The Medical-Missionary

MAY, 1914
Battle Creek, - Michigan

Jacob, Son of Aaron, High Priest of the Samaritans.
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Address: Medical Missionary, Battle Creek, Mich.

MAY, 1914

EDITORIAL NOTES

We are pleased to give in this number a report of an address by Mr. E. K. Warren relating to a movement to preserve the remnant of the Samaritan nation which will be read with interest. A number of prominent men have taken an interest in this movement, and a Samaritan Committee has been organized to take the oversight of the work of assisting this remarkable people so miraculously preserved. A school has been established in this little community, and is doing a good work. Means are needed for its support, and other efforts are being made and projected in their behalf. This is not an effort to convert this little company to the Christian faith, but to conserve them as faithful witnesses for the veracity of the Bible. The committee will be happy to communicate with any who may be interested in this project, and to afford any information. Donations will be gratefully received. The officers are, Mr. E. K. Warren, Three Oaks, Mich., chairman; Prof. F. S. Goodrich, Albion, Mich., secretary.

The contribution of Doctor Wyckoff in this number on "Educational Progress in India" is a very enlightening article, and will be read with special interest. The claim that the progress which is now manifest in the lands that for ages have lain dormant in the chains of superstition is due to the impulse of missionary education and influence is no idle dream. We also wish to mention Mrs. F. S. Miller's address on Korean Experiences gained during a long term of service there. There is a familiarity of description and a freshness of expression that makes the address both interesting and instructive.

We are pleased to direct the attention of missionaries to Mountain Rest, a summer home for missionaries located in the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts, not far from Northampton. This institution is purely philanthropic, not conducted for gain but is under the control of men of world-wide reputation in missionary circles. The officers of the society are the following: President, Rev. Edward Lincoln Smith, D.D.; Vice-president, Prof. H. M. Tyler, D.D.; Secretary, Rev. George H. Dowkonnt, M.D.; Treasurer, J. Edward Giles, M.D., No. 156 Fifth Ave., New York; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Livingston W. Cleaveland, 350 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. Mrs. Cleaveland is the active agent in maintaining and directing this home which is beautifully situated and consists of a main building and several smaller cottages beautifully located in one of nature's quiet resting places, surrounded and provided with everything.
that goes for comfort, and the terms are
made as low as possible so that they will
come within the reach of missionaries
who are at home obtaining needed rest
and recuperation. We gladly speak a
word of warm commendation for this de­sir­able home. The home opens June
first. For fuller information address the
Corresponding Secretary.

We are in receipt of a brochure from
Dr. W. H. Park, Superintendent of the
Soochow Hospital of the Methodist
Church South. The booklet is beauti­fully illustrated. The letter press is in
both English and Chinese, and gives a
most interesting account of the rise and
development of the medical missionary
work at that station. The hospital was
started on the cottage plan with eight
small buildings clustered upon a small
compound. It soon transpired that the
land was not large enough for necessary
expansion, and Providence has greatly
favored the mission in the acquirement
of a sufficient body of land for all pros­pective needs. The hospital, however, is
in great need of a main building which
will provide room for the facilities that
the rapidly increasing work calls for,
and the proposition is to honor the six­tienth birthday of Doctor Park by the
erection of such a building, and to ac­complish this an appeal is made to the
Christian world to assist in this most
worthy enterprise. If any of our readers
are inclined to assist in this matter, we
shall be glad to forward them the neces­sary information; or donations may be
sent directly to Dr. W. H. Park, Soo­chow, China. The hospital has been ab­solutely self-supporting for the last six­teen years.

Concerning the needs of this work, it
is stated that “within a radius of fifty
miles of Soochow, there is probably a
population of 10,000,000, and what we
will do when even one out of a hundred
among the thousands of this vast popula­tion needing surgical interference, be­gins to ask for the privilege of ‘eating
the knife’ is more than we can im­agine.’” A surgical operation in this
part of China is called “eating the knife.”

Rev. M. N. English, of Dansville,
Illinois, accompanied his wife to the
Sanitarium during April and edified our
people greatly by two addresses on a re­cent visit to Palestine which were ac­companied by fine stereopticon pictures
of scenes and people he met there. Both
the addresses and the pictures were of
unusual interest and value in vividly
portraying conditions in the Holy Land.
The study of Palestine and its people
becomes all the more valuable from the
fact that there was the scene of our
Saviour’s earthly mission, and the peo­ple and their customs have changed little
during the centuries. But it is to be
feared that those who wish to see the
country and the people in their ancient
aspects will have to see them soon, for
changes are already taking place which
will surely subject this sacred region to
modern iconoclasm.

In conjunction with the visit of Mr.
English was that of the genial and
brotherly Sunday-school leader, Mr. E.K.
Warren, for many years chairman of the
executive committee of the World’s Sun­day School Association. Mr. Warren
has acted very prominently in promoting
at least three of the last World’s Con­ventions. A few years before the great
Jerusalem meeting, Mr. Warren visited
the Samaritan colony consisting of the
few genuine survivors of the northern
kingdom of Israel. These people live at
Nablus, ancient Shechem, and number
about one hundred and fifty souls. They existed in the depths of poverty and destitution, and yet adhered very tenaciously to their ancient religion and its customs. Mr. Warren induced the high priest of this colony with others to attend the Jerusalem convention where they were introduced. He has conceived a great interest in this unique people as the conservators of evidence of the authenticity of the Scriptural record, and has done much for them to bring them before the world in this capacity, and also to improve their condition.

HEROIC SERVICE

Everybody must appreciate to some extent the heroism of missionary service. The very first step in the Christian life is self-denial, and the first consideration in entering upon Christian service in behalf of the poor and needy who have no knowledge of God or of our Saviour is still self-denial. The Saviour himself puts it down as "deny himself daily." That is, Christian service is self-denial from first to last.

But there are some parts of the earth that the going to means more of self-denial than going to other parts would mean. It would seem as though the Arctic regions, the realm of snow and ice, the kingdom of old Boreas, contained fewest of those things which we reckon to be requisite to an enjoyable life. Why anybody should choose to live in those most inhospitable regions where the barest subsistence upon the fewest possible necessities is all that can be hoped for under the most favorable circumstances seems beyond the comprehension of those who live in more favored regions. Perhaps they do not choose to live there, but being born there, and knowing but little of any other life, and not having the means for getting away or the adaptability to make a living elsewhere, they perforce remain there.

But, while denied many of the blessings of more hospitable climes, they are surely entitled to the blessings and comforts of the Gospel, and it is incumbent upon Christian people to carry it to them. But who will go? And it is with good measure of this heroism that men and women come forward, and say, "Here am I. send me." In our country the Episcopal Church has moved out in this matter in a most laudable way. Many of its noble men and women passed within the icy portals of that frozen region, and are actually shut in with the benighted people of the land of the midnight sun for much of the year.

Some of these devoted people have visited us at the Sanitarium, and it is most interesting to listen to their stories which thrill one with the very monotony of the surroundings and incidents of their lives. One of these people is Miss Esther Gibson of the Episcopalian Mission. An invitation to write something for the readers of the Medical Missionary of her work and experiences produced, first, a very considerate and modest request to be excused, as writing for publication is not among her habits; it also produced a very interesting letter, not intended for the press, which we can not possibly refrain from publishing in part. Miss Gibson spent twenty years in Sitka, and recently has been located at Hoonah, from which she is now transferred to a more promising field. Of the people in that village she writes.

"I find this village the least advanced of any I have yet seen. When they are all at home in the winter they number about five hundred. I say they are the least advanced, in the ways that are good, yes; but if you were to visit the village on any evening during what may be called the social season, which ex-
The Medical Missionary tends from our Thanksgiving to after New Years, you would find these Indians dressed and painted in their war outfit, including blankets and feathers, feasting and dancing during the most of the night. This is what they call "keeping up their old customs," and they keep it up for a week. Then visit the village the next week and you will find the same Indians assembled in some hall or other building dressed in the garments of civilization, the men wearing white shirts and collars, and the women dressed in white dresses, an Indian orchestra playing on various instruments, and the people go swinging their partners through the mazy dances—two-steps, round and square dances—with all the frills that go with these things in civilized lands.

"After a week of this they return to their Indian dancing again. Their adherence to the savage customs of the past presents one feature of their status and the alternate week shows their 'advancement.' I can only leave it with you to decide whether these people are making any real progress; but I can but regard dancing as the curse of this people."

The Tendency of Rationalism

In that magnificent apostrophe to wisdom, recorded in the twenty-eighth chapter of Job, we are instructed in the most impressive form of speech, aided by the most exalted specimens of imagery and rhetoric, that there is but one source of wisdom, but one place of understanding. That place is not found in the quests of science, in the realm of nature, in the deepest researches of human discovery, in the most profound philosophy, of the sages. The secret of wisdom is with God only; there is but one source from which wisdom springs, there is but one place in the universe where understanding may be found, and that is at the feet of the Maker and Father of us all. "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

But mankind is not ready to acknowledge this great truth. God has endowed man with the power of reason and with a conscience; he is capable of discerning moral and spiritual qualities, and being possessed of these, men are wont to assume the prerogative of outlining their own course in moral and spiritual attainments. They set up their own standards of right and wrong, and do not hesitate often to bring the Word of God to the test of their own criterions. Forgetting that God has never assigned to his people the duty of discovering their own paths and marking out their own course in matters of righteousness, but has reserved to himself the office of teacher and guide in moral duty, men have always insisted upon choosing their own standards of duty and privilege, with the result that there are as many standards as there are men and women who choose.

We must all realize that there can be but one standard of judgment in an impartial tribunal, and the man on trial is not the one to set up this standard. There is but one God, and so there can be but one system of truth, but one measure of character, but one balance in which the motives and deeds of men are to be weighed. What may seem to us to be right and just will count for nothing in that day when we shall all stand before the judgment seat of infinite justice and righteousness. How futile and puerile will be our conclusions and deductions when we stand face to face with the Judge of all the earth. There will be no opportunity for us to present our views of the situation. "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not?" It will be of no use. The
Lord neither knows them or their excuses or their philosophy.

Nor is such a judgment arbitrary, for those who lay themselves liable to such an awful disappointment have done so wittingly, arrogantly, ignoring the plainest warnings, and shutting their eyes deliberately to the most evident facts of our utter dependence upon God for instruction in the ways of life and salvation.

