Indian Orphans, some of whom are supported by the Sanitarium Sabbath School
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EDITORIAL NOTES

NOTES BY THE WAY

It was a privilege to call at the central offices of the American Board, the Baptist Foreign Mission Board, and the Society of Christian Endeavor during a brief visit to Boston recently. These are great centers of Christian influence and power. It is an inspiration to reflect upon the spectacle of a few men and women in an office with their fingers on the pulses of God's work in all parts of the world, studying the work and the field, and sending forth messages of counsel and encouragement, and distributing supplies of help. The thoughts of the workers are often upon these centers of help and strength as one of the means of divine grace. It was a pleasure to greet Doctors Barton, Patton, Eddy, and Mr. Hosmer, Doctors Haggard and Franklin, at their work; and to see Secretaries Shaw and Poling and a good corps of workers at the Christian Endeavor Headquarters in the top story of Tremont Temple whence they expect shortly to remove to still better quarters. Boston is certainly one of the hubs of the universe.

It is a source of great satisfaction to be able to see with one's eyes that although he has made himself painfully strong in many of our higher schools, the enemy of faith and righteousness has not captured all of our universities and colleges. Even a short visit to Yale reveals to one interested in the Christian faith some stalwart forces which are upholding and advancing the Gospel of Christ. Dean Charles R. Brown is a great leader of these forces and he is backed up by a goodly corps of competent and devoted men. Among the students is to be found an active element of faithfulness in Christian truth and work. The study of the Scriptures and various forms of religious worship and Christian service are in plain evidence. Two Y. M. C. Associations are well sustained. The public gains most of its impressions of our great schools through the press reports which prefer to represent that which is sensational and grotesque and omit that which better represents the situation.

Prof. Harlan P. Beach occupies with efficiency the chair of Foreign Missions in Yale, and is laying broad and deep the foundations of what is to be, let us hope, a mighty instrumentality for the
advancement of the Kingdom of God upon earth. "Yale in China" is distinctly a work established and promoted by the great university, to be heard from in the rejuvenating of that effete country. And the entire mission field is represented by those who have gone forth from this school as faithful representatives of Christ.

In New Haven we met some former collaborators: Mrs. L. W. Cleaveland, formerly Mrs. G. D. Dowkonnt, who for years stood with her husband in the van of the promoters of medical missions in this country, and is still closely identified with that cause and with a wide scope of similar work in which her present husband is interested with her. Mrs. W. H. Ellis is, with her husband, in charge of the Yale Hope Mission, a city mission and home for homeless men, where a splendid work is being done. The students of the University render great help in this work which produces good results for both the beneficiaries and the students.

It is with a grateful sense of assurance that one meets and recognizes in the great storm-centers of worldly commerce and pleasure-getting, evident traces of purely Christian and philanthropic elements at work permeating society with a gracious influence, and sending forth light and saving grace as a lamp that burneth. Such a center of light and influence is located in the very heart of New York, adjacent the Grand Central Station, and within easy touch of every part of the vast metropolis, of the whole country, indeed, and of the world. This is the Bible Teachers' Training School conducted by Dr. Wilbert W. White and his associates. Here the Bible has a true home, and a love for the Word of God as it reads is the basis of a work that is felt in all parts of the world. Within the limits of their ability to do so they entertain visitors to the city. The privilege of finding a Christian home in this modern Babylon is one that comes with a grateful appreciation. More room is needed by this most worthy and useful institution to accommodate those who desire to procure the education and training for Christian work in home or foreign field. More funds are needed for the carrying forward of this enterprise, and to make lighter the burdens imposed upon those who have to provide for the large expense involved in maintaining such a center. Those who are looking for a good place where to bestow their fruits and their goods could not do better than to help the Bible Teachers' Training School, 541 Lexington Ave., New York.

A series of seven winter Bible conferences under the direction of Dr. S. C. Dickey, of Winona Lake, was introduced in Washington in the second week of February. The speakers at these conferences embrace such men as Dr. J. Campbell Morgan, Dr. Jowett, Dr. Struder, Dr. Camden N. Coburn, Dr. John MacNeil. These eminent men in Biblical learning and faith form a stalwart corps of teachers, and the united weight of their testimony for an unquestioning confidence in the Bible as the Word of God is powerful and convincing. Large crowds attended the meetings in Washington; from whence the company went to Columbus, thence to Nashville, Atlanta, and three other cities are yet to be visited. In a time when a babel of voices is assailing the Bible and endeavoring to shake the confidence of the people in its integrity it is encouraging to listen to men of such caliber and
EDITORIAL

power proclaiming the entire reliability of the Scriptures in which we and our fathers have believed.

During the closing days of 1913, Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, whose diocese is the missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa, returned from a visit to the field over which he has had charge for eighteen years. He has greatly favored us with some notes of his visit and observations on the present situation. The second installment appears in this number, and others will follow. The venerable Bishop states that he not only preserved his health on this arduous trip, but that he actually improved while gone, and he attributes this wonderful experience largely to the things he learned while at the Sanitarium before his departure.

THE RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS

It is probably true that no other thought is more fondly cherished upon earth than that of the recognition of and association with our loved ones in the world which is to come. This hope is a powerful motive in controlling actions and directing the aims of life. When called upon to part from those we love the best, it is a thought full of comfort that the separation is to be but temporary, that in that better world there will be no sad partings. Our hymnology abounds with this sentiment and we cherish it as our best and choicest treasure.

But when we come to search the Scriptures for the assurances of recognition of and associations with, loved ones in heaven, we are disappointed at the silence of the sacred writers upon a subject that is of such vital interest to us. It may be said that there is not in the Bible any such assurance given in direct form. If we look up the Scriptural testimony on this point we have to content ourselves with evidence deduced from facts and conditions declared to exist which indicate that we shall be able to recognize individuals by their earthly relations.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom, whose death, at the close of a long and honored career, has recently occurred, discovered the silence of the Scriptures upon this fond hope and if we rightly interpret his words, written in his autobiography shortly before his death, the discovery greatly modified his faith in a future existence. He wrote:

"I have no great fear of death, except the natural dread of the physical pain which usually accompanies it. I certainly wish beyond any words I have power to express that I could have greater assurance that there will be a uniting in some future world with those we love and those who have loved us; but from my reading of the Scripture and even admitting that there is a hereafter, I cannot find any satisfactory evidence to warrant such a belief. Could I believe that I could meet the loved ones who have gone before, I do not know but that I should look forward with pleasure to the 'passing across.' Not having this belief, I am quite content to stay where I am as long as I can; and finally, when old Charon appears to row me over the river Styx I shall be ready to go."

Doubtless there are countless professed Christians who regard the future in the same way, and who would look with comparatively indifference upon the future state if the hope of meeting the dear ones of earth were withdrawn.

But this is not the true view of the spiritual world to which our Christian faith points forward. Jesus taught us very plainly that heavenly society would not be organized upon the earthly plan. The recognition of earthly loved ones is nowhere denied in the Bible, on the con-
trary, the fact of such recognition is well established by every logical analogy and deduction, but to make such a fact prominent in prospective faith would be a distortion of a perfect conception of social life.

We need to remember that in our education and our environment we are made essentially selfish. It is not until we rend the shell of this environment and place the world about us next to our hearts that we begin to conceive what life really is. When the Saviour exclaimed: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he can not be my disciple," he projected a destructive bomb into our social camp. Such a sentiment is fatal to the usual conception of happiness. To be sure, we receive that ugly word with broad modification, which makes it only mean a degree of disregard, but even so modified it is not welcome, and we let it slide off our consciences very lightly, notwithstanding it comes to us in the form of a very solemn asseveration.

We receive with somewhat better grace the declaration that, "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." But at the same time we thank God that we do not have to leave any of them, and expect to have the heavenly reward just the same. But the opportunity to sacrifice all we have and all we hold dear to Jesus Christ is one that is open to all who would follow him.

As now formed human society consists of a vast number of little circles—one for each individual, of which the individual is the center. Close around him are a few very much-loved ones. Outside these are a larger row of dear friends; then a circle of friends; then a still larger cordon of acquaintances, and outside of these a nebula of indistinguishable humanity who jostle and rush past him utterly unnoticed. In the society of these inner circles we are wont to imagine our happiness is bound up, because our little world all centers in us.

That is surely a distorted ideal of life, but it is this very conception that we would fain transplant to heaven. It is upon such a conception that our hopes of heaven are built, with Jesus and the angels as honored acquaintances, with the good and great of past ages as heroes and heroines.

The Lord calls upon us to get out of that little bit of a selfish center with our friends clustered about us into a large place where with greatly enlarged hearts filled with the very spirit of the Saviour of men, we can encompass all of God's children, yes, all of his creatures, in the arms of our love, in the grasp of our faith, in our hope of heaven.

Unselfishness is the genius of the Gospel. The enlarging of the heart in affection and sympathy is the effect of divine grace; the centering of all that is to be desired in the matchless charms of Jesus Christ is the consummation of our discipleship.

Shall we know each other?—Yes, we shall know as God knows us now. Shall we love our dear ones there?—Yes, with a love that a thousand times surpasses all we now hope for or conceive of. Shall we live as families?—There shall be one fold, one Shepherd, one God and Father, one Redeemer, one Spirit. There will be no strangeness, no vacant staring of indifference, no shrugging of the shoulders, no looking up of pedigree, no pride of blood or position. Every eye will beam with joy, every emotion and impulse toward every living soul will be
quick with unalloyed love, and will be backed up with perfect peace and assurance.

It is not because the heavenly world will be deficient in happiness that our conceptions of happiness are not accentuated in the Scriptures, but because heavenly happiness embraces all true joys in a measure that eclipses all that enters the heart of man.

THE REDEMPTION THAT IS IN CHRIST JESUS

The inspired apostle writes: “Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.” The building up of human character and correct social, moral and intellectual status is well likened to the rearing of a building. The first essential in a stable building is the foundation. So in building up high grade development in human attainments, there can be no permanent improvements made that do not rest upon a solid foundation. As it is impossible to erect ponderous buildings of stone, bricks and timber upon quicksand, or upon the surface of a quagmire, so the attempt to build up a man or a nation in righteousness and wisdom upon the foundation of human resolutions, promises, purposes, aspirations, ambitions, or whatever may be found inherent in the human heart is, and always must be, equally futile.

