





Research

01-00018071

School
of
Theology
Library

ary
ary



First Presbyterian Church
Providence

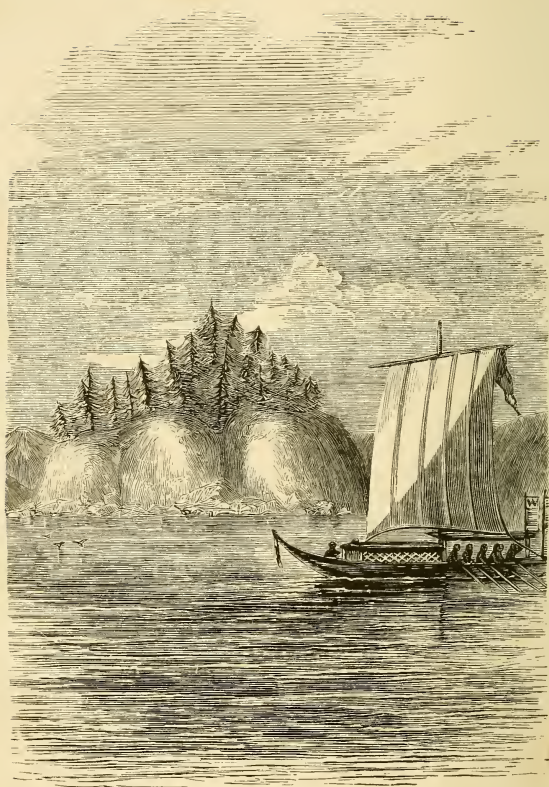
Nº 22



from the library of
HAROLD L. WILSON

1597
1907





Dr. Henderson.

CHINESE BOAT.

L I F E

OF

JAMES HENDERSON, M.D.,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, EDINBURGH;

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NORTH CHINA BRANCH OF

THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY;

Medical Missionary to China.



NEW YORK:

ROBERT CARTER AND BROTHERS,

530 BROADWAY.

1873.

Press of
JOHN WILSON AND SON,
Cambridge.

CONTENTS.



CHAP.	PAGE
I. AUTOBIOGRAPHY	7
II. COLLEGE LIFE	75
III. SHANGHAI	106
IV. A VISIT TO ENGLAND	133
V. EARNEST WORK	140
VI. EARTH EXCHANGED FOR HEAVEN	172

P R E F A C E.

AMONG Dr. Henderson's papers the following sketch of his early life was found. It was his intention to have completed and published it, had he been spared to return to England in 1867; and the knowledge that he hoped it might be useful, has made the fulfilment of his design a sacred duty.

The portrait has been completed, of which the outline was simply and faithfully drawn.

It has been part of the solace of a deep sorrow to be permitted to arrange these brief memorials of one whose zealous and successful devotion to a noble profession was all the more striking from the unusual difficulties surmounted, and the singleness of eye and heart with which cultivated ability and scientific attainment were consecrated to missionary service.



I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN a little cottage on a bleak moor in the North of Scotland, and distant more than a mile from any other dwelling, a young widow might have been seen sitting down to rest herself, half an hour past midnight on the 11th of December, 1832.

Three days previously such a violent snow-storm had set in, that in less than twenty-four hours after its commencement all the roads in the district were impassable, except for man. Three hours ago, that little family circle has been visited by one who spares neither prince nor peasant, and who has taken away its head. Nor is this the first breach he has made in the household, for eighteen days only have passed since he carried off the youngest

.

member, a boy nine months old; and now a widow is left, with three children, all but destitute, with little even to supply their immediate wants. God help them! He who now lies in the arms of Death was an honest and industrious laboring man, earning his living and that of his family by the sweat of his brow. He had married young, and is now but thirty-one, and he and his wife have had quite enough to do, sometimes, to supply their children with bread. Ten weeks before this time, he ruptured a blood-vessel in the lung, and lost so much blood then, and on subsequent occasions, that four days ago his case was considered hopeless by the surgeon who visited him. Two or three kind neighbors came to render what help they could, till the violence of the snow-storm prevented them, with one exception, from reaching the dwelling, and save for this assistance the widow has had to watch alone.

