

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

Vol. 15 Issued Quarterly at Washington, D.C. No. 4
By S. D. A. Foreign Mission Board
Edited by the General Conference Sabbath
School Department

5 cents a copy Fourth Quarter, 1926 20 cents a year

Entered as second-class matter, July 6, 1915, at the post-office at Washington, D. C.
under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of Postage provided for in Section 1103, of the Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 24, 1918. Printed in U. S. A.



The Men's Ward in the Yencheng
Hospital Dispensary

Topic: Work in China

Sabbath, October 2

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 4:23. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READING: Official Notice.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 479, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of China's millions.

Official Notice

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS:

Notwithstanding war and rumors of war, our work in China is going steadily on and many souls are accepting the truth. Reports from the fields assure us there are marvelous possibilities for the preaching of the message. The time has come for the multiplied millions in that great land to learn of Jesus and His soon coming and the protecting hand of God seems manifestly over His servants as they labor on. While it is true, owing largely to unsanitary conditions, diseases lurk everywhere, and continually our workers must guard their health, we may thank God for His protecting hand. In the unsettled conditions of the country, the ravages of war, the riots in many places, the lives of our missionaries have so far been spared. For this we may well be profoundly thankful.

More than ever the call is for medical missionary work. Dispensaries are needed. These add strength to the work and serve to place it on vantage ground. Dr. H. W. Miller, formerly of the Washington Sanitarium, is taking charge of this line of endeavor. Doctors and nurses are needed. Chinese

workers are to be trained for this line of service at the small sanitarium now being built in Shanghai.

We are asking our Sabbath schools on this coming thirteenth Sabbath to raise \$100,000 for the regular work. All of the overflow will be made available for work in medical missionary lines in China. We trust the splendid liberality of previous quarters may again be manifest and that China may get the help it so much needs.

Sincerely yours,

J. L. SHAW,

General Conference Treasurer.

Sabbath, October 9

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Again and again I have been instructed that the medical missionary work is to bear the same relation to the work of the third angel's message that the arm and hand bear to the body."—*"Counsels on Health,"* p. 513.

READING: China's Need of Medical Missionary Work.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 477, first two and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of our workers in China, and the people for whom they are laboring.

China's Need of Medical Missionary Work

I. H. EVANS

[President of the Far Eastern Division]

THE 440,000,000 people of China and its dependencies, scattered over an area greater than that of the United States, including

Alaska and our island possessions, constitute a field for medical missionary work that is unparalleled in the twentieth century. This vast population must not be thought of in the light of scientific research and medical knowledge enjoyed in Western lands. The dial must be turned back a thousand years placing the knowledge of medicine, surgery, hygiene, isolation for contagious and infectious diseases, where it was among the Western people before the era of modern scientific progress. To this must be added such poverty and uncleanness as are almost inconceivable, before we can think of the condition in which the masses of China find themselves today.

In thinking of the people of China, it must be remembered that those living in rural villages and communities are largely illiterate. They toil for a mere existence; they live under the most unhygienic conditions imaginable. They are without educational facilities, knowing absolutely nothing of the laws of sanitation, and having never so much as heard of trained nurses. They have no more knowledge of hygiene and sanitation, of isolation for contagious diseases, and of preventive medicine, than as if these aids to health did not exist.

Quackery abounds on every hand. The medicine man sells various mixtures of compounded "medicines" containing such things as pulverized bones, the feet of animals and so-called "wild men," various kinds of herbs, the vital organs of beasts, the teeth of lions,

leopards, etc. All these, with many others as bad or worse, he weighs out to those who have the money with which to buy the relief he offers for their bodily ailments.

Ignorance of the laws of life and health is glaringly prevalent among the laity. Housing accommodations, especially the sleeping quarters, are often cold and damp, infested with vermin, and crowded to their utmost capacity. It is not unusual for whole families to sleep in one small room; and frequently their live stock, such as chickens, ducks, geese, hogs, dogs, cattle, and horses are taken care of in the same enclosure, with every avenue of ventilation closed, to protect the inmates from the cold and dampness without.

It is not to be wondered at that tuberculosis collects an immense annual toll from the people, as does also pneumonia; each of which constitutes a great scourge among the poor in China. There is no isolation of these diseases, and as much indifference concerning infection from the sputum as if there were no germs in existence. People with smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, cholera, leprosy, and the plague are all allowed to walk the streets of cities and villages, and to endanger the lives and health of the unsuspecting public.

The people look upon the visitation of any of these diseases as a direct punishment from the gods or spirits, who can be appeased only by worship and gifts. In order that he may remove his heavy hand in times of special epidemics of cholera, smallpox, and the like, processions carrying the god of that

disease parade the streets, and attendants often painfully afflict themselves by carrying heavy weights appended to their bleeding flesh by hooks. This they think is efficacious. Gongs are beaten, giant firecrackers set off, and other loud noises made, in the hope of frightening away the evil spirits that cause sickness.

Malaria and typhoid fevers claim a large number of victims every year, without the most ordinary precautions on the part of the masses to prevent the spread of these diseases. Many of the poor people not only do not have nets to protect themselves from mosquitoes, but they have never even heard that malaria is caused by the stings of that insect. One needs only to go into the villages of China to see with his own eyes the dreadful ravages of venereal disease and trachoma. The poor people seem to have little idea of how to treat these diseases, and whole families and villages are often afflicted with these serious troubles, which assume the proportions of a plague.

The houses are unscreened, and flies swarm by thousands from animals and from cess-pools into the rooms and on to the food that is to be eaten. Lepers, cholera patients, and those suffering from numerous forms of virulent skin diseases of the most revolting type, are often found in proximity to the food upon which flies can be counted by the hundreds. This same food is sold to the passer-by without any thought that there might be infection.

The most hopeful thing in China, or at least one of the most hygienic that we have seen, is the fact that the masses of the people will not drink water that is unboiled. Even the coolies will rarely take a drink, no matter from how clear or rapidly flowing a stream, unless the water is first boiled. The majority of the people drink tea, which is really a blessing, because the water supply is so impure.

Sabbath, October 16

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "The Saviour ministered to both the soul and the body. The gospel which He taught was a message of spiritual life and of physical restoration. Deliverance from sin and the healing of disease were linked together."—"*Ministry of Healing*," p. 111.

READING: They Cannot Help Themselves.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 486.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers that our workers may know how to help the needy in China.

