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A trip to Ungkung.

I rubbed my eyes sleepily. "What time is it?" "4.45" I groaned; breakfast was to be at five. It was as dark as Egypt and the cold of the dawn penetrated any part of the body exposed to it. However we actually did arise, eat, and set forth, a carrier having called for our two large baskets containing food, clothing and bedding, and our boy who was to accompany us, carrying his own things and the long poles of the camp bed.

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An hour or two later we were outside the bay in the China Sea, seated in our own camp chairs in the windiest part of the boat, which was tossing both ways, to the side and forward. It was truly a super-human task to keep one's equilibrium. The launch started at 7.45 (3/4 hr. late) and we did not get off until 11.30 when we disembarked to a small boat and were rowed lazily along up a little inlet to the shore. There we were not able to approach within four or five feet of land, and even that was not dry land, but wet, muddy, dirty sea bottom uncovered by the tide. We watched one man carried ashore on the back of Chinese, but not fancying that method, we boldly asked for the rudder as a gang-plank, and then walked thro the mud (not so deep as it looked) to the shore.

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Twice we had to ferry across small rivers and they charged us as much as ten cents U.S. money for our two chairs and seven people (including chair bearers) and exorbitant sum in China. The ordinary fare is two cash or one tenth of an American cent. But there was no really exciting incident or sight until we came to the city of Ungkung. There children kept running ahead to look at us and the streets were nearly full of mats covered with drying grain. The chairman would shout to people to get out...
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Six children! That is enough of a task to keep anyone busy, but to my great astonishment Mrs. Lewis was training the boys to sing a Christmas hymn. The next day she took me to a prayer meeting where she played the organ! Then she gave a music lesson to a teacher who was very anxious to learn how to play hymns. A little later she took accounts with the head of the girls' school. The next day she taught Sunday School, and as the days went on my wonder and admiration grew apace. I said to myself again and again as I saw her making dresses or Christmas candy or presents, "the busiest people can always find leisure to do something extra". Here was proof!

That girls' school! I wish you could have seen it. They have three or four little rooms. The girls sleep three in a bed only three or four feet wide, there are twenty-one, and they have three beds in a little room about eight by ten or eleven feet. And the school room, oh that is delightful. It is lighted by raising a square yard or two of tiles about eight inches from the roof. Of course they can't see anything unless the big barn-like doors are open, or there is not one window in the place. And then cold! I was afraid to sit down there, even the I had on a coat and rain-coat and sweater. The sea breezes nipped their noses and froze their toes. I think the temperature was about 45 or 48. Isn't it a shame that these nice girls and their two
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We stayed in Ungkung four whole days besides the days of arrival and when we left we had to get up before dawn and walk three miles to the boat. But “boat doesn’t mean the steam launch; oh, no! First we took a very shallow boat which had to be dragged across sand bars and thru shallows for an hour. A gang of men was kept busy ahead of the boat digging out a channel with a scrapper. Then we transferred to a sailboat, down where the water was deeper, but there was no wind, so we were rowed for two hours to where the steamer usually takes on passengers. But we had to wait nearly an hour and a half more before the steamer came, at about 12.20. This launch was a very nice English boat and we had a very comfortable trip out into the open sea and home, with a blue sky and white seagulls and beautiful mountainous islands to satisfy our eyes. Really it was as beautiful as the Japanese Inland Sea of which we hear so much.

Home again, to study Chinese with a new zest. There is nothing like a country trip to pick up new expressions to increase one’s interest.

I forgot to say that my husband accompanied Mr. Lewis on a two days’ preaching tour, where they visited many homes, and husband without any preparation made a ten minute speech in Chinese. I surely could not do that.
As I see waiting seats, I sound the farewell. I am approaching a green.

In the center, waiting station, with our seat on the southeast of the waiting area, there is a bright green, with a sign that reads "Waiting Area." I am standing beside it, and I feel part of it. The door closes, and the door opens, and the door closes. In the recent departure, I hope to see you in the waiting area, and the door closes. I feel returning the companionship, accompanying all of the things, and the door closes. After returning to service, I return to the waiting area, and the door closes.

To look at the window, I see a waiting area, with many people, and they are waiting.

To return to service after seeing Chinese characters, the green area looks out of the window.

Undermine the frame, and the green line is more noticeable.

