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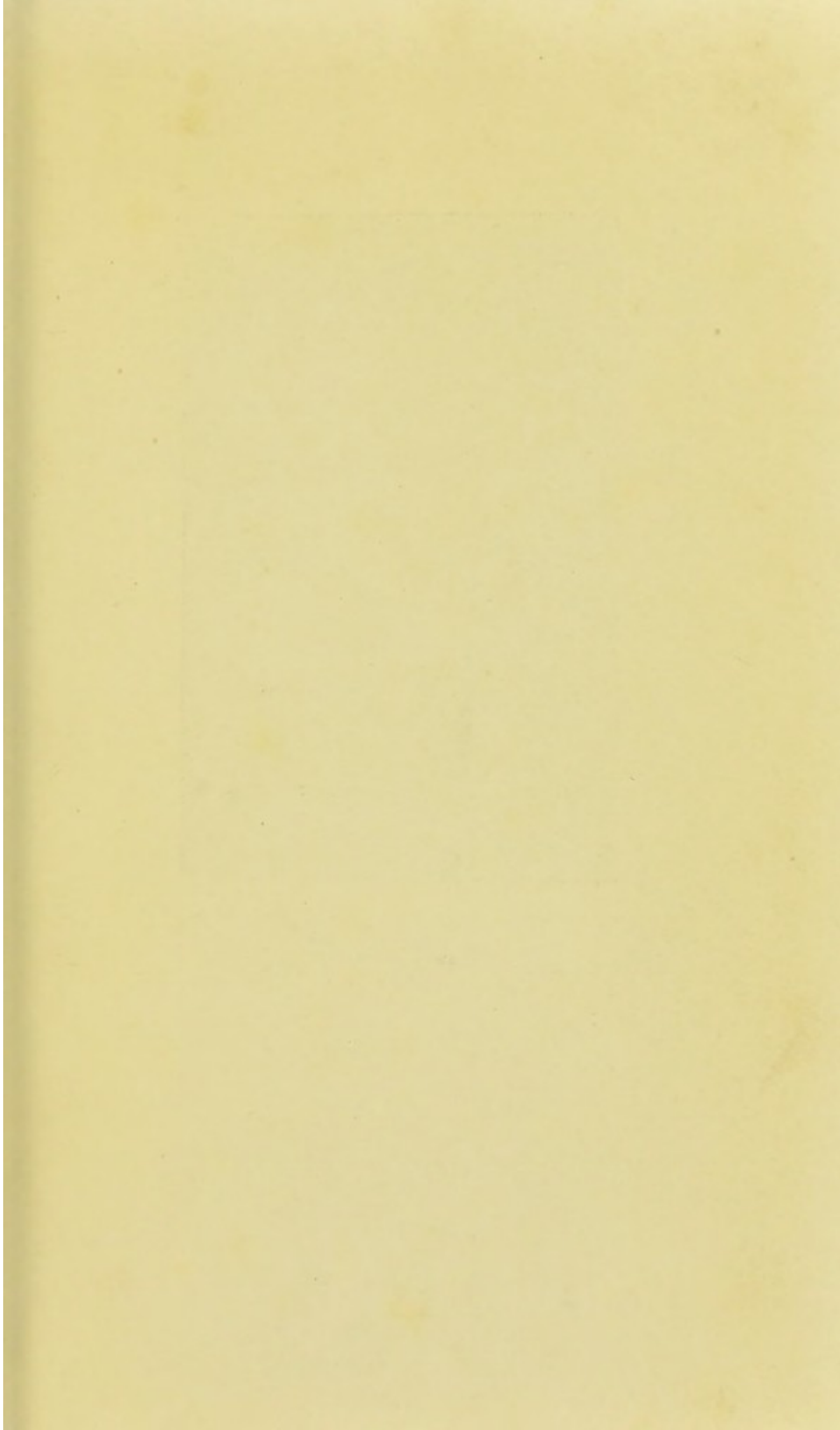


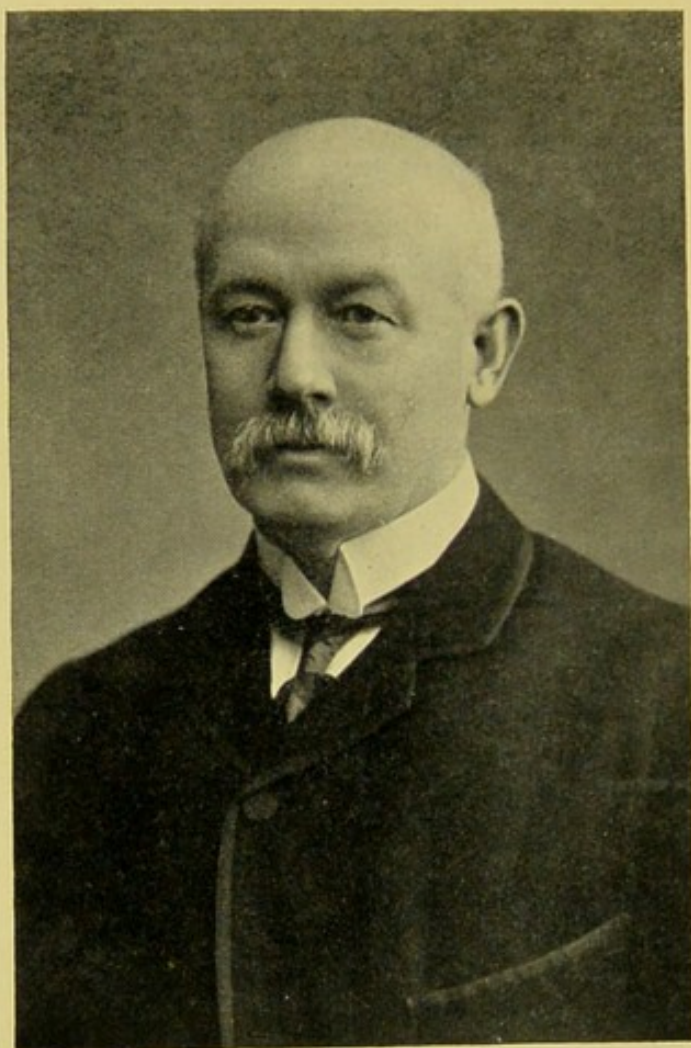
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DR. APRICOT
OF "HEAVEN BELOW"

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yours faithfully,
D. Dineen Main.
Keep smiling.

BRIGGS

The Story of the
Thangchow Medical Mission (C.M.S.)

BY

KINGSTON DE GRUCHÈ

Author of "Beside the Red Mountain"
"Edith Stanton's Opportunity"

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FOREWORD

THIS story is written with the object of bringing the Medical Mission work at Hangchow ("Heaven-Below") more prominently before the public in the hope of arousing a keener and more practical interest in the important and far-reaching work we have been carrying on there during the last twenty-eight years.

It is written by a warm-hearted and enthusiastic friend who was for some years in actual work among the Chinese, and while in China visited Hangchow and made herself well acquainted with the main facts of our work and has ever since taken a hearty interest in it.

The incidents which are related as illustrating the character of the work, as well as some of its results, are actual facts, and are but specimens of the numerous cases dealt with from day to day in its various branches.

It is hoped that the narrative of the work in this form will interest many in Medical Missions, which are not a mere adjunct to the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen, but an essential and integral part of the church's mission.

When we remember past years we are thankful for what has already been accomplished, but there remains very much yet to be done, not only in extension, but in consolidation, and we hope the readers of this book will

encourage us by that form of sympathy which shows itself in practical assistance.

We want more men and women to help us in the work ; there is urgent need for all the buildings to be overhauled (some rebuilt), brought up to date and fully equipped ; and a large sum of money is required annually for the support of beds, assistants, nurses, students, &c.

May God abundantly bless this book and grant that it may be used to stir up some to consecrate their lives to the work of the Medical Mission of which it tells, and lead others who cannot themselves go to give of their means to maintain and extend the work in this marvellous day of opportunity in China.

D. DUNCAN MAIN.

Contributions for any of the above objects may be sent to Dr. D. D. MAIN, c/o the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

PREFACE

"A grain of mustard seed . . . which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

ABOUT fifty years ago a gentleman in Government employ in India, an Inspector of Opium Manufacture at Malwa, felt so pricked in his conscience concerning his share in the traffic of opium, that he resolved to resign his office and cleanse himself by devoting the savings of his official career (something over £3,000) to the relief of opium victims in China.

In the providence of God this money came into the hands of missionary workers in Mid-China just as a special opportunity occurred of helping a number of poor creatures thus victimised who desired to break the snare which enthralled them.

This led to the establishment, ten years later, of an Opium Refuge, at Hang-chow, which has expanded into the splendid Hospital, with its numerous branch institutions, where Dr. Main and his colleagues of the Church Missionary Society, now carry on a most successful Medical Mission ; like to the grain of mustard seed, which grew until it became a great tree and a refuge to many who took shelter under its branches.

The following story illustrates the work which grew out of the above incident, and shows how the right action of one man, over fifty years ago, led to the blessing of many thousands in both body and soul.

The Chinese names of the European workers, as well as the names of most of the natives, who figure in the story, have been, for the most part, translated into English.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I	
Relates how the European doctor's olfactory organ gains new experience during his first walk through the streets of "Heaven-Below to the scene of his future labour. . . .	1
CHAPTER II	
The new doctor begins work under difficulties, but decides that each stumbling block must be made a stepping-stone to a new hospital.	9
CHAPTER III	
Explains how Doctor Apricot succeeded in obtaining some funds and then added to them by increasing his occupations. . . .	22
CHAPTER IV	
The Hospital of "Universal Benevolence" has its foundation laid with prayer, its walls rise with hope and its roof goes on with praise.	32
CHAPTER V	
Gives some account of the opium trade with China and its degrading influence on the people. The Honourable Li gives his opinion and helps to provide means for enlarging the Opium Refuge.	41
CHAPTER VI	
Explains why late hours are necessary though they beget troubled days, with tears at midday and smiles at midnight.	48
CHAPTER VII	
The consecrated home-life and home-joy acts as a "cheer up" to a weary worker ; and Amah's message nerves her spirit for fresh effort.	61

CHAPTER VIII

PAGE

- Shadow and sunshine visit the home and hospital, but by faithful prayer to God above, and by the ceaseless work of man below, the clouds pass, albeit homes are emptied and graves are filled, ere the sun shines once more. . . . 69

CHAPTER IX

- Gives some illustrations of Chinese ideas upon the value of human existence, and of the peculiar characteristic, which shews itself in the losing of one's life in order to save one's face. 78

CHAPTER X

- Shows how love and gentleness sweep away darkness and superstition, and how young lives, begun in adversity and sorrow, blossom into happiness and beauty when taken into the Home. 85

CHAPTER XI

- Shows how the general working of the hospital has grown to be a formidable undertaking, both practically and financially. Tells also how the doctor's knee was massaged to the amusement of his wife, and how the doctor's wife was "warded" to the anxiety of her husband. 95

CHAPTER XII

- Gives some account of Chinese women, their social position, their trials and sorrows; and tells how Mrs. Apricot, aided by some intelligent Chinese ladies, endeavoured to succour them in their need. 108

CHAPTER XIII

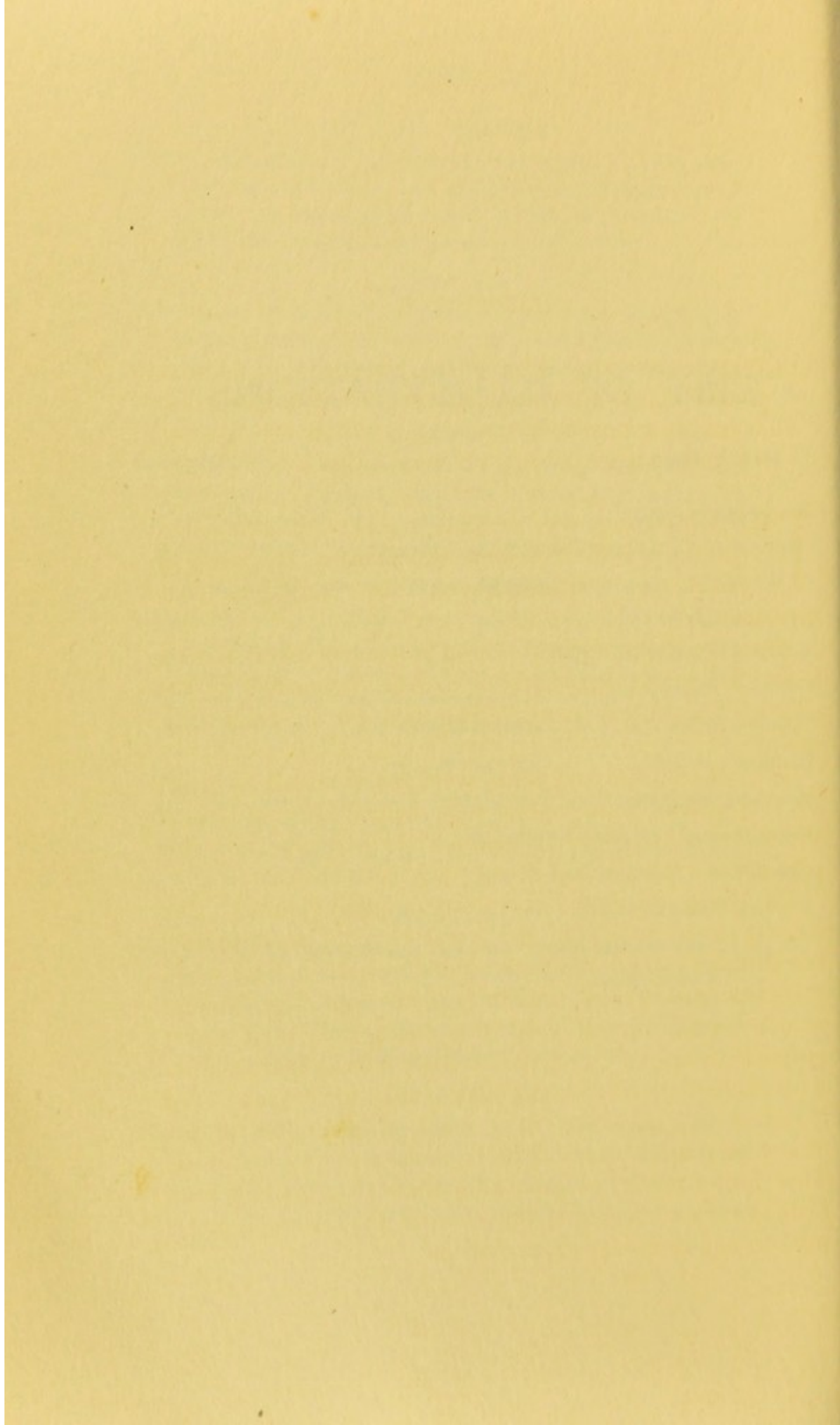
- Contains some remarks on native doctors, and tells how easily a man passes from a cook to a doctor, from a bottle-washer to a druggist; also gives some account of the Training of students in Western Medicine; and of a new treatment which causes much astonishment to the natives. . . . 114

CHAPTER XIV

- Gives some information concerning the Chinese opium reform, and shews the connecting link between it and the affectionate farewell accorded to Dr. and Mrs. Apricot on their return home for their third furlough. Shews also the tree fully grown. 129

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

D. Duncan Main	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
Dr. Apricot's House	10
Hospital of "Universal Benevolence," Hangchow	32
A Patient in Hangchow Hospital when he was eighteen months old	35
A Group of Christian Lepers	51
Group of Patients	71
"Cock-a-doodle-doo," now Assistant Dispenser	86
Children's Home	93
Maternity Students	111
Seven Students Recently Graduated	123
New China. A Patient and Friend	130
Dr. Liu, Wife and Child.	133
"A great tree whose leaves are for the healing of the Chinese nation"	135



CHAPTER I

RELATES HOW THE EUROPEAN DOCTOR'S OLFACTORY ORGAN GAINS NEW EXPERIENCE DURING HIS FIRST WALK THROUGH THE STREETS OF "HEAVEN-BELOW" TO THE SCENE OF HIS FUTURE LABOURS.

THE winter day was drawing to a close when Dr. Apricot and his wife were welcomed at the Mission House in "Heaven-Below" by Mr. and Mrs. Greyman.

After the discomforts of a long journey of many weeks, it was some considerable relief to find themselves in the city of their future work, albeit not yet in their own home.

The cheerful fire and warm welcome accorded to them by their fellow missionaries soon helped them to forget the severe cold and other miseries which during the latter part of their voyage had of necessity been theirs.

All things seemed very strange, nevertheless. The large rooms, built for the great heat of the intensely hot summer, struck the newcomers as cold indeed when they were not in close proximity to the fire. The Chinese men-servants in their long blue coats, and their warm padded cotton-wool undercoats, looked fat and important: with their shaved head and bland smile, long queue, and dignified way of doing their work, they impressed the new missionaries as wonderfully clever and awe inspiring. They forgot for the moment that these servants had been trained for some years in the routine they were now so used to and more or less perfect in.

After a more than welcome wash, which had to take the place of several ablutions which had been missed owing to the severity of the cold and the lack of privacy when travelling, the new arrivals returned to the sitting room refreshed and hungry enough to enjoy the hospitable meal which awaited them.

The English mail which had accompanied the Doctor and his wife was perforce kept in the background by Mr. and Mrs. Greyman, that they might play their part as host and hostess to the tired travellers, who were glad to shorten their evening by an early retirement to bed.

After breakfast the following morning, the Senior Missionary begged to be excused while he went to interview an importunate Chinaman, but when he was free therefrom, he would be at Dr. Apricot's disposal to shew him the city of "Heaven-Below."

Mrs. Greyman also excused herself while she interviewed her Chinese factotum and gave him the orders for the day, he being the responsible person for buying everything used in the establishment, as well as the cook and general overseer of the other servants, when he had spare time from his own particular duties.

So the doctor and his wife were left alone, and they looked in each other's faces for a moment and read each other's thought, which the doctor expressed by saying with a smile :

"The letters don't come here every morning, you know, Gertie ; we have left a morning post and daily newspaper behind us for seven or eight years."

His wife was sitting on the fender trying to get warm, and looked up at him :

"Oh, Charles, how funny ! Were you longing for home letters too ?" she replied.

The shadow of something in his wife's face made him say, "Cheer up, Gertie !"

"Well, what shall we do ?" inquired his wife.

"Let us be off to our rooms and unpack while we have the opportunity," said the doctor, "for we shall probably have to live here until we can speak the language sufficiently to manage Chinese housekeeping for ourselves."

They had just finished the unpacking and arranging of their things when Mr. Greyman announced that he was at liberty to shew the Doctor the Mission premises, and especially the Opium Refuge which was to be the scene of his future work.

The worst slums of Edinburgh, Liverpool, or London, even thirty years ago, were paradise itself for cleanliness and fresh air, compared with the sights and smells which greeted the new comer in the slums of that Chinese city.

The older Missionary, now inured more or less to what they were passing through, glanced round at the Doctor, expecting to see disgust and discomfort depicted upon his inexperienced face, but to his surprise he saw the new recruit had his eyes very wide open, albeit a merry twinkle lurked therein as usual, and his mouth severely shut, as became a man who had just arrived with the latest medical knowledge at his finger tips, and knew that breathing such a loaded atmosphere, if it must be breathed, should be through the nose, rather than through the mouth.

I wish I could allow my readers a quarter of an hour of these concentrated smells, that they might be able to sympathise with the Missionaries who, "not counting their lives dear unto them," go forth to live in the midst of such conditions. But even if I could write the smells, and even if a printer could print them, no publisher would be allowed by our English Sanitary Authorities to publish them, so I must try instead to describe the city streets vividly enough to help people with an ordinary imagination to realize in some small measure what might be expected from such surroundings.

The city of "Heaven-Below" had a population of nearly half-a-million. It had suffered much in the T'ai-ping rebellion, and was taken by the rebels in 1862. Even in the eighties, the time when our story commences, there were devastated parts of the city which had never been rebuilt.

One waste area, commonly called "The crooked-large-square-chief," must have covered some scores of acres, having only an odd group of small mud huts here and there.

Mr. Greyman gave the young doctor much historical information of those never-to-be-forgotten times as they walked along.

The name of "Chinese Gordon," as from time to time it passed his lips, was evidently well known to the man in the street, who would stop and nod his head, smiling and saying, "Chinese Gordon. Ah! Number one Great General. Ah! just so."

"And this is the city of 'Heaven-Below.' How vastly below!" the young doctor said to himself, as he followed the senior Missionary often in single file through those narrow streets.

The houses were of the usual Chinese style with curled roofs; the largest buildings, next to the temples, being the Ya-Mens and the pawn-shops. In the latter, the winter clothes of the majority of the inhabitants are stored during the summer, and the summer clothing during the winter.

Various shops, all open to the street, having no glass fronts, lined each side of the narrow thoroughfare; drains (where there were any) were all open to eye and nose. Men carrying pails containing sewage from the houses, as well as other traffic, passed to and fro constantly; prisoners wearing the cangue (*i.e.*, wooden collar) were seen chained to the fronts of houses where they had committed some robbery for which they were thus punished.

A man's head in a cage, hung up as a warning to other evil-doers, looked and smelt ghastly in the sunshine. Beggars, more filthy than any he had ever dreamed of, knocked up against him in the crowd, or sat begging in the more open quarters of the city, behaving more filthily than he ever thought the human mind could have conceived. Diseased people of every sort mixed freely in the crowds; open sores exposed to the cold and dust and microbes, made him think of the Dublin jarvey who, when asked to explain why doctors used formerly to send patients to live on the banks of the Liffey, where the odours were so dreadful that people in good health could hardly endure them, said, "Ah! sure the smells is that bad they kill all the germs."

Little children, maimed and lamed, seemed to fill any crevices not already filled with adults; and the streams of people pushing and jostling one another were only varied, and that for the worse, when sedan-chairs were carried by, and the impact of the crowd increased.

The Church and Catechist were first visited, and the young doctor heard how the original church had been destroyed and the Mission work abandoned for a time, and that the present building was opened in 1871.

Not being able to speak to Mr. Tse, the catechist, and his small son, "Fragrant Lily," Dr. Apricot smiled and bowed after the manner of Mr. Greyman, and patted "Fragrant Lily" on the head. Mrs. Tse had not expected visitors and hid herself, not having time to put on the glory of her many-coloured best clothes.

Then they passed through more narrow dirty streets till they came to the Opium Hospital or Refuge. This was a small two-storied building having four wards in which, small as they were, fifteen to twenty patients had been treated at a time during the seventies when a resident medical man had been in charge for a few years, while some three or four thousand out-patients had been treated

annually in the room used below as a dispensary during that time. The doctor had been obliged to return home about three years previously on account of his wife's health, but the return was, alas, made too late to save her life.

So here was the little building, empty it is true, not over clean, also, but when put into good condition as regards the latter point, to what possibilities would it lend itself? What would that building and its future occupants become as a factor in his life? thought the new-comer.

And as the young doctor, in the freshness of his first zeal and consecration, stood looking at the sphere of work he had come out to, and for which the devil suggested to him "he had left what would have been a lucrative career at home," he quickly repelled the evil suggestion by there and then, in his own heart, reconsecrating himself to God for the upraising and helping of the poor people among whom he had come to dwell.

Mr. Greyman looked at his silent companion and wished he would overflow and speak of his desires and aspirations for the work; but Dr. Apricot having much power of discernment, saw that it would not only be premature on his part to speak of alterations, but that his doing so would probably prejudice him in the eyes of the older workers who for so many years had been bearing the "burden and heat of the day." "Time enough," thought he, "when I feel my feet under me, and have climbed some way up the Great Wall of the Chinese language, which at present separates me from so many thousands of my fellow-beings." "By my God must I leap over this wall," he thought, adapting Psalm xviii. 29 to his present need.

How long he stood there on the narrow path between the frozen shrubs, gazing at the small building before him, Dr. Apricot could not have told anyone. Mr. Greyman had moved away to speak to a passer by, and when he

returned Dr. Apricot was making an entry in his notebook.

"When can I begin the language?" asked he of the Senior Missionary.

"To-morrow morning—we have secured teachers for both you and Mrs. Apricot. You can read on the verandah outside your own room, a table and a couple of chairs will have been put there to-day, and Mrs. Apricot had better read with her teacher in the dining-room between breakfast and tiffin (lunch), where she will be warmer."

When they returned to the Mission house, they found the ladies had gone to see a Biblewoman who was in trouble, and had not yet returned. They all assembled, however, in time for "tiffin," as the midday meal was termed.

In the afternoon the other Missionaries living in the city came to be introduced to the new-comers, some remaining to the evening meal and later still to evening worship.

They all fell in love with the pretty bride with her blue eyes and fair wavy hair, and wondered how the pink roses in her cheeks would wear in the hot months of the coming Chinese summer.

One lady, in sombre garments and an equally sombre face, as gently as she could without as she trusted hurting the young bride's feelings, "hoped all her dresses were not so pretty; for work among the heathen, the plainer the material and make the better."

How little any of those present at all realized that a new type of Missionary had arrived upon the scene, who would introduce, not a different Gospel, or a new way of salvation, but a more natural—healthily natural—life, a more energetic outdoor life, more home-like than had yet asserted itself in their midst. And who present that afternoon could anticipate the new world of interest, medical and religious, that would develop under the hard

work and indefatigable zeal of the new doctor and his wife.

When at last they reached the privacy of their own room, Mrs. Apricot and her husband exchanged confidences.

"They are excellent people, Gertie, but need a little fun to make them more natural."

"Oh! Charles, how like you, and I have been admiring them so much, and wondering if I could alter my dresses and flatten my hair to look more like dear Mrs. Greyman," replied the young wife wistfully.

"Now, Gertie, leave your little head alone, and wear your clothes just as they are, they suit you better so. Think how it will rest me coming in from the sights and the smells of my work to see my bright little wife sweet and fresh as she always is."

"But, Charles, do be serious," she began—

"My beloved, I am as serious as I can be. Don't worry your mind about these things, be the bright, happy little woman God made you, and do the work that falls to you in your own way, and in time your influence will tell in its own line. It would not be natural for you to be like Mrs. Greyman. She is an excellent missionary and has her own sphere of influence which she exercises in a way natural to her." "We must belong to the 'Cheer Up' Society from this day forth," he said, "a secret society of our own."

"How like the Chinese, Charlie," and she laughed softly—"I was told to-day China is honeycombed with secret societies, and you are here only twenty-four hours and have already started a secret society of your own."

CHAPTER II

THE NEW DOCTOR BEGINS WORK UNDER DIFFICULTIES,
BUT DECIDES THAT EACH STUMBLING BLOCK MUST
BE MADE A STEPPING-STONE TO A NEW HOSPITAL.

THE first three weeks had passed swiftly away for the doctor and his wife; each day had been filled with some hours of language study, and if at times the Chinese language seemed like an impenetrable wall between them and the natives, and their hearts seemed to sink within them, the doctor would cheerily rise to the occasion with some fun or jest and they would sit down again more hopefully to the next lesson.

One day when a mistake of tone in saying a word created some momentary merriment at the expense of the doctor, he joined in the laugh as heartily as any one present, and a moment later asked, "When do four p's in succession lead to a fifth?"

As no one could at the instant reply, he continued, "By perpetual prayer and patient perseverance, proficiency is attained even in the Chinese language."

"Good!" said the Senior Missionary "that is exactly the spirit to maintain and you will wrestle through in time."

The dispensary and small hospital were during these weeks undergoing a thorough cleaning preparatory to re-opening.

The house occupied by the last doctor who had worked the hospital, was now occupied by a Missionary and his

wife who were removing in a few weeks to an out station further inland.

It was thought wise however that before the dispensary was opened Dr. and Mrs. Apricot should take up residence in the house in the medical compound. And as house-keeping is so differently managed in China from house-keeping at home, it was considered a good plan for Mrs. Apricot to add to her Chinese study Chinese housekeeping, that she might have less difficulty when the menage would be under her own control.