On the afternoon of the day on which her husband died he said he felt better, and it was

hoped, as night drew on, he might have some refreshing sleep. Towards six o'clock, however, when darkness set in, and the storm raged in all its fury, a decided change took place; the breathing became quick and shallow, the countenance pinched and sunken, and in broken and all but inarticulate whispers he called his wife, and told her that he was about to leave her; that he should pass through the dark valley that night; but that God, who feeds the young ravens when they cry, would take care of her, and provide her and the children with bread. The night was so stormy that no help could be obtained, and at nine o'clock the spirit took farewell of the frail tenement.

No burst of grief is heard at that humble fireside; the widow is calm and self-possessed; she is very pale, and a close observer might notice, under her quiet manner, a current of grief too deep to be fathomed — too broad to overflow. She has to busy herself till half-past twelve o'clock, when, for the first time,

she is able to gather her children around her, and try to explain to them what has happened. For the last five or six hours they had sat silently round the dying embers, conscious that something unusual was going on. The eldest girl, seven years old, evidently understands the sad event; the second, five, knows only enough to make her ask many questions; while the youngest child, a boy scarcely three, has crept to a quiet corner, where he sleeps as soundly as any healthy, happy child ever slept; and as the mother looks at him, lying so calmly amidst the storm without and the sorrow within, she, who had gone through the last trying hours with so much fortitude, can bear up no longer, but “bursts of sorrow gush from either eye.” She now begins in some measure to realize her position; the thought that she is now a widow comes up in all its power. She remembers that she and her children are utterly unprovided for—that bread is very dear, and she has little to purchase it with; and at such a season of the

year, in such a wilderness, what could she do? what effort could she make? Her situation was sad enough, and her prospects dark enough; but she knew where to go for comfort—even to Him who is “a very present help in time of trouble.” She remembered that God, who does all things well, caring for all His creatures, has a special regard for the widow and the fatherless, and that, though “weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.” She put her children to bed, and then, with her Bible in her hand, sat down beside the body of her husband, and the long night of sorrow was spent in seeking comfort from that Word which has the same promises for rich and poor.

In the 23d and 46th Psalms, the 14th of John, the 12th of Luke, and the 8th of Romans, she found consolation, as if fresh from the throne of God; and thus, having spent the night with Him, now her only Friend, He speaking to her by His Word, and she to Him by prayer, the morning slowly dawned on the

solitary watcher, calm and pure, for the snow had ceased to fall, the wind had ceased to blow, and as far as the eye could reach from the little cottage window, nothing could be seen for miles around but purity and whiteness. With the morning came one or two kind friends, when it was arranged to make preparations for the funeral.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the sleeping child in the corner is the subject and writer of the present narrative.

Many kind friends came long distances to see and to sympathize with my mother in her great sorrow, and there was scarcely one for many miles around who was not present at the funeral. The snow was very deep, and as the burying-ground was four miles distant, it was no easy matter to reach it.

In the month of March following, my mother removed to a small cottage kindly offered by a farmer in the neighborhood, and there, for two years, she kept herself and her

children by doing such work about the farms as she could find, teaching my sisters and myself to read, and hearing us repeat in the evening the portions of Scripture and questions in the Shorter Catechism which she had assigned to us during the day; and this she never omitted, though tired enough after working from six o'clock in the morning. These two years were, I think, the season of her most severe trial; and many years after, I have heard her say, that frequently she had come home at night and found she had so little food in the house, that, though weary and hungry, she went supperless to bed, and often set out in the morning with only a crust and a cup of water to sustain her. At the end of two years she went to live with her father, who rented a small croft in the district, his wife having died a short time previously. Here, although she worked hard, she seemed to feel her burden lighter, as my grandfather took such care of my sisters and myself. I became exceedingly fond of him, for although

he was a very strict disciplinarian, he was very kind to me.

