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OCTOBER, 1908

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Medical Missionary
Battle Creek, Mich.
OCTOBER, 1908

THE PRESENT ISSUE is one of peculiar interest in many ways and affords striking evidence of the deepening and broadening of missionary interest at Battle Creek, both in the caring for veteran missionaries at the Sanitarium and in the education of prospective medical missionaries of the various denominations in the Medical Missionary College. The two group pictures contained in this number have special interest, not only as to their denominational composition and international representation, but in the fine character and personal appearance of the men and women of whom they are each formed.

The Missionary Group is made up almost entirely of those who have "seen service" in India, Africa, China, Japan, Turkey, Mexico, South Sea Islands and Venezuela. They represent the following eight denominations: Baptist—North and South, Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, United Presbyterian, Christian Church, and Seventh Day Church. Six days before the picture was taken (September 16th) the two veterans reclining in invalid chairs at either end of the group, were operated upon by Dr. Kellogg: the one being the Rev. Joseph Clark, a veteran of thirty years on the Congo; and the other, Rev. W. M. Martin, twenty years a missionary in India. The previous evening they both took part in the opening exercises of the Medical Missionary College, and the following day the President of that institution operated upon them as stated, with the hope of their returning to their fields better fitted for their future labors. We are glad to add that both have done well and are able to be about again at the time this number is issued.

The Group Picture of Students is deeply interesting as affording evidence of many responses to the call of the Master, "Who will go?" The appearance of the group readily conveys an impression as to the excellent kind of material composing it, many of whom are college graduates from Oberlin and other colleges. The composition of the group from a denominational standpoint is of peculiar interest and differs in this regard from any previous class in the history of the college. There are no less than eleven denominations in it, divided as follows: Methodists, eight; Presbyterians, six; Episcopalians, five; Congregationalists, four; Baptists, four; Brethren, three; S. D. Adventists, two; S. D. Baptists, two; Union, two; Free Methodists, one; Bible Christians, one; total, thirty-eight.

By the foregoing statement, it will be seen that the college is in the fullest sense interdenominational and welcome within its walls members of all
evangelical bodies. The same representative character is found in its international composition, which is made up as follows: United States, twenty-four; Canada, four; England, three; Bulgaria, two; Africa, one; Norway, one; Mexico, one; Honduras, one; Jamaica, one; making nine countries in all. Neither is any color line drawn, there being two colored members, one a native Zulu. The fact of such a fine group of noble young men and women being brought together for the one definite purpose of becoming medical missionaries to the ends of the earth, is not only affording means for rejoicing to all connected with the college, some of whom have looked for, and labored for years to bring about, this consummation, but it is most inspiring to the veteran missionaries with whom the students are brought into almost daily contact, to the cheering of both veterans and recruits. The Zulu referred to is not in the picture, not having arrived when the picture was taken.

Two new offices have been added to the college this year; i.e., that of Chaplain and Instructor in the Scriptures and mission history and methods, held by Dr. George D. Dowkontt, and that of Physical Director, occupied by Mr. Winjum, who served in the U. S. Army in the Philippines and at Pekin, and of late years in Y. M. C. A. work, and is now a member of the Freshman class. Every morning from 10:30 to 11:00 students leave their class rooms and assemble on the fine lawn in front of the college for drill and exercise, an addition much prized and enjoyed by all, and a very necessary adjunct.

Three Bible teachers, Dr. George D. Dowkontt, Elder G. C. Tenney, and Dr. John A. Brunson, give weekly instruction to the students in the Bible at special hours set apart daily for this purpose. All of these teachers have had experience in home and foreign mission work. Dr. Dowkontt in addition has supervision of practical individual training in medical missionary and evangelical work. Many of the students have already associated themselves with the Student Volunteer movement and observe the "Morning Watch," and all take part in the morning chapel exercises, and engage in mission work as arranged for them. By these means, the religious life and the physical well-being of the students are taken care of as in no ordinary medical college.

J. H. K.

The able article upon "Missionary Isolation" by Dr. Nassau, the veteran medical missionary, and reprinted in this issue from The Missionary Review, will be read with deep and peculiar interest by many of our missionaries, medical and otherwise. There is no doubt that the feeling of isolation that at times overtakes the missionary in lonely places in dark and distant lands and in the midst of heathenism and savagery, is almost unbearable, and the more fully demonstrates the wisdom no less than loving sympathy of the Saviour who, in bidding his disciples "Go," added: "And, lo! I am with you even to the ends of the earth."

The writer recalls the experience of the late noble pioneer in Central Africa, Dr. W. R. Summers, the first student of the I. M. M. Society in New York, and who died on the far side of the Congo, at Luluaburg, in May, 1888. At one time he received no word printed or written from the "outside world" for nearly two years, and had no fellow-missionary to help bear the burden. The only white men he occasionally saw (Belgian officials) were blacker at heart, by all account, than the devoted black boys whose skins were made black by their Maker, but whose hearts had been also made white and clean and loving by the same Divine hand.

It was just at the time when he felt forced to pray, and did, that the Lord would take him "Home" out of the terrible loneliness he felt, that he had a wonderful experience such as he had never before known. One day in the midst of his sorrow and suffering from consumption—actually dying—the Lord appeared to him in his hut in Central Africa, as he did to Paul and others; and they talked with each other as "friend with friend." His devoted na-
tive boy coming in later found him in tears—tears of joy—for such there are—and asked sympathizingly if "Massa got more pain?" "No, no," was the reply, "pain all gone, Jesus has been here."

The articles from the Philippine Islands from Dr. Lerrigo (son-in-law of one of the editors) and Dr. Steinmetz will be read with interest, as affording valuable information concerning the people in that land—the needs, customs, etc. By means of such articles one of the chief purposes of this journal is attained; i.e., the imparting of information concerning the various fields of missionary effort through these papers to fellow-missionaries in other lands and to the Christian church at large in our own country. We gladly insert them. Dr. Lerrigo served two years in loneliness on St. Lawrence Island, Alaska, before his marriage and appointment to the Philippine Islands. He knows what loneliness means—alone among a few Laps and Esquimaux with no word from the outside world for eight months at a time.

In an article on this page under the caption, "Since the Massacre at Lien-Chou," mention is made of our beloved sister, Dr. Eleanor Chesnut. At the time of the massacre she might have saved her own life, a boat being placed at her disposal, offering her a way of escape. She, however, declined to take the boat until she called her fellow-missionaries to come also and flee from the impending danger. Alas! when they reached the place where the boat was it had gone, and she and her companions fell into the hands of an infuriated mob and so perished.

We recall her active devotion and efforts to raise money to build a chapel upon her return, when staying at the I. M. M. Institute in New York, and how, arriving at her station again, the chapel was built and opened amid much rejoicing only a few months before the mob of oppressors of the Gospel destroyed it and the missionaries. Now, however, less than three years later, five buildings are being erected and two hospitals are to be built, and the hearts of the people are being changed as their eyes are being opened to see who are their real benefactors.

The article by Dr. Steinmetz is crowded out this month, but will appear in November.

Since the Massacre at Lien-Chou

When a British admiral saw some missionaries decide to remain at their post in time of danger, rather than leave their defenseless converts that they might enjoy the protection of the war-ship, he said: "Gentlemen, your courage is magnificent. Men have received the Victoria Cross for less heroism than yours."

It takes faith and courage to remain at the post of danger; it takes equal faith and courage to return to the place where friends have been murdered and calmly take up the interrupted work. But such courage and faith are rewarded. The Lord is with us as he was with Joshua.

On Nov. 3, 1905, five Presbyterian missionaries were murdered in Lien-chou, southern China, among them Dr. Eleanor Chesnut. Chapel and hospitals and schools and homes were destroyed by an unthinking and unreasonable mob. A year later a new band of devoted missionaries went to reopen the station. They were met by the Chinese with sullen faces and unfriendly reception.

Now the Loving Kindness

of the missionaries has won the day. Many of the Chinese realize the blessing brought by the hospital that was destroyed, and homes and hearts are being opened to the messengers of Christ.

Under the direction of Rev. R. F. Edwards, five buildings are being erected—a church, a boys' school, a preacher's house and two missionary residences—one to be used also for a girls' school. Two hospitals will also be built, and the work will soon be going on more actively than before the massacre. Non-Christian peoples will some day learn that it is impossible to drive out Christ and his missionaries by acts of violence. "There is a Greater with us than with them."
AFRICAN MISSIONARY ISOLATION

Every mission-field in any heathen land has its special difficulty for the missionary worker that calls out our sympathy. Listening to narratives of personal experiences, in almost any missionary convention, there will be, from some, stories of physical deprivations; from others, theological or national or class antipathies and oppositions; from all.

AFRICAN MISSIONARY ISOLATION

REV. ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU, M. D., D. D.,
WEST AFRICA

The physical distresses of cold and hunger are temporary, and have their possible relief in change of clothing and new supplies of food; for diseases, there are medicines; intellectual trials find their relief in books; and the moral and spiritual, in communion with the Master. But isolation persists in its loneliness.

1. One cause of that isolation is that geographical West Africa is out of the line of world-travel. In the tourist-season, mission stations in Syria and up the Nile are, in a kindly sense, overrun by tourist visitors, inquirers, or at least curious sight-seers. Never a year but that men and women of wealth and education and philanthropy make their SO-CALLED FOREIGN-MISSION TOUR, even though it limits itself to China, India, and Japan. Even the newspaper reporter or the prospective book-maker is not unknown in Persia, Siam, South America, and even Alaska. These all return with instructive statements, formative or educative, of local missionary interest. But tourists do not include West Africa in their schedule. They do, indeed, start on the African west coast steamers, but they drop off at the Canary Islands, for health at Las Palmas, or for the glory of snow-crowned, rosy-tinted Peak of Teneriffe. There does come an occasional scientist; Du Chaillu to shoot gorillas; Mary Kingsley, with her graphic pen, writing of native characteristics and foreign politics the while the block, lying under the drip, drip, day and night, year after year, is being worn away by

A SPECIES OF TORTURE

But the block, lying under the drip, drip, day and night, year after year, is being worn away by the while its "days go on, go on." The physical distresses of cold and hunger are temporary, and have their possible relief in-change of clothing and new supplies of food; for diseases, there are medicines; intellectual trials find their relief in books; and the moral and spiritual, in communion with the Master. But isolation persists in its loneliness.

I do not predicate this of all of Africa. Not of the missions in North Africa, especially on the Nile, nor of South Africa; but of West and East and Central; and, very especially, of Equatorial Africa.

