

Miss Silversides Makes Missionary Travel in China Thrilling Story

Miss Bertha Silversides, author of the following letter written from China this year, will be remembered by Tribune readers as a guest at the Barkey reunion, held in June, 1940.

Ballantrae and Mount Albert and he boarded with Mr. Thomas Simpson at Ballantrae. The family is related to the Barkey families here. Miss Silversides left last fall and tells a most interesting story thus:

Sintsí Shensí, China.
Dear Friends:
Little did I think, when leaving Shanghai October 3rd, 1940, that I wouldn't reach Sintsí until January 1st, 1941! I am sure you will praise the Lord with me for a safe arrival after delays and many long days of travel. "And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them"

We, a party of eighteen, left the C.I.M. home in Shanghai by truck and drove through flood waters until we were a short distance from the home. It had rained heavily and for several days the business men had to wade through water two or three feet deep to get to their offices. Other busy men on the compound were working hard to keep water out of the main buildings, box room etc. Such was our last look at our home in Shanghai. The truck took us to a small coastal steamer by which we travelled a day and a half to Within a very short time we were all seasick and feeling sorry for ourselves!

We delayed in a week waiting for store boxes to catch up with us. The boxes did arrive but could not be gotten out of customs for a week so we (five of us) went on to another place to wait. This time it was about sixteen days before the

stores came. Some missionaries of the American Southern Baptist Mission were our host and hostess. Only the Lord can reward them for all their kindness to us. While delaying there day after day we feared the road might be closed so we would not be allowed to go further interior. "Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared" was the Lord's word to me at that time.

We left by rickshaw cart, which was our first introduction to that mode of travel. The cart is made of two rickshaw wheels, a frame upon which to tie boxes and is pulled by one man. The carts upon which we sat had about two hundred and fifty Chinese pounds of baggage. The boxes are so arranged that one can rest the back against a box and with a padded quilt, traveling is quite comfortable. A days travel took us to the Yellow river flood waters. The next day our boxes were packed into a small sail boat and we were on our way, facing the difficulty of crossing miles of receding flood waters. Getting stuck in mud banks was a frequent occurrence and with much zigzagging we took eleven days to reach a city twenty seven English miles distant!

The room in the boat, in which we had to live, was so small that at night we slept spoon fashion. During the day, when the weather was good, we lifted the lid of the room and sat on top. When we were inside and the lid was down we couldn't sit up straight. We felt quite like a jack-in-the-box, when at night before going to sleep, we had to pull the lid down to protect ourselves from the dew. Due to the difficulty of buying food along the way we had to take provisions with us. One day we had a lovely surprise. We were coming to a wee bank sticking out of the water on which we saw a couple of food stalls. Someone remarked that we would be able to get something to eat there. I said, "Hum, I expect all the food we will get there will be coarse." Just then the boat stopped there and Mr. Strange jumped off to see what he could get. Soon he came back and said, "Here is your coarse food!" There was a fresh boiled chicken in soup! It was a gentle rebuke from the Lord.

It was a relief when, after the eleven days of boat travel we once again hired rickshaw carts. When we got cold or tired of sitting we walked for awhile and it was easy to keep up with the men pulling their loads. Five days on rickshaw carts saw us at a Mission Station and it was restful after seventeen days without a break. After two or three days rest we started off for another eight days journey by rickshaw cart. In due time we arrived at where we took the train to We arrived on a cold frosty morning before daylight and had no place to go but to a cold inn. We ordered some hot breakfast hoping that would warm us up but even then we had to dance up and down to keep from freezing. From there we had to get carts again and by noon we were on our way once again.

This stage of the journey was a little longer than we had expected. Instead of getting to the railway station by evening we were delayed at a certain place on the way and told we couldn't go on any further until it was dark. Because of a danger zone for the next mile we couldn't go on until dark. That night in a long train of animals, carts and people we stumbled our way through the blackness. Half of our party became separated and we were indeed glad when we found each other again. The next noon we arrived at the railway station. Some of the boxes weren't allowed to pass customs so two of our number remained to see it through and the rest of us went on to the next Mission Station.

