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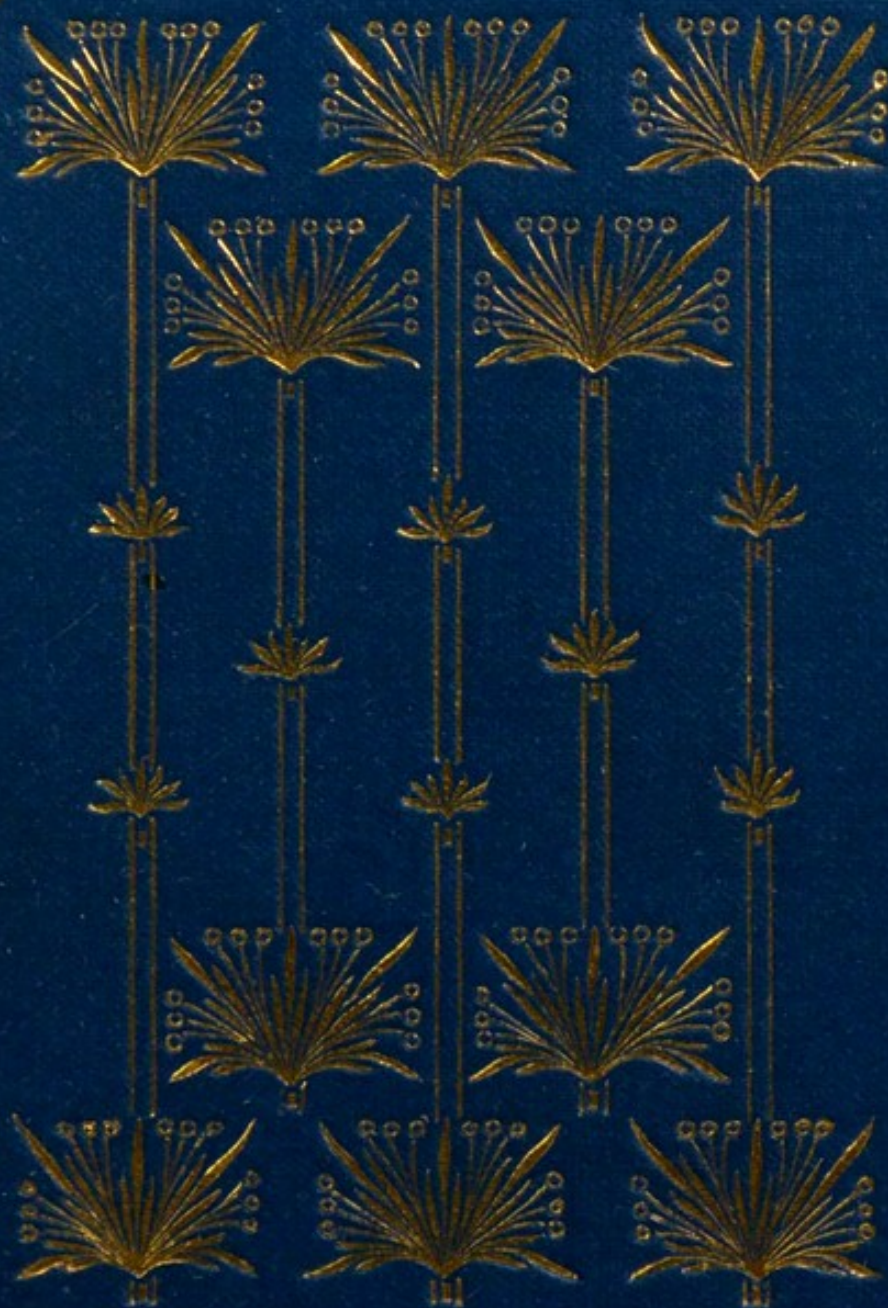
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SYDNEY RUPERT HODGE  
THE BELOVED  
PHYSICIAN



HILL

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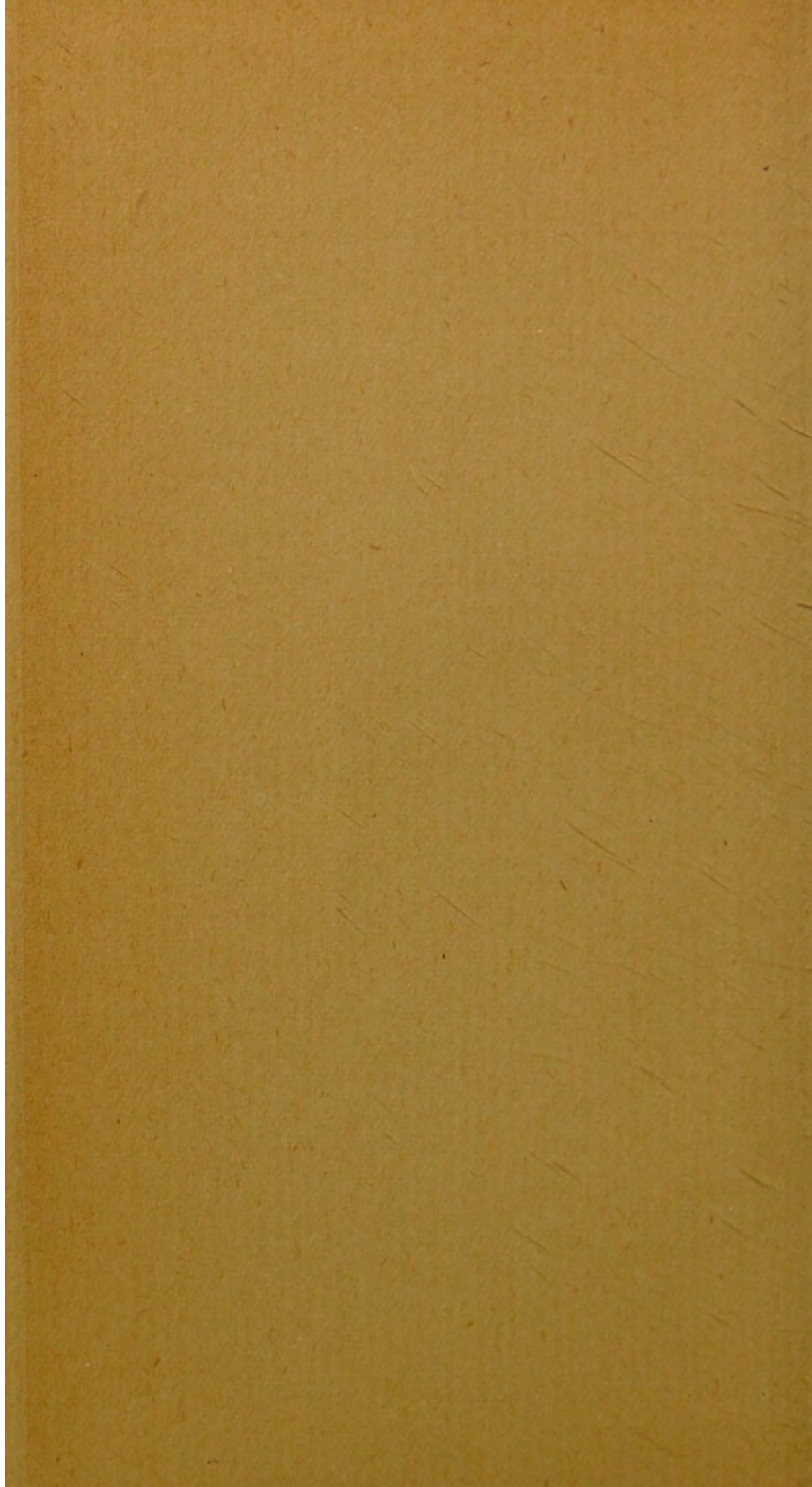


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SYDNEY RUPERT HODGE



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DR. S. R. HODGE

# SYDNEY RUPERT HODGE

THE 'BELOVED PHYSICIAN'

BY THE

REV. J. K. HILL

London

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Dedicated

TO THOSE WHO 'MOURN MOST'; THE  
WIDOW WHO FOR TWENTY YEARS  
WAS HIS TRUE HELPER, AND  
HIS DAUGHTER, WHO WAS  
HER FATHER'S PRIDE  
AND JOY



BZP (Hodge)

## PREFACE

IT was not with any feeling of competence that this task was undertaken, for others would have written better and more worthily of the subject of this sketch.

But a request on the part of those to whom the book is dedicated, made the duty 'sacred' and one that brooked no delay.

As letters, papers, and sermons have been perused, 'his' greatness and goodness have been more deeply impressed upon me, and the value of a thirty years' friendship, always appreciated, yet more enhanced.

For help so gladly given by many, hearty thanks are due—to all those whose names appear, especially Dr. J. W. Pell, whose words are often quoted; to Mr. G. M. Scales, for record of schoolboy



days; to Mr. J. C. Isard, of The Leys, for reminiscences; to Mrs. T. E. North, for words written on 'him' as a musician; to the editor of and contributors to the *China Medical Journal*, in which also was found the poetry marked Z.; to the Rev. J. W. Brewer, for encouragement at a critical period; and to John Bunyan, whose dream has become a reality to many and to this 'beloved physician.'

J. K. HILL.

SUI CHOW,  
CHINA.

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Lord, in the fullness of my might,  
I would for Thee be strong ;  
While runneth o'er each dear delight,  
To Thee should soar my song.

I would not give the world my heart,  
And then profess Thy love ;  
I would not feel my strength depart,  
And then Thy service prove.

Accept me in my golden time,  
In my dear joys have part !  
For Thee the glory of my prime,  
The fullness of my heart.

I cannot, Lord, too early take  
The covenant divine ;  
O, ne'er the happy heart may break  
Whose earliest love was Thine !

# SYDNEY RUPERT HODGE



## CHAPTER I

### AT SCHOOL

SYDNEY RUPERT HODGE was born at Highbury, London, on August 21, 1858, the son of Sydney Bryant and Selina Scott Hodge. His brother tells how 'in the early sixties, on Sunday afternoons he would go into the breakfast-room, and, standing on the arm-chair, place the cushion on the top, and with the Bible and hymn-book thereupon, make this his pulpit and preach to a small audience consisting of nurse, his younger brother, and one or two others.'

While still young he was converted to



God. He went to a small school in Richmond, where he had a great reputation for football, and later, when The Leys was opened, was one of the first to enter. This was in 1875. Of the years spent here there is much of interest to relate.

‘As a scholar he was painstaking and plodding, conscientious and determined rather than brilliant. He suffered severely from headache, and would often stand at his high desk with a wet towel round his head and strong coffee by his side. His books were full of marginal notes, and he was systematic and methodical in his studies.’ So writes one who knew him well in these early days of this now widely-reputed school.

We find him a member of The Leys Fortnightly Committee—the organ of school news, edited by the boys themselves. At one time he was editor of this paper and was also secretary of The Leys Literary Association.

From the Third Form he rose to the Upper Fifth, and was one of the first to win the Atkinson Scripture Prize.



Several volumes of prizes with the well-known binding and crest were to be seen in his study in the East.

But it is as an athlete that he will be remembered by many. He was evidently an influential member of the Games Committee. One who was with him on this Committee says: 'I remember one big fellow of my own age expressing at a Games' Committee meeting in Hodge's absence the most courageous sentiments of independence. The subject on which revolt had been thus threatened came up again next meeting, and it was comical to see the rebel shrivel up, when our masterful captain sniffed out a little half-sentence of contemptuous disapproval.'

