

but when once they trust us they are very grateful, faithful, and lovable, and splendid material to work amongst. This is important when we remember that the future doctors and nurses of China must be fashioned from it. Once you gain the confidence of the people they are easy to train.

The hospital in which I have worked for years has been a native building adapted for the purpose. In China the men and women's work must be kept absolutely distinct, and one of my great responsibilities is to see that no man enters the women's hospital, for if we did not conform to the national custom, the hospital would get a bad name, and then the patients whom we want to get hold of would not come. The patients sleep on a brick elevation, a kind of brick bed known as a k'ang. On one side of the ward is the fireplace, on the other the chimney, between them the k'ang, and underneath, connecting flues, by which means the k'ang is heated. On it are placed the mats covered with felt, which serve for beds, but the patients must be exceedingly ill to lie upon them, they are much more comfortable sitting up crossed legged. For the new hospital wooden beds are provided, but we should never get a Chinese patient to sleep on a spring bed.

One of the greatest contrasts between work at home and in China is the difference in the provision of hospitals, doctors, and nurses for the sick. In Shansi, which is as large as Great Britain, with its 12,000,000 people, we have four hospitals and a small dispensary; remember, too, there are no railway communications, and yet Shansi is supposed to be fairly well provided for.

In the hospital where I work, which serves a population of 3,000,000, and to which our patients come in spring carts, on donkeys, or in mule litters which swing and jog, our staff consists of Dr. and Mrs. Carr and myself.

There are native doctors, but they need not necessarily have had any training. Their chief implements are needles, which may be of gold or silver, but more usually are of rough steel. With these they puncture the body, there being 200 spots where such punctures are made. In one case a native doctor treated a patient by puncture, pocketed his heavy fee, and gave instructions that the man was to be kept absolutely quiet, and no one was to go near him. When the friends at last went in they found the patient dead with a puncture in his heart. Recognising what he had done the doctor had secured time for his escape.

In their confinements the women are cruelly treated; they are seated upon straw, not allowed to go to sleep, and are held up during

labour by their hair. Many of the women in the hospital date their illnesses from their confinements. Only the child is considered valuable; the mother's life is unimportant. In addition, the midwives are a terrible class, with long nails, never cut or cleaned, so that if the mission doctor is called in to a case it is generally septic first. Ah, nurses, China needs our sympathy and help.

Again, there are no asylums in the interior; so very often lunatics are put out of the way, or chained to mill stones and left. The more acute their mania, the more harshly they are treated. They also need our help.

In China it is the young women who have a hard time. The old women rule the roost.

As to treatment, our patients really love a plaster—anything that sticks; also ointments, gargles, and tonics.

At the hospital in Pingyangfu the outpatients attend twice a week, and the medical mission work is the most powerful of evangelistic agencies. In the outpatient hall all sorts and conditions of women, and of diseases, are to be found—ladies in elegant silks, shopkeepers' wives, countrywomen, and slave girls. It is worth going to China to see them listening to the old, old story. We have a wonderful Bible-woman, Mrs. Han, who is worth her weight in gold, and who gives each patient a numbered strip of bamboo on arrival and endeavours to keep order and send each in in her turn. How are all these suffering people to be attended, helped, saved? The cry of China is ringing over the land, and until the Church of God at home realises the need, many will suffer needlessly because there is no one to help them. If once you do go the need will be burnt into your heart for ever. There are the women with their poor bound feet, often rotten, the blind who are literally made to see, and the lame to walk. Is it not worth while?

Again, there is the opium refuge work. The women come in opium sots, emaciated, with contracted pupils. After a stay of a month, and treatment with liquor morphia acetate—sometimes 300 to 400 minims a day at first and gradually lessened—they go out with the habit broken, and many of our best Christians are former opium patients.

Would to God nurses would wake to the awful need of China and to their own responsibility, to the joy of carrying there the Word of Life and the Gift of Healing. I thank God I was called to China; if I had twenty lives they should all be spent there. Do you not hear the call: "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" Will you not answer: "Here am I, send me?"

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