They Cannot Help Themselves

I. H. EVANS

ONLY 1 per cent of the laity in China receive any kind of medical attention. That means that 99 per cent of them are without help in the time when they need it most. There are a million blind, and one cannot but believe that this estimate is far below the actual number so afflicted; 400,000 deaf; thousands of maimed, feeble-minded, insane, lepers, sufferers from their own sins or the sins of their fathers. It is impossible to

make a true estimate of the millions in China who are in need of medical help, of instruction in the care of their bodies, of relief from the malpractice of ignorant medicine men, and of a knowledge of the simplest laws of sanitation and hygiene.

Ignorance prevails everywhere among the laity. There is a woeful lack of knowledge of almost every law of health and hygiene, and millions upon millions of these poor people have never read so much as a leaflet or an article on health in their lives, nor have they ever heard one read; for there is no health journal in China deserving of the name, unless it be something prepared for special distribution by some mission board or for the professional practitioner. Of course the masses of the people are illiterate, though frequently in a good-sized village there will be some one who can read, and who would gladly read to the people, if such a journal were in circulation. A reader usually delights in reading to the people of the community, among whom he is held in great respect.

Vast numbers of people in China are so far untouched by any mission board. Millions of Chinese have never seen a missionary, and the great majority know as little about the gospel of our blessed Lord as if there had never been such a gospel preached on the earth. The masses of the people are without schools. They have no one to teach them, and the coming generation has as little prospect of being reached by education and training as had the generation preceding.

Here and there are exceptions to this rule, but China stands out as a country that is in the greatest need of every aid and help that the church of Christ can possibly extend to it.

One of the greatest blessings that could ever come to these neglected communities would be the presence of a medical missionary, who is willing to live among them, and to minister to their needs. When one looks into their pale faces, and sees how many of them are undernourished, overworked, and improperly housed, there cannot but come into the Christian heart a great pity for these poor people who are helpless to better their own condition.

At the Fall Council in 1924, the General Conference decided to send China the help of Dr. H. W. Miller and two families of nurses. This party, together with Dr. Donald Griggs and wife and others, arrived early in September, 1925, and are already in active service. For this help we are truly thankful. But we are in need of a central institution where Chinese nurses can be trained, and from which the Chinese young people, after receiving training, can return to their people and carry on medical missionary work. This denomination ought to have a hundred hospital dispensaries in the rural districts of China, where our medical missionaries could do a work such as our Saviour did in Judea and in the towns and villages of Galilee, while He was on earth. No light from the throne can shine brighter into the hearts of these people than the work of the real medi-

cal missionary. It is almost impossible to persuade those who are ill and so helpless, to accept of Christ until they are relieved of their physical suffering; but when they find themselves new creatures physically, they are often willing to accept the gospel which will regenerate their lives and change their entire future.

Will not this denomination in these last days, when the end is right upon us, and when we have so many doctors and nurses who are well trained and well qualified to minister to the sick and needy, enter into these distant lands where vast, unentered regions demand help, if their people are to know the Lord?

The Macedonian cry surely ought to ring in our ears, and make those who are looking for the soon coming of Christ willing to help these people in this time of opportunity and need. It is not to the aged and worn that this call ought to come; but to the young and strong and educated, who have their lives to live, who can endure hardship, and who are willing to sacrifice for the sake of the Master who died for them. We need consecrated, trained men and women; and we need money. And if you are one to whom God has spoken, we need you personally, to help in this great work. We especially need the prayers of the people of God, that He will put it into the hearts of those with whom He can work, to enter upon this great missionary campaign for the help of the sick and the needy.

Sabbath, October 23

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Our Saviour's words, 'Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest,' are a prescription for the healing of physical, mental, and spiritual ills."—*"Ministry of Healing," p. 115.*

READING: Early Experiences in Medical Missionary Work in China.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 537, first two and last stanzas.

PRAYER: That God will bless our doctors in their ministry in behalf of the needy in China, and that He will help us to give liberally of our means that the work may be hastened.

Early Experiences in Medical Missionary Work in China

H. W. MILLER, M. D.

[Field Secretary for the Far Eastern Division]

THE history of the third angel's message in Central China begins with the medical work. It was in the autumn of 1903 that Dr. A. C. Selmon, Dr. Bertha L. Selmon, two nurses, and my wife and I, in all four doctors and two nurses, came as missionaries to China. We had no more than landed before the sick came to us. The language of pain and of comfort is universal; it can be sensed and appreciated by all races and people.

It was a dark hour in the history of China when we came, just following the Boxer movement, and the anti-foreign feeling was keen. Indeed, in those pioneer days, it seemed to us providential that we had medical training, as it would otherwise have been difficult to win our way with the people. Of foreigners they were suspicious and fearful; and if droughts or floods or any mis-

fortune came, their diviners would suspect our presence in their land as disturbing the spirit of the gods. However, pain and suffering at times forced them to call on us, and soon it became known that we were able to relieve their suffering ones and could also cure a great many diseases that had heretofore usually proved fatal, such as malaria and other diseases. Long before we could talk to them or instruct them, we had won the confidence of many, after which they would come to our meetings. A few of these became our first believers in this message in China.

My wife and I opened a mission station in Shang Tsai Hsien, Honan, where today we have our largest church in inland China. At first the people were very bitter against us. They thought to freeze us out. They would charge us three or four times the ordinary price for what we had to buy, and revile us when we would go out on the street. However, an incident soon occurred that completely broke down this apparently determined and organized bitter feeling against us. The next-door neighbor, a man of influence in the city, had beaten his wife. As a consequence of this cruel treatment she had decided upon suicide, and had taken a large quantity of crude opium, which is the most common method of suicide in China. He, we found out later, sent for us to come to treat her in order to place the blame for her death on us, for practically all these opium poisoning cases die.

Being unaware of his designs, we went to his house and worked over this helpless woman all night. We used the lavage tube and washed out the contents of the stomach, removing a large amount of oil which had been given her while she was yet conscious, and also a great deal of black crude opium. The woman was wholly unconscious when we came, and her breathing was slow and shallow, and her extremities cold and limp. We warmed up her body, frequently gave her artificial respiration, irritated the skin, and used hot and cold to the heart. All the time we were working, the courtyard was filled with people watching and busily talking. Some were amused at our methods, and all evidently thought it was useless effort and seemed to expect the end at any time. However, slightly before morning, it was evident to us that the poison was being eliminated. The breathing was better and the heart beat stronger. We continued our efforts, and she regained consciousness and lived.

Immediately we could see a change of attitude in both the people and the husband. The husband came and bowed to the ground before us. He brought a present to our compound, and again bowed his head to the ground before us. From that day on, the people welcomed us, brought their sick to us, and came to the Gospel Hall. Some of those for whom we worked in these early days were among the first of our Adventist believers in China. Most of them have remained faithful.