In school sports he was conspicuous, and won the hurdle race, the hundred yards' race, and was best at 'putting the weight.' Prizes thus won adorned his house in China.

His cricket colours were obtained, and he became captain of the first eleven. But it was at 'Rugby' football that he excelled. Though a good 'full-back,' he



was almost equally skilful in all parts of the game. His great pace served him well, and now, as though it were but yesterday, he can be seen romping round the enemy's 'backs,' to the familiar spot behind the goalposts, where he so often landed the ball triumphantly prior to kicking the inevitable goal.

Hodge himself told with relish how he had checked a ruffian on The Leys' football ground. A match was being played with another school. This particular member of the visitors' team had evidently made up his mind to make defeat less likely by laying a few of the enemy *hors de combat*. This cowardly scheme had been partly carried out, but had not escaped the keen eye of the captain, whose turn for a fall was evidently coming. It came sooner than his opponent wished. For the next mad rush with head well down was intercepted by Hodge, who caught the fellow round the middle and flung him over his shoulders, leaving him to pick himself up at such time as he should decide.



‘But this was only one side of his life at The Leys. In the boy, as afterwards in the man, there was a strength which not infrequently showed itself in a kind of rough impatience of nonsense, or what he thought to be such. But even at school we knew there was something more behind. What The Leys owes him to this day we can see from the vantage-ground of “forty years on.” In these earliest days of a great school we had a disproportionate number of boys who came late, with a character formed elsewhere; and had these boys predominantly been of the wrong sort, the school would have had a bad start which all the wisdom of its head master and his staff could not have completely counter-vailed. A head boy so exceptionally strong as Rupert Hodge, and so wholeheartedly on the side of everything good, was an unspeakable blessing to the school. A quiet, soft-hearted sort of boy of equal goodness would have been wholly unfitted for the part he played.’

This testimony from the Rev. J. Hope



Moulton, D.Lit., shows what the following letter from Mrs. Moulton, senior, makes yet clearer, how truly he was a godsend to the school.

‘No one now living knows, quite as well as I do, what that influence meant to my husband in the early days of the school, when there had been laid upon him the heavy task of finding material out of which the traditions of a Public School were to be evolved in the future. A great schoolmaster and an intimate friend of his own, with whom he had anxiously taken counsel on the subject, said to him: “I am afraid the undertaking will fail on the prefect side. I believe it is quite impossible within the limits of a single lifetime with no inherited traditions, to create such a body of prefects as will give what you are aiming at.”

‘This was certainly discouraging, but when in the second term of the young school’s existence, Rupert Hodge, already a senior boy, came into residence, he speedily exhibited a strength of character



which Dr. Moulton thankfully pressed into the service of the school, and in the following term he rejoiced in having a small body of prefects who began the realisation of the impossible!

‘By the time that Rupert Hodge became Senior Prefect (in 1878) his native force had been made more influential by the gracious deepening of his own spiritual life. His sense of personal responsibility became greater than ever before, and in every part of school life, not least through the athletic gifts which won the admiration of his schoolfellows, he recognised that the Great Master had need of him. It is easy to see how these experiences helped to prepare him for the work which he was afterwards to accomplish, but what I wish to emphasize is the share he had in forming the traditions of the newest but not the least famous of the Public Schools of England, and the appreciation and regard in which he was held by its first head master.’

The assistant masters regarded him as a most valuable auxiliary and deputy



in many respects, and though perhaps by his fellow prefects he was considered somewhat autocratic and masterful, they did not fail to recognize that his masterfulness was exerted to good ends, and for the magnifying of their office.

It will be seen from the foregoing that his religion was of a distinctly masculine type, and it can easily be understood how those who disliked and feared so uncompromising a discipline as he exercised never failed in sincere respect for his character. And this though he gave so definite an interpretation to religion as to split the school avowedly into sheep and goats, and by his force secured that the goats did not have too happy a time, for if he could not win them, at least he kept them in restraint.

There was no mistaking his Christianity. In later years he said that when he went to The Leys, which was in its first shapelessness of rapid initial growth, he felt that unless there were a strong Christianity in the school it would inevitably lose tone, and he deliberately gave



himself to Christ in order to do his share. How nobly was that share taken!

Prayer-meetings amongst the boys themselves were at this time commenced in a dormitory, and still continue to be held. Once in a Christian Union Committee held at The Leys, a letter was read written by an Old Leysian, who had been led to Christ by the 'fellow in the school whom of all others he most detested.' This one tells of the thirty years ago and the debt of gratitude he owes, and adds, 'To those troubled about their spiritual condition how painstaking and tender he was! God had endued him with very special wisdom in pointing seekers to Christ. This testimony would be confirmed by others, for many in the quiet of the head prefect's study or while with him walking round the beautiful grounds, were won for the Saviour.'

The letter continues: 'He recognized that the young life required nurturing and helping on. Many an hour have we sat together in his study reading the Bible while he brought out fresh meaning



and thought from familiar passages. His prayers, too, were particularly helpful, for he just talked to God simply and naturally without any stilted language.'

When after five years the time came for him to leave The Leys, universal regret was felt. From Dr. Moulton and the assistant masters a presentation was made in recognition of the conscientious discharge of his duties as Senior Prefect and the beneficial influences he had exerted over the school.

On behalf of the boys the Second Prefect presented a testimonial of books subscribed to by nearly all the members of the school.

The *Leys Fortnightly* of the time says 'It was certainly an unusual mark of regard and seldom that the head of the school could attain such an exceptional position. He has been a prefect almost since the beginning of the school, and has, especially in the last two years, become the leader in all our affairs, and now leaves a position it is very unlikely will ever be filled again.'



A Latin poem was delivered on the following Speech Day, of which the translation runs: 'One there is whose place, once vacated, none other can fill—so long has he been and so singularly our chief flower and pride. Yet let me mitigate the grief that has taken possession of my heart by the assurance that the favour of heaven accompanying his doings heretofore and now, shall never forsake him.'

He stood head and shoulders above the rest, and none ever did fill the place of this 'worthy comrade.'

Who that was present at the time of that presentation in the Hall can forget the suppressed feeling expressive of that highest regard in which Hodge was held? He was the hero of the place, and to those who had been won for the Saviour, a spiritual hero too.

The results of his life during those years abide, not only at the school, but amongst Old Leysians who are occupying prominent positions as Christian workers in England and throughout the world to-day.



When the final record of The Leys comes to be written, and the influence exerted by each individual is actually known, it is difficult to imagine any greater force for God and goodness than was Sydney Rupert Hodge.

The Shield and open Bible with the *In fide fiducia* are a fitting emblem of one who will be held in everlasting remembrance.



## CHAPTER II

RICHMOND AND LONDON HOSPITAL



My life, my blood I here present,  
If for Thy truth they may be spent ;  
Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord :  
Thy will be done, Thy name adored.

Close by Thy side still may I keep,  
Howe'er life's various current flow,  
With steadfast eye mark every step,  
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.

You can learn much by determining to learn. You can learn sympathy with pain by bearing pain yourself ; experience in trying emergencies, combined with a knowledge of what to do, will help you to keep a cool head ; whilst a determination to understand the great principles of your profession, and to master the detail of their application, will bring you a clear judgement. Stern training will do much to make you patient and gentle, especially if you keep the comfort and good of your patients before your eyes.

S. R. H.



## CHAPTER II

### RICHMOND AND LONDON HOSPITAL

'I WELL remember him telling me that if there was one thing he wished to avoid as a profession it was that of a doctor.' So writes an old schoolfellow in regard to S. R. H. It appears, however, that ever after a serious accident when he fell out of a carriage at the age of six he said, 'I will be a minister.'

While at The Leys he had become a local preacher, his name having been put upon the plan by the Rev. W. J. Tweddle. Often on a Sunday, when not conducting the school prayer-meeting in the dormitory, and sometimes in addition to this, would he go to the country places round about Cambridge.

He seldom went alone, but would take a boy who was in need of help, and so



strengthen the weak, cheer the faint-hearted, or seek to lead an undecided one to make the great decision.

So when the time came for him to leave The Leys, it was with the direct intention of becoming a 'minister of the gospel.' He had felt the call—gifts he certainly had and fruit was not wanting—for he had not been a 'shy-bearer,' but had already borne much fruit.

Not in the heated meeting amidst religious excitement, but perhaps taking W. H. Aitken as his model, he sought in quiet after-meetings to point anxious ones to the Saviour of men.

None believed more than he in 'striking the iron while it was hot,' as he himself more than once expressed it. To change the metaphor, he had now after a prayer-meeting address, now after an experience meeting, or again at the close of Dr. Moulton's sermon on the last Sunday night of the term, drawn the net to shore. How calmly and faithfully and gently he dealt with these seeking ones, many could still bear witness.



## Richmond and London Hospital 25

In China we speak of the opium smoker's *yin*, or craving for opium. And so Hodge at this time had the craving to be the soul-winning minister, and looked forward to live for this alone:

To spend and to be spent for them,  
Who have not yet my Saviour known.

For these he felt a mission, and he desired on them fully to prove this mission.

To be more effective as a minister of the gospel he had stayed on at The Leys to study under Dr. Moulton's tuition, especially Hebrew. The influence exerted over him by Dr. Moulton can never be over-estimated, and more than once in public has the inspiration of that saintly life been referred to. From him were learned those methods of study and that carefulness which became such marked characteristics in later days.

[The last two years at The Leys were a definite preparation for what he expected to be his life-work.

Having offered for the ministry, and carrying with him the highest testi-



monials from Dr. Moulton, Dr. Jenkins, and others—for his praise was on the lips of all friends of The Leys—he was accepted and sent to Richmond.

One day, after seventeen years spent in the heart of China, the Rev. David Hill came to Richmond to plead with those whom the Methodist Church had chosen to be Christ's witnesses to the ends of the earth, to supply the claims of that needy country. He showed the possibilities lying before the scholar and the Western physician, and the pressing immediate need for the latter. In that human voice Hodge heard the divine. Rising before his eyes was a new vision of service. He had thought that to preach was to be his life-work, and now to publish the glad tidings of great joy did not become less attractive; but he saw the Saviour as He went in the days of His flesh to

The blind, the dumb,  
The palsied and the lame,  
The leper with his tainted life,  
The sick with fevered frame.



Hodge rose up and followed fully. Although it was the profession which he disliked above all others, yet when the call came—

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee

was the response.

Having won an entrance scholarship, we find him in the London Hospital, preparing himself at his own cost for that life which was now undertaken at Christ's bidding and for Christ's sake, because of China's needs.

That for six years he was to be found walking the hospital, from morning to night, and sometimes during the night, with but little leisure for the preaching which had such great fascination for him, perhaps shows his determination and strength of character as much as any part of his history.

During the time spent in hospital he worked in the Christian Association and helped in the highest way several of his fellow students who had been attracted to him by his genial bearing and musical



powers. Bad language vanished from the dissecting-room when he was there, and also from the farewell dinners.

Some can remember his coming back to The Leys for a week-end, and on the Sunday afternoon speaking to the boys of the new world into which he had entered, where he met constantly scoffers of religion.