Our powers of discernment and of reason were not given us to render us independent of Heaven; but to enable us to follow intelligently the directions of divine wisdom, to discriminate by the aid of the light God has given us, between the true and the false, between the right and the wrong. The voice within us, of which the article on "The Physical Conscience" speaks so clearly, suggests the ways of wisdom in moral and spiritual things as well as in physical matters. It is the part of wisdom to listen carefully to this voice at all times. It is true that the voice within is not always the voice of truth. There are people so under the control of the genius of evil that the voice of God has no chance for expression in their consciousness. But through familiarity with the Scriptures controlled by a sincere desire to know and do the right, the voice within is but the echo of the Word of God, a holy monitor, a skilled pilot and guide in life's journey.

We may well be thankful for the intelligence with which a beneficent Creator has endowed us, but it behooves us to be careful lest the gift shall be used to dishonor the Giver and to mislead the receiver.

THE MISTAKES OF RATIONALISM

RATIONALISM makes the fatal mistake of placing human reason as the foundation of faith. It subjects all questions of experience and ethics to the test of a man's judgment. A proposition is accepted or rejected according to the manner in which it commends itself to ideals or conceptions of the individual to whom it is presented. On this ground it is usual for the rationalist to reject the element of the miraculous from his religious faith. He is willing to receive only so much of revelation as can be harmonized with his own reason. And his reason contemplates only the conditions that come within the range of his narrow vision. All outside of this he refuses to give credence to.

Such a position excludes the almighty Lord, Creator of heaven and earth. It circumscribes the operations of nature, denies the most patent facts of our existence, and stultifies the individual by preventing him from grasping the most sublime truths of experience and revelation.

The view that limits the Lord to the narrow field observed by human understanding involves the subjection of God's ways to man's criticism; it places the infinite God under the restrictions of human resources, and virtually deprives us of the help and intervention of any superhuman power. It is contended by the rationalist that all that is worthy of belief must comport with our knowledge of natural laws, that God himself is subject to law, that he can therefore do nothing that contravenes the laws which he has established.

The truth is taught in the Bible very emphatically that God is subject to no extraneous regulations whatever, his will is the supreme thing in heaven and upon earth. "He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" What we are wont to term
"natural law" is only God's habit. He at first does a thing in the very best way, and year after year goes on doing it in the same way, and we think we have discovered a law whenever we perceive God's manner of doing any specific thing. But no explanation can be given to any of these so-called laws. The phenomena of growth and life, of gravitation, of cohesion, of attraction, of assimilation, and transfiguration of matter—who can explain these things? Actually no living man. Yet they can not be ignored; they are of constant occurrence, they seem commonplace; we cease to wonder about them; we assign them to the realm of natural law with a satisfied air of assumed wisdom, but the ordinary inquirer is left wholly in the dark, and the explanation is as inscrutable to him as the original problem. The untutored savage "hears God in the wind and sees him in the storm," he traces the hand of the "Great Spirit" through his works. The humble man of faith bows his head in reverence in the presence of these wonderful works, and whispers the name of his Heavenly Father.

A deed that is miraculous in its first performance is equally so after it has been done in the same manner for thousands of times. A miracle is a superhuman performance—not a supernatural one. Every act of God is superhuman, hence, it is miraculous. God does nothing that men can do. He graciously permits us to do all that comes within the range of our powers, while he does the things that are above and beyond us. Miraculous things are inscrutable, and the whole realm of nature is inscrutable.

To eliminate the inscrutable phenomena about us from our recognition and credence would close our minds to all that God is doing for us. It would shut us up in the gloomy cells of fatalism; it would deprive us of faith and of all that faith in God produces.

Faith has for its basis two great immutable facts that challenge the assent of all rational minds. These are: Our knowledge of God's character, and of his power or ability. When a man makes promises we consider these two things—is he a man of truth and integrity? is he able to do what he promises? And upon these conditions we base our confidence in human promises. We rest our faith in God upon a similar basis. But the fruits of faith or its objects, are not subject to the same rational restrictions. Christian ethics do not always harmonize with well-established business principles; the answer to our prayers are not always in strict accordance with human methods. We can not trace any analogy between the providences of God as manifested in cases where his people are placed in the need of some great deliverance, and the laws of natural sequence.

It is good to be able to trust in a God who can be trusted fully. To put our confidence in a Father whose love and faithfulness have stood unchallenged throughout all time; who is able to do "exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think," who is too good to be unkind, and too wise to err; and then to leave Him at liberty to do with us and for us as He thinks best; and to know that all things are working out our eternal and our temporal good—this is life at its sweetest and best.

WHAT IS PATIENCE?
Humble submission!
Just as God wills it, so it's best for thee.
No questioning, "Lord, why must it be?"
But serenely resting against God's heart
Anticipating a better, happier lot.
That is patience. Help me, O Lord, to practice it alway.

—Translated from the German.
In a recent parlor lecture Doctor Kellogg took up the following query:

Query: A young student coughed very badly for three months. The doctors did not give him any relief. Finally he omitted breakfast and got well. The cough left him. Please explain.

Reply: That is a very simple problem. If the medicine given him had cured his cough, there would be something astonishing about that, something that we could not explain; but when this man began to live in a way that was right for him to live then his body cured itself. Students and sedentary people generally will find themselves better off to eat but twice a day. A man who works hard out in the open air can eat three, or possibly more, times a day. Active people might eat five times a day if the amount eaten each time is small and the stomach does its work quickly. With a stomach of slow action it would be disastrous to eat more than twice a day. When a large amount of food is eaten a longer time is required for disposal of the food. For the average student or brain-worker two meals a day are quite sufficient.

At the International Congress on Hygiene held in Washington last summer a physiologist reported some very interesting experiments he had been making. He gradually accustomed himself to eat but twice a day, then once a day, then once every other day, and finally once in three days, and on that third day he ate as much as was really necessary for him to eat for the three days. He ate one large meal. He found that was not really best for him so he divided his third-day meal into two parts, eating a light lunch in the fore part of the day, then a few hours afterwards he ate a large three-day meal. He found he was able to get along by eating once in three days the minimum amount of food which Professor Chittenden has found to be necessary for maintaining life. He was able to maintain his health and strength permanently. In fact, he was in very much improved health.

Fasting Not Recommended

But I am not recommending this régime by any means. I could not recommend it because I think it is as natural for us to eat every day as it is natural for us to drink and to sleep every day. There is a certain biological routine that we need to go through every day. We need to breathe, we need to eat, we need to drink, we need to sleep, we need to work and we need to exercise. This is the daily program which nature has marked out for us, and we ought to follow it. A man who decides to try fasting does violence to the law of nature. When a man is hungry and refuses to eat he is doing violence to his own well-being. When one is thirsty, one should drink what he requires. When a man is hungry he should eat. I do not believe in people going hungry, and I do not believe in people going thirsty. When one is tired and sleepy he should sleep, if it is twice a day or three times a day. One should rest when he is tired. It is doing violence to the body to ignore any of these instinctive voices which are talking to us.

If one heard a voice speaking to him out of the sky he would stop and listen. He would pause and say, "What does this mean?" He would conclude that God was speaking to him, and that he must listen and obey and would not dare refuse to obey such a voice. These instinctive voices that are within our bodies, that say drink, when you are thirsty, that say eat, when you are hungry, that say rest, when you are fatigued, are divine voices. That instinct is the voice of the Creator giving us an injunction with reference to our conduct, and we should obey. This instinctive voice speaks to us in order that we should not violate the laws of our being and so do ourselves injury.
A Homing Pigeon

taken out to sea five hundred miles and let out of its box goes up in widening circles into the sky and round and round and then takes a bee line for home. The pigeon may have been shut up in a box where it could see nothing. There is a divine instinct, a voice within telling it the way home.

We are not cast adrift in this great ocean of life without guides. The Power that made us, planted in us instincts to lead us aright, divine voices that are always speaking to us saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." The important thing is to learn, as Mr. Trine says, "to get in tune with the Infinite." But too often we refuse to listen. People turn a deaf ear to these instincts in a thousand ways and that is why they get into these diseased conditions. For this reason we have become so dull, that our philosophy has simply become largely the contemplation of disease, a pathological study of humanity, and not a normal state of mind. It is because we have turned our backs upon the right road, wandered away from right paths, refusing to follow the voice that speaks to us.

A Physical Conscience

This divine voice not only admonishes us in moral ethics, but it is speaking to us in physical ways. We have a physical conscience as well as a moral conscience. It is this physical conscience that protests when the young man first takes tobacco. It makes him very ill, and that is a divine voice crying out against the pernicious thing, protesting against it in every possible way, but that youth forces it upon his unwilling system. For this reason we have become so dull, that our philosophy has simply become largely the contemplation of disease, a pathological study of humanity, and not a normal state of mind. It is because we have turned our backs upon the right road, wandered away from right paths, refusing to follow the voice that speaks to us.

Danger of Heedless Eating

When the ordinary individual sits down to a meal he does not stop to inquire whether he needs food or not, he never stops to consider the capacity of his stomach, he does not even consider which portions of the bill of fare will benefit him most; the only thing he consults are his appetite and taste. I read a good many years ago, a story related by some Jewish rabbi away back two or three thousand years ago. He told of a man who wished he had a throat like a crane, and that he could taste his dinner all the way down. That was the idea that man had of enjoying life, and I greatly fear there are many today who have no higher ideal in eating than that. But the truth is that anyone following his tastes blindly will be led astray, but taste is subject to education and is amenable to reason.

Anyone who will heartily adopt the principles of right and simple living as a matter of conscience and right, and stick to them because they are right, will soon find his tastes and preferences all on the right side. He will no longer long for "the flesh-pots, the leeks, the garlic, and the onions" of Egypt; but will find himself in full accord with the divine voices within him. That is a thing that is worth thinking about.

The horse eats things that belong to the horse. A dog eats things that belong to dogs, and a turkey buzzard eats things that belong to a turkey buzzard to eat, but man undertakes to eat them all. He wants to eat everything that every other animal on the face of the earth...
CONTRIBUTIONS AND SELECTIONS

eats. He sees a dog gnawing a bone and he thinks he must gnaw a bone too. He sees a turkey buzzard eating something that has become old and rancid, and he thinks that must be nice, so he wants to eat limburger cheese and other things that are far advanced in decay, and so he makes a scavenger of himself. That is all abnormal. These are all acquired appetites and they will all just drop off and be left behind if you will turn your face toward the things that are good.