It was in this little station that we began our publishing work, printed our first book,

and began the publication of the Chinese *Signs of the Times*, which has shown such a wonderful growth in the years since. It was the medical work that won the hearts of the people, creating in them a confidence in the much-reviled and talked-against foreigner.

More than twenty years have passed since those days, yet we are dealing with the same people today, and with the same and intensified conditions. Now, when the passions of the Chinese are stirred up against the encroachment of the foreign powers, we need to make use of the "right arm of the message" to comfort, help, and heal these people, and make them friends of the Great Physician, who is longing to heal their diseases and forgive all their unrighteousness.

Sabbath, October 30

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28: 18-20.

READING: Opportunities in the Orient.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 532.

PRAYER: That our workers in China may have the necessary means to do advanced work in medical missionary lines.

Opportunities in the Orient

H. W. MILLER, M. D.

It can be truly said that China presents to Christian missions an opportunity without a parallel. Think of the problems that confronted the development of our work in Europe, of the restriction and persecution and imprisonment met with in planting our mes-

sage in Russia, Turkey, and Austria; and then think back a little farther to the days of papal persecution, of the martyrdom of saints and their cruel treatment; and then, pause to consider that in Asia, only two weeks removed from the United States by convenient and comparatively comfortable travel, lies the great Orient—China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, and the East Indies—numbering more than one third of the earth's population, and every part of which can be reached by the gospel worker who can preach freely to open and attentive ears wherever he may chance to go, we cannot but say, "How wonderful!" No restriction of speech! Consider what the apostle Paul would think of such an opportunity, or the apostle Peter, or even Huss or Jerome.

At this writing, I am traveling in inland China. There is no place on earth where one may proclaim the gospel with greater freedom than in these heathen lands. What, therefore, should hold back a people entrusted not only with a message of saving truth, but also with a message of warning to a generation that will see the end of the world and the coming of Christ?

The problem today is not one of obtaining access to the people, for there is nothing to hold us back, except the hardships of travel; the only difficulty is to give them such a representation of the gospel at work that it will convince them and win them to Christ. For this very purpose, the medical missionary work was given to us with the

light of health reform and the healing art by which we as a people might be messengers of mercy to the needy, suffering, and sin-sick soul. The problems in the Orient are peculiar. The people have little confidence in words. No one believes what the other says. Their very greetings are false, and they are all the time planning what kind of frame-up they can make to develop desired impressions. In buying a piece of land, one is likely to spend weeks talking to many fictitious owners, and to find the boundaries constantly changing, all of which are frame-ups for the sake of dickering and pumping information and a good price from the buyer. And finally, if successful, the buyer discovers that all this was false.

Every man's doctrine and preaching is judged largely by the amount of confidence he may gain in the mind of the inquirer, and today every man is judged a fraud in the Orient until he has proved himself or his message otherwise, be he preacher or doctor. However, the people are hungering and longing for the truth. And it is by our works that we are judged. In no way is confidence more easily won than by demonstrating that you can bring comfort to their diseased and suffering bodies through your methods of treatment; that you can restore their sick to usefulness; and that their red and sore eyes can be cleared up and vision restored through your ministry.

Sickness, distress, and death visit all homes; no class is spared. Already men and women

from some of the best homes in China have been won to this message through the medical work. We have a brilliant young man as treasurer of our sanitarium in Shanghai who speaks the Cantonese, Shanghai, and Mandarin languages. He also speaks and writes English about as well as the average American, and keeps his books in English. The members of his family are opposing him. He works for us for less than half the salary he could get elsewhere, but he loves this truth and he has great confidence in this message and the people who proclaim it. He found the truth through the health work, and this is true of almost every one of our converts who have come from the educated and influential circles in this field. There are other ways in which we may demonstrate the gospel, but our Saviour made use most largely of the health message, and He has given us this same ministry.

These fields should have the medical work strengthened and many recruits added. It seems that the chief lack is the necessary funds for its support, and these we must depend largely upon our brethren at home to supply.

Sabbath, November 6

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3: 16.

READING: Among the Border Towns of West Szechwan.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 544.

PRAYER: In behalf of Dr. and Mrs. Andrews.

Among the Border Towns of West Szechwan

J. N. ANDREWS, M. D.

[Director of the Tibetan Mission]

A FEW days ago I returned from a trip along the border. This trip lasted more than six weeks and covered much the same route that we took two years ago, at the time of the earthquake, though we visited some new places also. My Chinese and Tibetan dispensary helpers went with me. We rode horseback, and took with us six yak-loads of tracts, medical supplies, tents, food, and bedding.

We followed the usual road to the west of Tatsienlu, which turns north after passing Chae Do Pass. The altitude at this Pass is 13,500 feet. The hills were green and covered with flowers at this season, and many nomads were about with their herds. We spent the first Sabbath at Tallin, a small town with a large lamasery, giving out a quantity of literature both at the lamasery and on the street. The Tibetans seemed very willing to take the literature, and were friendly almost everywhere we went.

At the next place, Dawu, we found a Chinese magistrate, a French Catholic Mission, and a large lamasery with many lamas. This town is located in a large and fertile valley, and most of the population are farmers. We stayed there nearly a week, treating many patients, having talks with different ones, and giving out literature.

The next town, Changgu, is the place which was devastated nearly two years ago by the

earthquake. The region is gradually being built up again. Many were glad to see us, and we treated some cases and gave out much literature. We stayed here only a day, going on a three days' journey to Kanze.

The Tibetans do not usually build towns, but here and there are groups of two or three houses. All along the way to Kanze are many farmhouses, with a large population. It is a well-traveled road, and we passed caravans of hundreds of yak coming and going, with tea for the interior, or hides and wool for Tatsienlu. We also met many travelers going on a pilgrimage to Lhasa, and lamas going to some special meeting at a lamasery. To all these we gave tracts.

After leaving Kanze, we traveled for two days over the great Kanze plain, to Rombatsa. This plain has also a large population. During the two days' travel, there were always from fifteen to twenty little villages, or small groups of farmhouses, in sight. Rombatsa is not a large town, and is the end of the farming population in this direction. The name is really that of the religion. There is a large lamasery there that does not owe allegiance to China, but to Lhasa. We went in and gave away some tracts, but it was easy to see that we were not at all welcome. We spent about three days on this plain, going from one group of harvesters to another, and from one group of houses to another, giving out literature. Then we returned to Kanze, crossing again the river Yalung in the tiny

leather coracle—a really interesting experience as you bob up and down on the waves.

