirring up the people, so one can not tell how soon some might do something rash. During the parade...
The time goes by so fast since last letter it seems only such a few days. I have not been out either the last two weeks. We will not be out more than two or three days at a time as the weather is getting hot and that makes it hard to manage about food and such things as that. If only the heat were not so awfully damp we would not find it so hard to keep well when it begins. Of course bread and every thing else spoils as soon and when out and cannot get on again, and most of the Chinese food is not cooked properly to begin with.

The place does not lack for more from daylight to dark. One day last week there were fifty workmen here but that was too many. Most days there are twenty old men in the house for the Chinese to live in. The house is only up to the top of the first story. Today they are laying down for the floor up stairs. There are to be two rooms five down stairs and five upstairs and an extra hall that can be used for anything. It is necessary to have some extra rooms for those coming in from the country. It will be the same with the rest of them. It will be nice if the Chinese could realize their responsibility on the part of the house. They do know how to be hospitable to their own friends and relatives but to entertain people because they are in the store work or have a like previsions. Most of them have not yet come to that point. They will also be at least one spare room in the house. As yet that must not commence. They have taken out all the bricks in the old place for bricks in the dwelling house. Some of the new bricks will have to go into the rooms. The old church now is only as a shell as only the framework and roof left. I do not know how they will manage for a place to worship when the time the two are needed. Chinese have built the time the the new church will be ready. Of course that will be in the heat of the summer when not so many come and there are a lot of school but the school holds less than fifty people. The new church will hold about five hundred. In addition to the noise of pounding in many sometimes there is noise from nearby for there are two
three sets of workmen. The masons of course are putting up the walls. But there are men to saw the rough logs into joists, rafters, etc. and then there are the regular carpenters to make up the doors and window frames and put them in place. Building in China is quite a complicated task. Of course the bricks can be bought ready made, as Graffin being so busy with the building means he cannot get away so Mr. Graffin cannot get away. She intended to visit one country place before winter but she has had to give up thought of it and let me do it instead. I cannot be here in the house when she's away if Mr. Graffin is here and we cannot both go I mean Mrs. Graffin and myself for account of the children.

There has been a little trouble here recently with a Chinese religious society who speak with tongues and call themselves the true church denomination. Their leaders from the beginning have mostly been those who have been cut off from the church role because of deep sin. Of course the trouble is not especially serious as nothing outside the church can ever get into the den.

But what is inside can cause any amount of trouble. They say after saying Hallelujah certain amount of times the Holy Spirit comes and then they say heal any sick or cast out devils. Of course this appeals to both our carnal and the untaught Christians. So to the Chinese say "Tell your Christians that means praise the Lord" and it is taking the name in vain if we say that without meaning it in their hearts. They make a great point that they have no foreign missionary to manage them. Of course the Chinese can not see the necessity of church discipline nor especially if they are the ones concerned. One man from one of the most promising country districts from here lost his mind for the time being for several months while attending their meetings. At last he came around here and they prayed for him here and he
became quieter. This man was a church member here, but I had seen what I could call an untaught Christian. This was not all his fault for he lived away outside the country. After praying for him here, he was taken back to the place where he had been worshiping. Do them to care for him. When they prayed for him then he became violent and spit in their faces. He broke away a second time and was prayed for a second time here. He is now dead and was prayed for a second time here. We are one of the workmen in putting up the new building. One of the characteristics of this religious society is that they go down to the river and baptize themselves in the name of Jesus. They have lots of noise and outward show and that is what the Chinese like. This is not the first Chinese religious society formed but the others have had their day as they had trouble over the question of money and who would be leader. If it were not for pride and the love of money these sects would have never been formed and churches can never thrive. Such a thing was one place where the work did very well for a long time but was neglected too much. There most of the people who once came here have gone to the false sect. In this case it was the lack of teaching in the part of those who should

This letter has been laid aside two days. Yesterday was a semi annual day of prayer. And today other things have come in to interrupt. We went to see a wife of an official at the "gamer" today. She is a church member. Yesterday morning most of her things were stolen from her. There was a big wind that night so it was hard to hear things. It was through a hole in the wall they came in. She mentioned perhaps one reason this happened was that she did not
give as much as she should toward the main church. She had not given up in. She considering it means.

