

WILLIAM McCLURE, M.D., HONAN.

The name Dr. William McClure and the pleasant face that looks at you from the other side of this page belong to one and the same man. He is one of our medical missionaries in Honan, China.

Not many years ago he was a student in McGill Medical College, Montreal. There he did so well that he was appointed physician in the Montreal General Hospital, and if he had remained in Canada might have become a leading physician. But he had pity on the heathen with no healing for their bodies and no knowledge of the Saviour, and he gave up his work in Canada to go as a medical missionary to China, where he is doing our work among the heathen.

Come and take a peep into the little place where he works with sick people all day.

It is morning; a very hot summer day in Honan,—hotter than our summer. Let us visit the Hospital. Here is a crowd of men waiting for treatment, there is a crowd of women, while in both crowds are many children. All the forenoon they come one after another,—some are blind, and many other sicknesses there are. He does what he can for all.

All day long this work goes on until night comes and the missionary is very weary, but he has made some people very happy.

But there are some whom he cannot help. Here is a poor boy who has hip disease. His father has brought him in a Chinese wheelbarrow for forty or fifty miles over rough roads. But the case is too far gone. The doctor can do nothing for him, and with sad heart the poor father wheels him back over the long and weary road, taking him home to die.

But another missionary has been busy all the day too, preaching to the crowds as they wait for their turn to go in to the doctor and thus they get not only healing for their bodies, but learn of healing from the disease of sin.

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

Mission Hospital, Indore, 4 Feb., 1897.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again."

It is as if the Lord had said: "If you lend Me for the poor I will pay you back again; but remember you must not be disappointed if you see others receiving pay, while you are left out in the cold, for, be sure that they must have given to the poor, while you neglected to do so. I want in this letter to unlist your sympathy, or your "pity" for that is the word the Lord uses, and your help, for the poor, starving children of Central India.

I had my first introduction to some of the famine-sufferers on Monday of this week, in *Pandita Ramabai's* Home for widows in Poona. I cannot take time here to tell you who she is, perhaps your mothers will tell you, as *Pandita Ramabai* visited Canada a few years ago. She herself was mercifully saved from the famine of 1876-1877, and says, "I feel deeply for these poor dying people, because I have myself known what it is to suffer from hunger and thirst, and have seen my dearest relatives die of starvation."

Her father, mother and sister died of starvation and so remembering the days of old, she started out in faith to the scene of the famine, with only two rupees in the bank.

Saturday of last week, thirty-five widows (from five or six years old and upwards) arrived in the Home. There were there of her former pupils some forty, high caste Brahman girls, a few of whom have become Christians, but whether Brahmans or Christians, they all went down into the out house where these, poor, dirty, starving, newcomers were, and with their own hands washed the bodies which for months had not been touched by water. They were so dirty that their heads had to be shaved. To this, some objected, but when told that it