‘Nothing shallow would do,’ he said. ‘If a man meant to stand he must be out-and-out. A religious life which was like a thermometer moving up and down would not suffice. A man must be real there! The medical student’s mind was so concentrated upon his training that he must snatch time as best he could, here a little, there a little, for Bible-reading and prayer, else his spiritual life would inevitably dwindle and die!’

He took his medical course at the London Hospital, and held there the position both of House Surgeon and House Physician. Having obtained his diplomas he was ordained on January 20, 1887, in Holly Park Chapel, London,



to the work of the Wesleyan ministry, and appointed to China in the spring of the same year.

Before sailing he was married in Cotham Chapel, Bristol, by the Rev. Dr. Moulton, assisted by the Rev. Josiah Banham, to Miss Bessie Gedye, who for twenty years shared his life and was a true helpmeet in all his varied work.

At the time he received the appointment to Hankow he wrote to her as follows: 'A while ago my path was in darkness, I knew not what to do; now all is bright, and I feel I cannot but cheerfully say, Lord we are ready! We have given ourselves to God and His work, and the King's command is urgent.

'Let us from to-day look forward to that work, the glorious work of our Master. We must brace ourselves up and look forward to that life-service to which He has called us. The summons has come from Him, and I am so thankful we are ready!'

When the decision to go to China had been arrived at, one of Methodism's most



prominent laymen, who had several relatives at The Leys to whom Hodge had been helpful, and who knew something of his sterling worth, said that he feared a great mistake was being made, that his work was surely amongst young men in England.

But Hodge had heard the voice which spoke from heaven, and so earthly voices were hushed. For him there was no alternative!

'Tis done, the great transaction's done!

I am my Lord's, and He is mine;

He drew me, and I followed on,

Charmed to confess the voice divine.



CHAPTER III  
IN HANKOW



Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old,  
Was strong to heal and save ;  
It triumphed o'er disease and death,  
O'er darkness and the grave.

. . . . .

And lo ! Thy touch brought life and health,  
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;  
And youth renewed, and frenzy calmed,  
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.

The dear Christ dwells not afar,  
The King of some remoter star ;  
But here, amidst the poor and blind,  
The sick and suffering of mankind.  
In works we do, in prayers we pray,  
Life of our life, He lives to-day !

And now, O Lord, be near to bless,  
Almighty as of yore ;  
In crowded streets, by restless couch,  
As by Gennesaret's shore.

## CHAPTER III

### IN HANKOW

IN the Early Christian Church the work of healing occupied a prominent place; and in the modern Church not less conspicuous has been its influence in breaking down prejudice and caste, and opening in many parts of the mission field floors heretofore closed.

The Apostle of the Gentiles was on some of his missionary journeys accompanied by the beloved physician, Luke; and the lives of God's missionary servants, endangered by the unhealthy surroundings in which they often labour, are still precious.

And most and greatest of all, the terrible suffering which thousands of our fellow creatures are daily enduring, and which can be relieved—these are all cogent reasons for Medical Mission work.



As to Chinese doctors, the donning of large dark spectacles on the nose, and the hanging of a sign-board outside the house, seem all that is necessary to become such. Some who have failed in other callings expect to succeed in this profession.

To look at a medicine stall or shop, or to see those who have been surgically operated upon with a needle, is almost sufficient to convince any dubious person of the need of Western skill.

Take the composition of an eye salve as a sample of the kind of treatment given to their patients by a Chinese physician:

Caterpillar skins...	...4 oz.
Vegetable oil ...	...4 oz.
Petrified snake spittle	200 cash worth
Spiders ... ..	50 cash worth

The above prescription is guaranteed to cure any disease of the eyes!!

It is estimated that at least twenty-four thousand people die daily in China. If this be the case, then it is not too much to say, that were Western doctors close



at hand, fully half these lives might be saved.

Medical work in the Wesleyan Mission had been begun in 1862 by Dr. Porter Smith, and later had been carried on by Drs. Hardey and Langley; yet when Dr. Hodge reached Hankow in April 1887, he had to make a new beginning. True, an old operation-table and a medicine-cupboard were still in existence, but these were all that remained of the old hospital.

On the mission field a man is at liberty to form his own plans and develop on what line he pleases. Men are self-made there! And so it was quite open for the newly arrived medical missionary to be and do as he wished. In considering the after-history of his medical work in Hankow this must be borne in mind.

Nevertheless there is a testing, different though it be from that spoken of as gone through in the London Hospital. No one can be the same after some years spent in China as he was on first going out. Happy he who bears the trial; he becomes purified and ennobled. Thus



was it with the subject of this sketch.

So many were the claims, so frequent the calls, so much was there near at hand demanding attention, that although the newly-arrived doctor set himself to the study of the language, and almost daily had the Chinese teacher by his side for an hour or more, yet the pressure of other things prevented him from getting that hold of the Chinese characters for which he longed.

He acquired a better knowledge and spoke in the vernacular more accurately than he would himself allow, and had a workable vocabulary, being able to preach and conduct services in Chinese to the profit of his hearers; yet he never attained that freedom which some others reach. None felt this so much as himself; and he afterwards always strenuously sought to secure for all young men, who came out later, a clear year or more for study, unfettered by other work.

As the story of Medical Missions is to be written by Dr. Tatchell, there is no need to dwell in detail upon the various



developments. But in any history of Wesleyan Medical Mission work in Hupeh and Hunan, the name of Hodge must ever hold a prominent position. For how great a change was wrought between the years 1887 when he came, and 1907 when the work was left! The dogged perseverance which had marked him on the football field and in the hospital characterized him during these twenty years.

Beginning as he did in the prayer-room of the Hankow Chapel, how hampered he must have felt; and what child's play it must have seemed after the life in a London hospital! It appears that he mastered the technicalities of building in order to be sure that every joist and beam and course of bricks was well and truly laid. In the erection of the Women's Jubilee Hospital Dr. Hodge rejoiced, and saw the promise of his own building in the near future.

A large plot of ground had been previously purchased by the Rev. David Hill preparatory to the development of medical mission work; and upon this



shortly after a ward was built and opened with money raised by himself and friends connected with the Cotham Wesleyan Chapel, and was therefore called The Cotham Ward. 'The Leys Ward came next, subscribed for by Old Leysians. Gradually building after building rose': the Hospital prayer-room—where so many patients have heard the gospel preached and in which so many Synod meetings were held and Society classes conducted; the consulting-room and dispensary—thus supplying ample space for the whole work of the out-patient department.

In the Report for 1902 we read further that a new operating-room and laboratory, and two new wards to accommodate twenty more patients, were built. So it has grown until there is now a large, well-equipped hospital, with bacteriological laboratory, and beautifully ventilated with Boyle's Extractor in the roof and Tobin's fresh-air tubes—one of the best hospitals with modern appliances to be found in the whole of Central China.



To have accomplished this is no mean task, and were there no other memorial, this 'Hodge Memorial Hospital of Universal Love' would stand as a monument of the man who conceived, planned, gathered the necessary funds, and completed the buildings.

The opening ceremony when the last wing was finished was very impressive. Thanks to the good offices of the British Consul-general, there were present eighteen mandarins clad in official robes, and amongst them a representative sent by His Excellency the Viceroy of Hupeh. These were all at the dedicatory service, and heard a wonderful prayer offered by the Rev. Arnold Foster. What a contrast this to the day of small things in 1887!

It is not so much, however, with the buildings, important and indeed indispensable as these are to a successful medical mission, that this little volume has to do.

When we come to consider the actual good accomplished we are bewildered.



Dr. Hodge says: 'In our view the real success of a hospital, whether from a medical or evangelistic point of view, is best gauged by the numbers who come in for treatment. Out-patient work is always more or less unsatisfactory, but increased numbers in the hospital means increasing confidence on the part of the people, and increased opportunity for continuous gospel influence.' It is almost amusing to read now in the light of after-history, in one of the earliest reports: 'The surgical list at Hankow is short owing to the established fame of other hospitals.'

Taking the years between 1889 and 1903 as a sample, we find that 579 anaesthetic operations were performed and 1,156 patients were received into the wards. Of these latter probably over a hundred were helped by the Samaritan Fund—a fund which Dr. Hodge formed from subscriptions given to him, so as to take in or supply clothes for any needy patient, free of charge.

All medical men have opportunities to



serve the poor, but a physician in China, especially in a busy city like Hankow, has this opportunity increased tenfold, for poverty abounds, and there is always a great throng of the needy and wretched who may be helped. 'Poor sorry specimens, the flotsam and jetsam of Chinese streets washed up in the vicinity of this Hospital.

'Others would be workmen from the Viceroy's cotton or iron works, who having met with serious accidents, were carried there to get shelter and careful nursing. The majority, however, would be of the middle class, in a position to pay for their own maintenance while under treatment.'

In regard to out-patients, during these years 11,521 new cases were attended to. What an immense amount of suffering must have been relieved in twenty years! To how many was a new lease of life given! What triumphs achieved in the name of the Lord Jesus!

Associated with himself during these years, except for one or two short in-



tervals, was Ch'en Min Chwin, his chief Chinese assistant. Very close was the attachment which existed between the two. Upon him Hodge relied, and found him a great standby, 'the envy of all who knew him.' The doctor liked to tell how in the early days, when he himself was ill and confined to bed, visitors were many and very kind, but Min Chwin alone, with choking tears, fell on his knees and commended him to the Father's compassion. To this lad's spiritual state did he look ever after as a barometer whereby he tested the atmosphere of the hospital. I have heard him groan in spirit when he detected any falling off, and then again a deep satisfaction when all seemed well!

For a long time it was a great idea with Hodge to have trained English nurses in the Hankow Hospital. By some, however, this was laughed at as impracticable in China, though the advantages to be gained were granted by all. The idea was eventually translated into accomplished fact. In the Report for the year 1903 we read: 'A further joy this year



has been the fulfilment of a long-cherished hope, by the arrival of a fully-trained English nurse to superintend our Chinese nurses, and be our first Hospital sister. As we have long foreseen, her coming has created no difficulty, whilst she has already done much to improve our nursing service. She goes freely in and out of the ward, day by day, and both our assistants and nurses willingly recognize her authority and work under her direction. It is our earnest hope that Sister — is the first in an unbroken line of loving service for Christ. We cannot but recall the last words which our late esteemed Chinese minister, Rev. Lo Yu Shan, spoke to us on this subject. He had himself been an inmate in our Hospital, and fully appreciated all the care that was shown him. "It would be better to have an English nurse in our Hospital," he said, "her presence in the wards would keep down all wrong talk and doing, and nobody would dare say anything against her. I am a Chinaman and I know my people; however well a



Chinese nurse may do his work we cannot help feeling he does it for pay; but when an English lady leaves her home and comes out here to nurse us, we know she does it for love." "

Yet Dr. Hodge realized the possibility of trained Chinese nurses in the wards of our hospitals—nurses who should no longer occupy the position of ward coolies, but who should be possessed with the true spirit of a nurse, desirous to help and alleviate the sufferings of their fellow men, and not ashamed to do unpleasant things for the Master's sake. In obtaining and training such he took an active part, and when he died there were in his hospital a dozen or more who wore a special uniform with the red cross badge upon their arms.

Two schemes pressed heavily upon him during later days, and were often mentioned in private, and once at least before the Missionary Committee. Surely these will within the near future become realized facts. He writes: 'A tremendous need of the present time is an "In-



curable Home," a place to which we can draft those cases which are hopeless as far as permanent recovery is concerned, but who still can be greatly benefited by kindly care and loving attention.' With great desire he wished to make the hard lot of these afflicted ones a little easier and softer, and to give comfort where healing was withheld.

