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SEPTEMBER, 1913

EDITORIAL NOTES

It is a very great privilege to be able to present to our readers the excellent article on "The Opportunities of the Invalid" from so eminent authority as Professor Irving Fisher of Yale. Doctor Fisher fills an important place in the scientific circles of this country, and is devoting his life not to merely abstract philosophy, but to the solving of those practical problems which face humanity. Having passed through a most trying ordeal and triumphed in the struggle through simple conformity to natural and rational living, he is well qualified to counsel those who find themselves face to face with the serious ordeal of broken health. His eminent sense in these matters has been abundantly displayed in his work as chairman of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health, a position which he has filled with marked efficiency. The visits of Dr. Fisher and Mrs. Fisher to our institution are always received with great pleasure and profit.

Two more physicians who began their medical work in this institution, having the missionary field as their objective, are soon to depart for their chosen work in the Orient. These are Dr. A. R. Cottrell and wife, both of whom have been graduated in the medical course and have had two years of experience since. A note from them indicates that they expect to sail from New York the first of November for Bulsar, India, near the western coast, north of Bombay. These are devoted Christian workers and will with the divine blessing be of the greatest service to any mission to which they may go. We hope to have a call from them before their departure.

Rev. Howard H. Russell, D. D., the founder and head of the Anti-Saloon movement of this country, has spent several weeks at the Sanitarium this summer in company with his estimable wife. Dr. Russell has spoken to us on different occasions and always with acceptance. He is filled with courage and enthusiasm over the prospects of the temperance cause in our country and hopes large things from the movement to obtain country-wide prohibition through constitutional amendment. In a Sabbath discourse Doctor Russell made "A Lawyer’s Plea for the Christian
Faith, ' the speaker having followed the law profession for some years. The vivid contrasts drawn between the fruits of Christian faith and those of unbelief and infidelity made deep impressions upon the audience. It was clearly pointed out that Christianity was helping humanity to bear its burdens while infidelity offered neither hope nor comfort for those who are struggling with the adverse forces of evil.

Among the many notable guests which the summer vacation period brought to the Battle Creek Sanitarium for rest and recuperation was Rev. James H. Snowden, of Pittsburg, editor of the Presbyterian Banner, and professor in the Western Theological Seminary of that city. This was Dr. Snowden's first visit to the Sanitarium, and we are glad to believe that it was of mutual pleasure and profit. He preached on one occasion a most inspiring discourse on the accessibility of the Kingdom of God.

A lighted cigaret was carelessly thrown into a heap of cotton waste and the awful Asche fire in a skirt factory in New York was kindled, which destroyed the lives of one hundred and forty-seven helpless women workers. Another lighted cigaret was thrown into another heap of combustibles in an overall factory in Binghamton, and sixty-three lives were sacrificed to this senseless habit. A few months since a lighted cigaret was thrown from an observation car in or near a mountain pass in Southern California, and the resultant blaze devastated a vast region of forest and mountain including many of the gigantic redwoods which have a history of thousands of years. Homes were desolated, animals consumed, misery and ruin scattered broadcast over the country—all for a cigaret half smoked. If anyone is capable of discovering any good whatever in the use of tobacco, and if all the good ever done by the cigaret were condensed into a single story, it would not be very long, and the amount would not begin to compensate for one of these precious lives or offset more than the merest fraction of the ruin caused by these three cigarets? But great as these calamities are they only represent a very small fraction of the deadly work that is being done by this insidious enemy to life and usefulness, for whose existence there is no valid excuse, and yet in whose grasp the world seems to be so helpless.

The elimination of modesty and shame from our society circles prepares the way for the incoming of unspeakable conditions. The fact that our courts and police find it necessary to regulate the amount of clothing which women wear in order to prevent shameful exhibitions upon our streets and in public places; and that they must also needs prohibit certain forms of dancing that threaten to become popular, and which are of so disgraceful a character both in posture and movements as to shock the ordinary policeman, and to fill our civil guardians with apprehension as to what these things are likely to lead to, is alarming. The moralist can only see in these symptoms of the condition of society the gravest indications that the time is coming when the bottom will actually drop out of our social fabric and it will fall into a state that will outsodom Sodom and Gomorrah. We are compelled to say that these matters are but the outcroppings of a state of things that is positively astounding as it is seen by men who are more or less familiar with what men and women are doing.
One contributing circumstance to this corrupt state is the fact that the defenses of the youth which God designed should be thrown around them in the home are largely thrown down. Girls are left to the perils of the streets, and boys are allowed to run absolutely irresponsible for their associates or their conduct. The youth of the present generation are not willing to put up with any form of restraint, and rather than endure it will leave home. We do not make these statements without being conscious of the fact that there are many noble youths now-a-days who love their homes and love the Christian fold, and are devoting themselves to earnest work for the Master, but we deplore the prevalence of influences that are dragging our generation downward, and these influences are coming in like a flood. May the good Spirit of God lift up a standard against them.

The National Reform Association is publishing the reports delivered at the Second World's Christian Citizenship Conference, Portland, Oregon. These reports are on Intemperance, Immigration, The Family, Mormonism, Social Purity, Prison Reform, Peace, Capital and Labor, The Sabbath and The Bible in our Public Schools. These reports are full of valuable, up-to-date data, gathered after much time and as the result of much labor and in some instances the expenditure of considerable sums of money. The authentic information they contain makes them valuable for all who wish to be thoroughly informed on these matters of so much public interest. Address the National Reform Association, 603 Publication Bldg., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

The article on Personal Experiences in the Jerry McAuley and Yale Hope Missions, by W. F. Ellis, which we are able to present this month will be read with peculiar interest. The writer is a personal friend of ours; he speaks only from first-hand knowledge. His account of the conversion of McAuley and Hadley is not gathered from books, for he states that he has read none of the books that have been written on these themes, but came from personal observation and from what he has heard from original sources. They are extremely touching, and even more so is Mr. Ellis's allusions to his own experiences in coming out of the darkness and degradation of sottish drunkenness into the glorious liberty of the children of God. It is such work as this that commends the Gospel of Christ, and confirms the claim made for it many years ago, that "it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The love of Christ drew the demoniac to Jesus' feet in spite of the strongest protests of the demons by whom he had been held in such terrible bondage for many years. No man could tame him, he could not control himself, but the moment he came within the range of the love of Jesus, he felt a power of compassion that was far above the power that had so cruelly controlled him. So it was with Mr. Ellis. So it has been with thousands of lost men and women.

"THE SEA A WAY FOR THE RANSOMED TO PASS OVER"

God's ways are often inscrutable and beyond all reasoning. His logic is paradoxical to our methods and our thoughts. And yet, when all is over, and we stand where we can look back over the path through which we have been led, even with our limited understandings, we per-
receive that infinite wisdom and goodness have marked out the way.

The quotation which forms the heading of this article is an allusion to the passing of the children of Israel through the Red Sea. In starting out of Egypt the Lord turned the course of the people in a direction almost directly opposite that in which the promised land lay. He led them down the western shore of the arm of the sea when it would have been nearer to have gone by the eastern shore, and that would have obviated the necessity of a crossing of the sea. Purposely their way was made difficult and perplexing until they were actually hemmed in with insuperable difficulties. The Egyptian host behind, the sea in front, there was no possible escape or deliverance from any human point of view. Even Moses was prostrated with the prospect of destruction that met him at every point. He was told to arise from the ground and face the situation. The divine command was to “Go Forward.”

Down into the jaws of death they went —down into the valley of the shadow. The waves and the billows were over their heads, but the ground under their feet was dry. God was with them in that perilous passage, they emerged safely from that watery grave, and on the other side sang the song of deliverance. These thing happened unto them for examples, and are written and preserved for our admonition and encouragement. The experience at the Red Sea was typical of Christian experience, and is repeated over and over in our earthly pilgrimage. It is also typical of the final deliverance when there is no way of escape from the valley of the shadow of death, and the command comes to move forward, down into the cold waters. The way to the land of eternal life is through the gateway of death. To all human appearance the grave is the end of all. Into its dark recesses our loved ones disappear one by one. Thither, too, we are traveling pursued by the forces of dissolution and driven onward by a power that we can by no means resist. At last we come to the shore, and whither shall we turn? There is no escape; but as we step down over the brink, the waters divide, the ground is dry, the voice of our Shepherd says, “Fear not; I am with thee; ... when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.” And so the Christian pilgrim goes forward, saying, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.”

The prophet Elijah was permitted to avoid this dark valley and had a triumphant entrance upon the unseen world in a chariot of glory. But far more glorious than that will be the deliverance of God’s people from their graves at the coming of Christ.

The passing of the Red Sea marked the beginning of a new experience for God’s people. That was a dividing line between them and Egypt. Their bondage was now cut off and henceforth they were to be God’s freemen. Such they might always have been. So it is now, the vale of humility lies before the hill of honor; weakness is the prerequisite to strength; death is the forerunner of life; victory follows seeming defeat. Thus through all our experiences it is that God leads the way, and makes the depth of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over.
THE LOVING DISCIPLE

It is noticeable in reading the Scriptures that the writers keep their names and personalities in the background, and it is in these days a source of considerable uncertainty as to who wrote some portions of the Bible. But there is one clue that stands out prominently, and this is the fact that each writer was permitted to stamp his own individuality and character upon his work. This they did, unconsciously, presumably, but they did it invariably. From this fact we are able to gain some insight into the real heart and nature of the writer, and also to identify his writings in case he has written different portions of the Book.

The Apostle John has the quality of love indelibly graven on his work; and he is known as the "loving disciple," the "beloved disciple," or some other appellation signifying the character with which he is closely associated in the minds of all Bible readers. It is a very great distinction to be thus known. It is not usually laid up against him that he should be the only Biblical writer to allude to himself in this way. Like other Scriptural authors he avoided introducing himself by name, and yet it became necessary often to describe circumstances in which he was a principal actor, because he was so intimately associated with the life and work of the Master. He therefore speaks of "that disciple who leaned on Jesus' breast," "that disciple whom Jesus loved," etc.

It is noticeable that those who have conceived the faces of the apostles have always pictured John as a young man of feminine countenance with long hair hanging in ringlets over his shoulders. But it is in no wise likely that such a portrait represents the Apostle John as he looked in real life. The first intimation we have of his physiognomy is given in the name attached to him by the Lord when he named John and his brother, "Boanerges," "Sons of Thunder." Such a name does not comport with the face we see ascribed to John, and yet we can not doubt that Jesus selected a name that expressed his appreciation of the nature of these men. They were uncultured, rough fishermen, probably not yet in middle age, but not mere youths.