The human “heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it.” And again, “He that trusteth in his own heart, is a fool.” Many, many thousands have been fooled in this way, and the process of trying to establish people in the paths of reform and progress by education, by legislation, by environment, and by other means laudable, logical, legitimate, ends in failure unless there is laid in the heart and life the sure and strong cornerstone upon which every building of God must rest.

“Ye are God’s husbandry; ye are God’s building,” exclaims the apostle; and it is undoubtedly true that no successful effort was ever put forth for weak and unstable human nature that was not built by Him who builds all things permanent and everlasting. Christian missions reach out for the people who sit in darkness, and those who go forth are taught by all the experiences of the past that the Gospel of Christ must go first and foremost and that it will prepare the way for every other form of development and reform. It is the heathen who receive the Gospel who soon wish to live in better houses and wear clothes. It is those who receive the Light of Life that reach out for knowledge and aspire to better living. It is the indwelling of a new Power that controls the life for righteousness and that inspires men and women with noble aspiration and imparts to individuals the power to live up to their ideals.

To civilize a savage without the Gospel only renders him more subtle and cunning in his wickedness, more acute in his devices, and more devilish in his vice. Education strengthens the intellect and the mental powers, but furnishes no fortification against temptation. But before the transforming power of the grace of God through Jesus Christ every barrier of evil, whether of heredity, environment, innate wickedness, or extraneous control is swept away, and under the plowshare of repentance and contrition the bed-rock of divine creation and destiny is laid bare, and on that eternal basis the reformation and re-creation of the man is built up sure and steadfast.
NEEDED—A NEW HUMAN RACE

[From a paper presented by J. H. Kellogg, M.D., at the National Conference on Race Betterment.]

We have wonderful new races of horses, cows and pigs. Why should we not have a new and improved race of men?

When Boston Blue trotted a mile in three minutes and won a prize of $1,000 in 1818, the world was more surprised than when Lou Dillon made a mile in two minutes at Readville in 1903. A century of breeding and training added 50 per cent to the efficiency of the trotting horse. During this same century the application of the laws of eugenics and eugenics to animal breeding has produced many varieties of thoroughbred livestock which, in some cases, are possessed of such superior and remarkable characteristics as to virtually constitute new species. This has been accomplished by breeding out defects and supplying through successive generations environmental conditions the most favorable possible for the development of desirable characteristics.

Man Has Improved Every Other Animal

A new species of milch cow has been produced which shows a continuous record for seven days of more than three pounds of fat per day. A new species of hen has been developed which lays 300 eggs a year. Every animal which man has gathered from the forest and the plain and domesticated he has improved until they are more efficient and in every way finer than their wild ancestors.

By the application of the same principles to the vegetable world, even more marvelous results have been produced. From the little sour wild apple have been developed the hundreds of varieties of delicious apples which load our orchards every autumn. New species of wheat and corn have been created which produce double crops, that are able to thrive in deserts. The little tasteless watery tuber found in the Andes has been transformed into the wonderful potato, which gives us our most important vegetable crop. Insignificant desert weeds, by the magic hand of a Burbank, have become the floral marvels of our green houses and parks. The United States Agricultural Department has just announced the perfection of a blueberry, nearly three-quarters of an inch in diameter, which may be cultivated the same as any other garden fruit.

Man has improved every useful creature and every useful plant with which he has come in contact, with the exception of his own species. The idea that the Human Race is Degenerating is very naturally highly unpopular. Racial and national pride naturally lead us to believe that the race is, in every way, advancing and improving. The evidences of improvement through discovery, invention and especially the accumulative knowledge and experience of all past generations, are so numerous and striking that we naturally conclude that the progress, which is so apparent in many directions, is equally great in all.

The fact that the average length of human life has more than doubled in the last 200 years has been accepted as conclusive evidence that the vital stamina of the race is improving—that longevity is increasing. Notwithstanding this apparent progress for nearly half a century the suspicion has been creeping into the minds of thinking men that, after all, the human species may not be making such real and permanent progress as might be supposed.

It has been suggested that the real mental status of a people or a generation may be judged by

The Proportion of Men of Genius

produced by it. An examination of twenty-seven names of men of transcendent genius, universally recognized as such, and representing all nations and all time, has shown, states Mrs. Martin, that "eleven were produced by one small
district. Ten of them were brought forth by one small city about the size of Fall River, Mass., or Paterson, N. J. The little city of Athens produced in a few years more men of consummate genius than did all the millions of inhabitants of China, Arabia, India, Palestine, Rome, Carthage, and all of Europe breeding for 2,000 years!" In the face of such facts can we feel altogether confident that the race is gaining in mental fitness and capacity?

Within the last ten years numerous scientific men of world-wide renown have given thought to this question and have uttered warnings of unmistakable import.

Dr. Mayer of the Marine Biological Laboratory of Tortugas, in a biographical sketch of the late Professor Alpheus Hyatt of Boston University, one of the leading biologists of this country, calls attention to the view held by this distinguished scientist—that the race, like the individual, has only a limited store of vitality and that both must develop, progress, decline and die in obedience to one and the same law. The view of Professor Hyatt, without some modification, is indeed pessimistic. It leaves no possible room to escape physical degeneracy and race extinction. The only escape from this dismal end must be found in a recognition of the danger and a race-wide struggle against race enemies.

That the human race is actually degenerating, at least in spots, can no longer be doubted. The late Sir Alfred Wallace maintained that the race has not improved, either mentally or morally, since old Egyptian times. He insisted, in fact, that, considering our possibilities and our opportunities,

**We Are Worse Morally**

than were the Egyptians, or any other people who lived before us.

Dr. Tredgold, an eminent English authority, writing on eugenics in the July, 1912, Quarterly Review, presents a number of new and convincing facts showing an unquestionable trend of the English race toward race degeneracy.

First of all, Professor Tredgold considers the notable decline in the death-rate within the last half century and its relation to the question of race decadence. Statistics show that there has been in England a decline in the death-rate in all ages under 55 years. Notwithstanding this, says Professor Tredgold, "it would be extremely fallacious to conclude that a diminished death-rate is any indication of an increased power of resistance to disease and an improvement in the inherent vitality of a people."

The writer has for more than thirty years maintained that the death-rate, or, in other words, the average longevity, is not a proper measure of the vigor of a nation, but rather the maximum longevity. The death-rate has declined, as Dr. Tredgold well remarks, "not because the nation is more resistant to disease, but because modern science has lessened its incidence and modern skill in treatment has diminished its fatality." The prevention of plagues by quarantine, the suppression of smallpox by vaccination, the control of typhoid fever by safeguarding water supplies, the better protection of infancy, and the marvelous strides which have been made in medical science have not improved the vitality of the race, but have simply served to keep alive a large number of feeble infants who otherwise would have perished. The result is that the beneficent activities referred to have actually served to diminish the average strength and vigor of the race.

Dr. Tredgold demonstrates by statistics gathered from various friendly societies having an aggregate membership of nearly a million and a half that, notwithstanding all the advances made in the prevention and cure of disease, there has been a steady

**Increase in the Average Amount of Sickness**

at all ages, as shown by the report of the actuaries appointed in connection with the national insurance act of 1911.

A careful study of the returns of the Registrar General of England shows, according to Dr. Tredgold, that out of every 1,000 children born today as many infants die from "innate defects of constitution" as fifty years ago, and this,
notwithstanding that the total death-rate of infants has been diminished nearly one-third. In addition to this, it is well known that a great number of feeble infants are today kept alive by scientific feeding and improved care in other respects who fifty years ago would certainly have perished. It is evident, therefore, that the proportion of feeble infants born into the world is at present very much greater than fifty years ago.

This has been made still more evident by reports of the Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education, which show that of the 6,000,000 children registered in the public elementary schools of England and Wales, far more than half of the children show very pronounced evidence of inherent constitutional weakness. This terrible fact perhaps bespeaks more loudly than could any other the presence of an active trend in the English race toward degeneracy and ultimate extinction.

The Increase of Insanity

is cited by Dr. Tredgold as another evidence of race degeneracy. While the increase of the population of England and Wales in fifty-two years has been 85.8 per cent, the increase of the certified insane has been 262.2 per cent. At the present time there is one insane person to every 275 of the normal population of England and Wales. This fact, as Dr. Tredgold says, is to say the least, "very disquieting." But, as the doctor still further shows, "there is even a more numerous class suffering from a still more serious condition, inasmuch as their incapacity is not possibly temporary, but is permanent and incurable. These are the feeble-minded."

Another evidence of racial decline presented by Dr. Tredgold is the proportion of paupers. The number of vagrants and paupers is shown to be increasing, and this notwithstanding the enormous amount of relief work afforded by the church, Salvation Army, charitable societies and committees, hospitals, homes, refuges and other charitable agencies of a private character. It is evident that in England and Wales there is a steady increase "in the proportion of those persons who are unable or unwilling to subsist by their own efforts," so that it costs Great Britain half as much to support her army of paupers as she expends upon her entire military establishment. The foregoing and other indisputable facts lead Dr. Tredgold to say: "It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that at present England contains an increasing number of people who are failing to adapt themselves to the exigencies of the times, who are

Not Keeping Pace with the Increasing Demands

which civilization entails, and who are deficient in the capacity to carry on the progress of the nation and of the race. It seems probable, in view of the history of nations in the past, that much of the present social and industrial unrest and of the movement toward communism is also an expression of the same increasing physical and mental incapacity, and of a waning spirit of grit and independence."

Numerous other writers have, in recent years, called attention to the marked evidences of race degeneracy which appear on every hand. An admirable summary of the situation was presented in the form of an indictment in a paper by E. E. Rittenhouse, conservation commissioner of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and president of the Life Extension Institute, read before the National Conservation Congress, Indianapolis, Indiana, October 2, 1912, which we quote as follows:

"With all its blessings modern civilization has introduced hazards, habits and conditions of life which not only invite, but which have increased in many ways, physical, mental and moral degeneracy.

"Our birth-rate is steadily declining, and at the same time the span of life is steadily shortening.

"Twenty-seven per cent of our annual deaths are of babies under age five; 200,000 of them die from preventable disease; about 150,000 of these are under age one.