We should realize that the process is not simply a gustatory or sensuous performance, there are moral and even spiritual elements involved, and these should be fully recognized. The Bible says, "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." The design of eating is not simply to tickle the palate and please the taste, but of far greater significance is the object of strengthening and nourishing the body and so building up the intellectual and spiritual faculties. The partaking of food should awaken our gratitude, and fill us with a sense of satisfaction which finds expression in good will toward all the things God has made.

AROUND THE WORLD IN LESS THAN TWO MONTHS
BY REV. JOHN LAKE
[Address given in the Sanitarium Parlor.]

It is a great joy and privilege to address you again, dear friends, and I return thanks to our God for his kindness to me and to my wife whom I left in this institution when I addressed you on a Sunday evening a little over two months ago. Since then I have been around the world. It was this way:

On October 27th last, my wife was taken desperately ill while we were on a missionary journey in the Sz Yap country, southwest of the great city of Canton, where we live. We were in our compound in Canton all during the second revolution when cannon balls passed right over us; and when things got fairly quiet, we left for a six weeks' tour of the churches in that field, living most of the time on a river boat some six feet wide and correspondingly long. We occupied half of the boat day and night, while the boatman, a Chinese Christian, and his family occupied the other half. Cramped quarters! The bamboo thatched roof of the boat was so low we could not stand up at all. It was intensely hot, too, even at that time of the year, as that is within the tropics. We would live on the boat and go from village to village, I preaching to the men and boys and she working among the women and girls, and we held meetings on Sundays and market days in the chapels in the larger towns. We have many mission chapels and schools in that densely populated region from which nearly all the Chinese come who emigrate to America. Right here I wish to bear emphatic testimony to the good that is done in this country by the

Workers in the Chinese Sunday Schools.
Many of these converts return to China and become our best preachers and laymen, willing to live and die for their faith.

Hastily calling off all our appointments, I hurried with my sick wife to Hong Kong and on to a little island out in the China Sea, where we have a chapel and where I had preached on a recent Sunday. Her health had been failing for more than a year but we hoped the sea breezes there would help her. Fortunately an American medical missionary was on the island also. He and his family were spending a few days there. They were exceedingly kind to us. My wife grew worse and I was ill, yet we were unwilling to give up and come home, especially as we had only recently returned to China, after bringing a dying missionary home, a sad trip indeed. He had died on the way and his wife had soon followed him to the better land. And then a very important annual meeting of our mission was only a few weeks off and we felt that we could not leave. The dear little missionary would not give up, though she grew rapidly worse, finally falling unconscious when we were alone in the house on that lonely little island. Then the doctor ordered her to America, and, dropping the work, I took her aboard the fastest steamer on the
Pacific, then about to sail, and started for Battle Creek.

We passed Shanghai, November 7th, and, such are the miracles of modern travel, before January 7th I was again at a point north of Shanghai, having gone around the world in less than two months. But that is not all. We stopped nearly two whole days on the Pacific coast for the rest that the invalid needed, while I got off a large amount of mail matter, written during the eighteen days across the Pacific, for a missionary has no time to loaf!—and meanwhile I made two speeches, and preached to a large congregation of Chinese in their own language. We also stopped a day and a half in Chicago for my wife to rest and for me to attend to some important work. We reached the Battle Creek Sanitarium on November 29th.

Knowing that she was in such good hands, I left that same day for a two weeks’ preaching trip in several Southern states, including our home state of South Carolina, at the expiration of which time, I returned to Battle Creek, spending Sunday with my wife and preaching for you. The next day I left for China, via New York, London, Berlin, St. Peters burg, and the Trans-Siberian Railway.

If we take out the two weeks’ preaching trip in the South, and the other time spent in the work en route, I went around the world in less than forty days. I got back to China in time for our annual meeting, and, after doing what I could to leave my work so that it could do without me for a while, I came back to Battle Creek for my furlough; for, while I had been home on mission business, this is my first furlough since I went out in 1904.

But now, what is the lesson in all this for us?

First, that we are neighbors to all the world. We have no longer any excuse for not giving the Gospel to all nations. When a trip like this can be made, Christ calls on us as never before to carry out his great commission.

Second, that as a nation we must give the Gospel to the other nations for our own protection. If you had a next door neighbor who was seven feet ten, and if he got drunk and beat his family and threatened his neighbors every time he drew his pay, you would have to do one of two things, either move away to a safer quarter of town, or else get someone to go to him and try to reform him. You in Battle Creek are now just three weeks from China and getting nearer every day. You are much nearer than that to Japan, and you know these and other nations are coming out of their age-long sleep. China is awake, and is four times as big as the United States, so far as population goes. You can not move away from these nations unless you move off the earth, so you must send missionaries to them to help in their reformation and Christianization, and you must do so quickly or your children are in danger. That is the “yellow peril.”

Third, if races and nations are backward, we must not scorn them, but must give them the very best help we can. In a home where there is a backward child, a Christian parent will give the very best attention to the little unfortunate and will require extra patience and care from the other children. In the family of nations, we as a Christian nation, owe the best that we can give to the backward races. Somebody gave the best to us, and He who sent the blessings we have, commands us to pass them on.

**HOW WE SPENT OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS IN AFRICA**

Although there was no snow on the ground, and no sound of jingling sleigh bells in the air, yet the Christmas spirit was abroad even several weeks in advance. No shop windows displayed Santa Claus’s goods to gladden children’s hearts; no jostling crowd was in the streets eager to make early selections. Nevertheless, one could feel that things were being done in secret, and wonderful preparations were being made very slyly.

On Christmas eve, after a six o’clock dinner, with a few simple hymns for the children—“Holy Night,” “Star of Bethlehem”—and a story of the Christ child, there followed the hanging of the stockings in which all the missionaries and
CONTRIBUTIONS AND SELECTIONS

children took part. Suddenly we heard the blowing of a horn as if Gabriel were coming, Santa Claus appeared in all his majesty, and "just as swell as in America," is what Lester and Ruth said. After some excitement Santa departed promising to return later and fill the stockings. The children were put to bed but not to sleep, for we began to sing Christmas carols, read Christmas stories and feasted on nuts and candies until about ten P. M., when we retired.

Not only were the missionaries rejoicing, our black boys and girls had gathered in front of the house and there with the stars of heaven above, the soft murmur of the ocean waters in front of them, and behind them hills covered with trees and countless huts, they sang their Christmas songs to the same tunes as ours, but in the Sheetswa language, and these songs echoed and re-echoed until the whole country seemed to reverberate "Christ the Saviour of the World." As we heard these black people singing with a whole heart that Christ had made them free from sin, and they too were glad for his birthday, we could not help but feel that missionaries lives spent in strange lands are not in vain.

Christmas Day
dawned beautiful and bright and each was eager to be the first to extend greetings. Shortly after day-break voices in song could be heard in the distance and we knew the invited guests were coming. Morning prayers were then held in the church at six A. M.

Within half a mile from Gikuki, nine Chinamen live; their business is securing slugs from the bay, curing them and exporting them to China. One of their number was waiting outside the church and as soon as prayers were over he asked for the Doctor to come and see his sick brother. This gave me a splendid opportunity to drop a word to men of another race about a Saviour whose birthday we were celebrating. Upon my return two natives suffering with toothache asked to have the offending members extracted.

After breakfast we all rushed upstairs to see what Santa had left and every one was well remembered. The dispansary patients were then attended to, one a chief who in a drunken brawl had one of his fingers cut so deep it was necessary to put him under an anesthetic to remove it, and also to take several stitches as he had ugly cuts in his face which needed to be dressed. Another was a lad of twelve who had come to us two days previous very low with pneumonia; two mothers with their sick babies; besides several with minor difficulties. At ten o'clock the Christmas service was held in the church conducted by Rev. W. C. Terrill; all seats were taken as well as the floor space and many sat on the ground outside the doors. Many dispensary patients, among them several heathens, were curious to know the meaning of such rejoicing and they learned the cause of a Christian's joy. After a general handshake among the natives and extending greetings we entered the house, gathering around a table spread with good things.

A friend in the States sent twenty dollars to be used for the natives' Christmas, which provided an excellent feast for them, as their daily food consists only of corn and peanuts with a treat of fish once a week.

The Christmas Tree
After dinner the decorating of the tree was next in order. We chose a cashew tree growing near the center of the campus, and in this we felt we had the advantage over the home folks in that we did not have to cut our tree down and we could celebrate in the shade of its foliage, and at the same time enjoy the Christmas carols pouring forth from many a little throat hidden away in the branches. Many strands of bright colored tissue paper gave the tree a pretty appearance and then presents were hung in every available place. We gave a small gift to each one present, numbering about two hundred, and you can imagine the close planning it took with the few dollars we had to spend: pieces of cloth, bars of soap, spools of thread, packages of needles, etc., for the girls, while the boys received such things as belts, suspenders, shirts, pencils and note books. Could you have seen the great stack of gifts done up by the natives you
would have been impressed with the fact that the spirit of giving seemed more in evidence than the spirit of receiving. Some of the presents we received were pennies, boxes of sardines, packages of nuts, pineapples, live chickens, etc. Each station represented had a special Christmas song, and these were sung before the distribution of presents.

A Hindu came with a donkey just as the presents were being distributed asking me to come and see his sick child about three miles away. On the way I met two other men who were coming for me, one to have a broken arm set while the other one’s father had inflammation of the bowels. These Hindus could not understand the meaning of Christmas. Questions like these were asked, “Who is this Christ whose birthday you are celebrating? How many weeks do you celebrate?” So here, too, I could tell the story of our Christ and how He came into this world to free men from sin.

When I returned to Gikuki they were in the midst of the games, the boys having a sack race and diving in the water for coins, girls carrying large pails of water on their heads seeing who would reach the goal first, tug of war between the girls and boys in which the girls pulled the boys all over the ground showing who does the hard work and has the muscle out here. Prizes of two cents and one cent were given to the first and second winners. More enthusiasm was never shown at any of the big national baseball games than was shown by these natives. They laughed, tossed their hands, and simply became dizzy with joy; and here I could tell the story of our Christ and how He came into this world to free men from sin.

An evening song service was next in order and afterwards as the night shadows began to gather we all enjoyed a fine display of fireworks. At ten p.m. a great sadness came over the mission for the little boy sick with pneumonia fell asleep in Jesus on Christmas night. It was good to hear him, although only a boy of twelve years, say, “I love Jesus and I am going home.” His testimony was clear and distinct. Christ in that hour meant all to him. His parents are yet heathens; he was staying with a Christian teacher, and as we watched with him in his last hours the thought came to us, Shall we hear that call so clear and distinct when we are “crossing the bar,” as this little black African boy?