John came to the Master under the control and tuition of the Holy Spirit. He had been led into a much more intimate knowledge of Christ than he had ever gained in his personal association. His mind had been greatly enlarged, and his heart made very tender by the views he had seen of himself and by the visions he had gained of the matchless charms of Jesus Christ. He had been associated with Christ in sufferings, he had drunk very deeply of the spiritual fount, and had discovered depths of spiritual truths more profound than perhaps any of his associates.

These experiences had transformed the man and had filled him with such an inexpressible love for his Master and Lord that the love overflowed and spread abroad through all his work and life. There is no doubt that he began to drink from this fountain of spiritual water before the passion of his Saviour, probably at the last supper, and at the time when the Master arose from the table, and taking the towel and the water basin, began to wash and to wipe the feet of his disciples because they had felt too proud and too vain-glorious to do this act of hospitality to one another.

After that act there were no more disputings about who was greatest, envy and suspicion and bitterness were all washed away, for they needed not save to wash their feet and they were clean
THE OPPORTUNITIES OF THE INVALID

[An address at the Battle Creek Sanitarium by Irving Fisher, Ph. D., Professor of Political Economy in Yale University, and Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health.]

As you may have suspected, I have chosen this subject because it has a paradoxical sound. At first it seems that the invalid, of all persons, is the one whose opportunities are lessened, not increased, and yet, as one who has served a long apprenticeship in invalidism, I want to impress upon you that there are opportunities which the invalid has which few if any other persons do have. As Emerson says, “Life is full of compensations,” and the pity of it is that we often fail to appreciate our opportunities until they are gone. When I was ill with tuberculosis fourteen years ago, and had to give up my work at Yale for three years, I thought of my affliction as a loss of opportunity and of my life as a blighted life; but now as I look back I feel as though those three years were the most valuable in my life. They have opened up to me the doors of opportunities that I did not dream existed. My only regret is that I did not make full use of the opportunities I had during those three years. One object I have in speaking to you is to save some of you the misfortune of letting slip the golden opportunity which is now yours. In fact, if I should confess to you how far I fell short of the opportunities which I am going to try to picture briefly this afternoon, you would feel, as I feel, that my life should be considered not so much as an example as a warning.

An Invalid Has Many Opportunities

and first of all, and most paradoxical of all, is the opportunity to obtain health. Probably everyone within the sound of my voice, surely the great majority who hear me this afternoon, have the opportunity to obtain more health and vitality than you ever had before, or than you would have had if you had not been reduced to invalidism. I can do more work now in a given time than ever before in my life. The three worst years of my life, when I had tuberculosis, have been more than repaid with interest, even if I should not live another day, and I know that this is not as exceptional an experience as many of you may think. On the contrary, I can give many other examples. Some are among those who have had tuberculosis like myself, some are among those who have had other disabilities.

I remember a young doctor who obtained much of his education at this Sanitarium, who at one time was so ill in Colorado that he could scarcely drag himself from the porch out into the sunlight. The last time I saw Dr. Ossig he was running twenty-five miles for exercise! one of the healthiest men I ever
Professor Irving Fisher.

There was once a gentleman in Venice named

Luigi Cornaro,

of whom many of you have heard, who was born about 1493. He had ruined himself by intemperance, and at the age of thirty-seven he was told by his physician, who was apparently far ahead of his time, that he only had a few months to live unless he should change all his habits of living. He said: "You are a glutton. If you will not over-eat, if you will adopt the temperate life, you may live more than a few months." Cornaro felt that he had his choice either to go on as he had been going and commit suicide, or to right-about face and utilize the opportunities that had come to him because of his invalidism, brought upon him by his unhygienic habits of living. He chose the latter alternative. He lived to be 103, and when he was in the nineties he wrote a book called, "The Temperate Life," which I would advise you to read. It is a very excellent book, and very similar in its precepts to the principles you are taught at this institution.

Take another example. Some years ago on Long Island there was a boy who was timid and weak physically and his mates used to "plague" him. He made up his mind that it did not pay to be a weakling, and that if it was a possible thing, he would become strong. He got his stimulus entirely from the fact that he was a weakling. He took up horseback riding and the outdoor life, and gradually developed into an athlete. To-day, whatever else we think of Theodore Roosevelt, we always think of him as almost the personification of strength and courage, the exact opposite of what he was as a weak and timid boy.

Someone has said

If You Want to Live Long,
catch an incurable disease and get cured of it; and there is a world of wisdom in that. My own experience since I was an invalid, in trying to preach the gospel of health to other people, has taught me that the people who will listen are the people who are themselves somewhat ill. I have often talked to well people and said, "You ought to take care of your-
self. You ought to conserve the precious heritage of health that you have and not get yourself into the condition I was in."

"Oh," the man replies, "I am not bothering about that." Well people are deaf and blind to health admonition. But as soon as they find something is the matter with them they come around to me and say, "What was that you were telling us the other day? I didn't pay much attention to it then, but I want to know all about it now." That is the opportunity to him as well as to me for the passage of information from one mind to the other. So I emphasize the fact that most invalids, if they have sufficient self-control, enthusiasm, and knowledge, can use their invalidism to become the opposite of invalids.

A couple of years ago I met a gentleman who was very much interested in health problems and he said to me, not knowing my history, "You are the healthiest-looking man I ever saw and from what I know of your work I think you must be in the best of health."

"Well," I said, "perhaps I am. There is not very much the matter with me except that part of one lung is gone, and I have about two dozen decayed teeth, I have a somewhat bald head and gray hair and a number of other disabilities, and that is the reason I am so well." He said, "What do you mean?" "Why," I said, "formerly I never took care of myself. No one could induce me to take any interest in public health or in private health until I suddenly found that I had tuberculosis germs in my sputum. What that cost me taught me a lesson that I have never forgotten."

But the opportunity to get well is not the only opportunity invalids have, and if the truth must be told not all invalids are given this precious privilege. Yet there are other opportunities that are open to them. An invalid has the

Opportunity of Being Peculiarly Useful

whether he gets well or not. That is really the chief reason why I look back upon my three years of invalidism as having paid for themselves with interest. It is not so much the increase of my own vitality for my own selfish purposes, great and precious as that is, but it is more the feeling that whatever tuberculosis cost me has been saved to somebody else. Once in a while I hear of somebody who directly or indirectly has been helped through some of my humble efforts because he read or heard something of mine, and so had an examination and found that he caught himself just in time. Nothing gives me more satisfaction than when I find that the waste places in my life have been valuable to somebody else.

Disease is the most needless and the greatest waste that exists, and yet it needs the stimulus of disease to wipe disease off the map. Because there is so much tuberculosis, the anti-tuberculosis movement exists. Someone has said in regard to the alcohol movement, "If we are going to make the world sober we must first have the world drunk;" and the history of the alcohol movement seems to substantiate that statement.

Along in the 30's Sweden was a byword among the nations for drunkenness, but to-day it is a model of temperance. To-day you talk about the Gothenberg system, and point to the decrease in the use of alcohol in Sweden as the most remarkable case of the absolute success of the movement against alcohol the world has ever seen. The stimulus to that came from the great abuse of alcohol.

So I say there is an immense opportunity to the invalid to

Utilize the Waste of His Own Life
to save waste in other peoples' lives.
Many of you have heard of Dr. Trudeau, who now lives at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, and who has established a sanatorium nearby at a place which has since been called by his name. He started in this country, this great anti-tuberculosis movement. I have heard many physicians say, "I wish I had the opportunity of Trudeau," and yet Trudeau thought, when he came down with tuberculosis about forty years ago, that all his opportunities were gone. He went up in the woods and lay around in the logging camps trying to get well. At first, he tells me, he didn't think very much about other people getting well, but finally he
said, "Whether I get well or not, I understand this disease now, and am going to see what I can do to prevent other people getting it." And he set himself to work, alone as he was in the woods. Since then patients have gathered in thousands around him, and to-day there is nobody who has tuberculosis in this country but is in some measure indebted to Dr. Trudeau. Though he has had a life of invalidism, nevertheless he has had a splendid opportunity of usefulness.

Every person who recovers from a chronic illness

**Becomes a Sort of Missionary**

I am interested in a tuberculosis sanatorium twenty miles from New Haven, called Gaylord Farm Sanatorium. It belongs to the New Haven County Anti-Tuberculosis Association, and we value that institution not so much because it saves the lives of twenty or thirty people a year as because it saves the lives of a much larger number who are preached to by the graduates of this institution. Wherever they go they change the habits of living. Why, in a brass factory in Ansonia, the superintendent recently said, "All the workmen used to spit on the floor, and we used to have a great deal of tuberculosis; but since one of these men went to the Gaylord Farm Sanatorium and learned how to prevent tuberculosis and came back here, he has revolutionized the conditions in the shop."

In the same way I could speak of the opportunities of people who are here at this Sanatorium. Just as Dr. Trudeau is the head of the great tuberculosis movement, so this institution is the head of the great personal hygiene movement in this country. It has done more for this cause than any other agency. (And by the way, he who stands at the head of this work is an example of what I have said because, as a boy, he was himself something of an invalid and that gave him the opportunity to become well and strong, and the opportunity to impart the principles of health and strength to other people.) I can compare those of us who have had the good fortune to visit this institution whether as patients or as visitors, with those who go to a tuberculosis sanatorium.

**Our opportunity is to**

**Spread the Gospel of Health**

and personal hygiene which we have learned here, and that I believe is a very great opportunity. I am sure most of the people who leave this institution do not neglect to make use of that opportunity. There are, of course, some people who have not the opportunity of living to do this kind of work. And yet some people have an opportunity for usefulness even in the simple fact of losing their lives. In many ways the gospel saying is true that he who loses his life shall find it. The brave physicians who laid down their lives voluntarily in Cuba in order to save the lives of their fellow-men by discovering the cause of yellow fever were rendering a colossal service. I think that the most important monument at the Panama Canal ought to be a monument to Dr. Reed, Dr. Lazear, and the other men who laid down their lives in Cuba to make possible the building of the Panama Canal. Not that they knew that that was one of the objects of their sacrifices. They were after something much more important than that, making it possible to wipe out yellow fever from the world. These men were soldiers, and they had the spirit of the soldier who is willing to lay down his life for his country, and they had the spirit in a most practical way. You think perhaps this is rather far-fetched; but it is absolutely true. Every invalid is of some use to science, even if the result in his case is fatal to him.