These lines are engraved in the waiting area, and our seat is right there.

When we feel we are too long to get the green area and until when will we run for it?

The "green area" seems to be endless, so I feel Abigail, who is looking out of the window,

I am standing right in front of the green area, and I feel like looking out of the window.

My mind is on the seat, and I feel like looking out of the window, and I feel like looking out of the window.

This station is very close to the "green area," and I feel like looking out of the window.

I am a very nice English seat and we had a very comfortable trip out of the green area, and I feel like looking out of the window.

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The station is very close to the "green area," and I feel like looking out of the window.

To return to service after seeing Chinese characters, I return to the waiting area. I wish every one of you to have a good time.

Letters from China.
A trip to Ungkung.

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Chaochowfu, via Swatow, China.
March 21, 1925.

Dear Friends:

"This is the nearest I have ever been to war", said my aunt, as we heard the sudden outburst of shots at the foot of the hill near which we live; but she was to be slightly nearer before the day was over. Almost immediately, villagers, bearing bedding or a sack of rice on their shoulders, came running for the shelter of our compound wall.

We found out later that a band of defeated soldiers, who had passed through our city ten days before, had returned to make a surprise attack on the troops who had taken possession of the city at that time. Those troops, by the way, represent Sun Yat Sen's Bolshevik army, but they behave far better, so far, than their enemies.

I thought that the shooting would be over in an hour or so, but it kept up all day Tuesday and most of the night, with varying intensity. Mr. Hildreth had started on his bicycle for a country station fifteen miles away. As he left, he looked at the threatening skies and said, "I shall return if it rains". It rained, the only real shower of the day, and he returned, just a few minutes before the shooting began. We were very thankful for the rain, for otherwise he would not have heard of the trouble until he reached the country chapel, and then he would have had to turn back immediately, thus making a long trip for nothing.

Mr. Baker was in the city at the school and that was fortunate, too, for pupils had begun to think that conditions were quiet again, and were at the school in full numbers. When there came a lull in the fighting, Mr. Baker escorted groups of pupils to their homes, and then by going south of the city and making a wide detour, he got back to our compound.

From our house we could hear the constant shooting at the bridge ten minutes' walk away, but we could see very little. On the hills near our house, we could see bands of soldiers shooting, and once in a while we could see the group of opposing soldiers occupying a half-ruined temple or high building on an island in the river. When we heard the bullets sing on one side of the house, we decided it was wise to keep ourselves as well as our children on the other side, but before the day was over, bullets whizzed by on the other side too, and then we kept inside. So far as we know, no bullets hit our house, but at least two hit the Bakers' house next door, doing no damage.

We learned later that during a lull in the fighting, a little girl and her mother started out to worship the idol and ask its protection. The little girl was uneasy and urged her mother to hurry home. The mother said, "Why hurry? We are in the very safest place right here". But it was not many minutes later that a bullet hit the little girl and she died.
Many bullets reached our school and chapel grounds in the city, but all fell in the open court, not destroying any part of the roof, altho the shop next door was damaged by shot.

Early next morning, Sun Yat Sen's army took the bridge, and all morning they were busy driving the enemy out of the village near us and the surrounding hills. One excited breathless group of soldiers came rushing for our gate, perhaps thinking of some vantage point, perhaps thinking that enemy soldiers were hiding here. They broke it in, but we were again thankful that Mr. Hildreth was here, for he turned the leaders round and gently pushed them out. These soldiers speak a different dialect from ours, hence it is impossible to talk with them. The gate was nailed up again at once.

By afternoon of the second day, all shooting had practically ceased, and we settled down to a quiet night's sleep. The next day after that, we were again concerned to see soldiers building shelters on the hills overshadowing our houses, and then before long we heard shooting on the other side of those hills. Crowds of villagers left the region, going wherever they had friends or acquaintances who would take them in. Refugees again came up to our compound, but not in such great numbers this time, as we had pointed out that our houses were right in the path of the soldiers if they should be defeated. By mid-afternoon that shooting ceased, and we hope that Sun Yat Sen's men drove off the would-be invaders. It is miserable weather for fighting. Heavy showers came frequently all day yesterday, and the ground is soaked with water.