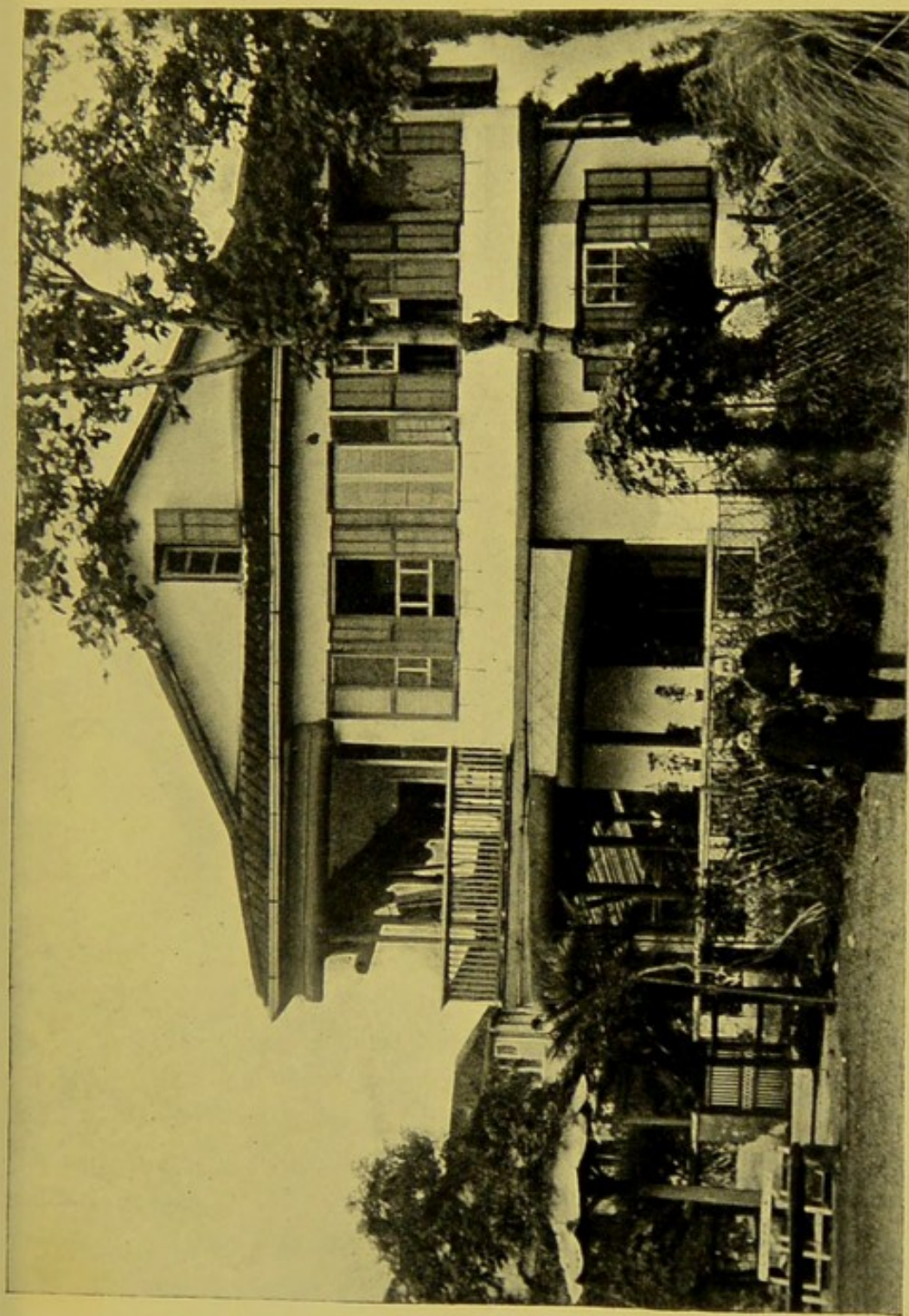
As the language was his primary duty Dr. Apricot only opened the dispensary twice a week, and the small hospital wards above it were again opened for a few Opium cases and some general cases, which it otherwise would have been no use treating.

Mr. Steadman, their host, a kind brotherly man, acted as interpreter, and Mrs. Apricot acted as nurse and dresser to the women, and the out-patients.

After the spring day which saw the departure of their host and hostess for their new sphere of work, the doctor and his wife felt indeed alone. The servants who had so far waited upon them accompanied the Steadmans to their out-station aforementioned and some raw Chinese young men, for a very small wage, agreed to come in, and keep the house clean and make themselves generally useful.

The cook, "Obedient Service," who had been highly recommended by someone in the Mission, thinking the young couple would take for granted all he did as correct and proper, took advantage of their lack of the Chinese language and inexperience of the country, and added to their difficulties in numerous ways.

Ultimately "Obedient Service," having frequently proved himself *disobedient* and untrustworthy, was discharged, and for a short time it seemed as if their difficulties were increased.



Dr. Apricot's House.

To face p 10.



At last an out-patient, who had quickly recovered from some small wounds through the surgical help rendered him by the doctor, heard of their need for another coolie and offered to come and do his best.

"Arrived-late" (for such was the man's name) was a willing, good-tempered, and obedient fellow, and must have been born a cook, for he learnt so quickly and so well to prepare European meals that he became a great authority on English cooking among the servants of the foreigners, and was for many years the reliable friend and servant of the doctor and his wife. Much responsibility has to be put upon the head-servant in a mission house where both master and mistress spend all their time doing the work of Him Who sent them. Chinese servants are of course utterly raw and ignorant of European ways and methods to begin with, but if pains are taken at first to teach them firmly and kindly, no better servants can be found than they turn out to be. The necessity for cleanliness and tidiness, both in their person and in their work, has to be taught. Still, all things considered, the doctor and his wife were often astonished how soon these difficulties were overcome, and with what faithfulness their own servants served them.

The Dispensary work in the mornings, though very light during the cold weather, increased as the warmer weather came by leaps and bounds, and became a very formidable undertaking. As many as 200 or 250 out-patients would crowd round the gate, long before it was time to open the dispensary.

As the hours of those hot mornings passed swiftly away, each individual was interviewed by the doctor, his case diagnosed, prescriptions written, or dressings ordered, all of which were attended to by the doctor's wife and the native assistant, under the doctor's supervision. He was thus training his wife and the Chinese

helper, the former having a gift for doctoring and nursing, and the latter showing much aptitude for copying anything he saw done in the way of dressings, and having developed the grace of obedience, a charming and essential quality in a beginner, which was no doubt much appreciated by the doctor, whose hands were more than full at this time.

And to one and all of the motley crowd the Gospel was preached by the catechist. No one passed in to the doctor's room but through the waiting hall, where the catechist faithfully expounded the truth as it is in Jesus.

General patients were cured; by operation sight was given to several persons who were blinded with cataract; others almost sightless through ophthalmia had their vision cleared; many lepers had their sufferings alleviated, though they were not cured. A dumb patient, whose tongue was tied and who could have been relieved, failed to come for the operation, otherwise one might have added, the dumb were made to speak!

So many and great were the wonderful cures which the Chinese beheld that on more than one occasion they even brought their dead, as if to try if the great Western doctor could raise them to life again.

Accommodation was appallingly meagre; the odours from the dirty people who thought it wise to wash their bodies only on the seventh day of the seventh moon, and from dirtier clothes, foul diseases, and malodorous wounds, in a temperature of 93 degrees in the shade, can hardly be imagined.

The work proved most exhausting, and as the heat increased week by week, each day as it passed determined the doctor that new premises must be available before the hot season of another year. And great as the work was which each dispensary day brought, it only revealed to him the inadequacy of treating serious cases as out-patients.

"Heaven's First-born" was such a case. The doctor after careful diagnosis prescribed, and the medicine was made up, then he himself began instructions.

"You are in much pain, brother."

"Those words are true, much pain is my misfortune."

"You would be better lying down."

"Alas! my bed is in the cooking apartment, and the smoke of the fire makes me cough the more—can the foreign doctor not keep me here?"

"Very sorry, but the beds of the hospital are full; I have no room for you."

"My heart is sad, and my body full of pain, can the doctor not cure me?" whined the patient again.

"Yes, yes! I understand and am very sorry," replied the doctor. "Now cheer up! We must both try; you must be sure and take this medicine as I tell you. Here it is—take it three times every day. Every day three times."

"Just so," answered the patient, "but there is so little here. Can I not have a bigger bottle?"

"No, there is enough in this bottle for two days, come back on the third day," said Dr. Apricot.

"But, doctor," argued Heaven's First-born, "that man has only been a few times to hear the good doctrine, and I have sat many times, yet he has a bigger bottle of medicine than this one!"

"That has nothing to do with the medicine," Dr. Apricot replied once more. "His bottle is to wash the sore on his leg with; yours is strong medicine to take internally, *i.e.*, to drink. Now slowly, slowly walk away, and take the medicine after food three times a day," and the doctor smiled to himself.

"Is it not funny?" he said in English to his wife, "that poor man thought the longer he listened to the preaching the more medicine he would get. I fear he has gone off now with the idea the more preaching he listens

to, the more efficacious (the stronger, I mean) his medicine will be! I hope he will not be disappointed."

Late in the afternoon of the same day the doctor was sent for to see a patient who was taken much worse, and thought to be dying.

He hurriedly rose from his reading, dismissed his teacher, and went quickly with the man who had brought the message.

It turned out to be "Heaven's First-born," who, having taken his first dose of medicine, and feeling some good result as he thought, decided if a little was so beneficial, how much more quickly would he recover if he drank a bigger dose, so he had taken the other five doses intended for two days, and was now feeling the effects.

Not unprepared for such a contingency, the doctor had put an emetic in his pocket, and promptly administered a dose which quickly relieved the sufferer. This incident impressed upon him the absolute necessity of a bigger hospital in which to receive serious cases as in-patients.

Two days of incessant rain and the doctor awoke one morning to find the world a new place to him, the heavy thunder of the previous night had cleared the atmosphere, and a glorious day, fresh and cool, greeted him.

Not being a dispensary day he set off early to see his private patients, who for the benefit of his medical help were willing to pay fees, which he welcomed in so far as they could be devoted to the extension of his work.

While the doctor was away two women were brought to the hospital by their husbands from a distance, having each of them the same complaint, and having come from the same town called "Beyond-the-Stream," some thirty miles away, and yet neither of them knew the other.

Mrs. Apricot went to see the new-comers, and found both were suffering with ulcerated legs in a very severe form. Her first business was to put them into beds in

the women's hospital (as the three unsavoury looking rooms were called), which contained seven beds apportioned to the severest cases among the female patients. It was divided from the men's hospital by a short distance, and had its own little dining-room for the patients. The necessary kitchen and outbuildings completed its possibilities in the direction of a hospital.

Having taken over the charge of these poor helpless women, she proceeded to inquire what had brought them so far from their home as "Heaven-Below." She was informed that their husbands had heard of the wonderful cures the Western doctor was making and had made on other sick folk in "Heaven-Below," and they thought they would see if he could cure their wives.

They had been brought in native sedan-chairs to the hospital entrance, and then carried by their respective husbands on their backs from there to the hospital ward.

When the doctor returned Mrs. Apricot had already washed and prepared the patients for him to see them.

Mrs. Dang was suffering from an ulcerated leg of the worst description. It was so offensive that no one could be persuaded to go near her to render her any assistance, so Mrs. Apricot with her usual patience and faithfulness washed and attended the patient and dressed the poor leg, which even with a plentiful supply of carbolic and Condy, was a most repulsive performance.

"How old are you, mother?" asked Mrs. Apricot.

"Four tens and a half have passed over my head," she replied, to Mrs. Apricot's surprise, for the woman looked much older, probably owing to the extreme pain she had suffered.

"Have you any children?" asked the missionary.

"No, lady, all are dead, and our people are dead. I have no one but my husband," replied the patient.

"Who attends to you?" then asked the missionary, wondering who could bear the awful smell.

"Only my husband. He is a tailor, and has to do the cooking and washing and cleaning as well. I am a great trouble to him. Do you think the great doctor will cure me?" she asked pleadingly.

"Your leg is exceedingly bad, little mother; the bone is exposed from knee to ankle. I dare not say you can be cured the way you mean," replied Mrs. Apricot, kindly.

With the good food and special cleanliness and tonics the woman's appearance soon changed in a remarkable manner. Her very expression altered. During her ministrations to the poor woman Mrs. Apricot passed the time telling her of God's love and of the salvation Jesus came from heaven to earth to bring.

Mrs. Dang became greatly interested, and loved the gentle lady who so tenderly cared for her comfort and spoke such marvellous words of the God who loved and cared for her.

"Too good to be true words," she said.

With the other cases now in the wards and the assistance she gave in the dispensary, Mrs. Apricot had to secure the help of a native woman as nurse. She proved, however, not of much service, and positively refused to help Mrs. Dang. In time, probably from the good example set by Mrs. Apricot, and having fortified herself by stuffing orange peel tightly up her nose to prevent her olfactory nerve from exercising its proper function, she at last was willing to attend on Mrs. Apricot during the process of dressing the leg. Finding her precautions so successful, she vainly begged Mrs. Apricot to avail herself of the like benefit!

One day, Mrs. Dang, having listened most attentively to her kind and gentle nurse as she explained the great importance of prayer, begged to know "how it was at all possible she could pray, seeing she could not kneel down?"

"Man looks at the outward appearance, Mother,"

answered Mrs. Apricot, "but the loving God looks at the heart. If your heart prays, God will hear, for He knows you cannot kneel down."

She was much comforted by this assurance. "Teach me then to pray, lady," begged the patient, which Mrs. Apricot most willingly did, feeling from the evident sincerity of the woman she was groping her way towards God.

Meanwhile her leg did not improve, and when her husband came after six weeks to see how she was getting on, he was much disappointed.

The doctor interviewed him, and told him that only amputation would save her life. But to this he would not listen; and while both he and his wife were very grateful for all the kindness and care she had received, they said "Good-bye," and left the hospital, both of them in tears.

Mrs. Ma, who had arrived the same day as Mrs. Dang, was a more robust woman in appearance, and had not been suffering with ulceration for so long a time.

Hence when the doctor saw her, he gave some hope of her ultimate recovery.

In a few weeks her leg showed unmistakable signs of healing; the constant purification of it had not been in vain. To hasten her cure, the doctor decided to graft new skin on the leg.

Although considerably afraid, yet she allowed the doctor to take a little nip of skin from her arm for the first graft. When Mrs. Apricot looked round for the nurse she had fled, being so afraid she might be asked for a little skin also.

Mrs. Apricot assured her she also was going to give a graft off her arm, and when she saw this done, the nurse tremblingly held out her arm for the third graft to be taken from her. Shutting her eyes as tightly as possible, she exclaimed while it was being done:—

"God, God, God," trembling all the while until the bandage had been securely laid over the little raw place.

As the doctor wished to teach his wife for future cases how to nip, he now had a graft taken by her from his own arm, and the fifth she took under his direction from the arm of the assistant.

In two days' time, when the leg was once more looked at, the progress proved most satisfactory. In a few weeks it was completely cured, and she was able to return to her own home.

She was not so ignorant of divine truth as Mrs. Dang, as she had frequently attended the mission-hall at "Beyond-the-Stream," the out-station from which she came. Still, during her stay in hospital, she was more personally and definitely taught. She became so much in earnest as to ask for baptism, but it was thought wiser to delay her a few months for still further instruction.

Her absolute faith in prayer was very beautiful, and it was no uncommon thing to find her kneeling up on her bed in prayer when the nurse or doctor came into the ward. She learnt the Lord's Prayer, hymns, &c., herself, and taught them to other patients in the wards. What truth she herself received she endeavoured to pass on to others. Her husband turned out, on inquiry, to be a catechumen at his own home, and shortly after she returned to "Beyond-the-Stream" they had the joy of receiving baptism together.

One thing leads to another, and these women coming from the small town of "Beyond-the-Stream" led to the doctor going from time to time for a day's dispensary work there.

A few months after Mrs. Dang returned home, on one such visit of the doctor's, he was surprised to see poor Mrs. Dang carried in in a large flat basket in a very exhausted condition to the dispensary.

"Your leg is very much worse," he said, after looking at what was by that time even more foul and loathsome than it had been before.

"Can you do nothing, doctor?" the husband asked.

"Nothing at all, except remove it altogether, and that I should be afraid to do now, she is so very feeble," he replied, sympathetically.

They told him that they had both become willing he should operate.

But again he objected, saying he "could not take the responsibility."

They pleaded so much that finally they prevailed with him to undertake to remove the leg, and in a few days Mrs. Apricot received her again into the ward.

The weather was still extremely hot, and the distress of having such a case in such close proximity was indeed great.

The operation was obliged to be deferred for a week or more, as the patient was too weak to undergo the shock.

While tonics and nourishment were being freely poured into the poor woman's body, spiritual food was being freely given to her soul, and she frequently expressed her faith in Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of her sins, and asked for baptism.

The day before the operation she was baptised, and early on the following morning Mrs. Apricot ran across the compound thinking to cheer and encourage her for the awful ordeal before her.

To her surprise "Received-Love" (as her baptismal name was) was as bright as possible.

"Do you feel fear, little Mother?" Mrs. Apricot asked gently, taking her hand.

"Only a little; the good God has strengthened my heart," the patient replied.

"Praise God for answered prayer," said Mrs. Apricot, fervently.

This was by far the biggest operation which had yet been performed; and the doctor may be forgiven if he felt nervous as he thought of the microby operation room, no certificated anæsthetist, only a clerical missionary, to give the chloroform, while his poor wife had to attend to the patient and hold the leg to be severed.

In three-quarters of an hour the poor woman was comfortably in bed, and the result had to be waited for.

When she recovered consciousness her sense of relief was intense. The operation was a complete success. The patient rapidly recovered her strength; indeed in a few months she was much stronger than she had been for very many years.

A wooden leg was made by the carpenter under the doctor's direction and soon adjusted; she was taught to walk, and learnt to such good purpose that in a short while after her first lesson she walked over a quarter of a mile to the big Chinese church, to openly thank God for her recovery and make her public confession of faith, and to be received into the church as a member of Christ.

"It's no use, Gertie," said Dr. Apricot, when the operation was over, "we must really write home and represent matters strongly to the committee and ask for funds to build a decent healthy hospital. We can do much more work in a much better way if we have suitable buildings and appliances. Besides, it is not healthy for us to be shut up so very long with such foul smells. We are sent out here to glorify God by our *life's work*, and we must do it as far as possible under the healthiest conditions we can get in such a land as this."

"I feel I shall not be able to go on much longer if we don't get better buildings," she said, gently. "I have not been so well lately."

"Cheer up, we will write and ask for funds, and we will pray to God to touch hearts even now to provide the funds to meet our request when it reaches home."

He kissed his wife's tired face and went at once to write the letter.

The letter, when it was written, "was spread out before the Lord," as one did in olden time and as the saints of God have done many a time since, and God, who loves to be trusted by His children, answered the faith of His servants then, though they knew it not "till many days hence."

CHAPTER III

EXPLAINS HOW DOCTOR APRICOT SUCCEEDED IN OBTAINING SOME FUNDS AND THEN ADDED TO THEM BY INCREASING HIS OCCUPATIONS.

“CHARLES, the mail has come in, do come as soon as ever you can, and let us read our letters together”; Mrs. Apricot had put her head through the half-open door of the dispensary.

There had been a larger crowd of out-patients than usual, and it was past the ordinary time for the doctor to have returned to his Chinese language study.

The temperature was over ninety-five degrees in the shade and the waiting room was still full, though the verandah was almost empty; yet as the doctor looked up at her eager face and knew how she had been longing for her home letters he felt reluctant to disappoint her. If he sent her back to read them alone the pleasurable ones would only be half enjoyed, she had such a child's heart this wife of his: and if there was bad news, she would bear the brunt of it alone, before he could return to share it with her.

“Come and help me, Gertie, many of those are simple cases, which you know well, they are to be dressed the same as usual. We shall get through them quicker if we do them together, and I am very late as it is this morning.”

Mrs. Apricot had not been allowed in the dispensary for a few mornings, as with the cases of sick women in the

small ward, she had had her hands quite full in doing their dressings and ablutions, in addition to her home duties.

In course of time the last patient was attended to, and the last greeting was returned, and the doctor was told "his goodness was so great and his compassion beyond expression," the patient "had no words to describe it, that he would live to a very great age and have dozens of boy-children of his own."

And the good-tempered man, as he washed instruments and smiled at the departing grandmother, devoutly hoped these latter blessings might escape him, unless a salary equal to the occasion came with it.

"There, that makes two hundred and fifty this morning—we really must have more air, and bigger waiting rooms when we get our new hospital, it almost finishes me," and the doctor wiped his head as he put on his sun-hat and took the sun umbrella from his wife's hand to hold it over her as they crossed the compound to their own home.

"Charles, you must change first, your clothes are wet through with the heat, it really is not safe for you to sit down as you are; run up and change your things and I will sort the letters before you are downstairs again."

"Now," she said, when refreshed by a rub down and a dry change of raiment, the doctor looked a little less like a boiled lobster, "home letters first in this pile, those are from the Society, and this pile from strangers."

They read on for some time, at last she exclaimed, "How delighted they all are about baby! I knew they would be, and what lovely things they are sending for him. But oh, Charles, the sweet little blue silk socks will be months too small for wee Ronald when they get here, and they have quite forgotten he is five months old now."

"Well, cheer up, Gertie, you can give them to a Chinese baby. They need not be useless."

"As if I should indeed," she said in indignant tones,

"and his own dear grannie knitted them for his own dear little feet. You couldn't expect that, Charles."

"Well, my child, you shall do as you like with them," he said, rising. "That is the last of the home letters, and I must be off to see the European and American patients now, there are a few down with fever and other ailments. We will do the other letters after tiffin."

The doctor was into his chair and the coolies picked him up and were out of sight with him immediately, and Mrs. Apricot sat down to her Chinese reading with her teacher.

After two hours steady study she dismissed that gentleman and ran in to look at baby Ronald, who was awake and beginning to take notice of things in his baby fashion.

Sending Amah to get her midday meal, she played with her child until seeing his little eyes heavy with sleep, she put him back into his cradle and lifted up some little garment from her basket and began sewing.

When the noise of the chair coolies lowering the chair came up from the verandah below, Mrs. Apricot hastened down to her husband, and Amah returned to her post in the nursery.

At tiffin the doctor was in high spirits, all his patients in the Mission houses were going on well. He had a new patient at the Arsenal, and two important Chinese officials had sent for him while he was out. Three big houses had also sent messages that he was wanted: a child was ill in one house, another was a young man, the disease he did not know, and the third was a mid-wifery case of a stubborn nature, so he must go off again at once and would not be back for some hours.

"Poor Charles, you do have to work hard, and in this temperature, too," said his wife, who could hardly touch any food, the heat was trying her so much.

"What about the letters?" she asked presently as the doctor helped himself to some juicy lichi.

"They must wait until I get back, but I don't know when that will be. Be sure you lie down and rest, don't wait tea or dinner for me if I am late. If you have time get your letters ready for the mail, and finish my home letter, you will find it begun. Don't worry about me; cheer up, and kiss my son for me. I have no time to look in and see him. Now, good-bye, sweetheart, take care of yourself," and in another moment Dr. Apricot was off again.

The chair coolies had let down the blinds of the chair, so, though his wife watched him start away, it was no use to wave her usual farewell.

She ran upstairs to look at baby, and found him still asleep; Amah had tucked in the mosquito net safely to keep off flies, and was fanning patiently beside the cot. If she stopped for a few moments, great beads of perspiration stood on the baby's face, head, hands, and arms.

"I think lady much better go sleep all same as baby; this day too hot, lady look very tired," said the woman, as she looked in her mistress's face.

"I think I will," replied Mrs. Apricot, and closed the netting of the crib a little more securely, and then turned to go to her own room. The shutters were closed to keep out the sun, and she lay down on a long native cane chair and closed her eyes.

In a very short time a great noise of shouting and crying was heard as from the little hospital or dispensary at the other end of the compound, and in a few minutes a knock at the door told her she was wanted.

"A woman had taken poison," the hospital coolie said, "and was quite unconscious, indeed she looked nearly dead."

So there was no time for rest, and Mrs. Apricot went at once to try the usual antidotes found useful in such cases.

But alas! when she heard how long the poor creature had been unconscious, she realized there was very little probability of her recovery, which proved to be the case.

The story was not an uncommon one. Ah-sing had been displeased with his wife, and scolded her, the "mother-in-law's fist," proverbially heavy in China, had maintained its reputation, adding only fuel to the fire, and the woman had, by taking a large dose of opium, effectually ended her earthly troubles. But my readers must not think all this was coherently explained in a few words. It was only after much difficulty that this pitiful story was pieced together, for the noise of crying and scolding went on while all Mrs. Apricot's efforts were being put forth on the poor creature's behalf, and although entirely unavailing, there was no sorrow evinced by the relatives; only indignation at the mean way the poor ill-treated woman had revenged the wrongs she felt at last too heavy to be borne. At last, when some amount of quiet could be obtained, the husband, who had arrived late upon the scene, asked:

"May I leave the body here until night-fall, that the coffin may be brought after dark to take her away, lady?"

"Yes, he might do that," Mrs. Apricot answered.

"Would she permit his mother and her aunt to remain with the body?" he asked anxiously, for in his mind was the oft repeated rumour that the efficacy of Western medicine was due to the fact that it was made of the contents of the human stomachs of those who died in the hospital, or were otherwise got hold of for the purpose.

Permission was willingly given, and Mrs. Apricot remained for some time trying to make the two women realize the sin of allowing "angry passions to goad a young creature like that to take her own life."

But nothing of this feeling could be produced in the mind of either relative. What they did think of was the expense of the funeral, and later on the further expense of buying a new wife for the now wifeless husband.

At last, leaving the Biblewoman to try and succeed

where she had failed, Mrs. Apricot passed once more across the compound to her own home.

"Arrived-late," her cook and general man of affairs, quickly made her some afternoon tea, and, placing it on the now shaded verandah, she sat down to recuperate her tired body before writing her home letters.

As she sat there taking tea alone, a couple of sedan-chairs were carried across the compound, and very soon Mrs. Greyman and her husband joined her on the verandah.

"How is the good doctor?" began Mr. Greyman, "busy as usual, I suppose."

"Yes, indeed," replied the doctor's wife, "we have not had time to read the letters yet, except of course our own home ones."

"Ah! then you have not heard some good news. When Doctor Apricot returns tired and worn out, while he gets some food, advise him to let you read him the remainder of his letters," he said kindly, noticing the young wife's weary looks.

"How is the baby?" asked Mrs. Greyman. "I hope he does not feel this terrible heat too much for him."

"Baby is such a treasure, I must fetch him for you to see, as soon as I have given you some tea," Mrs. Apricot answered, her face lighting up as she spoke; "and he is so well, I am glad to say."

As soon as she had done her duty as hostess, she ran off and fetched the baby, and then, as was natural, a little baby-worshipping went on. Little Ronald crowed and laughed in such a pretty way that for a time he wiped out the sorrowful scenes she had so lately been through.

After baby had gone back to his Amah, Mrs. Apricot told them of her experiences since her husband had left home, and they quite realized what a fatiguing day she had passed through; so, as soon as they could, the kind

people took their leave, begging her to try and rest a little while before her husband's return.

She had, however, the mail to prepare, so as quickly as possible she sat down to her writing.

A noise on the verandah roused her, and two Chinese women nodded and smiled back at her.

"Lady, have you leisure?" asked one.

"Truthfully no, I have not," thought the lady, but second thoughts quickly followed the first, and she remembered these were some "of His other sheep" whom she must try and win for Jesus the Great Shepherd, so she rose up saying:

"Leisure, truly, if I can help you. Pray sit down."

"I have an ulcerated leg, lady," answered the younger woman, "and a neighbour of mine came to you early to-day, and you gave her much cloth and good medicine and she has sent me. Will you heal my leg, too?"

So Mrs. Apricot took them down to the dispensary and did what she could, then invited them to come again in two days, and returned to take up her writing once more.

As she sat down and dipped her pen in the ink Amah came in with baby. "Could the lady carry baby for a while, and she would get her supper," she wanted to know.

So taking baby to the nursery she undressed him, sponging him and putting on his little night-gown; she then gave him his supper, and when he slept laid him in his crib once more.

On Amah's return, she ran off to change her dress, for the exertions she had just been through had left her clothes damp upon her shoulders.

"Now once more for those letters," she thought, as she went down to her writing table.

Alas! for the best laid schemes of mice and men! Before she reached the table she discovered the lamp was smoking and the room filled with the consequent smell of

its having done so. It was the work of some time to have it rectified, and then supper was ready, and as the doctor might be some hours yet, she sat down to her solitary meal.

When one eats alone a meal is soon over, and as Mrs. Apricot went once more back to her writing, she began to feel that sickening weariness that warns one the last straw has almost been reached.

Still the letters must be done. She sat down and dashed off a few short notes, finished off her home journal, took up her husband's letter and added a few lines and closed it; then from sheer exhaustion she leaned her head on her arms and dropped asleep.

An hour later she awoke chilled through, the wind had sprung up, and she had been sitting in a draught.