"To offset this waste of life large families are demanded. Would it not be well to stop this needless destruction of infants before asking for an increase in the supply?"
As regards the causes of race degeneracy, opinions are divided. In general, two great causes are in operation—

**Heredity and Environment.**

Which of the two is the more active, it may be impossible to say. There are those who maintain that environment has little if any influence upon the germ plasm, and that acquired characters are not transmitted by heredity. The results of recent researches, however, seem to indicate that the influence of environment may be much greater than some have supposed.

Primitive man, living in a tropical climate, required no more clothing than that provided him by nature. Civilized man has invented clothes, but wears them not simply to protect himself from extremes of temperature or other injury, or to satisfy other bodily needs, but to meet the demands of fashion. Naturally fleet of foot, agile and muscular, supple and enduring, by sedentary habits civilized man has become puny, rheumatic, gouty, short of wind, hobbled by flat feet, and is beginning to lose his toes. Lack of exercise has diminished his chest capacity until he has lost one rib and is losing others, and has become an easy prey to consumption, pneumonia and other lung diseases. Through neglect to use his teeth, he has begun to lose them. His third molar is practically gone, and other teeth are often lacking, and all are subject to very early decay—one of the most certain evidences of constitutional weakness and race degeneracy.

In his haste to become civilized, man has neglected to provide compensations for the departure from normal conditions of life which civilization necessarily involves. We need not return to savagery to be healthy, but we must see that the air we breathe is as clean as that which the savage breathes; that the food we eat is as wholesome and pure as the water we drink. We must give our pale skins more contact with the sun and air, and must keep the inside of our bodies as clean as the outside. We must cultivate clean blood, instead of blue blood. Society must establish laws and sanctions which will check the operation of heredity in the multiplication of the unfit. Eugenics and eugenics must become dominant matters of study and concern.

The United States government has supplied every farmer in the United States many times over with literature telling how to raise the best crops, how to produce the fattest pigs and the finest horses and cattle. How much more important that not only every farmer, but every family should be instructed in the principles of right living—how to produce strong, sane, healthy and efficient human beings!

Unfortunately man has to a large extent neglected to recognize the necessity for preserving, so far as possible, the essential conditions of his primitive life. He has allowed himself to drift. He has formed habits by chance, instead of laboring to preserve amid the conditions of civilized life.

**The Essentials of His Primeval Environment,**

he has done the very opposite. He has allowed his fancy and his impulses to lead him into by and forbidden paths and has undertaken to compel his body to adjust itself to impossible conditions; and the result is, instead of lessening he has intensified the evil effects of environment. The same forces which have destroyed other creatures, other animals and species, and which are preying upon man as a member of the animal kingdom, instead of being mitigated by the intelligence of man, have actually been increased and exaggerated. Man has thus been forced upon his body conditions which are so far removed from his biologic and physiologic requirements that, at the present time, he is actually accentuating by his daily habits of life, the influence of these destructive forces.

By a careful study of our biologic needs and our physiologic requirements we may reverse the process and compel the cosmic forces which are dragging us down to lift us up, so that each generation may be superior to that which preceded it. The intelligence of the world
should be set to work to create new agencies and to multiply existing agencies for the betterment of the race.

EXPERIENCES AMONG THE INDIANS OF SOUTH AMERICA

[Address given in the Sanitarium Chapel, December, 1913, by John Hay, General Director of the Inland-South-America Missionary Union.]

Ten years before God called me to begin the work of organizing the I. S. A. M. U., that is to say twenty-one years ago, I found myself for the first time in South America. On that occasion, in the year 1892, I was sailing up the River Parana from Buenos Aires accompanied by a fellow missionary, Mr. Andrew-Pride, going to the savage Indians in the interior of Paraguay, which is in the center of the continent and sandwiched in between Brazil, Argentina and Bolivia. We were being sent out by the South American Missionary Society, which was at that time the only society having missionaries among the Indians of that region.

The Republic of Paraguay

is divided into two parts by the River Paraguay. That section of the republic west of the river, is called the Paraguayan Chaco and is inhabited by wild Indian tribes. The side east of the river is known as the republic proper, and is inhabited by civilized and semi-civilized people and by other tribes of Indians along the frontier near the Alto Parana River. The country is not only divided into two distinct sections of territory and inhabited by different peoples, but the character of the western and eastern sections is very different.

In the west is a great salty plain with chains of swamps and covered with dense forests of palm and acacia. Many of the streams are salt, and if you sink a well you will usually get water, clear as crystal, but salt as the sea. All over the surface of the land there is a thick subsoil of clay, in some places twenty feet thick, so that when the rain falls it can not penetrate through but simply lies on the surface until it is taken off by evaporation. The same thing happens when the rivers overflow, as they frequently do. The Indians in the western section live by hunting and fishing, and the country is not suited to agriculture.

On the east side of the river, however, Paraguay has been very happily called a Garden of Eden, because of its fertility and beauty and delightful climate. The country is rolling and hilly and is well watered with streams and springs of water everywhere; it has, in fact, a delightful water supply, and the ground is so rich and fertile that you have only to scratch the surface and put in the seed and it will grow. The people on the east side are called Christians but are practically pagans. The religion of the country is Roman Catholic, but the Roman Catholic Church there presents a very different front from what it does here.

As We Sailed Up the Great River towards Paraguay, the passengers on board the steamer saw that we were strangers. It would have been difficult for them not to have seen that we were.
Our dress, our speech, our manners, distinguished us from others, and our personalities separated us from them. They wanted to know where we were going. We told them we were going to the Chaco among the Indians. They told us we would have plenty of room in Paraguay. They thought of the five years’ war that had been fought there something like thirty-two years before our arrival. The republics of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay had combined against Paraguay. The war had lasted until there were no more men left in Paraguay to fight. So the passengers had in mind the sparseness of population. I told some of them that we were not going to the civilized part of the republic but were going among the Indians of the Chaco; but they simply would not believe it, and began to describe what the Indians were like, telling how the Paraguayan Government had long tried to subdue these Indians by swords and guns. They had wanted to get the use of the territory inhabited by the Indians, for although the lands were of little or no use for agriculture they were of great service for cattle raising. The herbage is very fattening to cattle, and the Paraguayans knew that they could buy cheap lean cattle in Brazil, pasture them for a short time in the Chaco, and have fat cattle for lean cattle. Very few people had ever managed to get in there without being killed. This was, among other things, what I learned as we went up the river.

I also had proof-sheets of an article written by one of two gentlemen who had been members of

A Scientific Expedition Into That Region.

The River Pilcomayo runs along the line between the Chaco lands of Paraguay and Argentina. The Bolivian government had offered a large sum of money to anyone who could find a navigable waterway down that river. A special steamer had been built for the expedition, and all kinds of scientific instruments, ammunition, stores, and such like were provided to ensure safety and success. They went up the river but they did not get down. They were attacked by the Indians and only two of the men escaped with their lives and they had to flee on mule back across the Chaco with the Indians after them.

As I read the account this gentleman gave of his experience and listened to the story of the passengers, it did not in any way enhance the outlook for us among those people. But we knew that the missionaries who had preceded us had not been killed, and that two of them—Mr. W. B. Grubb and Mr. G. E. Bailey—were still there and had been there about eighteen months ahead of us. By latest accounts they were alive, and had even managed to win the confidence of some of the Indians. When our fellow passengers understood that we expected to civilize these Indians and Christianize them with no other means than the preaching of the Gospel of Christ some of them began to think that there must be something wrong with our mental arrangements and they seemed to be sorry for us.

After something like six days’ journey we came to Ascunsion, the capital of Paraguay, and proceeding further north reached Concepcion. There we disembarked from the steamer and were met by Mr. G. E. Bailey. As I looked at him I began to realize what lay before us as I had not realized it before. Some people have an idea that a missionary is a man with a tall hat, a frock coat, with a Bible in his hand, preaching to the natives under a palm tree.

The Man Who Came to Meet Us

by no means answered to that description. He had no coat at all. His shirt sleeves were rolled above his elbows. He had on a pair of thin cotton trousers and a belt, and carried a sheath knife in the back of his belt. His face was by no means clean; he was just as he had come down the river thirty miles and had been perspiring freely. He looked more like a cowboy than a missionary, but he was the missionary all right.

When his little boat was loaded up with stores, the missionary asked us to lend a hand in paddling the boat up stream, and we paddled up stream with the current of four or five miles an hour against us. Being a native of Glasgow, I had been accustomed to rowing on the
River Clyde, and I always held my own with other young fellows, but when I got in that boat on the River Paraguay and tried to paddle in the swift stream, I found it was a very different kind of exercise. I soon had a pain in my side and another in my arm and a strong desire to lay the paddle down and rest. This was not permissible.

We Had to Keep At It

and paddle the pain out. Athletes running in a race know what it is to lose their wind and to keep on until they find it; and we just had to work and keep on paddling. It took us about fourteen hours to reach our destination. I had been looking ahead to an opportunity of being able to lie down and rest when we got ashore; but when we arrived I saw the Indians for the first time, and all the stories I had heard of them began to come to me, and I did not like the idea of shutting my eyes and not being able to see what they might do.

They were in the middle of the palm log hut with their bows and arrows and spears thrown around. In the firelight their dusky, copper-colored skins gleamed, with their blankets half off and half on. They wore their feather headdresses and had their faces painted in a curious fashion. They had no eyebrows, not even an eyelash, and no beards; not because these will not grow but because it is not the fashion to have them. They had no shears and razors to keep the hair off their faces, nevertheless fashion says they must not have it; therefore they pull it out, eyelashes, beards and whiskers; they bear the pain just to be in the fashion. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

But if these Indians were terrible to look upon, it was even more terrible to hear them speak. Their language had never been reduced to writing? We had to sit and listen to them and try to understand their language, which is polysynthetic, and to learn their words as they used them. The words are very long. You may appreciate the situation that confronted us if I give you a description of butter. If I had never seen butter and understood the language I should know what it was. With the English name "butter," if we had never read the article we should not know what it was unless we were told; but the Indian name "waitkya-nabunkook-shyng-minik-pithmook," meaning, "the fat of the juice of the udder of the cow," is self-explanatory. Take the name for rice—holyaaktakupook—that is also descriptive and comparative. They compare the rice with the eggs of a certain ant whose eggs are very much like grains of rice.

