

Peking, 6 December, 1928.

My Dear Friend,

Thank you for your welcome letter received some time ago. "Enough of the day has been the evil thereof," has been the burden of my song for some time now. Matters, so far from getting more and more settled, seem to become more and more unsettled and one does not feel much inclined to write.

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I was glad to hear that the things I got for you had arrived. You did not say a word about how you liked them. I hope you did. Nor have you said anything about the supposed missing parcel that we had traced here as having been properly delivered at your end. You have still here the mate of the big Kwangx Kuang-Hsi blue and white fish vase, but it will have to wait till other things are sent as it would be too expensive to make a special shipment of the vase, which is too big for the post and would have to go as freight.

You ask about my position, etc. When the old regime went out all the automatically ceased to exist as it were as the government here ceased. I had 2 positions, one as adviser to the Board of War, and another as Commandant of the Chinese Legation Guard. In this latter capacity I have been retained as adviser, but as all pays have been reduced by half and as these

comes around every two months or more, the pay is more in the way of promise and good intentions than a tangible fact. However, I have found that whenever I, from a mortal stand-point, could see no opening, God has invariably found a way for me. But for His protecting arm, I do not know where I should have been at


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at times. Mortal mind would perhaps be inclined to explain it all as coincidences, but it is no such thing. I can see God's hand in it all, and no other explanation is possible. This feeling gives me great happiness and contentment of mind. I know that come what may, He is there with His omnipotent Love, and will see me through.

I had been in hopes of being able to come to America this year that is now drawing to a close, but apparently it has now worked out that way, and my visit, I now hope may materialize in 1929. I cannot start from here till I have a settlement of my collection in America and what I have here now. The option is up on April 1st. There are no difficulties as far as the collection is concerned, all agree to buy, but there are apparently some difficulties as regards Mr. Furman. Whether they think he is making too much for himself or not, I cannot say. I have had offers from others to dispose of the collection, but in fairness to Mr. Furman I have declined to entertain any proposals till his time-limit, April 1st is up. If nothing has transpired before ~~that~~ then, we shall then see what will be the best course to take. I do not worry. I have left the whole matter in God's hand, He knows what my intentions are, and I pray that He will find me worthy to do His will, whatever form it takes. This letter will reach you about New Year. May it bring you my most sincere, loving thoughts and wishes to you and for you and for all near and dear to your heart. My grateful thanks for every kind thought, word or deed in the past year, and above all a grateful heart to God who has given me your friendship.

Ever your friend,  
Normann Munthe.



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