The 'Home for Nurses,' too, pressed heavily upon him, and in his last days he was heard to say 'I worked so hard and so longed to get the Home for Nurses finished, but I could not! Always this lack of funds, always this burden of finance.'

In the early days branch dispensaries were opened in Hanyang, whither the doctor would go at least once a week accompanied by his chief assistant. A weekly visit to Wuchang across the Yang Tsz was also paid, concerning which Dr. Barber writes: 'Dr. Hodge used to come over to Wuchang once a week for dispensary work, and it was one of the events of the week to have him in our



home, and one of the main evangelistic agencies of our mission to have his gift of healing for the Chinese.'

A woman formerly opposed to Christianity can be seen in the entrance to the Wuchang Mission compound who was won for Christ—the first-fruits of this dispensary work.

At Kung Tien, in Hankow, where now the largest congregations of heathen listeners in the central cities assemble to hear the gospel preached, a dispensary was also opened.

In these days, too, visits were not infrequently paid to Han Chw'an, an out-station, forty miles up the Han river. Of these Dr. Pell writes in his own graphic style: 'With the *sang-froid* of an experienced J.P. I started a dispensary at Han Chw'an to which he objected greatly; but paying a second week-end visit, and noting the changed attitude of the people as a result of my poor efforts, he provided me with a complete equipment and took my work under his wing as an out-station dispensary of the Hankow



Hospital. At great sacrifice he paid many visits for the week-end. Rushing through his own Friday morning outpatients, walking fifteen miles to Ts'ai Tien, where he caught a boat which had been sent on with his bedding, he slept the night on board, whilst the boatmen toiled against stream the other twenty miles and landed him into the midst of sixty or eighty patients just before Saturday noon. 'Sundays were hallowed days indeed. We were a feeble folk in those days; but after services and the Lord's Supper we felt renewed and ready for conflict again.' A walk into the country was a great delight, when he would have a serious talk with the stripling by his side, whose arm he affectionately gripped. Personal health, physical and spiritual, was discussed without reserve, and the proper remedies suggested. Important questions were debated, and reminiscences of school and student days were recalled up with great delight. In the evening he would go on board his little boat to sleep as much as possible, and



land in Hankow for his out-patients on Monday morning. These were strenuous times, with several dispensaries and his hospital, but he was strong and gloried in it all. He loved to talk of his athletic days, and rejoiced greatly when he was feeling in good form and his muscles hard.

‘Twice did we get lost together. Once, starting from Hankow for Han Chw’an, we reached Ts’ai Tien just after noon, all hot and tired; but the chair coolies, seeing the predicament we were in—a freshet in the river making a boat journey impossible—demanded too high a price, which we refused and made a heroic feint of tramping it, thinking they would agree to our price when they saw us pushing on. But no answering voice called us back, and the display lapsed into a limping shuffle. Night overtook us and darkness. At length we stopped short, not knowing in the least where we were and sat down on a grave. Not even a dog barked, but Min Chwin stumbled around the country for some time and at



last appeared with a much dilapidated paper lantern, which did the good service of landing us all, safe but very footsore, at our destination.'

At this time the order of work for the week was mapped out and filled in. In addition to the dispensary in connexion with the Hankow Hospital, at which patients would be seen three or four mornings a week, Tuesdays saw him in Hanyang, Fridays in Wuchang, Thursdays at Kung Tien. Beyond this was the superintendence of the Women's Jubilee Hospital and several operations in each of the hospitals every week for which he was responsible. This was the time when he was in the heyday of his strength, and from one dispensary he would hurry off to another, from one duty hail some further duty.

Dr. Ethel Rowley gives us a glimpse of him in the Women's Hospital. She writes: 'From its beginning he was closely connected with the Women's Hospital and keenly interested in its progress. He was visiting surgeon, supported a cot



in the hospital in memory of his little son, and was always ready with help, sympathy, and advice in any plan for advance or development. With patients he was so gentle that even the most timid among our women or children speedily lost all fear. One of our nurses who had to have a serious operation said: "I do not mind if Dr. Hodge is the surgeon, I feel as if he were my father!" And so we women all felt; there was that about him which gained our confidence and calmed our fears. To the Chinese girl nurses he was unfailingly courteous and kind. They had no fear of him even at dread examination times—the greatest ordeals of their lives.

'He used to find great enjoyment in the children's wards, and was always welcomed with a shout of delight. To watch him examine a child was an education, so gentle was his touch and yet so thorough his methods. No matter for what purpose he came to the hospital, he nearly always made a point of going to have a word with the children.'



When he had only been in China a few months he suffered from necrosis of the thumb-joint, which made an operation necessary. This was performed by his friend, Dr. Gillison, who, seeing him so run down in health, ordered a change to Kiukiang foot-hills. His thumb was maimed for life, and it is surprising that so many successful surgical operations were performed remembering this jointless right thumb.

Two years later, similar trouble took place in his toe, and this was accompanied with prolonged illness which permanently affected his constitution. His only chance of life was a visit to Chefoo. Too weak to stand or do anything for himself, he was taken care of by the Rev. F. Boden and his faithful hospital nurse.

The burden of the health of his fellow missionaries weighed very heavily upon him, as well as the strain of serious sickness amongst the Chinese. During those early days there was no Kuling Sanatorium, and he was accustomed to remain



down in the sweltering heat except for about a month spent on the Wusueh hills.

Occasionally, during earlier years, he would take a country journey such as Dr. Barber describes, writing of 'experiences which stand out vividly after nearly twenty years,' when Hodge and he together took advantage of the New Year holidays, which closed both school and hospital, to take an evangelistic and medical tour in Chia Yu, where lay the house of a Wuchang Christian: 'The village elders, who had heard of the presence of the Western physician, used to come as deputations asking for a visit, and the circuit of each day was arranged so as best to save time and labour. The dense crowd would fill the village assembly-ground, showing all the hideous untended diseases characteristic of the fierce Eastern climate—foul ulcers, running sores, seaming ophthalmia, huge tumours, gangrenous feet, leprosy, ague, rheumatism, and the thousand-and-one ailments so familiar out there, were all around us.



‘Hodge used to give medicines or do simple surgery, while I used to chat in and out of the crowd. Then finally one or other of us would give a short speech on the spirit of universal love which was at the back of all our Hospital and other missionary work.

‘I have a vivid recollection of our being stoned out of a village previously friendly, because Hodge had saved the life of one of the inhabitants by amputating a leg and nursing the patient for months back to health again. That was discouraging. On another occasion we had just dressed and were sitting down to breakfast, when our boat had a plank ripped out of its bottom by a submerged stake. We just reached the bank before it sank. We had only enough money to hire a tiny sampan, and under pouring rain rowed all day down the rushing stream. We reached the Yang Tsz about dark, and there was nothing left but to walk the twenty miles to Wuchang through the night. A single tin of milk and coffee, which we had to get at with



our fingers, was our nourishment, and at midnight, Hodge, the purist medical man with his horror of germs, lay down, and in defiance of lay gibes, drank copiously of that muddy river-water. He never heard the last of that.

‘Such journeys were the exception rather than the rule, and his work will be chiefly remembered in connexion with the Hospital, which until he had a colleague he was accustomed to speak of as “my Hospital.”’

A tablet which was presented to that Hospital and can now be seen adorning it, was given in gratitude for successful treatment by the highest official in Hupeh and Hunan, and now one of China’s most prominent statesmen.

One day there was taken to the Hospital a young man—a travelling merchant whose business had prospered and who was now on the highway to success. But he had fallen seriously ill. Chinese doctors had been tried, but he was no better, rather worse; and this though much money had been spent. Some of



his relations were Christians, but he had not been influenced. At the Hospital he was carefully nursed and lovingly tended, and his life was saved. Better still, his heart was touched. Christianity became a reality. He was converted, and has become one of the strongest Christians and most powerful preachers the Wesleyan Church has rejoiced over—a fearless witness for Christ. But it was at the Hospital that God first spoke to him!

‘The poorest loved him most,’ wrote somebody after his death. Take one case—a little lad picked up in the streets on a cold day. He was a miserable object, and in a piteous condition, a homeless beggar, clad in filthy rags, without parents or friends, from Honan, the province north of Hupeh. He had found his way to Hankow, and laid himself down in front of the Hospital. He was taken up and cared for, and after some weeks, cured, and is now strong. He was kept until a home was found for him. When he heard of Dr. Hodge’s death he wept! Honan was the province in which



during the Boxer trouble many received brutal treatment. And this was Christ's revenge!

Mr. Cornaby tells how one day on the banks of the River Han he saw a crowd collected, with a rough coolie in the midst bearing his testimony. His eyes were flashing, but not with anger. 'I tell you there is no foreigner in China so noble as Dr. Hodge.' 'How do you know?' said some one in the crowd. 'Know! why I was dying, I was all but dead. And he healed me!' And the rough hand that had been gesticulating wiped away a tear.

No wonder he was loved. To thousands of the Chinese he was the messenger of healing, and many who had felt that gentle, loving touch found in that Hospital of Universal Love a gate into the kingdom of heaven.



## CHAPTER IV

### SOME CHARACTERISTICS



Jesus! 'tis He who once below  
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
And burdened ones, where'er He came,  
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame:  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,  
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

Now this is a strenuous life—a life of great anxiety, of great responsibility, and of great physical exhaustion. You must be ever studying, ever investigating, ever learning—the servant of all; night and day you are at the call of all. You may not live long, but you will live well, and, withal, you will live gladly.

S. R. H. (see last chapter).

One other very important aspect of your life as a doctor must be mentioned, namely, that you will be the recipient of many confidences, and the discoverer of the secrets of many lives; it will be in your power to make or mar many a human being; whilst no man will have such opportunities of bringing joy and comfort into human hearts. On you the hopes of many will depend, upon your will many will trust, and woe be to you if you fail them! Ever remember their confidences are sacred, their secrets are their own, and you have no right to reveal to others anything you may know.

S. R. H. (see last chapter).



## CHAPTER IV

### SOME CHARACTERISTICS

IN an article which appeared in the *China Medical Journal*, Dr. Cecil J. Davenport says: 'Dr. Hodge was a strong, straight, painstaking man, possessing that rare gift, a well-balanced scientific mind. The standard he set up for himself, his work, his patients, his surroundings was *The Best*. He was satisfied with nothing less, and the strain and stress which this inevitably involved largely accounts for his comparatively early death. No half-up-to-date methods of work for the Chinese were allowed by him. His aim was quality rather than quantity, and he saw to it that his directions and lines of treatment were strictly carried out. He has raised a standard of medical work in Central China the in-



fluence of which will be felt for years to come.

‘The notes he took on his out-patient cases, the care he bestowed on his in-patients, going round at night to write up their histories and examining them most carefully with the ophthalmoscope, &c.,—these were factors in giving him a thorough and wide grasp of his professional subjects, and laid a foundation which enabled him to diagnose and treat with assurance and inspire confidence. His care in diagnosis and his determination to get to the bottom of things was ever an inspiration and strength to those of us working by his side!