At that moment Dr. Apricot's chair was put down on the verandah.

"I am sorry it is so late, Gertie, but I am both tired and hungry; come and talk to me while I have a meal," he said.

He ran off to wash his hands, while "Arrived-late" brought in the doctor's supper, and his wife wrapped herself in a shawl and carried in the letters to read to him.

Out of the first she opened dropped a cheque for £1,700 towards the new hospital from a liberal bequest left to the Society for work in China.

The letter of permission to build and other instructions were read. Both weary missionaries rejoiced so at the good news and felt so "lifted" with joy they forgot their tiredness and the troubles of the day and became quite lively.

"Why, Charles, it has picked you up like a tonic," she said, and he answered briskly,

"I must begin my plans to-morrow and secure that waste piece of land." Then another letter was opened

and another "cheer up" was given by the promise of a subscription later and most probably a few more to send with the writer's own, "but how was it to be sent?"

"We will soon write and tell them, won't we, Charlie?" she cried cheerfully, "but will this be enough to pay all expenses?"

"Oh no, I fear not, but I mean now to appeal for help out here from Chinese officials and the Europeans and Americans both here and at Shanghai, and the fees I get for attending these good people will help to keep us going after we once get started."

"But, Charles, you won't be strong enough to keep on like this?"

"Not like to-day, but every day is not as busy as this one or as hot, thank God."

"Now we must have prayer and thank God for all His mercy this day and for answered prayer in sending these funds, ay! and the paying patients, too—for that also means money for the relief of these poor suffering people."

Then they went to look at baby, and Mrs. Apricot at last had time to tell of her own busy day and ask after the latest patients her husband had seen, and they rejoiced that the poor woman had come safely through her peril to the relief of herself and the thanksgiving of her husband, seeing that the baby when it arrived was a *boy*.

On his way to bed the doctor got out of his private drawer the plans he had drawn up for his hospital and looked longingly at them.

"Well, we shall have it all in time if we have patience," he murmured.

It was twelve o'clock as he wound up his watch; he noticed he had been up nineteen hours, and on the rush all the time. Yet even so this energetic doctor said to himself—"I will rest three or four hours, and be off early

to-day to treat about that waste land, for now we can lay our foundations and begin to build, seeing I have not only a prospect of funds for building, but by working hard at my private practice I shall have funds to enable me to keep it going to some definite extent." No wonder he slept peacefully the sleep of the just !



responsibility of architect, head builder, general overseer, lecturer in theory and practice to his students, general practitioner in the city and to the American and other missionaries, while his practice among the more wealthy Chinese was extending every year, and his influence was felt throughout the city.

This being the case, it will not surprise my readers to know that when in the month of October the day of the laying of the foundation-stone actually arrived, Chinese officials and gentry as well as Europeans, missionaries, and native Christians all assembled to see the ceremony; and the services of thanksgiving were indeed the outpouring of grateful hearts, for all the missionaries at least felt the impetus and blessing the medical work had brought to the Mission.

In May of the following year the new hospital was opened, and every one who by this time knew and loved the good doctor, and had been blessed by his ministrations, mustered upon the premises to congratulate him and wish him good success in his future work.

Foreigners, from the Consul downwards, Mandarins, and lesser officials, city merchants, and natives of every class and distinction, Missionaries, and native Christians, a goodly company indeed, were gathered together.

As the work had been planned with prayer, and the walls had daily risen with renewed prayer, so on this the opening day prayer and praise mingled and intermingled in the special services of the day.

When the opening services were over Chinese fireworks were heard going off in the garden below. Long streams of these crackers tied to long poles are always let off by Chinese at any special time of rejoicing; and this was not to be any exception, for was not the opening of the hospital of "Universal Benevolence" a thing to be greatly rejoiced over? And amidst all the noise large lacquer boards, having Chinese characters upon them,



To face p. 35.

A Patient in Hangchow Hospital when he was
eighteen months old,

Often sitting on the verandah in the cool of the day gazing across the city of "Heaven-below," to the distant hills, Mrs. Apricot, with her own baby in her lap, would tell the old sweet Gospel stories to the Chinese lady and her little boy.

"And we can bring all our troubles to Him," asked Li-T'ai-tai, "this great God, He cares for *us*, even women! it seems too good to be true. I cannot understand it."

"No," replied Mrs. Apricot, "that is quite true; it is so wonderful, and so comforting; we cannot understand such goodness and such compassion, but it is all true, T'ai-Tai. Do not forget it, when you leave here, remember that the God we foreigners have come here to teach people about loves us and wants us to love Him. He wants us to be happy, and we cannot be truly happy until our hearts have learnt to know and love Him."

In course of time S. Pao recovered, and he and his mother, with their attendants, returned home. Whether the mind had grasped Divine truth was doubtful, but the story of God's love had been faithfully told, and the result had to be left for the future.

Many of the patients were chronic cases of all the usual diseases, but their souls were of equal value and interest, although the bodily sufferings of one might be greater than those of another, and to each and all the salvation of Jesus was proclaimed.

Four of the patients about this time accepted the truths of Christianity, and after due preparation were baptised.

One woman who was blind could indeed praise God for the light of the glory of God which had penetrated her dark soul.

Another of the patients at this time became an earnest Christian, and having no home claims and showing unusual intelligence was trained as a nurse to help Mrs. Apricot in the wards.

She was indeed a Dora, or gift, and became a true

helper to many of her native sisters both physically and spiritually.

Having now one reliable nurse, Mrs. Apricot watched for other suitable woman whose hearts God had touched, and began to make them useful in the wards as scrubbers and cleaners, intending to advance them as they showed aptitude for rendering more personal service to others.

One evening while Doctor and Mrs. Apricot were resting after a ceaselessly busy day, and were playing with Ronald, now grown a lovely child nearly two years old, a call came for the doctor to see a patient who had just been brought into the waiting-room.

It turned out to be a case of cut throat. Mrs. Dong was a young girl newly married, who had quarrelled with her husband and then in a fit of temper had cut her throat.

When Dr. Apricot, with Mr. Pao's assistance, had sewn up the throat and safely bandaged the wound, he sent for Mrs. Apricot and Dora, the nurse, to get her settled in one of the private wards.

The following morning, while washing her preparatory to the doctor's visit, the young patient confided the story to the kind-faced English lady who waited on her, in the following way :—

"What made you hurt yourself so badly?" asked Mrs. Apricot, kindly, as she ministered to the young bride. No answer. "You might have lost your life," continued Mrs. Apricot.

"I would not have cared," came in a dejected tone from the patient.

"You are but just married; are you not happy?"

"Ah! no, that is the reason. I had seen another, who wanted me in marriage, and then I would have rejoiced; but it was fated otherwise, and I am not willing to live with my husband, I cannot be happy with him. Why, why! are our customs so hard, that we must marry to

please our parents, and, as the custom chiefly is, to the one who will pay most dowry for us?" answered the patient in low, heart-stricken tones.

The opportunity thus given, Mrs. Apricot, in her sweet, gentle way, spoke on wifely duty and a power greater than our own which would help us to do what was right even when most difficult. Then she talked of the love of God, and His power to help and comfort. The young patient grew quieter, and listened.

As the doctor reported her going on well when the husband called to enquire about her, and suggested she had better remain a few weeks, Mr. Dong allowed "it might be as well if she stayed," and so the matter was settled.

Dora, or Do-Ra, as she was called by the natives, was much interested, and took great pleasure in teaching her to read, giving her lessons every day, and trying to lead her to realize herself as a sinner and Jesus Christ as the Saviour her soul required.

A month or so passed away, and Mrs. Dong became brighter and more reconciled to the life before her, so that when one morning her husband came for her, they made up their quarrel, and, with many thanks to the good doctor and his wife, they departed happily together.

But my readers must not think that the work was always successful, or that the ordinary trials and disappointments did not come to the Missionary and his wife.

On the contrary, they had a double share of anxiety and of hard work; but they were young and had a constant flow of good spirits which, united to a keen sense of humour, came to their rescue, and then they rescued others in their turn.

One evening, as Doctor Apricot went round the wards to see how one or two bad operation cases were going on, he found the following among other causes of annoyance:

"Little-Cat" (a boy), who had been under some

operation, had taken off his bandages to see the size of the cut.

"Honourable-Life" had had his leg set, but the splint felt uncomfortable, so "Honourable-Life" had taken it off.

A breast operation case had felt no pain, so was sitting up in bed and wanted to undo her bandage!

"Millions-of-Generations" had eaten his plaster! He was an old, half-starved man, and probably had not had enough to eat for months.

So the tired doctor, calling an assistant, attended to them one by one as patiently as if it were early morning instead of the fag end of an overfull day.

"You have been a long time, Charles," his wife said, as she looked up from the new frock she was making for little Ronald.

When he told her the detaining cause, she looked up brightly. "Who would believe it?" she said. "They really are queer, dear things, aren't they now?"

"Have you nearly done tying that business?" he asked presently.

Mrs. Apricot stopped to take some pins out of her mouth.

"Do you know what that business is, Charlie?" she asked, answering one question with another.

"I am always afraid to guess; you always make such fun of me when I hazard an opinion," he replied, laughing.

"Well, to-morrow is your son and heir's second birthday, and I am busy making a new dress for him, as he is having a tea party."

"A tea party for Ronald!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Yes, for Ronald. Four Chinese ladies are bringing their little boys—they have all been cured by you—and we are going to have tea, cakes, and games, and so your son must have his new dress smocked and finished before

we go to bed," and the proud mother held up a little blue silk baby frock, which she had almost finished, for her husband to see.

"What a beauty!" he exclaimed. "Won't it spoil?"

"No, sir; and if it soils, it will wash. But your son must put on his best to receive your favourites, 'Seahill,' and 'Born in Orchid-time,' 'Born-old,' and 'Heaven's Glory.'"

"What will such a fine baby's little mother wear to receive her guests in?" asked the doctor.

"Oh! let me see, my pink gown mother sent me is gay and washes well if it gets soiled. It is only a cotton, but it looks very pretty. The natives do not like us to wear all white when we go to see them or they come to see us."

The doctor got up to leave the room.

"Charles," called his wife, "I forgot to say our own Missionaries are coming to tea, and the Consul and some others probably. You must be sure and be on hand to help me."

"Cheer up, then, and if no one sends for me, I will do my best to be useful at home for a change."

The birthday party was a great success. Presents from natives had been coming in all day for "Ba-bee," and were arranged on tables on the verandah. The Missionaries were not behind the Chinese in their little gifts, and a wonderful array of all sorts and kinds of presents was on view all day.

The Chinese little boys, with Ronald in his high chair, had a table on the verandah, and they being older than their little host, were able to eat of the fruit and cakes before them, and of the English birthday cake which "Arrived-late" had made under Mrs. Apricot's direction and iced in correct fashion, putting Ronald's name in Chinese and his birth in the month and year of the reign of the Emperor of China.

"Of course Ronald is having some Chinese cakes" began the doctor, seeing Amah feeding her charge.

"I hope not, he is too young, Charles," said his wife, "Ronald will only have sponge cake and milk."

"Not any birthday cake?"—the doctor was really cutting it to hand round.

"No," said Ronald's mother in a decided little tone. "Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Greyman are waiting for cake," she said aloud, and under her breath she added, "Don't tease, Charlie, please, and *do* hand the cake round quickly."

When tea was over, a pretty little scene took place. All the Chinese boys presented Ronald with a little gift, and then Ronald's father fetched in a tray with four nice sized parcels on it, tied up with red ribbon, and gave one at a time to Ronald, who toddled over first to one of his little guests and then to another, giving each a present in return from himself. As he ran about afterwards laughing and clinging to his father's legs or his mother's skirt, he quite appeared to know he was in some way a person of much importance who had acquitted himself with credit.

The following day Ronald had another present from his mother which he enjoyed best of all, for it was a baby brother.

CHAPTER V

GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF THE OPIUM TRADE WITH CHINA
AND ITS DEGRADING INFLUENCE ON THE PEOPLE.
THE HONORABLE LI GIVES HIS OPINION, AND HELPS
TO PROVIDE MEANS FOR ENLARGING THE OPIUM
REFUGES.

THE scourge of opium smoking in China has been so thoroughly aired in the public press during the last few years, that little need be said here upon the subject in the way of introducing one branch of the medical work of the Hospital of Universal Benevolence.

While the opium traffic was not the sole cause of war between England and China at the end of the "thirties" and beginning of the "forties" of the last century, yet that matters connected more or less with the opium trade, and more rather than less, were intimately associated with the culminating war-ultimatum no one can deny.

By the treaty of Tientsin, 1858, the Chinese were compelled to admit opium into the Empire, and at the time of which this chapter speaks thousands and thousands of victims died annually as a result of the habit which had grown upon them, and to cure which they knew no remedy.

That the trade was an awful curse to China was a fact, no part of the country being really free from it, though the nearer the ports the cheaper the drug, and therefore the more victims fell beneath its power.

And when once the country fell beneath its seductive

spell the inhabitants realized they could not get the opium quick enough, or in sufficient quantities to supply the demand, even though from thirty to forty tons a week were being sent into the country from India. The Chinese therefore took to making it themselves, giving up vast tracts of country, used hitherto for rice production, to growing the poppy.

The degrading effect of this drug upon the population was soon evident. The rich and the poor alike suffered. Officials who, as they said, "played with it," became inert and lax in their duty; merchants in like manner neglected their business; farmers grew careless about their fields, artisans were useless and stupid with the use of the drug as many days in the week as their wages of the previous week were able to provide them with the poison.

Thousands were reduced to skeletons, who, having fallen under the opium snare, preferred opium to food; and when absolute poverty overcame them became objects of repulsion to all around them.

For the drug corrupts the moral sense, destroys every virtue and good feeling, and leads men and women once upright and virtuous to lie, steal and deceive every one they came in contact with, if they can only thereby obtain more of the poison or money to buy it. Men sell up their homes, bring their parents to penury, sell their wives as concubines and their children for lives of sin, if only they can obtain money to buy opium.

Opium dens are sinks of iniquity, and opium smoking is usually associated with all the lowest vices, of many of which it is impossible to write.

Sir Thomas Wade, for many years minister at Peking, said to one of the missionaries when speaking on the opium traffic, "I have only met one Chinaman who defended opium smoking, and he was a non-smoker."

The ignorance evinced by people who defend opium smoking among the Chinese is far beyond that of

people (if there be any now) who defend drunkenness at home.

In "China's Only Hope" an appeal by Chang Chih-ting, one of China's greatest statesmen and formerly Viceroy of Hu-peh, and Hu-nan, says:—

"Oh, the grief and destitution this drug has brought to our people. Opium has spread with frightful rapidity and heartrending results throughout the provinces. Millions upon millions have been struck down by this plague. To-day it is ruining like wild-fire. In its swift and deadly course, it is spreading devastation everywhere, wrecking the minds, eating away the strength and wealth of its victims. The ruin of the mind is the most woeful of its many deleterious effects. This poison enfeebles the will, saps the strength of the body, renders the consumer incapable of performing his regular duties, and unfit for travel from one place to another.

"It consumes his substance, and reduces the miserable wretch to poverty, barrenness, and senility. Unless something is soon done to arrest this awful scourge in its devastating march, the Chinese people will be transformed into satyrs and devils! This is the present condition of our country."

As mentioned in the Preface, the origin of the great Medical Mission now carried on in the city of "Heaven-below" was a small Opium Refuge established in the year 1870, though, some ten years earlier, efforts more or less transient were made to cure the opium habits of those willing to undergo treatment.

And the original purpose has never in the succeeding years been lost sight of, for alongside the general work of the Hospital there has been carried on the work of seeking to rescue the slaves of the opium pipe from this soul-and-body-destroying curse.

In this chapter some illustrations will be given of this

branch of the work as carried on in the Hospital of Universal Benevolence.

One of the first lady patients who asked for the opium cure was Sen T'ai Tai. When she found that her little baby continually cried and would not be satisfied until it had a few whiffs of the opium pipe, she realised the appalling inheritance she was transmitting to her children, and became herself willing at all costs to give up what she saw would be a curse upon their young lives.

She heard the Gospel and learnt passages of scripture and hymns by heart. The music of the latter attracted her greatly, and she managed, with a little help, to make some of them out on the harmonium.

A gentleman who was cured of opium smoking in the Men's Refuge was converted in no half-and-half method during his stay, for in the following months and years he regained, we do not say the position he had lost, but something far in advance; he became a minister of the native church in connection with one of the other Missions, and an able "fisher of men." So one man sows and another enters into his labours and reaps the harvest.

What a tale of saved lives, saved to save others, could the walls of that Opium Refuge unfold! In the last day, when the books are opened, we shall know what can never on earth be fully told—the story of that work.

That the women of China (as well as the men) are addicted to the habit is, alas! too true. One lady missionary wrote to her friend Mrs. Apricot: "Of the many ladies' houses I visit in this city ('Heaven-below') only four are free from the use of the opium drug."

"In one house as I entered, the opium divan was all disarranged, and I asked my hostess if she had been smoking.

"She made excuse, her brother-in-law had been smoking.

"After reading and explaining the Bible to her, she asked if I would buy her a Bible, such as the one I had on a previous day lent to her, and in which she professed much interest.

"One day she came to church; it was the first time at that little church we had had a real Chinese lady. She stayed quite a long time. I had been told since my visit that she smoked opium.

"'You must call me by my name,' she said, 'and let me call you God-mother.'

"I took her hand, saying kindly, 'You would not deceive me. Tell me, do you smoke opium?'

"She smiled, but said, in a frightened voice: 'You will not come to see me if I tell you.'

"'Oh yes, I will,' I answered.

"She then told me she did smoke opium, and had done so for three years."

Mrs. Apricot sighed as she laid down the letter. "So many do it, so many do it," she said, sadly, as she rose up to begin work once more.

In the Men's Opium Refuge much patience and courage were needed in dealing with the cases which came for cure.

During the early period when the drug was first stopped, the patients in their anguish were often rough and abusive. Even that was easier to combat than when they were subtle and ever on one pretence or another breaking rules and bribing some one to smuggle the opium in to them.

What hours of patient teaching and wrestling in faith for God's power to be manifested in these helpless victims often went on! Missionaries and Catechists alike would be worn out before the patient, exhausted with his struggle, would fall asleep. Alas! sleeping only for a while, then waking to go through struggles as severe many an hour longer before the final victory was won.

Most difficult are some cases when the craving is upon them and the victims feel unable to persevere in the course of treatment. Chiefly is the victory won by prayer and by drawing the attention away from their passionate longing for the drug by some means or other.

But the fight against the craving is often nothing less than an agony.

The length of time the opium cure usually takes is one month. By the time these four weeks are passed the patient may safely return home, being free from the desire for it. Scores of cases, even in the early days of the work, had been permanently cured, and, better still, through the cure they and their friends first heard of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and many believed on Him to the saving of their souls.

Over a hundred such cases were in the hospital in one year. Of these a few left in despair, unable to stand the suffering of giving up the drug. Over eighty were under treatment the whole month and left cured. A few were unsatisfactory in other respects, but were cured when leaving; whether they were strong enough to continue in well-doing one could not tell.

The following year as many as 127 opium smokers were treated the full term of cure. Here again, how many of them stood fast on returning home it would be difficult to estimate. The doctor often told people: "These poor patients were like half-burnt sticks, easily rekindled."

"In what way does the giving up of opium affect them?" one interested lady once asked Dr. Apricot.

"The drug-taking produces intense weakness, and when the craving has departed, the system needs many months of good food and tonics to build up the constitution, and you know well, the ordinary Chinaman cannot afford that. Also it takes considerable grit and backbone to break off so formidable a habit—and many a

Chinaman has a very gelatinous something in place of a backbone, and some fall with a very faint struggle."

One case in hospital told the doctor that his average earnings (he was a poor man) were about 100 cash a day, about 2½d. of our English money. He said he always spent 70 cash a day on opium and gave 30 cash to his wife for providing the family with food! His poor wife had to eke out the money by winding silk.

Another time a gentleman asked Dr. Apricot "how much he thought people used in a year on opium?"

"There are many in this city of 'Heaven-Below' whose opium-smoking costs them not less than 400 dols. a year; some families, and that not a few, whose opium bill is over 2,000 dols.; and at least 10,000 dols. a year is consumed in many of the yamens."

A Mr. Li, an official who felt grateful for attentions he had received during an illness, pressed a donation for the work upon the doctor at the close of his illness, saying "You need more room. The work is hard and the good you try to do is great, and for the good of my country people. We know this drug smoking is all bad work, and leads to no good in any one, but for poor people it is ruin, nothing less. I admire your work, and wish you all success with it."

Here we must leave the work at present, but before our story closes we shall see a further stage in the history of this demoralising drug, which has been the wonder of the world.

CHAPTER VI

EXPLAINS WHY LATE HOURS ARE NECESSARY, THOUGH
THEY BEGET TROUBLED DAYS, WITH TEARS AT MID-
DAY AND SMILES AT MIDNIGHT.

I N China lepers are numerous, more especially in Mid-China and the South. They are frequently allotted a dell in which to build their mud huts and live in company; in other cases a street is given over to them, or a village; but in some places asylums are provided by the authorities. One thing is in all parts of the country evident—the unwillingness on the part of the clean to have anything to do with the unclean.

The Chinese themselves cannot tell the cause of the disease. That it is contagious seems very certain, though it comes in many cases without known contact. Some Chinese think that it is due in some instances to people having sheltered through showers of rain under the Cheeking-fa tree. They assert that the rain-water, dropping from the leaves of this tree upon the exposed parts of the body cause leprous eruptions.

In such cases the disease follows the ordinary course of leprosy; the face and ears, or the hands and feet of the sufferer become enlarged, swollen and glossy; finally running sores follow, and the bones of the fingers and toes drop off and the patient loses the limbs one by one."

It is a sad fact that lepers marry amongst themselves and often have families, though the children of such unions do not always themselves develop leprosy

The occupation of lepers is very limited; in some parts they are herded together in a small village or hamlet and have a little ground which they are allowed to till so as to provide rice or sweet potatoes and beans for their own use. Where the land is dear, and ground not available near their hovels, a tax is levied upon the people, and a fixed sum per head is paid to them for food. In cases where the grant, always small, rarely ever sufficing its allotted time, fails, ere the day of payment comes round, lepers frequent shops and refuse to leave, thus preventing any trade going on, until the shopman pays out what they consider a sufficient gratuity from one of such a standing. In other cases they frequent cemeteries and beg from the mourners, who know that if they do not freely respond the bodies will be unearthed and, as they superstitiously believe, the disturbed spirits will return to molest and trouble them in one or all of the four scourges, viz., fire, water, disease, or death. Little wonder, then, believing such to be the case, they give, though unwillingly, to the leper suppliants.

Dr. Apricot, one morning in the summer following the opening of the hospital, had been seeing patients in his consulting room for some hours, and rose, as one patient left the room, going out into the garden where the early summer flowers, roses, lilies, lemon, orange, wisteria, and syringa, were making gladness for all in the compound by their beauty and sweetness.

The doctor's last case was one of the most awfully diseased lepers he had ever seen, or indeed smelt (for the smell of these poor outcasts is often most appalling), and he had come out into the fresh air for a few moments while the small room was disinfected with some carbolic acid, and the fresh air was allowed to blow through it by opening the venetians which were on the sunny side of the room, and had been closed on account of the heat.

As he paced up and down once or twice between the

flowers, his thoughts passed from their purity to the pure and holy Saviour, by whose precious blood the soul, leprous with sin, could be washed and made sweet for the kingdom of God. What must sin look like to the pure all-seeing eye of God? thought he, as he compared the loathsome disease he had just been considering, to a sin-stricken soul.

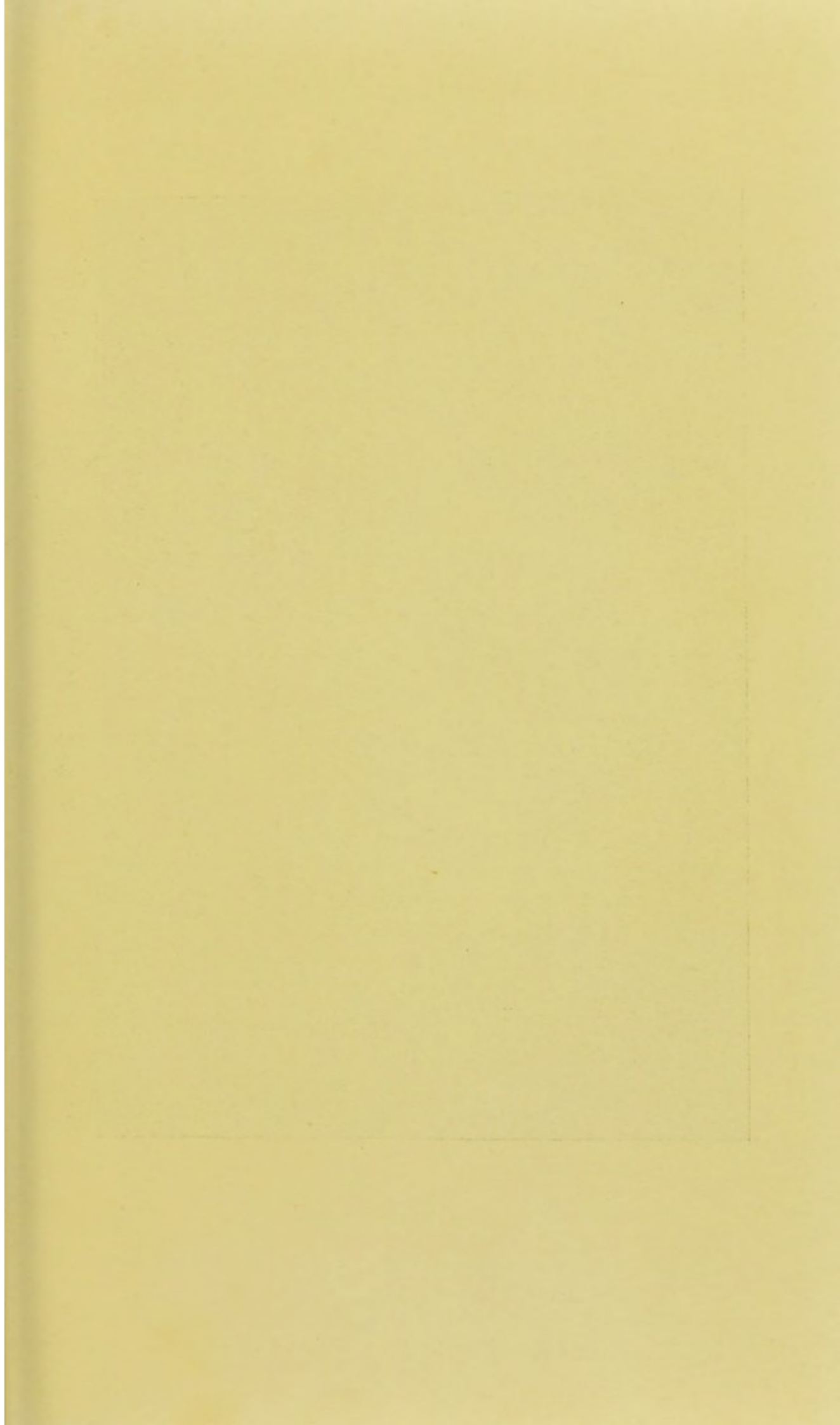
"I must have a leper-house for men and women," he said. "I could alleviate their sufferings and tell them of Jesus Christ as a Saviour from sin, and thus lead them to the joys above—for *here*, there is neither health nor joy for them, poor outcasts."

Having decided this in his own mind, Dr. Apricot returned to his consulting room, took up his case-book, made an entry of the last case in red ink instead of black, blotted it with extreme care, and, though the page was not finished, left it blank, turning over to a fresh page as the next new sufferer presented himself before him.

After all the work of the day was over, the tired doctor sat down in his private room to write letters, which took so long that the small hours of the morning found him still begging for money to buy a piece of land over the wall of his own garden which could be utilized for both men and women lepers, for the time being at any rate. It was a convenient block, having two buildings in two different yards with an enclosing wall, and would be very suitable, he thought, for beginning operations for the relief of these afflicted people.

He was therefore very late going to bed, and, over tired in brain and body, could not sleep when he did get there. Morning dawned all too soon, and with it the noise and hum of city life was once more afloat. Weary, the doctor rose to begin a fresh day without fresh vigour, and the usual duties hung wearily as the hours wore away.

At tiffin, when the doctor and Mrs. Apricot met, she noticed the grey, weary appearance of her husband.





A Group of Christian Lepers.

To face p. 65.

"Charlie, I am sure you are not well," she said.