The pain of isolation, that at first does not strike the listener to the story as a very great affliction, is one that grows, and for which there is little relief. But mankind is gregarious. Isolation is an affliction that, though at the moment is less sharp than a wound, disease, hunger, cold, heat, or insult, becomes erosive, like the continued wearing away by a persistent water-drop on a stone. Dynamite, in a moment, could shatter that stone to fragments; the explosion would be heard and commented on, and then forgotten; for, simply, it would no longer exist. But the block, lying under the drip, drip, day and night, year after year, is being worn away by

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that she investigated African fresh-water ichthyology; and Professor Starr, in the Congo, with his study of ethnology; and occasionally a Richard Harding Davis to tell the truth about Leopold and Congo atrocities. But, in all my

FORTY-FIVE AFRICAN YEARS,

I never met, among the passengers on my many steamer journeys up and down the coast, nor at any of the stations of the Presbyterian West Africa Mission, more than one Christian visitor, outside of members of that or adjacent missions. That one man was Rev. Dr. Pinney, who had been a missionary there in early life. For all others, Africa's climate was considered too deadly. It had obtained an evil reputation for the loss of white life. True, it has been a

"WHITE MAN'S GRAVE."

True, it is unhealthful. But not more so than was the Isthmus of Panama, which science, hygiene, sanitation and common sense have recently made healthful. The limits of this paper will not allow me to enter my disclaimer as to the justice of the charge that residence in Africa is necessarily fatal to white life.

During the first sixty years of its existence, the Presbyterian West Africa Mission was

NEVER OFFICIALLY INSPECTED or visited. There were often occurrences or questions, as to which a sympathetic official could have rendered valuable aid that would have called out the gratitude of the lone mission. Individual members of the mission had asked that it should be given recognition, aid, and consequent interest that would accrue from an official visit. To one such request, a member of the board (now dead) replied that Africa was

NOT SUFFICIENTLY IMPORTANT to justify the expense and danger to life involved in such an inspection. Poor Africa! That frank utterance of the board-member expressed too sadly the relative standing and estimate held by the general public—even the church public—of Africa. Was it any wonder that the missionary, out by the African rivers, felt isolated?

FOREIGNERS IN WEST AFRICA

2. Another cause of this isolation lies in the character of the foreign communities in which West African missions are located. As it is true that no tourists visit that part of the continent, it is even more true that no Europeans (except Portuguese) or Americans settle as permanent residents in any of the towns or cities of the coast, or villages of the interior, outside of

TWO VERY LIMITED CLASSES,

the trader and the government official. With few exceptions the latter come only for civil and political preferment; with slight knowledge of the native, and but little desire to make acquaintance, and willing to risk life during the short term of eighteen months or two years for the sake of credit on the diplomatic list. Few of them look with sympathy on the missionary's work or care to have other than official speaking acquaintance with him.

The majority of the traders, also, have little sympathy with missionary work; they think that teaching makes the natives less biddable as servants. Yet, inconsistently, they constantly seduce, with wages so much larger than the missionary can give, the young men in the mission-schools, for service to commerce or government, as clerks or other servants.

Such service would be commendable and a desirable advance in civilization for the young men, were it not so frequently involved with Sabbath-breaking, the handling of intoxicating liquors and association with scenes of a dissolute life, into which also mission-school girls are often drawn. Naturally, therefore, the intercourse between trader and missionary is largely solely on a commercial basis.

The teacher or the pastor accepts isolation as a less evil than association with the men who are so often leading away from him his hopeful young men and women. Outwardly, the bearing of these men is that of gentlemen, and their treatment of missionary ladies is generally that of

SCRUPULOUS POLITENESS.

But the lady can not forget that it is mostly superficial, and that there could be no real companionship in her parlor.
In the foreign community, there are few public functions, dinners, banquets, teas and parties such as ladies would give and attend in their civilized homes. Very few of the traders or government officials, if married, have brought their wives to Africa. Some of them content themselves with a native wife. It is rare, therefore, that for the lady of the mission-house there is any lady with whom she can exchange calls in the foreign community.

3. Cut off thus from association with travelers from his own country, or with members of the little foreign community, shall we say that the missionary should be satisfied with the companionship of his own mission household? That would seem natural and reasonable.

What more reasonable than that one should find companionship with others who are animated with the same Christian hopes and missionary zeal as himself, and who, like himself, have made sacrifice for a common cause? Surely, there would be the fellowship that should arise from mutual suffering! But, even if all these were invariably true, the mission household, to begin with, is a small one. For instance—in the Presbyterian West Africa Mission there is a company of thirty-five men and women, located at seven stations, from sixty to one hundred miles apart; there being from three to seven persons connected with any one station. Those numbers never remain the same for more than a year at any one station. There are removals, not often now (thank God and common sense) by deaths, but by “the fitness of things,” and the regular furloughs to the United States, numbering each year one-seventh of the entire force. With an average, therefore, of only four at a station, the chances for companionship are not large. That thirty-five includes eight clergymen and their wives, physicians and their wives, lay teachers and their wives, and perhaps a mechanical or other business man or two. They are all Christian men and women, but they come from very different classes of society in their own country.

The same is true in other missions. In their own countries, European or American, Christian men and women choose their own associates.

Also, the mere fact that a man or a woman is a Christian worker, while it is a ground for reciprocal respect, is not a reason why one should choose him or her as an intimate companion. In our own countries, we like our own conventions, and are justly offended by a breach of them. The associate is doubtless a good man, but he interferes with one’s comfort at dinner if his manners are boorish and unpleasant. Manners are worth something even if one be a missionary. Even native Africans, having their own code of politeness, are most critical observers of the gait, bearing, manner, and habits of the new missionary. They remember missionary precedents. Their own language (as a field of study) not having been written until the missionary came, and having no books, they, nevertheless, are, among themselves, lynx-eyed students of physiognomy. In my own observation of very many years, within two weeks after the arrival of any new missionary, the natives had read his carriage and social bearing, and had accurately located the stratum of society in which the new missionary had dwelt in his or her own country. Naturally, out of the few in any typical company at a station, there would be social differences. But, you say, such things should be ignored for the sake of the great common cause. Perhaps so. But you do not ignore them in Philadelphia, or Rochester, or St. Louis. They were not ignored in a certain starving, dying arctic expedition. Unfortunately, if it be unfortunate, the missionary is still a human being, with human weaknesses, just like his Christian brother in Philadelphia and Rochester and St. Louis.

I am not writing what should be, but what is, and what, I believe, is inevitable in the working out of differently constituted natures. Such problems exist in Christian communities in the United States. But they are solved there by not living under the same roof or eating at the same table. The uncongenial in
the United States, quietly and kindly, take their separate ways, even if they be neighbors, or members of the same church. And so, for the sake of peace under the mission roof, and to escape rasped nerves from un congenial fellowship, a missionary sometimes stands pitifully alone.

4. Under such combined causes of isolation, there is a happy solution, if the missionary will turn to the even partially civilized native. True, he will not find there any intellectual or social or conventional equality. But it is always possible to find in the native some interesting, instructive, and even exciting line of research, if the missionary have literary or scientific leanings. Following such leanings, various roads of science open to him—e.g., ethnology, psychology, philology, etc.—the pursuit of which will give the investigator recreation, repay with intellectual acquisitions that may be a blessing to the world’s fund of knowledge, and in the study of which there is incidentally revealed by the native much that is worthy of respect and even affection in his nature which he reveals in no other way. But not every missionary has these tastes or even ability as an investigator; some not even the desire. Their duty to the native is apparently fulfilled when they have preached the Gospel story, taught the Scripture lesson, warned against ways of sin, and knelt in prayer for divine aid to the inquirer. Very true and sincere they are. And the native has gone out of the house very respectful, and very obedient. But he was only a sinner to be prayed for. He was not thought of as a companion. He would have been pleased to become a companion, and open a most affectionate heart, if he were sought as such, and not simply as a fellow-member of a fallen race.

Finally, the effects of such isolation, coming from so many sources, hedging in the missionary to Africa on every side of his entire nature, are not told in reports of missions to boards and assemblies. But they are known in the pitifully frequent disharmonies on mission ground, and in the unnecessarily frequent returns and abandonment of the work. The euphemism of “resigned for ill-health” is true; but sometimes only partly so, and not always principally so. There would not have been the ill-health if there had not been the unhappiness, and there would not have been the unhappiness had there not been the isolation.—The Missionary Review of the World.

JUST THE KIND OF MEN WANTED

Rev. C. A. Dodds relates: “Last autumn two brothers came from Mardin to Adana. For quite a while they hunted in vain for work. At last they applied to a Moslem agha who owns a village some hours from Adana. He asked them, ‘What is your religion?’ ‘We are Christians.’ ‘Yes, but Christians are of many kinds. What kind are you?’ ‘We are Protestants.’ ‘What! are you Metheny’s kind of Christians?’ ‘Metheny? Who’s Metheny? We have heard of him.’ ‘Why, Metheny of the Protestant Mission at Mersina.’ ‘O, yes, yes, we know the Mersina Protestants. That’s the kind of Christians we are.’ ‘Well, then, you’re just the kind of men I want to work for me. I would like to replace all the Moslems in my village with Christians of that brand. Bring your families and come along.’ They went, and have been working there ever since, to the mutual satisfaction, we understand, of employer and employees.”

[The reference is to Dr. David Metheny, who was many years medical missionary in Mersina. Two of his sons contemplate becoming students in the American Medical Missionary College.]

GOD GIVE US MEN!

“God give us men! A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whose the spoils of office can not buy,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking.

Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog In public duty and in private thinking,
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife; Lo! freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps!”
AN EPIDEMIC OF CHOLERA IN THE PHILIPPINES

Capiz, Panay Island

REV. P. H. J. LERRIGO, M. D.

One of our first observations on coming to the Philippines, nearly six years ago, was the universal terror which seemed to paralyze the people on account of an epidemic of Asiatic cholera which was at that time devastating the land. For therapeutic measures there were shrines by the wayside, devout crosses painted on the door and processions in honor of San Roque; indeed, the latter, as Patron of the Pest, was in such constant requisition that it told upon his constitution, and in one of the later processions

HE LOST AN ARM.

During the past two or three months we have been passing through another epidemic of the same dread disease and have been greatly pleased at the different spirit manifested in the promptitude with which the more prominent citizens of the town recognized the peril lying in the few cases of cholera suddenly appearing in the town, and the efforts, imperfect certainly, but in the right direction, to combat the disease. As one of them expressed it in the large public meeting which was held to consider what was to be done: "Let us have done with such foolishness as San Roque processions, painted crosses and curing by relics, and let us institute a careful quarantine and try

"THE VIRTUES OF CARBOLIC ACID."

It was one thing, however, for a few of the more intelligent to recommend the establishment of a quarantine, and quite another to carry out the recommendation. There were eleven policemen (the whole of the metropolitan police force) available, and the problem of quarantining a city of thirty thousand with such a force was not easy of solution. At least, however, a noble effort was made, and the results would fairly indicate that even a very inadequate quarantine is better than none. To see those men go to work made one long for the trained health squad of an American city. But they were earning from six to seven dollars a month only, and perhaps it was hardly fair to expect much of them in the way of intelligence and efficiency. One would commonly see the officer in his khaki suit seated calmly in front of the house while the persons in quarantine utilized the back door or window as

A MEANS OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT.