This leads me to mark off a third kind of opportunity that is open to invalids, and that is

**The Opportunity of Heroism.**

It is a great thing to want to live longer, whether for ourselves or for other people. But there are some who really have to make the sacrifice and realize that they are not to live long. And it is open to those people to have some compensation for their illness. The opportunity to be brave is really a great opportunity. This
is the opportunity of every invalid, but it is an opportunity I missed for a long time. I saw men in Colorado Springs, who were nobler examples of soldier-ship to me than I had ever seen or read of, who were dying by inches and knew it, but carried a smile on their faces, and were always brave, and tried to be of use to their family and their friends. And I remember a very sweet woman at this institution the last time I visited it. She was suffering greatly all the time, and knew hers was a hopeless case, but she was the most complete example of cheerful serenity that I ever beheld. This is an opportunity that awaits us all, for misfortunes come to all.

I believe, as I say, that the majority, and probably every one within the sound of my voice, has the opportunity to live many years, in most cases longer than you would have lived if your attention had never been called to hygiene as it has been called by your illness and coming to the Battle Creek Sanitarium. But some day we all must go through the valley of the shadow, some day we must face the situation, and I feel like saying as in "Thanatopsis,"

"So live that when thy summons comes . . .
Thou go not like the galley slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon."

We ought not to think habitually of death, yet we ought sometimes to reflect that some day we must see whether we have the stamina to go through this last ordeal of life, and go through it like true men and women; and why should we not, when we have these lesser ills which people have who come here, make the most of our opportunities, in preparation so that when the times does come we are ready? We can say with the patriarch, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

That is What Religion is For,
to make us reconcile ourselves to the inevitable, to make us adjust ourselves to the conditions exactly as they are. Horace said, in his Satires, "Is it not strange we are always saying, 'If only we were somewhere else than where we are, or something else than what we are, how fine it would be.'" We are all envying somebody else. The young man envies the old man, the old man envies the young man, but a true philosophy of life teaches us we must adjust ourselves to conditions exactly as they are. There are always dark spots in our horizon. There is no one who has an environment and a life so completely to suit him that he is satisfied. The men who live on the Epicurean philosophy of trying to find an environment to suit them never are happy, because there is always something that they would like to have otherwise.

Rich People Are Sometimes the Most Discontented

of all because they fix their attention on the thing that is lacking instead of on the things that they have. If anything goes wrong they fix their attention on that. Consequently there is always something going wrong with a man living a complex life. The philosophy of life should be more like that of the Stoic who makes the most of his inner opportunities. Instead of complaining of his surroundings he tries to adjust himself to the surroundings exactly as they are. That is the only kind of philosophy that can carry us through the greatest trials of life.

I remember some verses of Henley's that helped me much when I was an invalid in Colorado Springs, and inclined to be somewhat melancholy. Henley was an invalid. He was in the hospital a great deal of the time and he wrote some poems there that are helpful and beautiful. I would advise you to read them. He said:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be,
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears,
Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.
CONTRIBUTIONS AND SELECTIONS

THE QUESTION BOX

Each Monday evening Dr. J. H. Kellogg, superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, holds a Question Box meeting with his patients. We give in this article some samples of these questions and their answers.

Question.—What is the business of the spleen?

Answer.—The spleen is a cemetery. All the tissues of the body are continually being renewed. The blood lasts about six weeks. It is sometimes said that the body is renewed every seven years, but most parts of it are renewed more often than that. Lord Bacon recommended everybody to be bled every spring to get rid of the bad blood and get a new lot. He thought the blood ought to be changed once a year, but nature does not wait a year to change the blood. The blood cells are dying and disappearing at the rate of eight million every second. A great number of these dead corpuscles must be floating through the veins and arteries, and if there were no way to dispose of them there would be serious consequences. The spleen is the provision made by nature for this work. The spleen contains large cells in which the dead blood corpuscles are seized upon and devoured. The liver also has something to do with the same business. The spleen has other functions. One function which it is supposed to possess is that as the spleen contracts rhythmically, by this contraction it moves the blood through the portal vein and helps to pump it through the liver.

Q.—Is gardening a healthful exercise?

A.—Gardening is the proper business of men and women too. The Bible tells us that when God made man he planted a garden and placed man in the garden to dress it and to keep it. There is something very beautiful about that, because it shows us the ideal life. At the time that Book was written the prevailing idea was that an agricultural life, close to nature, in the midst of the growing plants, the blooming flowers, and the golden fruit was the ideal life. I am looking forward to a time when agriculture is to be the aristocratic vocation. Agriculture is the one thing that never is going to be overdone. The price of everything that is raised from the soil is sure to increase. The people who are the most worth while, the men that have the cleanest and best blood, from which great genius comes, are from the country. Take note of great men, men that have made their mark in finance, statesmanship, or any other calling and in nine cases out of ten you will find they came from the soil, or their parents did. That is where the strongest men are made. When we get away from the natural life we begin to deteriorate. The average family that goes to the city is degenerated and gone in three generations.

Q.—What is the cause of uremic poisoning?

A.—It is the failure of the kidneys to eliminate from the body the poisons which are developed in the tissues. These poisons are greatly increased by a flesh diet. When one eats the tissues of another animal he adds to the poisons formed in his own body, the poisons of the other animal's body, and that may mean considerable. Every animal that dies, dies of poisoning, no matter in what form death comes. The accumulation of carbonic acid gas in the body destroys the body. One who is smothered in a fire dies of poisoning, not simply by the poisoning of smoke, but by the emanations of the body that can not get out. A man who is hanged really dies of poisoning. An animal that is shot through the head is not really dead until it dies of poisoning. Actual death occurs only when each individual tissue of the body is dead. When a chicken's head is cut off, the chicken is not dead in a biologic sense, for some time. When an animal receives a fatal stroke the flesh is still alive, and it remains alive until the poisons around each little cell and fiber have accumulated to such a degree that each individual cell is killed by the poison in its own vicinity. This is uremic poisoning. That is what makes absolute, complete death and then decomposition begins. And it is because of
the accumulation of these poisons in dead flesh that flesh foods are so very productive of uremic poisoning.

Q.—What is the best remedy for catarrh of the nose?

A.—Go to a nose specialist and find out what is the trouble with your nose. It may be some little obstruction will be found that can be remedied, which will give almost immediate relief. There is no snuff or lotion, or anything of that kind, that can be introduced into the nose and cure chronic catarrh. The one and important thing to be done is to build up the general vital resistance, make one's self stronger and more vigorous. Get cleaner blood. It is important that the bowels should be made to move actively as this will do more to relieve catarrh than any other thing that I know of.

Q.—What is the effect of anger on the system?

A.—Poisonous. One cannot afford to be angry. The man who gets angry does himself great harm. In a state of anger poison is generated and circulated in the blood. I know this by a circumstance that has occurred many times. A nursing mother becomes violently angry and her baby goes into convulsions. It was the poison in the mother's milk that produced that effect. That poison came from the mother's blood. The baby was poisoned, but the mother was poisoned first. One can not afford to be angry or to be habitually in a state of vexation, or jealousy, or worry. They all produce similar effects, and they are pernicious; they generate poisons in the body that are deadly.

Q.—What do you do for baldheadedness?

A.—About the only thing I know of is to pretend not to notice it. I am beginning to be somewhat sensitive on that subject myself. Please do not ask too many questions about it.

Q.—What is the principal cause of rheumatism?

A.—Infection. The probability is, that germs are taken into the body, sometimes through one channel, and sometimes through another, and these germs take possession of the joints, grow and develop there and produce the sufferings and mal-formations that accompany rheumatism. These germs enter in through the throat, through the bowels. We know that they can come in through those different channels and probably through others. Acute rheumatism is an infectious disease. There are several different germs that will produce acute rheumatism.

Q.—Can persons suffering from rheumatism be cured?

A.—I am very glad to say, yes; in a modified way. We are able to do more for rheumatism by a combination of remedies than by any one thing alone. Hot baths will not cure rheumatism; diet will not cure rheumatism. Radium sometimes works wonders with rheumatism, but it can not be trusted alone. If we are going to deal with rheumatism we must bring to bear all the different things we can possibly use in every given case, everything available to help that case. It is necessary to fire a broadside at the enemy, so to speak, in order to drive him out. In all cases of chronic rheumatism there is more or less disturbance of the metabolism. Consequently the diet must be regulated; the blood must be improved; the general vital resistance must be built up; the muscles must be improved.

One of the greatest difficulties with the hot bath is that it produces a depressing effect upon the system. Cold water is more beneficial in rheumatism than hot water, but it is difficult to use this means because it increases the pain, so there must be an ingenious and very carefully managed combination of hot and cold so as to get the eliminating and the relaxing and pain-relieving effect of the heat, and at the same time the tonic effect of the cold. The best thing we have discovered yet for relieving the pain of rheumatism, is diathermy. It is an application of wireless electricity. We have a wireless station in this city, and the man who has charge of this station said to me the other day, 'When you are running your electrical
apparatus up in the Sanitarium, I can hear it on my instrument." It is very remarkable that the waves that are produced in diathermy are the same as those in wireless telegraphy. They have been utilized for therapeutic purposes and it is a remarkable fact that these waves go through the heavy walls of this building and the moment the instrument starts he can hear it through his instrument at the wireless station. This wonderful electrical current has been utilized in the relief of pain through the discoveries of Dr. Nagelschmidt of Berlin. In the body this current is converted into heat, so we have the benefit of the heat, not only upon the surface, but deep down in the tissues where it is greatly needed. I don't know of any discovery that is more useful than this.

Radium is valuable also. Last year I visited Joachimsthal in Bohemia, the headquarters for radium. They have a great radium spring and hundreds of people come there from all over the world to be treated for rheumatism. Dr. Daoutwiatz, the government physician, told me that eighty per cent of all the people who came were cured even of chronic cases. They were cured of all their stiffness and cured of pain and made able to use their limbs and go about and live very comfortably. We have found in the use of radium for over a year some very remarkable results.