Before I was seven years old, he made me read whole evenings to him in the Books of Kings and Chronicles, and in Proverbs. He took special delight in the histories of David and Solomon; and although he could not read a word himself (I do not think he knew a letter of the alphabet), yet he could correct me the instant I said a wrong word, or put one name in the place of another. He was a very intelligent man, and his opinion was often sought by the people around him whenever they had any thing important to decide, and often would two or three neighbors come and spend the winter evenings with him. He had an excellent memory, and had travelled much in the Highlands of Scotland in his youth, and had many traditional stories, which he was fond of relating. On some of these occasions he would bring me from the quiet corner where I always sat, close by him, with my old Bible on my knee, and make me

read a few verses from his choicest passages, either about the prowess of Samson or the wisdom of Solomon. At other times he made me sing some historical ballad connected with the "Clans." He belonged to one himself, and when I came to an exploit or deed of daring performed by his own clan, I could see his eye kindle, and he was always pleased if I put more than usual emphasis on these passages.

I lived with my grandfather three years, when he died from a disease from which he had suffered for more than fifteen years; his constitution was strong, but he had latterly shown symptoms of failing health. He seemed to have a natural antipathy both for doctors and drugs, for he would never hear of either, though his sufferings were extreme. He would not even see a surgeon till about three weeks before his death, when it was too late to take any decisive measures to cure him. He died in December, 1838, at the age of fifty-six. I felt his loss very much,

and followed him to the grave with many tears.

The little croft now belonged to my mother. She married about this time a very excellent man, but quite as poor as herself, and I continued to work about the little farm. No one ever seemed to think of sending me to school. My late grandfather and all my friends thought I had quite enough education when I could read my Bible. Writing and arithmetic were considered quite unnecessary in that part of the country, and it was never supposed that I should require either. I was kept busy all the summer, and in winter I amused myself with shooting hares and rabbits, or rather trying to do so. Game was very abundant in the neighborhood, and the laws were not strictly enforced. I was allowed to carry an old gun, but it only condescended to go off on certain occasions, so that I did not much damage the game; more especially as I was often entirely destitute of ammunition, and, to save the little I sometimes had, I usually put in

but half-charges. In this manner I would wander over the hills for days together, and thought I was fortunate if, after a fortnight's walking in the snow, I knocked over a hare. After some time I acquired considerable skill as a sportsman, and, had I possessed a good gun, should have been rather formidable. I trust I shall not be misunderstood in this matter, for at this time I had no idea, nor had any one in the neighborhood, that I was doing any thing wrong, and the same feeling still prevails, although in a less degree than twenty years ago. There was no church, no clergyman, no school or schoolmaster, and no magistrate within a distance of three miles from where I lived, and in such a place, among such people, every man is a law to himself. Nothing seems to regulate his conduct except his own judgment and sense of right and wrong (which is not always very clear), and the opinion of his neighbors. Whenever there was a disturbance, which was very seldom, people never thought of appealing to the civil

power, they always took the law into their own hands, and the poor offender often found that such a summary system of laws was not the most lenient for his person, if perhaps more sparing for his purse. Feeing-markets were the usual places for punishing any offender who had made himself disagreeable to the community, especially before the excellent system was introduced of sending policemen to preserve order. In 1858-59, when I last visited this district, I found decided improvement in many important matters, especially in having one day-school and two or three Sunday-schools, all in a tolerably prosperous state, established in places where I am convinced that, ten years before, they would either not have been tolerated, or would have been laughed at as absurd innovations. My only studies at this time were committing to memory psalms and hymns, chapters of the Bible, and the catechism, and reading the stories that were occasionally brought round by travelling hawkers. I

learnt at this time with great facility, and often do I now regret that so much precious time was lost when I might have been storing my mind with useful knowledge, and training it to habits of acuteness and application. But it was the fixed idea of people in those parts that every man should live and die as his father had done; and living amongst these people, and imbibing their sentiments, it may easily be imagined my mind was exceedingly contracted. I had the most absurd notions about the most common things, both of society and the world in general. I was in utter ignorance of the world, both physically and morally, for no one for miles around had any book on history, geography, or science. Indeed, I never heard of India or China till I was more than sixteen years old. I had heard of Napoleon Bonaparte and France, but had no idea whether France or England was nearest to the place where I lived, or that there was any water between the two. I knew nothing

