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Medical Missionary
Battle Creek, Mich.
SEPTEMBER, 1908

GOD'S WITNESS

OLIVE PILLAR

ETERNAL God, thy power I see in every flower and tree,
And in every place the works of thy almighty hand I see.
To me the little flowers speak of purity and love,
They seem to lift their heads in thankfulness to him who reigns above.

If we but lift our eyes to heaven and view the glories there,
The choicest treasures of earth are nothing to compare.
The thunder's roar and lightning's flash remind us of Thy power;
We see thy loving kindness in every summer shower.

The dappled clouds like silver scales against the azure sky;
While here and there a cloud with fairy wings goes floating by;
The golden sunset touched by nature's dainty hue;
Fill our hearts with admiration and love, O God, for you.

"FOLLOW THE GLEAM"

Dr. Horton, in the life of Tennyson, explains the Gleam to be that elusive truth or beauty which it is the function of the poet to seize and express. The poet's life must ever be a following of the Gleam.

To the missionary the Gleam is the joy set before him, the glory of his Master in the winning of souls. His whole life, if he is true, has for its motto, "Follow the Gleam."

A tonic is to be found in the medical wing. There you can study the opposite of your own defect, for a medical mission is nothing if it is not thorough. Only the thorough succeeds.

My introduction to Neyoor shows a side of medical mission work upon which the mission report naturally does not dilate, it being only one of the

LITTLE BYWAYS OF KINDNESS

familiar to medicals everywhere, but it may be worth while telling it. We had an epidemic of ophthalmia in the village. Every morning a succession of suffering infants were brought to be attended to. Just when they were all beginning to mend, the trouble came to me. I thought nothing of it at first—it is a most common thing in India (the children immediately gave me the verse, "In all things it behooved Him to be made like unto his brethren"), but it soon forced one to think of it. Simple means failed. Help was sought from Palamcottah, but the Government doctor was miles away, and could not come. We were reluctant to appeal to the overworked medical missionaries, but at last Mr. Walker telegraphed. Straight
from the midst of what we afterward knew was an abnormally heavy pressure of work, one of the two doctors stationed at Neyoor cycled out to us. That same night, as the blessed ease of a respite from pain was felt, how I wished for a voice that would reach far to speak

A CLEAR WORD FOR MEDICAL MISSIONS.

To the lay mind, and most of us are only lay, the sound of the word "operation" suggests something sinister, and the operating table is a thing we prefer to forget. I was looking, half-attracted, half-repelled, at the various contrivances and instruments, when a shuffling noise proclaimed an arrival, and an old man, a cataract case, was helped up the steps, and into the room, and on to the table. Then I realized that my feelings were wholly those of aversion. The little knives that were waiting in a bath of solution looked cruel. They were waiting for that poor old man.

"DOCTORS REVEL IN OPERATIONS.

"I wonder if they remember that their victims are not equally inured. I wonder if the bodies are just cases without feelings." These were the thoughts that came at that moment, quite irrespective of reason. "He's nervous," said the doctor, who was vigorously scrubbing his hands. "You might talk to him; tell him it won't hurt." Some questions are quickly answered. The patient was a thin old man. He lay like a corpse, with a quilt for a shroud, his blind eyes staring straight up, his lips tense. He was a Hindu from our district, I found. The home voice seemed to reassure him. He lay more naturally.

THERE WAS PRAYER FOR A SUCCESSFUL ISSUE.

The merciful cocaine had done its work. The eye was ready. The doctor began.

Being so very lay, we found our chief interest in the human element rather than the surgical, and stood a little aside, watching the faces of the two or three concerned. There was something fascinating in their absorption, something inspiring, too. And the sense of the barbarous wholly passed as a fragment of gross ignorance. It was one man trying to help another, bending all his skill upon him, and all in the way of following the Gleam.

I had been through the wards, had talked with the people in bed and on the floor, for the hospital had overflowed its beds, and some had mats on the floor. Then I had mingled in the crowd of impotent folk in the outer hall, men and women of all castes and conditions, and I had visited that surprisingly cheerful place, the lepers' quarters. There had been a mixture of opposites: horrible things, beautiful things, heart-break and heart-rejoicing things were jumbled up close together, so that the impression left upon one's mind was more curious than clear. But everywhere I had found

ONE SINGLE SATISFYING THING,—unbounded opportunity to speak to people about Jesus Christ. "After it, follow it, follow the Gleam," might have been written all over the walls. Some poor sufferers naturally were too preoccupied to listen. Some were too careless; some, too hard. But the greater number were ready, and a few were even eager. There was no need to search for a way to the heart. The approaches lay all open. Perhaps one has to be an evangelistic missionary, unaccustomed to find sympathy ready created and affection already awakened, to appreciate at its full value such an opportunity.

It was the effect of an evident cause. The cause was familiar enough. But, standing alongside that cause at work, the familiar took edge and point, and its force was felt in a new fashion. We realized then, as we had not before,

HOW MUCH HUNG UPON HOW LITTLE.

One infinitesimal carelessness as to surgical cleanliness, one moment's diverted attention, one swerve of the knife in the doctor's hand, and that particular door of access to a soul for whom Christ died might be forever barred. It was awesome to feel that such a tremendous consequence depended on something so delicate that when you
would define it exactly, you could not. Viewed in this searching surgical light, everything short of the most scrupulous attention to even apparently unimportant minutiae, everything short of intense concentration, seemed criminal.

But only a few minutes had passed since the old man had lain down. "Look," said the doctor, and I saw the yellow-ochre lens slip smooth, like a ripe little seed from its cell. The doctor held up his fingers,

"COUNT!"

and the old man counted four. There was a moment of pure human pleasure then.

Later I saw that happy old man. He had a room to himself, where his friends were allowed to wait on him. He was peaceful, had no pain, did not mind his bandages, wearied not at all. To one who finds half a day's idle captivity pure misery, the patience of these people is rebuking. He made a perfect recovery, and it needs but little imagination to see him, as he truly is in his distant village to-day, a contented old man, an inspirer of hope to those in whose eyes

"THE CATARACT FLOWER HAS FALLEN."

He and his heard daily while in the hospital about the great Eye Opener, for whose sake that help was given. In this case the result is not known. But it is impossible to believe the story would leave no mark upon him. And could there be a kinder way of making a mark for eternity?

Are any dispirited still, and still in perplexity as to our ways of trying to win souls for Jesus Christ? May I say, stop looking at us. Look instead at the medical missions. They are dotted about from the South to Cashmere. Focus upon one of them, and forget discouragement in giving some practical bit of help. Viewed every way, discouragement is surely a weak and cowardly thing, sign of a spiritual near-sightedness which must limit one all round.

TRUE WORK CAN NEVER DIE.

Let us believe it and be glad. We have only one thing to do. "This one thing I do. I press." Let us press on all to-gether in the missionary enterprise, past the dull joy of discouragement and through it, out into the clear air where we can see The Gleam.—From "Overweights of Joy," by Miss Amy Carmichael, Morgan Scott, London, England.

\*

OUR HOSPITALS AND DISPENSARIES

REV. JAMES L. BARTON, D. D.
Secretary A. B. C. F. M.

It is impossible to state just how many hospitals there are in connection with the medical work of the Board until we come to a better understanding as to what we mean by "hospital." If we mean by the word a large, commodious, well-equipped establishment, with private rooms and wards, and with operating rooms furnished with modern appliances, the total number is few. In such a case we would

POINT WITH PRIDE

to a fine, new stone hospital for women at Ahmednagar, over which Dr. Ruth Hume presides, and the two-storied, white attractive stone structure with its deep verandas at Madura erected and directed by Dr. Frank Van Allen and known throughout Southern India; and the

WELL-ESTABLISHED BUILDINGS

of many wards at Aintab, Turkey, to which Dr. Shepard has given his name and fame throughout all Northern Syria, from the Taurus Mountains, across Northern Mesopotamia, and into the high plateaus of the Upper Tigris and Euphrates rivers. We must also mention the hospital at Marsovan, Turkey, whence Christianity is accredited over all Anatolia through the skill and service of Drs. Marden and Hoover.

There are at least

FIFTEEN SUCH HOSPITALS

in the missions of this Board; not one of them is yet equipped as it ought to be; yet each one, compared with the customary medical facilities of the country, is a marvel of comfort.

But we must not draw the line here.
There are other physicians of no less earnestness and ability who, like Dr. Ussher at Van, Dr. Underwood at Erzroom, and Dr. Atkinson at Harpoot, Turkey, Dr. Beals and Dr. Grieve at Sholapur, India, the Drs. Tucker at Pang-Chuang, and Drs. Atwood and Hemingway in Shansi, China, and Dr. McCord in Africa,

**ARE OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES**

in their medical practice which no physician in this country would think possible: producing marvelous results in made-over houses, scattered and poorly equipped buildings, all kinds of make-shifts to meet the emergencies which are constantly thrust upon the physicians in charge. While these buildings are rude and woefully inadequate, even under such circumstances the patients are afforded medical and surgical care they never before experienced, and

**GO AWAY REJOICING**

in their new-found conception of the life of Jesus Christ, lived over again in the person of the medical missionaries. Of this kind of hospital there are twenty-three in Africa, China, India, and Turkey.

The writer once asked Dr. Shepard what he regarded as

**HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.**

He replied, "An operation I once performed for strangulated hernia, in the night, in an old hovel without floor or bed or window; the patient, a man lying upon a mass of filthy rags upon the ground that had been trodden by the feet of ten generations at least; my only assistant an old, ignorant woman, who held the native oil lamp that gave off ninety per cent of smoke and smell to ten per cent of light. The operation had to be performed at once or the patient must die. He made good recovery, thus proving the uncertainty of the microbe theory as applied to those conditions."

Besides the hospitals, there are dispensaries wherever there are physicians, like the one Mrs. Dr. Perkins has at Pao-Ting-fu, consisting of a large

**cupboard** in her dining-room; or Dr. Tallmon's dispensary and dressing room at Lintsing, which extends from her study over her sitting room out on the veranda; or Miss Bement's, at Shao-wu, which serves both the purposes of a dispensary and a residence for the doctor while her own house is under construction; or Dr. Whitney's, at Pagoda Anchorage, Foochow, which is in combination with his study and office; or Dr. Hager's in South China, which is usually on the move, covering an extensive area westward from Hong Kong over the wide parish of that mission, and always located near his person.

Whatever we may say of the mission hospitals and the still larger number of dispensaries,

**THEY ARE NEVER INACTIVE.**

There is always something doing in all departments, and it is the doing that counts.