Q.—What will remove liver spots?
A.—The most important thing is to adopt a non-toxic diet. Discard flesh foods of all kinds, because these liver spots are deposits of brenz catechin, a brown coloring matter produced by decomposition of animal protein. Sometimes they can be removed with very light applications of frozen carbonic acid gas.

Q.—What is the cause of ether pneumonia after a surgical operation?
A.—Infection by drawing down the germs of pneumonia through the mouth into the lungs, and the lowered vital resistance that occurs at this time. We do not have ether pneumonia in our surgical ward, and the reason we do not is because the patient who is to have an operation has his teeth and mouth thoroughly cleansed twenty-four hours before going into the operating room and he keeps cinnamon water in his mouth so there are no germs growing there. Then we begin treating him for pneumonia before he goes to the operating room. He has fomentations, heating compresses on his chest, and every five minutes during the operation this compress is changed, and for three days after the operation he has fomentations and heating compresses on his chest. We treat him just as though he had pneumonia with the idea that if we turn the hose on the house before it gets afire it is not likely to get afire.

Q.—Is there any remedy for food backing up into the lower bowel, that is, for an incompetent ileocecal valve?
A.—Yes. The palliative remedy is to make your diet so clean and wholesome that no great harm will come if there is a backing up. Keep the colon so empty and in such a wholesome condition that there will be no putrefaction in the colon and no formation of poisons there even if there is a return into the small intestine; and the next thing, if the case is one that requires it, is to employ an operation by which the valve may be repaired. We have performed this operation quite a number of times and with entire success. The valve can be repaired if it has become incompetent but cases requiring this certainly must be very rare. The only cases in which we have operated are cases in which it was necessary to operate for something else.

Q.—What is the difference between diabetes and digestive glycosuria?
A.—Glycosuria is a temporary condition which may be due to taking an excess of carbohydrates. Almost anybody can get glycosuria, which means sugar in the urine, by taking a large amount of sugar. Diabetes is a condition in which there is sugar in the urine even when one takes only the ordinary amount of carbohydrates, starch or sugar, sometimes when he takes none at all.
Q.—What is the cause of appendicitis?
A.—Infection of the appendix extending from the bowel into the appendix. The trouble begins in the colon.

Q.—How did you happen to become a vegetarian?
A.—The thing that made me a vegetarian was reading a statement by Cuvier, the great French naturalist, to this effect: Man has teeth and an alimentary canal and other structures like those of the monkey; that the monkey is frugivorous, lives upon a diet of nuts, fruits and soft grains, and that man’s natural diet is that of the monkey. I said it would be worth while to try it, so I have been trying it for forty-seven years and I am still very much in favor of it.

Q.—How does Yogurt buttermilk benefit the body?
A.—By helping to drive out the unfriendly germs, the wild germs that grow in the body and produce putrefaction. Yogurt buttermilk makes it impossible for these germs to grow. We have in our cooking school department a beefsteak which was put into some Yogurt buttermilk five years ago next June and that beefsteak is in perfect condition, not the slightest taint about it. It has been submerged in Yogurt buttermilk for five years. The germs which produce decay can not grow in the presence of lactic acid which is present in Yogurt buttermilk particularly.

Q.—What is your estimate of fear and worry as enemies of human beings as regards our many ailments?
A.—I think bad habits are our worst enemies, but there can be no question at all that fear and worry are very important factors in keeping sick people down. I remember many cases in which people have come here who did not really have anything serious the matter but were simply scared. They were haunted by ghosts of maladies they did not have. It is not necessary to have fear and worry. If you are sick the probability is you have been doing something which was not the right thing to do. You should find out the right road to health and then resolutely set out to travel that road and determine to be well,—to have all the health that is coming to you. A great many people stop short of what they are entitled to. You want all the health that belongs to you and if you set your face earnestly, steadfastly healthward, you may be sure you have all the powers in the universe working to help you.

Mr. Jacob Riis said here the other night, that he never became discouraged, he was always sure he was going to succeed in his philanthropic efforts because he felt the great Power that made the earth, that upholds the universe, was behind him and ready to work with him and was working for him. Every man who is sick and has turned his face healthward, and has turned his back upon the wrong habits of living and determined to seek health in a legitimate and rational way, can be absolutely certain that he has the powers of the universe working with him.

You must fix your faith on something besides your doctor. If you expect the Sanitarium to cure you, you have plenty of cause for worry, but there is a greater Power that is working for the sick man. The same Power that made us is still in us and is working for us. When we go to bed at night we do not have to make some arrangement to keep our hearts and lungs going while we are asleep. Our hearts and lungs keep working and we wake up in the morning refreshed and these wonderful functions have been going on while we were asleep, because there is One who never slumbers nor sleeps, who is speaking to that heart each moment. Every impulse of that heart is the result of a divine command, and when we realize that there is such a power working within us and working for us, it gives us an endless amount of courage. All we have to do is to set ourselves on the side of Omnipotence and say we are going to do right,—eat right, exercise right, and to do everything we know that will help us along healthward. Then we must trust to the Power that made us to do the very best thing that can possibly be done for us.
The fame of Berea College is worldwide, and yet there are comparatively few who have any intimate acquaintance with the institution or the scope of its work. It should be better known, and that it may be is the object of this sketch. Berea, Madison County, Kentucky, is a village of less than one thousand people, and is the seat of Berea College. Its location is one hundred and thirty miles south of Cincinnati, and forty-five miles east of Lexington. The school had its origin in 1854 when it was founded by Rev. John G. Fee, who at the request of General Cassius M. Clay, in the previous year founded an anti-slavery church and community, to which the name Berea was given. The people of Kentucky were divided upon the question of slavery, and among her most noted citizens were some who disowned the system and worked for its discontinuance, although, perhaps, by inheritance they were slave-owners.

The first principal of the school was John A. R. Rogers, and from the outset the school was beset with persecution, but it was carried on until the Civil War made the closing of it a temporary expedience. At the close of the war the school was rehabilitated, and opened its doors to children of both races, thus exposing itself again to the violent disapproval of a large portion of the community. Many and severe were the struggles through which the institution passed in maintaining its declared purpose to give to the poor youth, without discrimination of race or social standing, the privileges of a practical education. At last, the question of the co-education of the races was settled by the legislature, and the colored students were separated from the school. Their education was turned over to Lincoln Institute which was established for this purpose, and is located near Louisville.

It will be interesting to note some of the objects that were uppermost in the minds of those who established Berea College. The school is distinctly Christian, but undenominational. It was founded with the purpose of making the best education obtainable by those of the most limited means. It holds that manual labor is, and should be made, a part of education, and the children of wealthy parents are required to bear their share of this branch of instruction. Special care is taken of the bodily health and habits of the pupils. The use of tobacco and intoxicants is strictly debarred.

From the very beginning the educa-
tion of the people who inhabit the mountain regions of Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee was in the minds of the promoters. General attention is just now being attracted to this unique people, more than ever before. They inhabit the mountainous portions of the Virginias and Carolinas, of Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky, and constitute a numerous community, sustaining many peculiarities which distinguish them from other communities. Their almost complete isolation has given them these peculiarities of speech and custom, as well as their characteristic tendencies and temper.

They are the direct descendants of the earliest settlers of this continent who were pressed out of their original homes in the British Isles by persecution, and settling near the coast in the New World were again compelled to take refuge in the fastnesses of the mountain region. This region has never been made accessible by the many means of communication and travel which have been introduced with the progress of civilization, and consequently these mountaineers have remained undisturbed by many of the prevailing currents of popular and political life. They have never chased the fashions or copied the manners of Paris. They have handed down from generation to generation distinct traces of an ancient aristocracy in which pride and dignity were prominent. They have their own code of propriety, and are not at all reluctant to take up the defence of their own rights and honor. Deprived of schools and of all means of social progress, they have fallen in arrears in the march of progress, and while they have escaped many things not for their good, they have also missed many opportunities that would have been for their good had they been brought to them.

With this large class of worthy people in mind, Berea College was planted on the border line between the famous Blue Grass Region, the fertile plains of central Kentucky, and the mountainous regions in which this peculiar people live. A general invitation was extended to youth of all classes who felt the need of the advantages that Berea had to offer, but there was a distinct leaning toward the young people of the mountains. For the past twenty years Dr. William Goodell Frost has stood at the head of this work, and his attention has been largely given to this class of people. Others are by no means excluded, and students are to be found in Berea from many states of the Union, but the hand of welcome is partic-
CONTRIBUTIONS AND SELECTIONS

ularly extended to the young men and the young women from the hills.

The work has had a remarkable career. It has attracted the attention of many prominent men who have aided in its promotion. The character of the work undertaken, as well as the quality of the work that is actually being done, is such as to meet the approval of all who love mankind, and who have any appreciation of the real value that is inherent in those people of the mountain fastnesses. To the outside world they are largely known as "Moonshiners" and feudists. They are handy with their rifles, and human life is easily forfeited among them, as we should judge. But back of these manifestations of viciousness may there not be an innate sense of dignity and independence that, if educated and cultured by Christian principles, may produce grand characteristics?

The institution now has a village of its own comprising, not less than thirty buildings of different capacities and for different purposes. The dining rooms accommodate nine hundred persons at one sitting. The chapel seats 1,400 persons. The Carnegie Library, the gift of Andrew Carnegie, cost $40,000 and contains over 26,000 volumes. The Men's Industrial Building is 182 feet in length, and three stories high.

In regard to the organization of the work we clip the following from the catalogue of the College:

Seven Schools in One

Berea College is the corporate name of this Institution. It embraces several different schools or departments with varied courses of instruction, and is thus prepared to offer to each student an education of greater or less extent, and of the particular kind best adapted to his needs and life-plans.

The College, with four courses of study, provides that "liberal education" which is the amplest preparation for the work of life or for professional study.

The Normal School, with three courses of study, provides the most thorough preparation for teaching. The Berea Normal School is distinguished for its special adaptations for rural schools.

The Normal School also manages a "Model School" of children under fifteen, residing with their parents in Berea, which serves for observation and practice for students of the Normal School.

The Academy has three courses which fit students

The Home of a Mountaineer.
for entrance to college, and one course which affords for those who do not plan for college the best immediate preparation for life.

The Vocational Schools—Mountain Agriculture, Home Science and the like—provide mental training and general information together with practical instruction in the arts of life, thus fitting their students most promptly for increased efficiency and good citizenship.