As always, stories of poisoned wells gained credence among the more ignorant, and the sin was laid at the door of the Americano. Traced to its source, one such story was as follows: It was said that a certain well had been poisoned and that some of the powder used had been gathered from the curb and administered to a strong, husky cat, which immediately succumbed in great agony. Here was strong evidence against the Americano; but investigation proved that the well was, in truth, infected, and that the city had inclosed it with a fence to prevent the use of the water; but no powder had been found in the neighborhood. The husky Tom simmered down to

A LITTLE THREE-INCH KITTEN which had died of starvation outside the fence.

With an epidemic of this nature among ignorant people there is always a certain amount of unreasoning fear which contributes greatly to the gravity of the case. During the recent epidemic this fear was much less than in the former, perhaps because the epidemic did not attain the dimensions of the former one. Some, however, who ought to have known better, gave themselves up to a veritable panic. I found one robust man lying in bed and groaning from a pure case of hyperimagination. He said he had not been able to sleep all night for fear, and not having a Bible handy, he had spent most of the night trying to read, as well as his fear would let him,

A BIBLE DICTIONARY.

It was decided at the public meeting to establish a temporary hospital for the cholera patients. This, however, required funds, and a committee was appointed, of which I was a member, with the task of raising money by contribution. I suppose it would seem almost incredible to an enlightened American public, used to subscribing for all sorts of benefactions,
that in the face of such a peril, the most we were able to raise in a city of thirty thousand was the paltry sum of three hundred dollars, but such was the case, and of this the American residents contributed a largely disproportionate share. One of the committee undertook to get a considerable sum from the Chinese shopkeepers, and going to the most important of them he told him that he must assure the Chinos THAT THEY WOULD ALL DIE of the cholera if they did not pay up. Small as the sum was, it sufficed for the establishment of the hospital, and its maintenance as long as it seemed necessary. At the request of the board of health I took charge of the hospital. One of our difficulties was in getting the patients there in time to help them. The progress of the disease is so rapid that a considerable number were moribund before arriving. Few diseases present a more terrible aspect than cholera. Commencing with a vague sense of uneasiness, in a few hours the patient will pass through all the stages of physical distress and visible dissolution of the system. Under one's very eyes the appearance will change from the rounded contour of health to the horrible aspect of premature senility. The flesh seems to fade away and shrivel up, and then the stiffened, blanket-wrapped form is borne hastily away to a speedy interment, without funeral service or any of the reverent care which affection loves to bestow upon its dead. Whole families were destroyed in the space of twenty-four hours. A woman came to the hospital accompanying her husband, who was in a dying condition. She told me that their three children had just died, and she herself showed early symptoms of the disease. In a few hours BOTH SHE AND HER HUSBAND were carried out to the hillside back of the town and laid with the children. It would be difficult to say what was the percentage of mortality outside of the hospital; but probably it was not less than ninety per cent. Of the cases brought to the hospital 73.4 per cent died. Fortunately, the prompt measures, though somewhat inefficient from the standpoint of American sanitary science, resulted in gaining control of the disease in a comparatively short time, and there remain now but very few cases in the province.

[Dr. Lerrigo has an able helper in his noble wife, a graduate nurse, and eldest daughter of Dr. Dowkonnt. Their anxiety was naturally great, but especially as they have a little son only a year old, and lost their first little boy.]

CHRISTIANITY’S BOON TO WOMANHOOD

A new hospital is being built in Madras. It is for women and children, and is to be open to all classes and creeds of patients. Its name is Kalyani Hospital, and it is the gift of Dewan Bahadur N. Subrananyam, an Indian Christian, who has already shown his generosity and patriotism by establishing scholarships to help Indian Christian young men and women qualify themselves as educated physicians for their own people. The Christian Patriot, a weekly journal of social and religious progress, published in Madras, rejoices in the erection of this hospital, and calls attention to significant aspects of the gift.

In the first place the donor is a representative of that large and increasing number of Indian Christians now rising into eminence in every department of national activity and industry. And so his gift indicates the worth of missionary effort for the evangelization of the higher castes, and is so far an answer to Bishop Whitehead’s contention that endeavors to reach educated Hindus are largely wasted. It is impressive also to observe that the name which is given to the hospital—Kalyani—indicates that it is a memorial to the donor’s mother, as his earlier gift was a tribute to his wife. This honoring of womanhood both in the name and the object of the gift is a striking witness to the influence which Christianity has had upon Indian thought. To build a hospital in a great city for the suffering women and children of all castes and creeds certainly marks a new era in the life of India.—Missionary Herald.
MISSIONARIES AT MOUNTAIN REST

A very pleasant company of missionaries and their relatives and friends gathered at Mountain Rest during the summer and much enjoyed the place and one another's company.

The veteran Mrs. Isaac Bliss, now eighty-four years of age, who went to Turkey with her renowned husband in 1847 was the veteran of the party as last year, while the Rev. Dr. J. B. Hartwell who went to China in 1858, under the Southern Baptist Missionary Society, was a close second—the doctor having left China only last February after fifty years' service, a longer actual service than Mrs. Bliss.

Dr. Hartwell, who is in the center of the student group, was accompanied by his daughter, Anna, who has served fifteen years in that land, also by his daughter Jennie, now a student at Northfield Seminary and a prospective missionary. Another daughter, Mrs. Ufford, sails October 6 for China, and still another daughter and a son are missionaries.

Dr. J. H. De Forest, who went to Japan in 1874, was also with us, also Miss Ella Case and Miss A. Daughaday of the same mission—Congregational.

Prof. Benjamin Chappell, wife and three daughters, of the Methodist mission in Japan, spent the summer there, occupying rooms in the new Avery Cottage. Bishop Harris of the Methodist church in Korea and Japan made a brief visit. Rev. J. Heinrichs of the Baptist Missionary Union Mission in India, together with his wife and four children, spent the summer in Livingstone cottage, the two sons rendering some service on the place and helping to pay their expenses. This year the Misses Chappell and Miss Marion Dowkontt acted as waitresses, as did two of the Miss Hastings, of Ceylon, last year, while the other two Miss Hastings did domestic work in their own cottage, and so all four earned one-half of their expenses.

It was pleasing to all to learn that the great-uncle of these four young ladies, ex-President Grover Cleveland, left them $2,000 each, admiring their spirit of self-help.

Others who were with us were, Miss Ella Abbott of the A. M. Mission to the South, who was with us last year, Mrs. A. S. Wright of Mexico, Miss Mary Ward of Turkey, and Rev. F. P. Bunker of South Africa, all three serving under the A. B. C. F. M.

Others were there also who devote their efforts to work in New York and other cities and in various ways seek to help on the cause of Christ. Over sixty persons in all visited the Rest during the summer.

It was peculiarly interesting and helpful to have a few "friends of missions" make a brief stay at the Rest, who, being in business, were able in various ways to welcome the missionaries and show them kindness.

One gentleman, Mr. Prentiss, owning a very fine and commodious automobile, drove in it from Holyoke, and took some of the missionaries for pleasant trips.

Another friend and his good wife, Mr. and Mrs. Chapin of Holyoke, had some of our missionaries stay in their home for a visit after leaving Mountain Rest. In this way much kindness was shown and good done.

THE COCHRAN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
URUMIA, PERSIA*

H. P. PACKARD, M. D.

The tablet in the Memorial Hospital at Urumia, Persia (shown on p. 795) tells the story of a wonderful life. Those who would know more about it will await eagerly the story of Dr. Cochran's life to be edited by Mr. Robert E. Speer, a book which will no doubt be helpful in many ways to medical missionaries everywhere. Upon the completion of the Joseph P. Cochran Memorial Hospital the Urumia Hospital will be 173 feet long with an extreme depth of sixty-five feet, two stories high. Besides this main building there is a second building containing three rooms for dispensary purposes and three private rooms for patients; and a third building containing two rooms for the isolation of infectious diseases, and bath,
washes-room and store-room. The normal capacity of the hospital is seventy-five, but in an emergency one hundred patients could be admitted.

The many-sided opportunity for the medical missionary in Urumia has been made very largely by the faithful and efficient services of Dr. Cochran, for though other physicians labored here before him, their terms of service were short; but after twenty-seven years of service Dr. Cochran was

THE TRUSTED PHYSICIAN

and surgeon who was looked to by all; visits in the city and 50 trips to the villages and the seeing of

OVER 8,000 PATIENTS.

Surely God has bound all medical missionaries together with a very special tie by permitting us to engage in this loving ministry in all parts of his world-field, and, with thankfulness for the opportunity, we should help one another, and to this end we should all be glad to see THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY, and should encourage it in every way possible. Our hopes and prayers are one, and our efforts are for the carrying out of the

MEMORIAL TABLET ERECTED IN MEMORY OF JOSEPH PLUMB COCHRAN, M. D.

and he was the confidant and counselor of high and low, of rich and poor alike. In order to know the many problems in this field it is necessary to know the story of his life.

For many years the medical work here has touched all nationalities;—Moslems, Persians and Turks and Kurds, Armenians, Syrians and Jews,—but it is only three or four years since the beginning of the schools for Moslem boys and girls, and no directly evangelistic efforts are yet being put forth for the Moslems. The difficulties in Moslem lands make many feel thankful that their lot falls elsewhere; but it is certain that many of our choices are made for us, and it is good to be where the great Captain puts us. "There's good fighting all along the line, go in anywhere"—is a good word.

My work for the first year has been supposed to be mostly language study, but includes 102 operations, 750 house

same purpose. On the battlefield the best strategy demands that the communications between the forces be maintained, as well as the communication with headquarters. This is especially necessary for the divisions that are in hard positions, and can only with the greatest difficulty hold their ground; for as they hear of the glorious advance in other places they are inspired, not only to hold out, but also to go forward. The difficulties in this land make me very conscious of the need of encouragement and help as is promised by THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY, and I welcome it most heartily.

Dere ain't no sense in mopin',
Mopin' never wins a prize;
Jes' wo'k an' keep on hopin',
An' the sun am boun' ter rise.
Keep a smilin' an' a strivin',
Keep a bright an' cheery eye;
In good time you u' ve arrivin'.
Yes, you'll git dere by an' by.
—Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free Press.

S E G
HOME DEPARTMENT

PICTURE OF GROUP OF MISSIONARIES

The group picture on the opposite page is made up of missionaries staying at the Sanitarium on Sept. 23, 1908.

Those composing the group on the front row are children of missionaries, and reading from left to right are:—

1. Dorcas Dye, of the Congo, Africa.
3. Miss Mabel Woodside, of W. Cent Africa.
4. Mr. Gordon Clark, born on the Congo.
5. Miss Ruth Parmelee, born in Turkey.