Then there are several new hospitals soon to be constructed, like Dr. Carrington's at Constantinople, Dr. Atkinson's at Harpoot, Dr. Ward's at Diarbekir, Dr. Kinnear's and Drs. Stryker and Woodhull's at Foochow, and others, for which funds are in whole or in part available. One of these, to be erected at Diarbekir in Eastern Turkey, on the shores of the Tigris River, has been provided for by an Armenian, a native of that city, who had learned from experience

**THE GREAT VALUE OF MEDICAL MISSIONS.**

At the present time in Turkey, India, Ceylon, Africa, China, and Japan the American Board has fifty-nine medical missionaries, of whom seven are wives, ten are single women, twelve ordained men, and thirty unordained men. The ordained physicians give more or less time to different forms of general missionary work, while the wives are compelled to devote more time to their own home matters. The ten unmarried lady physicians and the thirty unordained men devote themselves, as a general thing, more exclusively to the medical part of the mission work, putting the most of their time and strength
into the hospital and dispensary practice and into attendance upon

THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

To summarize the hospitals and dispensaries, counting both those which are fairly well equipped and those which are extemporized to meet the needs of the hour and to save lives from slipping away through neglect, there are in the Turkish empire connected with the work of the American Board ten hospitals, in India six and three leper hospitals, in Ceylon two, in Africa four, in China eleven, and in Japan and the Islands two, making a total of thirty-eight. The number of dispensaries is considerably more, perhaps twice as many, some of them open only at stated intervals to provide for needs that can not otherwise be met.

It is difficult to state just how many of GOD’S POOR SUFFERING ONES are reached during the year by these places of refuge,—these temples of mercy and love. Some physicians keep careful records of all patients, while others are so hard pressed by the numbers that throng to them that few records are preserved of the ordinary cases. Last year, so far as kept and reported, the records show that the physicians connected with the medical work of the American Board TREATED ABOUT 370,000 CASES.

Of these, nearly one-third were in Turkey, where the restrictions of the government make it almost impossible for a native physician to practice at all; about 97,000 were in China, where the prejudice against foreign medicine is rapidly passing; some 110,000 were in India and Ceylon; 50,000 were in Africa, the Islands and in Japan.
It is impossible to grasp the scope and power of this medical work from the mere enumeration of the numbers of those who have been helped by it; yet in the very size of these figures we can get some conception of the wideness of the mercy of the mission hospital and dispensary.

**THE ASIA MINOR MEDICAL MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION**

The American Board has a staff of medical men in its missionary work in whose work all interested in missions take satisfaction. These workers were doing good work as individuals, but there had been no attempt to band them together for mutual helpfulness until the year 1904.

All acknowledged the usefulness of such an organization, but the obstacles seemed insurmountable. Asia Minor is a large country with few railroads, slow posts, and slower traveling, which is expensive because of its slowness. The gathering of these medical workers together for a meeting even for only once a year was impossible. The Turkish government forbids printing or duplicating anywhere outside of Constantinople and Beirut, and there only under the most rigid censorship. This forbade the publishing of a missionary medical paper, which would be the most natural method of intercommunication. With annual meetings and publishing cut out, how could an association be formed? It was indeed a difficult problem, and undoubtedly hindered the organization of the Association for many years. In 1903 the plan outlined in the Constitution given below was suggested to the various workers for their approval or criticism. All were interested, some skeptical, but most hopeful, and instructions were given for the Constitution to be written and presented for adoption. This was done during the year 1904 and was eventually signed by every active medical worker of the Board.

In order to give the scope, methods, objects, etc., of our Association the following portions of its amended Constitution are quoted:

**ART. II. Membership.** Sec. 1. All physicians sent out by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to Asiatic Turkey, and those associated with its work, may be eligible to membership in accordance with the provisions of this Constitution herein-after set forth.

Sec. 2. All medical missionaries signing the Constitution on its first round shall be considered charter members.

Sec. 3. Medical missionaries coming to the field at a later date may at any time become members by signing this Constitution, and having a place assigned on the Round Robin Circuit. Any member may attend the receiving of a new member.

Sec. 4.—Any Christian physician, not connected with the work of the American Board, practicing in Asia Minor, may become a member by applying through any member and receiving a majority vote of all the members and signing this Constitution.

**ART. III. Officers.** Sec. 1.—Permanent. There shall be but one permanent officer, a Secretary. He shall procure the signatures to the Constitution, keep the Association’s files and records, and at the meeting of the Association act as its Chairman until it has organized.

Sec. 2.—Each meeting of the Association shall decide upon and select its own officers.

**ART. IV. Object.** To further the acquaintance, friendship, and fellowship between its members. To afford an opportunity for the presentation and discussion of missionary and medical problems and topics.

**ART. V. Modus Operandi.** Sec. 1.—Each member shall make duplicate copies of his annual reports and mail them direct to each other member of the Association.

Sec. 2.—Round Robin. This shall consist of a contribution from each member and shall go in turn to each. After the first round each member shall take out his former contribution and replace it by another.

A. Route of Round Robin shall be arranged by the Secretary so as to include
each member with the shortest possible circuit.

B. Time limit of Round Robin, with each member one week or at most three weeks.

C. Absentees from Asia Minor shall not be entitled to receive the Round Robin on its circuit, but should receive the annual reports.

D. To insure against loss it should be sent by registered post as "Papier d'affaires," and its receipt promptly acknowledged by a postal to sender and Secretary.

E. Loss of Round Robin. If lost, the member having it last shall send to the Secretary for a duplicate copy of such portion as he may need, rewrite his own portion, and start it again.

F. Contents. Each member shall be free to determine the character of his own contribution.

Sec. 3.—Association Meeting. Once in three, five or more years there shall be a meeting of the Association at such time and place as may be decided by a majority vote.


Sec. 2. Voting in Round Robin.

Art. VII.—Amendments.

The organization was completed in 1904 and the Round Robin began its first round with the beginning of 1905. Three years have now passed since its organization, enough to estimate its value. It began with fifteen charter members: F. D. Shepard, Caroline F. Hamilton, Meda Hess, Wilfred M. Post, William S. Dodd, Charles E. Clark, Milo A. Jewett, C. W. Ottley, H. L. Underwood, C. D. Usher, G. C. Reynolds, H. H. Atkinson, D. M. B. Thom, J. K. Marden, and Thomas S. Carrington. Since then seven new members have been received: Elizabeth A. Hawley, Bertram V. D. Post, Alden R. Hoover, Dora L. Underwood, Mrs. Stapleton, A. A. Vischer, and E. St. John Ward. One member, after several years of usefulness in Constanti­ nople and Marsovan, Dr. Ottley, returned to America and passed to his rest. All have taken much interest in the Round Robin and have contributed to it regularly. Many, but not all, have sent their annual reports to the other members. The first Round Robin was largely introductory. Each succeeding one has been more interesting and helpful. It is now well on its fourth round. The first meeting of the Association is planned to be held in Aintab during the summer of 1908. A majority of the members are planning to attend and also several friends from the Presbyterian Board and various English and German societies. It promises to be a helpful meeting.

The organization of this Association marks a new departure in two respects. It is perhaps the first medical Association with a membership entirely of missionaries. It is also the first medical Association to rely almost entirely upon a circulating letter as its modus operandi.

The future of this Association is bright. It is hoped that all Christian people will pray for its long-continued helpfulness and for each of its members.

The Secretary at no time has had in hand statistics from each of its members, and therefore has not been able to complete statistics of the work done by the Association. It is hoped that this may be done in Boston.

Respectfully submitted by
H. H. Atkinson, Secretary.

THE SICK POOR OF DUBLIN

What the Medical Mission Is Doing

With the opening of the spacious new hall recently, the Dublin Medical Mission entered upon a period of wider usefulness and greater opportunity. The year which has just closed has been fraught with movements which have emphasized more than ever the necessity for that ministry of healing which is carried on from day to day among the poor in the capital of the Emerald Isle. Not only has the long-felt need for more suitable premises been supplied, but more changes in the staff have occurred than in any previous year,
owing to the numerous departures
to the foreign mission field. One
of the most important features of
the Mission is that it provides a
sphere of work, spiritual and medical,
which is an invaluable training for can-
didates for missionary work abroad.
This has been especially manifested
during the past year, several members
of the staff having left with a view to
work in the regions beyond.”

Although handicapped during the
last few months of the year, in conse-
quence of having no proper hall, the
Sunday evening service was regularly
held. The committee-room and ma-
tron’s sitting-room were used temporar-
ily for this purpose, and we rejoice to
be able to record, to the glory of God,
that many fruitful seasons of
blessings were granted, several men and
women being brought by the Holy
Spirit’s power “from darkness to light,
and from the power of Satan unto
God.” Among these were some who
have become active workers in the Mis-
sion.

The following statistics afford some
idea of what the Mission accomplished
during the year: Visits paid by the
doctors to patients in their homes, 2,-
633; visits paid by the nurses to pati-
ents in their homes, 642; patients
treated at the Mission, 6,928.

THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING
was held a few days ago, Dr. Horace
Law presiding. The chairman con-
gratulated the Mission on the capital
and convenient home in which it is now
located, rejoicing particularly that
there was no debt to burden its workers.
In this he found one of the evidences
that the blessing of God rests upon the
organization. The balance sheet pre-
sented by one of the home secretaries
showed that after paying for the entire
cost of the new premises and fittings,
there remained a balance of £223 in the
bank toward the rebuilding of the front
premises.

Rev. John Stewart, in the course of a
fitting and helpful address, dwelt on the
utility of medical missions from the
standpoint of the Gospel. There is
scarcely a more Christ-like work than
that of the medical missions. It is fol-
lowing in the footsteps of the Master. It
pleases Him “who healeth all our dis-
eases,” who is emphatically the Saviour
of the body as well as the Saviour of the
soul. What is a medical mission? It is
something more than a philanthropic
agency. A medical mission is a
systematic combination of the heal-
ing art with the preaching of the
Gospel. And we must keep the
fact clearly before our minds that
the healing part and the benevolent
part are always to be combined with the
evangelistic. We are here not only for
the purpose of affecting the bodies of
men and women, but especially with the
object of making that a door of ap-
proach to get at the souls of these peo-
ple, and leading them to the great Sa-
vior who himself, in the days of his
flesh, showed so much interest in the
bodily needs of men and women. This
is a distinctly missionary work, and ap-
peals to the spiritual side of our nature.

To the regret of all, Dr. Piggott was
not sufficiently recovered from his ill-
ness to be present. His report was read
by the secretary, and it embodies some
incidents of the year’s endeavors among
the sick poor of the city which are de-
serving of mention. Dr. Piggott
says:—

I am often astonished in visiting, when I con-
sider the abject poverty of most of our people,
how little they beg from me. I go often from
room to room where the bread-winner has been
for months idle, and I hear nothing but bless-
ings and expressions of gratitude for the med-
ical help given. An old man, once in com-
fortable circumstances, now, through the long
idleness caused by his illness, has had to pawn
most of his furniture, yet he does not beg, but
listens with deep interest to the Gospel. I
can’t forget the earnest way he looked up at
me one day when I was telling him that Christ
had paid all his debt, and the surprise and
interest with which he said: “Did He really,
sir?” I gave him a Bible, which he and his
wife try to read. He is touchingly grateful
for my attendance on him, and intends, when
well enough, to come down with his wife to our
Sunday night service.