Our inability to explain to the Indians why we were there or our specific intention would seem to make the situation most unpromising. Yet we began to win their confidence right away simply by letting the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ dominate our actions. We found them living by hunting and fishing, and accordingly they had great quantities of skins and feathers to sell. The nearest market was the town of Concepcion, thirty miles down stream from the place on the Chaco side of the river where we landed, and when they took their feathers there they were cheated and

Ill-Used by the So-Called Christians.

They were made drunk with native rum and were too stupid to know what was being done to them until everything was taken from them; very often even their blankets would be taken away, and I have seen some of these poor Indians lying in the streets of the second city of Paraguay and the so-called Christians mocking and jeering at them. If the Indian dared to resent any of this treatment he was liable to be shot.

The Indian was treated in this way because he was not a citizen. Only Christians were eligible for citizenship. And he was not a Christian because no priest had sprinkled water on his head and pronounced him a Christian, whether he understood the meaning of it or not. He would not become a Christian because what he had seen of the life of those people, and their treatment of the Indians, represented to him his idea of Christianity, and led him to think he
was infinitely better than the Christians. So he was an outlaw, a pariah.

When we found the Indians being treated in this way we protested to the Paraguayan government; but they could not or did not do anything, so we took matters into our own hands. We found some Indians who had picked up a few words of Spanish, and by that crude means of communication we explained that we would take their skins, etc., to Concepcion and bring back what they wanted. One by one they came to trust us, and we brought them back beads, fish hooks, knives, and all the things dear to the heart of the Indian.

They had no idea what our mission was, and we were not able to explain to them. For a time they looked upon us as a superior kind of traders, but we were doing real missionary work. I am quite aware that if some of our globe-trotting friends had come upon us they would have returned to civilization and said, “Oh, we saw these so-called missionaries making money out of the poor ignorant savages.” That would be simply because they knew nothing about it. I thank God that he gave us the common sense to use the only means we then had to reach them, by protecting them from the abuses to which they were subjected. We never made a cent from the Indians and they knew it and appreciated it. I never so thoroughly understood the scripture, “living epistles known and read of all men,” as when we were living with these Indians and could only preach to them by treating them in this and other ways as Christians should treat them.

It thus came about that they gave us another name from Christians; they could not associate us in their minds with what they had known of Christians, and they gave us a name meaning “The Men of the Book,” or “the men who go by the measure of the Book.” They saw that we had a Book and that we reverenced that Book. We were different in that respect from the Christians who had no book and who reverenced their images; and they reasoned quite logically that we could not be Christians. Neither were we, in the sense they understood.

We so won their confidence by such methods that after four months’ residence among them it was possible for me to have my wife out, the first white woman they had ever seen. The Indians were very eager to see my wife. They called me “Paisiam abatong,” which means, “the man with the black beard.” They thought I was an ugly-looking man and they wanted me to remove the hair from my face and offered to give me some
paint so I could be as good-looking as they were. Some of the Indians were greatly distressed about it. They think it reduces a man to the rank of the lower animals to have hair on his face; they say dogs have hair on their faces, so men should not have any. They called my «wife, 'Paisiam-abatong-uptawa' (the wife of the man with the black beard), as an expression of wonder that any woman would have anything to do with a man that had hair on his face.

When my wife came she was an object of great curiosity to them. The first thing that attracted them was her hair, it was so different from theirs. Their hair is long and straight and black and very much of the texture of wire. My wife's was long also, but it was wavy and rather fair, and silky in texture compared to theirs. It was minutely inspected and this was no pleasant experience for her. The next curiosity was her clothes. The Indian woman's wardrobe is a very simple affair, so they inspected her clothing very closely, and that was even less comfortable than having the hair examined. When they found she had more clothes in her boxes there was greater wonder still, and the boxes had to be opened, not only then but at other times, to satisfy their curiosity. It was the most scrutinizing custom house inspection I ever experienced.

Then I got my wife into the little house we had built for her. It was a curiosity. They do not teach us to build houses in our missionary training schools. I had to learn after I got there, as

I Had Never Handled a Tool

until then. Having no boards, we had to use palm trees that grew around us by millions. They were not all quite straight and would not lie close together, and you could see between the poles just as you can see between the wires of a bird cage. There was not sufficient slope on the roof to make the rain run off, so much of it came through. I did not have boards to make furniture, and our first table was made of four palms stuck in the ground for legs and split palms laid on top, and deer skin stretched on top of that with the hair side down, and when the water came through the roof and made it wet it did not smell sweet. I had palm benches round the table and had to put deer skin over them. That was our first house. The people often crowded in wanting to stay beside us.

When my wife got there she asked, "Have I to live here?" I replied, "Yes," and thinking it was rough quarters she felt more inclined to cry than to laugh. She said, "I can not live in a house with these people watching me. You must get them to go away." I got them outside, but instead of going away they simply watched us through the palms in the walls. My wife said that was more embarrassing than having them watch her inside. So I took the cloth of an old tent and fixed it on the walls inside to keep them from looking through, but that seemed to hurt their feelings more than ever, and they then watched us over the top of the canvas.

It was a long time before we could teach them that they must not intrude upon our privacy. They had no intention of being rude, it was simply that few of them had ever seen a house in which people could be private.

Their Idea of a House

was to have a few branches of a tree stuck in the ground with the leaves hanging over and some grass thrown on the top, and deerskin on the ground underneath to squat on. They called a shelter of that kind a house, and all the people of the village lived together in such a place with no partitions between the families, and everything that a man or woman did from the time of birth to death was done in the open.

Yet a timid woman who would have run away from a beetle was able to go right into the heart of that savage country where bayonets and guns had not been able to make it possible for strong men to go with safety. I ask you what did it? Did we mesmerize the people? No, verily, Paul knew of what he was talking when he said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation." The spirit of the Gospel in our lives saved us from what would have been great danger under ordinary circumstances, and saved the Indians from missing the
message. If they had treated us as they ordinarily treated those who went to that region, we could not have gone on

**Making a Dictionary and Primers**

and teaching the children to read. Their language was arranged into a system of syllables joined together phonetically, and although the words were long they were quite easy to read.

Soon some of the young people came under the influence of the Scriptures we translated and were soundly converted.

One young fellow, one of my house boys, was so eager to be able to read that he started in to learn, beginning with the vowel sounds, and in eight months he was able to go to church and stand at the desk and read a chapter of the Gospel. He studied as I have never seen anyone else study. I have seen him sitting at our little table with his face resting upon the palms of his hands, with the greatest concentration upon his lesson, the perspiration dripping off his chin and running down his chest. He had no handkerchief, but he did the best he could, and would take out his sheath knife and shave the perspiration off.

He did all the press work

Not only that, but witch doctors were also brought under the influence, and some of them were converted. One of them helped me in translating the first portions of Exodus and Acts and came to the printing office one day when I was setting up type. He had not learned to read, but he wanted to help me. He saw me setting up the type in the frame and while I was occupied in locking a form he got the stick and put a row of type on the stick just as I had done, except that he was taking the letters just as they came, without spelling words. I had to explain that would not do, and he was much disappointed. Then he watched me printing sheets and he said, “I believe I can do that, Black Beard.” He was a great big fellow, and I was afraid he would break the little machine. I gave him the lever and at first he pulled just a little too hard but the next time he got a nice impression, and he went on from that point and

in printing the first issue of St. Mark’s Gospel. The young fellow who had learned to read in eight months wanted to help also, and I gave him a wire staple press to put the wire stitches in the backs of the books. And so we worked, two Indians and a missionary.

The Paraguayan government saw what was being done. The country was opened up. The President gave Mr. Grubb a special title in recognition of what had been done. They had not been able to do it with soldiers, but the Gospel of Christ did it. The Indians began to know what civilization meant, and to live in decent houses. In the years that have passed since God called me out from that work to organize the Inland-South-America Missionary Union in 1902 with the object of evangelizing other unreached Indian tribes, the S. A. M. S. under which I labored among these Chaco Indians has continued to carry on its work among them, and now if you should go there you would see inside the houses tables and furniture, kerosene lamps, etc. They have a native police force, justice
of the peace, and a regular local administration of law, all appointed by the Paraguayan government. This was all accomplished by the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the hands of a few comparatively weak men after the greatest physical force and scientific effort that could be brought to bear had failed.

And yet I shall not have given you an adequate idea of what the Gospel accomplished unless I describe to you

The Almost Inconceivable Degradation

in which the Indians were living. They were killing probably something like four out of six children when they were born. If the mother died leaving a suckling child it was the custom to bury it with the dead mother. A company of Indians once camped near us and a little one was born among them. Before it was born we asked them to spare its life, and they had promised to do so; but they killed it and buried it, and when I searched in the soil where it was buried I found some of the little skull bones of the infant but no more of the body was to be found. They had buried it so near the surface that the half starved dogs had found it and eaten it. I took these bones and showed them to my wife, and we felt that only the power of God could cope with such a situation. Mr. Grubb rescued an infant that was about to be buried alive with its dead mother, and my wife nursed it with our own first-born child.

When the people got too old to hunt they knocked them on the head. If they were sick it was thought that an evil spirit had taken possession of them. If the witch doctor could not exorcise it an attempt was sometimes made to starve it out, and we saw one poor woman starved to death in this way. When she was dead the people gathered the legs up against the body in a sitting position, tied it with cords and carried it to the river and dug a hole in the sand with their wood lances. It was not large enough, but they pushed her in with their feet and trampled in the sand and stamped it down. I have never been able to tell to anyone the expression of horror on that woman's face as she was fading out into eternity. It was out of conditions like these that the Gospel of Christ lifted them.

And later, when

An Epidemic of Measles

came and they were dying like flies, for measles among an aboriginal and primitive people is as bad as smallpox, and we could not cope with it, the converts on the station where I was located came to us and asked us to protect them from the sickness. But we had to say, "We have not enough remedies and are afraid we can not protect you." "Oh," they said, "we are going to ask God to help us; he will help us." We could not assure them under the conditions that they would be saved from it, but they said, "What! do you not tell us that God says whatsoever we ask in his name he will do it?" And though our faith did not rise
A "Maloka" Indian family house.