‘His articles which have appeared so frequently in our pages have all been marked with evidence of the same thoroughness and up-to-dateness. He was always ahead of the times, and we are glad to know that he was spared to see many of his suggested advances accomplished facts. This is true not only in the realization of trained Chinese nurses in the wards of our hospitals and



in the introduction of trained lady nurses into men's hospitals; but also in the medical education of Chinese students through the medium of English, which was an object he had in view for many years; and though again and again his object was defeated, he lived to see a Medical School along his suggested lines established in Wuchang.'

There is at present in England a young Chinaman, who, having been trained in the Wuchang High School, and later in St. John's, Shanghai—one of the most advanced colleges in China—is now preparing to be a doctor. Throughout his scholastic course he has given every satisfaction, and Dr. Hodge, who early made himself financially responsible for this youth, centred great hopes in his future usefulness.

This one is but the promise of many, for as he said, 'Just now is the flood-tide of opportunity in China for education of every sort on Christian lines, and nothing more Christlike can be conceived than the supplying of this huge, suffering



nation with doctors trained under Western influence and Christian men.'

He always tried, too, to keep the scientific branch of medical work in the forefront. In his address as the President of the Association he showed the possibilities and pleaded for scientific research in Medical Mission work. 'Such work, done accurately and well, will save the lives of hundreds who come to us; and now that the training of native doctors is being seriously undertaken, will enable us to place them in a position to save thousands more. We are here to save life, life physical, and through it, life spiritual.'

'He was ahead also in showing the Home Churches of Methodism that the Wesleyan is the hindmost of all the great Societies in the number of Medical Missionaries on the field. The new forward movement for medical missions is largely due to him; the present constitution of the Medical Sub-committee and Advisory Board having been suggested by him and urged upon those at home several years



ago, and now only too tardily taken up by us.' So wrote a leading member of that Sub-committee after Hodge had gone, and the same thought was in many minds.

The characteristic which impressed every one and was evident in all things was his thoroughness. A friend of his says: 'Was it building a hospital?—then the plans and materials, furnishing and bedding, must be the best obtainable. The up-to-date English hospital was his ideal. He did not want anything second-rate. Was it treatment of a patient?—Then the examination must be thorough and searching before any treatment was attempted, and this whoever the patient might be.'

One who had recently come to China says: 'I soon came into his hands as a patient, having picked up a temperature somewhere. The care with which he sought for the cause of the fever, though wasn't much—instead of cramming twenty grains of quinine down my throat! He did not like a crowded waiting-room



of patients. Few could dispatch them with greater celerity if need arose, but he was never satisfied unless he could thoroughly overhaul a patient. Many an undiscovered disease was thus brought to light and got its check, and he himself became expert where others halted.'

On one occasion a rich patient paying one dollar a day for his room in hospital, seeing the care bestowed on the very poorest, remarked: 'I don't see why I should pay a dollar a day! I should be quite satisfied with the treatment given to that coolie.'

Another feature was his *outspokenness*. His was a striking personality. A certain sternness in manner marked him. He was never afraid to speak out, either in private or public. 'His strong opinions and feelings made him a great fighter in argument or discussion.' An Agnostic Community doctor, in course of conversation, said he had not opened a Bible for twenty years. 'More fool you,' was Hodge's retort.

Many have shrivelled up at his rebuke.



This apparent sternness accounted for the fact that in the hospital he had the nickname of Yien Wang, or judge of the spirit-world; but it must be added that they said, 'His face is that of Yien Wang, but his heart is that of Kwan Yin, the goddess of mercy.'

He hated anything approaching cant. 'Piffing nonsense!' he would say. 'It's all Tommy rot.' The positive, assertive manner was there—somehow or other we scarcely want to think of him without it—but underneath there was a tender, very tender nature. He bore knowing through and through—he was true to the core. 'I could not understand how a man with such a big hand could have so gentle a touch,' and many marvelled at the tenderness beneath that stern manner.

Let but one speak. 'There I got to know him better and to love and respect him with my whole heart. His friends were sure of his support in any trouble, and those who knew him best were confident that he would not betray their trust. . . . Our life and work in



China has many pathetic memories, and it is in that sacred place of suffering that the figure of our friend, brother, healer, stands out in the most lovely light. It is not possible to say much, but all who had trouble in their homes remember with deep emotion and love the sympathy, patience, and skill with which he did his utmost to help.' Similar testimony to that tenderness would be gladly borne by a great number.

He had very fixed ideas as to what a medical mission should and should not be. 'With him it was no factory for turning out converts, but a demonstration in the highest form of Christian love. Their souls' diseases were never forgotten, but he counted it beneath contempt to undertake a case with inferior equipment and knowledge, all to entrap an unwary soul. Many were saved as the result of his Christ-like mission, but Mansoul was always taken by a frontal attack—their hearts were reached through their poor broken bodies.'

'We are bold to assert,' he says, 'that



our mission hospitals must be thorough as hospitals first, and not even the needs of spiritual work must be allowed to interfere with medical truth and trustworthiness. None the less, having done everything possible to effect bodily cure, we eagerly carry on the daily search for opportunity of soul saving.' And in a lecture he himself asks and answers the question, 'What is a medical mission?' 'It is the attempt on the part of the Church to show forth the love of God in its completeness—His sympathy with pain and suffering, and His healing power; and so preparing the way for the understanding of His message of full salvation.'

As a doctor he was held in the highest esteem, not only by the medical missionary, but also by the Community physician, who would often consult him in regard to difficult cases, for he was essentially one whom all could claim. His scientific ability gave him a very high position, both in Hupeh and also throughout the whole of Central China. He was a leading member and sometime Presi-



dent of the Medical Missionary Association of China, and no doctor was more trusted.

Serious sicknesses were a great strain upon him, and he has been heard to say, 'If anything happens, I shall have to blame myself.' He gave a new meaning to the words: 'Himself bare our sicknesses and carried our sorrows.'

For many years he bore that burden of responsibility alone. He never spared himself in the effort to save the life of a fellow labourer, and often suffered much in consequence.

At times he was called to the country, and this when his own health was none too robust, and rain was falling, which made the roads difficult to traverse, or in the middle of the hottest part of a Chinese summer. He stayed at great personal inconvenience till loved ones were pulled through and all fears allayed.

In the Synod he spoke with effect. His strong personality impressed all. What he said was always 'weighty if not winsome.' He was a good debater, who had



studied the laws of debate, and often scored off his opponent through strict adherence to them.

His public spirit was shown by all that he did on the Kuling council. His was no narrow outlook—he was interested in everything connected with the coming of the kingdom of God especially in China, and ever used his great gifts of administration in guiding the affairs of the Church. During the Boxer trouble his calm judgement was a tower of strength.

‘Like a many-faceted gem his worth shone forth in many aspects. Looking back we can see that of all his abilities none were perhaps of more value in a work like ours than his *Preventability*. From the strong loving squeeze of the arm and the ‘No, you don’t do any such foolish thing, my boy,’ to the battle-royal in Committee or Synod, his clear vision and long experience made him a very bulwark of protection against unworkable and unreasonable schemes. One of the deepest groans I have heard since his passing was by one who realized



that a sort of regulator of our complex machinery had been taken. I do not mean that he was never in the wrong, but he was less often so than most of us.'

His *Prayerfulness* should be mentioned. Says one: 'I found then, also as ever after, that to be kept more than a day or two in bed, meant that he would pray with me before leaving. Native, Christian and foreigner alike were lovingly commended to the care of the Great Physician. A wound would be dressed, a temperature taken, a pulse counted, and all the symptoms charted and duly pondered over, then unfeigned thanks poured into a gracious ear, or the burden of a strong man's fears laid all confidingly at the Burden-bearer's feet.

'This he did in spite of a natural reticence and dislike of what he called "wearing his heart on his sleeve." There was as little of the goody-goody about him as of cowardice; and with a good man's insight he recognized not only what was due from him as a child of God, but the power of prayer in a sick-room. True



physician as he was, he neglected nothing that was for the good of his patient.

‘More than one has felt that they did not know Dr. Hodge until in time of serious illness he knelt night by night at the bedside and made his requests known before God. After that admiration was boundless.’ ‘Don’t shorten the time of prayer in the meetings. Let nothing drive that out,’ was one of his last requests in regard to the Synod.

No review would be complete without mention of his home life. One who lived in his house for several months writes: ‘In the home life the doctor was at his best. He was a genial and generous host, and his love of music, and especially hymn music, brought us of the compound together often for pleasurable evenings. To newcomers on the compound the doctor’s home was a refuge from depression. What that home has meant to the mission during these many years it is impossible to say. A few weeks after Dr. and Mrs. Hodge’s first arrival in China, one from the country was taken in



to be nursed for six weeks, while he was lying low with typhoid. And since that how many in equally unhappy circumstances have been sheltered and cared for as though, or even better than, in their own homes—in sickness, in sadness, in sorrow as well as in joy, year by year, and month by month, right up to the time that one of the latest guests spoke of it as an ideal home.

‘If nothing else had been done in China, the kind hospitality, loving interest, and friendly counsel given in the home to a very large number, and the good influences exerted therein, would have made these years not to have been spent in vain, but years of successful medical mission work.

‘Sorrows of many kinds entered the home. The angel of death came one day and took away bonny little Leslie, who for eleven months had been winding himself round his parents’ hearts. This was a life-long sorrow. Other troubles there were which only those who have experienced them can rightly estimate.



But they came in purging power. All were borne in a manly spirit and surmounted. Many noticed the growing refinement, the deepening tenderness, more love for God and for the Chinese, a lessening of earthliness, and an increase of heavenliness—more Christlikeness.'

God-speed, beloved, in thy larger living !  
Full strong thy manhood, on to strength yet going,  
Gracious the call from doing unto doing,  
Withholding not the work in age and grieving.

The many talents to the master server,  
We never shall attain thy taken treasure.  
'Tis well ! In void and yearning we may measure  
The stature of the master's Master, ever.

Z.







CHAPTER V  
AS PREACHER



He comes sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious willing guest,  
Where He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

He came in semblance of a dove,  
With sheltering wings outspread,  
The holy balm of peace and love  
On each to shed.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak, with soothing power,  
A word in season as from Thee,  
To wearied ones in needful hour!



## CHAPTER V

### AS PREACHER

THERE were occasions when the work of the medical man—which brought such ease, strength, and vigour to many—became to himself monotonous. The craving to engage altogether in directly spiritual work was very strong. Though these thoughts were never perhaps seriously nor for long entertained, he could have had no great difficulty in fulfilling the requirements of this ‘calling.’ For he was emphatically a good preacher, and as such, both in China and England was appreciated greatly. His name appeared very high on the list of special preachers at Kuling, where in the summer months so many missionaries are to be found.

Though he could scarcely be described as a popular missionary advocate, yet he



was an effective pleader for the missionary cause. He always spoke well, and no matter how large the audience or how influential, he acquitted himself with credit, and to thoughtful congregations his well-weighed words came with great force and power. Whether at the country meeting or at Exeter Hall he gave facts which, carefully and prayerfully pondered over, could not but produce results.

Very few returned missionaries have been more carefully heard in the General Committee or more heartily supported. Though medical missions lay nearest to his heart, he was not limited by a narrow horizon, but spoke effectively on evangelistic, educational, and philanthropic work of all kinds; and many in England have a keener, more intelligent interest in missions—especially medical missions—because of his lucid advocacy in the home churches.