I am visiting an old man now whom it is a
privilege to attend. He has a son abroad who
sends the family money from time to time, but
when it is spent, and they are waiting for the
next gift from him, the total income for the
support of four people is eight shillings a week.
When I first went to see him, I was speaking of
that blessed hope beyond the grave, and he replied, while his face lit up with a heavenly smile: "It isn't a hope with me now, sir; it's a certainty." He is dying of cancer, and he told me that when he felt the pain darting through him like a lance, he knew it would only be for a little while; there would be no more pain in the Better Country.

There is the very sad side to the work where one sees only drunkenness, misery, and sin. Our matron was visiting in a very poor neighborhood, and, as she mounted the stairs to a top back room, she was appalled at hearing the most awful screams and cries for help. She knocked at the door, but of course was unheard, owing to the din going on inside. However, she pushed open the door, and saw to her horror a degraded-looking drunken woman beating her husband with a poker. He was lying on a dirty heap of rags with a broken leg. Of course, our matron stopped the woman, and sat in the room for about an hour, as the poor man was terrified, and the woman quieted down a little before she left. It transpired that the man had been given £4 compensation for his broken leg, and it had been spent in drink.

A very bigoted R. C. came one night during the special mission, but was apologizing for being present, "as it was not his religion." However, he came again several more nights, and at last told one of the workers who was urging him to decide for Christ that there were things going on in his home life which would have to be given up if he became a Christian. It turned out that his wife and another woman supported the home by theft, and it would mean giving up their means of livelihood. However, they did decide, and knelt in their room to give themselves to the Lord. The woman who had helped in stealing also decided to begin a new life, and they are now trying to get work to do, and live honestly.

Dr. A. G. Alexander, junior doctor of the Mission, gave some interesting particulars of the work carried on in connection with the Mission, both indoor and outdoor; and was apologizing for being present, 'as it was not his religion.'

One of the notable addresses at the annual meeting of the Medical Mission Auxiliary to the Church Missionary Society in Queen's Hall, London, last May, was by Dr. D. W. Carr, who spoke of the changes which had taken place in Persia, and of the part which medical work had played in effecting these changes. He drew a picture of the Persia of fifteen years ago, and in particular of the city of Isphahan, with its 100,000 Mohammedan people, fanatically hostile to everything that had the Christian taint; of the persecution, the intolerance, the superstitious dread with which all missionary effort was met. Then he sketched the present situation, and made clear the astonishing accomplishment of a few years:

"To-day, if you were to visit Isphahan, you would, by way of contrast, see a change which, compared with the condition of things fifteen years ago, seems almost incredible.

Within three hundred yards of one of these dispensaries forcibly closed by the authorities stand two large hospitals, one for men and the other for women, containing between them one hundred and sixty beds. They apparently have been welcomed by the people. I say apparently because, as far as we can see, this is the actual fact. I do not mean to say that the Mullahs as a body welcome them, but the people do, and the Mullahs have not so far interfered with them. When these hospitals were being built about three years ago,
the cost of erection. Mohammedans are even now subscribing toward the upkeep of the hospitals. One Mullah, a man of great influence, gives us annually a present of nearly £4 for the purpose. Now we meet with friendliness where once we encountered enmity. And this spirit is not only shown toward ourselves, but toward the whole Christian community. It is true that small boys still shout their little rhymes after us, but I will undertake to say that we can go about in Ispahan to-day without having to put up with any more annoyance than a Persian would experience if he came to London dressed in his native attire. The chief Mullahs, who at one time sent men to drive away the people from our Jula hospital, now themselves send us patients and ask us to admit them and take care of them. The native doctors, who previously did all they could to harm us and spread false reports about us, to-day ask us to see cases in consultation; and the upper classes, who would not before allow it even to be supposed that they came near our hospital, now come without hesitation.

"It is no secret that our hospital is "A MISSIONARY HOSPITAL."

It is no secret that we have Christian services there. All are free to come, and are invited to come, from the highest to the lowest. Many of the Mohammedan religious leaders have been pleased to attend these services, and listen quietly to anything we say.

"I think that progress such as this is something to be most deeply thankful for. I do not mean to say that the Mohammedans are in any sense reaching out their hands for the Gospel. But I do say that in my experience prejudice has been "GREATLY BROKEN DOWN,"

bigotry has been dispelled, and doors have been opened by God for the preaching of the Gospel, and ours is the responsibility for entering these doors."

ECHOS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

The cordial and appreciative letters received from many of our brethren and sisters who are laboring as medical missionaries in many lands have been most encouraging and stimulating to the editors of this journal, expressing, as they do, the deep interest of the writers in the aim of the Medical Missionary to bring in touch, as far as may be possible, the whole body of medical missionaries scattered throughout the world and engaged in the twofold work of providing healing for the bodies and souls of the people.

A few letters, or extracts therefrom, are inserted in the present issue, the contents of which are full of interest in many ways. The writers make known to their fellow-workers something of the efforts they are putting forth: the character of the work and its extent; also some of the successes met with and obstacles overcome; and last, but not least, is the joy that comes to those who give as well as to those who receive the blessing of relief and cure in the time of pain and suffering. What a privilege is theirs to be able not only to afford relief and cure for the suffering body, but also to point such sufferers to the Great Physician, who can not only heal the sick soul, but who does heal and save all who come unto Him,—even as he has promised, "COME UNTO ME, ALL YE WHO ARE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST." What a joyful message to take to the poor struggling ones in India, China, Africa,—yes, in all the world, adding further, too, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," and telling them those are the very words Jesus said and "He never told a lie."

Some of the letters referred to will be found in other papers, and tell of work being done in India, China, Africa, Turkey, Persia, Madagascar and Arabia. Those inserted have been selected chiefly as representative of the various mission fields, and in number are only about one-tenth of those received.

Let others be heard from, and our readers shall read what they write us, or at least extracts therefrom, which are
calculated to cheer and inspire and perhaps produce a spirit of prayer for the writers.

'Under the heading, "She Gave Her All," a most thrilling article will be found upon another page of this issue.

Surely no one can read it without having his or her heart stirred in various ways, and his eyes opened not only to the sufferings of others, but to the spirit of self-sacrifice for Christ and his cause to be met with where it might be least expected and where the means of showing it are so very meager. "Verily, I say unto you, she hath cast in more than they all," said the Son of God.

It is the sole purpose of this journal to act as a medium for the encouragement of the medical missionary cause and for the strengthening of the hands of those who are already in the field and to engage as many other laborers for the harvest as possible. We are, therefore, especially happy to be able to present quite a goodly number of letters this month.

CONGRATULATORY LETTERS FROM MEDICAL MISSIONARIES

Cawnpore, India

I saw by a recent number of the Medical Missionary paper published at Battle Creek, Mich., that you are helping them in the editorial work.

True to your past—you are still foremost in Medical Missions.

In order to be on the Faculty of The North India Medical School I took a regular school diploma at Boston. I also replenished my former knowledge on electricity and X-ray, and have been doing the latter work exclusively for the past two years.

The Christian Herald gave me as my special fitting for medical work in India a very full electric plant of static and X-ray apparatus.

It has been found to be the best for me to be in a large city.

God called me in a marked way to Cawnpore, and I am to be in that great
city in the future, doing X-ray and static electrical work. I enclose a report of my first experiences in treating enlarged spleens that are so very prevalent in malarious countries.

I have treated in all over one hundred and fifty cases of enlarged spleen with uniform success.

I thought you would be pleased to hear of this original work done under great difficulties, but God gave a great blessing.

The natives crowd to my clinics, and are most appreciative of the great benefits resulting.

These cases reported in this reprint are representative of what such cases are as a rule.

I hope to have great opportunities in Cawnpore, the largest manufacturing city of India, not only to reach the sad cases of neglected diseases my specialty reaches, but also to teach this method of treating such obstinate cases.

My work will be purely one of faith, no regular salary—and I need your sympathy and prayers.

I hope that many such electric plants may be placed in the hands of medical missionaries.

God's work should have the best apparatus to use.

With warm greetings to you, personally,

Very truly yours, for India's sufferers,

Alice Byram Coudict, M.D.

Chinkiang, Kiangsu, China

The Medical Missionary has arrived in Chinkiang and I gave it a welcome. It was with much pleasure that I discovered that you are one of the editors.

Enclosed find subscription for one year for the foreign missionary numbers. I shall probably be in America some time during the latter part of this year, and shall probably take up post-graduate work for several months. We are making plans for a new hospital which we hope to build as soon as I get back from furlough. This hospital is to be a memorial for the wife of Dr. Quine of Chicago. Mrs. Quine was one of Dr. Hoag's special friends. My days are full of work—and evenings, too. All my spare time I devote to the teaching of our few nurses. Bright educated Chinese young ladies make good nurses and doctors. As most of them prefer being doctors rather than nurses, it is sometimes difficult to persuade some of the less brilliant students that a medical course is too difficult for them. Chinese naturally despise nursing. According to the old idea of China, no really intelligent person used his hands in any way except to wield the pen or occasionally beat the youngsters. It will need no ordinary amount of Christianity to overcome this tendency to despise all sorts of manual labor, and especially such humble and oftentimes disgusting work as waiting upon the sick.

With many well wishes for the success of The Medical Missionary, I am,

Gertrude Taft.

Pangkiachwang, Shantung, China

It is a pleasure to write you again,—as of yore in college days seeking advice along lines of preparation. For some months it has been our pleasure to regularly receive the excellent foreign edition of The Medical Missionary, and we hope it will continue to come to us. I say "us," for my wife is also a physician in the work here. May the magazine, along with its missionary and other editors, continue its cheer and help for many a short year,—the shorter and happier because of it.

I am enclosing a copy of the medical report from here.

Sincerely yours,

F. F. Tuckor.

The Church Mission Hospital, Foochow

I am obliged to you for sending me a copy of your excellent paper, The Medical Missionary. I would express the hope that you also be pleased to send more copies. This hospital has forty-five beds for men and thirty-five for women. Foochow city has a population of 400,000, yet this is the only men's hospital within its walls. I visit a leper settlement in which there
are two hundred lepers. They gratefully receive our attention. Only twelve are baptized. We hope to start a medical school this year.

Yours truly,

M. MacKenzie, M. D.

Fianarantsoa, Madagascar

The last two mails brought the January and February numbers of The Medical Missionary, and though this can be only a short note owing to pressure for time, I must send it to you thanking you for forwarding these papers. I have read both numbers with pleasure and am looking forward to the next.

Besides a large amount of medical work just now (being our season for malaria, and an epidemic of measles raging at the same time), we are having our committee meetings this week, and I must apologize for not sending you more than this word of sincere thanks for your kindness.

With best wishes for the success of your work, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Geo. H. Peake.

Urumia, Persia

The Medical Missionary was most welcome to my desk, for it is full of what all medical missionaries want to know. To know how others have met problems that we are all called to face is an unspeakable help to us. I enclose a word about the Urumia medical work, which may be of use in the Medical Missionary, together with a picture of the bronze tablet to be put in the Memorial building.

You will not remember me, but I have been glad many times for the opportunity to meet you which I had in Nashville in February, 1906.