These dwellings of the Brazilian Indians are made large enough to accommodate all the members of a tribe, frequently numbering 100 people. They are built near the source of a tributary to some fairly large river. The leaves of the Pupunka palm furnish material for the roofs, which slope almost to the earth.

as theirs, they gathered night after night in the little church and prayed, and not one person in the station took the measles. God heard their prayer and honored them. It was thus the Gospel worked among those people and showed itself to be salvation. And when the Gospel can do what it did among these people, what a responsibility rests upon us to see that it is taken to the millions of other Indians who are still ignorant of it in South America. There are probably five millions of Indians who have never yet been reached and need to be.

The first time I saw a company of these Indians stand up in church and heard them sing that song: "Come to the Saviour, make no delay," and I knew I had had the privilege of translating it into their language and putting it into their mouths, and that these were the first words of any kind they had ever sung—talk about thrills! talk about excitement! I forgot all about the difficulties and hardships of the work. It gave me an experience that more than compensated for it all, but that is not the end of it. We are approaching the end, when we shall meet the Master himself, and we shall meet some of these Indians there.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

BISHOP JOSEPH C. HARTZELL

During the cheering which followed the announcement of my election as a Missionary Bishop for Africa, at Cleveland, Ohio, in May, 1896, and before I was invited to the platform, the following words were distinctly impressed upon my mind, "Somewhere in South Africa in the midst of the advancing waves of Anglo-Saxon civilization northward, and under the British flag, American Methodism should have missionary work."

About that time, when the Rhodesian Government was transferring the Umful town site and its probably 300 people, ten miles farther east into another valley, Mr. Cecil J. Rhodes was asked, "What will you do with the old site?" His reply was, "We will turn it into a Mission."

Not many months after this historic question and characteristic reply—in October, 1897—Mrs. Hartzell and I reached Beira, the eastern ocean port for Rhodesia. The rainy season was on, and the newly built two-foot gauge railroad was reported washed out in many places. But we went one hundred and seventy-five miles to Macekace, being carried over
washes-out in the rain several times. Beyond there were no trains and Mrs. Hartzell remained in a mud "hotel." After a horse-back ride of twenty-five miles through mud and rain and crossing swollen rivers, I caught my first sight of Umtali Valley. The view was from a mountain pass and it was raining. The valley was 3,500 feet above the level of the sea and the thriving village in the distance on which the sun was shining, with the mountains surrounding, made a picture of restful beauty never to be forgotten. The words that thrilled me at Cleveland came again, and I said, "There, or somewhere near, is the place!"

The outcome is a matter of history. Through Earl Gray, the administrator or governor of Rhodesia, and Mr. Rhodes, we received about 13,000 acres of land; and also several buildings at old Umtali for which the Government had paid as compensation to their owners, when the town was transferred, more than $100,000. I was permitted to inspect the schedule of buildings and other properties and the amount paid. Besides we received in Umtali, seven lots valued now at from $6,000 to $8,500. On one of two lots on the main street stands our beautiful St. Andrew's church (white) which cost us $20,000. In Penalonga, a mining centre, ten miles away, we received two lots valued at $2,000, on one of which is our St. Paul's church (white) which cost us to build over $4,000. As far as I have learned, those gifts make up the largest single donation received by the Methodist Episcopal church in any foreign land.

Tuesday and Wednesday, October 28th and 29th, 1913, were Assembly Days at Old Umtali Mission. Fully one thousand of our native people—nearly all Christians—accepted the invitation to come and meet their Bishop and the missionaries and rejoice together in holy convocation. With few exceptions, those present came from Umtali District, one of several we occupy in Rhodesia. They brought their own food and most of them arrived Monday night. All went into camps, as directed, at several centres on the extensive mission grounds.

The sermons and addresses by missionaries and natives were of a high order, while the singing led by the missionaries and over fifty teachers and evangelists, must have been heard to be appreciated. As I was describing the return of the prodigal son, the native leaders and people started a movement forward and fell on their faces around me. In a moment, the whole great audience—men, women and children—was prostrated, their faces in their hands and hands on the grassy ground where they sat. There was no noise except one universal subdued sob, indicating profound spiritual emotion. A most impressive season of prayer followed, the results of which only the Holy Spirit himself can estimate.

To me, that scene and manifestation of spiritual power was an assurance of answer to prayer. Overlooking Old Umtali Mission Park is a mountain fifteen hundred feet higher than the plain where that audience lay prostrate in prayer to God. In 1899, after the papers for the land had been signed and words of cheer had come from the home Church, I climbed to the top of that mountain and alone kneeled before my Lord and poured out my soul in a prayer of thanksgiving and praise, and then by faith claimed a new spiritual empire in Africa for American Methodism. That prostrate audience on that assembly day demonstrated that the foundations of that Empire were begun. Of that great audience, only three were Christian when my prayer was offered on the mountain-top, and besides, there were over two thousand of our membership in Rhodesia not present.

Our Church Properties in Rhodesia

All lands, whether lots or farms, received from the Government, are perpetual grants for mission purposes, and can not be alienated without consent of the Government. These grants are made to the Bishop in charge and his successors in office in trust for the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Should the society desire to sell any land and invest the proceeds in mission work, the Government has
CONTRIBUTIONS AND SELECTIONS

Established the precedent of granting the request. There is a small "peppercorn" tax amounting to less than fifty dollars a year on all grants of land thus far received, while there is no tax on buildings or equipment, no matter how valuable. Besides, the Government makes "grants in aid" each year toward the support of our native schools and on salaries of missionaries who teach special industries. The grants for 1913 amounted to $3,250. This help will increase as the work grows. Other grants for special purposes are made, as for example, to install a laundry for the girls' school.

The original grant of 13,000 acres was in a single block. As it was desirable to have farms in different important native centers, by an arrangement with the Government, 10,000 acres (round numbers, the grants being in morgens, a fraction over two acres each) were deeded back and placed to our credit, to be located elsewhere as we might choose. One valuable farm of about 3,500 acres, sixty miles south of Old Umtali, we have now occupied for three years and have the beginnings of a large central native station adjoining a permanent native reserve which insures an increasingly large constituency. Another 1,200 acre farm has been agreed upon in another direction, seventy-five miles, in one of the largest native centers in this section of Africa. The remaining 5,000 and more acres will soon be taken up in centres not yet occupied in our territory in Rhodesia, waiting the church to give us the men to occupy them. In all these transactions, we have the cordial co-operation of the Government.

Besides government grants, two adjoining farms amounting to about 4,500 acres, were bought at an expense of $3,500, the gift of Hon. A. K. Rowan, of New Jersey. These are near the Central Kraal of Umtasa, the paramount Chief of a great region.

These and other farm centers, as fast as possible, will be occupied by one or more missionaries and model schools, churches, agricultural work, stock raising, etc., be developed. From these centers, large old-fashioned Methodist circuits are formed of native churches.

Bishop Hartzell preaching in Rhodesia, showing one-half his congregation.
and schools taught by natives. Outside of lands mentioned the Government licenses for mission stations with the consent of the native chiefs. There are a large number of such opportunities we have not been able to accept, although strong appeals have come from chiefs and people.

Our present properties in Southern Rhodesia, by a very conservative valuation, are worth $137,385. We have 3,092 members; 54 elementary day schools, with 3,846 pupils; and 45 Sunday schools with 3,757 scholars.

RETURNING TO MEXICO

LEVI B. SALMANS, M. D.

After a four months' vacation granted by the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society under which we have labored for twenty-eight years in Mexico we investigated possible routes of travel back to Guanajuato. From Galveston, Texas, there was a ship which, if we would follow it by rail to Sabine Pass, would take us to Tampico, a journey of two days on the Gulf of Mexico, for the round sum of fifty dollars (American money), this being double the usual amount charged in times of peace. Once we should get to Tampico, if the railroad were still out of commission inland from there, we would have to await one of those occasional opportunities to embark on a ship that freights crude petroleum down the coast and pay them what they might charge to land us in Veracruz. Six months ago we knew of their charging $200 for a passage from Texas to a Mexican port. The general passenger agents of railroads entering Mexico advised us to go by sea. But having met with much misinformation in the United States about Mexican affairs, we telegraphed to the Mexican Consul at Laredo asking whether passengers with trunks could travel by rail to San Luis Potosi near Guanajuato. Between these two latter places there has not been any trouble with operating the railroads of late. The consul answered back promptly saying that the train service for passengers with baggage was operating with regularity. This was on Saturday, September 20th. We therefore fulfilled engagements to speak at the Methodist Episcopal Church at Texas City on Sunday, as well as to 400 soldiers in the big Y. M. C. A. tent and to a thousand officers and men for the chaplain at night in the open air, and started for San Antonio Monday morning. Not without some difficulty did we get across the city in time to reach the train from there to Laredo, where we arrived Tuesday morning at seven.

We changed as much money as seemed necessary into Mexican currency at the rate of $2.40 Mexican for $1.00 American.

In War Times

many people take advantage of opportunities created by the situation to speculate, and this seems to be the day of opportunity for the station agents on the Rio Grande. Rumor is that exchange is at $2.70 just now, and by exchanging money at this desert point where there is no competition, paying $2.40 to those leaving the United States for their dollars and selling them back to those who are leaving Mexico at three Mexican dollars for one American, quite a thriving business can be done.

After changing money, we bought a railroad ticket. We noted, first, that the train ran only by day, stopping for the night; second, that no ticket would be sold for farther than the day's run, i.e., to Monterey; and third, that they charged us $8.46 (Mex. Cy.) exactly the same as we paid from the beginning when exchange was at par, a Mexican dollar being worth the same as an American dollar.

We pulled across the Rio Grande with two large, well-filled second class cars, two first class and a private car, besides the baggage van. On reaching the Mexican side the crowd of southbound passengers was so great that a third second class car had to be added. It took considerably more than an hour to have our baggage examined by the Customs officers, and then checked, and we pulled out at exactly 9 o'clock A.M.

We had noted in the station that we
were not only surrounded by soldiers but that they had lined up fifteen mules loaded with rapid firers and an abundance of ammunition for their use, but we were more surprised when once *en route* to notice not only cavalry guarding the track, but a full military train preceding us by about a quarter of a mile and a freight train following us very closely. We ran slowly and stopped often.