Reports from various places come in, telling of definite or indefinite battles, and we realize that the whole country is overrun by these armies, which seem to be making a final attempt for a conquest of our province of Kwangtung. What their Bolshevik training will lead them to, when the battle is won, we do not know; but we feel hopeful that they will not go to the lengths of the Russian Bolsheviks. So far they seem temperate and they have closed all the gambling shops, which were legion under the former administration. What they will do about opium we do not know. Never since we have been in China have we seen so many poppy fields as are under cultivation at the present time. There are in sight of our house and between here and Swatow there are hundreds.

In these days after the first outbreak of trouble, our chapel has had audiences such as it has never had before, of men eager to listen and anxious to learn more of Christianity.

We thank you for your prayers, which we need especially at this time, to help us to lead these new listeners to a knowledge of God's love.

Sincerely yours,

(MRS. E.S.) LOTTIE R. HILDRETH.
August 19, 1925.

Dear Friends of Chaochowfu:

While all the Western World is watching anxiously the crisis in China, we know you have been thinking of the missionaries in whose special work you have been cooperating. Therefore you will welcome the enclosed intensely interesting letters from Mrs. Hildreth and Rev. Ben L. Baker.

Mr. Baker's letter can be more readily understood if it is remembered that his home is on a hill across the river from the city of Chaochowfu. The church and school, however, are near the center of the city. With this in mind we think his readers will have no difficulty in living over again with Mr. Baker the exciting, anxious days his letter tells about.

Cordially yours,

[Signature]

Encls.
M:S
Place
Need of maps - Picts - Imagination
South
I got this in Peking - yes!
That is 1700 miles from here - yes!
3 days to N by boat - 2 by train
Do you know now?
we are Tropic of Cancer
On tropics at Swatow - in Temperate at Canton 28°
Near Canton

People:
Cantonese (10 tones) laundry
Hakluyt - Aboriginal - Dialect
Hakka - similar to Cantonese - Batavia
Big feet

Our work among Hakluyt.

Swatow
| e | n
| w | s

Swatow Delta

Mountains

cc:u
Is our work worth while?
- Is it worth the sacrifice?
- Do the people appreciate it?
- Are they getting Christianity?
- Why does it take so long?
- Is it difficult?
- Do there encourage?

Cefu.
- Here is a huge Catholic city.
- Work here since 1915.
- Little impress so far.

Other work:
- Eng, Preb.
- Catholic, Orphanage.

After studying the language a year,
- Matriculated to Cefu, 1915, spring.
- Up to this time - a cook who knew Eng.
- Designed to teach.
- Classes every day.
- Partially, English teachers.

- At Cefu, to cook who knew En.
- No foreginers was after this.
- No class.
- Trained teachers.
- Schools to hire teachers for:
- Gym or music to teach.

Result. Language study dropped.

Train:
- House.
- Ford.

Village:
- Calling.
- Church.
- Development.
- A graded school.
Nov. 9 - 1927

Possible to read widely & well.
But condition is puzzling!
Not even those who write can
prophecy truly - no one feels sure
of the outcome.

Students

Causes of present situation:

Those damned missionaries,
students & education.

Strikes - when student threaten,
close the school.

Power of students - Peking,
parade imprisonment -
en masse before officials.

Wrecking of homes.

Demands of students -
have a voice in choice of teachers -
ref or treaties -

A voice in length of p. holiday.

Poor of students - 0.11 student weekly
not allow them to return home.

Fines - do not go to great -
Patriotism - desire to die for country.

Soldiers shed blood.

Go out and make money.

Spread literature & posters.

China lacks leadership.

Has heathen motives.
Desire for personal gain.

- Power, honor.

- Correction: not to be humiliated. Envy, jealousy, evil.

- Not yet: value truth, honor.

- Beating Mr. Page.

Kill the foreigner: meaning.

- Difficult to disseminate Christian ideas.

- Christian motives cannot be measured.

- All those schools: Christians here and there.

- "" govt. "" army.

- They maintain Christianity or talk about it.

- But in their hearts they know that examples have been given which are praiseworthy.

- Men, staying in service, speaking in Manchuria.

- Death of Dr. Logan by fanaticism.

- "" Dr. Williams: no money demanded.

- Ben's help to widows.

God's lead.

So called: many faithful failures.

Many weak examples.

- Christ's and men.

- Persistence in ill-doing.

- Consistent desire to help nation.