about kings and queens, or the constitution of my country; indeed, till I was sixteen years old, I never was ten miles distant from my birthplace. I had during these years an unaccountable aversion to strangers and strange places, and an especial horror of towns and cities, as well as of their inhabitants. I was led to believe that all the bad and worthless people found their way to the cities, and, in short, that every honest man, and, above all, every countryman, should keep as far from them as possible. My mind was at this time largely tinged with superstition, so lamentable was the ignorance which prevailed among the people of that Highland glen. So many strange noises were heard, so many frightful sights seen, and so many harrowing stories were told of awful and supernatural objects by the old sages of the district, that the mind of the boldest youth was sure to be influenced; and if not frightened, a shadow of mystery and doubt was cast over his spirit. There was scarcely an

old woman in the neighborhood who did not believe in the omnipotence of witches; and there were very few indeed but could tell, with the most grave belief, of occasions when their cow was under the awful spell of witchcraft, and of the means used — some of them absurd enough — to break the spell. When I was last in the neighborhood, I was very anxious to hear if the same things were believed. I found the young people were sceptical, but afraid to speak boldly or with decision on the subject; but their elders, and especially the old women, clung to their superstitions, and I tried in vain to convince one or two how utterly unfounded was their faith in the old stories.

Such were the people among whom my early years were spent. How largely I was influenced by them let any one judge who knows any thing of the human mind, and how easily it is impressed in youthful days; let it be remembered that, apart from my Bible and catechism, I had only stories such as “Jack

the Giant-Killer” and the “Forty Thieves.” I spent much of my time alone, my only company through the day being a fine collie dog, who was exceedingly fond of me. He was always by my side, and I often thought I should never care for a better companion or truer friend. My mother was very particular about the way in which we kept the Sabbath, and trained us from earliest infancy to keep it holy. I would read no book on that day but the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, and many a happy Sabbath afternoon did I spend with no companion but these books and my faithful dog, having wandered far away from the cottage and sat down beside a little rivulet or mountain spring. Here I read for hours in the Gospels, or the Book of Revelation, or Genesis, and committed many portions to memory. I had special pleasure in learning the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th chapters of John, and the chapters concerning our Lord’s sufferings and death, over which I often shed tears, when my poor

dog, lying at a little distance, would see that something was amiss, and instantly come, with the greatest concern in his looks, licking my hand, and doing all in his power to comfort me.

Dull and monotonous as my life may seem at that period, yet I cannot look back upon it without much thankfulness and gratitude to God. I had the greatest love and reverence for my mother; whatever she said, I most firmly believed was right, and whatever she intimated I ought to do, I was only too glad to do it. Nothing could give me greater pain than to think she was displeased with me; nor can I recall to this day one single act of disobedience to her, thank God! Amid all her severe trials I never saw her much cast down, or if for a few moments she gave way to grief, she was most anxious that her children should never see or know it. Habitually cheerful herself, she had a happy facility of lifting sorrow from the hearts of others, and none could be long in her

company without feeling their burden lighter, and their hearts comforted. She would say, "Bear a little longer, this trial will not be lost, you will yet see that it was wisely sent. Trust in God; wait patiently for the Lord." She had taught me to read and reverence the Word of God; she had largely stored my mind with passages from it, and with many psalms and hymns; she had taught me to pray; and, of all her lessons, these seemed to be the uppermost: "Fear God, and keep His commandments;" "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." And among her last words to me were these,—words that can never be effaced from my memory—that sounded in my ears as I stood on the margin of her grave with my heart like to burst before the cold earth covered up her coffin, and I almost prayed to God to let me down beside her,—words that have often set me right when inclined to leave the path of duty—that I have found verified in my daily and hourly experience,—words that should be

written in letters of gold, and engraved with the point of a diamond on the heart of every young man: "NEVER FORSAKE GOD, AND HE WILL NEVER FORSAKE YOU."