The Bible woman is leaving early tomorrow to go to her parents for a month. She has never been so far away from home to she has been the time. Early in the fall she expects to be married to one of our evangelists. Perhaps she would have been married before now had they not held the question of money to consider. She has only just been working three months and he has been out of work less than two years. They are both graduates of Dr. Miller's school.

Mrs. Smith has her hands full just now. She is training in another mill woman. And the doctor away. It is the year old boy is taking his place. Father of three very young girls to do the work herself. Today little boy been going through thought she wanted to shave himself with the father's razor. He cut himself in at least five places fortunately not deep and then went to tell his father that he had cut himself trying to shave. His face was covered with blood. The tub children are pretty good as a rule about not getting in mischief except when they try to imitate the grown-ups.

We are enforcing a text in scripture on the school children today and I wonder how they will come out. It is the one we pronounced the text of nearly all of the children would have illustrious or stomach ache or hair affairs at home. These children love plays as well as others.

With lots to all,

Yours truly,

[Signature]
past our chapel at Nanchow the students called out. “We do not want the gospel.” Also, “We do not want the teaching of Jesus.” Fortunately the governor of the province of Hunan had taken a very firm stand, so the local officials dared not let the students injure us personally. Before the parade the officials sent around two from the police, and the military sent two soldiers. That did not keep them from calling out, “Kill Mr. Draffin”. “Kill the foreigner”, or “Kill the evangelist”. They did not call out about Mrs. Draffin or me, not so much that we are women but because we are Americans. Mrs. Draffin prefers to keep her American citizenship even though she did marry a Britisher. Nothing did happen to us, but the sound of those voices seemed as though it came right out of the pit. On the streets goods in three shops were smashed because the businesses opened that day. A lamp in the bend of the station wall was destroyed, but it actually belonged to our neighbors.

On our way from Nanchow we went to Changteh where we spent two days. The chance to talk and pray with the Bible woman and others there was enjoyed. Reports there as far as spiritual things are concerned were good. Materially though there is real want. Lack of rains is a factor as well as looting and high taxes needed in part to pay off the military. I gave the Bible woman some money to use for the very poorest people. One church woman who had been making a living for herself and two children was sick in bed. The money I gave her would little more than pay for her medicine.

We got away from Changteh without much trouble. We waited until it was about dark and then slipped out the quietest way. The Presbyterians were not so fortunate. Two of them were prevented from coming because the students wouldn’t let the coolies carry their things. Two helpers were beaten, and those who got on the launch, made it with much difficulty. Those of us on the launch had things thrown at us but none hit us. Mr. Draffin directed the Chinese who helped us board to take a long round-about way back to shore to avoid the crowd. Our Chinese servants and the Chinese Christians sometimes get the cruelty instead of us.

The brightest spot on our trip happened where the launch stopped the first evening out at a place where Biola (Bible Institute of Los Angeles) bands had worked. A sharp looking boy standing in the boat we stopped by asked me, “Are you a missionary?” Perhaps my faith is altogether too small, for I was unprepared for his next remark made so earnestly, “I also believe in Jesus.” An elderly woman standing beside him also claimed to be a Christian. I could not help telling her that we do not divide Chinese and foreigners when we believe in Jesus. In Him we are all brothers and sisters.

Getting here to Kikungshan was a difficult trip all the way. When we stopped at Changsha, some of the men went on shore and reported our troubles to the British and American consuls.

Kikungshan, July 22, 1925

The real facts about what is going on in China are not especially encouraging. General Feng Yu-khsiang, the Christian (?) general of China, seems to have gone out of his mind and is suggesting the strangest things. General Feng was considered by some to be the hope of China, but now it seems that Satan is using him to bring reproach upon the name of the Lord. I know that Americans love to pat themselves on the back because of their return of the Boxer indemnity, but in the light of present facts it is almost impossible not to question the wisdom of it. Many of the students who studied abroad under this fund are the most bitter.

We are enjoying many things here on the hill in spite of what is going on around us. There have been six or seven of us women here in this house. I have
part of a glassed-in veranda. The house is a block up the hill from the house where we eat. Most of the missionaries I know best have gone to Kuling this summer. Miss Chaffee is still there.

One of the treats here this summer is a series of lectures by Russell Howden from England. His lectures are difficult to follow because he says so much in a few words.