- Will make impression.

- Beggar: a Khong's mother.

- Offspring.

- Alia Chen.

- Frank Kui.

- Daniel Lai.

- Men who have refused to help Redo.
March 1928. Roll Call Rockport

Twenty five years ago strong characters like John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer were coming home from China with a message something like this:

For hundreds of years the Chinese dragon has been asleep. This dragon begins to show signs of awakening. When it wakes if it can be nourished with ideas of justice, mercy, joy, love, peace — what a huge force for righteousness it may make, but if it is fed on the ideas that lying, stealing, murder, degradation of women are justifiable means for obtaining one's ends what a whirlpool of disorder this great nation is capable of.

Let us first go to some inland village of China which shows no signs of awakening as yet. The footmen clad in dark blue cotton trousers, with unkept hair, but kindly faces, place a plank from the boat to the dyke which helps to keep the rice from overflowing into the rice fields. We walk across the narrow plank and then travel over the narrow paths between the rice fields. It is October. We wear dark glasses, felt hats, and have a white cover to our dark umbrellas. Still the glare of the sun is troublesome and we perspire as we walk alto to it is beautiful October in U. S. A.

We stop at the house of a dark skinned woman whom we know. She is a widow with two sons, one of whom is deaf and dumb but intelligent, the other of whom is too young to help her much. Her hands are stained with a kind of black substance which she uses to wax her thread as she sews this the
Heavy layers of cotton cloth which make the soles of the native shoes. All day long she works to earn perhaps ten cents, but she has heard of Christianity and is eager to know about it. She stops her work for the day to lead us around the village to the homes of those who would welcome us. She never went where there is any doubt of our welcome, but where people invite us or are friendly to us.

First we enter a one-room house of the hoopoe type. It is made of native cement about a foot thick and covered with a cheap tile of gray or red. Little narrow slits make the windows. It is a relief to get into the semi-darkness after the glare of the sun. When our eyes become adjusted to the light, we see in the corner the tray on which they heat water, an iron pan 30 in. in diameter on which they heat water, cook sweet potatoes, steam cachas, etc.

The room is some rough humpa in which they use for chairs around the cheap up table that is used for eating. It costs 50.

In one corner is the bed. Under in some districts, the bed is wide enough for two horses. A huge spinning wheel takes a large space in the room, and before we knew it, 35 children had followed us and perched themselves about on the windows and corners, and peered themselves out on the vantage point of this spinning wheel. They seem cheerful and happy. But there is not one child who hasn't one eye, and one little girl is blind in one eye. One boy for a while thought he was a small bit like this, and it isn't long before travelling diabetic or a trip like this, and it isn't long before the man that saw him.

After we have talked for a little we go out again on the hot glaring streets without grass or trees. The
uncovered drains, reeds hold the torn, the slumber—
of the mosquitoes, and smell unacceptably bad (full
of filth). There is a beautiful view of mountains rising
the next house over to is the home of a spin and the
stoves in the children’s hands make one think of each one as
a potential lifes. The spin has heard of Christianity, and
is anxious to ask many questions, and when the woman
pass onto his face show joy and peace.

When we come out, we see a red wedding chair
going by, with curtains pulled tight, and the newly bride
maid. Behind her is a man carrying possessions, a red tray
and a red stool and a little red box with her wedding and clothing.
This is an interesting sight to the children who run
ahead of the chair to a vantage point and stare and
peer to get a glimpse of the traditional wedding.

Don’t think there isn’t happiness and joy there too.
You never saw childhood without some sort of the burden
of heavy— and the infant mortality is high and life is
cheap. I recall one little girl who was brought to the hospital
Remember this incident is not unique.

Thus as we pass out of the door, we hear the
whining sound of the water wheels as men
and children stripped to the waist tread the water-taps
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leaving their arms on the upper beam to
A raucous accompaniment of ungreased wheels.

An old
woman stands winnowing the rice. Under her head is an
old
woman stands winnowing the rice. Under her head is a
rice sieve almost a yard in diameter. She tosses the rice
high in air and the wind carries strong fluff away the
lightweight flakes—while the heavy kernels fall to the
The dragon is asleep - very quiet - dreaming of the days of his glory when all the people had enough and to spare, when the hill was covered with trees and leafage and nature.