Those on the second row, including the two who are in invalid chairs, are:—

4. Mrs. L. M. Campbell, formerly Baptist missionary in India.
5. Miss Katharine Gerow, Baptist missionary in India.
6. Mrs. Moses Parmelee, retired Congregational missionary from Turkey.
7. Rev. W. M. Martin, United Presbyterian missionary in India.

Those on the third row are:—

1. Miss H. S. Alling, of the Methodist mission in Japan.
2. Mrs. Joseph Clarke, of the Congo.
3. Mrs. R. S. Hambleton, of Turkey.
4. Mrs. J. A. Hanna, Presbyterian missionary to Chile.
5. Dr. M. G. Kellogg, brother of Dr. J. H. Kellogg, and formerly medical missionary to the South Sea Islands.
6. Miss Agnes L. Orbison, Presbyterian missionary in India.
7. Mrs. Levi B. Salmans, wife of Dr. Salmans, many years medical missionary in Mexico.
8. Miss Catharine Seager, formerly missionary in Venezuela.
9. Mrs. W. M. Martin, of India.

Those in the rear, or fourth row, are:—

1. Mark Njoji, native of the Congo.
2. Dr. Royal J. Dye, medical missionary on the Congo.
3. Dr. R. S. Hambleton, of Turkey.
4. Pastor George C. Tenney, Editor THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.
5. Rev. John A. Brunson, formerly Southern Baptist Missionary to Japan, now Chaplain of the Sanitarium.
7. Dr. George D. Dowkontt, Chaplain of the Medical Missionary College.

The group is a most representative one, comprising missionaries who have served in Africa, India, China, Japan, Turkey, Chile, Mexico and South Sea Islands—eight mission fields. They belong to eight denominations i. e., Baptist, North and South Congregationalist, Church of Disciples, Methodist, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, and Seventh-day Adventist—a grand group, affording evidence of unity and oneness of purpose.

A HINDU VERSION OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Our missionaries at Sukkur were glad last year to obtain a new building for the Hindu girls’ school, and both teachers and children are pleased with their new house, which is situated in the busiest part of the town. Every child has to learn Bible stories, and to repeat them in her own words, so that she may be able to tell them to her relations at home. Here is one girl’s version of the Good Samaritan; it may help some of us to realize

HOW THE STORY APPEALS to the Indian mind. “There was once a rich bania [merchant] going home through a forest. He was suddenly attacked by robbers, who beat him and robbed him of all his money, leaving him half dead. A Brahman passed by, and seeing the man, said to himself, ‘He is only a sweeper,’ and went away. A Mohammedan also came that way, but he said, ‘This man is no relation or friend of mine; why should I have any concern for him?’ and so he went away. At last a Christian came, riding on horseback, and, taking pity on the poor man, bound up his wounds with strips of cloth torn from his own turban, and placing him on his horse took him to a hospital and, giving the doctor sahib two rupees, said, ‘Make this man well, and when I return, you will get from me twenty rupees more!’” —India’s Women and China’s Daughters.

O LORD! how happy we might be
Did we but cast our care on Thee,
And seek in Thee our rest;
And feel, at heart, that One above,
Is working for the best.

—J. Anstis.
THE VISIT OF THE CHINESE MINISTER TO THE SANITARIUM*

The visit to the Sanitarium of the Chinese Minister to the United States has already been alluded to in these columns. This visit extended over one week, during which time Minister Wu T'ing Fang made himself thoroughly acquainted with the institution in all departments. He was very democratic in his ways, was entirely unattended by servants, and associated freely with guests and the staff of the institution. He participated freely in the gymnasium exercises and the various treatments, and expressed himself as highly delighted with what he learned and saw.

On Monday evening he consented to address the guests in the parlor, telling them of his system of living, by which he says he hopes to reach the age of two hundred years. Several hundred guests assembled, and after a preliminary concert by the orchestra, Dr. Kellogg introduced the honored guest as coming from "THE GREATEST NATION IN ALL HISTORY," and Minister Wu himself as "a man whose forefathers were well advanced in the arts and sciences when our forefathers were still cannibals."

Dr. Wu then arose and was greeted with an ovation from the audience, to which he responded with the friendliest of smiles and the assurance that it was a great pleasure to him to have the privilege of addressing them. "I am very glad," said he, "to have this opportunity of visiting this institution, of which I have heard a great deal, but which exceeds my fondest expectations. It is far more splendid than I had imagined, and its up-to-date appliances and the skilful manner in which it is all conducted are a tribute to its able guidance. The treatments which I have today for the first time enjoyed are adapted to recuperate, to fairly regenerate and give one renewed strength. We pay too little attention to the subject of health—to the care of our bodies. Health is of far more importance than

wealth. What does it benefit a man if he becomes a multimillionaire and is broken down in health? We devote too much time and energy to the acquiring of money and too little to the cultivation of health."

The speaker then told of how four years ago he became impressed with the fact that he was living improperly, through the reading of Mrs. (Senator) Henderson's book, "The Aristocracy of Health," and several books of Dr. Kellogg's. "At that time," he said, "I was frequently ill.

"I suffered a great deal from sciatica and other complaints. I had always been fond of meats. I drank tea, coffee, and wines and led a sedentary life. I became convinced that I had been doing wrong and I gave up the eating of meats and all rich foods, coffee, wine and even tea—the latter with tears in my eyes, for you know that tea is the Chinese national beverage. I at once began to get better and have since become entirely well. I have had many strong arguments brought to bear on me to influence me to revert to my old diet, but I have stood firm.

"I should be very sorry to leave this good earth at one hundred years," continued the speaker, and then glancing over his audience with a quizzical expression on his kindly face, he said: "I don't like to tell you how old I expect to live to be for fear you will be incredulous. But I see no reason why you may not all keep me company if you follow out the instructions of Dr. Kellogg here and live according to the principles of this institution. It has been proved by scientific authorities that man should live, if not indefinitely, at least one hundred or even two hundred years. It is quite reasonable. From our infancy the cells in our bodies are constantly being renewed—every eight or ten months we are really made young again. If it were not for this old race habit which sets old age at sixty or seventy, we should not think of giving up our activities and ceasing to enjoy life so soon.

*This article has already appeared in a weekly issue of this magazine, but assured that it will be of peculiar interest to our missionaries in China, it is reprinted in part.
"You must remember that the mind plays an important part in maintaining our health and life. Take my humble advice and get rid of this notion of old age; eliminate it from your vocabularies. Cease to worry and to fear; think youth and health. Do not allow any one to say to you, "'HOW OLD ARE YOU?"

I am quite willing to tell people how many years I have passed; for that is only experience—that is not age. You must all help me to convert the world into asking the question differently. Say, 'How many years young are you?' Think young things, keep cheerful, control your tempers, do not allow malice or envy to enter into your mind, for they poison the body. Accept the principle of universal love—for that is a high moral doctrine. Confucius, our Chinese philosopher, was once asked by one of his disciples, 'Master, if a man do a kindness to me, what should I requite him with?' The master answered, 'With kindness.' Then the disciple enquired, 'But if he has done me an injury?' The master replied: 'Do him justice.' Now I do not think the master went far enough.

"'I LIKE THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE of universal love much better. Follow it, if not for virtue's sake, for selfish reasons; for it will reflect on your own life and health.

"'Although China is an ancient and aristocratic nation, as asserted, and although her government is that of an absolute monarchy, she is practically the most democratic government in the world,'" he declared. "'In theory she is an absolute monarchy, but in practice she has to listen to the voice of the people, particularly as it is now expressed in the public press. Some of you who have been to China some years ago may still be judging her from that standpoint. That is a mistake.

"'CHINA HAS NOW AWAKENED; many reforms have been introduced and are being carried out. Where we were formerly conservative and shut out the world, we are now anxious to learn everything that is going on in the outer world. I am glad my government recalled me some six years ago to take up other employments, for I never would have believed, unless made cognizant by my own observation, what has taken place in the past few years. They are now waking up to the necessity for the establishment of a constitution. The people must be prepared for it to some extent, but that will come in time.' Here he took occasion to

RALLY THE WOMEN PRESENT
on the fact that they had not yet secured the right of franchise in this country, and laughingly predicted that the day might soon arrive when their Eastern sisters would outdo them in their efforts to secure equal privileges with the men. He paid a glowing tribute to the women of America and their superior mental
equipment, but adroitly refused to commit himself on the question of their representation in politics, but added that there was one profession which he felt they were eminently fitted to fill, and

THAT WAS THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

He made a warm appeal for as many as were medical students or already were practicing to consider the needs of China and go there to practice where there was a great opening. He closed with a word of advice to those who wish to live a long life, recommending pure food ("such as you get here at the Sanitarium"), pure air, and a pure mind controlled by healthy, cheerful thoughts. "Practice these things," he reassuringly, "and you will live to be a hundred years or more."

THE FRESHMAN CLASS AT THE AMERICAN MEDICAL MISSIONARY COLLEGE*

The group picture on the opposite page is composed of the students forming the Freshman Class of the college above referred to with a few exceptions.

Dr. Hartwell, fifty years missionary in China, makes a splendid center to the group. His daughter, next him, was born in China and served fifteen years as a missionary there. Dr. Harris, the Registrar, of the college, is on the right of the group, and Dr. Dowkontt, Chaplain of the college, is on the left. The one sitting next to Dr. Hartwell, on his left, Miss Gerow, has already served six years in India, and Mr. Rogers, who sits immediately in front of her is a new student, but entitled to enter the Sophomore class. Two students were not present, Mr. Seme, a Zulu, not having arrived, and one other absent.

The total number in the group is forty and is arranged as follows:—

First row, reading from left to right are:—
2. Mr. W. B. Lewis, United States, S. D. Baptist.
3. Mr. J. Bruce Young, United States, Presbyterian.
4. Mr. Nicolas Jaime, Mexico, Methodist.
5. Rev. Luther O. Rogers, United States, Methodist.
6. Mr. Fred E. Stokey, United States, Congregational.
Second row:—
1. Miss Donalda McKenzie, Canada, Presbyterian.
2. Miss F. M. Pearse, United States, Methodist.
3. Miss T. C. Snyder, United States, Methodist.
4. Miss Anna Hartwell, born in China, Southern Baptist.
6. Miss Katherine Gerow, Canada, Baptist.
7. Miss Mabel Woodside, United States, Congregational.
8. Miss Georgia A. Filley, United States, Methodist.
9. Miss Ruby Ketchum, United States, Congregational.
Third row, standing, are:—
1. Miss Bessie Willoughby, United States, Presbyterian.
2. Miss Barbara M. Nickey, United States, Brethren.
3. Miss Janette S. Bryant, United States, Episcopal.
4. Mrs. Laura M. Cottrell, United States, Brethren.
6. Miss Catherine Seager, United States, Union church.
7. Mrs. Katherine V. Tsecoff, Bulgaria, Congregational.
8. Mr. Ernest E. Brown, United States, Baptist.
9. Miss Addie Stanford, United States, Baptist.
10. Mr. Hall T. Capers, United States, Episcopalian.
11. Mrs. Grace B. Homman, United States, Methodist.
Fourth row, standing, are:—
1. Dr. George D. Dowkontt, Chaplain of College, Baptist.
2. Mr. B. G. Stephenson, Canada, Methodist.
4. Mr. Theodore Tsecoff, Bulgaria, Congregational.
5. Mr. Samuel F. Craig, United States, Presbyterian.
Those in the row in the rear, are:—
1. Mr. A. B. T. Winjum, Norway, Presbyterian.
2. Mr. James A. Orbison, United States, Presbyterian.
4. Mr. Charles N. Race, United States, Union.
5. Mr. Charles J. Stauffacher, United States, Methodist.
6. Mr. Roland A. Welch, United States, Free Methodist.
7. Mr. Theodore Kolvoord, United States, S. D. Baptist.
8. Dr. R. H. Harris, Registrar of the College.