Hearty greetings and a wish to be remembered in your daily prayers,

DR. AND MRS. C. J. STAUFFACHER,
Inhambane, Portuguese East Africa.

JAPANESE HOME LIFE AND JAPANESE CHILDREN

The Kindergarten of Takamori Fuji San

[Address given in the Sanitarium Parlor by Miss Mary Cody.]

Someone asked me when I entered the room if I were “The Lady of the Decoration.” I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Macauley and of visiting her kindergartens and training class about which she was very enthusiastic. I wondered that it was possible for her to teach her class in English and she answered that she had not found it difficult. However, she related, in her charming way, an incident which had occurred the day before. She was talking to the girls about “Enthusiasm,” urging upon them the need and importance of it, the girls naturally being very quiet and undemonstrative. They had the habit of bringing dictionaries to class but this was out of class hours. After she had waxed eloquent about her subject and made it very clear that they must have enthusiasm one of the girls shyly asked, “Mrs. Macauley, what is enthusiasm?” I later read her book with great interest and especially appreciated the humor of it and found many of her experiences similar to my own.

When visiting a Japanese home Takamori San and I usually went together. She understood them and they felt nearer to her than to me, yet they also appreciated seeing the “foreign teacher” and always gave us a cordial welcome. Instead of knocking at the door of a Japanese house, it is the custom to call...
out "Gomen-nasai." Usually the child in the home, recognizing his teacher's voice, would call out to his mother, "Ok-kasan, Sensei irasshai." Pushing the "shogi" aside, and seeing that I was also there, he would call out, "Codys Sensei mo irasshai." His mother would send a servant or come herself to receive us if she were dressed ready for guests. She would first kneel and bow, touching her head to the floor in the Japanese way, and then we would be asked to come in. The floors are covered with soft matting so we had to remove our shoes. Takamori San easily slipped out of hers but my laces took much longer to undo. Meanwhile Takamori San is exchanging polite greetings with our hostess, thus relieving me of these tedious formalities. I, being a foreigner, gratefully escape with one bow. We are ushered into the reception room. After much urging, we accept with reluctance the place of honor. The hostess apologizes for not being able to offer me a chair and I assure her I am quite comfortable sitting on my feet. She can sit very still, but realizing that the attitude must be uncomfortable for me she frequently urges me to change my position which I am not loth to do. In winter we sit around a charcoal brazier which contributes to the feeling of hospitality, but gives very little warmth. The mother seems cold even in her padded kimono, and I am glad to keep on my coat during the call. We had already been thanked for the kindergarten at the door, but this is again repeated and the kindergarten becomes the subject of conversation.

The Child and the School

Everything concerning the child is politely and sincerely attributed to the kindergarten—his good health, his conduct in the home, etc., is "by your kind favor." We are told that the child is eager to go to kindergarten, that he sometimes goes without his breakfast. She has not had the present-day educational advantages so that her interest mainly centers around the fact that her child is happy and goes to kindergarten and that for three hours of the day he is in a safe place. She tells us that he no longer asks for cake in order to be induced to get up in the morning, because his teacher disapproves, and other like effects of the kindergarten are related. The child has instilled into him from a very early age, respect for the teacher that amounts to reverence. He does not feel the same respect for his mother, unfortunately, who is often held in judgment by the child. He tells her that if she does so and so he will report her to the teacher.
The Father the Head of the Household

The mother is not supposed to discipline her child. That is the father's privilege. The child spends much of his waking hours out of doors on the back of a servant, or playing in the street. In the house, he is allowed much his own way to avoid a disturbance while we are there, though the father sometimes comes into the room if he happens to be at home, when the mother becomes silent and sits quietly apart. I once asked my Japanese friend, what were the ideals of a Japanese woman and the reply was:

"Self-control, self-sacrifice and self-effacement." She must never complain whatever her lot may be. She must with all patience and humility accept whatever comes to her of sorrow or of disappointment and conceal her feelings from her husband. She does not enter into his life outside of the home, and it seemed as they sat there together that they were far removed even in their life and interests in the home. They have not married because of their love for each other, but the saying is that 'love enters the home with the first child'; and I believe that is often true, but there never can be the same love and consideration that the American wife expects.

The father asks intelligent questions about the kindergarten and seems appreciative of the advantages of our kindergarten over those of the government even though it is distinctly Christian. The mother has already served us to tea and is now left to perform the little politenesses which belong to her part and from which he, being a man, is excused. Before we leave, the mother expresses her pleasure at having met me, the foreign Sensei, and seems impressed with the fact that I have left my home and country to teach their little children.

What We Hope to Be.

The success of the afternoon, as of all my work, very largely depended upon

Takamori San

She came into the school when she was a very little girl. She was a good student throughout the years of study that followed and took, as few students undertook at that time, the full four years' collegiate course. She was in school on a scholarship and it was required of such that they teach a certain length of time after graduation, on a very low salary. She had been so successful with children in her school-days that she was asked to take the kindergarten. She did not like this idea very much as college girls were usually asked
to teach in the upper grades. She was also unacquainted with the work and had little respect for it owing to the fact that government kindergartners are very poorly paid and have little or no education. She looked forward to the time when the missionary kindergartner should arrive, relieving her from the work.

When I saw her with the children I realized that she was specially suited to that work. The children loved her, and as a practical kindergartner, she certainly was a very great success though she had had no special training for it. As I did not know the language, I persuaded her to stay for a time. She, appreciating my difficulty, consented to stay and gradually became more and more interested as she saw the meaning and purpose of the kindergarten and its underlying truths, in her study of it under my direction.

We started a small training class, she at first interpreting for me and then later taking the class herself after preparing the lesson with me. This was indeed very hard for her. She came to me one day saying, 'I feel as though I am working in the dark. I come to you and get filled up and then go to class and give it all out and there is never any left over.' But she went on in that way, taking and giving one lesson at a time until they, with her, had completed the course. She continued as my assistant the five years I was in Japan, and when I left for my furlough,

**Assumed the Entire Responsibility**

of the work that we had hitherto shared together and she has done excellently well. She has had four kindergartens to supervise and a training class to teach with two separate classes, covering a two years' course. She has had some assistance from our graduates but has done most of the teaching herself. She has undertaken the translation of some books in English on kindergarten subjects and has translated a number of stories and songs, a few of which she has written herself and adapted to music. Our kindergarten is a department of the Methodist Girls' School and College at Nagasaki, called Kwassui Jo Gakko.

She often acts as interpreter in the school and in other ways assists.

This year she took a diploma from the music department of the school. I wonder that she had the time and strength to give to this extra work but she said her practice was her recreation. It was not until the third year after my return that a kindergartner was appointed to take my place. Takamori San has since been offered a scholarship in the National Kindergarten College in Chicago. She greatly anticipates this unusual opportunity. She is ambitious to study and to make observations of work in this country. She is qualified to make the best use of this opportunity because of her knowledge of English and her earnest spirit. She has received some generous contributions toward her expenses but she is prepared to assist herself further by giving illustrated talks on child life in Japan and she is bringing slides with her from her own country. I think her talks will be found very interesting and I hope some of you may be able to see her and hear her talk should she be able to come here.

Much of the laborious work in Japan is done by women. A long way up the 'Eastern Hill,' too far for the better class to climb, live some of the poor folk of Nagasaki, known as the coaling coolies. They are mostly women who blacken the sides of the great steamers lying out in the harbor. Five hundred on the long rope ladders pass the coal in baskets from one to the other as rapidly as possible. Another five hundred inside, pass the coal down into the hold of the steamer. Two thousand tons of coal must be stowed away in four or five hours. The air grows thick with coal dust and the wonder is that they can use their eyes
as the work progresses. It is a common thing to see women shoveling coal in a lighter with babies on their backs. As a woman stoops to shovel, a child is thrown forward with a jolt, and as she straightens, the little one settles back with a protesting cry.

Mothers Toil for Home

These women must work to help with the house expense; their earnings are about thirty-five sen (seventeen and a half cents) a day, when they can find the work.

Other women of the neighborhood work in the rice fields or in the vegetable gardens. The men are employed as jinrickshaw coolies. As long as they look strong and can run well they can support a family in a humble way; but in a few years they are too slow and then the wife must do more than her share. No one is idle. All work when it is to be found.

Their homes are so desolate looking; roofs mended to keep out the rain, sometimes with pieces of old tin—the remains of an oil can once used for a water pail. Under a low roof are one or two rooms with the rough, loose boards of the floors only partially covered with ragged mats, and the paper on the windows, used in place of glass, torn and weather-beaten.

The very young children from these humble homes are left to themselves all day and many of them have tied to their backs a baby brother or sister to care for while the older members of the family work. The baby's head falls to one side or rolls back as it drops into a heavy sleep; or it blinks its eyes to keep the sunlight out as sister runs and plays for hours at a time. I have seen these little children on the streets, have felt sorry for them and finally decided I would have to do something about it myself. I went among the English, Americans and other foreigners and asked them to help me with this charity. They at first were not friendly at all. They had been very critical toward the missions but I told them about the kindergartens and they became quite interested and in a short time I had two hundred dollars toward hiring a building and opening a kindergarten for these poor children, and moreover I had all these people interested in the mission school on the hill. They had never had their attention called to it before.

I rented an old tenant house, and

We Had Thirty Children From the First and turned away about sixty more because the rooms were so small. The fathers and mothers would come and look in at the window. The children were just as interested and responsive as the others were. I often sat and watched these very poor children as the teachers told them stories. These children would sigh as children will when they get through listening, and say, 'Please tell it once again.' They are not as demonstrative as our children, not so excitable, but to me they are just as interesting and responsive, and I love them dearly. One day we were asking them what did they like best. Finally one of the children said, "I love my home best," and the teacher asked the others who loved their home best to hold up their hands, but one little boy did not hold up his hand and the teacher said, "Why do you not love your home best?" and he said, "Because father comes home and takes all the straw shoes mother has made, and I like bamboo booths better than a home."

Most of the children are quite interested in their homes and their fathers and mothers, but they love the kindergarten best. They come early in the morning and they could never quite see why they could not stay all day. This charity kindergarten must have a building. The missionary society could not help, and I thought I would see what I could do alone but my health broke down and I had to walk in the hills for two years not able to do anything. We are asking for $2,000. We want enough to start our day nursery for the babies of mothers whocoal ships. There has been nothing like that in Japan and I am sure it will be appreciated and result in great good.
SOME EXPERIENCES FROM TWENTY-FOUR YEARS IN KOREA

MRS. F. S. MILLER
[Address in the Sanitarium.]