But now pass over a few years - ten we'll say - and come to the port town with me. There in foreign surroundings, young man and his wife clad in light blue silk coat and trousers, with hair beautifully ornamented, come to call.

"Do you have a heart to heart?" After a while, the boy, for he sees nothing less, asks me how much philosophy I know and volunteer that he has read almost all that there is in the world. "I have no need to tell gods," he said, "you do not need to think about them." There are 2 divisions of living beings - beasts, man, gods, and each division is entirely separate from the others. Of which has no relation to man. Man has no relations to beasts. Gods have no relation to man. It is no use for man to try to communicate with the gods. "England is a very bad nation."

"I don't think mission school are of any use," he continued. "When I was educated in Japan, and studied that he had been educated in one, and over all his present success to a German mission school, you will better realize the depth of his brain. The man is a fool."

"Why, man," I said, "where is your brain?" You have been letting it lie around. A man should come to you, and tell you that one of your friends was trying to put you like a cow, what would you think of him?"

One day I was being roused from a nap on a boat in San Francisco Bay, after a few remarks the boatman began to talk 

"The British are a bad people! They think man to be mith."

"Why, man," I said, "where is your brain?" You have been letting it lie around. A man should come to you, and tell you that one of your friends was trying to put you like a cow, what would you think of him?"
You could be pretty sure that that tattler was trying to
make trouble between you and your friend. Why don't you use
your eyes?"

Look at the big hospital the British missionary has given you
in Swatow. Read all the benefit you got from that when the
students took care of all your cholera patients in the epidemic
last year. Look at Dr. Ross who at the risk of his life during the
earthquake while the wall rising above him was crumbling and
likely to fall at any minute left high, stayed and helped rescue
every countryman of yours who was pinned down there.

Look at Dr. Whyte who went thru the firing lines so
many times when you countrymen were fighting.

Look at Dr. - who carried the man with small pox
himself when your own countrymen refused to carry the
sick soldiers and lay his life on the line - for you know how
when the nurses refused to touch the cholera patient. And you believe the tattler who tells you that
the British are a bad people!

Do you recall Dr. - who every Mon
gives hypos treatment to the lepers here in the

IV. A young teacher - a student - came to call on Mr. Baker.

He was a fiery earnest fellow and he said "I have this
thing thru - and I am going to give my life to the cause.
The poor should have an equal share with the rich - and we
must get it for them."

Mr. Baker questioned him about methods - this answer too:
out the fact that he considers lying, stealing, and even
burning, murder, justified to bring about this division of the
wealth of the world - most

He was earnest - not so ignorant as the germ phils who call

food for the dragon.
The German philosopher, the young teacher had all been fed but not with what will the fruits of great teaching bring.

The coolies and peasant farmers throughout Kwangtung Province have been approached and forced by men who tell them that they have no business to live mere close to starvation. If they can not get better conditions by peaceful means, they must organize themselves into armed bands, and seize from their richer neighbors wealth and land. Whenever they organize themselves, they have armed with the same Japanese weapons.

In each village a woman counted 47 fascists against for reasons, of all the most suggestive, of all, picture posters for the thousands who cannot read a foreigner in a tall hat shooting at a mother who is trying to protect her distaff daughters.

"Kill the foreigners," read the poster.

Not only are they taught these doctrines, but the Communists have another practice which is very dangerous to their cause. They have searched the Bible this.

Wherever they have found such references, they have used them to rewrite its name for the Bible. Whenever they find anything that will work for their cause, they use it. For instance, I recall a poster which said something like this.

"If a man killeth a poor man, let him burn his clothes also." This means, if the foreigners come and take Sennan, we must give them Chao-choufu and Kaying also. The two largest cities in the province next to Canton.

What fruits can such teachings produce?

A young idealist started a philanthropic school for children in the city where we lived. Above under the protection of the Mandarins he planted more than 17,000 mulberry trees. Hoping to reform a certain region and to encourage the silk industry. Everything was going well, the trees were about to bring forth their first fruit, when the Red Army conquered Kwangtung in 1925. They said they wanted this wide expanse for a training field and for military academy. In vain the young teacher expostulated that it would kill the trees to be transplanted at this time of years. The young forest was uprooted and the land became the military college where the young German Phil. of whom I spoke was a teacher.
Fruits of the dragon's food? Let me quote from recent letters:

"Terrible distress prevails in Phou Long district, where a large district of villages was set on fire by Communists last summer. Phu De suffered in the same way and surrounding villages. Ta Hai had 18 shops in Phu De burned, and lost large sums of money. All rich people in Swatow that can go away have left for Hong Kong or safer parts, it is said."