Not only so, but Dr. R. T. Booth, who was for several years his colleague, was won for Hankow by his pleadings in Ireland,



returning with him to China after the first furlough, and is now in charge of the Hankow Hospital which he left behind. Other doctors now on the field were largely influenced by his life and work to study medicine, and were greatly helped by his advice, while several of the sisters came under the same spell.

From early days his reverential piety was a feature which impressed all those present at services in which he took part. Did he engage in prayer? Then simply, but always with the utmost reverence, was the Holy of Holies approached and entered. 'Other gifts he had and other graces, more than are given to most, but it was his power and simplicity, sincerity and naturalness in prayer that impressed one at least more than anything about him. And yet he felt that to lead the congregation in prayer, with profit to the varied elements of which it was composed, was the most difficult part of the service. Was it the reading of the Scriptures? Then with clear voice and right emphasis was that inspired word impressively read,



and made profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness. And sometimes another voice was heard.'

Was it the musical part of the service? 'He was gifted in music,' says one. Another who knew him in Hankow for many years writes: 'He was a musician. To everything he touched he brought that unmistakable artistic appreciation that revealed at once the true musician. As an accompanist he was one in a thousand, sympathetic, alive to every shade of the composer's meaning, quickly responsive to the singer's intention. But perhaps what we shall miss most of all was the accompanying of hymns sung at the little gatherings in the Hankow compound. Then our friend would let himself go completely, and, lost entirely in the thoughts to which the hymns gave expression, he led us—all unconsciously to himself—at once in worship and in song.'

Another says: 'I like to picture him seated at the piano, with the lightest touch of a gentle hand making melody



the while he sang, his face half turned from the instrument and his eyes gazing away and beyond. Most of us did not play when "Doctor" was at liberty.'

Was it the sermon? The quiet, earnest delivery, the expository sermon, expressed in choice and forceful language, studded with apt quotation of hymn or poetry, will be remembered by all whose privilege it was to hear him. Perhaps no member of the Central China Mission has had such opportunity for English preaching, and yet perhaps equally true is it that no individual had maintained a higher average standard.

For many years he conducted the weekly class-meeting for the mission workers in Hankow. These means of grace were spoken of as long as fifteen years ago as very helpful, and several who have come to China since that time have found them even more beneficial—oases in the desert of life.

Looking through his sermons and addresses, many of which are written out in full, one cannot but be struck with the



real spirituality which characterizes them all. The writer has dwelt long and intensely on the deep things of God.

Amongst his papers are not only outlines of addresses given in Chinese, his class-meeting talks, which cover a wide range of subjects, his English sermons, but also notes on books of Scripture, such as the Epistle to the Romans and other closely-studied portions. These latter show the same thoroughness already mentioned as a chief characteristic. As his preaching did not hinder accuracy in medical work, so neither did his medical work prevent him from concentrated study and insight into the Scriptures. He always had some book on hand, and by study of the Greek, as well as the best commentary he could get hold of, he sought to learn the meaning of the author, and also the Spirit-taught application for himself and those to whom he ministered in holy things.

Many of his sermons will be remembered by those who heard them. Amongst these are his two District ser-



mons—on ‘Presenting every man perfect in Christ Jesus,’ and on ‘The excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord’—perhaps the most experiential sermon which he ever preached. Several others might be mentioned, but it will suffice to name those on ‘The Faithful God,’ ‘The river of God is full of water,’ ‘Our sufficiency is from God,’ and one on ‘Lowly Service.’

Almost, if not actually the last sermon he preached was on the text ‘Judge not,’ from which a few sentences may well be quoted to show a growing maturity.

He said, ‘Do not be anxious to criticize. I think that we may say without offence, that with rare exceptions every man passes through the stage of being a critic. We pass through it generally somewhat early in life, at a time when we think we have formed our opinions upon everything and everybody. Some men never get out of this stage. It is even possible to become so mastered with this spirit as to almost delight in judgement. But with most men, I think and



hope, age brings a kindlier spirit and experience both of oneself and others, makes us less anxious to condemn and more anxious to save. To save a fellow being needs inexhaustible patience, un-failing perseverance, and a wealth of love and sympathy. How often as a young man have I thought elder ones lax in discipline, in their patience and anxiety to save! but they were right and I was wrong.'

He felt keenly for those living in lonely places, deprived of privileges which he felt that he himself enjoyed, and for all such as dwelt amidst depressing circumstances.

As a physician he knew the value of rest to his patients, and to his spiritual patients he sought to give Christ's own sweet rest—not that of idleness, but the rest of spirit in active service, the rest of perfect acquiescence in the will of God.

He had the soul-physician's touch, and few have excelled him in speaking with soothing power.



## CHAPTER VI

### LAST DAYS



O God, whose never-failing Providence ordereth all things in heaven and earth.—*Collect for the 8th Sunday after Trinity, on which Hodge died.*

Sunday is my day.—S. R. H.

He is gone: we heard Him say,  
Good that I should go away;  
Gone is that dear form and face,  
But not gone His present grace;  
Though Himself no more we see,  
Comfortless we cannot be;  
No! His Spirit still is ours,  
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

Is not the endless service of the elect to be such that all orders of being shall through them behold and adore the glory of the Christ of God? For ever they will be what they here become, the bond-servants of their Redeeming Lord, His bride, His vehicle of power and blessing, having of their own nothing; in Him all, and all for Him!

Who can tell what ministries of boundless love will be the expression of their life of inexhaustible and inexpressible joy?

Always, like Gabriel, 'in the presence,' will they not also, like him, be sent on the messages of their glorious Head?

BISHOP MOULE.

And we on earth have union,  
With God the Three in One;  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won.



## CHAPTER VI

### LAST DAYS

DURING the last few weeks of his life Dr. Hodge was reading Bishop Moule's Commentary on the Romans in *The Expositor's Bible*. The book is marked in places, and a comment or note added here and there. The eighth chapter came to a needy soul fraught with comfort.

He read: 'But the suffering with Him must imply a pain due to our union. It must be involved in our being His members, used by the Head for His work. It must be the hurt of His "hand" or "foot" in subserving His sovereign thought. What will the bliss be of the corresponding sequel! That we may share His glory, a splendour of life, joy, and power, whose eternal law and soul



will be union with Him. . . . . Nothing, absolutely nothing, shall separate him from the eternal love. . . . .

‘But first comes one most dear and tender word: the last of its kind in the long argument, about the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. The apostle has the groan of the Christian still in his ear, in his heart—in fact, it is his own. . . . The Holy Spirit takes the man in his bewilderment, when troubles from without press him, and fears from within make him groan, and he is in sore need, yet at a loss for the right cry. . . . And He moves in the tired soul, and breathes Himself into its thought, and His mysterious “groan” of divine yearning mingles with our groan of burthen, and the man’s longings go out above all things, not towards rest, but towards God and His will.’

To a man whose life was always a struggle with overpressure of work and ill-health, these words came with restful, strengthening power. ‘That is one of the things one has to contend with out here, to always feel tired,’ he has been



heard to say. During later years he had nearly always to press on with a constant feeling of weariness. Indeed, so much was this the case that those only recently out on the mission-field can scarcely realize all that he had gone through and endured during earlier days in China.

For some time, and more especially since return from England after his second furlough, his condition was cause of anxiety to us all.

Who can tell the joy it was to him to welcome out his daughter Dorothy, or say with what pleasure he looked forward after these long years of separation to have her with him to teach and train? He and Mrs. Hodge went down the Yang Tsz to Shanghai to meet her, and it was hoped that the change as well as the reunion would work wonders. And afterwards no one could be in the home without noticing the quiet and peaceful calm and satisfaction it was to have the family circle complete again in China—i.e. as far as it could be without the little lad so early gathered 'Home.'



Several repeated attacks of utter prostration caused grave alarm, and led to more than one careful examination. Here various opinions were expressed, but the specialist consulted still pronounced him organically sound. And in this opinion his loved ones sought to find rest.

He again visited Shanghai for the Medical Association meetings, all of which he attended, and in them he took an active part. He was present at the large Shanghai Conference also, and spoke at least once, but he did not attend any of the night meetings, as strength had to be reserved for the discussions of the daytime. Concerning this latter he wrote, 'The Conference was good and inspiring—a tendency to rush things; a great leaning to Congregationalism as the Chinese Church of the future. The earnest desire for union caused them, I think, to go too fast in some things.'

This was written on May 17, 1907, after he had resumed work at Hankow.

In June he told more than one person how well he felt; indeed he could not



remember when he had felt less the early summer weather.

On July 3 he arrived at Kuling, hoping to have a restful season there. Jokingly he had said, 'I shall not know what to do when there.' That was because in former years he had been an influential member of the Kuling Council, and at times the sittings were long and tiring. Then, too, he was going his rounds morning, noon, and night to see patients, for he was in great request among many who came from various parts of the Yangtze valley and wanted him to be their doctor. In addition he had organized and conducted the annual sacred concert which meant so much to many who during the year had little opportunity to enjoy music. All this with ten days of Synod meetings made his life very busy, and the weeks spent there by medical orders, and which should have been a time of throwing off responsibility, were for him a season of special stress and strain. True, he received £100 or so for the Hankow Hospital as fees from the



patients attended, but how much virtue or vital strength had gone out of him! It was his life-blood.

The day after arrival he was seriously ill. Malaria seized on already weakened organs, and his loved ones received a severe shock. With but little warning a hand-to-hand struggle with death ensued.

Most providentially his friend and colleague, Dr. Booth, was near and able to give needed assistance, but the strain of that struggle could never be forgotten.

It was felt that another such attack would prove too much. Throughout the fortnight which followed his unselfishness was very apparent. His concern was for those who were nursing. Messages were given for individuals, and some for the Methodist Church. Dr. Pell, who was often by his bedside and was a great comfort to the sufferer, gives many details of these last days. How many times did he pray down blessings for us and thank God that he had those about him that he desired most!

‘May you have as dear ones round you,



old boy, when your turn comes, and none of the weariness,' he added. Any variation in his symptoms which called for extra little services from his nurses caused him real distress. 'Oh, it is so wearying,' he said. 'No, I mean for you,' he replied, when one had sympathized with him.

Himself the tenderest of nurses and doctors, he was the most obedient of patients. 'If I were a king I could not be treated better; every wish anticipated, every whim indulged; such skill, such nursing, such love.' To the doctors: 'You have been like brothers, you could not have done more for me! I can't repay you! God bless you both!' To sister Mountford: 'You are a good nurse. I owe much to you. Give my love to Dr. Stephenson, and thank him for sending you out to us.'

His gratitude for all God's goodness seemed to be full. 'My cup runneth over,' he said with great contentment, one day. 'Not more than others I've deserved, but Thou hast given me more.'



How true it is! Blessed me abundantly, from the time I was a little boy all through my life, and given me more than any member of my family; guided and guarded me through all my life, and now surrounds me with all I need.'

And this was said when weakness was extreme, and every word followed by an involuntary sigh.

In the early days of the illness he delighted in the thought that his delay here was for the sake of one who had told him that she thought it was hard to die. 'I would gladly die a hundred times if need be, to show you it is not hard,' he said to her, 'when once you've got over it.'

Submissiveness was also manifested as days lengthened out and the reason of things became more of a mystery. 'Made perfect through suffering,' was whispered in his ear. 'Aye, in bringing many sons unto glory, that I understand. But this, why this?'