The military train put down

**Men to Investigate the Bridges**

before crossing them and in some cases it was necessary to fix them a little. Nearly all the original bridges have been destroyed, and in the smaller ravines they have been replaced by simple racks or piles of sawed timbers or of the ordinary railroad ties. These were easily disarranged by the passing of trains, and the soldiers would get down and put them in order again, thus making us many short stops. We found only two large steel bridges the first day that had not been destroyed. In the cases of all the larger ravines new tracks have been built down into the valley and up into the grade again beyond the destroyed bridge.

We had proceeded only ten miles when we saw near one of these improvised bridges, the body of a man hanging to a telegraph post. It had been hanging there for many days from all appearances. At twenty-three miles into the country we found a second man strung up to a telegraph post.

When we reached Lampazos, seventy-three miles from Laredo, we met the train from Mexico City which with its passengers had rested during the night in Monterey. It brought us the Monterey daily paper which described most graphically the train's tragic experiences.

**The Train's Tragic Experiences**

of yesterday. Before the train reached Gomez Farias, forty-three miles south of Saltillo, its two large second class cars were blown to atoms by dynamite placed under the track by a band of thirty-five Carrancistas. The charge was placed beneath the track in two places a car's length apart and fired by electricity by a man so near the rails that the explosion blew him all to pieces. Of the guard of fifty-one soldiers who filled one of these cars only three were not disabled. They shot and killed all the soldiers wounded by the explosion. Then they proceeded to rob the passengers and without otherwise molesting them jumped on their horses and rode away. The first class car behind the place of the explosion and the mail car and engine in front were unhurt. The engine took aboard thirty survivors including three soldiers, and ran into Saltillo and gave the alarm. Besides the forty-eight soldiers killed about thirty civilians were destroyed by the explosion and twenty others wounded. The only American on the train was unhurt.

We arrived in Monterey, 168 miles from the Rio Grande, at 7:00 p.m. and slept for the night. At seven the next morning we were informed that no train would ascend the tableland directly to
Saltillio till the Government could clear the rebels out a little better. So we took train down the coast 325 miles to Tampico, arriving at 7:00 p.m. When sixty-three miles out of Monterey, just after leaving Montemorelos, we watched out of the windows to see four men who had been hanging to the telegraph poles for more than a week, but saw only the ropes from which they had been cut down the day before. A lady missionary of Ciudad Victoria and the railroad’s road master explained the case to us as follows. A band of twenty men attacked a ranch, killing the owner and carrying off his daughters to their camp.

Eight of These Bandits were caught, and identified by the girls, and four of them were hung up at the ranch and four at the side of the railroad. Now they had cut down these four men from the telegraph poles because they had caught six more whom they were going to hang up in their places.

Not a room could be found in any hotel in Tampico. All were full. This is perhaps the most prosperous city of the republic in these troubled times, for they not only have peace locally, just as we do in Guanajuato, but the rapid discovery of productive oil wells maintains a continual boom in business of every sort.

We were most generously entertained by Doctor Pressly and family, Presbyterian missionaries in this city for more than a third of a century.

At five the next morning we were out to take the train up from the coast to the tableland, to San Luis Potosi, a distance of 276 miles. But the down-bound train on which we were to ascend was delayed, and we did not leave Tampico until 1:30 p.m., having to travel all night with terrible crowds aboard. The cause of the delay was a wreck wrought by rebels who near San Bartolo pulled the spikes that held seventeen pairs of rails to the sleepers, and when the engine and freight train went down into the ditch they first robbed the cars and then burned them. So it turned out that what should have been a daylight trip lasted from 1:30 p.m. until 8:00 a.m., giving us a bad night because of the crowds and lack of sleeping facilities. The rest of the trip was without special incident except that instead of being without change as formerly from Chicago or St. Louis, Mo., to Silao, near Guanajuato, we this time made nine changes between Galveston and home, and passed two bad nights on the way.

We found our work being carried on as usual and were most happy to get back and again take part in the real saving of the country. For neither dynamite nor hangman’s hemp can contribute much to the final eradication of the ills from which we are suffering; but the work of the good Samaritan does contribute powerfully to this end so devoutly desired; and the Gospel to which this work gives entrance will fully remove all our troubles at last.

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TWENTY YEARS IN SOUTH INDIA

[From an address given in Sanitarium Parlor by Rev. A. E. Cook.]

No one can live for twenty years in the East without learning many valuable things. It is impossible for me to give you the experiences of twenty years in a few minutes. I could not do it in a day. I must sift out of the many interesting things that have come to me in living in the East, a few things that may be not only of interest to you, but also of profit.

The line of thought which I wish to carry with me through all I say is expressed in John 1:4: "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men."

First of all, I wish to speak to you of the great movement which is on in India today, a movement which I think is without parallel in the history of the world. Never has there been a time when Christianity was influencing so many people in India as today.

You know there are a great many religions in the world, some very influential, with millions of followers. A multitude of people all around us think of these other religions as very much on a par with Christianity. Buddhism arose 500 years before the time of Christ and had a great following in India. It spread over that country to such an ex-
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Missionary’s traveling cart.

tent that in a few hundred years it looked as though all India would become Buddhists. It seemed as if Brahmanism and other religions in India at that time would fall before it; but today you will hardly find any Buddhists. There are very few. Buddhism with its great strength and all its followers did not succeed in conquering Hinduism. Mohammedanism arose 500 years after Christ. A few years later the followers of Islam swept down in great armies and conquered the people by simply giving them the choice between Mohammedanism and death. They knocked the Hindu temples down and slew the people with the sword in such large numbers that history tells us that the streets ran red with blood. But today there are three Hindus to one Mohammedan in India.

This Raises This Great Question.

Among these great religions do we find a barrier that can not be conquered by Christianity? Is it possible that Christ can conquer three of the greatest religions of the world? Why should we ask such a question? Let me give you two or three little instances.

Some time ago I was riding on a railway train in India. I found myself by the side of a Brahman who spoke English well, a well educated and intelligent man. When he learned I was a missionary, he said, “We do not want missionaries in this country. They are doing more harm than good. Our people were quite happy and satisfied with their religion until missionaries came. Your religion may be all right for your people, but we do not want it. Your missionaries are making no end of trouble, breaking up and making confusion of our long established customs and social life.”

I mention this to you because travelers to India are increasing every year; and this man represents a class of men with whom tourists come in contact. But I would have you reflect that ninety per cent of the people in India can not read or write; ninety per cent live in small villages, and great multitudes of travelers visit only the large cities on railway lines and among a class of people who are more or less influenced by Western civilization, and they do not come in close contact with the masses of people who have been untouched by Western civilization. And they come back to this country and tell us that missionaries are not wanted by the people in India, that they have talked with people in India and have heard from their own lips that they do not want the Christian
religion, that they are satisfied with their own religion, and that most of what missionaries tell you is false.

We hear a great deal in these days about The Good Things in These Other Religions, in Buddhism, in Brahmanism, Mohammedanism, Theosophy and other Eastern cults. We find Theosophy being established in many of our cities all over this country and there are representatives here of Eastern cults who claim to have thousands of converts among our own people. Multitudes of people are being influenced by these Oriental cults, and these questions will press upon us more and more in the near future.

Let me give you an another illustration. I met a business man not long ago who said to me, "I think Mohammedanism is really a greater religion than Christianity." I said, "Why do you think so?" "Well," he replied, "in the first place, Mohammedanism came 500 years after Christ and had a greater following. In the second place, Mohammedans are more loyal to their religion than Christians. They are exceedingly loyal to their standards and religion and they do not neglect their duties and worship, as do Christians." And there is a great deal of truth in this. I have myself called on Mohammedans at their hour of prayer when they would ask me to excuse them while they said their prayers; and it is not uncommon to see them spread their mats in the train or on the platform of the station and say their prayers. You will see them by the wayside, it makes no difference who is looking on, they do not mind it at all. So this gentleman said, "For these reasons, I think that it is a greater religion. A Mohammedan is not ashamed of his religion." We can not say that all these people teach is false. They teach many beautiful things. You will find many quotations made from their sacred books. I have mentioned these things because I want you to understand that I do not ignore the strength of those religions or the good things that may be said of them. But I come back to the statement that in Jesus Christ there is life; and

That Life Is the Light of the World.

I put emphasis on the, not a light, but it is the light.

All through India every night a little lamp is lighted and put in a niche of the wall in every Hindu home. It consists of an earthen saucer, baked, sometimes in the sun, but more often in the fire. In that is put a little black oil and in that a little piece of cotton wicking which hangs over the edge of the saucer and gives a very dim light. This is put in the niche of the wall to shed light throughout the house. At the place where it sets the oil has dripped down and a black streak runs up the wall as these little lights without any chimney send up a little curling stream of smoke that soon fills the room with a bad odor. I mention this light as an illustration. That dim, dirty light is the light of India, of Hinduism, of Brahmanism, of Buddhism. There is some light there but a very dim, very dirty one. But what are the very finest lights ever produced by the invention of man in comparison with the
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High caste Hindu woman with private temple with their god inside.

sun? How much we depend upon the heat, the warmth and life that come from the sun. The most beautiful artificial lights would be utterly impossible except for that great sun that rises in the East every morning.

Some years ago a man by the name of Ingersoll went up and down this country ridiculing churches and religion and boasting of the beautiful home which he had. Suppose he did have a home just as beautiful as he said, it was a home that was utterly impossible in any country which has not come under the religious influence of the Life and Light of this world. Our public schools of which we boast, would be utterly impossible without the influences of Christianity. Any great business man or statesman of our country, I care not whether he belongs to the church or not, may boast of what he has accomplished in science or in other lines of industry, but these things are utterly impossible in a country that has not come under the influence of the Bible.

In India today there are 40,000,000 women that are practically imprisoned for life. They go into the zenana when they are yet little girls and they will not go out again except they are so covered that nobody can see them. As a matter of fact, our criminals are treated better than those forty million women. There are individual cases where the men love their wives and try to make them happy. But they do not know how to read or write. No medical aid can reach those women in time of sickness and trouble. No medical man can see them, and all that science has done for us in the way of medicine and surgery does not help those poor women at all. What is the meaning of all that? Their standard of morality is so low that a man knows his neighbor so well that he would not trust this neighbor to look upon his wife for a minute. He says to his neighbor. You put your wife out of sight and she will not be any temptation to me and I will do the same.

