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# Children's Record.

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## HOW HE CLEARED THEM OUT

**M**ISSIONARIES have to do some strange things. It is not all preaching. Some of their work you boys would like to join in for the fun of it. Here is a story where the sad, the funny, and the hopeful, are strangely mixed up.

One of our missionaries in China, Rev. Wm. Malcolm, M.D., who went out there last year writes a story about a case of opium poisoning, and we are kindly allowed to tell it to the boys.

When the Chinese get discouraged, or tired of life, they sometimes commit suicide by taking a large quantity of opium which in a few hours will kill them. When the friends find it out they send for the medical missionary who hurries there as fast as he can.

Sometimes he puts a stomach pump down the sick man's throat; sometimes he gives an emetic to make him vomit the poison, and, if he cannot do either of these, he has a small hollow needle which he slips under the skin on the arm or leg and through this he puts an emetic into the blood which in the course of a few minutes makes the man sick, and makes him vomit the poison.

Here is the story which happened a few weeks ago in Dr. Malcolm's practice. He writes to his brother:—

"Yesterday morning I was called out to a case of opium poisoning. When Mr. Goforth and I got there (and it did not take us long as I always have everything ready for such cases), we found a man of about thirty-five years of age writhing in pain.

He refused my emetic—he had taken the liquid opium only a short time before—and so I thought I might wash out his stomach by using the stomach tube. We got four or five strong men to hold him, but two or three attempts failed to get the tube far enough down, and I was afraid he would bite the tube in two.

His old mother then came in and he just clung to her, and she told all the rest to leave him alone, so they all said to me "let him die," but as I concluded that they were not running the affair, I said quietly, "I have another way." I thought he might let me use the hypodermic needle. I suppose he thought I might put that little thing into him, as it could not hurt him much. I gave him the antidote medicine with the needle, and also a large dose of an emetic, inserting both into his leg without any trouble.

Mr. Goforth and I waited a few minutes curiously, to see the effect,

In the meantime the house was crowded so full of people that we could hardly stir.

Mr. Goforth suggested, after all other attempts had failed to get them out, to try the syringe on them, so I filled the syringe with water and was showing it to one specially stubborn and inquisitive fellow, when suddenly I let him have its contents in the eye. He did not know what had happened to him, and made such a fuss that he scared the others, and the effect was wonderful.

I worked another syringe full on the crowd that was tearing the paper off the window and was looking in, with also a good result, so we soon had the room cleared.