The last stage of the journey was one day by train and eleven days by rickshaw cart. This last part of the journey was different to the other stages of the journey because we travelled over ranges of mountains. We crossed three ranges and up each one cows were hired to pull the carts. That method was slow but sure. Up the first mountain we didn't get up until after dark and it was bitterly cold. By the time we reached the top it was so dark we could hardly see and the wind blew hard. The men took half an hour trying to settle the price with the men whose cows they had hired while we danced about trying to keep from freezing. To find a place to sleep we still had to go down the other side of the mountain. On our way down one of the carts overturned and again we were delayed in the cold while the cart and baggage was picked up. How cheered our hearts were when suddenly the stars came out and we soon found ourselves at a village.

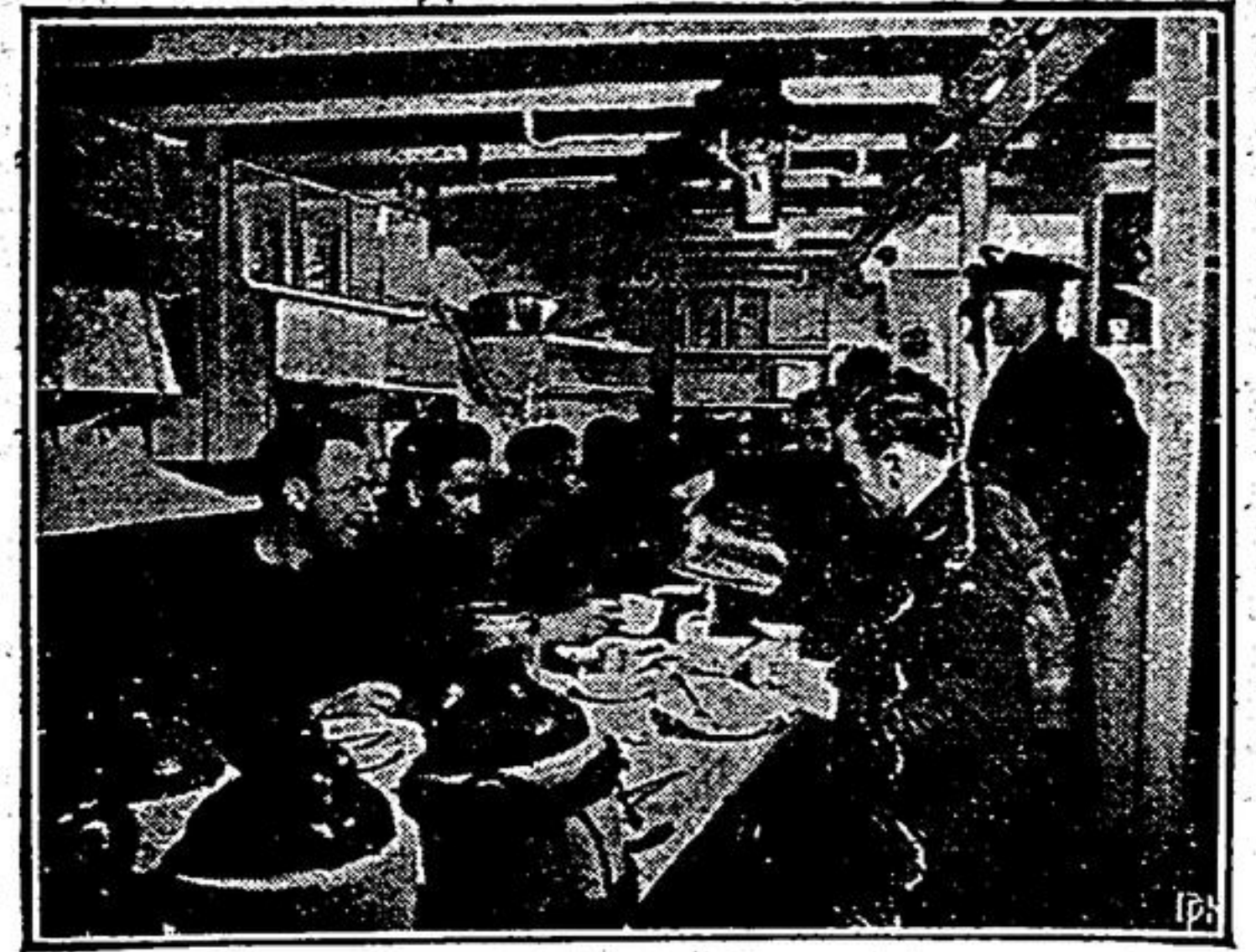
On Christmas day we were travelling through beautiful scenery. Our hearts were filled with joy as we journeyed along and were sure that folks at home were praying for us. Christmas night we slept in a stable and we wondered if the Lord Jesus was born in such a place.