Kikungshan, August 4, 1925

We have not had especially encouraging word from Nanchow. The evangelist Mr. Draffin depends on the most has been arrested. In view of bribery and the corruption of the courts this is bad news indeed. The charge against him is that he acted as the spokesman in buying a piece of property on which the former owner did not have a clear title. In buying the property these men did get a proper deed, but while everything is now clear, the charge was made really as spite against the church and him as a Christian. This evangelist spent quite a lot of time helping me with the language. He has a wife and child.

Mrs. Draffin has been ill, so I have had the care of the children for a couple of weeks. Vernon, the little boy, is not much trouble, but Vera has a most unusual disposition. She will not listen to reason, coaxing, or bribery. Mrs. Draffin is better now and able to look after the children, but has not yet recovered her strength.

The enemies of the truth are having many lies circulated this summer. Among them are that many Chinese are being killed in foreign countries and that we are paid agents of our government sent over here to make way for taking their country. How little do they realize that we are often hated of all men for His name sake. Of course, many out in the country still think we are out to make medicine.

We have been having cool, misty weather. We have enjoyed the pretty wild flowers. Different kinds of lilies and other bright flowers abound. We have a fair supply of fruit. Peaches are gone now, but we get plums and a fruit called lang-t’ao. Inside this looks like a gooseberry, but it is larger and not as sour. Up here we have fresh milk from cows. This is a luxury, I assure you. The rest of the year we use condensed milk.

Nanchow, December 26, 1925

Yesterday at the chapel there was really too much going on. Due to scarcity of food in other places, the usual Christmas feast was just a tea with cakes, peanuts, and melon seeds. The church was well decorated with large characters on the walls with paper flowers all around them. The children had made paper chains.

The evangelist who went to jail and had to pay such a large fine last summer has been quite discouraged since. Another evangelist preached yesterday. There were eight baptisms at the service, and this was followed by communion. The large crowd included some officials and some of the poorest.

For Christmas dinner with the Draffins we had chicken, canned corn, Chinese celery, mashed potatoes, salad, and apple and mince pies. We had salted peanuts and candy. Some we had made, and some came from America. After dinner we had a Christmas tree and exchange of gifts. The children enjoyed this even though due to low water some of the gifts had not arrived.

Christmas night those who were baptized gave testimonies. An especially interesting testimony was given by a former Taoist priest. He had come in contact with a gospel hall where he listened again and again. He learned the Lord’s prayer and began to feel its power and protection. Finally he came to understand and believe.
20, 1925

Nanking, Women, China

Dear Mother:

We sometimes talk about and wonder what the papers at home are saying about what is going on here this summer. It is better to know just now "Him on whom we have believed." We can commit it all to Him though, and while we know He will never leave us or forsake us, it is not so easy always to believe and remain for our comfort and rest in Christ among the Chinese. And so we should pray much this summer for the Chinese. Not only should we pray that the Lord will keep, the broken lamb of the flock, but also for the evangelists and Bible workers who often stand in places of great danger. Not only that, but they are so apt to say, and do many things, and become enamored in some way by the enemy. To tell the truth, the real facts about what is going on are not especially encouraging, and we never can become more sober than we are now. The home lands are ten times as bad as that, for example, the man in charge of Christian education in China seems to have gone out of his mind and does some of the strangest things. It is a pity the Chinese can not stand too much attention and those who come are here a short time from other lands can not understand. The papers say many things to many people, so the hope is now in him and so we see that Satan is now making these things as means of bringing reproach upon the name of the Lord. Some missionaries in Japan have also lost all their possessions in China. But we have not given a full report of all that is going on. Lhasa is a desert province, the largest in China, and contains about ninety million people. We meet many people about a third as large. Of course travel is much harder to flee from. But unless things quiet down a bit we will rest a while to return to our work in the fall. There is even a slight possibility we might have to go on our own. Most of us think that is not wise to leave the work to see our own folks. We are enjoying many things here on the hill in spite of what is going on around us. The house we are in is block or more which is a very nice one and has about six or seven rooms. We keep the house in good order and have shut up curtains, at least one can get plenty of air. And I think it better than sharing a room with some one else.
One of the other treats we have this summer is that one of the Kavirv speakers from England has been giving two lessons a day this week and yesterday. The morning lessons have been on Pro. 17. and in the evening, they have been more general. He is not easy to listen to because he says so much in few words and it requires most careful attention to get a fair part of what he says. Dr. Russell Katten writes books and they are good, clear, but are thoroughly sound. He also is a member of the Union Mission council in London, so he has been staying in the C.I.M. here in Kungshan. His teaching on the second coming is somewhat different than I have heard before. He teaches a precise capture of the saints that is only those really will be raptured. He also thinks the Mystery Babylon to be in 1117 in the Roman Catholic Church and that there is no definite Tribulation period. He has much scripture to back his views. Of course the fact that he belongs to the C.I.M. would seem a sure proof that so far as fundamentals are concerned he is absolutely sound in doctrine.

