

Christianity? Was it not this very power combined with a heart full to the brim of loving tenderness that won to His standard some of the most ardent disciples? For the man, blind from his birth, to follow Christ after his restoration to sight meant persecution, ribaldry and social ostracism; but what of this, the light had come, a new world had dawned upon his soul, and with this gift so free, so startling, so unutterably glorious, he in return lavished the whole of his affection upon his benefactor and Lord. If we would win souls to God we must first win them to ourselves. If men loved not Christ, whom they had seen, how could they love God, whom they had not seen? The human heart craves for a personality, not for an abstraction. It is not enough that God declare His love to the world, but He will evince its reality by the sacrifice of His own beloved Son, declaring by that act the intensity of His love and His undying solicitude for men's salvation.

How shall we win men to ourselves in order to win them for Christ? We answer, by meeting the actual needs of men. But what are the needs which the mass of mankind is most conscious of, are they spiritual? True this is the deepest need of the soul, but it is far from the one of which they are conscious, the pains and aches of the body, the violent distracting fevers, and the craving for daily food are symptoms far more real to the heathen mind than any disease or hunger of the soul. Then are we to set medicine before the Gospel? Yes, in the sense of a servant clearing the highway for the king's coming. John the Baptist preceded and proclaimed the Messiah, but he was not the Christ. Human nature is many sided, and he who would successfully evangelize must find the point of least resistance, making this the point of attack.

A lady of culture and refinement became anxious for the salvation of an old drunken cobbler. She knew his aversion to everything of a religious nature, and so determined not to approach him from this calloused part of his nature. On entering his shop one day she was surprised to find he was intensely interested in spiders, having collected a large variety which he regarded as rare specimens. Here was her opportunity; she learned all she could about this interesting creature, and every time she went to see the old cobbler she had something new to say about spiders. As time went on the old man fell sick and was conveyed to the hospital. The lady visited him and still talked to him on the subject of spiders. One day he surmised the lady had some motive behind all this, at which she was aiming, and so he told her she need never hope to see him any different than he was then. The lady smiled pleasantly but made no reply. The cobbler recovered from his sickness and went back again to his shop. In the meantime the lady had spoken to some of her friends that were naturalists of note about this interesting cobbler.

She introduced several of these gentlemen to the old man, who were impressed with the keenness of his observation and his intimate knowledge of these insects.

One day the cobbler broke down in tears, to think that after all there was someone in the world that really cared for his welfare, and when his whole soul was thrown open to higher influences the lady saw her opportunity and became the messenger of salvation, and had the joy of leading the old man to the Saviour of sinners.

First, she won the man, and the man saw in her the Christ, and then it was that he learned the Christ was for him. "He that winneth souls is wise."

Heathenism has been fitly called an open sore. No individual or nation can violate the laws of health without

reaping a harvest proportionate to the sowing. If, as we are informed by those who are competent to judge, the morals of various heathen systems are too shocking to relate, then it is only natural to infer that sickness and corruption coexist with this unrestrained immorality.

Are they anxious to be healed, you ask. Yea, just as anxious as when the woman tremblingly touched the hem of Christ's garment and found herself cured after twelve years of discouraging failure.

But I hear you say, are there not native doctors that attend to the sick? Yes, but to the great distraction and torture of the patient. Let me tell you a few things as to the method of treatment, and if your pity is not aroused, then sympathy is at a low ebb in your being if present at all.

*In North Africa* if a patient is suffering from bronchitis or pneumonia the native doctor, or his assistants, place cones of sulphur upon the patient's chest and set fire to them.

*In Arabia* if a limb is to be amputated they do it with a chopper just as a butcher would his meat, and they stop the bleeding by dipping the stump in boiling oil.

*In China* hospitals and asylums are practically unknown. If lunatics or lepers are becoming numerous they put them in a large building, bar the doors and set fire to the structure.

Mr. John A. Anderson, of the China Inland Mission, says he saw the following with his own eyes: A little boy had a harmless eruption on his body. The services of the best native doctor were procured.

For about two months that man tortured the poor boy till his screams roused the neighborhood, by applying the lighted wick of a lamp to each spot on his body, until at last the parents brought the poor child to the mission, where he was cured in a few days.

*Their knowledge of drugs* is very limited. *They use cold or red hot needles* to probe the joints and viscera, and even run them into the spinal cord.

*Fractures and dislocations* are left to nature to repair as best she may.

*Tumors, eye diseases and diseases of children* receive either barbarous treatment or are let alone to run their course.

The following is a recipe for various ulcers in China:

Serpents pulverized	..... One ounce.
Wasps and their nests	..... Half an ounce.
Centipedes	..... Three ounces.
Scorpions	..... Six ounces.
Toads	..... Ten ounces.

Sig.: Grind thoroughly, mix with honey and make into pills.

In 1878, during the cholera epidemic in China, they recommended the following procedure:

Rub the spine with an earthen spoon, that has been soaked in tea oil, till small black spots appear; then puncture these with a needle down to the bone.

The poisonous blood will thus be removed. Let the hands be dipped in cold water, and rub the arms in front of each elbow, also behind the knees till they are black, then apply a burning lamp wick.

The above facts are simply mild statements compared with the horrible and excruciating torture that some of the native doctors practise upon their patients. What are we doing to alleviate this misery?

This question of our duty confronts us with all the force of a stern reality. If, from no other motive than sheer humanitarianism, we ought to seek to relieve such shameful atrocities, how much more when we claim relationship