

sponsive that in my low moments I wish I were doing nothing else than teaching. It is such a satisfaction when I meet one of my former students. But I never before had as much time as I wanted to study Chinese. I really haven't yet for my tasks keep piling up, but I have more than I ever was allowed before.

The thing I always wondered about the early missionaries, was how they got along without any Chinese friends because it seems to me that whenever I try to do something I am getting help from a half a dozen different people, from the pastor, from the principal here of our school, from former students of mine who happen in at the right moment. I'm going ask one of the old-timers that question some day.

I went to the English service this afternoon. I do not usually go for we have our young people's meeting in the afternoon, but I had felt so worn out by my struggles with the junior church that I decided I needed to feed my soul a bit. As far as the sermon was concerned, I might better have gone to the young people's meeting which is really very inspiring. The preacher talked about Judas and treated him, I felt very unfairly. I thought as I listened to him that it would be interesting and profitable to study out some of the possible factors which compelled Judas to act as he did. Someone suggested that he intended to force Christ's hand, to put him in a situation where he would have to call on supernatural forces to save himself, never doubting but that he would do it. This man today said it was a desire for present satisfaction as against future promises. That seems to me very inadequate.

I suppose the mistake that we missionaries make is that in always having to face situation for which we are necessarily inadequate we get in the way of not staying up to the level we should, or could. Either you break or get calloused, one of the two. I pass up beggars on the street who may be really in need and yet if I help one, the good word gets passed along and pretty soon I can hardly get through the crowd that is there asking for a copper. I really did that once. I started out with a pocketful of coppers resolved to give one to every one that asked me, and did I ever do a thriving business? I want my children to really worship, and I have three helpers who want to go through a certain set of motions, and the question is whether they get worn down before I do. Like beating one's head against a stone wall.

I can't remember exactly what I said in my first letter to you about the difficulty of being frank, in reply to which you urge me not to try to be if I do not want to. You say, "I wonder if you want to be entirely open with me- I mean do you want me to know your mind and heart?" I suppose I don't, really or I would be able to be more open and frank. I was not thinking of that when I said what I did, whatever it was in that first letter. I was thinking rather of the consciousness which comes to me after I have talked or written of having told only part. Everything I have written is true, but ... I suppose life is necessarily a sort of daily crucifixion in which part of us has to be constantly put to death. What I would like to say is that even in my hours of defeat and discouragement and disappointment I have got to believe that God is present and working against the very things that I am working against. I know that, when I stop to think, which unfortunately is not as often as it should be. I wouldn't be frank just because I thought you wanted me to, but because I believe that complete frankness

is the only basis upon which we can make our correspondence worth while. As I write this I realize that there are some things which I might have told you which I haven't in spite of these four pages, a little difficulty I'm having about my quiet time, for instance, but somehow it seems to me that one has just to keep pegging away. Two or three months from now, if I get a reply to this letter, things will be either a lot better or a lot worse.

But anyhow, it has done me good to write to you and to think of you and what you have meant to me during the days I have known you. I suppose loneliness is the greatest hardship we face. We are constantly with people, but rarely with one who meets one of the level of complete understanding. The lady I live with here is very good to me (people usually are as a matter of fact) but she is much older and while she loves me and I love her, and there is nothing she would not do for me if she thought I wanted it, yet I could not sit down and tell her even as much as I tell you.

Anyhow thanks a lot for letting me write to you. And write as often as you have time.

Lovingly,