"No, not quite," he replied, and yawned as he sat down in his chair—another yawn following hard after.

"Are you sleepy, already?"

"No! I really don't think so," he said, but he yawned again. "I know I did not sleep well last night, I was too late getting to bed."

The doctor served his wife, and then leaned his head on his hand.

"Do try and eat, Charlie," said Mrs. Apricot; "fasting won't improve your health, working as you do so hard every day."

"I really don't think it possible to touch food just now," and he shivered from head to foot. "Perhaps I have an attack of malarial fever coming on."

She rose and fetched her thermometer, and took his temperature at once. It was over 103°, and she did not wonder he was out of sorts.

"You must go to bed, Charlie, at once, and I will give you some medicine," she urged gently.

"I think I will," he replied. "I must have been fighting it for a day or two past."

There was much consternation as Mrs. Apricot called "Arrived-late," and told him the doctor was ill with fever. He ran upstairs, closed the venetian shutters, and helped his master into bed—while Mrs. Apricot got hot-water bottles and medicine for her husband.

Her tears fell fast for a moment as she realized all he meant to her and the natives around them, and prayed God to raise him up quickly to again carry on the work He had given him to do.

She found that "Arrived-late" had sensibly taken away the sheets and wrapped the poor shivering man in blankets. Then, leaving her with the doctor, he went down, prepared a tray with some luncheon for his

mistress, and carried it to the bedroom, that she could finish her lunch beside him.

Amah crept in quietly when Ronald was having his afternoon sleep to see if she could do anything to help her dear mistress.

"I think you not very much fret—doctor number one strong man. Fever very bad one two days, but then one day come some better," she said, trying to comfort her with hope that in a few days the worst would be over.

At night the doctor's temperature was 104° , and Mrs. Apricot and Amah gave a wet pack, for now the fever was running very high, and the head was exceedingly troublesome.

But two hours later the temperature was higher still, 105° , and the doctor was unconscious. "Arrived-late" never thought of going to bed; he was in and out of the room in his bare feet, silently fetching and carrying, only too happy to be of service.

"Fetch water from the well, very cold," Mrs. Apricot said, "several pails full, and fetch bath here beside bed." In a short time the other coolies were roused, and, between them, they lifted the unconscious doctor wrapped in the wet pack into the bath.

After a few moments he was lifted again in the cold, wet sheet on to the blanket and wrapped in mackintosh and a little brandy was given.

After another hour the temperature was again taken and found to be lower, but still 104° , so Mrs. Apricot again gave a cold water bath as before. After a fresh period of waiting the temperature was found to be still lower, only 103° , and the doctor appeared to sleep. In twenty minutes a heavy perspiration, much more free than the former ones, broke out, and the doctor became conscious again. After due waiting he was rubbed down and put into dry warm flannels and fresh warm blankets. Having taken some brandy and milk he fell asleep, and at mid-

night awoke feeling much better, and praised his faithful wife for her clever treatment, promising her a diploma as soon as he was well enough to present it!

This gentle raillery relieved the tension and brought smiles to her face once more.

In the morning the doctor's temperature was 102°, and he felt a great deal better, but weak and drowsy. After a few days' rest he recovered a normal temperature and pulse, and went off on the sixth day for a few days' stay on the hills, where the remains of his illness took to themselves wings and flew away.

The mail from England which brought replies to the doctor's letters *re* funds for a leper refuge carried with it subscriptions from his friends in Scotland, members of the Leper Mission, which enabled him, with other funds he had already raised, to buy the land on the other side of the garden wall of his own compound and adapt the buildings he found there to a small refuge for women, in one yard, and for men in the other yard. A wall enclosed both yards and made it a convenient annexe to the general hospital grounds.

To secure suitable attendants and a cook and coolie was the next business, and when that was done the buildings were consecrated by prayer to the Glory of God and the good of lepers.

Once the hospital was secured there was no lack of patients for either the men's department or the women's.

The Women's Leper Hospital had accommodation for six patients.

The patients did not pay anything here, as in the General Hospital, for board, but were taken in free of charge, being supported by the Mission to Lepers, and allowed to stay as long as they liked, or until they died.

One patient, a school-girl, had been in one of the American Mission Schools for over seven years. Leprosy developed when she was fifteen, but the symptoms were

not recognised, and she was kept on at school. She was an earnest Christian and a very bright, amiable girl, and Mrs. Apricot gladly utilised her to teach her companions in affliction to read and knit, and above all, those divine truths which she herself believed.

"Cloud," another leper patient, younger than the others, gave her benefactors trouble of rather an unusual character. This poor young woman had a great desire to be married, and as the nature of her disease was only marked by her hand, which appeared like a bird's claw, and a small patch on one cheek, she could not, or would not, understand why for her to contract marriage was such an undesirable thing. True, many would see her and not, at that stage of the disease, know she had leprosy. Her parents wanted money, and had been, it is believed, the first to suggest this means of obtaining some, but the girl herself was more than willing to oblige them. So after Mrs. Apricot had striven vainly with her she at last left the shelter which otherwise might have been hers while her life lasted.

One woman in the hospital, a Christian called "Beautiful" (so-called because she was good-looking when young), was a very sad case; though not old she had suffered so much as to have the appearance of a very aged woman. Her leprosy became worse and worse until she seemed to be a mass of disease and decay. Yet, as the earthly house of her tabernacle dissolved, her spirit became more and more bright and happy.

All the Missionaries and native Christians loved, in spite of the distressing appearance of the woman, to go and see her, and came away rejoicing in God's power manifested in her.

She was often a real blessing to Mrs. Apricot, cheering her amid much that, in the nature of her work, would at times cast her down, or bring a shadow of anxiety upon her usually happy face. One morning she said "Shadows,

lady, only last during this life, so we may well be brave; in the kingdom of God the Sun of righteousness shines in all His glory and no shadows cross the brilliance of His shining.

"True words, 'Beautiful,'" replied the Missionary, "God does indeed use you to teach me to have more patience and trust in Him."

"Speak not such words, lady beloved," replied "Beautiful," "I am truly the least of those He deigns to call His children."

"How is it, 'Beautiful,' you are so happy and contented, with all your affliction? Many would worry and fret continually," asked Mrs. Apricot gently.

"Ah, beloved lady, perhaps it is because I am so loathsome here, and am going so soon now, to have a clean, pure body, like Christ's own glorious body, and to have His beautiful robe of righteousness to clothe me. When this burden-of-diseased-flesh is quickly put out of sight to sleep in the garden of God, 'Beautiful' herself will be awake and praising God in His kingdom above."

Tears rolled down Mrs. Apricot's cheeks, as she thought "out of the mouths of babes . . . hast Thou perfected praise."

The evening shadows were falling when the doctor came in to see "Beautiful" and found her so weak he thought she would not live through the night.

"Doctor," she whispered faintly.

"I am here, 'Beautiful,'" he replied.

"When I was young," she said, "they called me Beautiful because I was good-to-see in their eyes, but this affliction has made my body foul, my face—much-ashamed."

The words came slowly and faintly, but the doctor waited, praying in his heart for the passing soul of his patient.

"Soon—over—now," she continued, "one—look—

Jesus—all forgotten—pure—and clean—for—ever—more."

"When you wake up you will be fully satisfied," said the doctor gently, "satisfied when you awake in His likeness."

The other patients had crept in softly—the leper nurse sobbed in a subdued sort of way in the corner of the little ward, the last rays of the sunset fell across the bed, and Dr. Apricot bent down to catch the words, if possible, of the quickly stiffening lips. The arch enemy of souls was having a last battle with the poor departing spirit.

"True—a-leper—once, but—washed—made—clean—in—Jesu's—blood.

The doctor knelt down and prayed distinctly, hoping she could hear, if not yet loosed from her body.

"Our loving Father, look in Thy loving mercy on the departing soul of this Thy child. Suffer not the devil to harass her mind with doubts. We praise Thee for her patience and trust; for her courage and hope, and all the lessons Thou hast taught us through her. Oh grant her even now as we wait a peaceful passage into Thy presence and may fulness of joy be hers for evermore. Amen."

When they rose the ward was in darkness. Nurse Do-ra brought a lamp and they saw "Beautiful" had reached "her Father's house in peace."

A small room capable of holding all the lepers was arranged as a chapel, and here, morning by morning, the catechist would hold a service for all who could get there.

The bedridden lepers were taught daily beside their beds, and evening prayers closed the duties of the day in each ward. So from their entrance into the hospital gospel teaching was a regular feature of the routine of the day.

As a rule these services were much valued and enjoyed by the patients. Of earthly hope there was none, and the desire of missionaries and catechists alike was to lead

these poor outcast men and women to fix their hopes on things above.

Often discouraged in the work, but never giving up hope, the seed was day by day faithfully sown, and brought forth fruit in greater or lesser degree, according to the faith of the recipients.

Some asked for baptism, and after giving evidence of their faith, were baptised and received into the Church of Christ.

Among the men lepers good results were also seen from the general behaviour and example of those who became Christians. By their cheerfulness and amiability others were won for the Christ whom they themselves had but lately begun to trust in.

Of these "Beseech-Mercy" was the most beautiful illustration ; his case was most pathetic.

He was in the Leper Home, but when that Home became too small, Dr. Apricot secured, through the kindness of friends, a large piece of land by the West Lake, outside the city, some three or four miles up among the hills, where he built a beautiful Home which would accommodate forty or more lepers, and "Beseech-Mercy" was one of the first transferred there. He was led to Christ during the first years of his residence under the care of the Hospital doctors.

Always a favourite because of his simple faith and contented spirit, he grew to be a dear friend to the Missionaries, strengthening their patience and faith by his own during the years he tarried with them.

The leprosy gained steadily upon his poor frail body, but his spiritual strength increased month by month.

One Christmas he was asked what he would like to choose for a Christmas gift from the kind doctor and his wife who while they could gauge the desires of those who were less afflicted found it hard to imagine what would give most pleasure to one so grievously burdened.

"Beseech-Mercy" replied:—

"Lady beloved, I should like a hymn-book of my own and a hassock to kneel upon."

He had no doubt as to his wants!

Wondering if the hymn-book would be of any service to him as he was quite blind, they got him a red one, knowing the pleasure red things give to the Chinese, and the hassock also was presented.

Before he died the hassock was well worn by this faithful Christian, who prayed continually, with all faith and expectation, for himself and the work and his fellow lepers. He ever tried, by teaching what he had himself learnt, both by precept and example, to lead others to Christ, and was successful in several cases.

The hymn-book he utilized by getting the lepers who could see to sit by his bedside and read his favourite hymns over to him until he learnt many by heart. He was very fond of singing, and was often heard teaching the others to sing.

When the ladies went up with the doctor or his wife to see the lepers it became a usual thing to assemble in "Beseech-Mercy's" room and say:

"Now 'Beseech-Mercy' sing to us before we go."

And turning a radiantly bright (although diseased) face to his friend, he would sing, meaning every word of it, "There is a happy land, fair fair as day."

One day in the hot summer months when the doctor's wife was nursing some one in the Missionary's Convalescent bungalow, she received a message that "Beseech-Mercy" wanted much to see her.

"Well, 'Beseech-Mercy,' what can I do for you?" Mrs. Apricot asked tenderly of the leper saint.

"I want you to care for the son of 'Willing Service,' he has been as a son to me in my much troubled and afflicted life, and he is anxious about him, and I would beg this favour for him before I die."

"Yes, I will do what I can, and try and arrange to take him into my Children's Home, if that will ease your mind."

"Great thanks, lady, great thanks; I wanted to arrange this relief from anxiety for 'Willing Service' about his child before I passed over."

As Mrs. Apricot sat beside him he said:

"I do not wish any unnecessary expense when I die; any old box will do for my body and this old suit of clothes."

Another time he said:

"I shall be glad if God will take me home soon."

He had no fear; he only longed to be free from earth and present with the Lord.

Just before he died in the autumn, when the Lake side looked glorious in its autumn colouring and the leaves were beginning to fall, Mrs. Apricot saw him again. "Willing Service" was lovingly ministering to him as of old, but sorrowfully now, realizing that the time his father in Christ would be with him was daily growing shorter.

His request this time was to be buried in a fresh white suit.

Mrs. Apricot waited till the dressings were finished and then read to him from the Bible.

"Sing me the 'Happy Land,' lady beloved," said the saint.

And with her heart aching for him she sang the song he loved so, of the home above, the sorrows over, and the victory won. The lepers had all gathered in and knelt reverently as prayer was offered up for "Beseech-Mercy" that he might have an abundant entrance into the Life Eternal.

All the lepers were hushed in their spirits—they realized that the friend who had loved them, and had tried to lead them to the place whither he himself was going, was even



now at the crossing of the river, and would soon be passed out of their sight.

Two days later, surrounded by them all, he passed over at midnight to meet the Lord of Glory in His Home so fair.

They laid his body in a white suit and wrapped it in a white wadded quilt and enclosed it in a plain coffin, on the lid of which one of the lepers wrote in Chinese :

"BESEECH MERCY."

Aged 34.

Died in the Lord.

Nov. 14, 1905.

Mrs. Apricot and the other ladies, with the doctors, assembled in the leper chapel for the first part of the service, which was taken by the Chinese pastor.

They had plucked handfuls of chrysanthemums, pure and white, as they came from the Pagoda Convalescent Home, and these they placed upon the coffin as it was carried to its last resting place. Here another native pastor finished the service, and after singing the sainted leper's favourite hymn, Dr. Apricot prayed. Few who heard it will forget that touching thanksgiving for the life of the leper who had passed away, for the lessons of patient hope and courage learnt at his bedside, and the prayer that his life might still influence those left behind to follow in his footsteps as he followed Christ.

So within sound of the lapping waters of the lake, amid the beauty of the autumn day, they left the tired body to sleep until "the daybreak and the shadows flee away."

CHAPTER VII

THE CONSECRATED HOME-LIFE AND HOME-JOY ACTS AS A
"CHEER-UP" TO A WEARY WORKER; AND AMAH'S
MESSAGE NERVES HER SPIRIT FOR FRESH EFFORT.

OUR story is of the medical work of a Mission, and therefore few workers other than the Medical Missionaries come into the narrative.

Other Missionaries, however, clerical and lay, married or single, had come out year by year in increasing numbers to join the Mission circle of "Heaven-Below," and to work in the surrounding towns and villages.

The home-life of the married Missionaries was especially helpful to the native Christians, who marvelled to see the equality of husband and wife, and their mutual helpfulness in the Mission work.

The presence of the ladies and their efforts in the Mission-field also greatly strengthened the general work of the Church, for women as a rule in China do not attend places of worship where there is only an unmarried Missionary or unmarried Catechist; and where the women in the home are not secured for Christ and the Church, they are an added weapon in the hands of the devil to hinder the men from entering the Kingdom.

So the work and responsibility of Dr. Apricot had considerably increased from a medical point of view in the care of health of the Missionaries.

"Gertie," said Dr. Apricot one morning when he sat

down to lunch, "could you do with a visitor for a short time, say a couple of weeks?"

"I think so, Charlie; who is coming?" she replied.

"No one, unless you will promise to take care of yourself, and not let the extra work be too much for you."

"Well, I promise to do my best. Now, who is it?" inquired his wife eagerly.

"I thought it would do Miss Floymer such a lot of good to spend a little while here and play with the babies, and learn to laugh again. She has had fever, and does not pick up quickly enough, and things worry and try her."

"All right," said his wife cheerily, "we will put her to sleep next door to the nursery, and then she can hear their happy chatter, and baby laughter, when I have to be busy."

"You had better try and do a little less, and have a ride after four every day; you get sadly too little exercise, Gertie, yourself."

"I get such a lot up and down steps at the hospital, up and down here, looking after patients and babies, home, and refuges—my dear Charles, I truly don't know how I am to get any more," and his wife shrugged her shoulders.

"I know you do wonderfully, my wife, but I often grieve that your life is passed so much in serving; you must pull in a little and get out-door air more."

The next day Miss Floymer arrived in time for lunch, and Mrs. Apricot took her into a pretty room, where she saw many little evidences of her hostess's thoughtful care.

"Now, dear, this is your room while you are with us. Lie down whenever you feel tired on the long chair out there on the verandah. These books are all pretty stories and will rest your head from Chinese work," Mrs. Apricot said, as she pointed to a little bookcase she had placed on the mantel-shelf.

"Ah! those flowers! How lovely they are!" cried Miss Floymer, burying her nose in some freshly-picked syringa blossoms. "There are such a lot of bushes in my father's shrubberies of syringas just like those. It was kind of you to put them there for me."

"Now we shall just have five minutes to unpack your things into these cupboards, and then you will feel at home," said Mrs. Apricot.

When the luncheon bell sounded they had finished putting things tidy and went down to lunch.

The fun and laughter at lunch was quite new to the young Missionary, who had been living with others engrossed in their work. She had been feeling very lonely for some weeks lately while she had been wrestling with the language previous to taking her first year's examination. Then fever had pulled her down, and while she was ill the loneliness was emphasised still more. So the good doctor, who always saw farther than most people, knew his wife's brightness and love and his babies' merry talk were really the little bit of home life that would hearten up the invalid more than his medicine.

The children, in their spotless white clothes, came in after lunch to see "Daddie"; and little Ronald and Baby Fergus had just a quarter of an hour of fun and games with their father and mother before he began his work once more.

"Daddie, let me walk up you to see the shining place on your head," cried Ronald, who had played that game before.

So he began holding himself stiffly on to his father's hands, and after several fruitless efforts at last reached his father's shoulders, where he sat as proudly as any king upon a throne.

"How big is the place now, Ronald?" asked his mother, who pretended she could not see it, and depended anxiously on Ronald's examination for a daily

report of the wee bald patch that had begun to shew itself on the Doctor's head.

"It's velly big now, Musser," cried the child.

"How big, Ronald?" she asked.

"One money's big," he replied.

"As big as a cash! Oh! Ronald, what can we do for poor Daddy?"

"I'se give him some of my curls to put on, Musser," and as he spoke the child tore a little handful of his own curls from his head and held them out to his mother.

"Ronald has really pulled quite a lot of hair out of his head to cover up your wee patch, Charlie; do look," said his wife.

"I never saw such a child," said Miss Floymer. "Did you not hurt yourself, Ronnie?"

"Didn't hurt nothing," said the child, flushing.

"Oh! Mums, it won't stick on," and Ronnie began to cry. "Won't stick on, Mums," he sobbed.

The Doctor lifted the child down from his shoulder. "Never mind, Ronald, come and see father get on gee-gee. Where is that piece of bread you were going to give the brown gee-gee?"

The Doctor pulled the verandah bell, and the ma-foo brought round his horse, and then held Ronald up to give the bread.

"Now, good people," said the Doctor when he had mounted, "these are my orders. Take the babies to Amah, and both of you lie down and rest for an hour. Then you can amuse yourselves as you like till three-thirty, when I have ordered two horses to come round, and I want you to ride out to the Sanatorium and make tea for me; I shall be there about four-thirty. You can send one of the coolies over with the things now, and tell him to have boiling water and tea ready for us."

"Good-bye," shouted Ronald. "Bye-bye," cried

Fergus, waving his baby hands, and the doctor was soon out of sight.

"Where has the Doctor gone to?" asked Miss Floymer.

"Oh! I really don't know," Mrs. Apricot replied, "to see private patients, probably, among the Chinese or Americans, or Europeans. He must have a good round to do if he won't be at the Sanatorium before 4.30. Now we must obey orders," and, picking up Baby Fergus, and taking Ronald by the hand, she said, "Off to see Amah, and the nursery gee-gee. Children, come along."

"Now, do turn in and rest yourself, or read, until it is time to get ready. Have you a riding habit with you?" asked Mrs. Apricot.

"Yes, the Doctor told me yesterday morning to get the tailor to make one for me, as I should want one here, and the man really got it done and brought it this morning."

"Are not the Chinese quick about things like that? Well! good-bye."

The ride out to the West Lake Sanatorium was always a treat and in the lovely clear afternoon both ladies much enjoyed it. There the doctor soon joined them, and after tea they all rode back together, arriving just before dark.

"Now run in and have a hot bath and put on dry things both of you," said the doctor as he made off to take his own advice, for they had ridden back very quickly.

The days went by all too swiftly for Miss Floymer, who enjoyed every minute of the time.

"Could you do the flowers for me this morning?" Mrs. Apricot asked her guest one breakfast time.

"With pleasure," Miss Floymer answered.

"'Morning Glory' has brought in whole traysful, but I have no time this morning."

So while the Women's Hospital was receiving Mrs. Apricot's attention and the weekly stores and accounts were being attended to, Miss Floymer was busy making the house beautiful and sweet with fresh flowers.

Ronald, escaping from the nursery while Amah put Fergus to sleep, came "to see the velly pletty fowers."

"Musser puts the red ones in them glasses, Mum's does," he informed her critically.

"I think these white flowers would look well in that tall glass, don't you, Ronny?" asked Miss Floymer.

"Yes," doubtfully; "but the most beautifuller ones goes on Daddy's desk and some like them goes on Mum's desk, too, they does, all same fashion."

"Oh! Ronnie, you Chinese child," laughed Miss Floymer.

"Ah! those isn't deaded ones, you frow away some what isn't deaded, Miss Floymers," continued Ronald, "Those is breaving (breathing), them is, and it hurts dreffly to be throwed away when you isn't deaded," and the child picked up the hardly faded flowers tenderly one by one.

"My gee-gee likes fowers to be in his stabul, he likes to see them when they is just breaving, then when they stops breaving he eats them up," announced Ronald.

"Amah want Ronnie, come to by-bye," said that good woman, picking up the child and waiting a moment to pass a word or two with Miss Floymer.

"Your body nearly well," said Amah, "cheeks no use any paint now."

"Oh, Amah, I never use paint," exclaimed Miss Floymer, righteously indignant.

"No, your cheeks you come here all same like that lily, now look like this red flower. Lady know what you just want, have plenty eat, much happy time. Lady number one good, all same fashion Jesus good; the Doctor good all same fashion too."

"Do you love Jesus, Amah?" Miss Floymer asked, looking at her strong, happy face.

"Many years love Jesus, many years Amah serve Jesus, copy Lady and the Doctor, and tell other people that Jesus love them much and comfort their hearts," replied the woman."

"I don't wonder you are happy living here, Amah," said Miss Floymer, as she began the last jar of flowers.

"Jesus live everywhere, no place Missee go work, no find Jesus' love comfort her heart. Now, Missee, go lie down and Amah bring Ronald go by-bye and then bring Missee some food."

When Mrs. Apricot looked in once during the morning she found her guest fast asleep.

Later in the day when they returned from their ride Miss Floymer told them she was going home the next morning as she felt quite well. She also told them of Amah's comforting message to her "she could go to no place to work where Jesus did not live, and where His love could not comfort her heart."

"Amah is a very happy Christian, she told me your white, sad face made her pray for you every day to quickly get well and rejoice in Jesus."

"Does it not teach us how much the natives take knowledge of us, even when we don't speak," said the Doctor. "I am always trying to impress it upon you young missionaries that you can work for God far more truly when you keep your bodies in health and your spirits bright."

"I can never tell you how much I have enjoyed my visit to you both," said Miss Floymer, as she said good-bye the following morning.

"It is sweet of you to say so, for we have really done very little for you, we are always so busy," said Mrs. Apricot, kissing her. "Come and see us sometimes, don't forget."

"Good-bye,—remember you have joined the Cheer-up Society," said the doctor as he helped to raise her chair to the coolies' shoulders.

As they turned into their own room again the doctor put his hand on his wife's shoulder saying, "Your medicine has cured her completely—love and brightness were really all she needed, and you gave it freely."

"Ah! Charlie, you and the babies helped, too," she replied, "but it was worth while, she was so very happy while she was here!"

Many such "cheer-ups" were given by the doctor and his wife during the years as they sped by, and many a useful life was kept out in the field for active service by a brief but bright and happy visit to Dr. and Mrs. Apricot just at the right moment.

CHAPTER VIII

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW VISIT THE HOME AND HOSPITAL,
BUT BY FAITHFUL PRAYER TO GOD ABOVE AND BY
THE CEASELESS WORK OF MAN BELOW, THE CLOUDS
PASS, ALBEIT HOMES ARE EMPTIED AND GRAVES ARE
FILLED ERE THE SUN SHINES ONCE MORE.

AS the years passed the doctor's work continually increased in the large Mission Hospital.

Native attendants were trained, men for the Men's Hospital and women for the Women's Hospital. Students had been received in the Medical School for a course of five years' training, and had passed out fully qualified to be a blessing to their fellow men both bodily and spiritually. Others had stayed on to help in the Hospital as house surgeons or assistants in the Dispensary and native work.

These students were drawn from the Mission schools and colleges, and as some were sent to the doctor who did not appear suitable, from the intellectual point of view, to train for medical work, he urged "that only the *best* young men were of any good for his work."

"This work," he wrote, "is not easy for intelligent men, and is altogether beyond stupid ones! The students who come to be trained in medicine and surgery must also be earnest, intelligent Christians and able to *teach* the gospel as well as *live* it; loving unto all men, unselfish, patient, honest and reliable. None of your "stickit ministers" are any good for medical missionary work, so please don't send them."

Dr. Apricot had about this time the help of a European colleague, who, however, ultimately went into Government employ.

The well-earned furlough of the doctor and his wife was passed in the homeland, and among the heather breezes their health was restored, their souls revived, and courage was renewed.

On returning to their work they took out a governess for the little children whom it would otherwise have been impossible to have with them in a land where natives know no reserve in their conversation, and where children pick up unconsciously the language which has cost their parents years of weary toil, and so understand more than is good for them.

Years followed in quick succession, and Ronald and little Fergus grew up to be merry laughing boys, filling their parents' hearts with gladness and enjoying life as only children can. They won all hearts wherever they went; the Chinese were delighted to have them come in and out and make merry for them.

Nothing brings the smile to tired faces and rests the weary brain more quickly than the innocent fun and wholehearted laughter of young children, and during their busy life, overflowing with care of others, the merriment of the boys was ever the speediest rest to their devoted father and mother. Nevertheless, the burden of souls was ever pressing on the hearts of the doctor and his wife as they walked amid the sick and suffering beneath their care.

Great help was rendered by their trained medical assistants and the female nurses, especially Do-ra, who was nurse, Biblewoman, and friend to Mrs. Apricot, and an example and support to the other nurses in their frequent trying situations.

For women who have not much power of resistance, it was often difficult to obey the rules and regulations of





To face p. 71.

Group of Patients.

hospital wards, and not wink at the disregard of the same when pressed by the patients to do so. Their good temper and strength of character were often greatly taxed.

Mrs. Apricot on her part found things no less trying when irregularities of this kind took place. If a nurse was reproved before the patients for some fault which may have proved very injurious to the recovery of the patient, she would at once take umbrage that "her face had been shamed."

For Chinese servants, in whatever capacity they serve, would rather at any time lose a situation which from every point of view it was to their benefit to retain, than retain it after they had "lost face" before a third party.

The number of in-patients in the men's wards of this large Hospital kept increasing year by year. From 400 in one year it became 500 the next year and 600 the year after. This shows what the work was in one department only of this beneficent mill.

In the women's wards as many as one hundred patients were nursed through illness or operation in one year.

The out-patients had continued to increase in like proportion. One year 10,000 new patients were ministered to, not counting old patients who came over and over again, now that they knew and loved the friends who had been so good to them in previous illnesses.

Another year 13,000 new patients were registered on the books, again not counting the thousands who paid numerous visits as old patients with new diseases.

The difficulty of the doctor and his wife was not to get *near* to the Chinese; they could never get away from them, except they went for a holiday completely out of their own district; for the hospital was the centre to which the Chinese gravitated perpetually.

They still had to be careful of letting their medicines go too cheaply, even to the poor; for what the Chinese

get too easily they regard as inferior and value as lightly, thinking what is given freely has cost little to those who give it. So those who were able to pay were charged for their attendance and medicine, and they valued it the more in consequence.

Through the kindness of many friends, a very large number of the very poor were, however, treated absolutely free of all expense. This again tempted others to plead poverty who could really afford to pay the very small fee of $\frac{3}{4}$ d. which was charged to the ordinary poor, but of course the fee for medical help varied with the social position of the sufferer.

As an instance of the above, an old man begged very hard to be excused paying the three farthings, as he was in great poverty.

"Are you really so very poor?" asked the kind-hearted doctor, looking at the dirty ragged patient before him.

"Indeed, truly, doctor, this old one is exceedingly poor," replied the patient, "have compassion upon me and excuse the fee, for I am sick and old."

"Very well," replied the all-too-compassionate doctor; now let me see what is the matter with you."