When I was only one day's journey from Sintsí Miss Custer came to join me and when just about three miles from home some of the christians came to meet me. It was lovely to see them again. Since I have only been back a short time I thought I would wait until my next letter to tell you details of the work here. First of all I would like you to join with me in praise for the growth of the work here and His grace manifested in the lives of the christians. Here are some requests—Pray for a church building.

Pray for some of the christians who are not glorifying the Lord. Pray for some christians who have much persecution.

Yours in the Master's service,
Bertha M. Silversides.

MEALTIME ABOARD CORVETTE



Members of the crew aboard a Canadian corvette in active service crowd around the table at mealtime in the fo'c'sle. The salty tang of the sea and the hard open air work of seaman's life make for hearty appetites. (Many corvettes are now being built in Canadian shipyards for the Canadian and British navies. Each costs approximately half a million dollars.)

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This is an appeal to every Canadian who has been overlooked. We wish for every Canadian, at home, an opportunity to support our men in uniform. The Fund is now well on the way to its objective. That objective definitely can be reached, probably exceeded.

For the sake of "The Boys", let's finish it with a bang that will raise resounding cheers from Coast to Coast!

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shown. If you know of some friends who have also been overlooked, get them to do the same.

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PROOF

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Mrs. W. C. Kenny, Cobden, Ont.—"In 1939, my 60 pullets laid 793 dozen in the year, and my N. H. cockerels dressed over 6 lbs. at 5 months. This year I bought 200 chicks, and at five months old still had 200. Any person wanting pullets that fill the egg basket should buy Bray's Xtra-Profit Chicks."
Bert MacIntyre, Wardsville, Ont.—"Truly the best chicks I have ever had. I enclose my order for 400 sexed pullets."
Mrs. T. H. Newton, Lavenham, Man.—"We are having some pretty cold weather now, 15 to 13 below zero, but it doesn't stop my pullets laying. It will be Bray Chicks again for me next year, for you can always depend on getting strong, healthy chicks that are sure to live."
Euchariste Lavoie, La Tuque, P.Q.—"I have raised Bray Chicks for the past 6 years, and have always had entire satisfaction. Of the 103 received last March,

have lost only 1. The pullets started to lay at 4 months 20 days, and production is now (Nov. 22) 60 p.c." Abner McEachern, Newtown Cross, P.E.I.—"Finest bunch I ever received. I received 62 chicks, and saved 62. Can anyone beat that?" George Kelsey, Lansdowne, Ont.—"Egg size is the best I ever had without any exceptions, running per 30-dozen case around 24 dozen A-Large, 5 dozen medium, and I dozen pullet."
Mrs. Sylvester Adams, Stewiacke, N.S.—"I am still raising Bray Chicks, and will always have them, as long as I can get them. They are great stock. Bray cockerels are tops; pullets wonderful layers."
Wilfred Heis, Sheguandah, Ont.—"Out of the 100 I raised 99. Have kept track of expenses and sales, and find I have made a good profit. (More than paid expenses with the roosters, and the 42 hens, still alive, have been laying since middle of August."

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