We lacked five days of being two months on the way when we first went to Korea; now by the Siberian route one can make it in nineteen days or at the most in three or four weeks.

The first difficulty that a missionary meets is the Korean language. He seats himself in front of a Korean who is called a teacher. In those early days the teachers were very plentiful; their only qualification to teach was their inability to do anything else, and it was hard work to get out of them anything that you were after. The first question the teacher would ask you was: “Autu-su wa-sim-ne-ka?” and you would wonder if you had heard him aright. “Where do you come from?” If you were not prepared to answer, he would answer for you, “Me khu esa wa sim me ta,” “I come from the United States.” You would labor on and the first sentence you would learn to use would be “E kot mu-u-si-o,” “What is this thing?” After three or four hours you would be surprised to find how little you knew and how tired you were.

In the early days we were in the capital only, and all the missions were in one little neighborhood, or compound. Both the Methodist and Presbyterian missions were represented at that time. On top of the wall was the cleanest and coolest place to go for a walk and many times I have seen a mile of typhus fever patients put out by the wall to die. Sometimes a shabby thatch of matting would be put up to shield them from the rays of the sun. You ask, How can this people be a kindly people when they could do a thing like that? They are a kindly people. They had nothing to prompt them except Confucianism, Buddhism, or the worship of evil spirits, and the best they could give was nothing higher than the human. You can worship your dead ancestors with human strength, but it takes divine strength to measure up to the call to care for typhus fever patients.

A Word About Typhus Fever:
Let one case of it break out in a neighborhood and as I was told, “that is a neighborhood of dead men,” it is so contagious and so fatal. They had no
means of knowing what to do for it and they had no adequate means for caring for the sick. Now there are many hospitals in Korea and very much has been done to alleviate all conditions of contagion. You dread small-pox here, but I have been in many homes where I would ask the number of children in the family and they would reply a certain number, but there were more than that there before me. I might inquire, "Whose children are these?" and they would reply, "O, they have not had small-pox yet."

After we had been there three months I was given charge of our girls' boarding school as principal, dean, teacher and matron. There were no contested honors, just one for the work. It did not take me long to find out that what our girls needed most of all was a wise, loving mothering. They were usually brought to us motherless or orphans. I still remember one night when the father brought in his two little motherless girls. I asked the name of the elder sister; it was Su-pelie (New-star); then of the younger, and it was Sapsadie (Sorrowful), but God helped me to say in that moment that her name should be Poba (Precious) and there was an electric flash of relief went over the girls' faces when they heard this new name. I want to tell you

How Poba Redeemed Her Name.

She was not a brilliant girl, but she was attractive and she grew, year by year, in great faithfulness to her duties both in school and out of school. For a number of years before she was married she was helping in tutoring the girls in the day school right there in our own yard. At the time of her marriage she went to her husband's home; within the first week from the time she went into the home, her husband's mother died and Poba was left, a girl of eighteen, in charge of the home where there was the aged grandmother, little sister-in-law, a father-in-law, three brothers-in-law, her husband—a family of eight for Poba to care for, doing the cooking and sewing; and all men's and women's outer garments have to be ripped to pieces every time they are laundered.

Poba had a strong Christian heart and she endeared herself to all. She did her work in the kitchen on the ground, as they have no floors, and it was carried on under difficult circumstances and Poba often had more than she could get done, but she had willing hands and a brave heart. In the course of a year or so a little one came into the home and was not more than six to nine months old when the church officers sought out Poba to be teacher of their day school for girls. The home duties were so adjusted that Poba could take up that work and she still has it, caring for her home and little ones. She is an efficient teacher in their church day school. I mention her because she is not brilliant and is no exception; it shows what the Gospel is doing for girls all through Korea.

Mrs. Shin had been a Christian about three years and she learned to read when she came to help me in the school. She began studying with the older girls, and helped in teaching the younger ones, and looked after them in their work; she grew with the school and in the midst of crushing circumstances, for her husband was a drunkard and a gambler. She supported the family, taking care of the children (those that were spared to her) with the help of her mother and mother-in-law. We gave her a house in the same yard with us so she was not separated from her little ones even in the day. She developed in mind and soul and laid hold upon God; her supreme desire was that her husband might become a Christian. About six years ago she buried him. He came nearly to a drunkard's grave, but her prayers were answered. He died a triumphant Christian and she had the joy of knowing that there was hope of an eternal future of joy for him.

Severance Hospital

About ten years ago Severance Hospital, the largest that has been built in Korea, was completed in Seoul, and Dr. Avison, of Toronto, Canada, who went to Korea in 1893, was in charge of the entire work. He came to me and said he wanted Mrs. Shin to be given a place on the dedicatory program. The government officials were there and took part, the church officials were there and took
part, but I was told afterward that Mrs. Shin's address was the best given. She was not brilliant; she was capable, a splendid life of readiness to do the duty that came to her hand, and in doing it well was her preparation for larger work. She is now one of the most capable women in Korea, and is dean of the Women's Academy in Seoul. You see in her life what the Gospel will do in giving power of endurance, of faith, instant in season and out of season in all that is good.

Years ago she came down into the country and helped us in the women's class. Next year we were to have a class again and the first question asked was, "Is Mrs. Shin coming?" She had drunk deep of the cup of sorrow, and had been able to sympathize with them and to hold to their lips the cup of salvation which overflowed; and they felt the love and sympathy, they felt the knowledge, they felt the power of this woman, and the first thing they wanted to know was, would she come to them again. Her life was a testimony of what she knew.

Opening a New Station

Ten years ago Mr. Miller was asked to open up a new station 100 miles south of the capital; five days of hard travel to be covered under favorable circumstances. Measured by time it was as far as New York is from San Francisco. This field embraced a million souls, many of whom had not heard the Gospel; there were few Christians down there, and they were widely scattered. In the beginning there were no railroads, but later one was built twelve miles from what proved afterward to be our new home. We went down there nine years ago for the summer to stay as long as we could, become acquainted with the Koreans, and get the work started. That summer we spent in a little thatched house that had been secured for the purpose, the entire building was not larger than 10 x 25 feet.

In the building used for a church, the place that was curtained off for women was four feet wide and seven feet long, and it was really larger than was needed; for there was just one woman and one girl there, and they had gone down with us from Seoul. But little by little they came to the door and were invited in. Some stepped in and others were frightened away; one of the first women who continued coming was an old square-faced grandmother. She was deaf, and you wondered what she came for, but she was regular in attendance. After a few months she presented herself to Mr. Miller for public profession of faith as a catechumen. The Koreans are first received as catechumens (on probation) to
give them an opportunity to prove what they have received from the Gospel. 

Grandmother was to answer some questions but she could not; then she was sent to a Korean who sought to draw her out; she afterward waited for a year or more.

**Grandmother Shi**

We used sheet tracts, just a simple statement of who God is, and of the Gospel. I used to offer them to the newcomers and if they hesitated, Grandmother Shi would step up and take it from my hand and offer it saying, "Take it, it is good." I never saw a Korean woman refuse it from her. In about three years she had been received as a catechumen; a year later she was asked if she had received any special blessings from her Christian life, or if it had given her any special help. She said yes, that when she first entered the Christian life, no one wanted her to come into their homes, but little by little she became welcome, and now she could go into any of their homes and that meant that she told them all she knew of the Gospel; and she told of other blessings that had come to her and to her family through her Christian life.

After we were home on our furlough, upon our return to Korea one of the first to meet us was Mrs. Shi, then nearly seventy years old. She was well acquainted in a village ten miles from Chang Ju, where she lived, and had been working out there; but it was far away to be satisfactory and so she had moved out there, that she might be among the people; she said when we met her that she wanted us to go there and teach the people and preach to them. She had done all she could. When we organized a Bible class for six days' special teaching in Chang Ju she brought in ten women from this village ten miles distant.

Later I went to the village, and found the first time a room that contained about thirty women, perhaps half of them sitting there with open Bibles. That does not sound strange to you, but there are very few of the women in Korea who can read until after they have become deeply interested in the Bible. Most of the men, and women too, are not received into the church before they can read, but Grandmother Shi was so old it seemed she could not learn to read. I was walking about this class to see that the books were all properly adjusted and came upon Grandmother Shi sitting with the Gospel of Mark open, and I said, "Grandmother, where did you learn to read?" "O," she replied, "I just put on two pairs of spectacles and I learned." And she told Mr. Miller later that she had gone to the Korean women to be taught and they would say, "O, you are too old to learn to read," but, she said,

"I Got Hold of a Child and She Helped Me."

Mrs. Yei was an old crooked-backed grandmother. So many of the women are so crooked that they can not straighten up when they walk. Her life had been filled with the worship of evil spirits and efforts to placate them. She had received the truth and her face had the radiance of Heaven. Her daughter-in-law had heard something of the Gospel and attended church, but hers was a wavering faith. Her little son, the old lady's grandson, was very ill, and he was gradually slipping away and the daughter-in-law said, "We must worship evil spirits." Grandmother Yei answered, "I have lived in the dark all my life, I can not go back to it again." The little one died but the grandmother still had the joy of Jesus in her heart, the hope of meeting the little one and meeting him saved.

At one of the meetings a woman came in who had such a sad face; as they were passing out, I caught hold of her sleeve and said to her, "Just wait a little." I asked her what was the trouble; she drew up her sleeve and showed me her arms blackened from the shoulders down, and her back was in the same condition. They have ironing sticks about a foot long and one and a half inches around, made from hard wood and her mother-in-law had been using the ironing sticks on her because she believed. The father and mother-in-law looked forward to their son worshipping their spirits when they were gone and said to her, "Our son believes and we can not help it, but you
shall not." Those were the efforts the mother-in-law was making to keep her from the light; she watched her day and night to keep her from learning to read or write. Later her husband took her away and they had a Christian home.

Koreans Know Much About Persecution

Many instances of persecution unto death are recorded and many instances where they have been driven from their homes; but they understand it so much better than we could. So often the messages of the Gospel, in the hearts of those who hear, first find a place through the overcoming of persecution by the one bringing the message. Thus the grace of God in the hearts of men not only saves them but keeps them and you can imagine what the Koreans have to be kept from, after they come into Life, for they have a heathenism of 2,000 years behind them.