He often prayed: 'O Lord, I don't understand, but make me patient.' 'Oh



to sleep and sink into the arms of God,' he once sighed. 'Do pray that the Lord will take me soon,' he said pathetically, when in great weakness.

'We are praying for His will to be done.' 'Ah, that's a better prayer than mine,' he replied.

'It will be a wonderful experience to have passed through if I get over this,' he said, when he felt a little brighter one day. 'And more wonderful still if I don't,' he added a moment later.

The hymn-book had always been used in private devotion, and it was his companion as he passed through the valley.

'O that the world my Saviour knew,'  
'Now I have found the ground wherein,'  
'Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,'

he sang with those he loved best when life seemed fast ebbing away.

At times he felt the need of another's prayers and so sent for his old friend, the Rev. Arnold Foster. As he saw him standing at the end of the bed just as the day dawned, Hodge felt he was an angel



of God, and his face a benediction. After Mr. Foster had prayed with him, he exclaimed: 'Foster, it is wonderful—wonderful. Not only for you and me, but for the whole world'—a text from which he had preached not very long before. 'A propitiation for the sins of the whole world.'

And so the missionary fire burned to the very last. Not only did he rejoice to prove the Saviour his, but with dying breath, as it were, greatly desired

The world for Christ!  
Christ for the world!

As the Sabbath of July 21, 1907, began to dawn on earth, the failing strength and weary brain were renewed, and, thanks to the Vanquisher of death, it became to this beloved physician the first of days. Once during the illness, waking refreshed after sleep, he had exclaimed, 'This is life.' But that was followed by new weariness. Now he had found

To fall asleep is not to die,  
To dwell with Christ is better life.



There is no need to speak of the little service held on the verandah of his own bungalow that Sabbath evening, in which triumph was the key-note; nor of the morrow when the road was lined with people and the cemetery crowded with a most representative gathering—for all Kuling seemed to be there!—or of the beautiful service. We prefer to look beyond this vale of tears.

‘Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them, to whom it was said: “This is a man that hath loved our Lord when he was in the world, and left all for His holy name, and He hath sent us to fetch him, and we have brought him thus far on his journey that he may go in and look his Redeemer in the face with joy.”

‘Then came out also to meet him several of the King’s trumpeters, clothed in white and dazzling raiment. These trumpeters saluted Hodge with ten thousand welcomes from the world, and this they did with shouting and sound of the



trumpet. The very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet him.

‘Now he came up to the gate . . . And as he entered he was transfigured.’

And so, as in the Kuling Cemetery the body of humiliation was laid in a grave facing the ‘temple in the clouds,’ it was with sure and certain hope that the glorified spirit had entered that Temple where His servants see His face and do Him service without weariness and without cessation.

We can almost hear him say: ‘This is life indeed.’ There, ever delighting in the Lord, every desire of the heart is granted and every power finds sweet employ. So we know that the wish expressed while yet with us is being fulfilled, and to those in loneliness and depression and pain he will be sent forth still to do service, for the sake of those that shall inherit salvation.



CHAPTER VII  
IN CONCLUSION



As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold ;  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright ;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

As they offered gifts most rare  
At Thy cradle rude and bare ;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

Dear old Hodge! Nothing second-rate for his  
offering to Christ. Always the very best in medicine,  
in science, in life.—W. T. A. B.

God loves to work in wax—not marble. Let Him  
find  
When He would mould thine heart, material to His  
mind.

TRENCH.

O, give me Samuel's ear,  
The open ear, O Lord,  
Alive, and quick to hear  
Each whisper of Thy word.  
Like him to answer at Thy call,  
And to obey Thee first of all.



## CHAPTER VII

### IN CONCLUSION

THE story of a strong man's life has been told—strong in purpose, strong in determination, strong in deed and truth. The strength manifest on the football field and as senior prefect characterized him in China, during these twenty years of strenuous toil.

We have seen the early decision for God, and the entry into a fuller consecration to save his school, and later the crossing of his inclination and the change in his life's plan so as to bless a larger number who needed him more in far-off China. We have seen his health declining, his vital powers sapped by the semi-tropical climate. Yet while the outward man perished, the inward man was renewed. Sorrow, trial, disappointment, loss—all ennobled and left him richer in spirit. Those gentler graces, fruits of



a heavenly refinement, became more apparent, and self came to be obliterated. His life was not long reckoned by years, but if 'He liveth long who liveth well,' then Sydney Rupert Hodge's life was not short. Measured by days—brief. Measured by loss, by the wine poured forth—there was length indeed, and depth, and height. Love's strength and love's sacrifice.

If for a moment we could imagine him to have lived a selfish life at The Leys, and not to have spent these twenty years assuaging human woe in China, how much poorer would The Leys and the Methodist Church have been!

'Not yet fifty years old, the strong man has spent and been spent long before his time, prodigal of a great soul which never knew self-love. We know, and he now knows far better, that the "waste" has been to purpose.

'Such lives are a legacy to the Church, but they also bring a debt. For whither they have led and fallen, the Church must follow and conquer and possess. The



vineyard of the Lord still lies before His labourers.'

Chinese doctors still abound, and many use the same methods that have been used for scores of years.

Let S.R.H. speak, as he spoke only in March of last year to Chinese students in the inaugural address which he delivered at the formal opening of the Boone Medical School in Wuchang: 'There are many young men before me to whom before long will come the necessity of choosing a calling in life. Let me commend to you this great profession. I do not hesitate to say that the supreme need of your country to-day is a well-trained body of medical men. When you think of the annual holocaust of little children, of the terrible sufferings of Chinese women, of the ravages of great epidemics such as you had here last summer, and of the trivial ailments that for lack of treatment become serious, you cannot but admit that the need is great. Some of you may have visions of being great generals, or great mandarins, or wealthy



merchants; but believe me, better than them all, it is to be a great doctor.

‘Do not become one for the purpose of amassing a fortune, but for the purpose of saving life. Better than gold and riches are the blessings of the people; mothers will bless you for giving them back their children, and crowds of famished little ones will hail with joy the saviour of the father who earns their bread. If a nation’s wealth consists in its people, you will be the greatest benefactors of your country and the builder-up of its greatest bulwarks.

‘This is a worthy goal and a noble ambition, and it is my earnest hope that some of you may from to-day turn your eyes towards it.’

The large and influential conference held in Shanghai in the spring of 1907, while recording its thankfulness to Almighty God for the abundant blessing bestowed on medical mission work in the past, yet ‘in view of the many millions still untouched by the gospel and the appalling amount of preventable suffering



from disease which calls so loudly to the Christian Church for relief, appeals earnestly to the home churches to send forth more men and women fully qualified and fully consecrated to carry on and extend this work.'

Amongst those who joined in this appeal was this medical missionary whose self-sacrifice, devotion, and wisdom has been dwelt upon in this volume. He was an enthusiast for God and for China, and having given his best, his all, he coveted and claimed the consecration of Christendom's choicest sons and daughters; and gifts commensurate with those made for elegant church buildings in the homeland on the one hand, and the needs of needy China on the other.

He claimed the best possible workers—fully qualified, fully consecrated, fully equipped.

When the Saviour was hanging on the cross, those seven words He spoke were an echo of a life of thirty-three years and a three years' ministry—the essence of all His sermons. And how many ser-



vants of God have in their latest hours expressed in unadorned language the burdens of a life-time!

One of God's noblemen in the hour of extreme weakness does not say altogether uninspired, 'Oh that with my dying breath I could arouse the conscience of Methodism! Oh that she would arise, that those who are willing to work could work unhindered. Always this burden of finance!' He saw the brother in need in China, and could not understand a Church with wealth closing her heart of compassion, and asked that the burden of finance should not rest upon the wearied labourer who on the mission-field bears the toil and heat of the day.

This book will fall into the hands of some who are beginning to form plans for their life-work. There may be on the one hand wealth and ease, aesthetic refinement and every form of comfort in your native land; or, on the other hand the life of emptying yourself, as Hodge did for the Chinese, having learned of



Christ, who emptied Himself and became obedient unto death.

Yes, Hodge emptied himself. Quietly, silently was this done, but it was done for the sake of Christ and in response to the highest of all calls.

There was some discussion in the recent Shanghai Conference as to what that call meant. To some it seemed a voice which spoke from heaven with unmistakable emphasis in the individual heart. To others it appeared more the education and training as given by the Spirit-guided Church. To yet others it was the needs of a needy world which called aloud for help. To Hodge it was the needs of needy China burned into his heart by the Spirit-heated words which fell from the lips of one whom zeal for China had consumed.

One element, however, is a *sine qua non*, without it failure is inevitable. There must be the voluntary offering, a personal consecration as expressed in the words,

Lo! I come with joy to do  
The Master's blessed will!



Carlyle has said: 'It is only in renunciation that life can really be said to begin'; and it is to this renunciation of self that such a life calls us.

But is there no attractiveness therein? Has not the Cross, where sons of God yield up their breath, any drawing power? Is it not worth while to lose the barren unit life, to find again a thousand lives in those for whom we die?

Is not the world's Redeemer worthy of our best?



## CHAPTER VIII

### A PHYSICIAN'S SERMON



Ten thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints,  
Throng up the streets of light ;  
'Tis finished, all is finished—  
Their fight with death and sin ;  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in !

What rush of hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky ;  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !  
O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made !  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousandfold repaid !

Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power and reign !



## CHAPTER VIII

### A PHYSICIAN'S SERMON

It is a remarkable thing that the last sermon preached at Kuling was on behalf of medical missions.

By one the service was spoken of as 'saturated with spiritual influence.' To others who were present the sermon was as a song rendered with a perfect earthly voice.

The text was inspired.

Many noticed the weariness of the preacher. But who then thought that only a few months later an Ionian granite cross would be erected to mark the spot where all that was earthly of the preacher would lie, while, in yonder world, the glorified spirit would be singing in concert with the blest, 'Worthy is the Lamb!'



*Sermon on behalf of Medical Mission  
Work.*

Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain.—REV. v. 12.

*Worthy.* This is one of the great words of the book of the Revelation—it meets us again and again. In iii. 4, there were a few even in corrupt Sardis *worthy* to walk with the Son of God in white; in iv. 2, the twenty-four elders cast their crowns before the throne, saying, ‘Worthy art Thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honour and the power’; in v. 2, the strong angel asks, ‘Who is worthy to open the book and to loose the seal thereof?’ and later on we have the new song which the four living creatures and the twenty-four elders sing before the Lamb: ‘Worthy art Thou to take the book and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and didst purchase unto God with Thy blood men of every tribe and tongue and people and nation, and madest them to be unto our God a kingdom and priests.’ And in xvi. 6, we read the terrible words of the righteous judgement of God, ‘They



poured out the blood of saints and prophets, and blood hast Thou given them to drink—they are worthy.' And, in one sense, we may say it is one of the key-words of the Revelation, for it gives us a sidelight on the heavenly life—it sounds the note of the new song and reveals the motive of the new life.

When we were children our mothers taught us to sing of the thousands of little children singing around the throne of heaven, and who shall say our mothers were wrong? What happier service could the children render, and what sweeter sound could fill the temple courts than the song of the little ones? Have not many of us little children of our own or little brothers and sisters who now sing in that heavenly choir? Let us cherish that childish vision, and think of the children as singing on, for they sing,

A song that will not weary  
 Though sung continually.  
 A song which even angels  
 Can never, never sing;  
*They* know not Christ as Saviour,  
 But worship Him as King.