* See paragraph on page 816 referring to the group.
FRESHMAN CLASS OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL MISSIONARY COLLEGE AND FOUR OTHERS AS NAMED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE
THE OPENING EXERCISES OF THE
AMERICAN MEDICAL MISSIONARY COLLEGE

The fourteenth year's session of the above named institution was opened with appropriate exercises in the Sanitarium chapel, on the evening of Sept. 15, 1908. Instrumental music was furnished by the Sanitarium orchestra, and Mr. George Black, of Battle Creek, rendered an acceptable vocal solo entitled "Beyond the Gates of Paradise." Pastor John A. Brunson offered prayer. Dr. J. H. Kellogg, president of the college, presided and delivered the introductory address to a large and attentive audience, speaking as follows:—

DR. J. H. KELLOGG

This is the fourteenth time the American Medical Missionary College has appeared in public to announce the beginning of an annual session. About twenty years ago the constituency of the Battle Creek Sanitarium recognized more fully than ever before the necessity for encouraging medical education to prepare Christian men and women to go out into the world to engage in Christian activity in medical lines. They voted to appropriate five thousand dollars a year to be employed in that way, and over thirty thousand dollars were used for that purpose. The number of applicants for the missionary medical course grew from year to year, and it became necessary to purchase and fit up a dormitory at Ann Arbor for the accommodation of our students. The number of students at one time was about twenty.

The number of students continued to increase, and the financial burden became so large that it had to be considered; and it was also found that the students did not get all the training that they required for their work. It was necessary to supplement their university work with a special course, and to organize a summer school at an expenditure of a considerable sum of money, as it was necessary to bring professors here from other cities to assist our students in getting the instruction which they were not able to get in their regular course, and which they required in order to fit them for the special and responsible work which they would be required to do in foreign fields, where they would find no consultant, where they would have to fit up their own laboratories and carry on their work independently. So in order to attain the ideal medical missionary education, it became apparent to our board that we would need to establish a medical school of our own if it were possible.

This was not the first idea of a medical missionary college. One hundred years ago a British naval officer residing in the West Indies, Admiral Codrington, saw the need for the special education of medical men who were going to be engaged in Christian work in the foreign mission field, and he left a sum of money to be used for the purpose of medical missionary education. We have a record of its having been left in the bequest, but it never was utilized in a medical missionary college. In fact, I do not know that there was a very serious attempt made toward the organization of a medical missionary college until Dr. Dowkontt came to this country from Liverpool where he had been connected with the medical missionary society of that city and a similar society in Edinburgh, which has done a great work in the education of medical missionaries, and came to New York for the purpose of establishing a similar work.

Dr. Dowkontt found difficulties in the way of carrying on the work after the plan of the Edinburgh institute, which was to provide a home for the students, to give them missionary training and some dispensary practice, and sometimes financial assistance, while taking their courses at regular medical schools. Medical missionaries were not always welcome in those schools and they were not very popular. He made an attempt to organize a medical college, and did all, certainly, that any man could do. I was visiting Chautauqua this year, where I was asked to give an address, and met Professor Dewey, who told me that he endeavored to co-operate with Dr. Dowkontt in his attempt to get a law through the New York legislature for the establishment of a medical missionary
college, and a number of times it seemed as if it had almost reached the point where the thing could be done. At that time Professor Dewey was the secretary of the New York State Board of Regents—probably the most influential man in education in the State,—a man who has done more to promote education than any other man in the State of New York, I might say, I think, than any other man in the United States; and he felt very sure that the medical missionary college would materialize. But just at the last moment he said there would come down upon them a bevy of doctors and knock the whole thing in the head. I think Dr. Dowkonnt remembers about that, as he often saw his pet schemes slaughtered. The doctors did not wish to have a Christian medical school; so after many years of baffling effort, the Doctor was compelled to acknowledge that it was impossible to organize and maintain such a thing as a Christian medical college in New York City. Some heathen land would have been a more favorable place. There seemed to be an opening in Philadelphia, and the Doctor made the attempt there; but again the doctors said, "We will head it off while it is young; we won’t let it get a start." Although Dr. Dowkonnt was backed up by a circle of friends in that city, there were men who rose up and said, "No, we don’t want such a thing as a Christian medical college; it would be an anomaly; it ought not to exist," so it was hindered again. I knew of the difficulties the Doctor was having, but at the same time there seemed to be an opening developing here.

When we began to talk about a medical college, I presumed we might have the same trouble. I thought I would go to headquarters first, so I wrote to the Secretary of the State board of health of Illinois and told him we proposed to organize a medical missionary college, and to my surprise he said, "We will do all we can to help you."

It seemed that Providence must be opening the way for us. So we decided to step into this open door. We told the board exactly what we wanted to do; told them we wanted their help about it, that we wanted to conform to all requirements, and to have a school they could fully endorse. They could not endorse the school until after they had seen the students, of course. But they said they would endorse as much as was good, and when our first class was ready for graduation, they would examine the students, and if they proved to be all right, they would give them certificates. Our first class appeared before them, and were pronounced the best class they had ever seen. The class all received high marks, notwithstanding the examination was the hardest the board had ever given any body of students, because they had decided to raise the standard of medical examinations, and they began with the American Medical Missionary College.

Our students all passed their examinations; and from that time to this 180 students have been graduated from the American Medical Missionary College. Nearly all of them have appeared before the Illinois State Board, and every single student who has appeared before that board has passed with creditable markings. So the College got started and upon its feet, and has been going on during these fourteen years. We have had tidal waves of threatening destruction, but the Lord has delivered us out of them all, and each wave has carried us a little farther on and a little higher up; so we are a little farther out of reach of such assaults. During the last year or two we have had a rather interesting time, but we have only had to wait to see what Providence would do for us, and I am glad to tell you that to-day the American Medical Missionary College stands upon a higher footing than it ever did before; and our standing seems to be assured to us so long as we hold up our present standards.

The announcement of the American Medical Missionary College which I hold in my hand has in it a special report made by the judiciary council of the American Medical College Association, and also a report from the Michigan State Board of Registration in Medicine. Now, these are the two highest authorities on medical education in the United States. The American Medical College Association
is the largest association of medical colleges in the world. There are sixty-odd colleges in this association. There are one hundred and sixty-six medical colleges in the United States, if I remember rightly, but only sixty of these schools are of such standing as to be considered worthy of recognition by the American Medical College Association. And the American Medical Missionary College is one of the schools recognized by the American Medical College Association, and it is rated as one of the first class, according to the report of the judicial council of the American Medical College Association.

This report was made after a searching investigation of the College, after the standing of the College had been called in question through some of those mistaken prejudices against Christian medical schools. And the attempt was seriously made to have our school discredited. But Providence was certainly on our side. Some men of authority in medical education were providentially placed where they became acquainted with the school, with the teachers, with the students, and with the work of the school. They did not hesitate to say that they had seen the work of the school, had minutely inquired into it, and gave it their full endorsement; and the result was that the Association by a special resolution gave the American Medical Missionary College its full and complete endorsement, which was more than could have been expected or asked.

I might refer to other steps taken by the Association to set the matter right, but the whole world may know that the American Medical Missionary College has the support of all the leading medical colleges of the United States embraced in the great American Medical College Association.

I might tell you how Providence wrought to bring to the notice of the very men who ought to have knowledge of our work, the work that is being done, and the character of the work, and that these men—the Michigan State Board of Registration in Medicine, which stands with the foremost of all the medical boards of the United States—have taken a stand which is of the very greatest advantage to this school. They came here, investigated the school, pronounced it absolutely first-class, and said, "We will stand by you; if it is necessary for you to take steps to maintain your standing, we shall be with you." There is not a bit of doubt about the standing of the school. This school is delivering all the instruction, and is affording all the facilities and advantages that could be required of any first-class medical school.

I am glad to tell you that we have now a sufficient endowment so that our school does not lack for funds; and if there were no income from the students, the College would be able to go on; for it is not dependent upon that source for its existence. In fact, the tuition from students, which is but fifty dollars a year, is only nominal. The actual cost of educating a student in the American Medical Missionary College was found, for the last year, to be two hundred and fifty dollars each. So you will see that the school is not depending upon its tuition fees.

There are three characteristics of the American Medical Missionary College that are emphasized in the teaching and equipment of the school, and its entire work. First, it is maintained for the education exclusively of medical missionaries. Nobody is desired to attend the American Medical Missionary College who has not resolved to devote his life to missionary work, and especially to foreign missionary work.

A gentleman called upon me last night and said, "I have three or four friends coming to the American Medical Missionary College, and they are going to start right in this year."

I said, "Is that so? Where are they? and who are they?"

"O, they are friends of mine," he said. "To what foreign field are they going?"

"They are not going to any foreign field."

"What do they intend to do?"

"O, they are going to engage in professional work, and to do good as they have opportunity."
I was obliged to say, "We can not receive them. The American Medical Missionary College is going to expend two hundred and fifty dollars for the education of each student next year, and the students are asked to pay but fifty dollars of that, and the two hundred dollars more is donated by somebody. Somebody has to furnish that two hundred dollars, and these friends of yours have no claims that I know of upon the beneficence of any board or anybody else. If they are going out to practice medicine anywhere they like, in any way they like, and for their own benefit, as well as for the benefit of the world, we can not receive them."

And I am glad to state that this is the position which the board intends to maintain sturdily—that nobody will be received in the American Medical Missionary College whose serious purpose is not to devote his life to medical missionary work, and especially to the foreign mission field.

The American Medical Missionary College is, second, a Christian school. Nothing else could be expected of a missionary school than that it should be Christian. The young men and women who come to it are expected to present evidence of a good, Christian character, and of Christian ideals and purposes and standards of life and if they do not maintain such an attitude in the school, of course they will be expected to drop out. Special pains will be taken to give students an opportunity to engage in missionary activities and any who do not seem to have any relish for it, who are always too busy with something else, will not be considered worthy to remain in the school. The two hundred dollars paid for every student to help him in his education here is an investment in missionary education; and the young man or young woman who is not ready to co-operate with that effort and that purpose, will not be considered to be a proper member of the College, and will be invited to go elsewhere. There is no ambition on the part of the faculty or of anybody else to build up the American Medical Missionary College as regards numbers, or to make it a great school. The ambition of most medical colleges is to become schools great in numbers. The purpose of the American Medical Missionary College is not to become great in numbers, but to be great in good works, to be great in Christian influence that shall go out from it; and its influence will not be magnified by multitude, nor encouraged in any way by a pseudo-Christian or a pseudo-missionary spirit. We want the real thing, and we believe we have it. I am very glad to feel that the students we had in our school last year, and the students who are coming in, are such as will maintain its Christian reputation.