Everyone likes the new dress you sent this year so much. I have only worn it twice for it is very hot. But I like it myself very much. I put some silk lace around the neck and sleeves before wearing it.

There are not very many I know here this summer. Most of those have gone to Nanking. Miss Chaffee of course is still there not having come away last fall. I hear she will be able to work but I do not yet know where it will be. Of course she may want to go home as her Mother is not well and her sister may find it hard to make ends meet when not working. Miss Chaffee only has one sister and no brothers living. She herself is not very strong so it may be better for her not to try working any longer in interior China.

To go back to the situation here in China I heard a missionary say last night that in his thirty-nine years in China he had never seen the outlook more critical. We are in comparative peace and safety here but some other Mission's daughters no doubt are just now in places of great danger. We should pray much for those in the far interior and I hope...
churches in the homelands are praying much for the Chinese Christians and the missionaries. Also that the enemy may not have occasion to use the way in which the present problems are solved to hinder the work of preaching the gospel. I know America loves to pat herself on the back because of her return of the Boxer indemnity. But in the light of present facts it is almost impossible not to question the wisdom of it. Nor can I easily see it is many of these very students who were educated abroad who are the most bitter. And then as to saying anything against the concessions. After one has been in China a few years and begins to see things as they are, they begin to appreciate foreign concessions.

This letter must end for now. But hope it finds you and the others well. The letter and the last story three hour quit dress properly are as your next goes. I hope the Lord will keep those in the home lands from worrying in these trying times. By any one has the right to receive the promise. She now with you will.

With much love,

Hazel Todd.
Nanchow, April 17, 1926

This time at the out-station we were given a better reception in a Buddhist nunnery than in some of the homes. We preached to them and gave them some books. One of the nuns had sore eyes. We went back to take some medicine, and the old Bible woman washed her eyes with boric acid. We believe that there may be some from that nunnery who will come to believe the gospel.

To get to the out-station we must take a boat or walk. An automobile would be of no use. The paths are so narrow that in many places when walking one must stand still to let others go by. The Bible woman thought she could walk most of the way, but as one of the evangelists put it, "Her faith is big, but, alas, her feet are small." They were kept bound ten years from age four to fourteen, so her feet are little more than half the size they should be.

As we walked nearly all of the way back from the out-station, two men were hired to carry our things. One had been taking opium, so was very slow. He hired someone else to carry his load part of the distance. For the first time on this trip I saw the opium poppy growing. Opium smoking is much more frequent here now than when I first came to the district. From the door of the chapel in Kuangtang out-station we saw men preparing the opium.

Among my letters waiting my return from the out-station was one from Miss Chafer. She has arrived home in the United States. She said nothing about her plans for the future but is enjoying being home with her mother and her sister.

Nanchow, May 24, 1926

My last trip to the country was too much of a good thing. We came back on Thursday afternoon, and I went to bed and stayed there until after breakfast Saturday. I compelled myself to do what was necessary on the trip, but we did come home a day early. My temperature on arrival back was one hundred three degrees. My trouble was a combination of a bad cold and malaria. Malarial headaches last longer than regular headaches. They stay with you all your waking hours until you get enough quinine to stop them. That may take several days.

Nanchow, June 9, 1926

When we got to the out-station last week, we were afraid we couldn't stay because there were so many soldiers around. There are hundreds of them stationed there at present, and the first day they were somewhat rude. When they came around, I asked the evangelist to give out some tracts and preach to them as though they had come to hear the message instead of to see me, the foreign woman. Assuming their motive was right, served more than one purpose. Meetings were held as planned, some of the soldiers did come to the meetings, and I was able to meet and talk with several of their wives.