After the case was diagnosed, on account of his poverty and disease, he was entered as an in-patient and forwarded to the Men's Hospital.

The following day the sum of four dollars (equal to eight shillings) was found under the man's pillow.

"Freely ye have received, freely *take*," is the Chinese way of proceeding, but it is not good for the funds of a medical hospital which has to pay its own way to some considerable extent.

Another set of eight students were now under training; medical books were being translated into Chinese; men were being trained as ward helpers; opium smokers were cured; lepers cleansed (partially at any rate); children rescued; to say nothing of the scores of women who were

attended in the Women's Hospital and men in the Men's Hospital; and to one and all the Gospel of the Grace of God was lovingly preached. The heathen all heard, many believed, and asked for baptism, believers were strengthened in their faith, while their bodies were under healing treatment, and God was honoured in their midst.

The good news of the arrival of Dr. Fairfield to share their labours came to Dr. and Mrs. Apricot when their hearts were bowed down with a more intimate sorrow of their own.

The time had arrived when they felt it wise to send their children home to share the education of other boys of their own age and ability.

What this trial was in anticipation was as nothing to the pain of separation when the time actually arrived. God, Who knows all things, and parents who have undergone a like trial, can alone fully gauge the bitterness of the cup they drank in the hour they said "good-bye."

As the little tender stood below at the side of the big P. & O. ship, which was to carry the laddies and their governess to the home-land, the parents had all they could do to endure the pain, which well-nigh broke their hearts. The cheery doctor fought hard for the boys' sakes as well as his wife's, and his last words as the tug parted from the steamer were as characteristic of their father as could be imagined.

"Good-bye, Ronald, cheer up. God bless you both, don't forget to say your prayers and take care of little Fergus."

The soul anguish of the next few hours, when only God could speak comfortable words, passed at last; but the children's happy chatter, their merry shouts at play, the evening hour ere bedtime, these could never come back again. When next they saw their lads they were manly young fellows, holding their own among other boys. Well it was for the doctor and his wife that things had

to be reorganised and rearranged when they returned to their work a few days after the separation from their children.

They were accompanied on their return by Dr. Fairfield, who had just arrived in Shanghai, and who had, of course, after the first day or two of settling down and being welcomed was over, to put his chief energies into learning the language. He could, however, for an hour or two a day, do much as a recreation to himself, which was at the same time an immense relief and help to Dr. Apricot.

The native helpers who had been a little less under supervision for a week or two while Mrs. Apricot had made preparations for their children going to England, now had to be brought up to the mark, and this led to a reorganisation of much of the internal working of the hospital and ultimately to Mrs. Apricot, in addition to all her other labours, taking over the care and disbursement of all the stores for all the many buildings now under their care. The extra time and attention and hard work which this added duty necessarily involved was heavier than could possibly be understood by any one who has not had experience of hospital life in its many varied departments.

The recreations of missionaries has not come much into this story hitherto, but it is well here to understand the clear line which Dr. Apricot took upon the subject.

"We have been sent out here," he said one day to a missionary who was knocked up with overwork and lack of fresh air recreations, "to *live* and *work*. Now your Missionary work will be far more effective if you keep your body in good health and your spirit cheerful."

"But, doctor, there is so much to be done," replied the overwrought worker.

"Quite true, my friend, and we want you to help to do it," he replied, "but you will do much less than your

share of it, if you do not take more exercise and more rest."

Writing home that year to the Society which had sent him out, he said, "In my opinion the inside of a Missionary is all the better for the outside of a horse!"

There was no place inside the city walls where fresh air and pure breezes could be had to refresh the tired minds and bodies of strenuous workers, and therefore the doctor encouraged them to find their recreation outside.

For many years he kept a number of Chinese ponies for use in his work, which lay six or eight miles in one direction, and seven to nine in another, and in addition he also kept ponies for the Missionaries who used to ride over with him when he went to visit professionally the Lake-side lepers, or convalescents in one direction, or the Consulate down near the landing in the other.

On one occasion cholera visited the city of "Heaven-Below," and raged north, south, east, and west. Thousands were stricken, and the European doctors and assistants had their hands full, with hardly a free moment to themselves.

The doctor, in writing home to his friends at this time, said: "I should like to impress you with the vast amount of work always going on, and the insanitary state of this city, which compels me to state it is not a fashionable health resort or a much frequented watering place, yet lack of people there is none."

One fatal case was that of one of Dr. Apricot's own servants. One day the doctor had to go seven miles into the country to see a patient, taking with him his horse-boy, both of them mounted. After four miles of the journey had been passed the coolie called out to him that he was in such pain he could go no further.

Dr. Apricot took him to a house close by and arranged he should be sent back at once to the hospital in a sedan chair. When the doctor arrived home a few hours later

he was shocked to hear the poor fellow was dead. All the efforts put forth to save him had been unavailing.

Dr. and Mrs. Apricot were unable to take any holiday that year. The work was incessant, people were dying on every side; the days were hot, but the nights were hotter, and weary though they were, they could not sleep.

Most mercifully the foreigners were all saved from this scourge as it swept by. But coffin makers made their fortunes, and many were able to retire from business when the epidemic was over.

After a few months another alarm upset for a while the ordinary routine of the hospital.

Scarlet fever, hitherto unknown in "Heaven-Below," broke out in one of the women's wards. It was supposed to have come in some way from the port of Shanghai, where it had been very prevalent the preceding year.

A young Christian woman, "Increase-faith," had been received as an out-patient with her baby. The baby was suffering with fever and swollen glands, for which it was treated; two days later sign of peeling was to be seen, when on examination the doctor pronounced it to be scarlet fever, and the case was isolated at once.

By this time the infection had been carried into other wards by the mother, who when her child had slept had gone to chat with the other women. In one ward two patients took it badly. In another a slave girl who had been in hospital some months with diseased bone in the foot, and who had been operated on some little time before, took it rather badly also.

Another case was a little girl called "Sweet Plum"; she was the daughter of nice people who had friends among the hospital staff. She had only been a few days under treatment for some trouble in her foot, but got infection and had scarlet fever very badly.

Three other women had the symptoms well developed,

and so the only thing was to utilise the old empty Opium Refuge as a fever hospital.

This entailed another cook being obtained and an extra washerwoman, while Mrs. Apricot did much of the nursing herself, with the help of one assistant.

The constant disinfecting had to be done entirely by herself, as the natives do not see the necessity of attention to detail in this department, on which it depends whether disinfecting is efficacious or altogether a failure.

Some cases died, some gave much concern during tedious convalescence; ultimately the last case recovered and a last fumigating and disinfecting having been accomplished, life returned once more to its normal round.

During this autumn many turned to the Lord and were baptised, after due preparation, as a direct result of teaching they had received during their stay in hospital. This was a cause of rejoicing before God.

CHAPTER IX

GIVES SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHINESE IDEAS UPON THE VALUE OF HUMAN EXISTENCE, AND OF THE PECULIAR CHARACTERISTIC WHICH SHEWS ITSELF IN THE LOSING OF ONE'S LIFE IN ORDER TO SAVE ONE'S FACE.

THE cheapness with which the average Chinaman holds human life is shown by the fact that in one year over eighty suicides were treated at the Hospital of Universal Benevolence.

Some years later the figures ran to nearly two hundred, and later again in one year two hundred and twenty-two cases were brought under hospital notice and treated by the doctors. The ages of this large number varied greatly—from children of ten years of age up to old people between sixty and seventy.

The why and wherefore of the attempted suicide can usually be ascertained. After much sifting of information it was discovered that two hundred and eighteen were the result of quarrels. Four only of the number were unaccounted for by their relatives.

A woman who is badly scolded by her husband will take it meekly enough if no one has heard the scolding but herself; but if there have been witnesses to the quarrel, the humiliation is more than she can bear; she has "lost face," and therefore she will contrive to obtain opium or some other poison wherewith to end her life; or, failing money to buy poison, she prefers to end herself

by drowning in the family well rather than live down her discomfiture.

A young woman, who was brought on one occasion to the hospital from a country place some distance away, was rather a curious case because of two unusual features. The first was the unusual agreement which was made between her future husband and the girl's own family before her marriage, which agreement was duly written out and signed in the presence of witnesses, and by which the bridegroom promised after marriage to live at the girl's home with her, and not take her to his father's house, as is usually the case.

After marriage, when all had gone on happily for some time, the bridegroom suddenly carried off the bride contrary to agreement to his father's house.

Being thus disappointed, she resolved to take her own life rather than submit to be tricked into what she had determined not to endure.

The second unusual thing about this case was the girl's method of destroying herself.

Being unable to get opium, and being watched in order to frustrate her running away to her old home, and so having no opportunity to drown herself, she told the household she had swallowed a silver chain three feet in length. They at once gave her medicine to dissolve the silver chain, but she still said she felt uncomfortable, and, finding the native doctors could not relieve her, they grew alarmed and brought her to the hospital.

"Love-honour" (this was the girl's name), when her friends left her in charge of Mrs. Apricot, was quickly given "the order of the bath" and warded. Then began suitable treatment, which went on for two months, but as nothing more was seen or heard of the chain, the doctors came to the most probable explanation, viz., that the girl had concocted the story as a means of escape from the

home she was determined not to live in, and had never swallowed the chain after all.

During the months in hospital, however, she was not free of her relatives' surveillance, for not only was her mother staying in hospital with her, but her husband's people also kept vigilant watch.

Poor "Love-honour"! It did not seem improbable that all her trouble would prove to be in vain.

Whether the idea originated with the girl herself or with her mother is not known, but towards the end of "Love-honour's" stay in hospital the mother appealed to the Chief Magistrate to settle the case for her. He decided in "Love-honour's" favour, and the matter came to an end, so far as was known for some time.

During her retention in the wards, the mother and daughter had both had much opportunity of hearing about God, and when they returned home, they were passed on to the visiting list of one of the Biblewomen.

Another case will now be described. One hot summer night, when not a breath of air stirred and sleep was difficult to obtain, and when secured was light and unrefreshing, a terrific noise awakened all in the hospital compound.

It came from a big house shut in with a high wall, just opposite the entrance to the hospital. The noise was of women shouting and yelling at the top of their voices, and above it all, a man's voice weeping and wailing, as only Eastern people do.

The Amah, or nurse of the household, had poisoned herself with opium, because her mistress had found fault with her for letting one of her charges fall down.

The Amah could not bear the reproof, probably given before others, and, to spite her mistress, had taken poison, so as to bring trouble on the family. The woman was brought over to the hospital, but it was too late to save her life.

Thus we see that revenge is considered more important than either life or death.

The next day the mistress had a large hole made in the wall of the garden to take the coffin in for the body to be put into. When the coffin had been brought out again through the hole the latter was built up. All this trouble was taken to prevent the coffin going through the gate of the garden, and being seen by the Evil Spirit leaving the entrance of the house; thereby it was supposed he would not know the way into the house where the poor suicide had taken her life. In this way the mistress thought to prevent all evil consequences being visited upon herself.

Another instance occurred which illustrates how cheaply life is held from another point of view. Some men were working on the boats of one of the rivers and one fell into the water; as he could not swim he was drowned.

"Could not any of you swim?" asked the missionary to whom the incident was related.

"Oh, yes, we could all swim," calmly replied the narrator.

"Why, then, did you not try to save your companion?" asked the missionary once more.

"Teacher, I did not wish to be drowned, and if I or the other men had rescued 'Tu'die' we should have been pursued by the Water-Spirit until our lives had been taken in forfeit for the one which had been rescued from him."

Our readers will remember the brave old Chinese admiral who lost his ship during the war with Japan, and could not face the humiliation, so destroyed himself rather than lose face with his country.

Another instance was that of a man who was accused falsely of theft, and though the case could not be proved, the man felt he had "lost face," and did not, therefore, care to live, so he took poison, and was found dead in his room.

Two hours later the missing things were found in some out-of-the-way place, having been put there by mistake by a member of the household.

Strange to say, though the man held his life cheap, his family, under these circumstances, did not do so, and pressed and obtained compensation to no inconsiderable amount.

Another case is that of "Early Virtue," a little boy of six years of age, who was found one mid-winter day in the streets of "Heaven-Below" by one of the hospital assistants with his toes quite frozen off.

The Chinese father was a wretched man who had lost all parental feeling and sense of responsibility towards his child through the smoking of opium. While he went off to the opium den to smoke himself into false dreams of bliss and temporary comfort, he had left his little boy to beg in the streets from passers-by.

During the father's absence the child had been found and put into a bed in one of the wards of the Hospital of Universal Benevolence, so that when on his return the father inquired for the child and found out where he was he made no objection to his remaining in such comfortable quarters.

From the fact that he seldom came to see him, and ultimately ceased to do so, one believes that he felt greatly relieved to be quit of the even nominal responsibility he had previously shown.

While in the ward "Early Virtue" quickly learnt Gospel stories, texts, and hymns, some of which he was able to sing very nicely.

After some months he was more or less adopted by a lady missionary who had shown much interest in him, and when he was able to leave the hospital, she arranged that he could live with one of the catechists and thus have a happy home life. When last he was seen he was a merry child running about at play and going to a

day school, where he showed some promise for the future.

Another case of singular interest is that of Mrs. We, who was far in advance of her time in ambitious desires for the welfare of her own countrywomen. She was a Tartar lady living in the Tartar Settlement, but she was broad-minded, and had visited the Hospital of Universal Benevolence and some of the mission schools in the city of "Heaven-Below."

She thought much of what she had seen, and felt so strongly that something ought to be done to raise the condition of her own countrywomen educationally and socially, that she collected from the officials money to open a school for girls.

After some months she tried to collect money again for the school for the second year, but failed. This grieved her to such an extent that she wrote a letter explaining that she felt so strongly the urgent need of her countrywomen that she was prepared to die to prove her sincerity. She then took a large dose of opium, but was discovered and taken to the hospital, where doctors and nurses worked hard to save her life.

After many hours she was out of danger and able to return to her own home.

She utilised her recovery to make another appeal to the officials, and failed once more. Her disappointment and defeat in the object of her ambition was so great she again took opium, and this time she died.

Her object, however, was gained; so impressed were her people by her death that they set about obtaining a school for Tartar girls without delay.

A new school house was built, teachers secured, and it is now one of the best administered schools in the city of "Heaven-Below."

The pupils are taught to march past a large picture of Mrs. We and make obeisance as they pass, as a

sign of their gratitude to her for her efforts on their behalf.

As Christianity spreads through the country right views with regard to life and death will become more widely known and appreciated, and such cases, instead of being common incidents in every-day life, will become things of the past.

CHAPTER X

SHEWS HOW LOVE AND GENTLENESS SWEEP AWAY DARKNESS AND SUPERSTITION; AND HOW YOUNG LIVES, BEGUN IN ADVERSITY AND SORROW, BLOSSOM INTO HAPPINESS AND BEAUTY WHEN TAKEN INTO THE HOME.

CHINESE life is often spoken of as one of dignity because so little fun and merriment enters the ordinary conversation of the average Chinaman.

Life with the working classes is a constant struggle to make ends meet; with the literati, life is too serious for fun, a reading man must be dignified; so the lighter moments enjoyed by the average European find little place in the lives of the Chinese.

But that they see jokes and can enjoy them if someone else troubles to make them is often noticed by those working amongst them.

There was a little boy belonging to an attendant in one of the Lake-side homes who did not seem as if he could laugh as merry-hearted English children laugh at the age of four or five years, so whenever Dr. Apricot went up to see the Lake-side patients he would call the solemn little man to come forth and greet him; and would then teach him some funny saying, or throw him up in his arms as one would a European child. One winter day something made the doctor think how like a little bantam this child was (his fat little person being stuffed out with winter

wadded coats), and so he commenced to teach him to crow! Bending slightly forward, then gradually straightening himself and arching backward, he said in English, "Cock-a-doodledooooooooooooo!"

"Tot-a-doodil-doooooooo!" imitated the solemn child and then broke out into the prettiest laugh a Chinese child ever gave. So after this, when the doctor took his wife or some of the lady Missionaries or visitors, who came from time to time, up to the Sanatorium, all had to go and see the "Tot-a-doodil-doo" boy.

The writer saw this funny performance one fine winter day and laughed heartily to see the solemn little man do it all so gravely, and then break into the sudden merry laugh at the close.

Love for children begets love in return and the Cock-a-doodle-doo child has grown up a remarkably useful lad since those days.

He has passed through day and boarding schools, has been baptised and confirmed, and has still a great love for the merry doctor who tried to play with him as a little boy, so when his future life work had to be decided, who can wonder that he elected to take up a branch of hospital work? He is now an assistant in the chemist's department of the Dispensary.

Those who love children are the best suited to adopt them and bring them up, and we are not surprised that those whose hands were already filled with work for adults soon found that children, here one and there another, claimed their notice who had either to be rescued to love, truth and happiness, or left to poverty, sin and shame.

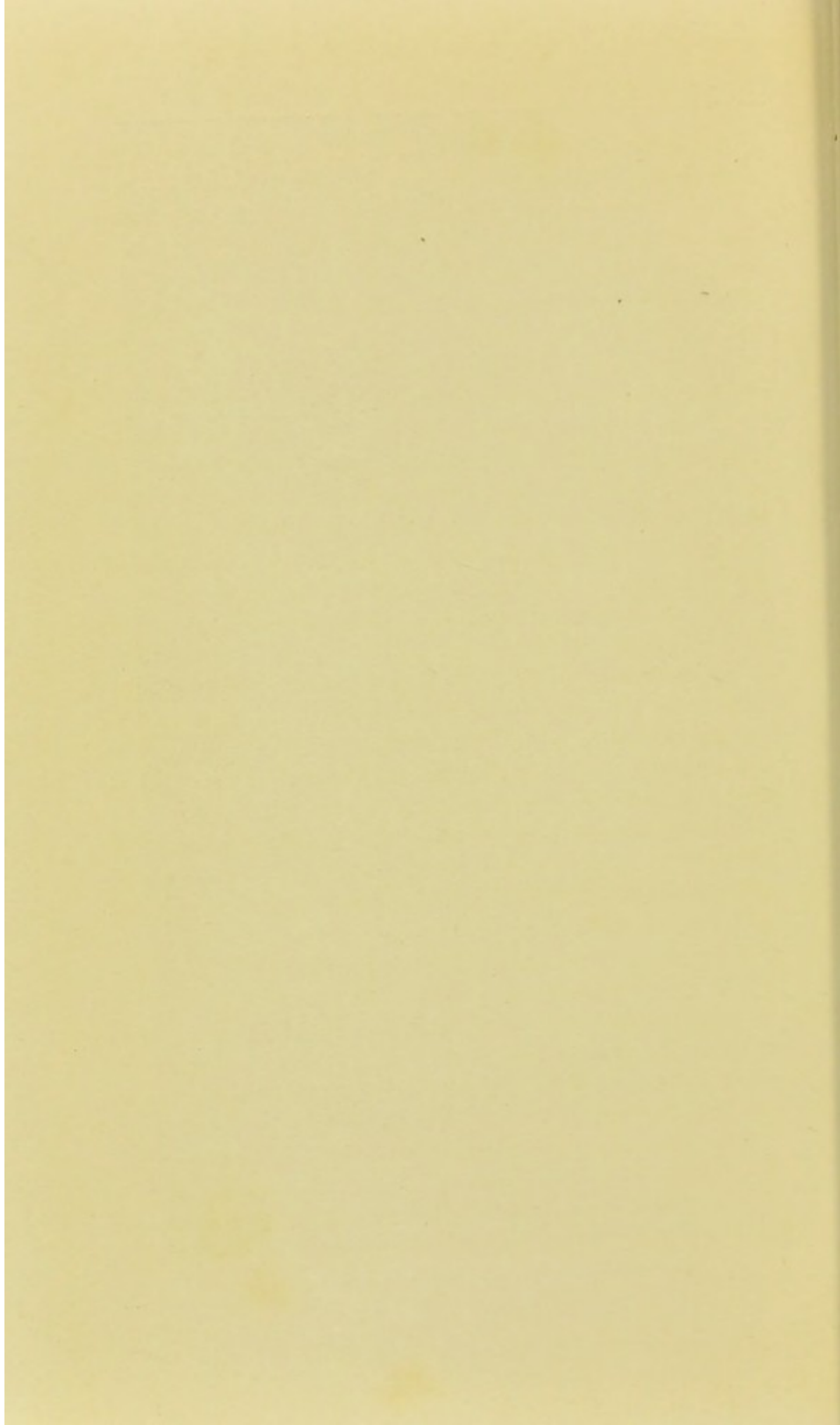
When homes for leper men and women were founded, it was a difficult problem what to do with their untainted children.

To save them for some years at least from the blighted lives of their parents seemed to Dr. and Mrs. Apricot the only thing they could do,



"Cock-a-doodle-doo," now Assistant-Dispenser.

To face p. 86.



So Mrs. Apricot opened a Home for Untainted Children.

One by one six little ones were gathered there; and later six others, for one cause or another left destitute of guardian care, were added to them.

Once these little ones were gathered into the Home with its sheltering care and the Christian influence of matron and nurse, new vistas of life opened before them; vistas of love and light and usefulness.

One boy called "Nathaniel" was the son of a very poor couple, whose mother became insane. The father was too poor to be able to bring the child up properly, so he was adopted by Mrs. Apricot. He soon became a delightful child, always happy and contented, and anxious to help anyone and every one who needed help.

In time he went to the day school which was opened for the Home Children.

After passing through that with some credit, he was sent on to the Boys' Boarding School. But he always looked on the Home as his home, and spent his holidays there, being quite happy if he only might do something for the Lady Mother who was always so good to him.

"Can I do anything for the Lady Mother?" he always asked, as soon as the half-holiday came and he was free to run over to the Home or Hospital. Then his joy was full if he heard Mrs. Apricot's voice saying:

"I want Nathaniel to typewrite for me this afternoon."

Or, if new boards were wanted for the heads of cots, and Nathaniel was asked to print them for the Lady Mother, his delight knew no bounds. We shall hope in future years to hear that he is still in the work of the Medical Mission.

The brief story of another child—little Moses—is very touching.

Found on the road-side near the Mission Compound late one night, where he had been deserted by his parents,

he was taken in for the night and passed on to the ever-tender mercies of the Medical Mission party the following day.

Moses was truly named, for he was only a baby, and "drawn out" of the dirt and filth of a Chinese street, in which he would certainly have died had he been left there long.

He was an object of great interest to the women in the hospital who heard all about him and to the other Missionaries of "Heaven-Below," who were always eager to know some of the interesting things which were the daily portion of those in hospital work.

The Missionaries and hospital women vied with one another in making Baby Moses' pretty little baby coats and trousers, after the orthodox Chinese baby fashion.

His little smile and tiny gestures were very fascinating; hardly less so were his infant efforts to talk the little words every one tried to teach him.

But when he was most lovable and interesting he sickened of some inherited disease, and during many days and hours willing nurses watched beside his cot, hoping to save the little life; but it was not to be, and one day he passed over to the Children's Home in Paradise the Blest, and left behind him a vacant place in many hearts.

"Valuable-Bravery" was the daughter of an old patient who was in the hospital at one time as a mental case, which illness had been brought on by trouble and sorrow.

Poverty, and the selling of her little girl against her wish, had been such a sorrow to the poor woman that her mind had for a time given way.

Mrs. Apricot, who soon found out the secret sorrow of the poor woman's life, sent Do-ra the nurse to find the little daughter, which after much trouble, she was able

to do, and brought "Valuable-Bravery" home to Mrs. Apricot.

She was sent to the Home and to school, and became an earnest Christian girl, letting her light shine for Jesus wherever she went.

After leaving school she took up work in the hospital, and became a "right-hand help" to Mrs. Apricot.

She was trained as a nurse and afterwards as a midwife, and later came to England to perfect her training by taking her L.O.S. certificate. For ten years she worked in the hospital, and often Mrs. Apricot would say to the doctor, "Truly that case was as bread cast upon the waters, and it has returned to bless us after many days."

The coming of "Little Orchid" was very different from that of Moses. The mother of "Little Orchid" was a baptised Christian, but like many a Christian so-called in our own country, she was not a very worthy professor.

One night she and her husband had a terrible quarrel, which came to blows, and so frightened "Little Orchid" that he tried to undo the door of the house and call in the neighbours.

This was, however, prevented, and the mother was killed.

The father was seized and taken off to prison, and the little son was taken, though only seven years old, to wait upon the father.

When in prison the father remembered that the son, tiny as he was, had tried to save the mother, so in revenge he broke the only thing he could find, which happened to be a tea-pot, and, with the broken pieces, stabbed the child so badly that he was brought in a state of high fever with blood poisoning to the Hospital of Universal Benevolence.

In the women's ward this poor child lay for two months

without a smile passing across his face, though Dr. Apricot made numerous efforts on his daily round to raise one.

At last the whole hospital rejoiced one day when word was passed round : " ' Orchid ' has smiled at last." The doctor had succeeded !

When the child recovered no home was forthcoming for " Little Orchid," yet everyone was anxious the child should not be lost, so he too was put into the Children's Home.

His father had been sentenced to banishment, and thus was well out of the child's life.

In the Home, where love and gentleness reigned, the child became quite lively, and ultimately developed into a regular piece of mischief.

He is now attending school, and in the process of learning to read a Chinese child learns decorum, so " Little Orchid " is now sobering down and trying to be good. He is hoping soon to be baptised.

Our readers will remember the story of " Beseech-Mercy," the leper who made a dying request to Mrs. Apricot that she would care for the son of the leper who had so kindly waited on him during the last years of his illness.

This child, a boy called " Fragrant-Lily," was at once taken into the Home for Children. He was an extraordinary looking child with a wild appearance ; but bathed, and shaved about the head as other Chinese boys are, and clothed in clean, well-fitting clothes, he looked more presentable and began to respect himself accordingly. Before coming into the Home he had run about and lived like a waif upon the streets.

When he was being bathed one day it was found he was remarkable for having six toes on each foot ! Whether this will make him in any way notable in later life remains to be seen,

"Fragrant-Lily" is of a kind disposition, and seems to be honest as far as can be judged. If he goes on well, Mrs. Apricot hopes to train him for ward duty in the men's hospital by and by. This child has been supported by the Mission to Lepers.

"Olea-Fragrans" is the child of a patient who had been nursed by Mrs. Apricot in the hospital for a long time.

One day, in going the rounds, she noticed this patient unusually sad, and sat down to win her confidence and, by sympathetic tact, soon succeeded in doing so. Her story was pathetically sad, being one of unused knowledge and neglected opportunities.

"Lotus Flower" (for such was her name) had been at a Mission School, and had learnt all about God's love and the salvation of Jesus Christ, but she had not laid hold of that salvation by faith and made it her own. She had let it slip by her. She had her Bible beside her, but a Bible is not salvation. So, finding her sad and troubled in soul, Mrs. Apricot had pointed her to Jesus Christ as a present Saviour, able to save her if she were only willing; soon joy broke into that troubled soul, and peace was hers.

"Is your heart at rest now?" asked Mrs. Apricot.

"My heart has peace, lady; but one thing troubles me now, and that is about my children."

Seeing her very tired and weak, Mrs. Apricot promised to see what could be done for them.

The husband, when he heard his wife was dying, insisted on taking poor "Lotus-flower" back to their miserably dirty hovel.

Mrs. Apricot and the nurses tried to reason with him, but all to no purpose; he took her home, and she soon passed away.

Mrs. Apricot then took the eldest girl, "Olea-Fragrans," into the Children's Home.

She is only six years of age, but keeps every one lively with her chatter, and old-fashioned ways.

Whether "Olea-Fragrans" romances or not it is hard to say, but, child as she is, she often keeps Mrs. Apricot and the matron and nurse spellbound while she repeats wonderful conversations she has heard between her parents.

She has a great idea of management, too, and tries to make the younger girls, "Little-Cloud" and "Beautiful-Bravery," obey her.

"Would you like to go back home, 'Olea-Fragrans'?" asked the matron one day.

"That is not my desire. It is happier—much more—here. I will stay here," she replied promptly.

The lesson for the evening was over, and the children had been taught their prayer, when "Olea-Fragrans," as she was going to bed, announced one night:

"This doctrine you teach I think very good! When I grow big one day I too will believe it."

She evinces some amount of character, and is a striking personality in the Home.

Another child, called "Grace," was in the Home for a long time. Her father was a leper, and was brought to the Men's Leper House a good many years ago. They were very poor, so the mother was kept as a washerwoman in the Women's Leper Refuge while she was nursing her baby, or he would probably have died through lack of proper nourishment.