From Kanze we went south to Dzan Twei. The road into the town was along the river and very hard to travel with the animals. It took us four days to reach there. We were glad to leave literature with the farmers and lamas of this section. After spending the Sabbath there we traveled east to Dawu, a five days' journey. The road was difficult, as there were four passes to cross. The population is small, but there were three lamaseries where we treated many lamas, and we found nomads in the lower valleys.

These main roads have many travelers. Many of the older lamas are friendly, though some meet us with unconcealed scorn. Sometimes they refused to take the tracts, through I have adopted a method which overcomes most of them. When I see one coming, I concentrate on a broad smile, looking him steadily in the eye. By the time our horses meet he is smiling too, and involuntarily he holds out his hand for the tract. At some places we stayed at small lamaseries over night. At first when I started to walk about their building the lamas all disappeared from sight; but as soon as they learned I could help some of their diseases, they became very friendly and asked for literature.

We were happy to be able to sow some seed throughout this section. We gave out 13,200 tracts, and treated more than two hundred persons. We can only pray that some of the seed may fall into good ground.

Sabbath, November 13

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Christ came as the Great Physician to heal the wounds that sin has made in the human family.—"*Counsels on Health*," p. 209.

READING: A Few of the "Least of These."

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 482.

PRAYER: In behalf of our doctors and nurses in Central China.

A Few of the "Least of These"

I. H. EVANS

NOT many days ago, I stood within a few rods of one of our mission compounds in Central China, and saw by the roadside a young lad about eighteen years of age. He was almost nude, the little clothing that he had around his body being the most filthy cotton rags that I have ever seen. A little boy sat beside him in the dirt. I looked into the sad, importuning face of the young man, and he turned toward me one of his legs on which was a great raw sore, some two and a half inches across, and perhaps twelve inches in length. It appeared that some flesh had recently been removed from this sore, and the whole area was covered with flies and dirt. I said to those who were standing with me, "Look at that leg!" And they said, "Oh, he is a beggar, and the leg serves him well, and constitutes his great appeal for charity."

We went back to our little compound; and while in the dispensary where Doctor Butka and Sister Johnson and some Chinese

nurses were ministering to many poor people, this young man came crouching, and importuning, and asking that we look at his leg. The doctor asked him how he came to be in that terrible condition, and he said that he was beaten by a soldier. Then the poor boy showed us the other leg, which we had not noticed when he was on the street. The leg was cut deeply, with great gashes which had scabbed over, the wounds being covered with dirt and filth as if they had never been washed since the day that he was beaten. The people in the dispensary washed his sores, and ministered to him the best they could. The next day, as I entered our little chapel for our Sabbath services, I saw this young man standing at the entrance, with an expression on his face that indicated that he would like to enter.

While we were standing in the treatment rooms an old woman, probably seventy years of age, was led up by a middle-aged woman and two little girls. Doctor Butka looked into her face and asked what it was they wanted, and the old woman pointed to her eyes. The doctor turned up the lids, and there was a deep gray film over each pupil, and he said to us aloud in English, "Blind for life!" The doctor asked her how she came to be in this sad condition. She told him that she had had sore eyes and that a medicine man had pricked the pupils of her eyes with a needle. He said to her, "Poor woman, you are hopelessly and permanently blind!" Then the mother of one of the

little girls pointed to the child's eyes, and wanted the doctor to look at them. The doctor carefully lifted the lid of one of her eyes, and could see almost instantly that it was blind. He then asked the mother how this came about. She said the little girl also had sore eyes, and that the medicine man stuck a needle into her eye. The doctor put his hand on the little girl's head and said, "What a pity that such ignorance prevails! This child's eye is totally blind; it can never see again!"

While standing there a railroad man with a virulent case of trachoma walked in. The nurse looked at his eyes, washed them out, and put in some strong medicine. The tears flowed, but the man stood the pain with a smile on his face that expressed his joy at being helped. In that same little room, about twelve by twelve feet square, there sat on a stool a Chinese soldier lad. The nurses were washing out the discharge from a bad cyst that had become infected. The doctor had opened it, and he said to us, "That man is lucky. We have saved his life. He would have died from blood poisoning."

Doctor Butka then led us into another small room about twelve by twenty-four feet in size, where were eleven men. He took us to each bedside and told us about each one of the patients. One man had had his hand shot off. Another had been shot through the shoulder and lungs, and the bullet had shattered the bones of the shoulder. The doctor said this man would probably pull through, and be

well again. Another had been shot through the leg, breaking the bone. He was in bad shape, but progressing nicely. There was not a sign of a groan from any of these poor sufferers, but each one patiently endured, happy in the belief that he would soon be well again.

In the hallway, as we entered the building, there were four patients who had recently undergone serious operations. One young man had had his right foot almost severed by a railway accident. The doctor had to amputate his ankle, but had taken the heel and grafted it back onto the leg, so that some day the man would be able to walk. There was no place in the whole building where one could sit down or rest; for the building was literally crowded with patients. Even in the treatment rooms were found four beds occupied by patients. The staff were unable to give water treatments, because the room must be used to accommodate the sick. Nearly every one of these people in the little hospital would have died had it not been for the timely assistance given them by Doctor Butka and Miss Johnson, with the help of their loyal Chinese assistants,—the band of nurses that are now in training.

I asked Doctor Butka if the Chinese make good nurses, and if he could rely upon them for conscientious work. He said, "Good nurses? Rely on them? Why, were it not for these Chinese helpers here, we would have to close up our work, and would be entirely unable to meet the situation."

For the millions of Chinese living within a radius of more than a hundred miles of this hospital-dispensary, there is little other medical help. It is true they can pay little for the service rendered. Some pay nothing; some pay only a few coppers; others pay as high as thirty cents a day for the treatments, surgery, medicines, nursing, and other help that they receive.

There is a tremendous need for more room in this little hospital in Central China. It should have additional quarters for the accommodation of the many who desire help. The institution we now have was built by money solicited from the Chinese and the business men of China. The Mission Board has not been able to put a dollar into the building of this enterprise. It has already outgrown its capacity, and there is a crying need for an additional medical hospital building to supply better accommodations for the many who are in need of attention.

There are numerous other centers in China, representing millions of people, which have never yet been entered and which have not received the benefit of a hospital of any kind. When we compare the situation in China with Europe, America, and other places, it does seem as if the Advent people who have the gospel of health for this time, should step to the front, and establish many small medical centers in these unentered sections.

Sabbath, November 20

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Medical missionary work is the pioneer work of the gospel. In the ministry of the word and in the medical missionary work the gospel is to be preached and practiced."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 144.

READING: Modern Miracles in Honan.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 583.

PRAYER: In behalf of medical work in Honan.