Very sincerely yours,

H. P. Packard.

Ntabamhlope, Estcourt, Natal

I am glad to receive the first number of your interesting paper, the Medical Missionary.

The work here is quite new so that there is not much to report in the way of "successes."

Our "needs" are great. We need patience and grace and tact and love; we need the intelligent prayers of God's people; we need funds for the building of a dispensary and hospital.

I am thirty years of age, married, and have a baby girl; am working in connection with the South Africa General Mission, and I have been in South Africa five years.

I have entire charge of the work here,—evangelistic, medical and educational,—ably assisted by my wife.

We speak the Zulu language, and have Sunday services, sewing classes, daily school, dispensary, and visit the natives in their homes.

I should be glad to receive your interesting paper regularly.

Yours very sincerely,

Lewis E. Hertslet,

C. M. S., Abed Buta, S. Nigeria, W. Africa

The Medical Missionary arrived anonymously by our last mail. Thank you very much for sending it. I like skimming such publications for news of special interest, but have scant leisure for careful reading. Now that is honest, and I leave it to you to determine whether it is worth while sending to me.

Low fever has driven my companions from Zaria (N. Nigeria), and I had force to accompany the last, though I am in splendid health. Will "Remembrancers" please think of Hausa women and children without a single white woman missionary.

Yours in one service,

Frances M. Wakepeto, M. D.

Soochow, China

I write to thank you for the copy of the Medical Missionary for January just received. I enjoyed reading it very much, and feel sure it will do me good.

We are greatly cheered and helped in our work here by the coming of one of my former pupils, Dr. Yang (A. E. Yandell is his foreign name), to help in
the work. Dr. Yandell was a member of my first graduating class, 1888, and since then has been in private practice in Wurih, a large town near Soochow. He was very successful in his practice, and has brought up or is bringing up, a large family, all Christians, and being educated in our Christian schools. A few years ago he and his wife became greatly revived spiritually, and they have been doing a grand work for Christ in the city of Wurih. Now a missionary physician has come to Wurih, and feeling he could leave without injury to the cause, he has moved to Soochow and taken charge of the Hospital as general manager, also physician to the medical department, and teacher of bacteriology in the medical school. The salary I can give him is not half what he was making in Wurih, but he does not count that. He comes because the Hospital needs him, and he feels he can have so many more opportunities for evangelical work among the patients than he could have in private practice.

He is fulfilling all our most sanguine hopes, and his wife is proving herself a great help to Mrs. Park in her work among the women.

We are in the midst of a great fight against opium in China now. Soochow is the headquarters of the Anti-Opium League, and I have the honor of being Treasurer of the same. Our cause is growing all the time.

Fraternally,

W. H. PARK.

SUDAN UNITED MISSION, LANGTANG, VIA AMAR, NORTHERN NIGERIA, W. AFRICA

You may perhaps remember me as one of the volunteers who under the auspices of the International Medical Missionary Society entered the United States Army Hospital Corps during the Spanish-American War. I thought perhaps you might like to know that I am now on the foreign mission field, though not as a medical missionary. I was unable to finish my medical course, and had been out of college four years when the needs of the Sudan became known to me, and I applied to this mission and was accepted. I came out with the expectation of starting an industrial mission, which is very much needed, but as yet have not been able to do much in that line. This mission has not yet passed out of the pioneer stage. We are exploring the field, opening new stations and building houses. In a year or two we will doubtless be more settled.

You will be interested to know that we are doing considerable medical work. We have two doctors on the field, while I myself am half a doctor. Here at Langtang I have charge of the medical work. Dr. Derr being about six days march south and Dr. Emlyn about eight days north, I have quite a lot of minor surgical cases,—mostly sore feet, ulcers, etc. Have treated two cases of snake bite successfully, and had one case of fractured metacarpal bone.

The opportunities for medical work are legion. The doctor has a very important work to do in breaking down prejudice and overcoming the fear and natural reticence of the people. Though my knowledge of medicine is very meager, I am happy to say that I have been able to afford relief to a great many, and from the standpoint of the missionary it is perhaps just as good as curing more difficult cases.

Very sincerely yours,

WALTER W. HOOVER.

SIANGTAN HUNAN, CHINA

I am very glad indeed to hear from you again! I know you are prospering in your good work preparing men and women to go to the foreign field. May God always help you and Mrs. Dowkontt in that good work.

I have had my eye on that Battle Creek work some time. It seems to be succeeding wonderfully, does it not? Our hospital, the Nathaniel Tooker Hospital, has been open only about ten months. During these ten months we have had 87 in-patients, 1,201 new and 1,502 return cases, 49 minor and 12 major operations, and made 65 visits to the homes. Field receipts, $267.54. Total number of cases, 2,855. This is not so bad for a new work.

We have had some horrible burn cases lately, some half dozen of them. One
who was at death’s door is now a nurse. He was six months getting well, burned terribly. I thought several times he would surely die.

One of these was a little beggar boy of seven. He got burned while trying to warm himself by the side of a street pedler’s fire, over which sweet potatoes were being fried in hot lard. When he came, we asked him his name. He said he didn’t know what it was. We insisted on having him think a moment and then tell us. He said he didn’t think it was worth while anyway. (He had been brought from the street half dead by a former patient.) “Well! Here now! Where is your mother?” “Dead.” “Father?” “Dead.” “Brother?” “I don’t know.” He said his given name was “Second child.” So we asked him about his elder brother. He said he was not sure that he had one, said he hadn’t ever seen him, but that if there was one, that he must be in the other end of town.

Poor little beggar, we dressed his burns, and he was in the hospital for several weeks. We made him study, and he didn’t like it at all. He also hated to be washed. I offered his old beggar great-aunt to put him in school, but before we could get him in school he slipped out of the gate and ran away. He is only one of the thousands. It is fearful to go on the streets in this town and have to make your way through all the poor beggars who throng the streets, especially in winter time.

We are very much in need of a man and wife here now to undertake school work, also of a single lady for woman’s work and one for school (girls).

Yours cordially, and always grateful for all the help and guidance you gave me during those years in New York.

ERNEST D. VAN DER BURGH.

Busrah, Arabia

I was glad to receive the MEDICAL MISSIONARY a few days ago, and wish to acknowledge receipt of same at once.

It was very kind of you to send one, and I will try from time to time to give you some news from my field.

The Doctors Wonall have left for America, and I have been in charge of the hospital and dispensary work. For two years I have been spending my time touring through the coast countries of Arabia, and have been putting my time upon the acquisition of the Arabic language, which is most difficult. Now I am glad to say I can preach to the patients gathered in the dispensary in the morning, and have no difficulty in conversation. From what I have seen, one of the greatest hindrances to a medical missionary’s usefulness is a lack of sufficient knowledge of the language of the people among whom he works. However, on the other hand, some of the best linguists have been medical men. Dr. Von Dyke at Beirut is an example of what medical men have done.

But I am digressing. I should like to say that if Busrah is an example of what a medical man can do, we should have double the supply at once. Among Mohammedan people there is nothing which attracts them so quickly as a doctor. They are, as a rule, very fanatical, and the clergyman’s work is very difficult when he is alone. We can not preach openly to these people, and it is only by individual and group conversations that we can reach them.

Among the interesting cases for operation this month are several cataracts, several stone-in-bladder cases, ovarian cyst, retention of urine—seven days (from stone), and many smaller cases. This simply shows what experience a medical man can have here, especially if he is inclined to surgery.

Of course I remember you as the author of “Murdered Millions,” as this was one of the first books to put me on the track of medical missionary work.

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR K. BENNETT, M. D.

Harpoot, Turkey

I was very much pleased to receive by a recent post my first number of your MEDICAL MISSIONARY paper. Perhaps I should have said “our paper,” for you have made us feel at home with you.

I shall be delighted to receive your paper regularly, and am very thankful
to you and Dr. Kellogg for your generosity to us all. I shall be very glad to do all that I can to help you in your noble undertaking.

I organized a Medical Missionary Association among my colleagues in Asia Minor four years ago. I thought at the time that it was the first medical missionary society to have been organized among medical missionaries exclusively in Protestant missions. If I am mistaken, please advise me. I enclose an article about this Asia Minor Medical Missionary Association. It may interest missionaries in other fields to know of our organization. If you decide to publish this, I should like to have a dozen extra copies to send to various English, Scotch, and German missionaries who are interested in our organization. If you decide to publish this, I should like to have a dozen extra copies to send to various English, Scotch, and German missionaries who are interested in our organization. If you decide to publish this, I should like to have a dozen extra copies to send to various English, Scotch, and German missionaries who are interested in our organization. If you decide to publish this, I should like to have a dozen extra copies to send to various English, Scotch, and German missionaries who are interested in our organization. If you decide to publish this, I should like to have a dozen extra copies to send to various English, Scotch, and German missionaries who are interested in our organization. If you decide to publish this, I should like to have a dozen extra copies to send to various English, Scotch, and German missionaries who are interested in our organization. If you decide to publish this, I should like to have a dozen extra copies to send to various English, Scotch, and German missionaries who are interested in our organization. If you decide to publish this, I should like to have a dozen extra copies to send to various English, Scotch, and German missionaries who are interested in our organization.

Wishing you every success I remain,

Yours for the work,

H. H. Atkinson.

[The article on the organization of the Asia Minor Medical Missionary Association by Dr. Atkinson will be found commencing on page 694.—Ed.]

Below is given a view in part of the Winona Lake Bible Conference. The auditorium is seen through the trees in the rear at the right. The full congregation averaged about four thousand people.

SHE GAVE HER ALL

REV. H. G. BISSELL

One Sabbath morning during the famine of 1901, a handful of Christians in a village near Ahmednagar were going to celebrate the communion at sunrise. As I approached the town on my wheel, about dawn, a man, who had been watching me coming, walked slowly to the middle of the road and motioned with his uplifted hands, the palms turned toward me, to stop. As I greeted him with the "Peace to you. How is everything?" his face revealed the convert baptized a few months before.

It was a sad face to-day.

"What has happened, Baba?" (Baba to an adult is a familiar "Sir.") "Our little boy died last night. His mother said, come to the house before you go to meeting. You can return at once. I'll show you the way; it's not far." And before I knew it he had bowed down, touched my feet and raised his hands to his forehead, combining a salutation and a petition.

The man and his wife had been baptized amid the jeers and taunts of many friends and more foes. It had been a great day for the kingdom when they confessed Jesus of Asia as their Saviour and Lord. Want and woe were widespread in the land. Ostracism followed their change of faith and multiplied troubles. The only child, ill-fated, grew sick. The parents became frantic.

No medicines were available.

Every hour of the day was precious for earning a few scanty mouthfuls of food. Care and nourishment would have saved the boy.

We came to the house. As we entered, the brusque, but brave husband, no longer a father, said to his wife: "Don't weep now. What can we do for him? Look, the Sahib has come." In a dark corner of the only room, near the few rough, ragged bits of blanket, where the babe had been lying, sat the sobbing, childless woman. Her whole frame shook with grief too great to control.