The Foundation School provides for young people above fifteen years of age instruction of a superior kind in the common branches combined with music, drawing, Bible study, and industrial training. It thus affords for some a preparation for the Vocational Schools, the Academy or the Normal School, and for others an immediate preparation for self-help and good citizenship.

The Extension Department sends out traveling libraries, and conducts teachers' institutes, peoples' institutes, and religious meetings as it finds opportunity through Eastern Kentucky and adjoining states.

The Music Department provides instruction in singing, in the use of the cabinet organ and the piano, which may be taken by students in all departments, but does not accept students for music alone.

Who can even estimate the grand total of good that comes and will come to the end of time from such noble undertakings? That such beneficent institutions can exist and can prosper and do their work for humanity is a hopeful sign of the future. Extension work is carried on in the mountain communities in the form of meetings that are more or less evangelistic in character, and for this purpose tents are frequently employed and a competent company of workers are sent forth who do public and from house-to-house work encouraging the people to an effort in behalf of the education of their children and the bringing in of better conditions.
THE YOUNG GIANTS OF THE BALKANS

[This is an abstract of an address by Miss Ellen M. Stone who was captured and held in captivity by brigands in European Turkey. The address was delivered at the Medical Missionary Conference held in this city last New Year.—EDITOR.]

We have heard the call of our Master, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." It was that call, my dear friends, that, thirty-four years ago, sent me out from home and beautiful, delightful, soul-satisfying work in Boston in connection with a religious weekly, to a home and work in Bulgaria for twenty years, and following that, for a brief time in Turkey itself, where I was to know as no other American has ever had to know, the blackness of the curse that was upon that land, from

The Curse of Brigandage

that had never been put down within it. My heart is strangely moved as I meet here and there those who belong to our own people from the other side, but who, believing as they do that they are following the guiding hand of God, have come to this institution to prepare in one way and another for larger service over in those lands which are now rent and torn. God grant that the desires of these young people here in Battle Creek be realized, that a new baptism of the Spirit of God come upon them, even during the days of this Conference, until they go back to their Macedonia and Albania to be nobler, truer, better, for the work that they have to do, than they could have been if they had never come here.

During these days of this year my thoughts go back every day of the week to what was taking place a number of years ago on just exactly these days in the new year, and days that have just preceded, when two of us were very weary of the black earth, dark and cold, in some subterranean storage place, into which brigands had then thrust us. The condition of things in that dark land was exactly foreshadowed by the prophet when he said, "Behold darkness shall cover the land, and gross darkness the people." But how could it be endured through all the centuries of oppression which they have endured? Just down there in Southeast Europe, and just next to free Montenegro and Servia, Bulgaria, and the rest of Europe,—to think that there the people were so enslaved that it was possible that such blackness and desolation should be upon one who was from a free land, who was under treaties between the government of her own land and the government of the land in which we lay suffering! We went there as the representative of the most favored nation. But thank God for that other splendid word of assurance, "The Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee."

These Balkan states are

The Youngest of the Nations

of the earth. They have been struggling to be born, and now it seems is coming to them in God's own time, actual life. We thought four and a half years ago, when we read in the papers of the granting of the constitution to Turkey, which,
thirty-two years before, had been taken away from the people and laid upon the shelf by Abdul Hamid, who had arrogated to himself absolute power,—we thought that day had come then, but it was only the faint dawning of light from far away. Then the clouds came and new terrors came into the eyes of those people, who had been greatly rejoicing with a joy unutterable, as they saw that it was not to be the full day as they believed it would be. They were again reminded of the awful sufferings of the past until some were saying that the Young Turk party was even worse for them in their awful oppressions, in the terrible murders and massacres going on in the interior of Macedonia and Albania, than was the day of the old Turk.

It is nearly five hundred years since the Moslem first succeeded in his repeated attempts to cross the Bosphorus where he at last succeeded in planting the standard of the Crescent on the soil of Europe. At the beginning of the last century he had been driven back to the south of the Danube, with the exception of Roumania, just to the north. At the beginning of the last century, all of the Balkan peninsula was under the control of the Moslem.

Early in the Nineteenth Century

the Greek nation gathered itself together. Lord Byron, in Great Britain, felt his young soul burning within him to have a share in helping those people to gain their independence. Our own Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Boston, the husband of Julia Ward Howe, flung his young impetuous life into the struggle, and the result was the freedom of the Greeks. Then came Servia and little Montenegro, brave Montenegro with its 225,000 people only. The independence of Bulgaria was gained in 1878, through the influence of Russia.

In 1879, three years after an awful massacre there, I went out there for the first time. There went with me a young student from our theological institute, a young girl, who but eight months before had been graduated from our school; and an older woman to remain and chaperon that young girl in this village to which I was going. It was a massacre of five thousand people in one day in that town three years before, which had brought the Russo-Turkish war. As I was there a few days, the chief men of the village came and talked with this young girl who was to remain to be their Bible woman, and reminded her that she had been their interpreter for the British nurses only a few years before. I would say to her, “Tell me what they said to you. I could not understand it all.” I had been only a few months in the land. She shook her head and said, “It is too awful.” My hostess was a widow whose husband had gone out at the head of the people of the village when they had been deceived and left weaponless by a treacherous Turk.

When the Mohammedans pressed on and conquered one nation after another, as they conquered the Bulgarians, as they conquered the Servians and the Greeks also, they

Prohibited Them From Using Their Own Language

in the printed page, in the school or in the church service. I think of those people of Macedonia getting up long before day, taking their little lanterns and starting out in the slush and the rain and the snow, going over the mountains to their churches and, when they reach there, to understand not a word of what the priests were chanting before the altar, because it was in an unknown tongue. Thank God! when the Young Turk party caused that overturn and the constitution was to a degree reestablished, there came the lifting of that prohibition on the language so that in the schools there might be teaching in Albanian or Bulgarian. There might now be the publication of little newspapers that would acquaint them with something of what was going on in the world. There might now be the reading of this blessed Word, a few words of which at least might be understood even by the women who had had no opportunity ever to be taught anything, because the prohibition had been lifted.

I think again of that awful time in
that subterranean place in which on that black ground two of us were lying, when we saw a brigand hunting around in the little place where we were hid. We knew by the smell and by the gurgling sound that followed that he had found some of the native-made whiskey and was drinking it. When he went out another came in and lifted that small barrel or cask and put it on his shoulder and was carrying out that stock of whiskey. Dared the woman on whom they had put a price of one hundred ten thousand dollars (twenty-five thousand piasters), say a word to them of how they were numbing their power? They were to take out those two captives when the darkness of the night had fallen, mount them on some sort of conveyance and move them during the black hours of that night to some other place. Dared she say a word to them?

I Wear This Little White Ribbon

here, my friends, and I hope to wear it until they lay me away in my casket, for I thank God for the progress the temperance work has made all through these lands. That day I dared simply to remind them, "You put the price of twenty-five thousand pounds on my head. Now, will you make yourselves drunk with that whiskey, numbing all your senses, when to-night you are going to take the captives out and move them away from this place in the black hours of the night, along some precipice or through some river and to hide them in some other place before the light comes?" There was no other way to appeal to them but through their cupidity.

Ah, but God heard our prayers. "It did not seem," a friend said, "that God could let you die with the heaps of prayers that we had offered up for you every hour." It is not two hours since a gentleman and his wife have told me that same thing here in this Sanitarium.

My friends, I appeal to you, not only to you young people equipping yourselves magnificently for the largest possible service, but to all Christian people. Be sure there is nothing in the world that makes such a demand upon you as will

God's missionary work in the neediest possible place make its demand. Everyone of you,

Watch the Leading of God's Providence.

Count nothing dear unto yourselves that you may sacrifice to make larger possibilities to people who have nothing except as you go there and give it to them. From that time of the granting of the constitution, those words have gone through my mind, "The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light, and they that sat in the land of the shadow of death, unto them hath the light shined." At first it always seemed to me that it referred to us who sat so long in the valley of the shadow of death; but now it does not mean that. It means all who are not privileged, whether in this land or in other lands. It means a call to you and to me. Let us not count money, time, or anything else, dear unto us, if we may give it unto those who have so much need of us.

At another time I will take up the thread and tell you more of what I want to tell you. But I want to answer the inquiry which has come from so many. You ask me, "Where is the baby that was born in captivity?" Next Saturday she will be eleven years old. You say, "Is it so long, and is she living?" Please God, she is living, and happy with her father and mother and she is in continuous training for the Master's service in Albania. May it soon be free Albania, and join with Macedonia, Greece, Montenegro, Servia and Bulgaria to make the united Balkan peninsula, and the praise shall be all to God.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN JERRY M' AULEY MISSION, NEW YORK, AND YALE HOPE MISSION OF NEW HAVEN

WM. P. ELLIS

Superintendent of the Yale Hope Mission.

Some forty years ago a young man was incarcerated in Sing Sing prison. He had had no Christian training. His parents were poor, and he was ignorant, uncouth, coarse, wild and uncontrollable, so much so that his parents had sent him
This young man was arrested as leader of the gang and was sent to the penitentiary on Blackwell’s Island for the offense of which he swore he was innocent. He fully resolved that he would have revenge on those who sent him there. He came out of prison more hardened than ever, spent much of his time loafing about the docks, a menace to those around him, picking up whatever he could lay his hands on and being sent back to the workhouse on Blackwell’s Island, getting out again only to be returned. He and many others made it their business to steal from ships in the harbor. They were known as “river thieves,” or “River Pirates,” and would stop at nothing. Finally this young man was landed behind the bars at Sing Sing. One of his cellmates was known as “Awful Gardner,” and was an all-round bad man. Two years after being liberated he was back in Sing Sing prison, not as a prisoner, but as a preacher of the Gospel.

He stood before the crowd of prisoners and told them of the love of Jesus, of how He had come into his life and broken the power of sin and set the prisoner free, that he was no longer a drunkard, pickpocket or river thief, but a child of God, saved and redeemed from such a life only by the power of God.

This was a revelation to the young man from Ireland. He could not understand it. One of the first things he did was to call for a Bible, an unknown book to him. He read it and re-read it and

here from Ireland and put him in care of an aunt. She had even less control over him than his parents. He was continually in trouble and especially in that part of New York around Cherry Hill and Water Street. He got in with very bad company and spent his time around the docks and the saloons which were numerous along the East River front at that time. One night in a drunken brawl he with a number of companions cleaned out a saloon, and “beat up” the proprietor so that he had to be taken to a hospital.
made up his mind that when he should be released from prison he would

Do as “Awful Gardner” was Doing.