While in the Refuge the woman told Mrs. Apricot that they had been so poor they had sold their eldest child for six dollars to a woman who wanted her for a wife for her son. She was not a nice mother-in-law, but the money was badly needed.

Mrs. Apricot's motherly heart ached until she had with much trouble and difficulty traced the child. She found her living a very unhappy life, her prospective mother-in-law being very cruel to her.

At first the mother-in-law was not willing to give her





Children's Home.

up; but at last she gave way, and Mrs. Apricot redeemed the child, but had to pay more than the original sum for her.

She was a curiosity indeed when she first arrived. Little of the child's body could be seen for dirt and rags. However, she was soon tubbed, and made verily a new creature in appearance when combed and dressed.

After a time she was sent to school, but, like many other children, she there had her ups and downs. She would be as good as possible for a while and then become as troublesome as children are made, giving anxiety and sorrow to those in charge of her. At last Mrs. Apricot talked seriously to her about the need she had of *using* these good opportunities and not abusing them, and gave her much good advice; but it was of no use. Good resolutions only seemed made to be broken again.

So Mrs. Apricot thought a new start would give the girl a better chance of doing well.

Grace was accordingly taken in to work in the hospital, and has been doing well there for some years. She is a good nurse, and can help on operation days very nicely, so perhaps she has found her right sphere.

Grace's baby brother, rightly called "Saved-life," was also an inmate of the Children's Home, and is even now after many years remembered for two things—one, his pretty voice! which is rather unusual in China; the other, his naughty habits, which frequently had to be punished by a whipping! At last the pain of whipping him became far greater to Mrs. Apricot than the whipping was to "Saved-life," and other methods of punishing him had to be found.

In course of time he became a good boy and went to school. On leaving he was apprenticed to the printing trade in Shanghai, where he too is now doing very well.

These brief sketches are of a few only of the many children who have been lifted up on life's pathway, and

by loving care and good training have been taught to be self-supporting and self-respecting ; above all, they have been taught to love Jesus Christ in their childhood, and thus their feet have been led into the way of Peace.

CHAPTER XI

SHEWS HOW THE GENERAL WORKING OF THE HOSPITAL HAS GROWN TO BE A FORMIDABLE UNDERTAKING, BOTH PRACTICALLY AND FINANCIALLY. TELLS ALSO HOW THE DOCTOR'S KNEE WAS MASSAGED TO THE AMUSEMENT OF HIS WIFE, AND HOW THE DOCTOR'S WIFE WAS "WARDED" TO THE ANXIETY OF HER HUSBAND.

MANY years have now elapsed since the opening of the Hospital of "Universal Benevolence." It has passed even a belated majority of twenty-five years, and each year has been marked by continued growth, harmony, goodwill and success, in all its outward working.

The spiritual success can never be told on earth. For lack of time, and lack of strength, the doctors and their helpers could not keep a register even of all the baptisms they knew of as a direct outcome of their work.

But through all their multifarious duties the morning and evening teaching in the wards for the in-patients, the daily preaching in the out-patients' waiting hall, and the bedside personal dealing with souls, were never lost sight of or neglected.

The chapel room had long ago been too small for the assembling of doctors and assistants, and so a beautiful chapel and a large public hall had been added to the other buildings in the compound; and in the chapel, before work began in the out-patient department, all workers in the compound assembled, and Dr. Apricot or Dr. Fairfield

or some other worker held morning service and gave an address. All patients able to walk were always allowed to attend this service, which greatly helped not only to keep the spiritual element of the work before each worker, but impressed each patient with the fact that the workers relied for their daily strength on the heaven-given supply, daily asked for and daily granted to each one.

The number of the in-patients increased by leaps and bounds ; one year 1,400, and two years later over 1,800, were nursed and cared for in the hospital. Ward men and ward nurses had to be continuously in training, and thus the anxiety and care were ceaseless, as native workers need much more supervision than nurses at home ; hence the arrival of an English lady nurse was a great relief and help to Mrs. Apricot.

The European staff was ably assisted by three fully qualified native doctors, who had been trained by Dr. Apricot. These men were an untold help in every way, and especially in the enormous *Out-patient* department, where over 72,000 were personally treated, medically or surgically, during one year.

The year following this very large access of work brought even greater numbers to be relieved (as the summer was particularly trying), and the total reached that year was over 83,000, who paid visits to the Dispensary or Native Consulting Room, in addition to over 1,500 nursed in the wards, and the patients in the branch Refuges and Homes.

The growing private practice among the better class Chinese, the other Missionaries, and the Europeans resident in "Heaven-Below," also took much time and strength.

The strength of the medical staff needed indeed to be herculean to get through so much work in a climate which varies from the extreme cold of winter, when deep snow and ice abound for weeks, to the excessive heat of

summer, when the temperature registers very frequently 95 degrees in the shade, a time when the ward beds are all full, the out-patients' waiting hall is most crowded, and disease abounds in the city.

Still the larger the private practice becomes, the greater the fees which pour into the hospital coffers; for the fees the doctors get for their services all help to pay the working expenses of this benevolent institution.

Amid all the vicissitudes of life, its comings and goings, its ups and downs, its sickness and health, its joys and its sorrows, its praise and its blame, Dr. Apricot kept true to the principle of the Secret Society which he started the first day of his residence in China. But he had to enlarge its membership and spread its principles in every direction among rich and poor, old and young, learned and ignorant, Christian and heathen, European and native, for the "Cheer up" Society had taken hold and done its duty, and the world was better, hearts were braver, hands stronger, lives more holy, spirits more cheerful, and work more successful because of its influence.

We have said that the record of direct spiritual results has never been fully kept, but every year many have been baptised, having learnt to trust in Jesus for salvation, and constantly reports have reached the doctors or their assistants of the indirect results from the teaching in the wards or the preaching in the Dispensary.

One lady Missionary, visiting in a village, came across some of the first patients who over twenty years ago had been in hospital and had learnt to love and fear God. These, far away from Christian privileges, had continued to worship the true God and had taught others what they themselves had learnt of His love; and the prayers they had learned they had in turn taught their friends and neighbours.

A lady writing one day to the doctor told him that in a country place, miles away from any Christian church,

her father had found a man who had been a patient in the Hospital many years ago, and had left without deciding for Christ. He later became an earnest Christian, and not only so, he had gathered the men of his village around him and taught them all he could remember ; so when the Missionary came he found the nucleus of a church just waiting for his arrival to be put upon a permanent basis. Thus a new out-station was planted for God amidst the heathen.

Such instances could be multiplied, but these two indicate the far-reaching effect of medical work. Not only did the patients themselves receive help and blessing, but returning to their homes in the villages they tell over and over the things they have seen at the hospital, and the motive of all these works of mercy ; and thus the superstitions and prejudices of ages are gradually being broken down, and the way paved for the advance of the Gospel.

One patient, "Come-brother," a young woman who was ill in the wards for over a month, was very bright and happy, and most grateful for all that was done for her. Like the seed sown on the stony ground, she received the word gladly, but did not become a decided Christian herself, yet she successfully taught her father on her return home what she had learnt, and the result was that he was so impressed that he visited the Dispensary ostensibly to be treated for his rheumatism, but his real reason was to hear more "about Jesus."

He became an earnest Christian, and was baptised.

Another very interesting case was that of a blind woman, who hoped that the doctors would touch her eyes and say "Open," and she would be able to see. This was, however, impossible, but being in a weak condition of health she was kept in hospital on the ground of general debility, and while there embraced Christianity with the joyous enthusiasm too seldom seen. She now

lives with a daughter, and uses every opportunity, of which she has many, to tell others "what a friend she has in Jesus."

In the men's hospital a man suffered from diphtheria and was very ill, so much so that Dr. Apricot had to tell him he was dying. Each day the man had God's love and Christ's salvation put before him.

But in cases of severe illness, combined with the dense darkness of heathenism, one often has the sorrow of knowing it is too late for them to understand such wonderful truth. In this case the man did not profess to grasp the truth for his own benefit, but when he heard he was dying he begged to go home. When he arrived he gathered all his relatives together, his wife, his sons, and grandsons, and begged them not to have heathen rites at his funeral. He commanded them to believe in God and in Christ Jesus, and to put away all idols. We can but leave such cases to the all-loving Father's mercy.

During the hot summer days typhoid is always present in China, but not in its regular distinctive symptoms as met with in this country, where it runs its twenty-one days' course and then terminates, or convalescence sets in; in its later stages in China it takes on very frequently the symptoms of intermittent fever; convalescence is delayed, and is a long and trying process when it does begin. Some cases, usually young people, do occasionally run an ordinary typhoid course, but these cases are rare.

Mrs. Tse, the wife of a well-to-do tailor, was a typhoid patient who had been seriously ill some time and under the care of native doctors, who assured her she could not possibly recover.

She was not a stranger to the Gospel, for she had been the friend of a boarding-school girl, who had first sown the Gospel seed in her heart many years previously. Having then become interested in Christianity, she attended the hospital for some small ailment, in order

really to get further instruction in the doctrine which had laid such hold upon her mind.

Her husband had been very prejudiced against innovations on Chinese customs, and strongly disapproved of his wife going to the Mission Chapel at the hospital, or having anything to do with foreigners. He often beat her and scolded her severely, but she was not thereby persuaded to let go what seemed to her so precious to her soul.

When the native doctors gave her notice of her coming demise her husband became willing to try the skill of the hated foreign doctors. So she was brought on a stretcher to the hospital, where she lay for days in a most critical condition, for she had been nursing her husband, who had the fever first (but was now recovering), and was in a weakened condition when attacked herself.

After many weeks of care and nursing she recovered, and during convalescence her interest deepened in all Christian teaching.

While she was ill, and during his own convalescence, her husband had time to meditate on his wife's behaviour and her conversation about the one true God, and he became impressed with the reality of Christianity.

So in order to get further teaching he became an out-patient, obtaining also medicine to quicken his returning strength, which had somewhat lagged after his wife became too ill to nurse and look after him.

When Mrs. Tse was convalescing, her husband came to see her in hospital, and told her "to recover and quickly believe, for now he too desired to believe the doctrine."

This beautiful news so cheered Mrs. Tse that her recovery was thereby hastened, and on her return home she was surprised and delighted to find how sincere her husband's words had been.

When Sunday morning came round her surprise was

even greater to see him in his best clothes preparing to go out.

"Are you not working to-day?" asked his wife timidly.

"No, this is the Christians' worship day. I thought I would go and hear more about the true God."

"These words very good to hear," exclaimed his wife, flushing with pleasure; but still further excitement was in store for her.

"Can you walk as far as the Hospital Chapel?" he inquired with some kindness and solicitude.

"I should like to try," she replied, thinking with thankfulness that her times of being beaten for attending worship had now changed indeed.

So they went off together to learn more of the foreigner's God, who they now believed ought to be their God too.

The following day a good bonfire in their back yard burnt up their idols and the appurtenances to idol worship.

It was some time before Mr. Tse saw that his workmen who were heathen ought not to be employed by him on the Sunday.

But in time he realized that his shop must be closed, his workmen given rest, and that the day must be kept "holy to the Lord."

What this meant from a business point of view can hardly be judged in a country where Sunday closing is the rule of the nation.

After due preparation both Mr. and Mrs. Tse were baptised.

It was about this time that one of the most exciting scenes took place in the hospital wards, affording a number of the old women patients, who were all devoted to the doctor and his wife, an opportunity of showing their solicitude for them.

On his morning rounds he ever joked and laughed with

the patients, brightening their day by his sunny visit, his wife accompanying him as the superintendent of the hospital, and often shaking her head at him as if to reprove him for being too merry.

On the morning in question Mrs. Apricot had left the ward for something that was wanted, and in passing from one bedside to another the doctor knocked his knee-cap and hurt himself considerably.

The patients who were up and dressed hurried to his assistance and made such a fuss and lament over him that he wickedly groaned a great deal more than was absolutely necessary.

One old lady offered to rub the wounded part; being a hot day, one or two commenced to fan him; another held the leg; while a fifth supported his back; a sixth felt his pulse; and a seventh ran for his wife. The rest gathered round.

On Mrs. Apricot's return she saw at a glance that the doctor was enjoying himself and entertaining the patients old and young, who were all most strenuously and seriously trying to comfort and help him.

She was vastly amused and exclaimed:

"Ah the poor doctor, you are doing just right, go on with the treatment, all of you, and I will go and fetch something else!"

In all good faith they continued; the crowd gathering additional numbers of sympathetic onlookers every minute as word passed from ward to ward, "Dr. Apricot has had an accident and hurt his leg."

When Mrs. Apricot returned the "something" she had fetched proved to be a camera, and she took a snap-shot of the whole performance, which was called "The tables are turned," where the doctor is patient and the patients are doctors!!

A visitation of dengue fever of such severity as had never before visited "Heaven-Below" broke out in the summer

of 1903. The whole city was stricken from one end to the other.

Dengue fever is a native malady, having many of the symptoms of influenza as it presented itself in this country in the early nineties.

High fever, severe pain, complications, sudden collapse ; or, if recovery, prolonged convalescence, often leaving weakness of the eyes, deafness, chronic neuralgia, throat trouble, heart weakness, or some other ailment which only yields to long course treatment. It is a very fatal fever among the Chinese, and many thousands of people succumbed to its power.

The hospital staff suffered so much that the hospital had to be closed for a time.

The ward-men fell ill, the nurses were laid low with it, the scrubbers, and coolies, and cooks were all down one after the other, and in such numbers, that it was impossible to attend to patients.

The European doctors were sent for in every direction all the day through by the wealthier classes of Chinese : people died quicker than men could make coffins to bury them, and some had to be buried without coffins.

One day Mrs. Apricot was feeling weak and ill when the doctor returned worn out and exhausted, having had no time for food, and when he could take it, he felt too ill to care for it.

The next morning Dr. Fairfield was almost alone on the battlefield. Here and there a weak and trembling convalescent tried to assist him, but without much strength, so that though the "will" was there, the "power" to help had gone.

Mrs. Apricot was laid up with it before the doctor was better, and Dr. Fairfield was also a victim to it. All the Mission houses were like hospitals ; the Consulate and the Customs had their share ; the whole city was terrorized by its effects. Thousands caught it by infection and

hundreds induced the infection of it by fear. No one felt safe.

Prayer was made in the Churches and Mission Chapels that God would graciously stay His hand, and the prayer of faith was heard.

Cases became fewer, convalescents crept about weak and feeble, trying to take up the burden of life once more. Just at the end one clerical Missionary died.

Every Missionary who could get away to the hills or to a distant station was sent off, and those who could not go did their best to get strong at home.

So severe was the epidemic that months afterwards "weak hearts," and other sequelæ were still troubling Europeans and natives.

When things resumed their normal course Dr. Fairfield took special charge of the work among the lepers. He quite adopted them and took them to his heart. Though they grew to love him and watch for his coming and greet him cheerily when he arrived, they still kept the old corner for their first and best friend, Dr. Apricot.

It was a great interest to Dr. Fairfield taking the leper service on a Sunday and by this means liberating Dr. Apricot for the service for assistants and hospital workers in the compound chapel every Sunday afternoon.

Dr. Fairfield, taking over a good share of the work, also enabled Dr. Apricot to give more time to translational work for his students, which year by year grew in importance.

In the autumn patients again filled the hospital in such numbers that some had no beds to sleep in and were simply lying rolled up in their quilts on the floor. Every bed was filled, and all the members of the larger staff were working their hardest to save the souls and bodies of their patients.

Among the interesting patients were some from high families. The Prefect's own household contributed two

patients ; one was soon better, and went with her husband when he was preferred to another sphere.

But the sister-in-law who came in suffering with cancer in the breast was left in the hospital, as her case was quite hopeless, and she could be better attended to there than at home.

Dyen T'ai T'ai proved to be most patient and grateful for all that was done for her, and gave no trouble. Her Amah, or waiting-maid, was an exceptionally kind woman, and was most attentive to her mistress, never sparing herself any trouble.

"What makes you so kind, Amah, to your mistress?" asked Mrs. Apricot one day. "Is it pity which touches your heart?"

"Not so, but if at a future time I should so suffer, I hope some kindness will be shown me," replied the woman.

Dyen T'ai T'ai gave much attention to the Gospel story from the first day in hospital.

She never tired of being taught and talked to of God and His love, and before she died gave full evidence she was indeed trusting in Christ.

"Who are you trusting, T'ai T'ai?" she was asked one day before she died.

"The Lord Jesus only," was her reply.

And her last words were to the same effect.

One case in the women's ward was very interesting. A girl came in to be operated on for hair-lip, as it prevented her betrothal! This was successfully done, and the girl was very delighted with her "very-beautiful-to-look-at" face. But what was even more satisfactory, her friends were much pleased and felt that the powers of the good doctors were indeed miraculous.

Another case which deserves mention is very touching and pathetic. It was that of a poor woman who came to have her hand cured. Her home was a very

unhappy one, and she had to work very hard at making paper, and this had injured her hand and arm. The bones were so diseased that she had to have her arm amputated just below the elbow. This was felt to be such a disgrace by her husband that he refused to have her home again, so the poor woman was left quite destitute.

A lady missionary, hearing of this, kindly provided her with a home in a Christian household, where she was taught more of the Gospel and the doctrines of the Christian faith.

She was afterwards baptised and confirmed, and, receiving further training, ultimately became a most useful Biblewoman, working first with one lady missionary and later with another, who both bore testimony to her faithfulness.

She was often taunted by the Chinese about her one-armed condition, but nothing daunted she would reply, quite gently :

"Yes! truly, my arm is lost, but Christ I found," and would proceed to tell them who Christ was, and thus made her very affliction a means to spread the love of Christ Jesus her Lord. She died of cholera after much suffering and only a short illness.

Mrs. Apricot, who always worked most unselfishly and untiringly, had an uncomfortable experience one day in going round the women's wards of the hospital. Being more than usually tired, and the morning being one of those fatiguing ones which try strong people in good health and are exceptionally trying to run-down people, Mrs. Apricot fainted beside the bed of one of the patients.

The consternation of nurses and patients can hardly be described. They at once lifted her into one of the patient's beds and began their usual native methods of bringing her round. Some one hurriedly fetched Dr. Apricot who, while very grateful to them all for their

kind care, preferred to treat his wife in her own bed, whither she was soon conveyed.

"Now, Gertie, you must rest, I forbid any more work at present. Your life is too precious for me to let you kill yourself entirely."

"But, Charles, I really feel—"

"No doubt, my dear, you do feel a trifle better, but you are thoroughly run down, and in bed you stay until I get you fed up. Then you must be off to the Sanatorium for a few days, or go to Shanghai for a change, whichever you like."

But as the doctor went about his work that day and for several days he realised all the weight of work and responsibility which such a number of inmates and establishments threw upon his wife. He realised, as perhaps, never so fully before, what a tower of love and strength she had been to him, sharing his work, his hopes and fears, through summer and winter, heat and cold, joy and sorrow for nearly thirty years.

So when a few days later she was able to start for a change to Shanghai he felt more hopeful about her. But when she was fully recovered and able to return after her little visit the doctor still felt anxious, and decided that their furlough must on no account be delayed again, for his wife needed a more prolonged change to do her permanent good.

CHAPTER XII

GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF CHINESE WOMEN, THEIR SOCIAL POSITION, THEIR TRIALS AND SORROWS; AND TELLS HOW MRS. APRICOT, AIDED BY SOME INTELLIGENT CHINESE LADIES, ENDEAVOURED TO SUCCOUR THEM IN THEIR NEED.

ONLY those who have learnt their language and lived among them, talking with them of their joys and their sorrows, making them feel that they go among them as friends, can really appreciate the position of Chinese women, and sympathise with them.

They are never looked upon as the equals of their husbands, and it is not thought necessary for girls to be educated. Only since lady missionaries have devoted their lives to work among women and girls of China have parents realized that girls have brains as well as boys, if only they get a chance to use them.

So for centuries they have lived and died in ignorance of reading or writing. With but here and there a rare exception, their lives are spent in a weary monotonous round of cooking and field work, if of the working classes; cooking and making their pretty shoes and headdresses, dressing themselves and painting their faces, if of the middle and upper classes.

Gentlemen in China do not inquire of their friends how their wife is and express the hope that she is well; it is not according to Chinese etiquette to mention the wife in conversation at all, but if she has to be spoken of, some expression of a very unflattering nature is used to indicate

who is meant, such as his "dull thorn." Men, when they go visiting, do not take their wives with them as Europeans do, and if the husband is receiving visitors the wife and daughters keep as a rule to their own apartments.

Many girls have never spoken to a man outside their own family before their wedding day. This remark applies to the middle and upper classes.

The women of the working classes have certainly the best of it, living as they do a more free and out-of-door life, and having better health in consequence. They have also the advantage in the matter of foot-binding, which, though it exists, is not, in the nature of things, so general where women have to carry loads or work in the fields.

But the peculiar trials of women and girls in China come from their custom of living in groups of families. The sons of a household bring their brides to their parents' home, where the mother-in-law's rule is often extremely heavy, and where sisters-in-law are often the reverse of friendly companions.

In addition to this there is the custom of foot-binding, which brings them untold suffering; wounds and ulcers, and many forms of blood-poisoning often resulting from the cruel practice, which also prevents them from having outdoor pleasures.

There is, however, a considerable awakening about the evil of foot-binding, and societies have been formed in various cities for the purpose of discouraging this evil practice.

But as we realize how in our own small country enthusiasts have been working and praying for many years to educate public opinion on some matter of reform, say, the subject of temperance, and have proved what a slow and disheartening work it is, we can understand that in China a few circles united for the suppression of foot-binding have a considerable task before them, as they

seek to convince four hundred millions of people that what for several centuries has been their custom ought never to exist.

Still, that such movements are on foot among the upper classes is cause for congratulation.

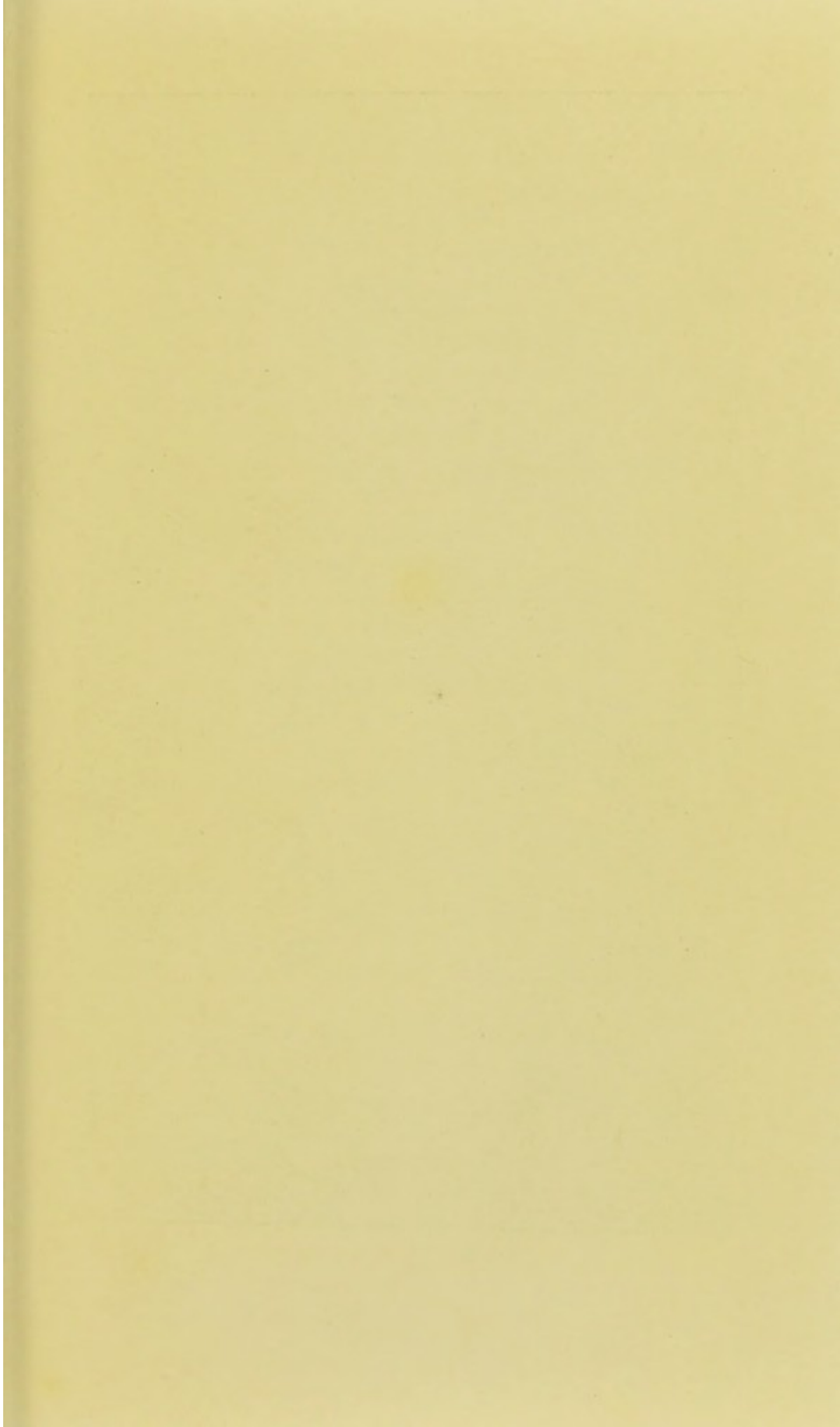
One lady whom Mrs. Apricot had met among the upper class ladies she visited and prescribed for from time to time, who had not yet overcome their prejudice as to seeing a foreign medical man, had held a meeting for ladies of her own position to discuss the merits and demerits of foot-binding. She had already unbound her own feet, being more advanced than her friends, and the result of the meeting was that quite a number of ladies joined the Union and agreed to allow their daughters to grow up with natural feet.

That this makes for better health, more freedom of life and character there is no doubt, and one longs for the time when the binding of children's feet shall be an act punishable by the law of the land.

When Chinese women are visited by the ordinary aches and pains of human life, or when disease lays them low, they often endure in silence; or are treated by the "wise" woman of the locality; or repair to a native doctor; in either case they are more frequently worse than better as a consequence. But more on the subject of native doctors will be found in the next chapter.

What women suffer in their confinements, sometimes because of the early marriage age, and often because of want of proper medical care, is more than we can speak of. If matters do not run an even course the tortures resorted to in order to bring about delivery cannot be described.

Amid the general enlightenment which is working its way into the minds of the gentry of "Heaven-Below" through the doings of the Hospital of Universal Benevolence, there had grown up the gradual conviction





Maternity Students.

To face p. III.

that a midwifery school for training women for the business of accoucheurs would be of immense advantage to the ladies and indeed the women of all classes in the city. So Dr. and Mrs. Apricot were approached by some of the gentry as to the possibility of their doing something in the matter.

Finally, they agreed to open a Midwifery Training School, and had to build specially for this purpose a convenient and suitable place, which they were able to do within the hospital grounds, and thus have it in connection with the Mission.

When the school was built, with its lecture hall and class-room, students' rooms, wards for practical training, and wards for women after delivery, bills were put out announcing that the school was ready, and inviting those who wished to be trained to send in their names.

To the surprise of the staff many more applied than they had expected, some ninety registering their names, but only about fifty turned up on the day appointed for interviews.

Mrs. Apricot and three of the native T'ai T'ai ladies most interested in the work interviewed each candidate, and questioned her as to her reason for wishing to be trained, her age, family, health, &c. The candidates were also examined in reading by one Chinese helper and in writing by another.

Out of the number who offered themselves twenty-two were ultimately trained, most of whom passed their examinations exceedingly well, and obtained their certificates, and then departed to help their native sisters and at the same time earn their own living. Eight of the students learned the way of salvation and asked for baptism. The matron also became more earnest and clear in her faith, and requested to be baptised too, so all were received into Church membership at the same time.

A few remained to help for a while in teaching the Roman letters to the twenty-three new pupils who sought admittance, and proved themselves no mean teachers.

The great blessing which this branch of the work will be to the women of "Heaven-below" in the most crucial moments of their lives, we who know something of the native treatment meted out to them by their fellow-women, can well imagine, and not less will it begin a new era in the lives of the infants of the Empire.

Many of the abnormal and enormous growths on the heads of boys and girls, and men and women, are, we believe, due to the terrible falls the children meet with when they enter the world.

"How many thousands, ay, and tens of thousands of mothers will have cause to bless the day this maternity work was started," said Dr. Apricot to his wife one morning, "I have been out since four o'clock at a very distressing case, and had to use every effort to save the mother's life."

"Were the people of the house nice?" asked Mrs. Apricot.