The Childless Father

The bare body of their boy lay in her lap. Anon she would lift him to her heart, and then would bend over and press her lips and hand upon the cool, lifeless face, with all the yearning of a soul robbed of its one desire. "Why can't he come back to me, my king? Where will I hold in these arms now, whom will my eyes watch now?"

I read from the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel the immortal words: "Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me. There are mansions to live in. I will come for you all; where I am ye shall be." A word of prayer for faith in an ever-living, always near God; for courage and strength to endure to the end; then the funeral procession formed.

The Childless Father

We filled in the grave, left a mound for memory, and gathered about the table to celebrate the sacrifice of Him whose body was crushed for the salvation of the world. The mother crouched near the rude table to get all the comfort she could.

After telling the people where we had been, I read from the seventh chapter of Revelation, "They shall hunger no more; God shall wipe away every tear;" and from the twenty-first chapter: "God himself shall be with them. Death shall be no more, neither mourning, nor crying. He that overcometh shall inherit these things." The mourning father rose and interrupted,
"O God, do not let go of us.

To the end make us faithful. Make us ready for that time."

The service was over. Nothing besides the morsel of bread received at the table passed the lips of most of those famine-wasted participants all that Sabbath day. The contribution plate passed among the people and came back to the table. Then the mourning mother, silent by herself hitherto, stood up and said, "Please forgive me, I will say but two words; our boy we were going to give to God to-day; and ask that he be baptized. Now God has taken him.

"ONLY THIS IS LEFT."

She thrust her hand into the bundle of rags which clung to her, who knows how, and drew out a pair of brass bangles, mere penny trinkets, which she had slipped off the thin wrists of her babe before we laid him in the grave, adding in a trembling voice, "These were his, my boy's; now we give them to the Lord. There they are." And she crouched down to her crying and comfort again by the table.

She could have exchanged the bangles for a mouthful of food down in the bazaar—but she gave her all to her Lord. They and their all belonged to the Lord. Some call these poorer classes of converts "RICE CHRISTIANS."

Most of them can not be bought with rice or price. They have been purchased by Christ. They do without food and friends; they wear rags and leave their roofs for his sake. How many in America, opulent and over-running with God's gifts, give for the cause of Christ's kingdom and go hungry? The honored President of these United States has lately said, "I am for making the conditions which obtain in the best communities of our civilized land just as universal as possible,"—a task that is worthy of the American. Humanity is greater than nationality.

—Life and Light.

A NEW STORY OF LIVINGSTONE

When Sebitoane attacked Sechele's village (BechuanaLand), Livingstone was there on an evangelizing tour; he had come from Kuruman, where he was still residing. One morning, hearing a noise and an unaccountable agitation, he hastily left his hut. The village was invested by the Makololos (the name given by the Barotsi to Sebitoane's adherents). Livingstone, who had a sjambok in his hand, felt so indignant at the pillage that was going on, that, seeing a man crawling out of one of Sechele's huts, he brought down

SEVERAL BLOWS ON HIS BACK

which made the blood start and made welts. It was Sebitoane himself. He stood up, seized Livingstone by the hair, and threw him down. The people ran up and the assagais were about to pierce him, but Sebitoane interposed. "Let him go; he is a stranger, a white man."

And looking straight at him he said:

"YOU HAVE COURAGE; you are a brave man. Never before has any one dared to strike me." Livingstone understood whom he had attacked. "You are strong," he said, and peace was made, once feelings had cooled down. Livingstone gave £3 as an amende honorable to Sebitoane, and Sebitoane on his part presented him with five men. When later on they met at the Zambesi (seven years later), they laughed and joked together over the incident.

"YOU ARE STRONG," said Livingstone to Sebitoane, "to have taken me by the hair and thrown me down." And Sebitoane showed him the scar he bore on his back and said: "And you are a famous warrior to attack Sebitoane all alone, who had conquered so many tribes. Look at this mark! You are the only one who has ever beaten me."—From Mackintosh's "Coillard of the Zambesi."
THE WORK LIMITED BY LACK OF ROOM

DR. C. B. HANSON, physician in charge of our hospital in Monterey, Mexico, reports a prosperous year:

"God has caused a great multitude of people to come to this institution that they might hear the Gospel. As to the number of conversions, He alone knows; but we hear of many. I thank God for the earnest, faithful ministers who preach the gospel to these people from day to day. They fully appreciate the opportunity given them to reach people that they might not in any other way. So many of those who come to the hospital for physical healing could never be induced to go to a Protestant church because of prejudice or indifference. But while in the hospital and hearing the simple Gospel as it is proclaimed day by day, their eyes are opened and they gladly hear.

"We need larger quarters if we are to accommodate all that would come to us. The work has increased so much, especially in surgery, and the demands are so great upon my time and strength, that it is imperative that I be furnished with an assistant. The patients treated in the hospital, both pay and charity, show an increase over last year; and there would have been more but for lack of room. Patients treated, 25,753, all of whom were given medicine and treatment free; patients visited at home, 1,000; office patients treated, 2,500—making a total of 29,653."

The number of post-offices is 2,776, in which 188,000,000 pieces of mail matter were handled during the year, and money orders were issued amounting to $46,450,000. The total length of the railway system is 15,000 miles.

There is, however, much room for improvement.

The Mexican Herald, the foremost English paper, widely read by the natives, is usually careful to say nothing that may offend the Roman Catholics. An editorial in a recent issue shows a different spirit. In commenting on a recent murder, the Herald laments the fact that the humbler classes in the land are very little under religious or other improving influences. It expresses its surprise that the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church seem to do so little for the instruction and uplifting of the poor. "The results are apparent in the looseness of the relations between the sexes, the thieving habit, the deeds of blood, the immoderate and almost universal indulgence in alcoholic stimulants that prevail among the lower classes." Then follows this significant paragraph: "This is a condition which urgently demands remedial action; and while it would be preferable, no doubt, for the work of reform to be conducted along Catholic lines, which adapt themselves best to the genius and character of the people, the efforts of the Protestant denominations to do something for the enlightenment and moral improvement of the poor will be watched with interest."—From Go Forward.

TIDINGS AS FROM THE DEAD

The silence which for seven years hung over the last days of the missionaries who met their death at Tai-ku, Shansi, China, at the hands of the Boxers, has been broken by the recovery of Miss Susan Rowena Bird's diary. The date of that massacre was July 31, 1900. On July 31, 1907, "this record, perfectly preserved," was brought to a meeting at the graves of THE MARTYRED DEAD and part of it read as a memorial of them. It had been found for sale, with the mission treasurer's record book, at a secondhand shop. It carries the story of that "Reign of Terror" up to July 19, twelve days before the indescribable end. Nearly the last sentence before it stops abruptly with the date, Thursday, 19, is the eager, though hopeless, question, "When will the end come?"

It is a heroic chapter, and at the same time an intensely human chapter. There is the calm courage of lives wholly committed to God; and there is alternation between hope and sinking of heart, as rumors conflict and the prospect keeps shifting. There is fearlessness in
and fondness in clinging to life. There is the frequent debate between staying to meet the worst and attempting the hazard of flight. There is the decision, now to practice non-resistance, and again to make all possible defense, even to the digging up of buried revolvers. Perhaps the most pathetic note in all the record is the longing expressed on the Fourth of July to see a few American soldiers marching in; unless it be the remark, two days later, after mistaken hope in a proclamation of protection, "All the bad reports seem to come true and the true ones false." Much of the diary is full of detail, but the most eloquent part of it are the brief entries of July 10 and 11, which speak simply of panic among the natives and strain upon the missionaries. More eloquent still are the

TWELVE DAYS OF SILENCE

just before the end. For what those missionaries endured, beyond all words to tell, is their martyr's crown—From the Missionary Herald.

THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE HEATHEN

Miss Minnie Alexander, of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, narrates the following terrible story:—

A most extraordinary attempt at murder occurred some weeks ago in Betal district of the Central Provinces.

A native, Dama Gaike, who

HAD A SICK WIFE,
grew tired of attending to her wants and took measures to get rid of her. He put his wife on a cart, took her in the direction of a neighboring village and on the way stopped and dug a shallow grave, placed the woman in and partially covered her with leaves and stones. He did not have proper implements to dig a deep grave, but as his wife was only half conscious, he thought that mattered little as she would soon be dead any way.

FIVE DAYS AFTER THIS a herdsman, while grazing his cattle near by, noticed that the cows shied at something and ran away. He went to see what it was. He heard a noise from what appeared to be a grave, and he saw the stones and sticks move. He went away and came back the next morning with a great crowd of people to search out the mystery. They soon discovered the spot and recognized that

A HUMAN BODY WAS THERE.

While they were talking about who it could be that was dead and buried in such a manner, they heard a voice say: "I am not dead." They went nearer and found the living body of Dama's wife. When asked how she came to be in such a plight, her reply was, "My husband buried me because I was sick." The woman was extricated, sent to a hospital for treatment and lived thirteen more days. Her husband was put into prison.

A CORRESPONDENT of Woman's Work writes that during a short trip in Manchuria taken recently by Rev. T. C. Winn and his wife, they found groups of thirty or forty Christians of different denominations worshiping together in New Chwang, Liao Yang, Mukden, and other Manchurian places. In some places there are flourishing meetings for women. The names of these towns are still fresh in the minds of the world as scenes of terrific strife in carnal battle and bloodshed. Previously to that they were enveloped in darkness, but now the smoke of battle has cleared away, and at once the banner of the Prince of Peace is seen floating in the air. Everywhere these missionaries were received with marks of attention and regard, and their entertainment was free. They also report a great revival in the Scotch and Irish missions to the Chinese in Manchuria. "The floors of the churches are wet with tears of repentance."
NERVE POISONS

Alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, opiates, and a host of drugs taken in the form of nostrums and patent medicines and much-vaunted drugs, are poisons. Some obtund nervous sensibility, giving ease from pain, weakness, worry, and other discomfits, but only by deceiving, by covering up the cause instead of removing it. So-called tonic drugs are, like narcotics, deceptive in their effects, producing an impression of strength and vigor which really does not exist. The artificial felicity induced by the use of nerve-deceiving drugs is so great that the habit is readily formed. Many thousands of persons go down to untimely graves annually through the influence of alcohol, opium, tobacco, cocaine, and other equally destructive drugs. Drug habits of all sorts may be overcome by judicious management if the individual himself desires to be set free. A simple dietary, excluding flesh foods, warm baths, rest, and good nursing, will greatly aid in relieving the nervousness and other distress which immediately follow the removal of a narcotic drug, and the daily cold bath and the continuance of a simple natural dietary will aid greatly in building up the nervous system and fortifying it against a relapse.