One of the peculiarities of the American Medical Missionary College is that it is the only Christian medical college in the Christian world, so far as I know. It is true that in some heathen lands medical schools for the training of the natives have been established, but so far as I know there never has been established in any Christian land before this a Christian medical school. I am very hopeful that the effort that we have made to organize this school and to establish a solid foundation for it may not be in vain, that this work may go on, and that in the years to come, so long as medical colleges are needed, this school may continue to hold up the standard of Christian medical education. There is need for such a school. There is need that Christian ideals should be maintained and held up in the medical profession; and there certainly is a great opportunity for the American Medical Missionary College in this particular.

There is one more characteristic of the American Medical Missionary College that I wish briefly to mention, and that is that it is a school in which special emphasis is laid upon the class of remedies that are sometimes called physical, physiologic, or natural. The effort is to find out the natural way of life, the divine way; to find out how to co-operate with the divine Healer, through using the agencies which he himself has especially appointed— those so-called natural agencies which from the very beginning, before artificial methods were devised and worked out, existed in the very nature of things;—to
find out how to make the largest possible application of these measures and to apply them; and this seems particularly appropriate for a medical missionary college, because it gives the missionary an advantage—to have always at hand and to be able to make use of these remedies which are divinely appointed for the healing of suffering mankind.

The outlook for our College is better than it ever has been before. There have been very important additions made to our equipment; we have larger clinical advantages. In Chicago we have our dispensary in good running order, with a very excellent equipment and a large attendance. I received a report a day or two ago that the attendance at the dispensary in Chicago was over two thousand since the fifteenth of June. There are no other students in Chicago who have the wealth of opportunity for medical observation or study that the American Medical Missionary College affords. Our students have made an excellent record wherever they have appeared before medical examining boards. In an examination held recently, of the last class, by the Michigan State Board, students from three different schools existing in the State of Michigan were examined. One class attained an average of eighty-five per cent; another class, eighty-six per cent; another class made an average of ninety nearly ninety per cent; and this class was the American Medical Missionary College class. And one of those students obtained the highest standing that was ever accorded to any student by the Michigan State Board.

A student of the American Medical Missionary College has an opportunity to get all the instruction of all the kinds and of equal quality with the instruction given in any other medical school in the world, and, in addition to that, has the advantage of becoming thoroughly familiar with the special laboratory facilities and the clinical advantages of the Sanitarium, and the methods which are specially employed. We will now listen to Rev. Joseph Clark of the Congo.

MR. JOSEPH CLARK

MR. CHAIRMAN AND DEAR FRIENDS: I am delighted to have the opportunity of saying a few words to you to-night. I am not a medical doctor, but I have seen something of the work of the medical man in Central Africa and can greatly praise what has been done there by the medical missionary. I am sure that if I had life to begin again, I should like to do what some of these young folks are doing—study medicine for use in the foreign mission field. That is one of the things that I have longed for. The little knowledge that I have of medicine I received in Glasgow and in Edinburgh. I have found it of immense advantage, and I have only longed for more.

I have been asked, however, to-night, to speak to you a few words with regard to the Congo situation. This has reference, of course, to the story of the Congo atrocities,—that is, what has appeared so often in newspapers and magazines. I will not attempt to go into details, but I should like to say to you to-night, that if this were the last word I were to utter upon this earth, the stories you have read are true, absolutely true. I have myself seen, away up in the heart of Africa, the men and women who have been mutilated in order that the district should be terrorized, that the people remaining should be compelled to bring in more India rubber for the enrichment of King Leopold. I have not only seen men and women who have been mutilated, but I have had in my care even children who have been mutilated; and we have known of little children, too young to walk along with their captors, clubbed on the head, or thrown into the water and drowned. We have had the horror of seeing scores, aye, hundreds even, of dead bodies of those poor people who have been massacred that Leopold and his friends might be enriched. The little you have read in the newspapers or in the magazines has only touched the fringe of the subject, and there is a great deal more that might be told that, unfortunately, never can be told. But I would make one request of you here to-night, ladies and gentlemen: if there is any one thing you can do to help those poor African people to throw off the burden that has been imposed upon them almost directly by the action of the United States of America,
let me plead with you that you do it. There is one thing that I urge of all, and that is that you write letters to Secretary Root, in Washington, and urge him to stand by those people in the Congo Independent State, and refuse in the name of the United States of America to sanction any change taking place unless it restores liberties and rights to those people.

Twenty-eight years ago I went out to Central Africa as a missionary. Then there were about thirty million of men and women in the Congo Independent State, not one of whom knew anything of the God whom we worship and adore. They knew nothing of Jesus Christ, they knew nothing of a home beyond the grave; they did not even know of their own sinfulness. The missionaries went out with only one tool in their hands with which to work, and that was the Word of God, but they went out assured that Jesus Christ who had sent them would be with them, and would stand by them, for he who said, "Go," said also, "Lo, I am with you always." We were sure that his Word, the Gospel of our God, is the power of God unto salvation to every soul that believeth, even the soul residing in the black body of a poor African cannibal, and we have found it true. We went on preaching the gospel when we had learned the language of the people, and our hearts longed for the darkness to disappear and the day-dawn to rise. Why, it seemed sometimes to us that it never would come. Some of you who have in sickness waited for the morning, know something of the anxieties of the missionary and his longing for the time to come when the barriers which oppose him would break.

There we had the fetishism of Central Africa, the witch doctors and all their devilishness; there we had all the centuries of evil customs and evil thoughts that were piled up in the consciousness of these people, and of their lives. That had to break, and we had only this one seemingly feeble instrument with which to do it. But there came a time when God’s Holy Spirit breathed upon the hearts of these men and women. They were convinced of sin, of righteousness and of judgment, and they were swept into the kingdom of God. God’s mighty power was put forth; he used the seed we had sown in the hearts of these people, and men and women, even in cannibal Africa, were brought into the light, and to-day, what are they? I tell you, friends, to-day I thank God that I have seen something of heathen African Christianity. I thank God we can turn to it and find in it something of the standards we have here in this old Book.

We are Christians in this country—are we?—Well, we are in name, but are we in practice? Come out to Africa and we will show you some churches out there that represent what Christianity should be. We will show you men who have accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour; more than that—they have accepted Jesus Christ as their King; and what He says, they do. He has said to you, when you gave your hearts to him, "Ye are my witnesses," and to-night I would ask you, Are you witnessing for Jesus? Out in Africa they are. They realize that he has laid that demand upon them, and they glory in the opportunity. Out there you will find men and women laboring hard; they gather but little, and yet they are giving a tenth of their income to the Lord. You will find in the churches there not a man who smokes. You will find those who have given up their drink; you will find those who have given up their gambling, and those who have given up their dancing, because they have taken hold of the rule, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." These habits can not be carried on to the glory of God, so they must lay them aside with every other weight. Again, they have given up their polygamy, they have given up their slaves; that is, they have given up their riches, for nearly all they possessed was bound up in wives and slaves. That they might follow Jesus Christ, they have given up all those things.

So, it is with joy that I look upon the faces of some of these young men and women who are devoting themselves to the missionary cause. I would ask some of you who have sons and daughters, What are you to do with
them?, We speak some times of the money that is needed for missionary effort, for the carrying on of those missions that have been established in India, Africa, China, Japan, the Philippines, and South America; but there is something more than money needed. Your sons and your daughters are needed. Will you give them to the Lord Jesus? He is asking you for them. And some of you young people, I want you to reflect to-night, what is your relation to this great question? The time is coming when your life will be ended, and looking back over it, you may wish you had taken a different path from that you are taking. We are anxious to do great things for ourselves, but remember, man’s chief end is to glorify God; that is the purpose of his creation; and if you are seeking only to please yourself, to bring honor and riches to yourselves, you are forgetting what God wanted you to do when he created you. Perhaps among the young people here there is one who expects yet to be president of the United States, and possibly another one hopes to be a president’s wife. That is all very good; these are wonderful places of good, but there is something that is better, nobler still; that is to go out with Jesus, and to go wherever he would lead you, even if it were down in the slums of New York or Chicago, seeking to save the lost. I know if you put your hand in His, he will lead many of you out to those who are lost, that they may be found.

**DR. GEORGE D. DOWKONTT**

Just one word has been ringing in my mind as I have been sitting here this evening. My friend, Dr. Clark, has touched on it. It was the word *rejoice*. I have been doing that, though I have been sitting very quietly. I have been rejoicing in heart, but I have been seeing and hearing, and thinking what it has all meant, what it may yet mean. And my mind went to that fifteenth of Luke, when the publicans and sinners drew near the Master, and the scribes and Pharisees grumbled. I am glad they did. We may thank God for the grumblers sometimes, especially if it brings about such results, because it was their grumbling that led the Master to tell those three stories or parables, and we would never have known them, perhaps, but for that. The one was the lost piece of silver; another was the lost sheep; and the third was the wonderful story of the prodigal son. The keynote in them all is this word—rejoice. Likewise, said he, “I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth”—something that can happen on earth that touches heaven and increases the joy. But I think that joy must be increased to-night, more than over a single repentant sinner, when I consider the circumstances under which we are met. Here are perhaps *fifty young people* whose hearts have been touched and who have heard the call of God to go out and minister to the needs of suffering people and take the Gospel of the love of God to them. Surely the angels must rejoice at such a sight and such an occasion as this, and surely the heart of the Master Himself must rejoice; and our hearts ought to rejoice; and if the people to whom you young people shall go in a few years knew that you were here preparing to go out to help them and their suffering children and families with the knowledge you will get here of medicine and surgery, and also to tell them of the home beyond, where there shall be no more pain and no more suffering, where God shall wipe away all tears,—surely they would rejoice. There is reason, young friends, for you to rejoice, that God is giving you the privilege of doing the grandest work on earth; for I hold that there is no grander work on earth than that of the medical missionary,—no grander work than to be able to minister to the suffering body, and to bring relief to it, even as our dear friend, Dr. Kellogg, has to hundreds, if not even thousands, in this place, by operations and other means. But if, in addition to that, you are able to tell them about the great Physician, and point to him as the Saviour and Physician who can cure and heal the sin-sick soul and bring it at last to a haven beyond, then you have something to rejoice about. And I rejoice to-
night myself for the privilege that has been given to me, these last thirty-odd years, of engaging in this very work, and enabling others to engage in it and go forth, of which you have heard something from Dr. Kellogg to-night.