Then, I might introduce you into Their Courts and Their Business Relations. I have been in their courts day after day trying to defend our Christians. If throughout India there were not some English magistrates, there would be no chance for a man to get justice. He has to buy all the consideration he gets in the courts; the poor man and the weak man has no chance whatever. That is what Hinduism is doing. They are the most religious of any people on the face of the earth. They are religious because they are conscious of what sin is. Those Mohammedans say prayers five times a day because they are afraid of the consequences of their sins. Throughout India are countless temples filled with hideous idols to which they offer sacrifices, often going into debt to do so, when they have not food enough to satisfy their hunger, because they are afraid of the consequences of their sins. Whenever any contagious disease comes to their village, they fly to their idols. Whenever any calamity befalls them of any nature, they say it is the wrath of their god because of sins. Does not true religion free one from sin? If a religion does not make bad people good, what good is it? I have made this challenge
in nearly every village I have been in in India. I have made it in this country. I challenge the world to find a single man that has been saved from his sin, outside of the faith that saves in Jesus Christ.

When I have preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ in India in the streets, they say, "That is all beautiful, but it is not for us. If God demands that kind of life, it is impossible for us. You white people may be able to live like that, but God has made us different. You are white but we are black. If you will tell us how we can live without lying and stealing, we might be able to do it, but now it is absolutely impossible." Now you will see, friends, in the beginning how in work in India we come in contact with that unbelief. They love their sins as much as the people in this country do, and above all that, they see a standard put before them that they think is away beyond them. and that it is impossible.

**REMINISCENCES OF MEDICAL WORK IN CHINA**

H. K. SHUMAKER, M. D.

In 1897, I began to do medical work in south China. There was much to learn ere one could handle the people satisfactorily. First of all came a revision of my ideas as to etiology—to fit Chinese ideas! Ordinarily but four causative factors brought on disease, namely, wind, dampness, heat or cold; and to make one’s explanation of a case of sickness satisfactory to these people, one or other of these "causes" had to be mentioned. Occasionally the patient would ignore the rule, as when one, who was asked as to his idea of the cause of a pair of corneal ulcers situated exactly over each pupil, replied, "The devil did it." Many an abscess-patient came with the same etiology and diagnosis—"fung" (wind). When the lancet would let the "wind" out, great would be the astonishment of the patient and his friends.

Chinese ideas as to diet had also to be learned. Foods by them were divided into heating and cooling kinds. The physician who directed a heating food, when they thought the reverse indicated, at once lost prestige. Early in my experience I learned that rice-water was an almost universally used food for the sick, and so, when in doubt as to what diet to prescribe I gravely directed rice-water.

"How Many Parts Can You Cure?"

A question always asked, "Can you cure?" if answered in the negative, frequently was followed by, "Then how many parts can you cure?" If much relief could be given, the answer was, "Eight parts;" if it appeared that a half cure could be effected, the reply was, "Five parts;" if but little help could be given, "Two parts;" if the case looked hopeless, then "No fat" (No plan) was the reply.

Most of the native physicians based their charges on the results attained. At the first call a bargain was struck: a certain sum for medicines; so much if he cured four parts, so much for a five-part cure, and so on until a fat fee was agreed upon for a ten-part cure. Ten is the Chinese number of completion.

Neglected cases of eczema were common and victims would often come to natives who had studied with the foreign doctors. The diagnosis would be leprosy, and fifty dollars would sometimes be collected for a ten-part cure.

A very considerable proportion of our cases were surgical, for the Chinese doctor knew nothing of the art. Everything, from a boil on the head adorned with a tar plaster to an ovarian cyst diagnosed as "wind," would come to our dispensary. Fractures and dislocations were treated without reduction. Plasters were applied and the victim assured that in a short time the pain and swelling would be controlled. If he returned to the native doctor, complaining of deformity or stiffness of the joint, he would be supplied with more plasters. The Chinese can out-alcock Alcock on the plaster business. In some places there was an unwritten law that whosoever was cured by a plaster must take the plaster back to the doctor and paste it on the front of his office. I have seen many a doctor’s house adorned with hundreds of dirty rags, which either indicated a rush-
ing plaster business or some questionable activity on the doctor’s part after honest folk were asleep.

Unique Methods of Diagnosis and Treatment

There is no doubt but that the native doctors had knowledge of some valuable drug treatment, but, unfortunately, this was all held secret by individuals. There was very little that we could learn, and what I did obtain was of no use. This for example.

Hearing that a man had died of *kop shik shui hon*—a disease I had never heard of—I took occasion to call on a learned Chinese acquaintance, who, being under obligations for certain favors, very graciously enlightened me. The diagnosis was difficult, he said, but could be made by a secret method. Take a hard-boiled egg, thrust into it a silver pin, bind the egg over the navel of the sufferer. After a time remove and examine the pin. If it has become black, the disease is present and the man will die unless a certain remedy is quickly used. I asked for the potent life-saving remedy. Answer: The chips from a carpenter-shop, to be boiled in stagnant pond water and this decoction to be taken freely.

Ginseng was the great all-sufficient tonic and aphrodisiac. Never a chronic case fell into our hands but that he had a record of the free use of ginseng.

Mercury and arsenic were known to the native physicians, the former as an anti-syphilitic, the latter as an escharotic. The arsenical pastes were applied to abscesses, and in due time the pus would flow. The incurving of the eyelids, owing to old tracoma, was often treated with an escharotic paste, to the external parts of the lid. There would be a slough and a scar, which sometimes would draw out the lid and give some relief.

But in the line of animal-therapy our Chinese competitors had us bowing our heads in shamed ignorance, for that time we knew next to nothing of orchitic fluid, crotalin, adrenalin, pituitrin, thyreoidectin, goat-lymph, or horse-serum. All I had to offset their boasts concerning the virtues of dried snakes, toads, lizards, powdered bugs and spiders, and the filings of the bones, horns and teeth of various animals were a few remarks concerning cantharides and blatta orientalis. Here is an incident illustrating the native idea of an animal-therapy.

An Englishman was exhibiting a rhinoceros. The people were much impressed with the power of the great animal, and the manager was quietly approached with a generous offer for the animal’s urine. To his astonishment he learned that the animal’s strength was
imparted to the urine and that the fluid was to be used as a tonic. The keeper made an honest effort (so he told me) to collect the urine, but could not succeed, so he sold the Chinese human urine. He boiled it before giving to the men, so that, said he, it would do no harm.

Faith in the Foreign Doctor

The confidence which the Chinese had in the foreign physician was to us remarkable. To them it did not seem inconsistent to follow a man with jeers and shouts of "Kill the foreign devil," and the next day to allow the same "devil" to put one to sleep to reduce a dislocation which had been treated for three months with plasters.

One secret of their confidence was their faith in the idols. A sufferer would go to a temple and in his prayer ask whether he should go to the foreign doctor. He would then throw the divining blocks, and if the answer was "Yes" he would feel assured that the idol had sent him, and no matter what strange method the doctor proposed it would be well.

In an inland city where I resided for several years I once had an unpleasant experience from the overconfidence on the part of the people. Two missionaries had been driven from the city and when the populace had quieted, the job of opening the work was assigned to a doctor. In the midst of much abuse and persecution just stopping short of physical violence, a night-messenger came from a rich man beseeching the honor of my presence in his home. The only son was about to become a father, but the mother was dying and the child had not been born. Could the wise foreigner help? An easy forceps operation presented the despairing father with a son and placed the mother out of danger.

The story of that night's work spread through the city; abuse did not cease, but the sick began to call for help. Among the cases was one of advanced tuberculosis and one of an abscess of the liver. I tried to make clear that no human help could avail in either and ventured to predict how long each one could live. The Chinese were angered and reported that treatment was refused, in the hope on my part that a large sum of money would be raised to fee me. While these things were being discussed the poor patients died at about the time predicted.

Chinese public opinion promptly changed. That the foreign doctor knew how long a man would live became the town talk. Of this I was ignorant, but noticed that when I would give an unfavorable prognosis medicine would be refused and no subsequent call would be sent me. After a time I made inquiry and found that when the doctor said a man's case was hopeless food was withdrawn; for, argued the frugal Chinaman, what is the use in giving a man food who can not recover? Thus it came about, strangely enough, that with the growth of my mortality list my reputation increased.

"Worms" and Bubonic Plague

During the height of an epidemic of bubonic plague a Chinaman informed me that at last a remedy had been found for the disease. I was eager to be informed, since my mortality was running about sixty per cent. This was it: Take of cham wood shavings a handful and boil in a quart of water. Moisten a cloth in the waiter. Expose the patient's breast and rub up and down with the moist cloth. In a short time little black worms will be seen to come out of the skin. These are the cause of the fever, and if one can get them all out the patient will recover. When it is known that the average Chinaman bathes his body with soap not at all, it is clear whence came the "black worms."

Writing of worms, reminds me of a real worm story. Examining a tooth one day, the pained possessor of it asked, "Healer of life, is there a worm in it?" He was assured that there was not, and in a moment more the tooth lay in his hand for his own examination. However, my assistant assured me that worms did grow in teeth—he had seen them! An investigation was in order, and this is what developed.

A certain worm found on the roots of an aquatic plant, when dried, shrinks to the size of a mustard seed, but when immersed in fluid it quickly takes on its
former shape and form. A "wise" practitioner examines a decayed tooth and declares that there "is a worm in it." He bargains to remove it. The gums are manipulated until they bleed and the cavity fills with blood and saliva. Then a probe carrying in a cavity on its tip one of the dried worms is placed in the tooth. More manipulation is in order while the worm is swelling. At last, with a small forceps, the worm is extracted and triumphantly held before the astonished gaze of the victim. Of course the ache ceases. If it returns, the dentist is ready to find and extract another worm for a satisfactory price.

An Epidemic of Asiatic Cholera

My most trying professional experience was an epidemic of Asiatic cholera. The infection was most virulent. Few lived more than twenty-four hours, many died in three hours. My patients all died. When I read a text-book treatment for this disease, I must wonder whether the authors ever saw a case of the intense type of the disease.