ALCOHOL NEVER NECESSARY

It is probably not too much to say that there is no condition under which the use of alcohol is necessary, and it is indeed difficult to conceive of any condition under which its use as a remedy could be in any way really beneficial. Alcohol has for generations been regarded as the sovereign remedy in collapse and all conditions of great prostration, such as are found in persons who have been rescued from drowning, or who are suffering from sunstroke, or heatstroke, or collapse following hemorrhage or severe injury. At the same time, however, such eminent medical authorities as Dr. Victor Horsley, of London, and others equally prominent, do not hesitate to express themselves in unequivocal terms against the use of alcohol. Says Dr. Horsley, "Surgeons of former days used alcohol extensively to combat shock; but the old theories of shock have been proved erroneous, and alcohol has consequently become unnecessary. It will be less and less used in the future, and the discredit into which it has fallen is justified."

Fortunately there are always simple remedies at hand which are capable of doing everything which alcohol is supposed to do, but which it does not do. In collapse, for example, the most important thing to be done is to arouse and energize the heart. This can be admirably accomplished by chafing the limbs, spattering the surface vigorously, especially the chest, and rubbing the surface of the body with cold water, employing either the hands or a small cloth dipped in cold water. A towel wrung out of cold water and applied over the heart is an excellent means of energizing this organ when weakened from any cause, as in fainting, the state of collapse which sometimes occurs in fevers and similar conditions.

Sometimes alternate applications of heat and cold are preferable to cold applications alone. A short, very hot application should precede the cold application when the surface of the patient is cold. The cold applications must be of short duration, and accompanied by vigorous rubbing when applied to the surface of the whole body. The surface should be dried and well covered afterward. The cold compress over the heart should be renewed as soon as it becomes appreciably warm. When allowed to become heated, the effect is the opposite to that desired.
TEA AND COFFEE DRINKING

Probably very few of the millions who daily make use of tea and coffee as a beverage are aware of the fact that these common drugs contain from three to six per cent of a deadly poison. The amount of tea and coffee imported annually into the United States alone is more than one billion pounds, or five hundred thousand tons, containing more than fifteen thousand tons of a poison so deadly that twenty grains might produce fatal results if administered to a full-grown man at a single dose, amounting to more than ten billion deadly doses, or six times as much as would be required to kill every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth.

INSIDIOUS POISONS

The question is asked, “Why, then, are not these deadly effects more apparent, and more frequently manifested?” In reply it may be said, first, that the poisonous effects of the use of tea and coffee are so widespread and so well-nigh universal that this very fact serves to conceal the injury done. The bad effects which really follow from the use of tea and coffee are attributed to other causes, such as overwork, sedentary habits, climate, germs, and other influences which may indeed be incidentally involved, but are not primary in their influence. Further, we will say that the poisonous effects resulting from the use of tea and coffee are very decidedly manifest to one who has given thought to this question, and has made careful observations in relation to it. The sallow complexion common among women of the higher classes who have reached middle life, the almost universal nervousness among American women, and many common digestive disorders, and the increasing prevalence of nervous or sick headaches, afford to the experienced physician ample evidence of the toxic or poisonous character of tea, coffee, and the allied beverages, cocoa and chocolate. The well-known effect of these drugs in producing wakefulness, banishing as if by magic the sensation of fatigue, affords sufficient evidence of their poisonous character. No one would doubt for a moment the poisonous nature of a drug capable of producing irresistible drowsiness in a person who is not weary. The power of a drug to produce wakefulness in a person who is strongly inclined to sleep as the result of fatigue, is equally evidence of its poisonous character.

Again, the fact that a person who is accustomed to the use of tea or coffee finds himself nervous and uncomfortable when the usual cup is dispensed with, is another proof of the poisonous character of these common beverages which is very frequently in evidence. “I must have a cup of tea or coffee for my breakfast; I am good for nothing without it for the whole day,” is an expression which one often hears. The conclusion to be drawn from this experience is not that coffee or tea is necessary or beneficial, but the very reverse. The evidence of its harmful and poisonous character is conclusive. No such results follow the incidental temporary withdrawal of ordinary food substances to which one has been accustomed. It is only artificial stimulants or narcotics the withdrawal of which is accompanied by such unpleasant effects.

WHAT FOOD IS MOST WORTH EATING

Many current notions about food are notoriously erroneous. This is especially true respecting the popular estimate of food values. For example, the average man believes that the best strength-giving food is beefsteak, and the average housewife would never think of preparing a dinner without meat in some form. Laboring men, especially, are supposed to need a large amount of meat. For generations athletes have been trained on it.

Modern scientific research has proved the error of these notions and practices. Chittenden has shown that a low-protein or meatless diet promotes endurance. Fletcher has proved the same by surpassing, even doubling, the best performance of the trained athlete at Yale. Fisher of Yale has shown the great superiority of a low-protein over the high-
protein ration by means of carefully planned endurance tests.

And now, Dr. White, an eminent medical authority, comes forward in a lecture before the Harvard University Medical Department with a comparison of the values of common foodstuffs which completely upsets old ideas. Here are the facts as presented by Dr. White, whose statements are based on United States Government reports:

One ordinary slice of bread and butter equals, in nutritive value, three good-sized slices of beef.

Twenty cups of beef tea made from beef extract are equivalent to eleven cups of home-made beef tea.

And the professor might have added, with equal truth:

Three cups of beef juice, a whole chicken (broiled), three-fourths pint of oysters (solid meats), a pound of lobster, two dozen frogs' legs, half a pound of brook trout, two whole eggs.

The most concentrated foodstuffs are to be found among cereals and nuts.

The average of the ten animal foodstuffs is only 12.2 food units per ounce.

The average value of the ten vegetable foodstuffs is 170 food units per ounce.

The average value of the ten vegetable foods is fourteen times as great as of the ten animal foods.

Here is abundant food for reflection on the part of those who still cling to the antiquated traditions of the past in matters pertaining to diet. The fact is that the civilized world has gone far astray in the matter of proper food, and a return to the bill of fare originally provided by the Creator would be greatly to its advantage.

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**HENRY WARD BEECHER'S MANIC-CYCHOLY**

Henry Ward Beecher was by no means a pessimist. He took, in general, a wholesome and hopeful view of life and held up before his generation noble ideals and worthy aims. His teaching was inspiring and uplifting. He seemed to the public to be possessed of a never-failing stock of good cheer and sunshine, an intense interest in life and living. It seems, however, that in private a different phase of character sometimes appeared. The writer remembers an incident which seems to justify this remark.

Our old friend of many years, Major Pond, was for years Mr. Beecher's lecture manager. Meeting us once on a Michigan Central train, he remarked:—

"I have Mr. Beecher on board. Come and let me present you to him."

Which he did, to our great delight, for it was a coveted honor to meet the famous divine.

"You are a physician, then," said Mr. Beecher, almost at once.

"Yes, I have the honor to be a member of the medical profession."

"Well, now, Doctor, I wish you would tell me something. I have a peculiar experience. I am a man who has achieved something in life. I have much reason to be satisfied with what I have attained,—perhaps as much as most men; but every now and then there comes over me a strange and unaccountable depression, and a feeling of indifference. I seem to lose all interest in both the present life and the next. What do you suppose is the difficulty?"

"Allow me to see your tongue, Mr. Beecher." A large, broad tongue was exhibited. It was heavily coated. Its condition seemed to justify me in saying:—

"Your digestion is not good, Mr. Beecher. Poisons are absorbed from the stomach and bowels, and your brain is poisoned,—autointoxication, we would say nowadays.

"You are mistaken, sir. My stomach is absolutely sound. I can digest anything."

It was no use to argue the question, as Mr. Beecher was a man of very decided

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<tr>
<th>Food units in one oz.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Rice .................. 92</td>
<td>Beef broth ........... 9</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oatmeal .............. 116</td>
<td>Beef juice ........... 8.5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Peanuts .............. 123</td>
<td>Beef soup ............ 8</td>
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<td>Wheat ................. 105</td>
<td>Lobster ............... 9</td>
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<td>Almonds .............. 281</td>
<td>Oysters .............. 11</td>
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<td>Pecans .............. 217</td>
<td>Frogs' legs ........... 10</td>
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<td>Olive oil ............ 264</td>
<td>Brook trout .......... 15</td>
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<td>Fine-nuts ........... 179</td>
<td>Chicken .............. 20</td>
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<td>Brazil nuts .......... 200</td>
<td>Clam chowder ......... 18</td>
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<td>Walnuts ............. 207</td>
<td>Kidney .............. 23</td>
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<td><strong>Average</strong> ............. 170</td>
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opinions and formed his own judgments; but when he was stricken with apoplexy two or three years later, the incident was vividly recalled, and it was evident that the premature end of this wonderfully useful life was really due to ignorance of the fundamental importance of nutrition as the determining factor in efficiency, endurance, and longevity.

Mr. Beecher's melancholy was simply due to systemic poisoning by toxins formed by germs in his intestine. His great brain was addled by poisons, intoxicated just as really as though he had swallowed alcohol in some form.

The same poisoning changed the walls of the arteries, weakened and softened them, until apoplexy occurred.

Scores, yes, hundreds, of great men have been carried off prematurely in precisely the same manner. Spurgeon, for example, a man of extraordinary power and usefulness, fell a victim to Bright's disease after suffering for years from gout,—the result of ignorance of the fact that his maladies and miseries were wholly of his own making.

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**HOME DEPARTMENT**

**ECHOES FROM THE WINONA LAKE BIBLE CONFERENCE**

The month of August is becoming more and more to be regarded as the minister's vacation month. Taking this opportunity a ten-days' Bible Conference has been established in connection with the Winona Lake (Indiana) Assembly. The principal mover and director of this meeting is Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, well and favorably known throughout the country as pastor and evangelist. Each day of the meeting is crowded full of lectures and sermons by men of eminence in the religious world, men who in thought and action stand as leaders in the Christian church.

**THE BIBLE IS THE STANDARD**

The speakers on the Winona platform are men whose faith in the Bible is unqualified and simple. They are men who have their eyes on the trend of things and are fearless in the exposition of wrong in the church or out of it. This fact does not preclude the possibility of variety in views and teachings, for there are, as we all know, many men of many minds, all of whom are sincere and intelligent in the use of the Bible. A faithful picture of the Conference would present some contrasts of color, especially if the artist undertook to depict the various shades of theology voiced from the platform, and the variety of view-points assumed by the speakers. The speakers represented all classes of theologians from staid bishops and learned doctors to "Billy" Sunday. There were those who pleaded for the old landmarks of dogmatic theology, while others denounced the theoretic barriers which have served to separate men into sects and to neutralize the power of the Gospel.

It seemed to be the aim of the directors to secure a bill of fare that would feed and satisfy all kinds of normal Christian tastes; and while they succeeded well in this, they also succeeded in causing some wry faces at times.