I rejoice more particularly, coming down to the present occasion, because I am here privileged to see an "opening" of one of the sessions of this college. I have attended three graduations, but this is the first opening session of this College I have been privileged to attend. I rejoice not only for the privilege of personally being here, but for what it means. Dr. Kellogg has told of the struggle that we put forth, and the effort, all in vain, in New York State, to get a charter for a college there. The effort made here, however, succeeded and I am privileged in these later years of my life to join hands with him, and together to rejoice, as we do to-night, in the facilities provided and the opportunities that are thus afforded to young men and women as never before, and I want to say that with emphasis—the privileges and opportunities and facilities that are provided by this institution are such as never before existed to enable young men and women to get a medical education for mission service. When I went to New York, nearly thirty years ago, the study of medicine as required by law embraced only two sessions at college out of three years of study. The fees were $150 a year. They gave us in New York City half rates so that it made the total cost of bringing a man through college $150 for fees. But to-day the lowest fees are $700 and more for the entire course of four years, and at the Columbia medical department $1,000 for fees alone, to bring a young man through, and no abatement of a dollar for a missionary at any college in New York City. That is what has driven us out of New York City, and has led me to come here; and our Society there, which still exists and will go on existing, is joining hands, through me personally and otherwise, with this institution in the helping of intending medical missionaries to obtain a medical education to fit them for mission service. The society there, which I was the means of organizing and with which I am still connected, will of course continue its existence and its work, but will co-operate as fully as possible with this institution in the way of helping the students who may attend it; and together working in this way to bring about the desired result.

Dr. Kellogg.—More than twenty-five years ago there came to this institution as a patient a lady whom we all recognized as being one of the most noble, dignified, and godly characters we had ever encountered, a woman I shall never forget. And you can hardly imagine my delight and surprise when a few months ago a gentleman just back from the Congo, a medical missionary, grasped my hand and told me his name, and I said to him, "Are you acquainted with Mrs. Dye of Ionia?" He said, "Yes, she was my grandmother." I am very delighted to present to you to-night Dr. Royal J. Dye, of the Congo, whose inspiring words I am sure will give us another uplift.

Dr. Royal J. Dye

I want to show you just a few pieces of the medical man's outfit from the Congo. This [holding it up] is a charm worn by a child to protect it from lung troubles, bought by the mother from the witch doctor, and claimed to be able to protect the child from serious lung troubles. We went to see the child when it was sick, and the mother told us about the charm. I said, "But it didn't work, did it?" "No, it didn't," she said, so she took it off and gave it to us. This [indicating] is a charm worn by people to protect from the rheumatism. It is made by the witch doctor with his secret compounds and nostrums. This article is a fetich. When a man has his hair combed, all the dustings are preserved very carefully, because if his enemy or the wife of his enemy should get hold of them, she would make a charm, and it would cause misfortune or death to come to that man. So he saves those dustings, and all the shavings when he is shaved. Then they are all given to the witch doctor, on special occasions when he wants a charm made to protect him from the curse of some man, and the charm is made from them.
This fétich is what the people worship; if they worship anything whatever, this is it. We have heard of no prayer being offered to this; they sing no hymn of praise to it; they bring no offering to it; it is simply fear. Fear worship is the highest type of worship that they know in the Congo region. Whenever a person is taken sick, the witch doctor is called in, and he rattles his bell and rattle fiercely and makes a great deal of noise and din trying to drive out the evil spirits, dancing around, beating on drums, planks, logs, and everything to drive out the evil spirits; and they believe if they make great enough noise, they will be able to drive out the evil spirits. That is the best they know.

When I was graduated from my medical course in New York, in which Dr. Dowkontt gave me no small assistance, which I am thankful to acknowledge here to-night, we went into the Congo to work as medical missionaries. The first thing we had to meet was the opposition of the witch doctor, and his opposition was no small factor. Mark, the young boy from the Congo, whom many of you have seen here, came here to learn English so that he may help us in the further translation of the Scripture. Mark's elder brother was a witch doctor of our section, and his father was a witch doctor before him. All the amulets, charms, trickeries, deceits, of the witch doctor had been in their hands. They would use these in every way possible to keep their people away from us. One man was taken sick with pneumonia, which is especially serious there because of the little they know about it. This witch doctor came and cursed the man because he was taking our medicines. He said, "I was going through the forest the other day, and I saw a fruit hanging there on a tree; and when that fruit drops, you will die." The sick man was frightened almost to death; he knew he was going to die—the witch doctor had cursed him. I tried in every way to get his courage back, but it was no use. I saw we had to do something to restore that man's faith, so we went to work. I put a big plaster down on his side where it could not possibly affect the lungs, and put it on thick. When I finished painting the plaster on him, I said: "We are going back to the house, and when the sun is down to a certain angle, we will come back again, and by that time there will be a great swelling there, a great tumor, and we are going to prick that tumor; and then the evil spirit will come out of you, and when that evil spirit is out of you, you will get well." You see we had to become witch doctors, too. It was a case of fighting fire with fire. We had to get a chance with that man, or else lose the little prestige and influence we had gained in our previous work. So we came back and pricked the enormous blister that had swelled up there, and took out a pint of serum. Then he shouted out, "O, the white man has conquered! The white man has conquered!" That was all that was necessary to get his confidence.

Again and again the witch doctor opposed us, but finally he himself became very much alarmed for his favorite wife, the one he had paid the most money for, and he came to us crying, "O, white man, help me quick, help me quick; my favorite wife is dying!" So we went down to help. Mrs. Dye went with me, and after about two hours of hard work we were able to relieve the woman, and to save her. Everything we did was a marvel to them; such things they had never seen before. When we came back, the old man trotted behind us carrying all the instruments and medicine cases along as if he were a little servant boy. He came up to the house, and after we had changed our clothes and taken the necessary bath after such an effort under such conditions, the old man still sat waiting for us, and we went out and sat down beside him. He said, "Well, it is no use for me practicing medicine here any more; this is your town. I don't know anything about medicine any way, and I am going out into the back country. These folks in the back country don't know you; and when they offer me money for my practice, I can not refuse it." So he gave up his practice there. That is but one of the victories our medical work has given us.

I might say as an incentive to these
students that in the Congo there are two large missionary societies, both of which are searching diligently for medical missionaries, and they can not get them in England. There may be a chance there for you to open up a practice in a large section of the country having no help except the witch doctors. Two hundred miles above us is the English Baptist Mission. The chief of that section of the country was ill with hernia, and there was considerable trouble on the part of the natives. They could not do anything for him, and the missionaries could do nothing for him. Finally they said in despair, "You must go to Bolenge." It had been dangerous to go between these countries, because of hostile feelings between the two sections. So they made that trip at a great deal of hazard. The hernia had strangulated already, and so we went to work immediately. The anesthetic was the first thing in the operation that surprised them; and as it was administered, they saw that their chief made no noise, produced no cry of pain. They were surprised. They thought he had fainted, and they jabbed him with a pin. He did not yell, so they went out into the town. I did not know what they were doing, as I did not know their language, and had no time to inquire; but they went out into the town, went up and down the streets for a couple of hours crying out that the white man had killed their chief, and saying, "Our chief is dead, our chief is dead." Then they came back to get the corpse, to take the chief home to bury him. In the meantime the operation was finished, and the chief was resuscitated, and they in great surprise saw him alive. Clapping their hands over their mouths, a sign of wonder, they shouted that the white man's doctor was greater than God. Their ignorance and simplicity was understandable. They went back home to their own station.

Two or three months afterward the wife of the English Baptist missionary was taken very sick with a peculiar fever. They tried all sorts of methods to cure her, but could not help her. They were not doctors, and they could not diagnose the fever at all; so they sent down to us for help. Dr. Wood, who had come to help us in the Congo and to take our place when we came home, had just arrived, so he went there to treat this missionary. He found the lady very sick, and that the fever was not malarial fever, but of another type entirely. As soon as the natives found out that a doctor from Bolenge had come, they drummed on their native drums and carried the message back into the forest far and near that the great white doctor from Bolenge had come. And in two or three days they had gathered together some three hundred sick natives in the compound of the mission, who waited there for treatment, and for miracles to be performed.

The missionaries had never before been able to get more than fifty or sixty people together at a time for missionary service. They exclaimed at that time, "O, if we only had a doctor here at our station!" Dr. Leighton said that if there was anything necessary to convince him of the value of medical missions, certainly he had seen it.

One woman cursed her children as they came to the mission to listen to the service; she had really disclaimed them because they had come to the mission for teaching. This old woman was really the Jezebel of our village. In every way she could she had hindered the message. Finally a granddaughter, of whom she was very fond, was taken sick, and the old woman in despair tried all her remedies in vain. She was groaning, and mourning, and sent to the witch doctors, but to no avail. Finally they said to her, "Why don't you call for the white doctor?" She said, "O, no, he would not come to me. I persecuted those that wanted to go for medicine; he would not come out to me, I am sure." Yes," they said, "he will be sure to come." She said, "I have done everything I can to prevent my people and my children going to him, so he won't come out to me, I am sure." About midnight they came. The old woman herself would not come up, but she gave them permission to call us. We went at once, of course, and took the medicines necessary. It was just plain colic, and we were able in a short time to relieve the condition. Soon the granddaughter said, "Grandmother, the pain
is almost gone." I sat there beside them, visiting with the people gathered in the house, talking with them, as was our usual custom. After we had waited a few moments longer, the girl straightened up, sat up on her bamboo couch, and said, "Grandmother, I am all well; the pain is all gone." The old woman came over and sat beside me on a stick of fire wood, looked up into my face and said, "White man, you do love us, don't you?" I said, "Yes, we do. We came here to try to tell you about Jesus, but you would not let us before. Now we want you to know all about it. We have come to teach you. God has taught us, and we have come to tell you, so you can know it; and that is all that we have been trying to tell your children—that God loves you." After a while the woman came up to the meetings. She would not dare to come into the door at first, because she was afraid we would steal her spirit away. After a long time, we got her inside, and later we had the joy of baptizing her, and leading her to the Master's feet.

So, young men and women, get this into your minds—there is no greater joy possible to you for your life's service than the joy of medical missionary service. Nothing can compare with it so far as I know,—nothing can give you the recompense, so far as I can find.

LIST OF ARTICLES SHOWN IN CUT ON OPPOSITE PAGE AND EXHIBITED BY DR. DYE AND DONATED TO THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY COLLEGE.