This song, then, to the Lamb that hath been slain, is pre-eminently the children's song. But as we grow older we understand another great truth, that though life is too strenuous and busy to be always literally singing, yet service is a veritable song of *praise* to God. Science has taught us that there are many sounds that a human ear cannot detect which are perfectly audible to some of the animals. And so the melody of a life of service is one that the dull ears of mortals below cannot catch, but such lives fill the courts of heaven with a vast melodious chorus of praise. We may or may not sing hymns in heaven—possibly we shall, and lovely human voices that have ministered in song below shall thrill us with such oratorios as we have never heard; but sure I am that *there* we shall hear a new kind of music, of richer harmony and fuller and sweeter cadence than any of earth's melodies, the music of willing and joyful activity in God's service. 'His servants shall serve Him day and night'; and the willingness of



that service is begotten of this great song  
He is worthy.'

There are many (I have met some) for whom music has no charms; there are many more whose souls are filled with melody, but whose vocal cords refuse to form a harmonious sound. Sadly conscious of their disability, what would they not give for the power to express in song their soul's deepest feelings? There will be none such in heaven; there we shall all sing, and the eternal harmony of his music—for it never ceases—will weary none, will enrapture all, aye, will carry them away in a torrent of rapturous feeling. Every musical soul knows what that means; every old bard knew his power, and even Saul's jealous spirit was lulled to calm as David played his harp. It is of deep significance that it is recorded that in heaven they sing, but they sing 'a new song'—a song of glad and joyous service. It is Charles Kingsley who says: 'In heaven we shall sing involuntarily; all speech will be song.' Ah, brethren, it is the absence of that



heavenly song that makes the dullness and blackness and misery of this world. Service often is hard, enforced, cruel, unwilling service, a service that exacts much and gives little, that buries hope and creates dark, dull despair, a service that wrings a cry of anguish and pain, but begets no music—for they serve those who are *not worthy*. Whatever our view of the Book of Revelation may be, surely we may all look for the coming of that new heaven and new earth in this world that God once pronounced very good, the day when the heavenly music of glad and happy and willing service of brother for brother will sound the new song here, 'Worthy is the Lamb.'

*The Lamb.* We first meet the term in the New Testament, when John, looking upon Jesus as He was walking, said: 'Behold the Lamb of God.' But this was no new, unfamiliar name to the apostles, it was in the Scriptures before, and was designedly chosen to carry their thoughts back to their own Scriptures, 'He was led as a lamb to the slaughter' (Isa. liii. 7).



Undoubtedly, too, this name associated Him with the lamb of the daily sacrifice and the Passover lamb—the slain lamb that pre-typified Him (1 Cor. v. 7). It is the slain Lamb that calls forth this song, for the death of Christ is the unceasing source of praise in heaven and earth. The picture here is very graphic and very carefully drawn, and shows how much of the imagery of the Old Testament is worked into this wonderful book of Revelation. The word here used means the little lamb—the young lamb that was claimed by the Mosaic law for the atoning sacrifice, and so bearing the mortal throat-wound.

In the Septuagint, that Greek version of the Old Testament which formed the Bible of our Lord and His apostles, we find the same term used in Jer. xi. 19, to set forth the Lamb of God and Saviour of men, 'I was like a gentle lamb that is led to the slaughter'; and so we see how beautifully, and with what nicety, the relation of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb that hath been slain, to the ancient



foreshadowing sacrifices, is accentuated and preserved.—*Expository Times*, vol. iii. p. 57.

*And this slain Lamb is the subject of this great song.* Some may think the death of Christ a far less important event than His coming into our world at all, a mere accident in a much greater plan; but surely the verdict of eternity is different, surely it is a wonderful thing if the less important event has overshadowed the greater.

The *slain Lamb* is the centre of the redeemed universe. Far back in the ages of long ago patriarch and prophet and seer and faithful ones unnumbered had seen the promises of Him and greeted them from afar. Later still, apostles gloried in the offence of His cross, whilst countless martyrs testified their faith in Him by their death, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for His sake. To-day this same Redeemer is the greatest power in the world, His name and character commands the greatest admiration and respect. In Him the sons



of labour in the West, and the down-trodden pariah of the East, recognize their only brother and helper; to Him come the children alike of rich and poor, and the dwellers in palace and slum, as He cries 'Come unto Me.' And to-day the noblest youth of many lands have bound themselves to win the world for Him during their generation—and why? Because more and more men are coming to realize that there is

None other name,  
None other hope in heaven, or earth, or sea,  
None other hiding-place from guilt and shame,  
None beside Thee.

And so this great shout of the redeemed is no mere sentimental song of a dreamer—it is, if you will, the triumph of the Cross, the vision of the man who sees 'the strife is o'er, the victory won,' and hears the erstwhile restrained and exulting outburst of adoring and grateful hearts that can no longer be repressed.

Now briefly, turning to the song itself, it contains three main thoughts which in an ascending scale reach a climax. It



is a song of esteem and honour; gratitude and love; homage and service.

*It is a song of esteem and honour. Worthy* is the Lamb. It is a great song, this song of worthiness. Sung, as it is, by those whose lives have been familiar with so much that is unworthy, and who are themselves keenly conscious, in the light streaming from the throne, of their own unworthiness, it is a song which fills them with abasement. There is no need to open any books of record, there is no need of any accuser, but as they sing it and gaze at the vision of the Lamb that is worthy, all the sordidness, the sin, the unloveliness of their own past lives rushes into their memory. And here stands the worthy one—He who though rich, for their sakes became poor—who laid aside His kingly glory, His equality with God, emptied Himself and came down to earth—who stood the test of our lives untainted by sin and suffered in our stead. And the living creatures and elders, representative of redeemed man and creation, sing, as they bow in lowliest



abasement and with deepest reverence and esteem, 'Worthy is the Lamb,' and the angels around the throne join the chorus, and every created thing takes up the song, till the universe is filled with the mighty shout, 'Worthy is the Lamb.'

Again, *it is a song of gratitude and love*, for with the consciousness of guilt and unworthiness comes the memory of the obligation to Him which can never be repaid. It was for their sins He died, in His own body carrying up to the tree their sins (1 Pet. ii. 24)—it was with His stripes they were healed; it was His great love, revealed in every act and word of His life, that made known to them the love of God and His Fatherhood and brought them into the enjoyment of His forgiveness. All they have and are they owe to Him. 'His responsibility was their emancipation, His death their life, His bleeding their healing,' and as they sing they remember with a thrill of gratitude

His tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, full and free,  
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient.



Can we imagine what that song will be like, the vast chorus from the great multitude which no man can number, the ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands out of every nation and of all tribes and peoples and tongues—Chinese, Indians, and Africans, and South Sea Islanders, with their white-skinned brethren, singing this great song? Think of it, brethren, the triumphant tumult of feeling, the faces streaming with tears, the radiant glory of the uplifted eyes. Think of the hallowed joy of the missionary as he looks on his converts, of the glad fellowship with those who through him were led to Christ; think of the happy reunion of families, of the surprises that await faithful ones whose eyes never saw here the answer to their unceasing prayers of faith. How some will marvel and sing with fresh vigour as they recognize in that throng of redeemed ones around the throne some brazen sinner their most earnest attempts had failed to win, and whom they thought had



perished—and lo! somewhere, somehow, the Saviour met him. Ah, brethren, we may try to picture it—we have tried to picture it and been thrilled with it as Handel's grand chorus has burst upon us from some great choir and orchestra, but nothing can equal the reality. 'Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain, and hath purchased unto God with His blood men of every tribe and tongue and people and nation, and madest them to be unto our God a kingdom and priests' (Rev. v. 9, 10).

Lastly, *it is a song of homage and service.* It is the musical expression of St. Paul's prose, 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' It means, 'Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered.' 'And the elders fell down and worshipped.' Aye, that is the fitting ending, that is the only possible climax—worship and service, day and night unceasing. They sing and work, they work and sing. Faber, in one of his hymns, speaks of

What rapture will it be  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie  
And ever gaze on Thee!



It is pretty poetry, and sentimental, but I think this heavenly vision of the revelation of God's servants busy and singing, their lives filled with musical service, is a stronger and more scriptural conception of the future.

Brethren, that song has never ceased and never will, it is going on to-day. And let me ask you, do you think this is a song for some far-away heaven only? Is it not the song of God's redeemed ones, all over the world, going up to Him? a vision of the triumph of our Lord that it will do our souls good to contemplate occasionally. Oh, that we could hear it more clearly than we do! We get despondent and depressed sometimes in the hard fight we wage, and we cry: 'Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?' How many of our brethren in lonely stations need this heavenly vision, how often we in the teeming cities cannot see it! Let it be a song of hope to us—this song of God's redeemed ones standing as glorified angels around His throne:



Angels sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

And then what a stimulus this song should be to us! 'Worthy is the Lamb.' What are all the plaudits of home platforms to that? There is many a lowly service we can render Him they will never know; there may be no notice of us in magazines or papers; Boards and Committees *may* be too busy to give us a welcome when we return; we may never be able to make them understand the heartbreak of the burden we often carry—aye, they may even misjudge and reprove us; but what does it matter? We lift our eyes, we have joined the throng, there bursts upon us the vision of the Lamb that hath been slain—we hear the shout, we join the song, 'Worthy the Lamb,' and it is enough. We have seen the Master, we return to our service; we need no other stimulus or reward.

Let us ask ourselves, Are we always



singing this song? Is all our service full of music? Only as our eyes constantly see this vision and only as our ears constantly hear the heavenly song, can *we* serve aright. There are others who will never know that there is a heavenly song if we never sing it. It is not enough to teach them the doctrine, or preach to them of morality, *our lives must sing*—let them hear the song.

A doctor is very busy in a big hospital, and I should hope there are none who feel they must neglect the suffering body to preach to less suffering ones. Some of us would feel very troubled were it not that we can fill our hospital wards with heavenly music that charms and soothes the restless spirit. And the music goes where no barren doctrine could enter, the music of loving deeds and gentle touch and Christian sympathy, and little voices learn to sing of the Saviour's love. Every doctor could tell many a story to illustrate this, but one shall suffice. Not long ago a little slave girl, whose life had been a misery, was



a patient in our women's hospital at Hankow. There the music of love awakened echoes within to which she had been a stranger before, and her little soul unfolded in the peaceful atmosphere of the heavenly harmony. When she returned to the uncongenial atmosphere of her old home, to the harsh work and harsher blows, she ran back to us and was found sitting at our gateway crying and beseeching to be taken in. We had no power to keep her, and bitter was her cry when they took her away; but she had heard the music.

We must each be an Orpheus and draw everything after us; the music drew her back. We are all conscious of our failure in this respect. It is easy to sing sometimes—but to sing always! But listen, listen, the song is going on—from North and South and East and West, to-day it has been going up and is still going up, 'Worthy is the Lamb,' and we must hear it for our help and encouragement *every day*. And as we hear it let us too join



the chorus, and fall down with deepest  
reverence and worship, praying,

In full and glad surrender,  
I give myself to Thee;  
Thine utterly, and only,  
And evermore to be.  
O Son of God, who lov'st me,  
I will be Thine alone;  
And all I have, and all I am,  
Shall henceforth be Thine own.







