

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Rev. H. C. Sanders, M. D.

"The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water, he turneth it wheresoever He will."

After my graduation from the U. M. T. Institute in '95, Mrs. Sanders and I returned to our home in Nova Scotia, and spent the three months vacation in home mission work. As some people know, the remuneration for such work often is very small. For example, I noticed in a letter written to "Miss Kinney" in '91, my first year in such service: "You ask me about my finances. Well, since my starting in the work four months ago, my income has been three dollars and fifty cents."

Thus it was during the summer of '95, so that when the time came for us to return to school, we had only enough money to take us half way there. But one course seemed open before us, and that was to start and to trust to God to supply our needs. During the vacation just closing we had not spared ourselves in His service. That He willed us to pursue our studies at the U. M. T. Institute the coming year, we had no doubt. With this conviction and remembrance of His past leadings we could but trust Him now.

Two years previous, at the time of our marriage, we were in similar straits. At that time money sufficient for passage and immediate needs was due by mail. Also a letter from Mrs. Osborn, the principal of the U. M. T., saying that Mrs. Sanders had been accepted as a student and might enter her school. Those two letters did not arrive, however, until within two days of the time of our sailing.

So now, like then, we packed our trunks on faith, believing that God would not be behind the moment of need with His supply. There was a ten-mile carriage ride to make before buying the tickets at Yarmouth for New York. We were six miles from home when Uncle Howard Thurston handed me ten dollars. A year later he told me that he and Aunt Mame had planned to give us five dollars when we went away and send us the other five Christmas; but suddenly they felt constrained to give the whole amount at this time.

Only those who have been led along the path of entire dependence upon God alone for temporal supplies can appreciate the blessedness of such a life. With each need, there is the drawing near to Him by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving. Then follows the praise meeting, dewey with tears of gratitude. Thus the Heavenly Father comes to be so real, while faith continually is strengthened.

And now came another very important epoch in my school life. I had planned to take one more year at the U. M. T. I. studying Greek, Medicine, etc. At the end of this time Mrs. Sanders would have completed her three years and we might then be away to darkest Africa. But God, who sees the end from the beginning, was about to show me a more excellent way. A knowledge of dead languages and a smattering of medicine is not so useful on the foreign field as a regular training to be had in a first class medical college and hospital.

God often leads one in a roundabout way, because, I suppose, of one's short sightedness. Thus he had led Miss Kinney to give up home mission work, make herself new dresses and prepare, as she supposed, to enter hospital training. Then after she had all in readiness, He led her to see that it was for marriage and the Missionary Institute. So now, I had re-

turned to Brooklyn seeing only a post graduate year at the U. M. T. I.; but God was about to reveal to me that what I needed was something entirely different, and far from difficult.

The first step was an apparently chance circumstance. A return lady missionary of the South African General Mission was in America on furlough and doing deputation work. A certain evening she spoke at the Hanson Street Baptist church, where Dr. A. C. Dixon was then pastor. Mrs. Sanders and I were present and at the close of the service made an appointment with this missionary to meet her next day. This was because we anticipated going to Africa under the auspices of the society she represented, being partially supported by them and partially by our denomination, who were too small, we then thought, to assume the entire expense—but to this subject we will refer in another chapter.

Upon meeting her next day and speaking of my anticipated "one year more," she said that with her society funds were very low, and their greatest need was medical men. Could not I wait four years instead of one and thoroughly qualify as a medical missionary? The idea was not new to me, as my younger brother, Judson, was already in a medical college in N. Y. city studying with the full intention of becoming a medical missionary. Repeatedly he had tried to persuade me that such a course was just what I should pursue. But my zeal to GO had completely obscured my vision so that I could not read the mind of God.

