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## THE EYE DOCTOR IN CHINA.

BY ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES IN HONAN.

For *The Children's Record*.

**L**ET me show you the scene as I witnessed it and you will see how much these poor people suffer, in their ignorance, and how they need medical missionaries as well as preachers.

Look at him. He is a rakish looking young man, not belonging to the regular profession, who operates at fairs, where "mostly fools" are his victims.

His patient, who is very brave in suffering, is a young woman with inturned eyelids. The operating room is the inn-yard. The chair in which she sits is a broom lying on the earth.

An elderly woman, probably her mother, supports the patient in trying moments.

The operator begins operations by macerating the eyelids with a wooden tooth-pick. Then he runs this pick up one nostril, punctures the membrane and down comes the blood, and he says "you see it is necessary to let off the inflammation from the eyes."

Next he puts in the eyes a powder called eye clarifier. Then he pulls out his needle, and proceeds to put it up to the head in the eye cavity, close up to the bridge of the nose, thus avoiding the eye ball. As he works the needle in to the depth of one inch, he keeps turning it round, saying in a tone of command, "Retire, evil humor."

At this point, one, at least, of the bystanders felt like knocking him down with a club.

The final operation is the puckering of the

upper eyelid and the binding of it between two parallel needles as in a vise. These needles are to be worn until the protruding part of the lid decays and drops off.

The patient with her upper eyelids adorned with four bright foreign needles was a striking object.

The doctor says that she must not be alarmed if in a few days her eyes should have sores on them, or if she should find them very painful.

The only redeeming feature was the ridiculously small fee, say ten cents, but the amount in China depends on the patient not on the operator. In this case there was some wrangling over it and promises to pay more later on.

## A PICTURE OF HEATHEN CRUELTY.

**D**R. MARGARET M'KELLAR, one of our missionaries in India, in the city of Neemuch, tells of one sad scene, among the many that come before her, which shows how the idolatry of these people makes them heartless and cruel. She says:

The caretaker of our church, a young Brahmin, told me his little sister was very ill. When he told me what her sickness was like, I said I would like to see her. He said, "Yes you may come, but you can do nothing for her, as you have no disease in your country like her's. She is possessed with an evil spirit."

I went and after walking along a number of dirty streets, came to a house, which is just like its neighbour, made of mud, and having neither window nor furniture.