Modern Miracles in Honan

L. H. BUTKA, M. D.

[Superintendent of the Yencheng Hospital-Dispensary]

ON our arrival in China, December 8, 1924, we found our medical work on the decline, as for different causes our medical workers were, one by one, obliged to leave the field. There were only five physicians remaining in all China,—one in Shanghai, one in the far West, two in Central China, whose furlough was shortly due, and one in the southern part of the field. In the face of the obvious needs, I offered my services for mission work.

After about five months of language study in Shanghai, under a private teacher, I came to Yencheng, Honan Province, to take charge of the work here. The medical work has been carried on here for several years, and it has grown little by little, until at present we have a small hospital-dispensary. Much credit is due our physicians who have labored so faithfully with the most meager equipment. The Lord has certainly heard and answered our prayers. The people show confidence

in our methods, and our hospital is far too small to accommodate all who come. We have millions of people to draw from, and no other hospital within about two hundred miles. We should have a hospital that would accommodate more than one hundred patients. Even that would hardly be a drop in the bucket, compared with the great need of the millions who surround us.

The people here have no medical schools, and their physicians are mostly ignorant men, whose knowledge of medicine was handed down from their fathers, who were as ignorant as themselves. But in spite of their lack of medical knowledge, and notwithstanding the terrible results that sometimes follow their work, the people have confidence in them; and unless all their methods fail, they do not come to us. They often come to us after their physicians have stuck needles in their eyes, and made it impossible for us to cure them. They usually want us to guarantee to cure them before they agree to enter the hospital. Their recovery, however, must begin immediately, or else they think they will surely die. To die in this place would mean a great calamity to the family; and if there is any danger of death, by all means they must be taken away. But with all these drawbacks the Lord helps us, and we get many remarkable results.

Not long ago I was called down to one of the small river houseboats to see a woman who was suffering from infection following childbirth. The nurse and I crawled through

several small holes that they used for doors to the several compartments before we reached the patient. We found her lying on the damp floor. We advised them to take her to the hospital, and they consented; so with much difficulty we got her out through these small holes, and placed her on a comfortable hospital bed. During the night she was delirious, and in the morning they wanted to take her away, saying she was going to die because she was talking to the spirits; and if they left her here, she would surely die, and they had no money to pay the priests to pray her out of purgatory. I refused to let her go, and talked until I was tired out, only to have the old grandfather get down on his knees, and with crying and many tears tell us they must take her away. There was nothing to do but let her go. It makes us very sad to see these poor people so bound down by superstitions that often it is impossible to help them in their most needy hour.

One very interesting case that came to us recently was that of a little woman who had not walked for over a year, and who carried with her a tumor weighing over one hundred pounds. This had been growing for over twelve years. It was a sight to see her come to the hospital, four men carrying her on a cot,—one great tumor with this small woman attached to it. Her arms and legs, protruding from beneath it, were nothing but skin and bones. Her heart and kidneys were diseased. She herself weighed not more

than seventy pounds. We knew she could not live long in her condition, so we succeeded in persuading her to allow us to operate, first convincing her that taking medicine would not cure her. We prayed earnestly that the Lord would in some way help us so this woman could go back, and perhaps carry the light of this truth to her people. The Lord heard our prayers, and now it has been about four weeks since operating, and she is practically well. Each day the nurses read and talk the truth with her, and we feel we shall see some converted to the truth as a result of our work for this patient. Her people at home are all very happy, and are sending us more patients from her part of the country.

Every day we see from forty to fifty patients, and our hospital has been full and overflowing ever since I came. We have had to convert our guest room, also our men's treatment rooms, into hospital rooms. We hope soon to have more room, and also better facilities, so we can reach a better class of people. We have already bought the land and are depending upon the overflow from this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for money with which to provide the building and equipment.

The Lord is blessing our work here, and I am happy to have a part in it. China is a great country and a needy one. We could use a thousand physicians, I suppose, and a great many small hospitals as well, without making any more than the slightest

impression on this vast multitude of people. Pray for our work here, that the Lord will give us a rich harvest of souls.

Sabbath, November 27

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Through direct contact, through personal ministry, the blessings of the gospel are to be communicated."
—*"Ministry of Healing,"* p. 148.

READING: Importance of Penang Mission Clinic.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 544.

PRAYER: That the workers in Penang may be given strength and health to do all that is possible for the needy, and that we may help them with our prayers and our gifts.

Importance of the Penang Mission Clinic

C. E. GARDNER, M. D.

[Superintendent of the Penang Mission Clinic]

PENANG is a beautiful tropical island, about fifty miles in circumference, and lying a little more than five degrees north of the equator. The coast line is low and flat and covered with cocoanut palms and rice fields, but in the center of the island the hills rise to an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet.

The people are a mixture of races: Chinese, Indians, Malays, Japanese, Filipinos, Javanese, Sikhs, Arabs, Jews, etc., till you have named almost every tribe and nation. The Chinese are the chief business men and are also the most numerous. They open shops even in the most inaccessible parts of the country, provided there is a population to serve. In these shops we are able to buy everything necessary to living in these parts.

Many European and American products are kept in stock.

One year ago (December, 1924) the first Seventh-day Adventist Mission in Penang was opened in the center of the port city, Georgetown. During the year we treated more than 17,400 patients. It is impossible to convey to your mind the amount of suffering represented by these figures. When I tell you there are 300,000 people about us and this is the only mission offering medical help, you will realize what a need this small institution is attempting to fill. One doctor and his wife and two native helpers cannot do justice to such a task. We must have help. We are greatly in need of a place for very sick patients. As these patients are carried in to us day after day we can only help them for a few minutes and then go on to the next one. They go home, and we will never know how many of them die from lack of attention. We do know that many could be saved if we had a place in which to care for them. We want a small building for in-patients, with the necessary equipment and a staff of trained native workers to carry on the work.

Aside from the medical work there is a growing evangelical effort. The story of Jesus and the Cross is told in the clinic three nights in the week. On Sabbath we have Sabbath school and preaching in two different parts of the city; once in the morning and again in the afternoon. We rejoice that the Word has not been preached in vain, for

we now have an organized church with a membership of twenty-seven and a Sabbath attendance of from sixty to seventy. Our Chinese workers are kept busy during the week giving Bible readings and finding interested ones.

We are especially glad to see the power of the Gospel in the lives of some old heathen people. There are several members who have given up a lifelong addiction to opium smoking and ancestor worship. This means more to them than we can realize. They have been taught from childhood that they must follow the religion of their parents, not only for their own good but for the welfare of the parents also. It is a wonderful victory when they turn their backs on all this superstition and accept Christianity, but there is power in this Gospel to bring about such a transformation. We have seen it over and over again in Penang.