A number of sorcerers have been converted and they would rise, sometimes before 1,000 or 1,500 people, and tell them in earnest, simple words how they had deceived them, a confession of the wickedness of sorcery, and then testify to the grace and power of God to save and keep them. You can imagine what power these people would have leading a Christian life among that people.

The common people receive about fifteen cents a day, the artisan and the educated man perhaps from twenty to forty cents a day. We have in the Protestant missions 114,000 of those who are received either by baptism or as catechumens for a year, sometimes longer than that. Of these 114,000, the gifts this last year were $180,000 and that under the conditions such as I have told you, but they give what they have. One night the Koreans were taking up a subscription for a little church. One woman had only her outside skirt that she could give and she took it off and threw it in the collection and then she slipped out into the dark in her underskirt and went home. It was what she had! Another woman took off her long switch of hair, the only valuable thing she had, and put it in.

THE MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION
OF THE SAMARITAN NATION

E. K. WARREN

[Taken from an address in the Sanitarium Chapel.]

First permit me to say that my education and early experience has come to me largely through the Sunday school. My early home was in the forests of Michigan, where there was organized a little Sunday school and of that Sunday school I have been a member for more than fifty years, having been elected superintendent for life some years ago. When a boy of twelve or thirteen, I was a member of the young men's class, consisting of five girls and myself. During this changing period of my life, I was held in the Sunday school by a loving mother and a superintendent that had strength of character and the good sense necessary to keep me there, and so many things in my after life have hinged upon this fact, that I wish to emphasize it and the value of attendance upon Sunday school and the study of God's word.

In regard to the Samaritans of whom I am to speak, most people are ready to confess that they know but little. We know of the allusions made to them in the gospels, of the Parable of the good Samaritan, of Jesus visiting with the woman at the well, and the Samaritan city, of his rejection at the Samaritan village where he and his disciples sought entertainment and of the fact that the Jews and Samaritans had no dealings with each other.

There are certain things told us also in the Old Testament about them, but since the Scriptural days, they have passed comparatively out of our sight. We refer to them as among the lost tribes. Do they exist today? If so, where are they? What are they doing? What is the environment? What have they to look forward to for encouragement?

Permit me to answer these questions catechetically as follows:

They do exist today. They are planted right where they have been for the past two or three thousand years. They are not doing much of anything. Their circumstances are those of the most abject
poverty, and obscurity, and from a human viewpoint there is not much in the future that serves to encourage them. But it is not sufficient for us to judge of such matters from the human viewpoint alone. Let us rather seek to discover God’s purpose and blessing in the solution of such questions. To my mind there is a great “mine” of Bible study for us in the circumstances of these unique people, all undiscovered and unused, and yet ready to be brought forth and utilized in confirming our faith in the Bible that God has given us. They are living exhibits of the truthfulness of the Scriptures. To many people nowadays, the Bible is an old book becoming obsolete, a sort of “back number” as we express it, because of the many claims and assertions of modern science and investigation, but in these people we have an absolute, living example in the year 1914, a positive testimony of the truthfulness of the Bible record from the call of Abraham, down to the present moment, and is it not worth our while to recognize this wonderful testimony and to have a part in preserving this living exhibit for its value in relation to Bible truth?

My first introduction to this people was that of many other travelers. Fourteen or fifteen years ago, with Mrs. Warren and our children, we were journeying through Palestine from Jerusalem to Damascus on horseback, and palanquin. We came to the ancient Shechem, modern Nablus, with Mt. Gerizim on one hand and Mt. Ebal on the other.

On the summit of Mt. Gerizim the passover is still celebrated by the people year by year. Among the objects which we were taken by our dragoman to see, was the little Samaritan synagogue and the squalid quarters in which the Samaritans were living. We were hurried through the process, as only two hours were given to us in connection with these people, but I made the acquaintance of the priests at this time, and three years later I made some effort to cultivate a closer acquaintance with them, giving to some of my friends letters of introduction to the high priest. As chairman of the Central Committee having charge of the world’s Sunday school convention in Jerusalem, it grew on me to utilize this people in that great meeting. I invited the priest and some of his leading men to come to the convention, which they did. The convention was held in a tent pitched outside of the walls, and within a stone’s throw of Calvary. Coming into this peculiar environment they received a welcome from the individuals and bodies assembled in the convention. The high priest sat upon the platform with two or three of the principal men of the nation. They had come from their home by the ancient caravan as they preserved in all things the ancient order of living enjoined upon the Levites, washings, the purification, and all the other ceremonials. They do not live in hotels, for this would be contaminating. They lived in their tents and thus they were able to preserve with strictness their ancient modes of living.

The high priest being called upon, stepped forward, holding in his hand a
Encampment of Samaritans on Mt. Gerizim.
manuscript from which he read in Hebrew to that great body of people assembled in the name of Jesus Christ, from all over the world, an address of welcome to Jerusalem and Palestine. After he had finished reading, a man stepped forward and receiving the manuscript from the hand of the priest, said to the audience, "The high priest has extended to you an address of welcome written in Hebrew, to you who have come here to this convention in the name of the Lord Jesus, and I, a converted Jew, am to interpret it to you in English."

In order that we may see more clearly the significance of that scene, let us think of the marvelous talk Jesus had with the woman at the well; how he sought to level down the barriers which separated men, presenting God as the father of all men, the Gospel as a means of salvation to all men. It is remarkable that it was to this poor Samaritan woman that Jesus first announced himself as the "Messiah of God," and the people who brought from our Saviour's lips that wonderful confession, are certainly worth our while.

In the years that have followed that remarkable convention at Jerusalem, I have given any assistance that I could to this people. Dr. Wm. E. Barton, of Oak Park, Ill., has visited them and has translated some of their history into the English language, and other travelers have also been of assistance in bringing this people out of their obscurity. There are less than one hundred and fifty of them remaining and there are more men than women. They are gradually dying out, preserved through all these centuries by God's providence for some great purpose. To me, they are like the wounded man left half dead by the wayside who was rescued by the "good Samaritan" and it now becomes our privilege to act the part which the Samaritan acted in the days of our Saviour; "the priest, and the Levite," and the nations of the earth pass by and leave them lying there, a living testimony to the truths of God's word throughout all its historical bearing.

In making some of the earlier preparations for the world's Sunday school convention in Zurich, I had some correspondence with the high priest--thinking that it might be wise to reproduce in some measure what took place in Jerusalem. In response to my communication, I received a large sheet of paper or parchment written on one side in Arabic and signed by the high priest and sixteen other men. It read as follows:

Nablus, Feb. 6, 1913.

"To Our Dear Friend Mr. Warren:

"I sent you a letter before this in which, according to your kind request, I explained to you plainly the needs of our Samaritan congregation. I have lately received from your friend, Mr. Jacob, in Jerusalem, a letter in which he says that you have asked him to let me know that my presence in the Sunday-school convention with some of our congregation will better serve our interests; and to ask me whether our religion allows us to travel. In reply to your kind invitation I am sorry to say that the time of the meeting of the convention will be the time of the celebration of our Passover. To leave its celebration is a breach of God's covenant. Neither can we celebrate it in any other place than Mt. Gerizim. Another thing is that my old age does not help me to travel; and those of my congregation who are very much attached to their sacred religion do not agree to my leaving my office.

Tomb of Patriarch Joseph.
"As you are the first to offer to help our congregation, which is waiting with hard patience on your kindness for help to enable her to improve her wretched condition, therefore they offer up their intense prayers for you. And the congregation, one and all, put the matter into your hand and ask you to be their representative in the coming convention and to set forth our impediment and excuse for not being able to be present. We hope that you will avail yourself of a good opportunity during the meeting of the convention and set before the whole members the pitiful state of our congregation with its poverty and misery—things which break the heart.

"I and my congregation thank you very much. We have sent you this letter and petition signed by the chief men of our congregation who unite in supplication for your safety and well being.

"With kindest regards and respect, we are yours truly,"

(Signatures and Seals.)

I presented this document to the Sunday school convention and regard it as invaluable as a remarkable historical document, produced by a nation more than 4,000 years of age, appointing me as a representative to plead their cause before the Christian representatives of all the nations of the world.

Many of the members of this convention, including Mr. H. T. Heinz, of Pittsburgh, were making extended journeys into the Orient, the Far East and around the world. There were also representatives in the convention from the Far East. Professor Goodrich, of Albion, with thirty or forty others, was contemplating a visit to Palestine. I urged these people to take pains to become as thoroughly familiar with the conditions of the Samaritans as possible. I provided him with letters of introduction to the high priest. When Prof. Goodrich and his party reached Jacob's well, they found a delegation consisting of the three priests standing there to receive them. They extended to them a cordial welcome and showed them all they could of their present situation, and of their past history, led them up Gerizim, and showed them the sacred place where they hold the passover every year. Though subject to the ridicule of the Moslems and many strangers, they go about their regular performance of their ancient customs and usages.

Our effort in their behalf is to enable them to maintain their standing as Sa-
maritans. They are too valuable to be lost. God has in a remarkable manner preserved these people as genuine witnesses of the authenticity and reliability of the Bible record.

Among other things which they showed this party, was an ancient manuscript said to have been written by the son of Eleazer, the high priest, only four generations from Aaron, which is undoubtedly the oldest Hebrew manuscript in existence. They rightfully hold this manuscript to be above all price. At this convention, a Samaritan committee was organized, of which Prof. F. S. Goodrich was made secretary and treasurer, and I was appointed chairman; the object of this committee is to assist the Samaritans in maintaining their national life and in exhibiting to the world the precious treasures which they hold. They needed a school among other things and a school has been organized by our committee and is being carried forward in their midst. A letter received from the high priest this morning, informs me that there are twenty-four boys and young men in the men’s department, and an effort is being made to rent a building for a girl’s department.

EDUCATIONAL ADVANCE IN INDIA

[Address given by Rev. John H. Wyckoff, D.D., of India, in the Sanitarium Parlor.]

I am glad of this opportunity to tell you something about India, and the work to which I have devoted more than thirty of the best years of my life. Did you realize that India covers an area as large as the whole of the continent of Europe less Russia? The distance from the Himalaya mountains in the north to Cape Comorin in the south, is 1900 miles. Bombay, the great city in the west, is 1200 miles from Calcutta in the east. Madras in the south is 1500 miles from Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, and that in a straight line.

Then think of the density of the population. We must put 630,000,000 of people in the United States if we are to have a population as dense as India’s, which, according to the latest census, had 315,-000,000 human beings. We sometimes speak of China having a population of 450,000,000, but a proper census of China has never been taken. On the contrary, in India, every decade the British government takes a census just as accurate as that done by our own government in America.