After the interview with this lady missionary, however, I betook myself to earnest, believing prayer. When one seeks to do only God's will it should not be difficult to believe for guidance. As I thus opened my heart to Him, and laid aside all my own wishes and plans, new light began to come like the rising of the sun. On paper I wrote His thoughts as they represented themselves, until there were nineteen reasons why I should study medicine. I headed this paper "My call to be an M. D.," slipped it in my pocket and started for N. Y. city to interview Dr. George Dowkontt.

This noble man is a returned medical missionary who has devoted his life to helping young men who desire a medical training and feel the call of God to the foreign field. At that time he was in a position to help a limited number by means of the "Ogden Fund" money that had been bequeathed to pay the tuition of Missionary medical students at the New York Homeopathic Medical College and Hospital.

Dr Dowkontt listened favorably to my request for admission to this select number. But when I explained that I had arranged to board in Brooklyn where my wife was attending Mrs. Osborn's Institute, he raised a very serious objection, saying that it was an unchangeable rule that all these medical missionary students board and lodge with him. I therefore must do this or withdraw my request for admission. I was expecting obstacles, so this objection of his did not bother me in the least. I knew that God was leading me to enter that medical school, and believed that the arrangements to board and lodge in Brooklyn was of His planning. Then again, I had not forgotten how two years previously a strict rule of the U. M. T. Institute had been reversed in answer to prayer. Even a woman made to change her mind. And now only a man needed to be brought round.

So while the good doctor hesitated and continued to review the situation, I sat quietly praying and assured that His final answer would be Yes. And so it was. "An exception

and paid them more than a hundred dollars in advance of receipts from home.

I presume you are all hard pressed for money, and will be during the time of this present almost world-wide war continues. And yet I know you will not be behind in sacrificing that this, your foreign mission work, that God is so abundantly owning, may not be crippled by lack of funds.

The outpost work is about as usual. The workers now drawing pay are Aloni, Johane, Metula and Lydia this side of the Dongolo; Samyeli, Davida and Johan Sukazi across this river; Simone and Meshiaka across the Pivaan river and on this side. Three of these receive regularly five dollars per month, while the others are "helped" more or less as we think the circumstances justify. Our aim has always been to make each dollar go as far as possible in this soul-saving work.

To say that we are thankful for the new church is putting it mildly. When you consider that for more than two years we have been without a half way decent place for meetings—had often to go out of doors to find room—but you can never have the faintest conception of the difficulties and delays endured. The making, hauling and burning of the brick; the constant watch to keep all protected from rains; delays in getting things from the village—we are now waiting for wire to protect the glass windows from hail. This wire with material for doors, etc., has been at the village two months. So now our church stands waiting for door and windows, with its mud floor just laid and very wet. Yet it is a paradise to anything we have known since the old church went down. For this roomy shelter from summer storms we are more grateful than words can express.

Yours in Him,

H. C. SANDERS.

A CURE FOR GOSSIPING.

A good woman, Jane Parsons, was anxious to be at peace with all, and particularly wished to be on good terms with those who lived near. But Agnes Saundry was such a great newsbag that her calls on Jane were "neither few nor far between." Nor did she appear to "know the way out when she got in."

Jane found Agnes' conversations both unprofitable and disagreeable, for she made so free with other people's names. This made Jane unhappy; so much so that she dreaded Agnes' coming. She resolved to lay the matter before her leader, who was not long in prescribing a remedy.

"Jane," said he, "keep your family Bible on the table, and when she has been in the house long enough, ask her to read a chapter or a Psalm, and pray with you." Jane followed this excellent advice. "Agnes," said Jane, "you are a good scholar. I wish you would read a chapter or Psalm, and pray with me; it might do both of us good."

Agnes excused herself on the ground that she was very busy. She would gladly do so another time when she could stay. We need scarcely say that Jane had no further cause to complain of Agnes gossiping in her house.—*Kansas Christian Advocate.*

There are now fourteen dry states in the United States, a splendid nucleus with which to work for nationwide prohibition.

Many people pray frequently for the fruits or gifts of the Holy Spirit, who refuse to meet the conditions that they may receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.