Another sadly interesting side of medical work in China was the large number of attempted suicide-cases in which we were called to save. In a land so overcrowded, where hope was dead to so many, where domestic and social injustice was the rule, and where the belief prevailed that one certain way to even up with an enemy was to die in his home, where one's spirit would ever torment the object of his hate, under such conditions suicide was common and the efforts to save the victim were dictated by frantic fear of his ghost.

Most of our patients chose the opium-route. The vigorous use of permanganate of potassium, atropine, and the stomach-tube saved an encouraging number. One woman elected to end her sad life with a rope. She succeeded. Another woman chose lye. She died on the third day. One Christmas eve a young man quarreled with his father and elected to use a razor to put himself in a position to plague the old gentleman. He laid open his larynx. A chicken was killed, its body split open and laid on the wound, I found him with this strange dressing in place. The outcome was a small scar and a peculiar squeak in the voice.

While I was caring for this poor fellow, an interesting conversation was reported. Neighbors of the man were talking.

"Ah Tsan is better."
"Yes."
"The foreign doctor comes a long way every day to see him."
"Yes."
"He has no money, why does the doctor come?"
"There is no explanation."
"The doctor is crazy."

The noble physicians who are carrying to the sufferers in uncivilized lands the benefits and blessings of medical and surgical skill are not mad but have a part in the greatest work in the world. "And the greatest of these is love."


GOD OUR HELPER

[Talk given to the Christian Endeavor Society by Rev. F. S. Miller, from Korea.]

I will relate the way I have seen God help the Korean people. Not often do we find men who hunger and thirst after redemption, but I remember one man who did so named Chob. He lived up in the mountains, five days' journey from our station. A friend of his came down to buy quinine. They can not buy it from anyone but the missionaries, and this gives us an opportunity to sell them tracts. After he had his quinine the doctor asked him to buy tracts, and since he had the quinine he could not very well refuse, so he bought them and took them back home and laid them up on a shelf. Some time later Chob found them and read them and then Kim related to him what the missionary told him of peace and the life of everlasting joy. Chob had tried in every way he knew to obtain this peace; he had tried Confucianism and Catholicism, and he thought perhaps this might be the way of peace. So he took the tracts and read them and he found the peace and freedom he had been looking for all these years.

But as soon as that joy came to him he began to think of his neighbors.

They were away up in the mountain-tops
and they only came down to sell the produce they raised up there. It took five days to secure more books, so he sat down and wrote out the important parts, including the catechism, and gave these to the mountaineers who came down. Two years after I was sent up there to look after the work, I found five groups of Christians about six miles apart. They were cultivating their farms, and had a school started. Now, that is the way God helped that man. He saw a light and God helped him to more light and helped him to distribute that light to his neighbors. Not long ago we were talking over that work and a man said that one of his largest churches was founded by this man Chob.

There is also a woman that lives near there who eight years ago was ignorant of all things precious, a woman who had lost one eye and the other was half gone and covered with sores. She set out to learn to read. I have often seen her holding her Bible up to her half eye. I have seen her in the Sunday school class studying the lesson, and now she is one of our Sabbath school teachers and has passed the examinations, although I was afraid she might not be able to. She goes about selling needles and thread, and teaches and preaches the Gospel wherever she goes. She has developed into a valuable woman. That woman with only half an eye knows more about her Bible than many American Christians.

Another Christian near us was one day telling me how he came to Christ.

He Was a Successful Gold Miner.

One day in the market place when he was intoxicated, as usual, he saw a man distributing leaflets. He was ashamed to go up and ask for a leaflet, so he got into the crowd and pushed his arm out and took a leaflet as the man passed. He took it home and read it to his wife. She said, "That is good, read that again"; and he read it three or four times. At the bottom of the leaflet it said, "If you want to learn more about this go to Chungtu." So he came a day's journey to us and we taught him the lesson of Christianity. He gave up drink and finally gave up his gold mining, as he had to break the Sabbath, and came down and went into business, and then I asked him to be my secretary. He is a valuable man and is now looking forward to the study of the ministry. He is an earnest worker in the church and has been saved from drunkenness and all the sins that gold miners are subject to, by the grace of God.

The Koreans have worshiped every demon they knew in their neighborhood. The well may have a spirit of a child that has been drowned in it or of a woman that has committed suicide, and other children may be drowned; so sacrifices are made to the spirit of the well. The house has its spirit, the garden has a spirit, the backyard even may have a spirit. The mountain side has its spirit which presides at a pass; so the Korean takes the image of a horse or an ox and leaves it here so that the spirit may let his horse go back and forth safely over the snow and ice. They sacrifice to all the spirits of the neighborhood and put up shrines in their rooms.

That is a typical Korean home—

Earthen Floor and the Walls Full of Images.

There are so many shrines that they are afraid to go into their rooms after dark for fear of bumping into an image and so offending it. But the Korean soon notices that Christians do not have these spirits and he wishes someone to tell him how to get along without being troubled with them. One evening after prayer-meeting a Korean came and asked us to go and take the shrines out of his home. He said, "You Christians are not afraid of these spirits so they do not harm you; but we are afraid of them." Later he was telling me that he had not had a sorcerer in the house since, as I sat in his house on the clean paper floors with clean walls and he was sitting by my side cleanly washed and dressed, well cared for and well clothed. I saw him saved from idolatry.

One day as I entered a house an old man there had hold of another old man and was talking with him very earnestly. I found the old man was urging the other old man to give up his sins and idolatry. I afterward asked, "Who is that old
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man?" He said, "That is the old man that threw pillows."

The Korean Pillow

is a block of wood about a foot square. Nearly all his relatives were Christians. The old man drank beer and used tobacco. The young folks said, "We are going to stop drinking." That displeased him. He was cursing them for becoming Christians and refusing him beer and tobacco. He would find them kneeling on these wooden pillows, and in a sudden passion he would pick up these pillows and throw them and go out. At one time he stopped and listened, and discovered that they were not scolding him, nor cursing him, but they were praying for him. He went out quietly and by and by began praying for himself, and finally became not only a believer but an earnest worker.

While examining some candidates for baptism, two old grandmothers presented themselves and we asked one of them if she had any proof of salvation or any reason for thinking that she had been helped by the Gospel. She said, "There is one thing you may not think very important, but before I was a Christian there was hardly a night that I went to sleep without waking up in great fear and trembling lest a demon might be around to bring some sickness or some trouble. Now, as a Christian, at sunset I commit my family to God and lie down and sleep until morning." Then we asked the other grandmother what she thought was evidence. She said that God had saved her from sin, had overcome her bad temper, had restored peace in the family, and had saved her son from gambling and foolishness, and she mentioned a number of things like that. Then she said, "There is another thing that we Koreans think of. There was a great tree near our house that we had called a consecrated tree for generations and to which we had sacrificed. I thought that it was going to fall down one day and I said to the neighbors that it should be cut down. They said, 'O, no, we wouldn't think of such a thing, that would bring ruination upon us.' But they said, 'you Christians can do those things, you are greater than we are.'"

So her sons cut down the tree and rid the village of their fear. Moreover they had several weeks' firewood which they enjoyed. No harm came of it. This may seem silly to us, but to them superstition is slavery, and to be rid of that is one of the salvations which they experience.

We were preaching the message in the country some time ago, sitting on the mud floor in a home, and the man mentioned that one reason for believing the Gospel is that it makes a man honest. He had been combating Christianity before. He said, "I know of one store where I can go and buy goods and know they are just what they are represented to be." I said, "Who is that man?" He said, "Pak; he is a Christian."

SURPRISING ANSWERS TO RANDOM QUESTIONS IN CHINA

A MISSIONARY

1. How did you happen to have a dollar today? I sold my finger nails.

2. What have you done for this abscess? I ate several scorpions, one of them alive.

3. Your boy has enlarged spleen, but why can't he walk? We blistered both of his knees, as that is the root of the spleen.

4. What is the matter with your throat? I swallowed a whole egg with a needle in it. The witch told me that I would have a son if I did it.

5. Why can not that teacher in the primary school control his anger? It is very difficult. A teacher needs two stomachs, one to digest his food and another to hold his angry breath.

6. What medicine do you want? For the disease that can not be mentioned, or the "devil's disease." [Or they may just hold up two or three fingers, which is the answer for malaria.]

7. How did this girl get such a terrible burn? She was sent to the home of her betrothed. He died. His mother blamed her for the death, and deliberately burned her. [A bride is blamed for three years for any calamity that befalls her husband's family.]

8. You say your home is also in another part of the country. How long
have you been here? Five hundred years.

9. Who is that crying in front of the coffin, and why did he break that old crock by burning paper in it? That shows that he is chief heir.

10. Why is this town called Crying River Mouth? Because a wife took winter clothes to her husband who was working on the great wall of China, one thousand miles away, two thousand years ago. When she reached there she found him frozen. She sat here and cried.

11. Why doesn't she acknowledge her fault and ask for forgiveness? She said she had rather go to the eighteenth layer of hell than lose her face.—Missionary Survey.

Their many friends will be glad to learn of the safe arrival in India of the Doctors Cottrell, formerly students at the Sanitarium. They have settled at Bulsar, about 150 miles north of Bombay, where they expect to establish medical missionary work. It is greatly needed there as there is no mission hospital nearer than Bombay in either direction. They enter upon their work in the best of spirits, are deep in the study of the language, and are looking forward to the establishing of a hospital and dispensary for the benefit of the needy natives. We hope to hear frequently of the success of these dear workers and friends, who were for several years connected with the Sanitarium as students and on the staff, and while here gained many friends.

The medical mission of Doctor Conwell and wife in the City of Mexico treated in 1912 no less than 6000 poor men, women and children. The cost of this modest consultario is but $1500 yearly for salaries, rents, helpers and medicines. Three hundred new families were brought into touch with the Gospel, and half of the thirty-two new members uniting with the Baptist Church of the city in the year came to the truth in the medical mission. This, if expanded into a mission hospital, would have a wonderful field of work. It could easily be made self-supporting if the initial plant were provided. This form of mission helps break down opposition where nothing else succeeds, and would be a sure means of winning men to Christ in this distracted and blood-stained land.—Record of Christian Work.
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, urinary, 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 treatment be considered expedient, special arrangements will be made.

The above rates include, in addition to the board and room, the regular treatment, consisting of morning spray, one treatment daily in 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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