

he knew that nothing was too hard for God.

In six short years he conquered all the land. But he would be the first to say, "Yet not I", for all his victories were plainly God's victories through him. And when his life was nearing its close, and he said his farewell to the hosts of Israel, he had no word of regret that he had early chosen God's service, hard, in some respects, though it had been. On the contrary, he appealed to the people to make the same choice, and sealed that appeal with a renewed personal consecration: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord".

Joshua's way will make any life strong and noble. Be true to the associations of a godly home, of the sanctuary, of the Sabbath School, of all true earthly friendship; for these are the gate of heaven. They lead Godward, and bring us into the higher spiritual communion with the unseen Friend of sinners. Then, through the channels of faith, love and obedience, God will work His perfect work in us and through us, and the promise so abundantly fulfilled to Joshua, will be fulfilled to all who take Joshua's way: "For then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success".

Tatamagouche, N.S.

A Missionary Doctor in Honan

By Percy C. Leslie, M.D.

The missionary doctor is the only doctor among three million people, who has been at college or holds a qualifying degree. Three million people! Happily, they are not all sick at one time, and fortunately, all the sick ones are not willing to come to us; but they come, many of them, a hundred miles away.

First comes a man curled up in a wheelbarrow, the motor car of China; then a basket load, a patient from the city, carefully covered with a red cloth to keep the evil spirits away; the blind man holding fast to his stick, to the other end of which is attached a man with eyes, leading the blind; here a big two-wheeled cart, piled up with women and children, a pilgrimage from afar, all hoping, hoping, yet having no hope, and without God. At two o'clock the "Door of Hope" opens, the patients who have gathered in the waiting-

room and who have been hearing the gospel preached for the last hour or two, receive their tickets, funny little pieces of bamboo with numbers on them. Then, ten by ten, they enter the dispensary, and the four Chinese Christian assistants, with the doctor to keep an eye on all, take them in hand. It is 90° to 100° in the shade, but there is a man shivering as though his bones would fall apart. "Malaria", he says. We try his temperature. He has a high fever; we pass him over to an assistant, who takes a drop of his blood, puts it under the microscope and there, among the life-giving corpuscles, are some unusual ones, full of little black specks dancing in high glee, the undoubted malarial parasite doing its deadly work. A few doses of quinine, and the patient gets the better of the parasite and is a well man.

But all our patients are not so easily dealt with, and great care is needed to get at the seat of their trouble, and there are many weeks of weary suffering for them, ere they can leave for home again. But these are our best patients; they know us after those weeks, and are beginning to know something of the One who is the good Physician. Daily they are seen with the little Catechism in their hands, reading away: "Who is God?" "How many Gods are there?" "Who is Jesus?" "What did He do?" "How does He save us?" Oh, that there were more to tell them how He does it, how willing He is, how ready He is, NOW.

The morning finds us in the operating room. Come and see us remove this cataract.—no blood, no ether, nothing to make you squeamish. The patient is on his back, blind, a drop of cocaine deadens all pain, in the little knife goes, and out comes a round disc. That is the cataract, or the lens of the eye that has become diseased and turned opaque, and hence requires removing. The man who has been blind for years, is made to see in five minutes. The bandage goes on, and the stretcher removes the patient to the ward. He is laid on a brick bed, with a half-inch-thick mattress under him. Ten days of it, then up and away. A great privilege it is to be a doctor in Honan. Would that there were more of us!

Chang Te Fu, Honan, China