and I could sing the tunes, minus words, and thus have some part
in the service. I gathered too that the scripture lesson was from
Philippians IV but I couldn't have found the place in the Chinese
Bible, nor did I understand what was read excepting the one phrase
"again I say rejoice." During the prayer I gleaned an occasional
meaning and in the sermon understood several separate phrases,
but not enough to tell the drift of it. One doesn't ordinarily regard
announcements as particularly thrilling, but they were to me this
day, for I understood the names of the people who would perform,
the hour of the performance and its place also. Perhaps you think
that such a service would have little spiritual value, but such was
not the case—to begin with one could not sit there in the midst of
so many earnest worshippers without getting the contagion; and then
as I thought of the beginnings of work in Teng Shih K'ou (our
compound) and remembered the human hopes and prayers and
sacrifices that had gone to build up this flock, a new significance
came over it all, and I saw in this earnest preacher before me
the promise of greater things to come. When one remembers that
so recently as fifteen years ago there was not one stone left upon
another, it is hard to believe that our present prosperity is real.

And now I must end this letter. It takes to each of my
friends in America a message that I'd like to give in a more really
personal way if time would permit. I must seem very far away,
for I know how wide the Pacific seemed before I crossed; but
please try to think of me as leading an ordinary quiet existence,
and doing many of the same things that you do, day by day.

Faithfully yours, Amy A. Metcalf

American Board Mission
Peking, China
Nov. 21, 1915

Dearest Faith:

It is getting late, and this letter cannot be a long one, but I
do want to take this last chance to get a word of Christmas greeting
to you—also to send you these pictures which illustrate a trip
which we took "down country" a week ago to investigate a so-called
medicinal spring.

This has been a glorious day—warm as summer, excepting in
church where we bundled up in our warmest things and still
shivered—and to-night is glorious moonlight, the bright-as-day kind
such as we used to have in Colorado Springs. It was so tempting
that Adelle Tenney and I went out for a walk instead of to church—
our foreign service is at 5:30 and as a consequence met all of our
friends and fellow citizens on their churchward way—quite scandalous!
I wish you could have been with me last night when we came home at 6 P.M. from calling on some friends two miles distant in the west city. It was such glorious moonlight that the street lights looked like fire-flies. Miss Mead said "They need the moonlight to find the lamps by." The early part of our ride was through a crowded street where there were innumerable little side walk shops surrounded by innumerable shadowy figures, with faces lighted by the flickering candles, and the moonlight pouring over all. It was positively weir'd. The scene changed constantly as our ricksha men darted between donkey carts and tiao-ers (as man who carries two burdens from a pole over his shoulder) between beggars and rickshas, mules and pedestrians. There aren't any camels abroad at night, so we didn't have to dodge them. Then we came to the three arched gate into the Imperial City, and in a minute we were alone--the crowd was gone, the shops were gone, and we were trundling along an empty road; however, a very smooth road, with long rows of empty houses on either side--the houses once occupied by the retainers of the Emperor--and, who knows? now perhaps soon to put again to the same use. At any rate they are repairing the throne room--we went out Friday to see the Forbidden City, and ran into the most immense house cleaning it is possible to imagine. It is gorgeous though--wonderfully beautiful in an oriental fashion.

But I'm not telling you about myself--mostly because I do so little. From morn until night I study Chinese--I eat and drink Chinese--everything but sleep it, and am seeing a little progress from day to day. It is very enjoyable now that I can talk to my teacher and understand what he says to me. I mean to get his picture some day and I'll send you one. I hope you'll be duly impressed for he's a very nice old codger.

Some day, if you have time and strength, I wish you'd write or call on Miss Ruth Ingram at the Pennsylvania Hospital. Her father is my friend, physician and fellow worker here at the compound. They are a beautiful family--and she can tell you things about Peking that will make my life seem more real to you than letters ever can.

I am going to Pao-ting-fu to spend Thanksgiving with the Galts, who are friends of the Schneider's. I wonder where you will be?

My much love and wishes for a very Happy Holiday Season and a bright and beautiful New Year. Love, Amy