Numbers 1, 2, and 4 are articles of women's dress; indeed, each one forms a complete dress. No. 1 shows the original bustle. No. 3 is a tobacco pipe. The bowl is near the mouthpiece. The pipe is made of an ibe horn. No. 5 is a witch-doctor's bag in which he carries his trinkets to conjure by. No. 6 is a favorite fetich, consisting of a bit of tiger skin with some mysterious compound tied up in the part that resembles a head. No. 7 is a wristlet charm; 8 is a charm or fetich made of an antelope horn filled with some substances supposed to carry magical power. Nos. 9 and 10 are the witch-doctor's rattle and bell. The latter contains two iron balls for clappers. No. 11 is a bit of native rubber on the account of which the natives have so much to suffer; and 12 is the cash of the country, consisting of bent brass wires. Nos. 13, 14, and 15 are toilet articles, being, respectively, a comb, a razor, and a hairpin. The Kas-sat axe, sometimes used in executions, is number 16, and 17 is the regular executioner's axe. It is of steel; the handle is wound with hemp cord that has been charmed to prevent the passing of the evil spirit from the victim to the executioner. The circular blade is sharpened on both edges. If a blow fails to decapitate the man, he is brained at one stroke with the strong sharpened prog that projects from the other side. The axe represented here has been in actual use. Nos. 18 and 19 are a knife and its sheath; 20 is a native piano. The steel strips are made to vibrate with the fingers, and being of varied lengths, give off a series of sounds more or less musical according to the ear of the listener. No. 21 is the loin cloth of a man, and comprises his entire suit.

REV. J. H. MARTIN

I will detain you but for a moment. I have been in Battle Creek four or five days, and I have learned a good many things I did not know before, and unlearned some. But one of the things that has come home to me more than anything else is the evangelistic spirit of this place. Much as we marveled at the wonderful equipment of the institution, the evangelistic spirit impresses one here as something to thank God for; and I accept this institution, this College as a representative of that Spirit, as the effort of that Spirit to carry the knowledge of salvation to men. Now, I think I stand before you as a representative, as an example of the need of India for medical work. I am not a physician myself. I have been engaged in work in India for almost twenty years. Our work was to itinerate from village to village, and from community to community; and we were not doctors, and yet we always had to carry medicine.

When we would camp at a village, we would have to spend usually the first two
or three hours giving out medicine, yet we knew nothing about medicine. I supposed I ought not to confess this before these doctors, but we did it just the same. There is no law against it in India. We did a great deal of good, too. In some of those villages we found one hundred people had been buried in one season from malaria alone; and nowadays, when plague is so rife, some villages have as many as two hundred or three hundred deaths. We poor people had no knowledge of medicine except the little bit of grandmother knowledge we gathered up; nevertheless we were able to do a great deal of good. So I think I am a sort of proof to you that medical work is needed.

India is not the wild place, of course, that Africa is, and yet that work is needed. We look on medical work not merely as an evangelistic agency, but as an expression to man, as an expression to the people of India, of the love of Christ for them. It is a thing which we as Christian people owe to others—some way to manifest God's love to them; and there is no way I know which can so well express to man Christ's love for him as to carry to them means of healing, of cure for their diseases. India has a population, perhaps, of about 300,000,000. One hundred million of these people have never heard yet that there is such a thing as a Gospel. Young men and women, there is an opening for you in India, and
there is not only room for medical work, but room—I have been impressed with it especially,—room for the propagation of the ideas which we are getting here, not merely the curing of the body, but the producing of that best type of manhood, physical strength and physical power, which are so necessary to moral and spiritual power. So I rejoice to-night in the opportunity of praising God with you for this institution and for the opportunity you will perhaps, some of you, have to express the love of Christ for man in India.

REV. UCHIRO SASAMORE, OF JAPAN

I am very glad to be here. And I must congratulate the president, professors and students on so auspicious a beginning of their collegeyear. And especially I must congratulate the students for their privilege of preparing themselves in this well-equipped institution for the work of a medical missionary. In our country we haven’t many medical missionaries; but those we have are doing a wonderful work. I have no time to describe to you how they are succeeding in different lines, but I want just to give as an illustration my personal experience, how the medical missionary saved my home from heathen darkness to the light of the Gospel.

I was converted twenty-five years ago. I had several influences. The first was Sunday-school. I went to Sunday-school for the first time in order to get Bible picture cards. But in that picture card I read the first verse in the Bible that came to me; and that verse was, “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.” And, second, was the influence of Dr. Greene, one of the medical missionaries in Japan; and the third influence was the influence of my native pastor.

After going to Sunday-school, I studied the Gospel according to Mark, and the more I studied that gospel, the more I came to the conviction that I was a sinner and must be saved. One day I went to prayer meeting in our church, and in that prayer meeting my native preacher pointed at me, and said, “Brother Sasamore, if you want to become Christian and to be saved from sin, you better make a prayer to-night.” It was the greatest surprise to me, because I never made a prayer in my life; but he spoke in such a kindly way that my knees went down, and our people knelt down, and I made a prayer; and I can say to you that when I rose up from that prayer there came to my soul this blessed assurance that my sins were forgiven, and I experienced that spiritual peace that passeth all understanding.

But after my conversion I never thought of myself as becoming a preacher or a missionary; but at that time I was taken care of by my grandmother. My mother died when I was nine years old, and my grandmother was a grand old lady. She took care of us three boys, and we loved her as much as we loved our own mother; and one day after my conversion I went to this school, and while I was studying the lesson, I received a very short letter from my father, and I opened it, and my father said in that letter, “Your grandmother is dead; come home.” It was a great shock to me, and then I remembered that my mother died without hearing the Gospel of Christ; and so now my grandmother; and I never told her about the saving blood of Christ, about my experience. I was very sorry for it, and I ran from my school to my home, and when I went in there, I told my father, weeping, by the death-bed of my grandmother, and my brother; and they had no such confidence as you have for any such an occasion. There was no hope of blessed home in heaven; and if you had been with me there by the side of that death-bed, I am sure you would have been persuaded like me to bring this blessed Gospel of Christ to these perishing people. On that thing I prayed to God, and the more I prayed I felt the burden—“woe is me if I preach not the Gospel of Christ to my heathen people.”

So I came to America twenty-three years ago, and after preparing myself in the university for four years, I went back to my native country nineteen years
ago; and God blessed my work. But I have not time to tell you all these things. My brothers became Christians, and my stepmother and my sisters became Christians. As to my father, I prayed for him fourteen years since I became a Christian, but he was not converted; but eight years ago, through the influence of Dr. Schwartz, one of the medical missionaries to Japan, he accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour; and six years ago I went back to my old home after an absence of seven long years, and when I arrived there it was very late in the night; so I met my father and my stepmother, and my brothers and sisters and I went to bed, and early next morning my father came to my room and woke me up and told me to come down. So I went to the parlor, and there I saw no shrine which was dedicated to Shinto; there I saw no ancestor relics to worship. My father put all these things away, but in the place of them, there were Bibles and hymn books, and we sang the hymns, and my father read the Bible and offered prayer; and you can't imagine how much I was glad that the home had been transformed into a Christian home through the influence of one of our medical missionaries. So I can say to you, fellow-students, before I became a Christian, I saw Jesus Christ afar off. He was like a man among men; I never thought much about him, or thought of him as being one of the greatest men in the history of the world; but when I studied the Gospel of Mark from my native pastor, this personality became bigger; I thought He must be one of the sages, like Socrates, Buddha or Confucius; but when I approached still nearer to him, and when I accepted him and his doctrines and his teachings, he became before me as my Master and Lord; and through the service of missionary work I can say to you, He is just appearing to me still in grander personality, with more beautiful mind and character, and he is to me to-night the fairest of ten thousand to my soul; he is "the lily of the valley, the bright and morning star." And I look at this matter, and I am thankful that through the missionary work, through the service, I am able to see this glorious beauty of the divine-human personality of the Master. So I pray very earnestly that these students will prepare the best they can, and go with fire and earnestness to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to save many, many heathen people from the bondage of sin. And I wish that through your efforts, not only individuals, but homes and nations be brought
to accept our Master as the King of kings and Lord of Lords.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg.—I feel that we have made a very good beginning for this year's work. We have here the largest body of Christian medical students in the world. We have our large freshman class, I think numbering something over thirty, and I hope the missionary fervor that we feel to-night will go with us throughout the whole of the coming year. We have heard a call to-night from these great missionary fields of the world. Here is a representative from India that has given us a call; two from the Congo, in Africa, who have given us a most earnest invitation to go to help that land, and we have heard this last touching appeal from the native of Japan. I hope we shall never forget these remarks, but that this missionary spirit will grow and grow in our hearts; and remember, that if we are going to be missionaries by and by, we must be missionaries each and every day of our lives, and we will be missionaries if we really have a missionary call in our hearts.

The benediction was pronounced by Pastor Tenney.

THE STUDENT GROUP PICTURE ON PAGE 801

No less than eleven denominations are represented in the group, making indeed a varied company, but all fired with one purpose, to establish the kingdom of God in the earth. They will study and labor together here, and learn how to co-operate with others in loving sympathy on the mission field, a feature of their training that is invaluable to them and the work. The same might be said of nationality. Here are Americans, English, Canadians, Jamaicans, Bulgarians, a Norwegian, the Physical Director, and a native Zulu all living in peace and harmony because of oneness of purpose.

Lend a helping hand to another,
It will help you on your way,
And the heart of the weary brother
Will be gladdened through that day.

'Twas the Master said, 'Love one another,
'Tis a new commandment I give.'
Then obey it, and you, my brother,
In the light of His love shall live.'

In Madura, India, Dr. Harriet E. Parker has a hospital where she treated 18,000 patients last year.

'A smile, a word, a touch—
And they are easily given—
Yet each may win
A soul from sin,
Or smooth the way to heaven.
A smile may lighten the failing heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest dart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart;
How easily each is given.'

That dreaded African disease, 'sleeping sickness,' is said to have taken off 200,000 out of 300,000 people in one portion of Uganda.

OPPORTUNITY

As I pursue my pilgrim way,
One thought abideth, day by day,
As 'twere some winning song's refrain—
"I shall not pass this way again."

It bids me be as one whose trust
Discerns the pearl amidst the dust,
For hidden good so watchful, fair—
"I shall not pass this way again."

While thus reminded, I divine
My brother's need and make it mine.
Blest be the chance to soothe his pain!—
"I shall not pass this way again."

To do what gracious thing I may
Belongeth only to this day.
Here at my feet it once hath lain—
"I shall not pass this way again."

—James Buckham.

Miss Madeline Kohler and Mrs. M. R. Brogan of the Sanitarium domestic science department have recently left us for Porto Rico where they go to join the household of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Grief. This gentleman is very prominent in that island as manager of one of the largest sugar interests in the world. He was a patient at the Sanitarium for some time and became so favorable to the methods that he decided to introduce them to his own people. Mrs. J. E. Hanson, a Sanitarium nurse, is already with the family at their home.

There is no disappointment to those whose wills lie buried in the will of God.—Faber.
The American Medical Missionary College offers excellent advantages to those who desire to prepare themselves for work in Medical Missionary fields at home and abroad. Opportunity is afforded by this School for obtaining a thorough, practical Medical Education, and especially for attaining proficiency in the use of physiologic remedies.

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