"The agitators have stirred up many from scattered places to join the peasant union. There has been a continual warfare and head-taking game between the Communists and the others."

"At Sien Sue there has been the murder of the rich with the confiscation of property, the destruction of property marks a perfect orgy of killing, looting, and banditry."

"There was one regular field of slaughter there, as we are told by eye witnesses who escaped."

B. E. Transcript: "Mbh10 - foreign terror - wholesale murders, the burning of villages and the destruction of trade. These newly made Reds have sought to make all things common property. They have ploughed up the paths separating the fields, thus being no fences or walls enclosing the farms. All title deeds were commandeered and burned. Landlords and merchants supposed to be men of wealth are held for ransom and their property confiscated. Innumerable villages, murder has become the order of the day. Many wealthy families have been entirely destroyed. A few towns and villages that attempted to resist, have been sacked and razed. In some places the village elders were decapitated, their heads placed on poles, and sent to the next settlement as a warning."

"Throughout the district houses have been painted red with the Communists' flag. Women have been proclaimed common property. Every household is compelled to furnish one red soldier."
You well know how the teachings of Christianity differ from this — but let me describe some of the fruits that I have either seen with my own eyes, or which I have heard from trusted friends.

A little boy, the picture of misery, with his father and mother, was walking along the narrow paths between the wheat fields, when they were met by a young girl whom I later met — a girl who had the way far away from home to get an education.

The child's white face was swollen out of shape — on the right side was an open dripping sore — Miss Gould stopped to speak with the parents. No one could help pitying them. They said,

"Our little boy has had a sore on his face a long time. We have been to all the Chinese doctors we know about, and still he gets no relief, but is always in dreadful pain. We have no more money and he only gets worse."

Miss Gould spoke with them kindly and said that she knew of a hospital where, for the love of Christ, foreign doctors and nurses tried to help sufferers, and she felt that they could help this boy. The parents were eager to try anything, so desperate was the boy's situation, and so they went to the hospital. There the doctor cleansed the wound, treated it and finally amputated the diseased portion of the bone. The little boy finally recovered from his years of suffering pain, and was dismissed from the hospital. Every year when the harvest is gathered in, this family comes back to the hospital to help with their work — they clean the grounds and the buildings, do anything they are told for a certain length of time, and then go away, refusing all pay and saying that they do it to show their gratitude.

Food for the dragon!

A beggar woman, with three children, passed along the street. This was years ago! She had been a gentle woman, but her husband had taken to smoking opium — and had sold everything and begging was the only trade left for him. But his wife was living!

One day she heard about Christianity, became convinced of its truth and value, and at once began...
if it all from whom she was begging. Some day she was fitted by a mad dog and was taken or around the hospital at winter for treatment. While she was there she heard that there was a school where women could be taught so that they could go out to teach men of Christ. She begged to go to that school but the teachers thought her too old to learn. However, she begged so persistently that finally she was allowed to enter, proved an apt pupil, and became a faithful teacher. The three children grew up, and one of them is a family of at least five. The oldest has held a Ph.D. here in U.S.A. and a family of at least five. The oldest has held a Ph.D. here in U.S.A. and is everywhere in China and U.S.A., praised for his fine character.

One of the days when I was out in the inland villages, such a sweet-faced woman came to lead us, that I asked her history. "Why," she is the woman, who save babies," I asked.

She and her husband decided that she service she and her husband could do was to have compassion on the unwanted babies. Early the morning they would go out and hunt — burying the little dead babies and caring for those who were living, and placing them in Christian or good heathen homes. They told one baby whom they could not place in a Christian home, she kept some herself too.

Hedite of Christian food given to the dragon.

I could go on — and tell how there were the Bible women, stand up and pledge 1/6 of their monthly salary, which equalled $50 a month (when that salary seemed barely enough to feed and clothe them) to some worthy cause. When here a letter from Mrs. Sellman, the head of this woman's school and the beggar woman was taught.