This last spring there has been difficulty about getting some supplies. We have run out of both tea and coffee, a fact which does not bother me any. More important we had almost run out of scripture portions to sell. When the American Bible Society asked to report on the supply they sent here last fall, I had five left out of twelve hundred. I added that I could use twice as many. They sent two thousand five hundred at once. So now we have a good supply. Of course, these are to be sold.

Hankow, June 28, 1926

There was much to do before we came away. I tried to see each church member the week before leaving because in the summer everything is in the hands of the Chinese. They have the tracts and books and must know the prices of these to be sold. Someone must have a supply of castor oil, quinine, boric acid,
Dear Mother:

March 10, 2016

The time is more than gone for me to write again. I have not been as busy in the last two weeks, but I do not seem to have the energy to get anything done. We did go out for four days again. That is to be our last trip until after the summer. Miss Grafton must have a little earlier this year so we now have less than two weeks before going away. In many respects I am not sorry to go away. One gets to missing the people but on the other hand it is well for the Chinese helpers to learn to stand alone.

We went to an out-station last week where I had not been able to spend much time at before. We held three meetings for the women. Over fifteen came each time and one encouraging thing was that several came all three times. Once in a while a woman believes the very first time they hear. But as a rule they do not have any intelligent knowledge of the gospel until much later. Any way unintelligent Christians are apt to be much more of a hindrance than a help. So we are always glad to have a chance to speak to the same woman more than once. We were afraid when we first got there that we could not stay for there were so many soldiers around. There were hundreds stationed there at present. And the first day they were a bit rude. But after that they kept their place very well. I gave the evangelist some tracts and asked him to give these out to the soldiers and preach to them as though they had come to hear the gospel instead of to see me. Assuming that their motive was right served more than one purpose. Some did come to some of the meetings. I also met the name of two or three. Many times were closed because soldiers are occupying them and also they thought it best for me not to go on the street. I think this is the first time I ever went to an out station where I did not go out on the street to help invite the women in. I was very sorry not to go.

The mother of one of the evangelists here lives there. She is not a good woman even though she is a Church member. Both of her daughters went wrong - they are only half sisters of the evangelist, his father having died before she was married to that father. When we came back this evangelist asked us if we had seen his mother and we had to answer we had not. One of their girls, his step-sister was engaged to another evangelist's son. She ran away with some soldiers less than two months ago. The trouble with
that place are the people who are one the church side and are not living strict. That of course is more or less if a difficulty anywhere.

While we were at the out station the evangelist's little son had his first birthday. Most of the presents were money and meat for the feast. There was also two pairs of shoes, two hats and two suits of garments. There was a kind of KILLIANTINE, the other flowered mercerized cloth. Most of the relitives who could come were there. For the feast there was chicken, fish and about four bowls of pork fried in various ways. As I have said before I think you would enjoy a Chinese feast for you would get enough meat for once. There were about 12 Chinese feast for you would get enough meat for once. There were about 12

The last spring there has been some difficulties about getting stores. They have run out of both tea and colly, a fact that does not bother me any. But more important we had run entirely out of scripture portions to sell. And it takes a lot to keep going here. Many who have never heard are sold. Last fall the American Bible Society representative asked me to take a lot of portions back to the station. At first I refused but later gave in. When they asked me for a report a few weeks ago, I only had five left out of twelve hundred and added I would take as much as the fall. Then there is no question probably it was my fault. Anyway, he took all three portions were wanted at once and sent 2,500 through the mail at once. M. Grafton had expected books from elsewhere and was disappointed. I think these books will come in very handy. These books must be sold not given away but I do expect to find many when we come back in the fall.

One thing that concerns me often at present is that there is just a bit of jealousy between the two Bible women. Their dispositions are at opposite ends of the scale and the Chinese Christians make such a situation worse rather than better by carrying tales. One Chinese woman always knows people to herself and is always running ahead of the rest of us and then getting sick and leaving the work for someone else. M. Fan is not strong either but she generally does each day what she is able to and keeps steady at it. She could be more sociable and bring the people in more perhaps. Now one does need to pray much that these two may be drawn together. Neither one has treated the other just in the right way. If the work were smaller one Bible woman would be enough. But as it is one cannot get around to do all that is needed. M. and M. Fan have to go to an out station in the fall to work. But her place would be
to fill here for she helps to teach in the school, just what will happen
now I do not know. Either we will have to depend on volunteer help or hire
another little woman. The husband and son of one church member went
back to Hanger a couple of months ago. They had to pass through some
deranged districts where there was fighting going on and bandits.
And in some way the wife was cut off, there being no letter for such a
long time that she became anxious. At last she said if her husband
and son could come back safely she would give some months of service for
the work of the Lord. Her younger son is about ten or twelve. Her
daughter-in-law is in her early twenties and has a baby. But they keep
a store to do the cooking, so you see the woman can leave her home
for a time if she wishes to, and she also can afford to pay for her food if
she is here. She had already spoken about making a special effort to reach
the woman in the shops having offered to come for a month. They live about
seven miles from here at a place where there are between one and two
thousand people live and of course there should be an out-station there.
Perhaps if the come we can give her some teaching that will help her
to do more effective work among her neighbours. That is the much can
be said for her husband and herself. The whole family and those helped in
their shop profess to be Christians.