**PROMINENT SPEAKERS**

Dr. Chapman and his coadjutors gathered around them a brilliant circle of speakers, among whom we mention only a few of those perhaps best known: W. J. Dawson, D. D., London, author of "A Prophet in Babylon" and numerous other books; James M. Gray, Dean of the Moody Institute, Chicago; Eva Booth, Commander of the Salvation Army in the United States; E. Y. Mulkins, D. D., Louisville, Ky.; Chas. F. Aked, D. D., of New York City; Gipsy Smith, W. L. Watkinson, D. D., London; Clinton N. Howard, Rochester, N. Y.; Charles Stelzle, New York; C. H. Woolston, D. D., Philadelphia; Pastor Soltau, Chicago; Bishop Hartzell of Africa; Dr. H. G. Underwood of Korea; and many others whose names deserve to be mentioned.
Charles M. Alexander, the singer who accompanied Dr. Torrey around the world, and is now associated with Dr. Chapman in evangelistic work, with Charles F. Allen and E. O. Excell, had charge of the musical feature of the Conference. They were assisted by a large number of professional evangelistic singers and a well-trained choir. The singing was superb, and often reminded one of the songs that the redeemed will sing by and by before the throne of God. The auditorium was built for about two thousand people, but was forced to take in almost twice that number, the attendance being unprecedented and almost unexpected.

SOME OF THE SPECIALS

In making mention of some of the more celebrated speakers and their special work no word is intended to detract from the others, for as a whole the entire program was one of great merit and value to the listeners.

There was that venerable nestor among British Wesleyan pastors, Dr. Watkinson of London. He has just finished his three-score years and ten, though he might well be taken for an older man than that. His form is slender and tall, his hair is white, he walks a little stooped with infirmity, his broad brim, low-crown Wesleyan parson's hat crowns a head not too large for his slender frame, making a unique figure to the people of this country unused to the peculiar dress of the English clericals. He is not in vigorous health and was delayed by illness in coming to the Conference. Those seated at any distance from the platform must listen closely for the best things that fell from his lips, as they were likely to be spoken in an undertone. But whatever impression one might gain in seeing his gaunt figure walking across the ground, the profoundest feelings were stirred to the depth by his masterful teaching. His wisdom and experience came forth in great lumps and nuggets, golden in value and splendid with rhetoric and sanctified wit. He was continually surprising his vast audiences by the most pointed epigrams of vital truth and convulsing them with laughter at his innocent drollery, which escaped from his lips almost without his permission, so that he would look about with unfeigned surprise at the effect his words had taken. His principal themes were the "River of Life;" "The Principle of Continuity and Co-operation in Human Effort in Connection with the Work of God."

Dr. Chas. F. Aked, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New York, is, it will be remembered, the minister whom Rockefeller was instrumental in inducing to come to this country from London. Dr. Aked is an Englishman, a man of culture, of broad and deep thinking, a man who has the full courage of his convictions and the courage to speak them to any one where occasion may fall upon him. On one occasion Dr. Aked by request repeated in substance the sermon he delivered in New York on the decline of piety. This was a fearless and masterful presentation of the prevalent sins of worldly church members. Living men, said the speaker, differ; dead men agree. Only in the church-yard shall we find perfect harmony. Every man's views should represent the result of his own thinking. As a text for his discourse Dr. Aked quoted the words of Jesus in Matt. 16:3: "Ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" No one can fail to perceive the reproach contained in this rebuke. God pity the people who are led by leaders who can not lead, by preachers who can not preach, prophets who can not discern the signs of the times. He had been especially impressed with the situation of the American Christian pulpit, so many preachers to whom the present looked black and the future looked blank. This condition is unlike the American spirit of optimism. Speaking of the condition of the various Protestant bodies, he claimed that they were barely holding their own in numbers. The most fruitful Christian work to-day is being done outside the organized church.

Looking for the causes of this decline, the speaker pointed out several causes that to his mind are operating to undermine the piety of professed Christians. The light of the church is going out because the connection has been broken,
and the Holy Spirit no longer flows into the ranks. The Sunday newspaper is another factor in blighting the power of the church. If the Christian world would be content to stop thinking of murders and all sorts of crimes, of stocks and games, one day in seven, it would be for the advantage of its spiritual interests. The church is in a transitional state, and many of its members have lost their standing ground in the old world of theological thought without having found their feet in the new. There is a suspicion abroad that the old faith can not be harmonized with the new light that is coming to the world today. But no man is required to become an expert in science before he can have a firm trust in God. We can always rely upon the great fact that no scientific truth will undermine the great truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The more we understand the Bible, the more we shall love it, and the more firmly we shall believe it. We need not fear criticism or examination of the great principles of the Christian faith. We shall always be able to say of Christ, "This is the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

As Whittier has said,—

"We shall come back laden from our quest
To find the Book that Mother read the best."

The religion of the future must not be "hell-centered, but Christ-centered."

Dr. Dawson, whose name is now before the world as a man who loves mankind, stood before the great audiences with a burning gospel of practical religion. In one of his discourses he gave an account of the work that is being done in his own church in London. Those who had read his book, "A Prophet in Babylon," and listened to that address could not fail to draw a striking parallel between the experience of the hero, Mr. Hartshorn, and his own.

In personal appearance Dr. Dawson impresses a stranger as being a large-hearted, generous man. His broad chest makes room for a big heart, and his homely face bespeaks kindliness. He does not seem to be very much bound by the conventionalities of the world in dress or deportment, lives free and laughs heartily, and yet is thoughtful, serious, and earnest.

Another foreigner, or at least Britisher, who came in for a very large share of attention at the Conference was Gipsy Smith. He is now forty-eight years of age and has been converted about twenty-five years. He was born and reared in a gipsy camp and roamed about with his people until he was converted. His mother died while he was a child. His father was left with five children to care for, and he was addicted to drink. But the Gospel finally reached the father, and then the children one by one. In the heart of the gipsy boy there was a burning desire to preach the Gospel and his conversion was also the awakening of his intellect. He became possessed of a Bible, a dictionary, and a Bible-dictionary. These he carried around under his arm and when he heard a word the meaning of which he did not know, he quickly looked it up, and thus increased his vocabulary. His
first ministry was with the Salvation Army, but later he began working on his own account. He has encircled the globe, preaching in every part of the world, and his labors have resulted in the conversion of many thousands.

He gives the impression of being simple in his tastes and sincere in his convictions, childlike in his faith and trust, manly in his courage, and absolutely fearless in facing the sins of the world and of a nominal Christian world.

His preaching is direct and powerful, his illustrations forcible, and there sparkles throughout his discourses a gentle and inoffensive yet effectual vein of wit. He becomes at times very poetical and portrays his thoughts in words of singular beauty. His hearers are wonderfully attracted to him, and he preaches for all classes, for the unlearned, for the educated and cultured, for the rich and the poor. It is the same Gospel for all, and it is offered to all on equal terms. He remarked that his time is practically all engaged for six years to come, so great is the call for his labors.

Dr. E. Y. Mullins, of Louisville, impressed his hearers by his scholarly manner in the presentation of earnest, burning Gospel truth. His discourses were of an intensely practical nature and on themes of vital importance. His addresses were eloquent and masterly in every respect, and he is a speaker well worth the hearing. The topics he chose on this occasion were, "The Authority of Christ," "The Evidential Value of Christian Experience," and "The Moral Revival in American Life."

Dr. Clinton N. Howard, of Rochester, entertained and instructed his great audience for two hours with "A Ride on the Water-Wagon." It was certainly one of the most effectual temperance addresses to which we have ever listened. For years he has stood as a valiant foe to the drink traffic, and still his heart is aglow with the important work before him. He introduced his address with an anecdote of George Stephenson, the inventor of the steam locomotive. His mother was never an enthusiastic admirer of the genius of her boy while he was wrestling with his problem, and at last, when all was ready for a start, the engine on the rails and steam up, she kept up her skeptical observations, saying, "You'll never start it, George, you'll never start it." But when he climbed up and pulled the throttle and the thing moved off, she ran alongside of the engine waving her hands in terror and crying, "Jump out, George, you'll never stop her. George, you can never stop her." This circumstance was applied to the would-be friends of the temperance movement. He thanked God that the machine was now under headway and no man can stop it. In rebuking those who refused to vote the prohibition ticket because their vote would not count, he referred to Abraham who believed God, and "it was counted." Although the speakers were limited to less than an hour, his interest and that of the audience carried him through two and a quarter hours replete with trenchant arguments, with convincing facts and figures.

Dr. James M. Gray of the Moody Institute gave three powerful addresses on "The Personality and Power of Satan," "The Manifestation of Satan in Christian Science," and "Satanic Manifestations in Spiritism, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, and Palmistry." These discourses were Scriptural, searching, trenchant exposures of the great deceptions that are being palmed off on the world for truth to-day. It was refreshing to see a man of his learning and ability deal so faithfully with the Word of God, and it no doubt served to open the eyes of many who were dabbling in those tricks of the devil.

This article might be continued to almost any length, but the limit has been reached. The prospect is that this Conference will continue to increase in proportions and in interest, and this is good evidence that the time is opportune for the establishment of other places where Christians can assemble and spend a few days in listening to those who are in touch with the Word of God and have a sense of the needs of the hour.
LETTERS

We are happy to receive from time to time letters from our readers who are in foreign fields in which the writers speak of their appreciation of the Medical Missionary, and some of them give interesting data of their work. Some of these reports find their way into the weekly edition of this paper, which is more fully devoted to domestic or home mission work. We hope that we shall have an increasing number of these communications. Medical missionaries are cordially invited to write us of their experiences and the progress of their work. We present herewith extracts from the following letters, which have come to hand since Dr. Dowkontt sent in those found on previous pages.

Edinburgh Medical Mission, Nazareth

To the Editors,—

DEAR Sir: I have been receiving the Medical Missionary since January and have enjoyed the reading of it very much indeed. I find it interesting, instructive, and encouraging.

I fear that neither the journal nor what it may say in reference to the value of medical missions would be enhanced by anything I might say, since it is already an acknowledged fact that medical missions are the best divinely appointed means for making God's love known to man. Yet a few words from one who has been laboring among both Mohammedans and a mixture of Christian communities for more than forty years as a medical missionary may be listened to with interest. Where a clerical missionary may be looked upon with suspicion, the medical missionary has a hearty welcome, and after he has given some bodily relief his words are sure to be listened to with respect.

On one occasion I was among a company of fierce Mohammedans. One of their number, a young man, was suffering greatly from a large abscess. When he had been relieved by a simple operation, he and his relatives, male and female, began to kiss my hands and feet and to sing songs of joy. I was most respectfully received by the whole company, who offered me the highest seat among them, and I was enabled to preach the gospel to them freely and without reserve.

In our dispensary the Gospel of salvation through Christ is fully declared among the patients, and in the hospital as well, daily. The patients are for the most part Mohammedans and they are the most careful and reverent listeners. If they enjoyed even a little liberty I am sure that a number of them would embrace the faith of Christ. Meanwhile, whatever they are learning they are no doubt communicating to their friends on returning to them.

Yours sincerely,

P. K. VARTON.

A Letter from Syria


Editors Medical Missionary,—

DEAR Brothers: For some months I have been receiving the Medical Missionary. I thank you for it. I have enjoyed reading it. Such a journal needs to be fostered. It has a work to do in stirring up the unthinking to a knowledge of what missionary work really is, especially medical missionary work. It also serves as a medium through which we, on the field, may hear how the battle is going all along the line. God bless the good work and may you and the magazine never grow less or fail for lack of appreciative readers.