He left prison with that intention but his blackened character still stood out before him. People that knew him shunned him as no good. Wherever he found work, someone would soon tell the proprietor what kind of man was working for him and thus his positions were lost. This happened again and again and the young man became thoroughly discouraged and made up his mind there was nothing in life for him, so he went back into his old habits, picking pockets, thieving, and making a livelihood in any way he could. That, however, did not last long, for the law overtook him and back he went to prison, thoroughly discouraged and giving up all hopes that he would ever be anything but what he was then. He served his time and came out again. He tried to find work, which he did at times, only to lose it again through people reporting his record.

Finally two young divinity students heard of this young man and the struggle he was going through, and they took a kindly interest in him. In the meantime he married, but things went on much as before. There seemed to be little brightness in the lives of his wife and himself; no matter how he struggled he could not seem to make both ends meet, and he determined to go back again to his old mode of life and started out one cold night with that intention. On the way downstairs he met one of the young divinity students who had shown himself to be his friend. He asked the man where he was going, and he boldly told him what he was going to do, that he was discouraged and had given up all hopes of ever becoming anything better than he was, that everyone hounded him, and there was no show for him and that he had no food in the house. The young student told him to go back to his rooms and sit down awhile and wait until he returned. He went out,

Took the Overcoat Off His Back,
pawned it, and turned the money over to the young man and told him to go and buy food with it, and to give up the thought of doing wrong, to let it be a thing of the past, and to fully trust in Jesus Christ and He would bring all things about to his satisfaction, and he need never go to prison again; that he could live these things down and be happy and contented if he left his case in the hands of Jesus Christ.

That kind act and the friendly words were the means of at last bringing this young man to the feet of Jesus Christ.

This Young Man Was Jerry McAuley,

noted river thief and all-round bad man. In the meantime, while Jerry was trying to establish himself in the sight of God and men, he was left without a friend. But one came to his relief in the person of a man of great wealth, a famous banker of Wall St., who took a kindly interest in him and helped him along in many ways. But Jerry was not satisfied; he wanted to be the means of saving some other souls from the horrible pit. He had heard that the banker owned an old two-story house on Water Street which was formerly a dive or dance hall, and he asked him to let him have that place for a rescue mission, where the poor unfortunates could come and hear the Gospel. Mr. Hatch kindly consented and Jerry started in a humble way with just plain benches in a ramshackle old house, and there he stood night after night, preaching the Gospel in his simple and rude way.

Many hearts melted and many knelt at the feet of Jesus and went out of that room saved. Jerry had a hard time of it there. He was surrounded by all sorts of vice, dives, dance halls, rat-pits, old groggeries, places where sin abounded, and the keepers of these haunts made up their minds that they would soon get rid of that missionary, and put him out of business. Even the police did not favor him, but Jerry made up his mind that God was more powerful than they, and no matter what came or went, nothing should prevail. There he stood night after night while his enemies threw bricks and stones through the windows, but God prevailed. God made it possible for Jerry to stay there.
until every dance hall, rat-pit, groggy, and place of vice was cleaned out of the whole neighborhood. After a number of years, Jerry decided there was a larger field for him and he left the old Water Street station and went up into the "Tenderloin" where sin and vice had full sway, where dance halls and saloons were on all sides, and located in a place which was called the Cremore Gardens on West Thirty-Second Street. There he established the

Jerry McAuley Cremore Mission.

Many thought that when Jerry left the Water Street Mission the doors would close, but this was not so. It was God's work, and it was the first work of that kind, and it was not to be closed. The Lord raised up a man by the name of Samuel Hopkins Hadley. Two years before, Hadley stood at a saloon bar at 125th Street and Third Avenue, among his friends, and suddenly he raised his hand above the bar and let it come down with a thud and said, "Boys, I have seen Jesus here. I am done with this. I shall never take another drink." And with that he walked out and up to 127th Street and gave himself up to the police for safe keeping, as he knew he was about to have another attack of delirium tremens. That night he felt that all the demons of hell were after him, and he did not think he would live until morning. He was brought before the judge who saw that his condition was so pitiful after the night that he had gone through that he sent him back to his cell again, and in the afternoon of that day he was liberated. In the meantime there were sixteen forgeries charged against him by one man. He went to this man and asked his forgiveness, which was freely granted when he told him what he had done. His brother laughed him to scorn when he told him he had been down to see Jerry McAuley, the "Apostle to the Lost," and had given his heart to God, and then he wrote home to his wife in Washington and told her what he had done. In the meantime there were sixteen forgeries charged against him by one man. He went to this man and asked his forgiveness, which was freely granted when he told him what he had done. Finally, the way was opened for Mr. Hadley to take up the work on Water Street where Jerry left off, and for sixteen years or more he conducted the mission as its superintendent.

Many trophies of grace have been raised up at the Old Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Whittemore of the Door of Hope were converted there one night under the administration of Jerry. The work has been going on for thirty-eight years and souls are being born into the kingdom nightly.

The writer himself is a redeemed drunkard saved by the grace of God nearly ten years ago. I have much to thank God for, especially for the open doors of Jerry McAuley's Mission. I found friends who came to my rescue when I was a poor, weak, undone sinner. I tried and strove for many years to overcome that awful habit, knocked about all over the country, north, south, east and west trying to find some place where I could settle down, sober up and be a man and do as a man should do. I was not always in such a state. I was respectable.
and had lots of money in my younger days, but I went wrong. I went into business. I am sorry that business was the rum business, and it brought me almost to a drunkard's grave. I was the best customer to my wares. I did not attend to business, I tried to be a sport, expecting some day that I would have someone looking up to me, and

That I Would Be a Politician

or hold some office where I would have things pretty easy, but I made a sad mistake.

None of those things fell to my lot, but instead of going up, I gradually went down until one night in a fit of drunkenness and in despair, half in delirium tremens, I deliberately left my home and disappeared as if the ground had opened and swallowed me. I just disappeared, but the one and whole intention of my act was to sober up and be a man. I went down south to live with some relatives of mine, but they soon tired of me, and I did not better myself, but rather became worse. They thought about the best thing they could do was to send me home where I came from. I never reached there. I had not the courage to go back and I landed on the Bowery in New York, where many other derelicts land. There I "went the pace," until one night I found myself in the alcoholic ward of Bellevue Hospital and I thought every breath would be my last. The Spirit of God came to me in that place. I am positive of that, for He spoke to me very plainly and said, "Go down to the Jerry McAuley Mission." That morning I was examined by the doctor who said I was discharged as cured. I left there far worse than when I went in. I should have been sent to some convalescent institution where I could build up, but that was not the case. They had not room enough for all their patients and I was turned adrift without a home, without a friend, without a shelter and with no one I could call upon for help, but I had not forgotten what I believed was the message of the Spirit of God which told me to go to the Jerry McAuley Mission and thither I started. My sole intention was to get away from that dreadful life. I thought every elevated train over my head would topple down upon me, and it seemed as if every street car would run up on the walk and hit me. I never put in such a day in my life, but as I opened the door of the dear old Mission, one of the men came to me and spoke kindly, and told me I looked bad, and asked if I would have a cup of coffee and a sandwich. These were the first kind words that had been extended to me for a long time. I accepted the cup of coffee, but refused the sandwich, though I do not know when I had eaten before.

My Mind and Nerves Were a Complete Wreck

after fifteen years of debauchery. I was all but dead. I stayed there all that afternoon and in the evening when the services began and they were singing those blessed hymns and praying, my nerves seemed to straighten out a bit, and when the invitation came for anyone who was tired of the old life to raise his hand and come forward, I did not so much as raise my hand, but sat back there, feeling there was no hope for such a man as I who had tried so many times and had always failed. The leader came directly to me and spoke such words of love, such words of kindness that I could never forget them. He told me how much Jesus meant to him and how much it would mean to me in the future if I would put all on the altar and let Jesus have the right of way in my life, that I need never be a drunkard or a homeless man, that God would open up a way for me far beyond anything I had ever anticipated. But I must put my trust in Jesus.

As I looked around and saw what Jesus had done for so many there who told of having been in the same condition, this thought came to me, "If Jesus Christ could help those men as they say he has, why should he not help me?" and I went up to the altar and on my knees I prayed this simple prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner, for Jesus' sake."

That night as I was leaving the mission meeting, many shook hands with
me and the leader asked me where I was going. I told him I did not know, I had no home; but he reminded me that Jesus was my friend and that I must put my trust in him. He gave me a piece of pasteboard which was good for one night's lodging. I took this and went out into the street. I raised my eyes toward Heaven and I did not know or care who was to see me. I just prayed, "Dear Jesus, if you can help this poor fellow to overcome this craving which has bound him hand and foot for so many years, I will never take another drop of whiskey as long as I live."

Thanks be to God!

he heard that prayer and delivered me from that horrible pit. It is nine years, eight months and twenty-five days on the day I am writing this since Christ redeemed me by his precious blood. Only a short time after, God began to build me up and give me back my strength. I became affiliated with the mission in a humble way, as a janitor, and for six years I worked there in that capacity and I saw many happy days there.

I saw many trophies of grace raised up out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay and their feet planted on a rock. During my stay there as an assistant to Mr. Hadley and the superintendent, Mr. Wyburn, I met a young lady who was a worker at the Florence Crittenton Mission, whose home was formerly in Battle Creek, Michigan. Later I went out to Battle Creek and we were married. We came back to New York again and there we took up work under the auspices of the National Bible Institute. While there we met the late

William Whiting Borden,

and soon after it was reported that there was to be an opening for a man to take the work as superintendent of a rescue mission in New Haven, Connecticut. To witness the devotion and earnestness of those young men gives a bright contrast in the picture of university life as it is frequently held up before us. There are too few such young men, but, thank God, the species is not extinct. One day Mr. Borden came to me and said he believed it was God's will that we should go to New Haven and take up that work among the Yale students. This old hymn often comes to my mind: "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." There I was going back to my old home town where I was born and bred, where I had sold whiskey, where I disappeared suddenly twenty-three years before in a half dazed, drunken condition without any mind.