We are looking to the future with high hopes. We believe that God has set His hand to the work in this part of the vineyard and He will finish it quickly. We need a worker to look after the evangelical work. With our growing medical work it is impossible to care for both interests properly. The lease on our building will expire next year, and we want to be able to move into our own building by that time. This will greatly increase our efficiency.

We have confidence that our people in all the world will supply both these needs. God is working mightily to finish this work in the

earth and we must hurry to keep up. We want the work to be finished in Penang on time and we need your help. We cannot do it alone and you cannot afford to let us, for you want a share in the victory. With the other medical interests in the Far East, we are looking for great things from this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. A big overflow will mean much suffering relieved, and many souls saved in the kingdom of God.

Brethren, pray and give for these poor and needy peoples.

Sabbath, December 4

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "To reach the people, wherever they are, and whatever their position or condition, and to help them in every way possible,—this is true ministry."—*Ministry of Healing, p. 156.*

READING: Nanning Seventh-day Adventist Hospital Dispensary.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 700.

PRAYER: In behalf of the medical work in Nanning.

Nanning Seventh-day Adventist Hospital-Dispensary

D. D. COFFIN, M. D.

[Superintendent of the Nanning Dispensary]

I ESTEEM it a great privilege to be able to carry on medical work in such a location as Nanning. The nearest foreign-trained physician who is doing anything to help the Chinese, is in the hospital of the Southern Baptists in Wuchow, about 360 miles away, but it usually takes a week to travel that distance.

-Many of the sick people who come to us for help have some trouble which responds quite readily to the proper treatment. We wonder at the gross ignorance of the so-called physicians who have been treating them before they came to us. It is certainly a great pleasure to help them, and to call their attention to One who is willing and anxious to heal their sin-sick souls, as well as to remove their physical ills. Some of these people return to their villages, with an altogether different idea of the foreigner and the God in heaven that he worships. As great as is the joy of being able to give physical help and relieve suffering, it is an infinitely greater privilege to direct these people to the Great Physician, and perhaps afterward to hear them say that the true God must have helped them get well.

We have received several patients recently who were so seriously ill, and had waited so long before coming, that from the human point of view there was no chance whatever for recovery. Apparently only a few hours of life remained. But God's power to answer prayer and to save life is not limited, and He restored some of these to normal health and strength. The Chinese do not like to have a death occur in their houses; so they frequently seek some other convenient place to put the patient when they see that death is surely not far away. We have learned that in a few instances this was the only reason for bringing the patient to the hospital; but such disappointments are apparently not

unpleasant. The Lord simply uses such instances to help break down the prejudice that exists in this dark land.

One woman with a huge abdominal tumor was brought in. She was very thin and anemic and certainly a poor surgical risk. About a week later a number of relatives and friends arrived. They had walked eight days coming from a distant village to attend her funeral. She made a splendid recovery, and has since attended many of the women's meetings and expressed a great interest in our work.

A few weeks ago a young lad was brought in who had one foot almost as large as his head, and a temperature of 105 degrees. He had sprained his ankle ten days before and had been having it treated according to native methods. The result of this treatment was truly alarming. By the use of vigorous hydrotherapy he was before many days almost entirely well, and able to return home. While here, he heard daily some simple gospel truths, and when he left, he was given good reading matter to carry away.

Leprosy is not uncommon in Kwangsi. We are indeed thankful that recent scientific research has devised a successful treatment for this disease, which for centuries has been considered one of the most hopeless. We have treated several cases, all showing improvement. One man stayed in the hospital for about five months, until his cure was apparently complete. He read much of our literature with keen interest and has asked to be

baptized and admitted to the church. Another leper that we have been treating, has also made the same request.

China is awakening to the advantages of Western medical methods, and with this awakening comes a great opportunity and responsibility for us. We should vigorously follow up this opening medically and in this way many hearts will be prepared to hear with interest the saving truths of the third angel's message.

We are glad that many can receive physical help at our hands, but deeply regret that we are not more efficiently equipped in the hospital. Without the X-ray it is exceedingly difficult to treat war injuries intelligently, and we have had many such cases recently. Also we have no sterilizer for surgical dressings, etc. This need is being filled, we hope only temporarily, by the oven of our kitchen stove.

Despite these handicaps we are indeed glad to be here, and feel certain that with the Lord's blessing, the work in this place will grow steadily, and many souls will be helped to see the light.

Sabbath, December 11

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24: 14.

READING: Ten Bables.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 533.

PRAYER: In behalf of the medical interest in China.

Ten Babies

MRS. I. H. EVANS

[Sabbath School Secretary of the Far Eastern Division]

IT was time for refreshments in the wonderful maternity ward in the Peking Union Medical Hospital, founded and supported by the Rockefeller Foundation. The babies who open their eyes in this quiet, sunshiny, clean, place, are all on an equality. Their mothers may come from homes of wealth or of poverty—there is no difference made in the care of the babies. They wear the garments provided by the hospital; they sleep side by side in the little cribs suspended from the white enameled rack, five in a row, one row above another, all spotlessly clean.

Except at mealtimes they are all kept in the baby room, which is shut off from the rest of the ward by gleaming plate glass doors. No matter how much you—a visitor present at visiting hours—wish to see the newest arrival in your own family, you can see him or her only through the germ-stopping glass door. The nurse brings your own special baby to the other side of the glass—but no farther. No chances are taken in allowing outside germs to reach these babies.

When it is time to eat (all visitors are supposed to be out of the building at this hour), the rack is wheeled into the hall. The babies whose mothers are in the private rooms are taken to them, and those babies whose mothers are in the spotless ward are taken to them.

But this day one visitor remained, and had the privilege of seeing the ten babies as the rack containing the ten small cribs, propelled by a nurse, paused outside a certain door.

There they were,—ten rosy, clean, comfortable babies, each as well cared for as every other, and one looking just as sweet as another to unprejudiced eyes. One was a fair little Teuton; all the others had black hair and the darkish skin that goes with it. One baby girl was the daughter of an American family from the Legation quarter; one little boy was the eighth child of his mother, whose only home, with his brothers and sisters, was in a stable. Because if a son, this baby was to be adopted into a wealthy but childless home, his mother had been brought to the ward, and received for the first time in her life the care that she so much needed. This splendid hospital is indeed a blessing to many poor and needy in Peking, as well as to others who can afford to pay for the help received.

