out again. Must stop now as they are calling dinner, and I haven't had a real meal since last Tuesday.

More rain, accompanied by more wetness. I believe I could wring water out of this paper on which I write. We are giving up the day to letter writing--it's impossible to do anything else.

I've been trying to get on paper many of the things that are in my mind to say to you--but it seems a vain attempt. Somehow, I am as tongue-tied as we were that day when we motored across New York--and parted in the evening at Buffalo, to go our separate ways, both of us leaving unsaid the many things we wanted to say.

. . . . . . . . . . Now it seems as though I were giving you up all over again. I don't want to do it--and yet I know that I ought to want you to do the thing you are doing.

I'm afraid I don't at all succeed in making you understand the thoughts and feelings that keep pressing upon me "in the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof". So be it. Perhaps words aren't necessary to understanding--at least they haven't been necessary to us in times past.

Write me when you can and remember that my thoughts and prayers are following you wherever you go. With love, Amy

East Cliff. Pei taiho
August 25, 1917.

Dear Edna:

Your good letter of July 15th with enclosures came a few days ago--and I hasten to answer, for I have a sneaking notion that your previous letter was not properly answered. At any rate I found it in my desk without any "answered" mark on it. If that is the true condition, please forgive.

The above date reminds me that it is two years to a day--almost to an hour--since I last looked upon my native land. How it has changed since then--but what's more, how I have changed. One realizes after a while, why missionaries become queer--it is as inevitable as learning the language, and is just an integral part of becoming a missionary. Which reminds me--do you read The Atlantic? If so, you haven't missed Alice Tallant's articles on Mongolia. The last one, in the August number, is a gripper--shows the kind of people we live among, and also the fears that we sometimes entertain lest we become wholly and completely Chinese.
But most of my reading is along other lines—I haven't read many books, but devour the magazines in toto. My last accomplishment is "Old Curiosity Shop". I'd never read Dickens at all until three years ago—so I still have large fields to conquer. Also read "Innocents Abroad" for the first time—and beside that two missionary biographies—one,"Beside the Great Wall", is the life of one of the pioneer members of our own North China mission, Mrs. Williams of Kalgan. Her daughter and husband are still working here. The other is also of interest to me because of personal ties. It is "Davis, Soldier Missionary" and is the life of one of the pioneers in our Japan Mission. One of his daughters, Helen Davis Chandler, is my dear friend with whom I am living this summer.

Thank you so much for undertaking to supply reading matter to my small nephews. I haven't heard from them since the good fairy first appeared, but I know they are enjoying her acquaintance. I never knew more grateful youngsters. They are so profoundly thankful for every little old thing I send them from China.

Your story of Prexy's delinquencies was not new to me—Faith had written of it some time ago. But I had not realized all the ramifications—nor the fact that Dr. Persons was being made a martyr. Isn't it awful that a man can't stand for what is right without being made to suffer for it? As for Prexy, he has my forgiveness. I can but feel that hundreds of people are the better for his influence. And if at this late date he turns out to be Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, I for one can only pity him.

I had heard in some way, perhaps through the Bulletin, that your venture to give Miss Loomis a present was frowned upon. I quite sympathized—and would have been glad to contribute save for the reason that a Mexican dollar might not be very useful, even if it could have arrived in time, which I doubt.

Have enjoyed thinking of you as over on the other side of the ocean—and that maybe you were jumping up and down in it at the very same minute I was. That's possible you know, for there are only about eleven hours difference in time, and we often go in by moonlight!

Perhaps you'd like to hear of my summer. I came up here on June 14th from a withering temperature of 108°—and after shivering for a week, got acclimated enough to enjoy myself. There were few people here then—and fewer doctors; so as the few people were sick most of the time, I managed to make myself useful. I had come with some idea of studying Chinese—but that idea soon vanished, and I spent my afternoons in reading, swimming
or tennis. Mornings all went to practice. Not being in the center of things as we were last year—we've had a four mile walk every-time there was a letter to post, a concert to hear, or a bazaar at which to spend our money—so our flabby muscles have gotten hardened up—and we are in better shape for winter's work.

The first of August found me back in Tehchow again, relieving our nurse so she could have her vacation—training our new Chinese woman doctor to the ways of the hospital; and, hardest of all, undertaking to run our household. I've run households times enough when I did it with my own hands—but managing Chinese servants is a different proposition, especially since I don't know the names of half the things we eat. The cook does all the local buying, and I have to reckon accounts every week, to find out where my money goes to. We call it "suan chang"—"suan" being to reckon or calculate, and "chang" is bill. I wonder if the phrase "Wall, I swan!" didn't come from the Chinese, borrowed perhaps by some sea-faring son of Nantucket or Cape Cod?

You may be wondering why, then, I am back at the sea-shore? Because it was harvest time, and all the country folk were too busy to be sick; so I left the Chinese doctor to care for the sick—only seven or eight of them, all walking around; and came back here to finish vacationing. Now I'm beginning to fear I may have to stay—for there were floods and rumors of floods even before I came away, and now we've added a four days storm to that—so traffic may be held up completely. There are 200,000 homeless folk in Tientsin now—and they aren't looking for any more water, I'm sure.

There are a lot of missionaries here from Shansi (I don't need to tell you where Shansi is!) who cannot get back because the railroads are washed out and there are some outlander missionaries in there spending the summer at a mountain resort, who cannot get back to open their fall work. The head of our girl's school writes that she is coming out, rails or no rails—but I doubt if she has the courage to finish it. All that distance in a Chinese cart would prove real heroism.

Now I must stop for I've rattled on enough about myself. This will find you back at work, doubtless. It takes my love and gratitude and many good wishes.

Lovingly, Amy