I was going back again under very different conditions to preach the story of redeeming love for poor lost sinners, such as I was myself. Oh, how good God is! What a blessed work we were sent to among those young Yale students who give their time and talent for the cause of the lost. One of the most blessed sights anywhere on this globe is to see the sons of millionaires and the sons of poor men kneeling beside some poor drunken outcast, praying for him that he may be delivered from such a horrible curse, and what a joy it brings into our lives when we can see where men have been lifted up from the sewer of sin and made men among men.
Space will not permit me to go into any more lengthy details of how God has worked there, but men who have come to us without friends, without home, have gone out into the world and made good by the power of God. Some have married, some have gone home to the old country to spend their vacations with dear ones, and others have found steady employment and are a great help to us in our work. Best of all, this work was established by that dear young man William Whiting Borden who gave his life for the cause of Christ. Money counted nothing with him. It was souls he was after, and he was out there in far away Egypt, far from his loved ones, studying to work among the Mohammedans in the westernmost province of China, one of the hardest fields ever taken by man, but God saw his work was finished. The work of William W. Borden will long be tenderly remembered among his college friends and classmates and those who knew him and knew his life, and how entirely he was consecrated to the Master.

WORLD'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

REV. J. P. MCNAUGHTON

TWENTY-SIX HUNDRED registered delegates representing seventy countries, with thousands of unregistered visitors, have made earth's ends meet at the seventh World's Sunday School Convention which closed its work to-night, and have contributed to the great success of one of the most remarkable religious gatherings in the history of the world. North America sent 1344 accredited representatives, a thousand of whom came on steamers of "The World's Convention fleet,"—specially chartered ocean liners, whose accommodations were reserved for the Convention delegates. Great Britain registered 288; Asia, 83; Africa, 56; Australasia, 30, and South America 24. The allotment for Continental Europe was 500 delegates, but the enrollment was 728. Every state except Utah and New Mexico and every Canadian Province except Manitoba was represented. The Pennsylvania Delegation with 175 members led the list, followed by New York, 125, and Illinois 120.

The Convention has been a remarkable one in many respects, not only in an unparalleled attendance, but in its personnel; in the tremendous importance of the messages which have been delivered; in the high intellectual and spiritual quality of the presentations; in the enthusiastic interest manifested in each of the 45 sessions of the eight days; in the participation of 340 splendidly equipped men and women, Sunday School specialists, missionaries, pastors, publicists and other leaders from many lands who have contributed to a program of rare quality, inspiration and helpfulness; and in the impress which has been made by the Convention, not alone upon the delegates, but upon the city of Zurich.

The leading journals of Switzerland and of Frankfort, Germany, have given much attention to "the Congress," and have devoted unusually liberal space to report and favorable comment.

The welcome to this beautiful city was voiced by the mayor, and leading church officials, and the Convention closed, leaving a good impression everywhere.

An attractive feature has been the bilingual character of the program proceedings. The program has been given in English, for the most part, and then translated into German, the language spoken by 71 per cent of the Swiss people. The German contingent of the Convention is very large; the interpreter, a remarkable linguist, is Prof. H. L. E. Lüring of Frankfort, a man who speaks fluently and intelligently twenty-seven languages.

From the hour when the visitors were welcomed, Tuesday afternoon, July 8, to the beautiful home of Mrs. Rieter-Bodmer,—where the Kaiser Wilhelm was entertained and where Richard Wagner once lived and wrote several of his great works,—to the closing moment of consecration this evening when Rev. F. B. Meyer of London dismissed the great congregation, every hour has been filled with service in the name of the Master.

Bishop Vincent conducted the opening
service; and the Convention sermon was delivered by Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins of Philadelphia, on the Convention theme “The Sunday School and the Great Commission.” Great themes have been discussed and the list of speakers has been a notable one.

The Missionary emphasis has been the dominant note of the Convention, and the reports of the six great commissions, appointed many months ago to study the present conditions, needs and opportunities of Sunday School work among all people, and on every continent, have been presented in a manner that has thrilled every member of the Convention, and have proved a great incentive to the planning of marked advances in the work during the coming triennium. These great commissions in the order of their reports are: Continental Europe,—Bishop John L. Nuelsen of Zurich, Chairman, Rev. B. M. Tipple of Rome, Secretary; India,—Sir Robert Laidlaw of England, Chairman, Rev. Robert Burges of India, Secretary; Hawaii, The Philippines, Japan, Korea and China,—Mr. H. J. Heinz, Pittsburgh, Chairman, Frank L. Brown, Brooklyn, Secretary; South Africa,—Rev. F. B. Meyer, London, Chairman, Arthur Black, Liverpool, Secretary; Mohammedan Lands,—Bishop J. C. Hartzell LL. D., Africa, Chairman, Rev. S. M. Zwemer D. D., Arabia, Secretary; Latin America,—Robert E. Speer, New York, Chairman, Rev. H. S. Harris, New York, Secretary. A vast reservoir of valuable information, correct, thorough, and up-to-date, has been provided by these commissions, and because of the investigations and reports there will be a clearer concept of the Sunday School problems of the world.

The reports will be published in the official book of the Convention proceedings, edited by Mr. Charles G. Trumbull of Philadelphia, and will make a most helpful contribution to Christian literature.

The commission to the Orient, of which Mr. H. J. Heinz is chairman, made the most elaborate report, occupying an entire evening. The 29 members of the party who spent four months on the way to Zurich under the leadership of Mr. Heinz and Mr. Brown, left San Francisco March 1, and visited Hawaii, Japan, Korea and China, making a thorough survey, holding conventions, conferences and public meetings. They were the recipients of most unusual courtesies from the high officials of the nations visited, and were everywhere received with great courtesy.

Mr. Heinz and Mr. Brown reported for the commission, the “‘29’ took part in the attractive program of the evening, and Mr. W. G. Landes, State Secretary of Pennsylvania, presented a graphic story of the tour with fine stereopticon illustrations. The climax came when Dr. Ibuka presented the invitation from Japan to hold the eighth World’s Convention in Tokio, in 1916. On motion of Mr. Heinz, heartily seconded by Sir Francis Belsey of London, the invitation was accepted with enthusiasm, and in the autumn of 1916, the World’s Sunday School leaders will meet in Japan to consider world problems and opportunities.

The Convention has been held in the stately Tonhalle, which is located in the midst of a beautiful garden overlooking the picturesque Lake Zurich. The Committee provided attractive yet simple decorations. Above the platform was suspended a large globe to remind the audience of the world-scope of the Association’s endeavors, and above the globe was a blood-red cross, which when lighted was a most inspiring sight. Back of the platform and against the organ in the centre was the white cross flag of Switzerland, with the flags of America and Great Britain on either side. Two large pictures, of the Zwingli and the Pestalozzi monuments, were striking reminders that Zurich was the scene of the great labors of Ulrich Zwingli the Reformer, and the birthplace of Pestalozzi, the founder of modern educational methods.

One of the most helpful features of the Convention period has been the daily morning “message from God’s Word,” presented by Rev. F. B. Meyer of London.

The Convention placed in the hands of the Executive Committee pledges amounting to $125,000 for the expand-
CONTRIBUTIONS AND SELECTIONS

ing and important work of the Association which, it is declared by President Bailey, "represents a larger constituency, covers a more extensive territory, and has a wider reach of influence than any other association of men and women the world has ever known."

In addition to the Tonhalle, sessions and conferences have been held in State and Free churches including the Grossmünster, where Zwingli preached; the Fraumünster, St. Jakob, St. Anna, the Methodist, Baptist, French and Kreuzkirche.

The reports of the General Secretaries contained a review of the work of the triennium in the various fields of the world.

Rev. Carey Bonner reported for Europe, India, China and South Africa, while Mr. Marion Lawrence gave a graphic review of the endeavors in other parts of the world. He said that what a clearing house means to the present banking system, the World’s Sunday School Association means to the Sunday School forces in the field.

The Sunday School army of 28,700,000 in 298,000 Sunday Schools is the largest Christian army in the world marching under one banner.

The report of the statistical secretaries, Mr. Hugh Cork of Chicago, and Mr. George Shipway of England, giving these facts was one of the most unique documents ever presented to a religious Convention. It was in the form of a 48-page booklet called "The Strength of the World’s Sunday School Army," and contained the report from the Sunday Schools of the nations and countries of the world, giving to each division a separate mention with the statistics of each, and accompanying each one was a cut in colors of the flag of the nation, country or state. It was the first time such an effort had been attempted and it made a profound impression.

The children were largely in evidence on Sunday when a great meeting was held at the Tonhalle, participated in by fully two thousand children followed by an open air meeting in the park, when they sang familiar hymns, to the delight and profit of many thousands who gathered to hear them.

An impressive service was held Saturday morning in memory of Mrs. Ella Ford Hartshorn, wife of Mr. William N. Hartshorn of Boston, President of the International Sunday School Association and Vice President of the World’s Association. Mrs. Hartshorn was greatly beloved by the Sunday School world. She was deeply interested with Mr. Hartshorn in the organized work and joined in his large giving for the cause. Dr. George W. Bailey presided and the principal address was by Rev. F. B. Meyer of London. The others who participated were Rev. Carey Bonner of London, Mr. E. K. Warren of Michigan and Rev. J. P. McNaughton of Turkey.

Saturday afternoon occurred a great concert, given by a chorus of 450 voices, under the direction of Prof. A. J. Bucher of Cincinnati, a native of Zurich, and the director of the Convention music. The chorus sang in German and were assisted by the Tonhalle orchestra of 42 pieces, one of the finest Symphony orchestras in Europe, and by other artists including a company of ten Swiss Yodelers, who gave several selections that created wild enthusiasm. Every seat in the Tonhalle was occupied and hundreds remained standing during the two hours of the concert.

The Convention with great interest and unanimity elected Sir Robert Laidlaw of London President for the coming three years, and Mr. H. J. Heinz of Pittsburg, Penn., chairman of the executive committee, with Mr. Marion Lawrence of Chicago, and Rev. Carey Bonner of London, joint secretaries, and Frank L. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y., field secretary. An executive committee of representative men of many lands will direct the work, which promises to be the most important and extensive yet undertaken by the Association. Sir Robert Laidlaw, the new President, is a man of large affairs, with extensive business interests in England and India. He is a princely giver, deeply interested in Sunday Schools, and for a long time has been one of the leaders of the organized
work in Great Britain. He is a Congregationalist.

As chairman of the executive committee Mr. Heinz will bring to the position great strength as an executive, a thorough consecration to the cause, and a liberality in planning and giving that will be sure to make the endeavors of the coming triennium a great forward movement in the cause of the Sunday School. The association of these two leading business men in a common work will mean much to the world. The end of the Convention is the beginning of effort.—The Orient.