When the teaching heard that the school must receive less half than usual because churches in U.S.A. were giving less, she wrote, "Our hearts have been cheered and touched by the voluntary action of the teachers in increasing the amount paid for their Board. One teacher last month refused to accept the full amount of his salary saying the school needed
the money more than she did, and she kept only enough to cover her board and her tithe." — Daniel 4:8

As Hobart writes, how the

I could go on almost indefinitely telling you of the splendid work of medical colleges, of the value of the Christian agricultural college which is studying the blights and parasites which are damaging crops in China. I could speak of individual heroism of men who like the hospital director of Wellingborough — led my two friends from their perilous position after their were beaten and their houses had been robbed. Now they led them away, fed them, clothed them, hid them in the coal cellar, took them out, helped to boat and got them safely away from danger, but I think you do not need to hear the prime story of every detail of my case.

The dragon was asleep. I was awake.

I have given America food, and what we all know to be the good news of Christ.

Can we afford to be uninterested, uninformed, when in doing unto these, we are doing unto Christ?

Can we afford to spend on guns and cosmetics more than we spend to help those who are on the margin line of starvation?

Let our motives be questioned as they well may. If our leaders be questioned as they may, I affirm that I am convinced that the need of the spread of the knowledge of Jesus Christ who came to tell us of God is unquestionable and appalling!
East Gloucester, April 17-1925.

Introduction.

Map—location. Talien Caman Porto Rico

Missions—February, 1925.

Hills Pent Rack Hills
P.82 Bridge
Boat.

P.75

Bun Kong Temple

now used as a school
Peking Emperor
Toe of Buddha
Bun Kong exiled to Sochino
Cefu. crocodile nahl Khoi
Essay
Civilization of district in Tangy

Chinese gods—no human deities put. They do not necessarily teach of isolation
They leave a wonderful tale as did Buddha or Confucius or even Sun Ye and
Then after death—people recall their model of their life and they revere their
memory and propagate teachings
Here is a land of hundreds of millions who have
not found God
U.S.A. G.B. etc land mainly number who
have found God
What credit is it to us women that we are
born here. In U.S.A.
U.S.A.
Half the wealth of the world.
Wonderful climate for most part.
Natural resources.
High civilization.
Early education.
Christian influence.

What shame is it to Chinese women a people 4" born in China where the majority lie so close to the hungry line?

Poverty is only spiritual where it is voluntary.
Involuntary and excessive poverty prevents development of every kind.
Men cannot be spiritual until their material needs are satisfied.

At the foot of our hill is a village.

Shrines temple
grain grinding
Blind man
Watcherwoman
Family (Hau China)

Christian family
Back village: malaria: Mosquitoes: plagues

Plague

Floods
Idle
Food
Clan fights
Imprisonment of coolies

Big typhus - distributing
How much do they need Christ?
As the plant needs light.
What will Christ mean to them?
How are they going to get Him?

Only as the Christ in you
And me shines out like a light
Sun upon them and the rest of the world.
So it does - according to God.

Blessed are the poor!

To those that have, shall be given.
Scattered like leaven thus every

Def't a China are those who know Him: Christianity fail!

This way it cannot fail ever. More Chinese martyrs.
Questions.
What credit is it to you that you were born in U.S.A.

Half wealth of the world
Wonderful climate
Natural resources
High civilization
Free Education

What shame is it to a Chinese boy if he is born in China?

At foot of our hill a village

Lian K'ia
People related
2 or 3 surnames

This village has been in more frequently than any other in China.

Now suppose that your lot were changed that each one of you, instead of being brought had been born in Lian K'ia.

that bring peace to the soul - love to the heart - and hope to humanity.
How much do they need Christ?
How much as plants need light?
What will Christ mean to them?
How are they going to get him?

Only as the Christ in you and me shines out like light of sun upon them, and upon the rest of the world,

Increased honor of women.
Better care for children.
Schools.
Happiness by love.

Love enemy. Cow clan fights.

Forget philosophy. Forget your personal problems in your thoughts.

Learn all you can of geography of other lands.
Let your major time not be spent on clothing.

But more on the people of the world, and their need, and their knowledge.
March 14, 1929, Calot
11:09 P.M.

I. Procession on the hills.

Place on map. In latitude.

Climate.


Preparation for procession at Chi-nan, N. Y.