It is a cause for rejoicing to think that even a few of the children who are born in China in these days can come into the world with a fair chance of escaping blindness, with a good start of two or three weeks of their little lives, and with their mothers getting at least a glimpse of an idea of proper care for their little ones; but oh, how pitifully few are those who receive such care, and how many, there are born in absolute poverty and filth, and under conditions so unfavorable that one cannot wonder that so many are blind, and that, if they escape blind-

ness they have almost no prospect of growing up into healthy, strong children.

Never shall I forget one unfortunate child whom we saw in West China—though one need not go ten minutes from any mission compound in China to see cases as appalling. This little lad, sitting quite naked on the stone highway, was about a year old. His little body was covered with a loathsome eruption, and he was tormented with countless flies. His eyes were a sight to turn away from—and to forget if one could. The most that one could hope for him was that death might soon release him from a life that was only misery.

Millions are born every year with the conditions all against them for a happy, useful life. Disease is stamped upon them at birth, and all their lifetime multitudes have to suffer from what could have been remedied, had they had attention at the proper time.

The only way that other children, just as precious in the sight of heaven as any children, anywhere, can be helped when they are sick, and their parents taught how to keep them well, and how to avoid the ever-present sources of infection, is for unselfish medical workers, who have the love of God and of their fellow-men in their hearts, to give themselves to this work. And all who feel a throb of pity and sympathy for the little ones whose need is so great, have an opportunity on the coming thirteenth Sabbath, to add a little in money to the gift that will help to make this aid possible.

Sabbath, December 18

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "During His ministry, Jesus devoted more time to healing the sick than to preaching. His miracles testified to the truth of His words, that He came not to destroy, but to save."—"*Ministry of Healing*," p. 19.

READING: A Medical Training Center for the Far East.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 576.

PRAYER: That the Lord will help us to give liberally of our means to help to establish a medical training center in China.

A Medical Training Center for the Far East

H. W. MILLER, M. D.

SHANGHAI has been selected as the location for the central medical institution for the Far East, to serve for both the training of nurses and medical workers, and the care of our sick missionaries and native laborers and church members. Shanghai is the great center of commerce in China, and is perhaps the most important city of the Orient. Accessible and central, and the location of our Far Eastern Headquarters, it should have a strong representation of our medical missionary work.

Immediately upon our arrival in Shanghai, search was made for a building suitable for a small sanitarium which we could rent temporarily. After nearly a month of searching and negotiating, we secured a large house built by a Chinese merchant. Here we gathered workmen of all the building trades in order to make repairs and alterations, and in six weeks we had the place ready for

occupancy. It is equipped with treatment room, X-ray, operating room, offices, and accommodations for about fifteen patients.

The institutional staff is composed of Dr. Roger W. Paul and his wife, who is a nurse, Miss Ruth Stickney, who is also a nurse, myself and wife, and three Chinese nurses. We have selected from a large group of applicants, seven girls and four boys as the first class of nurses. We have found it a most difficult task to limit this class to eleven members, as young men and women from all parts of the field continue to plead with us to give them an opportunity to take this training. We have so little room that we had to place four girls in one small room, and use double-decker beds, the same as are used in the small cabins of ships. It has been truly remarkable to me to see how these nurses, after only four weeks of training can care for the sick, and give hydrotherapy treatments.

It is distressing to read the letters, one after another, some written in English, that come to us from our Chinese believers, asking if we cannot accept them. When we tell them we have no room, they say, "We will stay outside the hospital, and come for our classes." They will agree to any program of hardship if only we will give them a training in the care of the sick. It is heart-rending to tell them they must wait till we have our own place and larger facilities.

With a large and rapidly growing membership, with bright, intelligent girls and boys

passing through the grades in our schools, we must plan for denominational training of this talent, especially in nursing, to make them a blessing to their people. In no place on earth do we need native teachers on health more than here.

Our first patient had evidently been waiting for the Sanitarium for several months. A missionary physician from Canton had taken his sick wife to a hill resort in Central China for rest and change. She had been suffering with an exophthalmic goitre. Each month she grew worse, and finally, in desperation, they had come down to Shanghai. The physicians feared to send her to the States, as her heart was so rapid and weak, and they felt there was no relief for her here. Finally we were called in, and after questioning our ability and experience in caring for this class of patients, they agreed to send her to our institution as we were the only doctors who had offered her hope. She had the operation one week after admittance, and yesterday we saw her off on the boat to Canton, where they have a hospital. We never saw more appreciative people, and certainly a great change has taken place in her condition in only six weeks' time. She came to us on a stretcher, and walked away to the car.

One week from the time this lady came, during which time we were settling the rooms, all our beds were filled; we had to place beds in the parlor, and finally the room which was occupied by Doctor and Mrs. Paul

was given up for the patients. Besides this, we cared for two patients in the hall, which continues to be used in this way.

One day a well-dressed Chinese man came into my office, and asked me to examine his shoulder. I found a lump as large as an apple puffed out at the shoulder joint. The X-ray showed that the bone was destroyed. I suggested that the only way to save his other bones, and also his life, was to have the dead bone removed and new bone put in its place. The next day he returned to have this done. He had heretofore been terrified at the thought of surgery, but somehow he had lost his dread after we examined him. He woke up after the operation exclaiming, "O Doctor! I thank you! I thank you!" When he regained a little more consciousness he called me to come into the room, and asked, "Have you finished?" When we told him we had fixed it all up for him, he extended his well hand and again exclaimed, "I thank you! I thank you!" While his pain must have been considerable, there was no complaint; only words of appreciation. In the same room with him was a Moham-medan who was operated on the day before. This man requested before his operation that he might have his food served him from his home, but when he learned what our health principles were, he said, "I will eat your food." He also is most grateful, and asked that he might read the Bible. Several times when I have called, he has been reading the Bible.

This is the beginning of our sanitarium

work. It is very simple, though with the crude facilities at hand many of our missionaries are recovering their health. We are training a few nurses, and men and women are coming to us who might never learn this message in any other way. We need a place many times larger than the one we now have, and one that will more nearly represent the kind of work we are trying to do in other lands. God is richly blessing in the opening of this sanitarium work, and with such a favorable start we hope that, through a generous offering for the medical work on this thirteenth Sabbath, an overflow may be provided that will afford proper and adequate facilities to enable it to keep pace with the development seen in other lands.

Sabbath, December 25

[Suggestions for the Thirteenth Sabbath
Program]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 9: 37, 38. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

DIALOGUE: The Tender Mercies of the Heathen.
An exercise for nine children.

RECITATION: The Man for the Mission Field.

SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 596.

DIALOGUE: Our Little Lights.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless our gifts to needy China.