"Yes, very, and so grateful. The husband and I talked a good deal now and again, and he is 'coming to the services on Sunday,' he says, 'to hear more of this good news.'"

"What grand opportunities we get for sowing the Gospel seed," replied his wife. After a pause she asked, "Do you know any specially good news this morning, Charlie?"

"No, is there any?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, Dr. Fairfield has just been in to tell us he is engaged to the sweetest lady in the Mission," she answered.

"Sweetest to him," corrected the doctor, smiling.

"Oh! of course we understand that," she replied.

"The lady is Miss Dawson ; I am so glad. I shall make time to run over and tell her so."

"Dr. Fairfield needed a wife ; I am sure he was often lonely ; I am very glad for his sake too," Dr. Apricot added. "If she proves to him what you have been to me, Gertie, the man will be greatly blessed."

"Thank you, Charlie. Now let us get our breakfast, for we are late—it is nearly church time.

CHAPTER XIII

CONTAINS SOME REMARKS ON NATIVE DOCTORS, AND TELLS HOW EASILY A MAN PASSES FROM A COOK TO A DOCTOR, FROM A BOTTLE-WASHER TO A DRUGGIST; ALSO GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF THE TRAINING OF STUDENTS IN WESTERN MEDICINE, AND OF A NEW TREATMENT WHICH CAUSES MUCH ASTONISHMENT TO THE NATIVES.

THOUSANDS of cases, more or less of a serious nature, are not brought in their initial stage to the Hospital of Universal Benevolence.

The usual thing is first to try native doctors and use the remedies prescribed by them.

The training of a native doctor is very meagre, if indeed he may be said to have any at all; he is merely apprenticed to a quack, who takes great care not to make him as wise as himself, remembering the proverb "The teacher must always remain wiser than the taught."

Others inherit prescriptions and drugs as some people do money, and often make fortunes out of their legacy, to the sorrow and poverty and often the death of their patients.

During the last thirty years servants in the employ of mission houses or mission doctors have been called in on occasions to help at dispensary work, and having become bitten with the desire to better themselves, have left their situation to set up as a "Western doctor," profiting by the experience obtained in their "last place."

The diseases treated by these so-called doctors are more

often "improved for the worse," as the Irishman said, than "improved for the better." Their knowledge of drugs is very limited, and their knowledge of the human body is much more limited still. An abscess is often sealed up with a filthy plaster, "Warranted," as Dr. Apricot often said, "never to come off," instead of being lanced and drained.

Abdominal pains are grossly aggravated by rusty needles being pushed into the body to find out how deeply rooted the disease is! in most cases adding blood-poisoning to the original complaint.

Frequently powdered tiger bones are dusted into open wounds to stop bleeding! and the juice of snakes' skins boiled down is sometimes applied as a balsam!

Patients often hover between the western medical man and the native doctor, taking a dose of each medicine, and wonder the cure is not as quick as magic!

Native surgical work is on a very small scale, and never is any degree of cleanliness deemed an important factor towards successful recovery.

How horrified an English surgeon would be to see "a Chinese surgeon clip off an old standing opacity of the cornea, or to see a dirty needle stuck into an opaque lens to improve the patient's sight."

Patients constantly arrived at the Hospital of Universal Benevolence in a dying condition, "the whole body sick" from the things they had suffered of many physicians (so called), and the whole heart faint with dread of the inevitable future, of which they know nothing, but imagine it to be crowded with unutterable terrors and woes, infinitely worse than anything they have seen or suffered in their present life.

Chinese doctors are not spoken of as general practitioners, but as "inside body" doctors, "outside body" doctors, and "eye doctors."

An illustration of this distinction was vividly portrayed

when a Chinese carpenter pierced his foot with an ugly splinter, while building a house for a native doctor. The doctor himself being on the premises at once intimated that "for the usual gratuity he would attend to the foot."

The carpenter was a poor workman, not a master builder, but paid the fee and tendered the injured member for treatment.

The doctor promptly cut off the splinter level to the surface of the foot, mixed a plaster and stuck it on.

"Is all the wood out of my foot?" asked the patient; "it still has great pain."

"Ah! no—I have only dealt with the outside; I am not an inside doctor and dare not presume," was the reply he received.

Truly it may be said of most of those who go to the native doctors they are nothing the better but much the worse; money gone, health gone, patience gone, and only the disease has gained ground in their poor afflicted bodies.

"Why is breakfast so late this morning?" Dr. Apricot asked one morning, when he had waited ten minutes beyond the usual time, and his wife at last appeared with the resigned look on her face which showed plainly something had gone wrong.

"You may well ask, Charles," replied his wife. "'One-of-Ten' (the cook) has left without 'by your leave,' and the washer-man did not presume to prepare breakfast without orders! They really are queer!"

"Why did 'One-of-Ten' want to leave? Had he been unsettled?" inquired Dr. Apricot.

"I had not heard so," she answered as she quickly assisted her husband to coffee. "'Born-old' (who was the washer-man) says his grandfather has died suddenly; he was a native doctor and had quite a large practice, and 'One-of-Ten' was sent for late last night to go home for the funeral. As we were out he went to see what was

really the matter. This morning he has sent word that he has to take up his grandfather's practice at once, so will come later for his belongings and to say 'Good-bye.' He has sent his younger brother who has learnt cooking under him the last year, to see if we will take him on as cook."

"Rather cool of 'One-of-Ten.' What a lot of people he will kill before he has been a doctor very long," he answered, helping himself to more toast and butter.

Mrs. Apricot continued smiling. "His father thinks he will be able to keep the practice better than his brothers, as he has lived with the great western doctor, and 'Born-old' says 'One-of-Ten' always used to say he would like doctoring people, and that was why he was always eager to gossip with the students on every possible occasion that he might pick up knowledge."

Later in the day "One-of-Ten" in his new silk coat, cloth waistcoat, and pea-green trousers, with spectacles on (he had never needed them before as cook!), came with a younger brother to take away his personal belongings.

He looked quite the learned doctor and had the grace to blush when the doctor asked him if he felt himself equal to his profession.

"I have learnt much here," he said, "but I should not have left serving the doctor and his lady now but for the command of my father. With the Western learning which I have gained here ("in puddings and cakes" thought the doctor) and with my grandfather's superior prescriptions, which are very old, as he inherited them from *his* grandfather, and therefore they have years beyond count and are of much value, I hope to make a fortune in time."

So "One-of-Ten" (now calling himself Dr. Plum) bowed himself out of the room and went "below stairs," as we should say at home, but literally went across to the servants' quarters, where he was surprised to find the

Christian servants did not make quite as much of him as he did of himself.

"We all have our trials in this life, Gertie," the doctor remarked to his wife in the evening, "but cheer up, you will hear of another cook soon."

"I have heard of one," she answered quickly.

"Who? I hope the new-comer is a Christian; I have often felt 'One-of-Ten' was not the best of influences in the kitchen."

"So have I," agreed his wife, "but he professed himself an inquirer when I engaged him, and his name was down as such; the native pastor told me so. However, he has gone; and who do you think has been to see me this afternoon?"

"I cannot guess," he replied.

"Dear old 'Arrived-late' and his wife. He left us and set up a tea-shop and has made a nice little sum by it, but he longs to be back with us again and has offered to come at the same wages he used to have."

"What about his wife?" asked the doctor.

"She is so keen to live here too," replied Mrs. Apricot, "and wants no wages, if she may make herself useful, in teaching and sewing. She could teach the patients and would be of real use in the sewing way. So I think I will take them. He was an earnest Christian and has been true since he left us. What do you think, Charles?"

"I really don't think we could do better," the doctor replied, "so settle the matter with them. We always found them both excellent servants, and they only left us and set up the tea-shop when we went home on furlough, so it is not as if there had been any disagreement on either their side or ours."

"What a comfort it will be to have 'Arrived-late' back again," Mrs. Apricot said with a sigh.

"Don't sigh, wife; tears come in the morning and joy at night; the reverse order of things, isn't it?"

"Charles, you know I did not cry," exclaimed Mrs. Apricot, shaking her finger at the doctor and laughing as she left the room to inquire if "Arrived-late" was still on the premises.

Finding he was waiting below, Mrs. Apricot soon engaged the man as cook, and his wife to be general help wherever she was wanted, in return for board and lodging.

"It will be great happiness to be back with the doctor and the lady," the man replied. "It was here I learned the doctrine, and here I feel my home; I trust future time give the lady heart-rest" (satisfaction).

A few weeks later the doctor had a letter from a fellow medical missionary some distance away saying he wanted a useful boy for dispensary work, washing bottles, sweeping, and other similar duties. Could Dr. Apricot recommend him one from "Heaven-Below?" "You will be amused," continued the letter, "to hear my bottle-washer, who was only with us three weeks, has left us to become a druggist! and has opened a shop. The boy came into a little money (a few dollars) and thought he would like to be a doctor, but as he was put to the bottom of the ladder to subdue his proud spirit and so prepare his mind to receive instruction, he took umbrage at being told to bring pipes for some Chinese gentlemen who had to wait until I could see them, as I was in the middle of an operation when they arrived.

"I need hardly say he is no loss. But we see he has opened a new and gaily painted shop and stocked it with the old stock of a druggist who has made enough to retire on! We all feel sorry for his patients, for the lad has absolutely no knowledge of drugs. But he tells us he is sure to do well and make a lot of money, for all drugs have to be paid for *beforehand*, and he will have a good trade in opium.

"There really ought to be some legislation to prevent

unqualified doctors and druggists being able to set up as they do."

Also another difficulty met with by European doctors is the general ignorance of the patients themselves.

Dr. Apricot on one occasion found a patient whose condition though not very alarming ought to have yielded to the medicine he had given. The bad cough was certainly no better, though his breath was considerably sweeter, as he noticed directly the man sat down opposite to him.

"Well," began the doctor, "so your cough is no better?"

"No, doctor," replied the old man, coughing and expectorating to show how bad it still was.

"Did you take the medicine as I told you?" inquired the doctor.

"That was so," again replied the patient.

"Tell me," said the doctor looking up his notebook to see what he had prescribed and the directions he had given, "how did I tell you to take the medicine?"

"Yes, doctor," answered the old man. "I ate the fat, it was not sufficiently strong, I think, and I rubbed my knee with the lotion, but it did not raise any blister, nor even make my leg warm!"

"Oh, 'Seen-Goodness' (the man's name), you may well not be better! I gave you the sulphur ointment for your leg and the medicine for your cough!" exclaimed the doctor.

Fresh instructions and fresh medicine and "Seen-Goodness" departed to let in another patient.

"Well, 'Morning-Glory,' how are you? Any better to-day?" inquired the doctor once more.

"Nearly recovered," replied the man, smiling. "I took the pills, all but one, which my wife stole and ate for her pains in her back, so I ate the paper they had been wrapped in; some of the goodness had no doubt lodged in the paper and I am much better!"

The doctor fairly groaned, but ordered fresh medicine to be put in a bottle this time and gave yet clearer instructions to the man "not to swallow the bottle, or give the medicine to his wife."

The next patient came in and began taking off her coverings, and the doctor turned to see, as he expected, the horrible ulcer he had treated a week ago.

"What is this?" he asked, pointing to a huge black plaster, which looked as if it had been put on with a mason's trowel. "You have not poulticed it as I told you."

"Oh, yes, poultice on now, native doctor order plaster, so put that on too!"

The doctor sent the woman to the dispensary to have it taken off, and when it did at last yield to pressure and came away, the odour from the wound cleared the dispensary quicker than Yamen runners could have done, and only the dressers and the woman were left; but who could stand a smell like that and the temperature nearly 100 degrees in the shade.

To dispel ignorance and superstitious practices such as have been referred to, and also other practices even worse (as the sacrificing to idols, consulting astrologers, fortune-tellers, and witches), only the training and educating of native students to be fully qualified medical men in large numbers will ever avail. European doctors will never go out in any adequate numbers to China on their own account as practising physicians and surgeons, or under the various Missionary Societies as Medical Missionaries to minister to the teeming millions of Chinese.

The demand for Western doctoring is far too great for the few European or American doctors ever to supply, and if the Medical Missionaries do not continue to train even larger numbers than they have ever yet trained, the population will have to continue to suffer the torture and malpractices of the native doctors as they do now.

The training of medical students has been, so far, very uphill work ; doctors have had to translate their text books into Chinese as they have wanted them, and prepare their lectures in English and translate them into Chinese before giving them.

About one hundred students have been trained at the Medical College in connection with the Hospital of Universal Benevolence, and their success has more than repaid Dr. Apricot for the trouble and expense of educating them.

To be able to take in fresh students every year the teaching staff of the Medical College should be increased to six. Up to the time of writing this story the teaching staff has only numbered two, and because of this students have only been able to enter every five years.

If the European staff of teachers could be augmented to six there would, after the fifth year, be some graduating every year, and also their places, as they pass out, could be filled by new students beginning their first year's course.

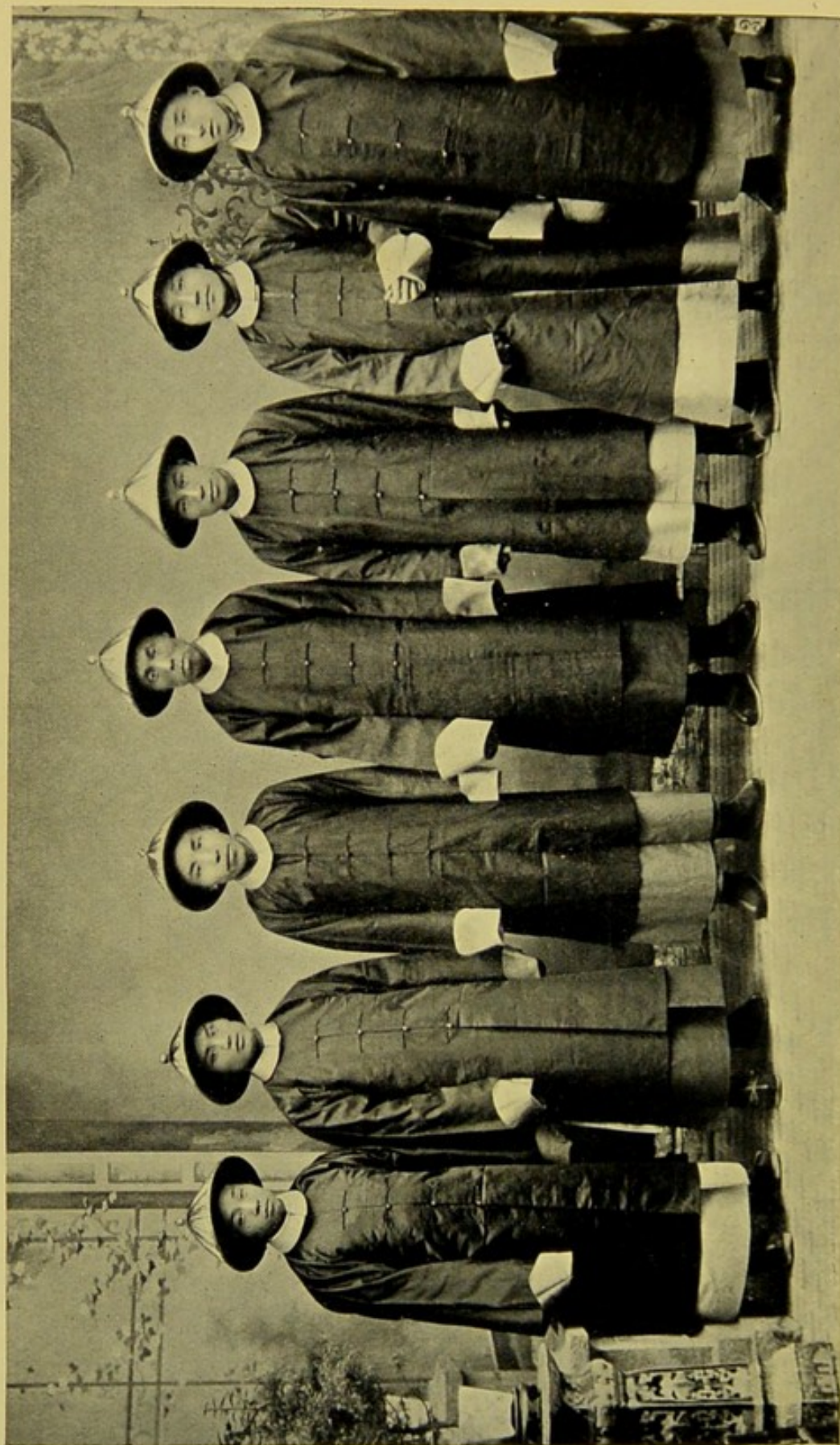
The first three batches of students were all Christians, but the demand for Western medical training has been so great since the Boxer troubles that a few heathen students have been admitted for training.

The fees paid by these students more than pay all their expenses, and help towards paying the native staff.

If this little book falls into the hands of any medical man who for Christ's sake will go forth and help in this noble work in the city of "Heaven-Below" he will be heartily welcomed.

The work waits to be done, and the time passes. When China has found her feet and feels herself equal to the nations of the West, those who by their teaching and preaching, by their working and praying, by their lives lived for her as well as by their lives laid down for her, will rejoice if she comes forth from her long sleep to take





Seven Students Recently Graduated.

her place among the nations of the world, not as a civilised power only, but as a power for Christ.

Among the men who have been trained by Dr. Apricot more than one has died, one or two have been led away from the Mission by the desire to accumulate fortunes as speedily as possible, but the rest of the Christian students are all working directly or indirectly in the Mission, if not actually in the hospital or its branch establishments.

More than once some of these Christian young fellows, since their training, have been offered salaries double that which they receive in connection with their Alma Mater; but they have resisted the temptation and are still working for God and their fellow-men in the Medical Mission and doing good work, spiritual as well as medical.

When the last set of students—the fourth set which had graduated during the last twenty-five years—received their diplomas; the hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers and flags, English, Chinese, American, and Japanese. The English, American, and Japanese Consuls were present; also the head of the Customs, the Director of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, the Prefect of "Heaven-Below," the Director of the Native Military School, the Interpreter, the District Magistrate, and all the distinguished Mandarins of the city and the Headmasters of the different Colleges, both foreign and Chinese.

The proceedings were opened with an address by the Chairman, Dr. Apricot, and the singing of a hymn written by one of the students themselves. Then the head of the native staff at the hospital, Dr. Liu (who was the first student trained in connection with the hospital and who has since done most excellent work), read the report of the examinations, gave some account of the course of work the students had been through, and finally called the roll in order of merit.

The students who had passed, seven in number, then stepped forward as their names were read out, wearing official dress, and looking very proud and happy on account of their success.

Dr. Apricot himself presented the diplomas, which were printed on white parchment in large type in both English and Chinese.

The Official Director of the Bureau, representing the Government of the Province, then gave an excellent address to the students, hoping they would keep up their studies and never let their knowledge pass from their minds, but endeavour to rise higher and higher in their profession. He wished them all success in their future work and trusted they would be very useful in healing the sick.

The English Consul then congratulated them upon their success, and also congratulated Dr. Apricot upon his efforts which had been so strenuously carried out for more than a quarter of a century, the monument of which was not in the accumulated lands or numerous institutions which they could see any day they chose to look, but was built in the lives and hearts of the thousands of citizens of "Heaven-Below."

The Bishop of the Diocese having said a few words and closed the meeting with prayer, the whole assembly then passed out into the pretty gardens of the hospital and made their way into the doctor's house where, in the drawing-room and on the wide verandahs, tea was served by Mrs. Apricot to the officials, missionaries, and other friends who had been present.

After tea many friends looked through the men's and women's hospitals, the refuges for lepers, the children's home, and the other institutions which have not yet been described.

Some went up to the West Lake to see the last new buildings and the patients, who, to their own astonishment, were recovering there without medicine.

These buildings were the Fresh-air Home and the Convalescent Home.

Vast numbers of patients came annually for treatment who were victims of consumption ; in some cases inherited, but in hundreds of cases through lack of sanitation, good food and fresh air. If these cases were put into the General Hospital they took up the beds, and acute cases who were needing immediate attention had to be refused.

This then was the solution of Dr. Apricot ; not, at that time to enlarge the General Hospital, but to provide a separate building where fresh air, cleanliness, and good food should be the order of the day.

So three miles away on the beautiful West Lake, which is on three sides enclosed by hills, while on the remaining side the land slopes away across the rice fields to the city of "Heaven-Below," the doctor built a Fresh Air Home and a Convalescent Home. Higher up the hills he had years ago built the Missionaries' Sanatorium, and beside the lake the Men's Leper Refuge, which has been referred to before in these pages.

A curious looking Pagoda overlooks the Lake from the hill on one side, and on the south bank of the Lake there is another and even older looking building.

As a rule the Chinese have always been very jealous of foreigners building near pagodas, lest the sun should cause a shadow to be cast from the erection across their pagoda, and thus injure the good luck and prosperity of the city, over which the pagodas are supposed to keep guard.

The land on which stood the pagoda and all the "Merciful Hostels" erected by Dr. Apricot was given him in exchange by the Mandarins of "Heaven-Below" for another piece of land which after the deed was signed and the money paid down turned out to be the supposed "Royal Pathway of the Red Dragon." Superstition, though melting, does not yet in "Heaven-Below" allow

foreigners, however much appreciated and beloved, to build right in the way of this all tormenting power.

So although the yielding had to be shown in a dignified and fitting spirit, the exchanged place was in fact more beautifully situated and more conveniently near the doctor's other work than the Royal Pathway would have been. Thus all parties were pleased and contented, and Dr. Apricot and the Mission in whose name he holds all these buildings, are, it is believed, the only foreign landlords of a pagoda known in China.

This then was the situation of these new buildings. The patients were able to live in the open air, surrounded with beautiful scenery, the hills being covered with red azaleas and huge white dog roses in the spring, and other flowers in the autumn, beside the glorious red and gold of autumn leafage.

The patients when they were well enough could row, or be rowed, on the lovely lake and help to keep the larder supplied with really wholesome fresh fish when their inclinations led them that way.

Their astonishment, however, at the Fresh Air Treatment is better imagined than described, knowing as we do their innate desire to shut out all air when they feel ill, except indeed the foul close air of their own small rooms, which they shut in as carefully as they can.

The following conversation will, however, give a slight impression of their surprise.

"Do not refuse me admittance to your honourable hospital, I have the \$2 for my food," said a tuberculosis patient one morning.

"I fear we cannot take you in here—but I will send you to the Fresh Air Home at West Lake," said the doctor, smiling.

"May I have some medicine?" said the patient.

"I think not; the treatment is not physic as you mean

it," said the doctor. "Go up to the Fresh Air Home and present this card and I will see you there."

The patient unbelievably still pleaded "But, no medicine, no better."

"Fresh air and good food is number one good medicine for you," replied the doctor. "If I find you do not get better I will give you some medicine."

A few days later the doctor rode over to see his unbelieving patient.

"How is your body?" inquired the doctor cheerily.

"Oh! great gladness to see the beloved doctor," bemoaned the patient.

"What is the matter?" inquired the doctor.

"Here so many winds, so much air, so much washing of the body, so much eating, body so sad; no medicine, no plaster for my chest. I think hospital in "Heaven-Below" much more better!"

The doctor sat down, felt the patient's pulse, looked at her tongue, took her to the weighing machine, found that in three days only she had gained two pounds in weight, and then set himself to cheer her up. He finally persuaded her to remain another week.

Long before the end of the month the patient was decidedly stronger, and begging to be kept another month.

The patients quite understand that they must pay for the treatment, or, if very poor, that it must be paid for by some one on their behalf.

The cost of full "stuffing" treatment is \$15 a month, and \$5 a month for ordinary diet.

To make this expensive establishment pay Dr. Apricot advertises that he is willing to take patients from a distance if properly recommended by those who will guarantee their expenses.

The surprise and delight of their friends when the patients return home, having added many pounds to

their weight and so much colour to their cheeks that the rouge pot is no longer needed, is excessive, while they exclaim "No medicine! Only the fresh air! and many feasts every day! Truly these Western doctors are very clever, to cure people in this fashion."

CHAPTER XIV

GIVES SOME INFORMATION CONCERNING THE CHINESE OPIUM REFORM, AND SHEWS THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN IT AND THE AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL ACCORDED TO DR. AND MRS. APRICOT ON THEIR RETURN HOME FOR THEIR THIRD FURLOUGH. IT ALSO SHEWS THE TREE FULLY GROWN.

THE first chapter in this story of Medical Mission work told of the arrival of Dr. Apricot to take charge of the Opium Refuge in the city of "Heaven-Below." He had never lost sight of this branch of his work, in spite of his many other efforts in various directions.

One might say that no day had passed, when the presence of the victims of this drug in the Opium Refuge did not serve as a protest against the opium smoking habit, not only to the poor victims themselves, but to hundreds of others; the patients in the hospital, and their friends who visited them; the out-patients who heard about the Refuge and talked of it to their friends and neighbours; the tradespeople who had much coming and going where so large an establishment had to be kept up; the visitors of the more wealthy classes, who called "to see" the hospital, and no less to the hundreds of daily passers-by who read the notice boards at the hospital entrance of the humane efforts which were made within to cure opium victims.

The old proverb, "Continual droppings wear the

hardest stone " is true of the united efforts of Missionaries of all denominations working in China, who by their speaking and writing upon the opium curse, have had a large share in raising public opinion with regard to the matter.

Nor can one fail to acknowledge the effect of the Anti-Opium Meetings of protest which have been held in London and elsewhere, to enlighten the home people concerning the growing evil of this habit upon the life and character of the Chinese people.

Chinese statesmen have been also awakened to see that definite efforts must be made to rid their country of this enthralling vice, and after much correspondence with the English Government an understanding was arrived at, by which England agreed, that if the Chinese Government reduced the consumption of native opium by a certain amount each year, they on their part would reduce the export of Opium from India by a similar amount.

It remains to be seen how far this contract has been carried out on both sides.

One thing is very evident, viz., that during the past four or five years the Officials in China have been making strenuous efforts to put down this evil.

In "Heaven-Below" Dr. Apricot had treated people of all grades of society for this habit, and his work in this direction was recognised by all who heard of it.

But when the Government influence was set in the same direction, then more prominent countenance was given to his work of redemption in this particular line.

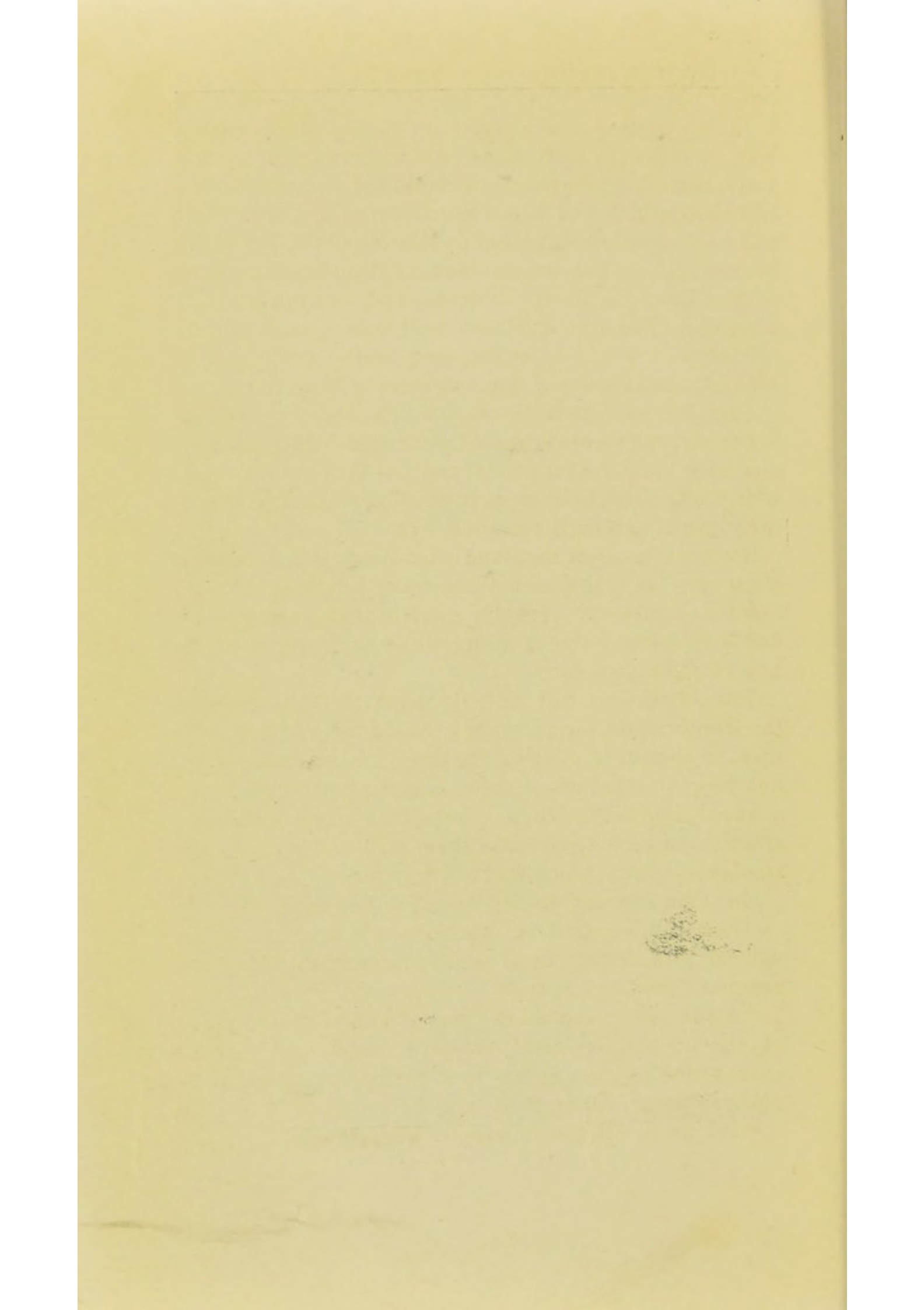
In July, 1907, by order of the City Authorities all opium dens in the City of "Heaven-Below" were closed. And in the increasing number of patients who came to be treated, the hospital staff recognised that energetic reform was setting in.