Our mission here has been in existence for fifty years. It was established originally for the Pagan Nusariyeh. It now embraces in its beneficent work all classes. Since 1897 we have had a small hospital in which we treat over one hundred patients annually, besides the outside work. I have been working here for about twenty-one years. Our work affords abundant opportunity for presenting the Gospel to all classes. More than one-half of our patients are Nusariyeh or Moslem, all ignorant of the truth.

During the past year eleven hundred outside visits were made. Five thousand people visited the tri-weekly polyclinics
and one hundred and seven patients were treated in the hospital, most of whom received food, medicine and care gratis. Religious work is done in all clinics and regularly in the hospital, affording splendid opportunity for reaching the ignorant and those that are out of the way.

Yours in the Master’s service,
J. M. Balph.

A Letter from Bulgaria

SOPHIA, BULGARIA.

DEAR DR. KELLOGG, Many thanks for the kindness bestowed upon my daughter in her brief visit at the Sanitarium. She is trying to do as much as possible in the short time that she spends in America, to fit her for better usefulness here. We expect her return about August 20. She has given very little time even to her friends, feeling that she must make the most of her opportunity in the interests of Bulgaria.

I have received a letter from Miss Caliopka Sitanova, a young Bulgarian teacher, who desires very much to come to Battle Creek to prepare herself for nursing, especially children. She would need some help in getting there, as her salary has come wholly from that of my daughter, and she has supported her own school for eight years, which has been a great undertaking for her. I hope that she may be able to come to the Sanitarium and obtain the training she so much needs.

I am trying to push special temperance work in Bulgaria, having printed two supplements in the best Bulgarian paper, which have gone to all parts of the country. I have also published fifty thousand tracts which are being widely circulated, especially to teachers. At the last session of the National Assembly, there was considerable discussion as to laws regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, and the time is opportune for work. I have now secured the cooperation of the editor of the best medical journal of Sophia, who is thoroughly interested in the promulgation of temperance truth. I have not had the financial aid for which I had hoped, but am putting into it $200 of my own money. Perhaps some of your readers would like to help in this good work.

Yours fraternally,
J. P. CLARKE.

[Note—From personal acquaintance we know that Mr. Clarke and his daughter are carrying on a noble work for the people of Bulgaria. Should any of our readers feel inclined to assist him in the work, we shall be glad to receive the same and to forward it.—Ed.]

Letter from Dr. Logan

To the Editors,

GENTLEMEN: I thank you for your kindness in sending the Medical Missionary. I am now at home on furlough and the work is being carried on in Changteh, China, by Dr. W. L. Berst, assisted by a recent graduate of the London Mission Medical College of Ankow, Dr. Pao, who is a Christian doctor and took his full course in medicine in the Chinese language and is not able to speak English. On the day that I left Changteh, Dr. Pao performed ten eye operations—all for entropion.

Yours sincerely,
O. T. LOGAN, M. D.

“MEDICINE FOR HER EYES”

I want you to know of some women we have had the privilege of teaching. They seemed to feel the need and have a desire to know the way of salvation.

One day as I was reading with the munshi (teacher) of the raising of the son of the widow of Nain, an elderly woman came to me for medicine for her eyes. I went into the tent and treated them, and as I began to read again, she stood near and said, “Now, I want to know more of the only son.” I knew very little Punjabi at that time, but as well as I could, I told her of the giving of life to the widow’s son, and that opened the way to tell of that other Only Son who was willingly offered that we might have life. During the telling of it tears flowed freely and she told me her only son had died recently. It was because of this bond of
sympathy that she desired to hear the story.

Another day Miss McCullough was talking with a number of Hindu women and told them there was no benefit from the worship of idols. At once one said,

"THEN DO TELL ME whence I can get benefit." Another good beginning for telling the truth which brings salvation.

In one village where we camped, a woman came to us a number of times. She was a Shansi, or of the thieving caste. She became so interested in the news we had to tell, and was quite proud when she could repeat two Bible verses: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." I have not seen Sardaron (that was her name) since, but she, too, is ON MY PRAYER LIST that she may be led really to know that these two verses are true, and by believing, receive eternal life.—Gujranwala, Punjab, India.

CAN MOSLEMS BE CONVERTED?

It was a strange sight here the other day to see hundreds of good Mohammedans marching off to fight against other good Mohammedans who, in Morocco, had proclaimed war against the invaders of their country—yet there they were, "converted" by force of circumstances into doing those things which they ought not to do, and leaving undone the fighting against the unbelievers which, according to their religion, they ought to do. Circumstances have worked the change. Can not the Gospel of the grace of God do as much?

I was preaching to my patients one day this week, when the most intelligent man in the room broke in:

"BUT WE HAVE NEVER HEARD before what you are now telling us." The superstitions of Rome, the blasphemies of atheism, the wickedness of nominal Christians, they have seen and heard. These all agree with what the one book they know—the Koran—tells about Christians—namely, that they have covered over the truth as it is in Mohammed, and are bad. Moslems can not be converted if they are left thus, but let us show them the fruit of the True Vine, and they respond.

As an onlooker said this week, while my wife was attending to a peculiarly ancient and fetid ulceration on the foot of a Moslem woman: "Well, if these are not believers, what are they?" Hundreds come to us each month for the medicine they have learned to trust, and with it take away to near and distant homes the Gospel message. What the harvest will be,

THE GREAT MASTER ALONE KNOWS, but meanwhile we are straitened for medical mission funds, and wonder if the Master has any servants who can and will help to bear in this part of the field the Christian's burden to carry the whole Gospel to the whole world. Communications may be addressed, North Africa Mission, 4, Highbury-crescent, N., referring to Sfax Medical Mission.

T. G. Churcher, M. D., Sfax, Tunisia.

CHRISTIAN MEDICAL SCHOOLS IN CHINA

The following is the list of existing or prospective medical schools in China under Christian influence:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CITY</th>
<th>PROVINCE</th>
<th>MISSION</th>
<th>LANGUAGE</th>
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<tr>
<td>Canton</td>
<td>Kwantung</td>
<td>Union</td>
<td>Vernacular</td>
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<td>Changsha</td>
<td>Hunan</td>
<td>Yale</td>
<td>Mandarin</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chentu</td>
<td>Soochuen</td>
<td>Union</td>
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<td>Chinanfoo</td>
<td>Shantung</td>
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<td>Pooshow</td>
<td>Pokien</td>
<td>C. M. S.</td>
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<td>Chekiang</td>
<td>L. M. S.</td>
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<td>Nanking</td>
<td>Kiangsu</td>
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<td>Peking</td>
<td>Chihli</td>
<td>Union</td>
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<td>A. E. M.</td>
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<td>Soochow</td>
<td>Kiangsu</td>
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<td>Wuchang</td>
<td>Hupeh</td>
<td>A. E. M.</td>
<td>English</td>
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<tr>
<td>University Canton</td>
<td>Canton</td>
<td>Univ. of Pa.</td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"BEHOLD what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God! . . . Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."
Editorial Notes.

We are very pleased to have a short visit from Mr. E. C. Halsey of Christchurch, New Zealand. Mr. Halsey went from the Sanitarium about eleven years ago to Australia for the purpose of introducing the manufacture of health foods there. He has worked successfully in that line both in Melbourne and New Zealand. He is in this country on a visit and is now on his way to the antipodes.

Dr. David Paulson, of the Hinsdale Sanitarium near Chicago, was with us over Sabbath, August 29, and spoke to our family in the afternoon concerning his work for the inmates of prisons. Many cases were cited in which repentant men have been brought to the Saviour and restored to usefulness in the world. Dr. Paulson reports that work on the Home for Rescued Girls is going forward and the new building will be ready for dedication at the holiday time. About three thousand dollars are still needed to finish this Home. It is a most worthy cause.

Prof. C. Denny of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, who is stopping at the Sanitarium for a short time, gave us a very delightful and helpful discourse last Sabbath on the theme of Triumphant Love. He used the first eighteen verses of the twentieth chapter of John, the story of the devotion of Mary Magdalene, "the last at the cross, and the first at the sepulcher." Mary had been forgiven much, and she loved much. Jesus her Lord was the one single object of her devotion. She gave her all to him, and gained the undying love and recognition of her divine Saviour. The discourse was replete with interest and instruction.

It may be of interest to the friends of the American Medical Missionary College to know that twenty-three of its students and graduates took the examination of the Michigan State Board of Registration in Medicine in May and June, 1908, and that they were all successful in passing the examination. The fifteen who took the examination of the Michigan State Board in the subjects of the first two years of the medical course, obtained an average grade of 88.1; and the eight graduates who took the complete examination, obtained an average grade of 89.3. These averages are higher than the average grade obtained by all schools represented. One of the graduates of the American Medical Missionary College obtained the highest grade which has ever been given by the Michigan State Board. Those who are acquainted with State board examinations, will be able to appreciate the fact that this is an excellent record, and one which does credit to the American Medical Missionary College, its students and graduates.

Dr. M. G. Kellogg of Healdsburg, Cal., is visiting his brother, Dr. J. H. Kellogg. He is now nearly seventy-seven years of age, and has lived and wrought as a pioneer in Christian and health reform work. In the very early days of the West he went to California, walking all the way by the side of an ox-team and wagon which conveyed his wife and earthly effects. He took up the work of an evangelist and then studied medicine that he might follow more closely the example of Jesus. He carried the principal burden in the erection of the first sanitarium built on the Pacific Coast at St. Helena, which is still doing effectual work. Later Dr. Kellogg embarked on a small missionary ship and went to the South Sea Islands where he worked in the Gospel of health for some years in the Society and Friendly Islands and establishing a Sanitarium in Samoa. Going still further on he reached Australia and there as architect and builder erected the sanitarium near Sydney, and under great difficulties saw it completed and filled with patients. We are glad to see him in good health notwithstanding his many burdens and arduous labors.
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and young women a splendid
opportunity to obtain a fitting
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Battle Creek, Mich.

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Preparatory Department.

E. D. KIRBY, A. B., - Principal.

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tunities for paying expenses in work are of-
ered to students.

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boards.

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The close connection of the School with the Battle Creek Sanitarium affords opportunity for applicants of limited means to earn a large part of their expenses in practical medical work. There are scholarships available for those who are under appointment for foreign missionary work. The next session
BEGINS SEPTEMBER 15th, 1908.

Students may matriculate not later
than the fifteenth of October.
The announcement for 1908-9, con-
taining full information, will be sent
upon request by the Registrar,

DR. ROWLAND H. HARRIS, Battle Creek, Mich.
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This School has a large missionary dispensary in Chicago which treats several thousand people annually, and also enjoys the clinical advantages of several of the largest hospitals of Chicago with which members of the faculty are connected. The affiliation of the School with the Battle Creek Sanitarium enables students to obtain a large practical experience as laboratory and office assistants and in caring for the sick. Compensation is sufficient to enable apt students to pay a large part of their current expenses.

As the number of students who can be received is limited, application should be made at once.

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