Then, this immense body of people does not speak one language as we do, but in India we have, including Burmah,

Ninety-Eight Distinct Languages,

and more than as many dialects. The people speaking these various languages make up almost as many different nations. Some of you may have been in the habit of thinking of the natives of India as one nation, one people; but they are divided into forty or fifty different nations, differing from one another as much as do the various nations of Europe. There is as much difference between the Tamilians in the south, among whom I have been laboring, and the Punjabis in the north; or between the Mahrattas in the west, and the Bengalis in the east, as there is between an Englishman and a German, or between an Italian and a Frenchman. Then as to religions, besides the 240,000,000 of Hindus in India, there are 65,000,000 of Mohammedans there. The King of England has more adherents of Islam in his dominion than the Sultan of Turkey rules.

This great population is not centered so much in large cities as in this country. Indeed, India has only three large cities. In South India, where I live, which has a population of 38,000,000, there are only four cities having a population of over 100,000. The vast bulk of the natives live in villages and hamlets, containing from five hundred to two thousand people each, who make their living from the soil. Many tourists visit us in these days and we are glad to see them. They, however, visit the few cities that have been built up by the English, travel on the railroads which are managed by Europeans, and do not see India. To know India one must get out among the people, and to know them well requires a residence of some years.

I have only time to deal with one
phase of mission work in this address, and that will be the educational advance.

The Greatest Educational Effort that the world has ever seen has been put forth in India during the last seventy years. The pioneer of that movement was that prince of Christian educators, Alexander Duff. When he came to India in 1830 with the purpose of establishing a school for Hindu youth, the first question which presented itself for solution was this: Which language shall be adopted as the language of learning in India? The choice lay between two—Sanscrit, the language of the Brahmins or literary class of India; and the English, the language of the rulers. The determination of that choice involved one of the most momentous questions connected with the future evangelization of India. There was much to be said in favor of Sanscrit. It was the ancient language of the Brahmins, and acknowledged to be the most polished, as well as the most copious of all languages, living or dead. The supreme government had decided in its favor, and it had been accepted as the medium of instruction in the government college at Calcutta. All learned oriental scholars favored it, as did some of the oldest and most distinguished missionaries, like Carey and others. But notwithstanding the array of argument and authority against him, Duff, after the maturest consideration, did not hesitate wholly to repudiate the Sanscrit and

Adopt the English, as the instrument of communicating instruction in his school. He showed that the leading Sanscrit books taught the most erroneous doctrines regarding the physical sciences; and that it was worse than folly to introduce them as text books; and that every thought in Sanscrit was inseparably linked with some idea or sentiment of Hinduism, so that in acquiring that language, the student was brought into contact with false ideas which made him tenfold more a child of idolatry and superstition than before; whereas in the acquisition of English, not only was the vast store-house of English literature opened up to the student, but in the very act of acquiring English the student was brought in touch with new thoughts and new ideas which make him tenfold less a child of idolatry and superstition than before.

Lord Macauley, who was in India at that time, having been sent out to draw up a penal code for India, took sides with Duff, and it was not long before Lord William Bentinck, the distinguished governor general of India, became converted to that view, and issued an official order, directing that in future English should be made the medium of instruction in all the high class government schools and colleges.

The growth of English education in India from that date has been marvelous. Every presidency has its university, affiliated with which are scores of colleges in which young men are being matriculated every year. In every town there is a high or middle school, and this system of English education is finding its way even to the rural parts.

It is impossible to form too high an estimate of the extraordinary results that have been attained in the elevation and enlightenment of Hindu society through the medium of the English tongue. An intellectual and moral revolution has taken place among the people; the natives are awakening from the sleep of ages; Caste is Relaxing; superstitious customs that have been more powerful than law, are everywhere disappearing; European ideas on all subjects are spreading, the Hindu mind is being formed on a new model. True, many skeptical principles find their way into Hindu society through the medium of the English, but the good results immeasurably exceed the bad, and the light which is everywhere being diffused, is bringing beneficent results.

Let it not be forgotten that the movement was started by a missionary—Alexander Duff. And missionaries still control a large part of the education of India. Missionary schools stand side by side with government institutions and compete successfully with them. The largest and best equipped college in India is the Madras Christian College,
founded by the Free Church of Scotland, and now carried on through the joint supervision of half a dozen different societies. It has an attendance of fifteen hundred young men, taught by Christian professors, and has attained a standard equal to that of our best universities in America. At Vellore, in our own mission, we have a second-grade college, attended by nearly a thousand of the flower of the youth of the North Arcot district, which has a population approximating two millions. The Bible is regularly taught in these institutions, the first hour of the day being usually devoted to it.

1. These institutions are great levellers of caste.

The Low-Caste Boy

is no longer denied the privileges of education as in days gone by, but the doors of mission schools are open to all classes of the community. In Tindivanam, when I established a school for Hindu youth, the high-caste boys objected to the low-castes being admitted. "How can we allow our boys to sit in the same seats with the pariah boys," they said. When they found I was in earnest they relented, and now in my school there you may see Brahmans and Pariahs, Mohammedans and Christians, all sitting on the same seat, and reading from the same book.

In one of my out-station schools, the Brahmans went so far as to set fire to the school building, and burned it to the ground, hoping thereby to intimidate me, and force me to yield to their prejudices. I replied by putting up another building with stone walls and a tiled roof, that they were not able to burn, and now in that school you may see boys reading without any distinction of caste.

2. Then see how these institutions are Christianizing the Thought of the Hindus. Doctor Fairburn, of Oxford, when in India, said that the conversion of the higher classes on any large scale would be preceded by the Christianizing of Hindu thought. Let me give you one or two instances of how that is being done. In one of the colleges of India, a student came to his English professor, charging one of his fellow students with calling him a liar. The professor, with a sardonic smile, said: "I thought you Hindus did not mind being called liars" (using the Hindu word for liar).

"No," said the indignant youth; "if he had called me a liar in my own language, I would have laughed at it; but, sir, he called me a liar in English, and I will not stand it."

We hope that the elevating influence of the English language will yet impart new moral significance to the words of the native tongues of India, as many words in Greek were ennobled by the moral and spiritual ideas infused into them by the spread of the Christian religion.

But the influence of the Christian religion goes beyond the teaching of morality. The most careless English teacher can not use that language without teaching Christianity. A gentleman from England who visited a college in Madras writes: "I was invited by the principal to examine some of the classes in English literature. More than fifty of the first youths of Madras in point of intellect and position were before me. After putting to them some questions in general literature, I asked some of them to recite their favorite pieces in prose or verse. The finest lad in the form stood up and gave with the greatest accuracy that passage in Shakespeare in which the words occur: 'Over whose acres walked those blessed feet, which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed for our advantage, to the bitter tree.'"

Such questions as the following were answered with the greatest promptness:

"What land is here referred to?"
"Palestine."
"Whose feet are said to have walked there?"
"The feet of Christ."
"And who was Christ?"
"The son of God."
"What was done to those feet?"
"They were nailed to the cross for our advantage."
"What advantage did we derive from Christ being nailed to the cross?"
"He died that our sins might be forgiven."
The following extract from the Scripture examination paper of a Hindu lad of about eighteen in our mission college, affords another good example of the fact that I am stating. The subject was, "The Scribes and Pharisees' Hatred of Christ." He wrote: "The priests and Pharisees hated Jesus mortally because he told them that their righteousness was merely formal and ceremonial, having nothing to do with their inward hearts. Moreover, he showed them the way in which they perverted many of the simple teachings of the Old Testament, and made void the holy laws of God by the traditions of the elders.

"Jesus taught that righteousness is of the heart, and that ceremonies should not be attended to unless they can help us in our spiritual lives. These bold teachings of Jesus led the self-deluding Pharisees to seek to kill him, and alas! they succeeded in the end, but they could not by killing him, kill him eternally, for he rose again on the third day in perfect triumph over sin and death." That was written by a young Hindu, and anyone acquainted with the gross externalism of the Hindu religion, will be able to appreciate it.

3. But the educational work of the missionaries is not only Christianizing the Hindu thought of the higher classes; it is, in a marvelous way,

Elevating the Lower Classes

of society. You will be surprised when I tell you that in India there are no fewer than fifty millions of people who have been excluded from the pale of caste, and have no standing in Hindu society. Not being allowed to mingle with caste Hindus, they have received the name of the "untouchable," their very shadow causing defilement to the Brahmin. Assigned a place to live, outside the village proper, into which no respectable Hindu will enter, they are regarded as the filth and off-scouring of the community. They are denied access to the temples; they can not bathe in the public tanks; they are practically shut out from the government schools. Oppressed for centuries by the higher orders; compelled to perform the lowest and most menial services, treated like dumb cattle by their merciless task-masters, they drag out a wretched existence without God and without any hope. Is it any wonder that when the missionary comes among them with his message of love and cheer, many of them respond to the Gospel call?

During the last fifty years or more, thousands of these poor people have been placing themselves under Christian instruction in the different missions, so that of the more than three millions of Christians in India, at least two and a half millions have come from this class. In the American Baptist mission of the Telugu country, which has a large missionary force, no fewer than two hundred thousand have been gathered into the Kingdom. In the American Lutheran, the American Methodist, and in our own Reformed Mission, the number received has been limited only by the efforts we have been able to put forth.

Extraordinary Results Have Been Achieved

in the elevation and enlightenment of these people through the influence of Christian missions. The pall of ignorance and misery that has so long covered them, has been lifted, and myriads of them are today rejoicing in the liberty of the Gospel. The vast majority of boys and girls in our village schools and in our station boarding schools, are from this class. There they are being taught habits of cleanliness and thrift, and fitted to occupy positions of responsibility and trust.

Some join the industrial schools, and learn the various trades. Others attend the high schools and colleges, and are trained to be school masters and mistresses. Others enter the seminary and study to be pastors and evangelists. Some take up mercantile life. Not a few enter government service, qualifying as doctors, clerks and accountants, while a greater number remain in their villages and till the soil. Nearly all of the five hundred Christian teachers, evangelists and pastors in our Arcot mission, have been drawn from the class of which I am speaking. Among them you will find men and women of true piety, refined character and tender graces.
When in Florida many years ago, I noticed that the finest orange groves were those which had been developed from the wild orange trees of the Indians. By grafting the native stock, the orange growers had speedily produced trees which yielded the most delicious fruit. And so, the divine Husbandman has taken the humble out-castes of India, so unattractive in their native heath, and through the power of the Gospel has made them not only bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, but made them ministers of life and hope to others. I say, "ministers of life and hope to others," for, wonderful to relate, and please note this: God is now using these once vile out-castes, elevated and purified by the Gospel,

To Convey His Truth to the Higher Classes
For raised by the influence of Christian education and civilization, the stigma which formerly rested upon them has been removed, and they are taking their places among Hindus of the highest caste.