So great were the numbers of applicants, that all could not be received, and Dr. Apricot and Dr. Fairfield opened another Refuge temporarily to meet the need.



New China, A Patient and Friend,

To face p. 130



In the Autumn of the year a great civic function was held on Heaven's Peak when all the opium pipes, opium trays, and other paraphernalia connected with the smoking of opium, which had been cleared out of the dens which had been closed, were brought to the top of the Peak to be burned. A huge bon-fire was made of them in the presence of Mandarins, soldiers, students, and thousands of the populace. The pile had been well soaked with paraffin oil before it was set on fire, and as the flames leaped Heaven-ward, shouts of rejoicing went up from the crowd.

Speeches were made by the Officials, and some of the native clergy and medical staff were also called upon to give their opinion of the habit and to tell of the successful efforts which had been made in the Opium Refuge to save the victims from their besetting vice.

Some six or seven thousand pipes were destroyed that afternoon, but that does not represent anything like the number of smokers; probably not less than 50,000 people had been in the habit of using those same pipes in the now closed opium dens.

The people who had hitherto tried to evade meeting the European doctors, lest they should try and influence them to abstain from using the drug, now in daily greater numbers crowded about them begging to be cured, and acknowledging that their efforts had much helped to educate the people and make them willing to aid in the wholesale reform which was taking place.

One man begged "to be allowed to be cured."

"Certainly we shall be much pleased to help you; it will be hard work, but if you are determined you will conquer," said Dr. Apricot.

"All the city," replied the man, "knows the goodness of the honourable great Western doctor and that for years added to years he has been curing the willing ones, but now the unwilling must also be cured or die. The doctor's work will now be greater very much."

A good many Tartars applied amongst others for admittance into the Refuge. The Tartar General took up the Reform vigorously, and about thirty men were sent as a first instalment of those found guilty of the practice of opium smoking. There were others, to the number of about 150, to come by future instalments.

The preaching of Jesus and of His power to save went on in each ward and all had the Gospel lovingly presented to them.

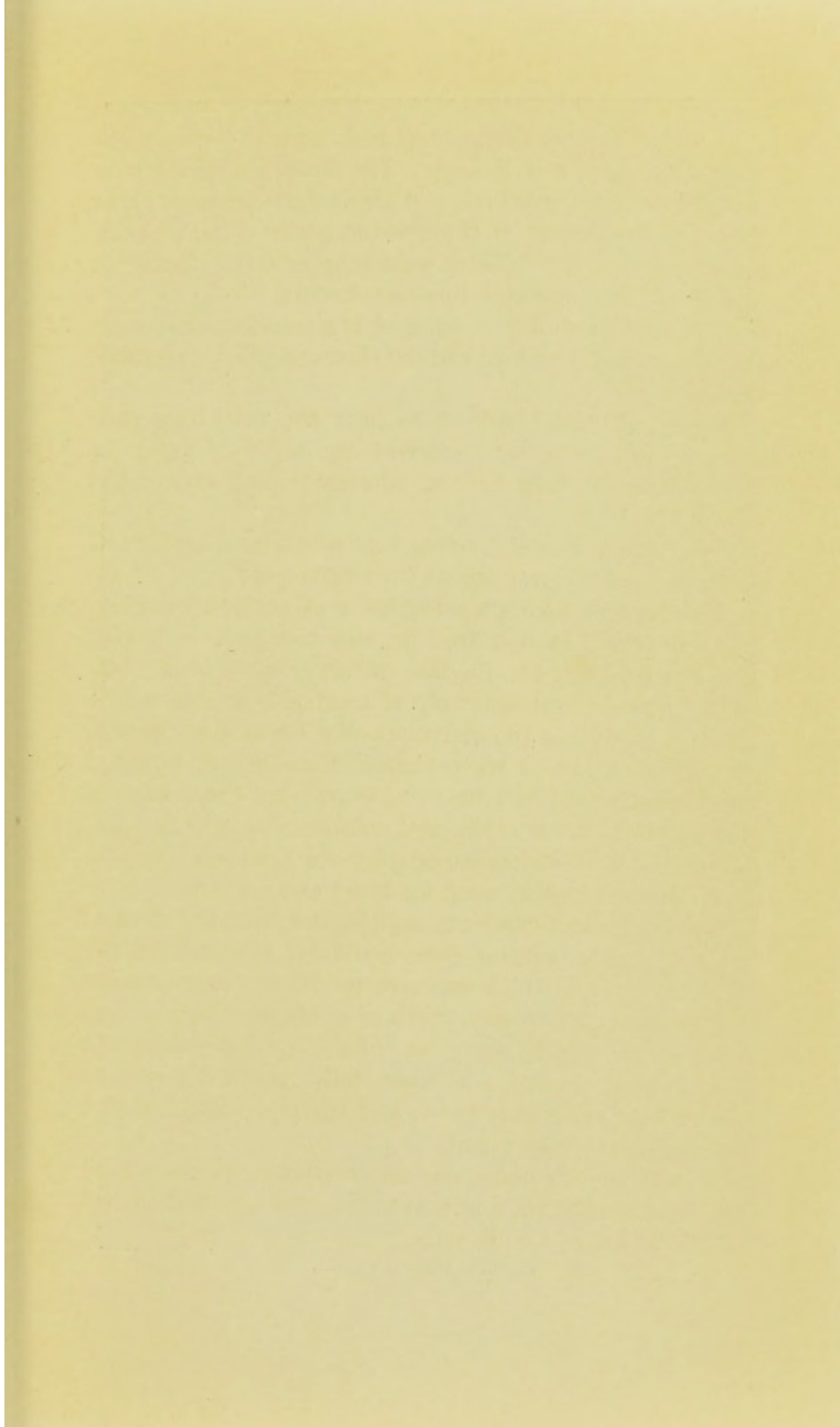
Some were more willing to hear the preaching than others, and those who received the word of truth, by the Almighty help of the Almighty God gained the victory.

The time was now drawing near when Dr. Apricot and his wife were to go home on their furlough.

The doctor was not leaving his work without considerable anxiety. It was true he was fortunate in having Dr. Fairfield and Dr. Baytree to carry on the work, who would have the valuable help of tried and trusted native doctors, as well as the assistance of a European chemist, Mr. Meadows, and a trained nurse, Miss Do-well, who had both worked faithfully for some years; but the matter of the buildings, their repair and enlargement, and the providing of further accommodation for the ever growing work pressed heavily upon his heart and mind.

The number of students applying for Western Medical training was far greater than could be admitted to the Medical School, which was very small and not convenient for the work in any way, and a new Medical School was needed in which forty or fifty students might be concurrently trained, who when fully qualified could be planted out in country towns and villages, with a mission dispensary to superintend.

A new doctor's house was also needed in the compound to accommodate the addition to the staff who had arrived in the person of Dr. Baytree.





To face p. 133.

Dr. Liu, Wife and Child,

A new Infection Hospital was also needed, properly fitted, for the reception of infectious cases to prevent the sad occurrence of the previous outbreaks of scarlet fever, when several patients in the surgical and medical wards were infected and died in consequence of the first case being in a ward which was not isolated.

So the return of Dr. Apricot to his own country for furlough was a very qualified pleasure, weighted as it was with the burden of all these needs.

Still, he believed and trusted that friends in the homeland would rise to the emergency and help China in this the mid-day of her opportunity.

When the natives heard of Dr. Apricot's approaching departure, they came in crowds day after day, bringing presents of all kinds as tokens of their gratitude to one who had for nearly thirty years proved himself friend, adviser, teacher, doctor and benefactor to one and all who had sought his help. Nor was his wife forgotten in the numerous gifts which were presented, for she was equally beloved for all her tender ministrations.

A largely attended prayer meeting was held, in which both Native Christians and European Missionaries took part, commending Dr. Apricot and his wife to God's Almighty care and protection during the twelve months of separation.

Then Dr. Fairfield dropped in on the Friday before they were to start.

"I have come," he said, "to tell you there is to be a great farewell meeting to-morrow night in the Lecture Hall. The natives have planned it all and the head doctor of the native Staff is arranging everything. You must not go near the Lecture Hall, which is being most beautifully decorated for the occasion."

"How kind of them," said both the doctor and his wife, at once.

"It will be a great effort and they are trying to make it

worthy of you," said Dr. Fairfield, "the Head says there are to be speeches and music, and a special acclamation of thanks, and I cannot tell you what—the students are full of excitement."

"We were just talking of you and saying you will not feel so lonely this time, having your wife and Dr. Baytree who will be here while he learns the language," said Mrs. Apricot.

"The work is really beyond the oversight of two doctors now, even with efficient native help," said Dr. Fairfield, "but I shall be truly thankful to see you both back. The place is not the same when you are both away."

"Well I can only say one thing, keep cheerful and keep others cheerful, and then the work will go on smoothly," said Dr. Apricot. "Pray hard and keep believing," he added, shaking Dr. Fairfield by the hand.

The Farewell Meeting was well carried out; abundant testimony was borne by all to the work of Dr. Apricot, and many touching references were made to him and Mrs. Apricot. He could hardly speak when called upon to do so, but after a few moments his voice grew steady and he gave them a farewell address, commending all in prayer to God at the close.

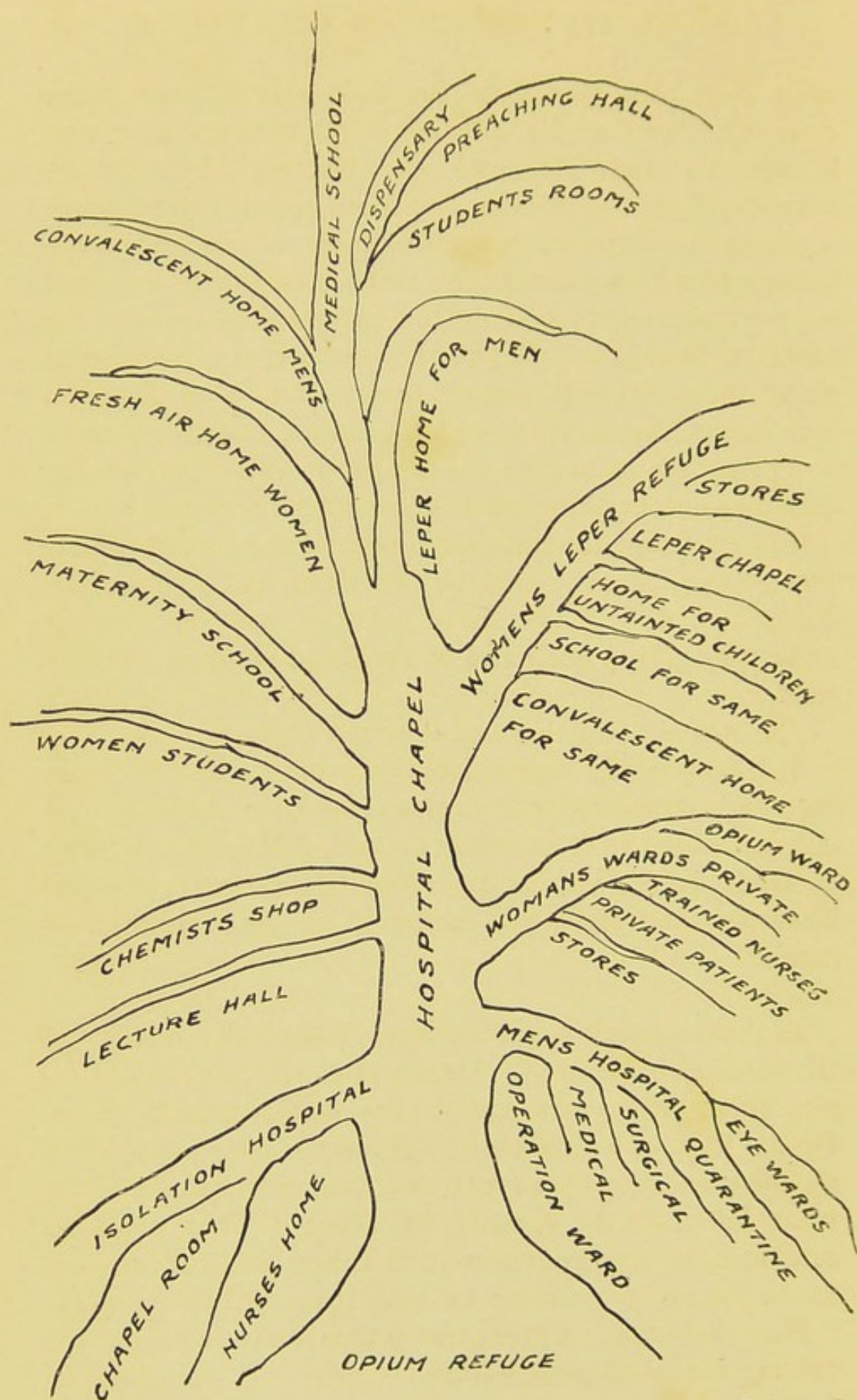
The Sunday Services were felt by all in the Mission to be of the nature of a farewell. As many as possible gathered together around the Table of the Lord in sweet fellowship with Him and with one another.

The following day a huge procession escorted the doctor and his wife to the railway station. The students headed the procession with flags specially prepared for the day.

Then followed hundreds of grateful patients; then the ladies' chairs; then Mrs. Apricot and her native helper (whom she was taking with her to England to study for the L.O.S. degree in that country).

Following them came the Maternity students; then





more flags and men from the Lake-side Homes; then came Dr. Apricot; Dr. Liu, his head native doctor and friend; Dr. Fairfield, and Dr. Baytree; followed by numbers of gentry, officials, and more friends and admirers—a long and imposing procession from the hospital to the train, which took them to the water side, where a special tug was waiting to convey the party to the steamer en route to Shanghai. Before they entered the house-boat many more officials joined them. The Consuls also, and many Missionaries, and European friends in large numbers, arrived to give them a good send-off, a worthy close to another happy and successful term of work.

"Don't forget the building fund and the repairs wherever you go, doctor," said Dr. Fairfield, as he shook the doctor's hand. "The Lord prosper you in all your undertaking, may the hand of the Lord be upon you for good."

The steamer whistled and they were off.

At Shanghai the native doctor was most attentive, looking after everything and never leaving them until the boat was just about to start, when he said, "May the blessing of God protect you both! May He prosper you and bless you and bring you home to us your children in peace."

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In the foregoing pages we have traced the history of the Medical Mission in "Heaven-Below" which had its rise about fifty years ago in the establishment of an Opium Refuge, which was as a grain of mustard seed sown by one convinced of a great evil, and determined to do what he could to remedy its effects. That seed has produced, in the numerous and varied institutions now to be found in connection with the medical work in "Heaven-Below," a great tree whose leaves are for the healing of the Chinese nation.

APPENDIX

REPORT OF THE HANGCHOW MEDICAL MISSION.

Staff:—

DR. AND MRS. DUNCAN MAIN.

DR. AND MRS. KEMBER.

DR. L. C. P. BEATTY.

MR. MORGAN.

MISS MORRIS.

TO give some idea of what goes on and how it is accomplished, may we first mention the different branches of work connected with the Mission hospital which was erected in 1884.

First of all there is the *men's hospital* with over 100 beds, including emergency and infectious wards; the latter being separated from the main building. There is a *dispensary*, consulting rooms and surgery for out-patients, and waiting-hall, in which the patients assemble to hear the Gospel which is being proclaimed by evangelist and Bible-woman while they wait for consultation. At the entrance of the compound there is a Registrar's Office, where patients are registered, fees paid, and all business connected with "middlemen," etc., is transacted; and for convenience there is also here a *medicine shop* and book store. Next comes the *opium refuge* which has been turned into a *medical college* and *hostel* to meet the largely increased applications from students to be taught

Western medicine. At present there are sixty students, Christian and non-Christian, in training, and a house master and one of the five native teachers live with them; the headmaster residing at hand. To meet the rush of opium smokers wanting to be cured, caused by the Imperial Edict ordering all opium-dens to be closed, another refuge was temporarily erected and for some time fully occupied. The *women's hospital* has accommodation for sixty patients and rooms for assistants, pupils and nurses, etc. From time to time extra wards have been added to meet the needs of the work. A *maternity hospital and training school*; the former has beds for ten patients and the latter has had over twenty-five pupils in residence, besides matron and servants. To complete the list we must still mention the *refuge* for leper women with at present three inmates and a caretaker; also a home for the *untainted* children of lepers, which has enlarged its usefulness by adding to these children others who have needed help and protection from time to time, and who now number thirteen all told. This outline gives our readers some idea of the work to be superintended *inside* of the city. But at the West Lake there is the *leper refuge* for men, with at present forty inmates, and convalescent and fresh air homes for men and women, occupied fully in the summer months.

With this preliminary sketch of the nature and use of the various departments of work, we will now try and describe as briefly as possible the way in which the work has to be "got through."

The "work-day" is commenced by a service at 8.30 a.m. in the chapel (this does not mean, however, that work is not going on before then, such as emergency cases, attention to in-patients, etc., as may be necessary), and all from the different hospitals, medical and maternity schools, men, women, and children are, when possible, expected to be present. This service and evening

prayers (at the latter only men attend) are conducted by the foreign doctors and native evangelists and assistants in turn on each day in the week. At 9 o'clock Drs. Main and Kember begin their work with the in-patients; Mr. Morgan goes to the dispensary to attend to medicines and help the dispensers and pupils learning this work. Dr. Kember visits the men's wards with house-physician and students, who have already been seeing to cases before the doctor's visit, and gives them a clinical lecture. At the same time Dr. Main visits the women's hospital with Mrs. Main, Miss Morris, and girl-assistants and pupil-nurses, and lectures to the pupils on certain days in the week. *Operations* of any importance are done by Dr. Main in the women's hospital on Wednesdays at 9 o'clock; minor ones are done as the occasion requires. This rule applies to the men's hospital also, though there it is impossible to keep to a regular day or days.

Visits to hospitals being over, the out-patients, who are probably waiting for some time, have to be attended to, and while Dr. Main and assistants are seeing and prescribing for them, Dr. Kember and students are as busy as possible in the surgery attending to minor operations, teeth pulling, etc., etc. After out-patients are seen, and sometimes on certain days wedged in before, lectures to medical and maternity students have to be given till 12.15.

Then comes an interval of three-quarters of an hour for lunch, after which work recommences. Correspondence, giving orders, writing up cases, teaching students, more attention to in-patients, accounts, and the hundred and one things that crop up without arrangement, and emergency cases, must be attended to by one or other of the doctors at the hospital; while the other one has medical visits to pay to the Custom House and staff bi-weekly, six miles distant, as well as visits to foreign and native patients, to the various institutions which we

have already said are outside of the city, as each day requires.

In the evening there is often translation work on hand, or (as lately) much behindhand, and matters connected with hospital and college, which have had no chance for consultation in the day, are often attended to then. Medical and other reading have to be thrown in as it were when opportunity occurs.

In answer to questions asked by fellow-medical missionaries regarding various methods of management, we will, as far as possible, refer to them under their different heads:—

In-patients are seen every day by the foreign doctors, and the duty of the house-physician is to attend to them on entrance, put them in touch with the students who act as dressers and see that each case is taken down. On admission, patients have a bath and their own garments exchanged for hospital ones; theirs being handed to the "middle-man," whom every patient must have. As to a *daily bath* we can only say that this state of hygienic perfection is not yet attained to in our hospitals, except in summer, but we aim at it, and in time hope to have it when foreign nurses can superintend the male patients. The wardmen or male nurses in charge of each ward attend to the clothing and bedding of their respective wards, and are responsible and have to account for these articles on Saturdays, the day on which soiled garments are exchanged for clean. We shall refer later to this department.

All money received from in-patients for their board and from other sources is paid to the registrar, who gives account of, and pays to, the doctors in charge; likewise all money received from sales of medicine is paid to the chemist. All accounts with the registrar, hospital buyer, cook and workmen are paid on Saturdays. A question difficult to answer is, "How far certain helpers can be

trusted?" One can only answer by saying: "We trust as far as eye can see, and when out of sight, walk by faith!"

Out-patients are seen every day by the foreign doctors, and only by native assistants alone when both medical men are urgently called away. Consultation cases are seen at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and for each visit a charge of one dollar is made. If the patient is seen at his or her house the fee is ten dollars during the day and twenty dollars at night. These fees are paid in at the registrar's office.

House-keeping.—The management of the kitchen applies to the men's hospital alone, as the other hospitals are run on a different plan. We employ a head cook, who engages other four to assist him. The contract with him is at the rate of twelve cents per day, or 3.60 dollars per month for each patient, which sum he receives, whether the patient is on special diet or not.

Bedding, etc.—From the commencement of the work in 1882 we determined to provide bedding and clothes for the patients, which plan has been carried out till now. Hitherto the superintendence and storage of it has been unsatisfactory, and Mrs. Main has added this to her other duties and has it in her charge. A room in the women's hospital outbuildings is given over to storage of above, and on Saturday afternoons all wardmen, with two native helpers and native matron from the women's hospital, meet Mrs. Main here. The wardmen, who have each a book, give in their list of soiled linen, and the helpers in exchange give out the clean garments, sheets, etc.; these are entered into a register, and when each wardman has received his allotment, the soiled articles are counted and two lists made out; one taken by our coolies who carry the loads to the city washerman and one kept for ourselves. A receipt is brought back from the washerman, and at the end of the week the clothes are counted and checked.

Each wardman has so many things given for the use of his ward, for which he has to give an account at the end of the month ; garments, etc., beyond repair are put aside for other purposes, and an entry is kept of all such for deduction from the list. Only by being present, and attending to details herself on the giving-out day, can Mrs. Main keep the inventory up to the mark, and even then there are ways and means of lessening the total which are almost beyond control.

Evangelistic.—Seven or eight years ago a chapel was erected in the compound to meet the needs of this side of the work, which has always been our desire to keep to the front. We have no chaplain, but doctors, evangelists and assistants all take a share in this part of the work. Two services are held on Sundays ; the morning one is very well attended, the chapel being full. Morning and evening prayers are held in it, different members of the hospital staff taking in turn the lead. The morning lesson is chosen, read by the male element who can read verse by verse, and thereafter follow explanation and prayer. A weekly prayer meeting is always conducted by Dr. Main, and preaching and bedside teaching have their appointed time in the work of the hospital, Just now evangelists are scarce, and the important work of visiting patients at their homes in country villages and towns cannot be fully taken advantage of. Tract distribution and sale of Scripture portions are also amongst the efforts made to reach the heathen. Bible classes for students and others connected with the work, are conducted on various days of the week.

Women's Hospital, Maternity Home, Lepers and Children's Home, are under Mrs. Main's personal superintendence. Each is a distinct building and managed separately. Patients are registered at the general office and escorted to the hospital by the porter. Their names, etc., are also entered in the registers of the above hospitals, as the case

requires, by the head-assistant in charge. Rules and regulations for the conduct of the hospitals are hung at each entrance. We employ in the women's hospital only women servants, with the exception of an outside coolie. The buying, cooking, washing, and sewing are done by them. There is a matron and three nurse-amahs, head assistant and three assistant-pupils and two new pupils. Each has her distinct work and wards allotted to her; the patients' case is taken by the assistant in charge, which she reads to the doctor on his morning visit. They prepare for operations, sterilising dressings and instruments, etc., attend lectures in class and at the clinic. All money received from patients' board and paid out for food and furnishings, etc., are in charge of Miss Chow, head assistant, who keeps the daily accounts and pays in to Mrs. Main, every Saturday, who keeps the accounts for the above hospitals, etc. We have now obtained the valuable help of Nurse Morris, who has recently come out from England, and has commenced this year to give regular assistance and take up the superintendence of the nursing, and in time we hope will have classes for training nurses.

Maternity Hospital and Training School has special rules and regulations. Patients are admitted free and, as the work is a "new venture," arrangements were made, with some of the gentry who subscribe towards its support, to receive pupils on these lines for three years. The first class of students finished the prescribed course last year and received certificates qualifying them to practice midwifery. Some of the graduates have remained with us to assist in the work of the hospital; they receive no remuneration for their services from us. We have constant calls to attend cases at their homes. No charge is made, nor are the pupils allowed to receive money, though they may accept presents in kind. All contributions from these patients, in gratitude for assistance

rendered, are put to the funds of the Maternity Hospital. There are at present eighteen pupils in training who have passed the preliminary two months' course and will remain till the regulation course is finished. Though most of them can read and a good many write the character, we have to teach them the romanised letters in the Hangchow dialect to enable them to take notes of lectures, which can be done by the romanization more quickly than the written character. Lectures are given by Drs. Main and Liu. There is a matron in charge, and one of the former pupils helps them in going over some of the lectures with them. This new branch of work has already proved a boon and blessing to many a poor and rich woman in her time of trial. We hope it may in future extend and multiply its usefulness.

The above account of the work may not give those who read it a very intelligent idea of the method of procedure, but it is impossible to go into more detail without being wearisome; we therefore recommend those who would like to know more to come and see it. But what has been written may be of some help to those who are beginning their life's work, and to them we would say that without grace, grit, method, regularity, and punctuality no work can be carried on with satisfaction, and we know that the carrying on of this medical mission would be impossible without attention to these things.

STATISTICS OF THE WORK.

Number of Patients treated during 1908 :—

Out-patients (registered on first visit only)	...	...	...	...	...	19,090
In-patients, Male	...	...	...	...	...	892
Female	...	...	...	...	...	449
Lepers	...	...	...	...	...	39
Opium smokers	...	...	...	...	...	33
Convalescent Homes	...	...	...	...	...	66
Maternity wards	...	...	...	...	...	92
					—	1,571
Accouchements (out-visits)	...	...	...	...	...	67
Suicides	...	...	...	...	...	222
Operations (under chloroform)	...	...	...	...	...	404

SUICIDES.

222 were treated at hospital.

Poison used.

Opium	...	...	...	208	Salt	...	...	...	3
Opium ash	...	...	...	3	Gold	...	...	...	4
Mercury	...	...	...	1	Unknown...	...	...	...	3

Ages of Patients.

10-15 years	...	...	...	9	41-50 years	...	...	...	18
16-20 „	...	...	...	34	51-60 „	...	...	...	9
21-30 „	...	...	...	99	61-70 „	...	...	...	2
31-40 „	...	...	...	51					

Amount of Opium used.

1 gr.-5 grs.	...	...	...	161	Unknown and other				
6 grs. 1 mace	...	...	...	49	poisons...	...	...	...	11
1 ounce	...	...	...	1					

Reasons for Attempting Suicide.

Quarrels	...	...	...	218	Unknown	...	...	...	4
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Results.

Saved	...	...	...	218	Died	...	...	...	4
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MATERNITY CASES.

Cases in maternity wards	...	...	...	...	...	...	92
Cases outside, in homes	...	...	...	...	...	...	67—159
Difficult labours	...	...	...	...	...	...	43
Forceps cases...	...	...	...	...	...	...	27
Turning	...	...	...	...	...	...	9
Perforation of head	...	...	...	...	...	...	3
Maternal mortality (typhus fever)	...	...	...	...	...	...	2
Fœtal mortality	...	...	...	...	...	...	27