THE HACKETT MEDICAL COLLEGE

This institution, located at Canton, China, is doing a splendid work. Dr. Mary Fulton, who is at the head of the faculty, is still we believe in this country on her furlough. Some kind friend has sent us a copy of the China Mail from which we take the following interesting account of their commencement exercises last June.

The annual opening of Hackett Medical College took place to-day in the Presbyterian Church in the western suburbs of Canton. The large church was fully taxed to receive the many hundreds who were present, and seating capacity was not available for all who desired to attend the exercises. The church is located on one of the principal streets close to the college, and easy of access to the students. The building affords every facility for institutional work, and is well adapted, by careful construction and ventilation, to the convenience and comfort of a large audience. The audience room was beautifully decorated, and the floral designs were numerous and gave much evidence of care and taste on the part of the students who supervised the decorations. This commencement is one of the most popular in the city, and is attended by high officials and many of the literary class, including graduates from foreign colleges and universities.

In the absence of the dean, Dr. Mary Fulton, the direction of exercises was in care of Dr. Mary Niles, who has been for many years one of the prominent lecturers in the college.

Hon. F. D. Cheshire, U. S. Consul General, who presided, welcomed the audience, and spoke in high commendation of the beneficent effects that had followed the introduction of medical instruction and the erection of hospitals in so many parts of China.

The address by Mr. Li Shi Fan, a graduate of the medical department of Edinburgh University, was of superior order, and made very plain the need of wide-spread medical education based upon the best instruction of ablest teachers. Mr. Li mentioned frequently the high quality of the teaching of the Hackett medical college, one of the three in the city to receive full recognition by highest official authorities. Great stress was laid upon the pressing need of a large number of qualified physicians to meet the demands made by an increasing knowledge of the effective application of Western methods both to prevent and to overcome disease, and to instruct the people in the rudiments of sanitation and hygiene. Dr. E. C. Machle, lecturer in the college, spoke of the progress made in medical science, and of the need of thoroughly equipped women physicians to labor among women and children, and to promote a knowledge of the conditions essential to the maintenance of vitality and vigor.

The addresses were interspersed with music, and the singing by Mr. Sutherland and by Mrs. Ching Ho, and Miss Kong, was highly appreciated and warmly applauded.

Diplomas were presented to six graduates, and rewards were given to students for proficiency in study.

The college was founded in 1901 by the gifts of Mr. E. A. K. Hackett, United States, and has become one of the most famous institutions in the province. The college is also known in other provinces, and has students from different parts of the country. Nearly forty students have graduated from the college and are engaged in practice in the large centers in this province. That the college was
founded twelve years ago, and reached its present high state of efficiency at a time when China's needs are so great, reflects great credit on the foresight and executive ability of those who have contributed to this splendid development. In connection with the college is the Training School for Nurses, under the supervision of Miss Stockton, who has had a thorough training and will greatly add to the efficiency of this important branch of the healing art. The college anticipates with deep gratification the arrival of two physicians in October, Miss Hackett, daughter of the founder, and Miss Allen, both graduates of eminent institutions, and thoroughly qualified to meet changed conditions with up-to-date appliances and equipment. At present there are forty-eight students in the college, and with the suppression of cheap medical schools by the authorities, there is every indication that the number of applicants in September will be largely in excess of previous years.

On the return of Dr. Mary Fulton from furlough extended alterations and enlargement of the plant, necessary to accommodate students and patients, will be made, and the entire institution, including Hospital, Nurses' Training School, and Medical College will be maintained with the best modern equipment.

WHAT NEXT?—IN VIEW OF MIS­SIONARY DEFICITS

GEORGE PALMER

Here are some disturbing facts:

The directors of the London Missionary Society, hopelessly involved in debt, have been driven to adopt a policy of retrenchment by which they will lessen their expenditure by £15,000 per annum. And even so they will not be free from financial difficulties without considerably augmenting their income!

The Congregational Churches—of which the L. M. S. is but the missionary executive—have just completed their quarter of a million Central Fund for the home ministry!

The Baptist Missionary Society has not yet exhausted its securities, but for years there have been loud whispers, in the midst of appeals for the reduction of constantly recurring deficits, of the coming calamity of missionary curtailment.

The Baptist Union Sustentation Fund is succeeding, and deserves to succeed. No Church should starve its ministers.

We ought to discover the moral of declining membership and growing missionary deficits. Simply to face the facts would considerably disturb our self-complacency.

On the one hand there is the fact that there are a thousand million people in the world waiting to be evangelized, and the missionary societies are crippled for lack of men and of money.

On the other hand we have in the United Kingdom 40,000 ministers where 25,000, properly distributed, would be more than enough to maintain Church efficiency and evangelistic progress, and the Rev. W. J. Sexton insists, in "The Open Sore of Christendom," that "It is no exaggeration to say that at least £2,000,000 per annum is needlessly spent, which might be expended on the evangelization of the heathen."

The man who labors for the liberation of 15,000 ministers for missionary service and the saving of £2,000,000 per year for world evangelism is an agent of the Kingdom. It has been established by commissions of inquiry, by the testimony of eminent missionaries on the field and by expert travellers, that the world could be evangelized in this generation if the Church wanted to do it. And, for the first time in the world's history, all the doors are open to the preachers of the Gospel.

This is a time of crisis, not only in denominational history, but in world missions.

"This talk about crisis is overdone," a critic said to Dr. John Mott. And he replied: "'Talk about crises being overdone at this time as we confront the non-Christian nations! When have so many nations been absolutely plastic, yet soon to set like plaster? Shall they set in pagan or Christian moulds? When have the tides of nationalism surged among the places of Asia, of Africa, of the Pacific Islands, not to mention the Near
East of Europe, as in recent years? Tides that may set against the peaceful teachings of Christianity, or tides that may be regulated by Christian principles, which may be made factors for the upbuilding of the kingdom of truth and righteousness.

But this world crisis synchronises with denominational decline and the development of missionary deficits. Our very civilization has outgrown denominational distinctions. Men of the world are Christian enough largely to ignore them. Yet they continue to exist. Extraordinary methods of raising money, some of them but little removed from trickery, are adopted to support in countless parishes agents of a competitive denominationalism that has lost its grip of men because it has little or no reason for its continuance. And the money of the faithful, that should be used for the proper ministry of the Church, is diverted to denominational purposes that often prevent the extension of the Kingdom.

I have an appeal for a new church—whether Baptist or Congregational I will not say. I make enquiries. The county official is enthusiastic. And he is, generally speaking, a sane and far-seeing man. When I ask, "What is the population in the immediate neighborhood?" he replies, "Six thousand." "And what accommodation is already provided by the Free Churches?" And he flashes upon me a "Now—I've-got-you, Geoffrey Palmer," look. "Only for two thousand," he replies, triumphantly.

There you have evidence of the need in this country for some simple education of the official denominational mind in the principles of essential Churchmanship. The Free Churches already make provision—mostly unused—for one-third of the entire population, and this county secretary thinks these figures justify the plea for another church in spite of the fact that the neighboring church—whether Baptist or Congregational I will not say—naturally protests against the competition.

"The indulgence of our denominational whimsies is the most exaggerated and shameful of our modern luxuries," said Dr. J. H. Eecob.

"The three evils to missions," says Bishop Graves, of Shanghai, "are the tessellated pavement, the altar, and the stained-glass window." We are spending money on superfluous churches and superfluous ministries, and the missionary societies have to retrench and economize and refuse likely men because by the time we've paid our pew rents and raised enough money in other ways to support our little parson on this side of the street as well as the people on the other side support theirs—the difference between them only the Lord knows—we've little or nothing left for the work for which presumably the Church exists.

Indeed, when we've done everything that can be done, in the ordinary way, to keep our heads above water, we have to run bazaars and American teas and things to wipe off the balance due to the bank; and after all that, we've got the Central or the Sustentation Fund promises to fulfill, and there's nothing left for missions. We waste more money in the support of superfluous churches than the missionary societies need for world evangelism. Mr. Meyer suggests the appointment of a joint committee at the spring assemblies next year to consider the subject, to prevent "the awful wastage for which our denominational system is responsible."

I hope the directors of the L. M. S. and the leaders of the B. M. S., who are mainly concerned in this "awful wastage," will take note. If they would plead for missionary support they must be consistent and not waste in over-churched areas men and money needed in lands where the Gospel is not known.

As Dr. W. P. Du Bose writes, "Expediency, efficiency, economy; success as against failure; very existence as against threatened extinction; the last will and prayer and command of our Lord Himself—every dictate of common sense and impress of common humanity ought surely to furnish reasons enough and arguments enough for unity in Christianity."—The Christian World.
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The Battle Creek Sanitarium

RATES TO MISSIONARIES

The rates to foreign missionaries who are in need of medical care will be as follows:

BOARD AND ROOM
For the first four weeks, per week ....... $ 6.00
including the entrance examination, which
covers physical examination, urinaly,
fecal and blood analysis, blood-pressure
and strength test.
For the second four weeks, per week .... 9.00
For the third four weeks, per week ...... 12.00
If further treatment be considered expedient, special arrangements will be made.
The above rates include, in addition to the board and room, the regular treatment, consisting of morning spray, one treatment daily in bath-
room, treatment daily in mechanotherapy depart-
ment (Sabbath excepted), use of gymnasium for
physical development under competent instructors
and physician's counsel.
An extra charge of 25 cents each is made
for Special Treatments.

CHARGE FOR NURSING
Day or Night Nurse (ten hours), each, per
week ..............................................$10.50

Meals in Room, 10 cents (extra) each or
by the week ........................................ 1.50
Exclusive use of wheelchair, per week .... 50
Patients requiring surgical care will receive operations free, but a charge of $5.00 to $10.00 will be made to cover ward fees.
For maternity cases the fee for professional service will be $10.00.
Patients will be expected to meet the regular charges for personal laundry, purchases made at the pharmacy and similar incidentals.
Patients are given rooms in East Hall or in cottages with board at East Hall. East Hall is a large steam-heated building near the main building.
The rates named apply only to missionaries and their immediate families.
Except in cases which demand immediate attention the Sanitarium would advise missionaries to avoid our busy season, from June 1, to October 1.
Those who contemplate coming should first correspond with the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.

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