Not only do our Christian boys and girls sit on the same seats in school with the Brahmins, but Brahmin boys and girls sit at the feet of Christian teachers and are taught the way of life. In many of our schools the headmasters are Christians, with Brahmin teachers serving under them as assistants. Practically all the teachers in the schools for high-caste girls are now Christian men and women. The heads of the College, the high schools and lower secondary schools in which several thousand youth of the high castes are studying today are Christians. Christian evangelists are now preaching the Gospel to the lordly Brahmin and argue with him from the Vedas.

Nor is that all. A goodly number of Christians are competing successfully with Brahmins for the highest secular posts. Let me give you one or two concrete examples, since statements in the concrete are always more convincing than the same things asserted in the abstract. The most responsible office in the Revenue Department of the North Arcot district is now filled by a Christian from the class of which I have been speaking. He has won his way up by dint of industry and perseverance joined to ability, until he is now one of the few Masters of Arts of the Madras University. He is a regular attendant at our Vellore church. Shortly before I left India, I had occasion to go to his office on business. He occupies a two-story building, the lower floor of which was filled with Brahmin and other high-caste clerks who are his subordinates.

I was conducted past these to an upstairs room where I found him in his private room, a punkah being pulled over his head while he was administering the affairs of the district. This man is practically prime minister to the English Commissioner of a district with nearly two millions of people. Every public document of note has to pass through his hands.

I have in mind another Christian in the Police Department of Government, whose father I know as a poor catechist in the church mission. The son was educated in a mission school, entered government service, and is now a man, like the centurion of old "with authority," having more than a hundred high-caste men at his command, some of whom guard his house while he sleeps at night.

I mention these among many remarkable instances to show how, all over India, God is

Literally Taking the Beggar out of the dung-hill and setting him among princes.

I say "remarkable," and yet is it not, rather, God's ordinary method of working that not the lordly Brahmin nor the wealthy Sudra, but the despised pariah shall come first into the Kingdom. And if blindness has happened to the proud Brahmin and the self-satisfied Sudra until the fullness of the pariah has come in, and the way thus prepared for plucking up the great caste system by the roots, shall we not exclaim with the apostle of old, "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the knowledge and wisdom of God. How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

And now, what else do we see? Why, the educated Brahmins, alarmed at the
spread of Christianity, and ashamed of being outdone by the missionaries, are organizing societies for the amelioration of the condition of the pariah! Funds have been raised for the opening of pariah schools and otherwise improving their social and material status. But the movement is doomed to failure, for there is no love in it. You may teach a pariah to read; you may give him a bath and array him in clean clothes; but if you have not renewed his heart, he is a pariah still, with this in addition: that, puffed up by false pride and conceit, he is ten-fold more the child of hell than he was before! Be assured, dear friends, that nothing can save the out-caste but the Gospel of grace and love.

And Now, in Conclusion, be assured that a real work of God has been accomplished by your missionaries in India—a work in which you may place your highest confidence. A church of Christ has been established which is yearly growing in numbers and in spiritual power. When I went out to India in 1875, only three hundred seventy-five thousand people declared themselves Protestant Christians in that land. In 1910, when the last census was taken, that number had increased to 1,650,000 Christians, who bow down to no idol of wood or brass or stone. This does not include the Roman Catholics, nor the Syrian Christian communities.

But let me caution you not to overlook the time factor in missionary work. Especially do we Americans need to be constantly reminded that character is not born, but grows. We are too apt to think that the rate at which we travel and erect houses and build up fortunes will have its counterpart in the work of missions too; hence the demand for rapid production. Architects and builders adjust their work to the temper of the times; but the eternal Workman heeds not the varying moods and fancies of his people, but is just as slow in His work today as at any time past in history. "Line upon line, line upon line; precept upon precept, precept upon precept; here a little, there a little." This is the divine law.

Those of you who have heard that interesting tale by Blackmore, entitled Lorna Doone, will remember the chapter describing the long winter, when a heavy snow storm that covered houses, trees and water courses, was followed by a terrible freeze, which well-nigh converted the whole valley of the Doones into a mass of solid ice. It seemed as if the winter would never end, but at last, after weary waiting, the soft south wind began to blow, thawing the ice and snow, uncovering houses, roads and trees, until grass, leaves and flowers began to appear and the whole valley teemed with new life. And so, the west wind, the gospel wind, is blowing upon India, dissolving the hoary superstitions and beliefs that have fettered her for centuries, causing her to bud and blossom with new thoughts and new hopes, the harbinger of that glorious day when India shall be the Lord's.

The following item from the Inhambane Christian Advocate will be read with interest by many or all of our readers:

"Dr. C. J. Stauffacher is abundant in Protestant Christians in that land. In 1910, when the last census was taken, that number had increased to 1,650,000 Christians, who bow down to no idol of wood or brass or stone. This does not include the Roman Catholics, nor the Syrian Christian communities.

But let me caution you not to overlook the time factor in missionary work. Especially do we Americans need to be constantly reminded that character is not born, but grows. We are too apt to think that the rate at which we travel and erect houses and build up fortunes will have its counterpart in the work of missions too; hence the demand for rapid production. Architects and builders adjust their work to the temper of the times; but the eternal Workman heeds not the varying moods and fancies of his people, but is just as slow in His work today as at any time past in history. "Line upon line, line upon line; precept upon precept, precept upon precept; here a little, there a little." This is the divine law.

Those of you who have heard that interesting tale by Blackmore, entitled Lorna Doone, will remember the chapter describing the long winter, when a heavy snow storm that covered houses, trees and water courses, was followed by a terrible freeze, which well-nigh converted the whole valley of the Doones into a mass of solid ice. It seemed as if the winter would never end, but at last, after weary waiting, the soft south wind began to blow, thawing the ice and snow, uncovering houses, roads and trees, until grass, leaves and flowers began to appear and the whole valley teemed with new life. And so, the west wind, the gospel wind, is blowing upon India, dissolving the hoary superstitions and beliefs that have fettered her for centuries, causing her to bud and blossom with new thoughts and new hopes, the harbinger of that glorious day when India shall be the Lord's.
is growing, keeps well and bids fair to become a very useful member of this Mission staff."

Animals, domestic and wild, act a large part in the life of a missionary in East Africa. We have had many manifestations of what seems to be a strong desire or curiosity on the part of many animals here to attend church services. Ofttimes the mission donkey has poked his head in to the church during the service. A number of times the baboon has attended, and once she sat so still during the prayer, the time at which she entered, that no one knew of her presence until the service was almost over. Once a boa constrictor, too young to really know the danger of venturing so far from home and among a people so much adverse to snakes, came in time for benediction. But one Sunday, during the visit of the Bishop, a hen was determined to attend the service. She at first came in the front door and was thrust out at the side door. She returned by the side door and was thrust out at the window, until she had entered and was thrust out at each open window. She came to the platform, and seated herself on the platform seat, then mounted the chancel rail and finally flew to the desk. For a time it was doubtful as to which one would take the service, the Bishop or the hen. She was finally ejected and placed under a box until the service was over. In the afternoon she insisted on returning and depositing her Sunday offering. Hers was the value of one cent. She is worthy of being enrolled as a probationer. An every member canvass has been inaugurated and a weekly giving urged. Full members are asked to give 2 cents a week and probationers one cent a week. There is so much enthusiasm over the matter that even the chickens apparently have caught the spirit. May the good work keep up!—Inhambane Christian Advocate.

MRS. JOHN LAKE who was brought to the Sanitarium for treatment, from China, in a very debilitated condition, left the institution on April 28th and it gives us much pleasure to say in greatly restored health and strength and in good courage of being able soon to return to her field of labor in China. Nothing gives the Sanitarium staff greater joy than to see the tried and worn servants of God restored to health and strength, returning to their fields rejoicing in a new lease of life and in nearly all cases the knowledge gained by a few weeks stay in the Sanitarium enables them to live and to continue in greatly improved health and vigor.

An heir, in order to get a farm that was willed to her, had to prove the date of her birth. She finally succeeded, but only by proving that she was born on the same day that a high-bred calf was born in her father's barn! The calf had a birth certificate, but the girl had none!—Woman's Home Companion.
The Battle Creek Sanitarium

RATES TO MISSIONARIES

Beginning July 1, 1913, the rates to foreign missionaries of all evangelical denominations who are home on furlough and are in need of medical care and treatment will be as follows:

BOARD AND ROOM

For the first four weeks, per week ....... $ 6.00 including the entrance examination, which covers physical examination, urinalysis, fecal and blood analyses, blood-pressure and strength test.

For the second four weeks, per week ...... 9.00

For the third four weeks, per week ...... 12.00

If further treatments be considered expedient, special arrangements will be made.

The above rates include, in addition to the board and room, the regular treatment, consisting of morning spray, one treatment daily in bathroom, treatment daily in mechanotherapy department (Sabbath excepted), use of gymnasium for physical development under competent instructors, and physician's counsel.

In those cases in which special examinations and extra treatments are necessary, a charge will be made at one-half the regular rate.

In the case of persons whose circumstances are very limited, this charge will be remitted.

CHARGE FOR NURSING

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

Meals in Room, 10 cents (extra) each, or by the week ............... 1.50

Exclusive use of wheel chair, per week ........... .50

Patients requiring surgical care will receive operations free, but a charge of $5.00 to $10.00 will be made to cover ward fees.

For maternity cases the fee for professional service will be $10.00.

Patients will be expected to meet the regular charges for personal laundry, purchases made at the pharmacy, and similar incidentals.

Patients are given rooms in East Hall or in cottages with board at East Hall. East Hall is a large steam-heated building near the main building.

Attention is called to the fact that the above rates are offered to invalid missionaries who are home on furlough and who expect to return to the missionary field. The limited accommodations in the institution, as well as its financial situation, make it impossible to extend the rates named to friends or relatives of missionaries except husbands or wives, or children of patients, also in need of medical care and treatment. Only a limited number can be accommodated at any one time.

During the busy season, from June 1 to October 31, only patients requiring immediate medical attention can be accepted.

Those who contemplate coming should first correspond with the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.

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