

ful in passing the examinations of the school, will receive diplomas as certificated nurses.

The school was begun a year ago last October, with three young women, graduates of the American Church School (St. Agnes) in Osaka, entered as probationers. Their conduct and qualifications being satisfactory, at the end of a month they were accepted as pupil-nurses, and a course of lectures from the native doctors and the lady superintendent of the school was begun. As a hospital is the natural field for the training of nurses, and is, in fact, an almost indispensable adjunct to a training school, we should have been at a standstill had not a prominent Japanese doctor, who has a private hospital under his management, offered us his wards as a training ground, and promised to do all in his power to assist us in the way of giving lectures to the nurses. About six months afterwards we were asked to nurse all the hospital patients, and gladly accepted, the pupils taking the ward duty in turn. Not often were the services of more than one required at a time, as the hospital accommodates only a limited number, the average being about eight patients for the year.

District and private nursing have been important features of the work, and in the beginning of the summer there was such a demand for nurses that a graduate of the Doshisha Hospital in Kyoto was engaged to act as head nurse in the hospital, and to attend serious out cases when there was a call. During the school year (October-October) 1,200 sick visits have been paid and 427 days of private nursing done by the pupils. In almost every case the nurses appear to have given satisfaction to both doctor and patient, and from many sources we have had the highest testimonials of their skill and patient kindness.

Two months ago, two more young women, graduates of the American Church School (St. Margaret's) in Tokyo, were entered as probationers, and have since been accepted for the two years' training, so that now we have six workers. If we could get two well-trained Bible women to follow up the hospital and district work with Church teaching, there is everything to indicate that the results would be highly encouraging.

In the early spring, a small dispensary for the poor was opened in the school building, but was discontinued after a time, as the doctors of the hospital we are connected with generously offered to treat any poor patients we might send them, charging only half the cost of the medicine. Soon after the new year begins, we hope to open a dispensary adjoining the new mission preaching station, in an entirely heathen quarter of the city.

JENNIE CAMERON SMITH.

Kobe, December 18, 1894.

THE GREAT FAMINE CRY.

FARK, the wail of heathen nations !
List, the cry comes back again,
With its solemn and reproaching,
With its piteous refrain :
We are dying fast of hunger,
Starving for the bread of life ;
Haste, oh, hasten, ere we perish,
Send the messenger of life.

Send the Gospel faster, swifter,
Ye who dwell in Christian lands ;
Reck ye not we're dying, dying,
More in number than the sands ?
Heed ye not His words, your Master,
" Go ye forth to all the world " ?
Send the Gospel faster, faster,
Let its banner be unfurled.

Christian, can you sit in silence
While this cry fills all the air ?
Or content yourself with giving
Merely what you " well can spare " ?
Will you make your God a beggar
When He asks but for " His own " ?
Will you dole Him from your treasure
A poor pittance as a loan ?

Shame ! O shame ! for very blushing !
E'en the sun might hide his face.
" Robbing God "—ay, of His honor,
While presuming on His grace.
Keeping back His richest blessing,
By withholding half the price,
Consecrated to His service,
Perjured, perjured, perjured thrice !

While you dwell in peace and plenty,
Store and basket running o'er ;
Will you cast to these poor pleaders
Only crumbs upon your floor ?
Can you sleep upon your pillow,
With a heart and soul at rest,
While upon the treacherous billow
Souls you might have saved are lost ?

Hear ye not the tramp of nations
Marching on to the day of doom ?
See them falling, dropping softly,
Like the leaves into the tomb !
Souls for whom Christ died are dying,
While the ceaseless tramp goes by ;
Can you shut your eyes, O Christian,
To their ceaseless moan and cry ?

Hearken, hush your own heart-beating,
While the death march passeth by ;
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the beat of nations,
Never ceasing, yet they die !—
Die unheeded while you slumber,
Millions strewing all the way,
Victims of your sloth and " selfness,"
Ay, of mine and thine, to-day.

When the Master comes to meet us,
For His loss what will He say ?
" I was hungered, did you feed Me ?
I asked bread, ye turned away !
I was dying in my prison,
Ye never came to visit Me ! "
And swift witnesses these victims
Standing by will surely be.

Sound the trumpet ! 'Wake God's people !
Walks not Christ among His flock ?
Sits He not against the treasury ?
Shall He stand without and knock ?