How much do they need it?

Where are they going to get it from?

Examples:

We are rich.

How hard is it for those who have a treat or rich to enter the kingdom of Heaven.
Bloomfield Trust Company
Bloomfield, N.J.
January 19, 1929.

Mrs. Lottie R. Hildreth,
Gabot,
Vermont.

Dear Mrs. Hildreth:-

We acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 16th instant enclosing deposit of $27.50 which we have credited to your account per acknowledgement herewith.

We note from your letter, your brother has been unable to locate the pass book thus far, but trust he will shortly find the key enabling him to carry out your instructions for entry of the withdrawal.

We are glad to hear you are enjoying good weather and believe you will find the experience rather delightful and a complete change from what you have been accustomed to for some time past.

Very truly yours,

[Signature]
Treasurer.

FAS: ABF
St. Johnsbury  
No. 750, Cong St.  
Nov. 21, 30  
Hang Bun Kong  
Worship of Buddha’s Toe  
Exile  
CROCODILE  
ESAY  
CHALLENGE  
LITERACY  
7 mons.  
Bridge  

DEIFICATION  
All Gods worshipped in China.  
the Chinese still admit they are diffused.  

America - worshipped God once.  
Many rich - few poor.  
China " poor " rich.  

Imagine today -  
you were born in China.  
transferred to family.  
clothing, hair.  
Do you hesitate.  

What credit to you born in U.S.A.  
SHAME!  

" China?  " ?? ?  ??  ?? ?? ?}
Neville Dwight Hillis
Massey Starkey Gilchrist
Jennie Nettiscoot
Dr. Bruno Eddy

200 students have come to U.S.A.

Stanley High says less giving indicates a lapse in interest but are the cure. People going to give up this enterprise until the time they Communist are not such efforts.
creator
missenger
sharpen
geo. sokolsky

the missing -
missing statute of shefluse

Dr. Lesher Katya
smallpox - immumization
cholera/
effort needs

Swarmer poison cholera
Dr. Brown - years -
Dr. Ingross 1916
Cheinse boys and girls
Not self conscious
Worship
Give money
Enthusiastic
Want to give life.
Teacher in Swatow

But you will say they have a religion why not leave them alone?

No God Hong Bum Kong.

Death girl in temple of God I was 1,000, 000 to old 0,000 to girl man

Mission Schools produce Christian characters
May 15, 1931

Imagine
1. Bandy women - beggars.
2. Woman leading boy to superstition.
3. Woman at store after childbirth.
5. Her left to die at than young girl forced to marry left.

Women subjected to sexual and physical abuse.

For every discouraging story there is an encouraging one as in this last case.

Where Christ has come women have and not always.
Dear Friend:

Our Church Roll Call is scheduled for Friday, March 16. Supper at 6:30. Our ideal is every member present or accounted for with satisfactory excuse. Please do not fail to send a response; at least a verse of scripture to be read when your name is called, if you cannot be present.

The customary thank-offering envelope is enclosed. We have had somewhat heavy extra expenses during the past year, but we would like to be able to report all bills paid at the end of the year. We are hoping to have at least four hundred dollars in the thank offering.

We anticipate an exceptionally good program and an evening of delightful fellowship. Our aim is to have each Roll Call "too good to miss".

Very cordially yours,

[Signature]

Ernest E. Ventura, Pastor

[Signature]
George F. Cunningham, Clerk
Waterbury May 26, 1931

She sought to introduce the wisdom of Buddhism's ten precepts. Bang Kong objected. Bang Kong was given a high position 1500 miles from home in the city of Kaping where he proceeded to distinguish himself as justly as his forerunner who taught that the people must make a god of him when he died.

My case just the trustee. Easter when I

was excised to the death with the effect that I have to stay a year - becoming climate
during this year, you can't miss yes.

Opined to Home from Hospital. Repaired

Yenching instead to Library

of the beautiful dream, the

daughter left to alive the man

of Tunghein joined me a letter

for 3 months with same and

Wang Tschu directed his college now for

a summer at Eitache - for all of them I can return the faithful

and so to day - albeit I am a

Baptist, I can come to you in a

message straight from titanium

 Amend some fielded us.

Buddhism Academy - I spent three straight

years home - daughter of 55-

of officials there. What does that mean? Mary

It was a very long journey.