Peking, 2 June, 1932.

My Dear, Good Friend,

I am just back again in Peking and my first letter to America goes to you. When I got on board the steamer in Los Angeles, I found your thoughtful gifts to me, and I was amazed at the bundle and work that you had gone to to send me these letters, partially written by yourself, partially type-written. My dear, dear Friend, how comes you do it all? Well, of course, it is no new thing to me, to find how big and good and warm your heart is, but for all that, when I realized the work done, I also realized that it was a work of love on your part. I am very grateful to you, and thankful to God that He has given me such a friend.

The passage across from Los Angeles to Honolulu dragged: I was the only passenger, and had the ship all to myself; the Captain, officers and crew were so nice and kind to me; I did not use my hammock once, but either had to stand up, or sit up, or lay down on the settee which was harder than the hammock. From Honolulu, we

we went to Hongkong - Shanghai. My wife had hoped to meet me in Hongkong on her way home, but her steamer was delayed, and I could not wait. She and Godfrey had gone to Hongkong to see her son and daughter-in-law there; they were then going to go to Harbin and by rail through Manchuria and on by the Siberian Railway to Berlin, where they are to stay for Godfrey's studies.
I went to Nanking, where the Government kept me 10 days, and wanted to keep me in order that I might help them with some re-organization work for which they think me the most suitable person, as I know China and Chinese considerably well. It is the highest thing that has yet come my way, as it is for all China, and if only my health was all right, I should be so pleased but you see, as I do not sleep at night, I cannot do any work in the morning or forenoon, but shall have to do all my work from 12 noon till evening, an arrangement that may suit me, but not the other. God has arranged all so nicely and well be-fore that I firmly believe that all is still time. He will keep His hand over me. As my boy says: Step by step

step shall there be, but in Him first trust God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

When I think of my time in America, it seems a horrible nightmare; and I cannot but look upon it as over again for all the money in the world; and, mind you, for all that, if I had not stayed as long as I did, I could not have put my house in order, as I did.

God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform: we do not always see His ways, but we may at all times be sure that if we do our little bit, He will never fail us, but works out His plans for us – guides us and leads us. What a consolation and help it is that this is actually so. /. But so, enough for to-day, I am somewhat tired, but wanted to write first to you.

All loving and kind and true thoughts and wishes to you, and may God be ever with you, to guide you and bless you,

Ever your true friend

Norman Murdie.

P.S. You know how much I wish to know you will be happy.

N.M.