We just got word this week that Mr and Mrs Nauman had a
baby boy born June 3. His name is Charles Austin. They are the ones whose
beautiful little girl Alice died last fall. When Vera and Vernon Druffin
heard about the little girl's death they said "We are going back there
to send them another." But of course this baby boy can never take the
place of Alice. She would have been two years old next month had she
lived. If you remember they are the ones at Changteh, where Miss Chaffee
and I were.

I was just reading yesterday about one of the senior workers of
the mission who came to China before I was born and is now past
sixty. He has been married but his wife and three children died within
a very short time away in one of the most isolated parts of China.
Now he is going on a journey of fifty-four days into an outlying province
of China further away from where he is now working. Think of anyor
at that age loading all their earthly goods on to cart to go that
far into the interior. In all it would be about a four months trip from Shanghai. The one heart of such one hardly feels worthy of calling themselves a missionary.

By the time you get this letter no doubt Minnehaha will be all through grammar school. I am sorry it is so hard to get things to send here. Probably one would have to pay duty on anything that is worthwhile.

We are having such a hard rain this morning that it is not possible for me to go out on the street any hour. So it is a good chance to write some letters.

With much love to all,

Hazel Todd.
Shucheng, August 28, 1940

We arrived back here on the twenty-first after a hot trip and one bad night spent on the way. There are rolling hills all the way, and the birds and the wild flowers were interesting. The prettiest thing was the crape myrtle in bloom.

The soldiers occupying our premises were told when we would be back, so moved out of our rooms the day before. The day after we arrived, they moved off the compound. We think they did enough damage during the sixteen days they were here. I particularly did not like the nail holes in new plaster. We recognized a bench as having been ours. They had borrowed it before, but they didn't get a chance to take it away again.

One of our deacons is on the compound for a few days. He has been very ill. I am glad his sister who is a trained nurse has come to care of him. She is the one I helped prepare for the mathematics part of her entrance examination to enter the hospital. She passed as well as other girls who had been in school much longer.

Shucheng, September 27, 1940

We are not progressing very well with plans for the new house. Everything is going up in price. The decision has been made that I am the one to "bell the cat", in other words go to the nearest towns across the lines after the necessary hardware for the house. To tell you the honest truth, I would almost prefer to go without the house. Yet we often have some ticklish thing to do. This morning I shut the door in the faces of about a score of soldiers who very much desired to occupy the chapel. They had their guns with them too. I often have had arguments with those fellows when they wish to borrow doors or benches. Giving in to them, even an inch, would soon put them in control of the place.

My bargaining for materials for the house has not been very successful. The custom here is to argue over prices of everything we buy. I get tired holding out over long arguments. Ruth, having been born in China, is much better at this game.

Ruth is starting a choir. She leads the altos, but does not find it easy to teach the sopranos. She has tried to teach our woman servant to sing alto without much success.

Ruth minds this camping out kind of living. We still do not have floors, window panes, or screens. Ruth was upset the other night because she found a centipede in her bed. Such things worry her a good deal. Still, after being told by the Chinese for the 'steenth time that she is not as brave as I, she is learning to take things more calmly.

Food becomes rapidly more expensive. Many have to boil turnips with their rice this winter to eke it out. There is genuine famine in parts of China, but I have never seen real famine here. I have bought nearly half a ton of rice to sell out at cost to the servants when it becomes more expensive. We may have to send a man twenty miles to buy kerosene next week. Your last letter had been opened by censors.