The Tender Mercies of the Heathen

MRS. SUSAN WILBER

[Characters: Mother; A'Ying, her son; A'Yee, her daughter; three priests.]

[Costumes: Mother and children can simply slip on a Chinese blouse over ordinary clothing, but if the little pants and blouse suit can be provided for the children so much the better. These can be made of very cheap cotton cloth, or crepe paper. The priests wear a long black or dark robe, made like a kimona nightgown without seams on the shoulders, with long sleeves flowing at the wrist, and open down the front to about the waist in V-shape. This neck is simply bound with a wide bias strip about four inches wide (this is double of course). A round black turban-shaped cap with a red pompom on the top of the crown finishes the priest's costume.]

[Each priest sits before a shrine where is displayed either an idol or the picture of one, a dish of incense, and a receptacle containing slips of paper which he draws as lots whenever consulted.]

MOTHER (Rising from chair and looking about anxiously): It is six o'clock and A'Ying is not home from school yet. I wonder what has happened. I'll sit here and wait (seating herself); he will surely come soon.

A'YING (Enters): Mother, I have been sick all day. I could not study my lesson.

MOTHER: Come here, A'Ying! You look very pale. What is the matter?

A'YING: I have a sharp pain in my head.

MOTHER: Sit down here and I will nip your forehead with a piece of cash, and you will feel better. (Proceeds to make passes over his forehead, making three red marks with chalk down his forehead and along his nose. Their superstition is that if on pinching with the piece of cash the skin turns red the patient has a high fever.)

MOTHER: O, you are very sick. Just see the fever in your head. (Sits beside child.)

MOTHER (Speaking as if to herself): It is midnight, and he is no better. I must get things ready to visit the temples in the morning.

MOTHER (Calling): A'Yee! Get up! I want you to go with me to visit the gods today. A'Ying is growing worse.

A'YEE (Enters): Mother, I will help you all I can. Shall I carry this basket of tea?

MOTHER: Yes, you may carry the basket and I will get A'Ying ready. (Lifting up sick boy and straightening clothing.)

(They go out.)

(At first temple: Priest seated beside shrine as described. Enter Mother and children, who all bow and touch foreheads to the floor before the shrine. A'Yee pours tea into a bowl and presents it before the idol.)

MOTHER: Good morning. Will this god heal my son? He is very sick.

PRIEST (Shakes container with lots, and draws one): No, there is no hope for him. He will die.

(Mother and children get up and go out. By the time they reach the next shrine A'Ying is weaker, and as he starts to bow before the idol he falls prostrate to the ground. A'Yee again pours and offers tea.)

MOTHER: I have come to you with a very sorrowful heart. Will my son get well?

SECOND PRIEST (Drawing lot): There is no encouragement here. Your son will die.

(They start on to the next temple. Half way there the boy falls again, and mother picks him up and says encouragingly: "We are half way there now. It is only one more mile.")

(Third shrine: (A'Yee again offers tea and they prostrate themselves. A'Ying again falls and lies upon the ground.)

MOTHER: O, Priest! We have visited the gods since sunrise this morning and not one has given me any encouragement. This is the last god. Shall I buy medicine? Shall I call a doctor? Is there any hope for him?

PRIEST (Looking at lot he has drawn): Do not call a doctor; do not buy medicine. Your son will die.

(They go home. Mother supports A'Ying, who complains: O! I am so tired!)

MOTHER: Yes; those temples are two miles apart.

(At home. Mother enters and lays the boy down; seats herself to watch him. Suddenly she starts up saying:) Oh, he is getting worse every minute! A'Yee! Go call the priests!

(Enter three priests.)

MOTHER: My son is dying. I have called you to help me.

(Priests lift boy and seat him in big arm chair, with idol close beside him. One priest to the left clashes cymbals, or claps hands; one to the right prays; one in front of boy waves a long switch made of narrow strips of paper,

looking something like a horse's tail. As he waves it he chants: "We will send you servants; we will send you money; we will send you food; we will send you silk clothes to wear. Do not be afraid to go; we will send you servants; etc." The chants and din keep up until A'Ying closes his eyes and droops faintly in chair.)

PRIESTS: He is gone! (Priests pick him up and carry him out.)

After the dialogue some grown person should be ready to say:

"Friends, this is only what one of our missionaries in China actually beheld from her front window. The awful heathen din incident to giving A'Ying what they are pleased to call 'a good death,' suddenly ceased and gave place to most mournful wailing, which was kept up the rest of the night. With proper nursing and care, A'Ying's life might have been saved. While we cannot all go to teach them the better way, we may all have a part by denying our needless desires and giving to bring the knowledge and comfort of Christ into these dark heathen homes."

Our Little Lights

[Each child holds a candle. The leader's is lighted, and just before he begins speaking, he lights those the others hold.]

FIRST CHILD:

My candle giveth no less light,
For having lighted yours,
Now yours is burning clear and bright,
And my own still endures.

SECOND CHILD:

Our candles light a greater one
That needs the living spark,
As westward sinks the setting sun
And leaves the world all dark.

THIRD CHILD (or repeat in unison):

And men who walk the way at night
Will bless the candle gleam
That touched with life the greater light,
That casts so broad a beam.

FOURTH CHILD (or repeat in unison):

So let our little candles shine
Though but a spark may glow,
For little lights like yours and mine,
The path of right can show.

Sacrifice

WHEN he has more than he can eat,
To feed a stranger's not a feat.

When he has more than he can spend,
It isn't hard to give or lend.

Who gives but what he'll never miss,
Will never know what giving is.

He'll win few praises from his Lord,
Who does but what he can afford.

The widow's mite to heaven went
Because real sacrifice it meant.

Edgar A. Guest.

The Man for the Mission Field

THE man of steel, with courage, grit—
'Tis only he for God's field fit.
The man with strength, strength to endure
The burdens which to come are sure.

It takes a spirit gentle, meek,
Which looks with pity on the weak
And calls with anguish from his soul,
"O give me these, Lord, for Thy fold!"

It takes the man who likes to work
With eagerness, and not to shirk
The duties which before him lie—
The man who says, "I can," "I'll try."

It matters not if things go wrong;
In this man's heart there's still a song;
And while he's passing through the test
You'll find he thinks God's way's the best.

It takes the man who stands for right,
Who sticks with rigor to the fight,
And answers boldly "no" to sin;
The man whose life is pure within.

The man who walks there hand in hand
With God, is for the mission land;
And only he can hear the cry
From over there where heathen die.

It takes the man whose keen insight
Can see beyond the dark clouds' light—
'Tis he who's called to go and die
For millions who in darkness lie.

—Lucille Hampton.