Shucheng, October 7, 1940

I may get started for Hefei later this week. We have ordered a hundred and fifty panes of glass when a hundred and twenty would be ample. When one considers the sort of punishment it will get on the way, breakage is expected.

The badger has sought other quarters. There seem to be more wild animals around now. Until the corn was husked, night after night we heard the weird shrieks of those who were frightening away jackals. More stories are heard about wolves. This summer there was not as much sleeping outside.
Dear Mother -

Shanghai, China, Oct. 7, 1940.

It was some time since I wrote you some of my other correspondence was written in the last few days. I have not written any letters. Last week I received a letter from Winfred written on the 4th of September. It is a long time since a letter has come through in so short a time. Some letters have taken three months or more. I do not suppose any of mine have taken so long. They never had so long a ride for the money. My last letter to Ruth Hall did not have sufficient postage on it. Our gate-keeper does not always listen to find out what I tell him about things and we do not always have the time to go a half mile or more to mail letters. The letter carrier does not do as well as before.

He had to send for Mr. Costello to come over because I do not know the best size of logs to buy to build a house on what kind. Most of them already bought are few, but the people will help us. Unfortunately, they cut them only about six foot long. I have tried to explain how desirable it would be to have them longer but to me, wood I am afraid our new floor will have a very patchy work appearance. We can perhaps oil the floors with tung oil or even put some coloring in it. Varnish is a local product so we can at least have it for furniture. There are warwick trees in this district and they are poisonous blue poison oak or sum. We hope to have two bed rooms built upstairs in the plant of the roof like in the States. Before it had four bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs besides a big hall. We may still have a small bath room. Before it was built so even the slope of the roof was above the upstairs thus leaving a space we could get through. We will now have to sleep down stairs during the heat of the summer. It will be a long way from being as good a house as it was before. But we have less money so material has to be used. And we need not blame the mission in these days.
I am surprised the mission is sending out so few men to the field of young men. This year, more of them from England than W.S.A. It seems to have been like that during the last war. And all the time the mission has the good of men and women. We have had on the list one man with a title, a brother of Lawrence of Arabia and a nephew of Robert Browning the poet. There are others who send out of their best. The trouble is, Christian in America know nothing about our mission and do not care to know about it even though no other so-called "Beth Mission" would compare with it and only one denominational mission surpasses it when all their fields are combined. In China very much of all the most accessible places has been allotted to our mission to evangelize. To urge people to support only denominational missions is to support only those missionaries who work in large enough places to have hospitals and schools and have most of the hard places to reach untouched. Do a rule they work among up and out and we among the down and in. We also can see a rule get closer to the people just because we do have the closer touch with them.

It has not yet been decided what day I will start to Hong but I may go yet this weekest least in time to reach there Saturday. One wonders how much of the glass will arrive without having been broken. We ordered a hundred and fifty pans when a hundred and twenty would be ample. But when you consider the sort of punishment it gets on the way it is, wonder if it does not all break.

We are trying to find another servant. The one we have is good but is not strong enough to do all of our work. Besides we sometimes want to take me with me when we go away for a few days. That would leave the other alone. We continue want a hired man too for doing odd jobs for him, moving lumber, carrying in sand and wood, or helping with good many other things he has to do. No doubt he will soon find one. Our gardener has work he needs to do for us and can not spend enough time.
Helping him. Our gatekeeper being tubercular is not able to do much more besides looking after the gate and do some of our laying. Then, we are building is an abnormal time and we need more help. And our garden, not having been taken care of for years, needs a good deal of attention. In many places it surely looks like a wilderness. But the garden has at least sought other quarters.

More wild animals are around now. Until the corn was husked night after night we heard the weird shrieks of those who were frightening away jackals. And we hear much more now about wolves and their taking away children. Some christians who used to be in the habit of sleeping outside in the summer time are now afraid to do so.

Last night our servant told me that twice during the day she saw a baby girl left with only her moccinis under her but no garments on her. Of course now that times are hard there is no orphanage to which to take her. The servant said she thought the child was blind. Very likely when night came dogs would dispose of the child. We must be careful about collecting such babies or we would encourage those who can care for their children to abandon them.

One of our church members has been in to tell a long tale of woes concerning her financial difficulty. She would like the job of servant but none of us think she would be suitable. And it is not most helpful for us to lend assistance to all such.

Mrs. Coates is waiting to take the mail so this must close. The stamps are for Ruth Hall.

With love,

Hages.