Such was the dear mother whom I was very soon to lose, the heaviest loss I have ever sustained, the greatest trial I have ever known: her price to me was above rubies. On the 8th of October, 1843, after being in delicate health for a short time before, she was attacked by severe shivering, followed by fever and prostration. From the first day she said she was sure she should not recover, and after enduring much suffering, she died on the 16th of the same month, of that most trying, most unmanageable disease, pyæmia. I was not yet fourteen years old, but such a loss almost paralyzed me. I felt I had lost all I cared for, or cared to live for. Three days afterwards I followed her to the grave, and, with feelings that can never be described, saw her body laid in its last resting-place. I felt that now I was alone in the world, that

for the future I must think and act for myself; an indescribable feeling of loneliness and isolation came over me, and I was ready to sink under its weight. I stayed about the grave till every one was gone, and in the evening walked home alone, a distance of about four miles, full of sorrow and sad thoughts. I went to bed, and spent the first part of the night in prayer, and I felt myself more in the presence of God and nearer to Him than I had ever done before. I felt He heard every word I uttered, and soon had the strong assurance that now, since my father and mother were dead, the Lord would take me up; and after some time I felt my sorrow lighter, and thinking of God's promises, and trying to make them my own, I fell asleep.

Although I still felt the loss of my mother very deeply, yet I found great comfort in the Word of God, and never after did I experience the same sense of desolation as on the night of her funeral. I had the fullest confi-

dence that God would take care of me; and since then this confidence has scarcely ever left me for a moment, although I have often grieved His Holy Spirit, and proved myself unworthy of His watchful care and love.

My step-father was very kind to me; he seemed to feel his loss as much as I did. I remember he constantly read "The Afflicted Man's Companion," which a neighbor had lent him. Soon after, it was considered best for me to hire myself to some farmer, as I was not required at home, and I should thus have my food, and perhaps earn some wages.

My step-father went with me to a feeling-market seven miles distant, where I was engaged by a small farmer for six months, at a wage of twenty-five shillings, or rather less than a shilling a week. At this place I had fifteen head of cattle to feed and keep, besides other work; and, in fact, I had so much to do, that, at the end of six months, I was so thin and changed in my appearance, that my old friends scarcely knew me. It was a hard-

earned twenty-five shillings, but it was the first I had ever won. I had never been so rich before, for the largest sum I ever had was fourteenpence, and this was all I possessed when I first left home, with one suit of half-worn clothes.

I had resolved to have another master long before the six months were ended, and before my first term expired I was engaged to another farmer for thirty-five shillings for half a year. Here I was, on the whole, tolerably happy, and remained till I was sixteen years old, when, happening one day to be in a feeing-market, a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man accosted me, and asked me what work I could do. I told him "any thing." He then asked if I could groom horses, as he had two, and wanted a smart lad to look after them. He could not afford to give much wages, but a young man who was wishful to improve himself would have ample time and opportunities for doing so. This was the country surgeon. He offered

me one pound for six months, which I was pleased to take, for I was tired of farming, and never liked the company I was obliged to keep, and I had no time for reading or learning to write, which I was most anxious to do.

I soon became attached to my new master, and also liked my work much better. The surgeon spoke to the parish schoolmaster, who gave me some lessons in writing and arithmetic, and as I had good and useful books to read, I soon began to find out that the world in which I lived was very different from what I had imagined it to be. In a few months I had learnt to write and spell a little, and do simple sums ; but still I did not persevere as I afterwards thought I might have done. My kind master gave me two pounds the next six months (I remained with him eighteen altogether), but the last twelve were, I regret to say, the worst spent of my life, for I began to give way to habits of idleness and its usual accompaniments. My daily work

did not take up more than one-third of my time, and I became the companion of those of whom I ought to have been ashamed. For a time I omitted my religious duties, and often tried to stifle the voice of conscience, but this I found was no easy matter when I was alone. I could do so when in company, but, like many who are further gone in sin than I then was, I was afraid of myself, — afraid to trust myself alone. And one who knows any thing of the history of youth, with the many temptations peculiar to that dangerous period, would have trembled for me.

I was led on Sunday evenings to attend the ministry of one of the most faithful preachers I ever heard, the Rev. Mr. Nicoll, the Congregational minister in the village. He was verily a light shining in a dark place, in a dingy, moral atmosphere. This good man, whom I still respect and love, had gathered a few people round him, and preached Christ to them in all faithfulness and ful-

ness. Some of his sermons I shall never forget; more than once he made me tremble, and I do not think I ever heard him preach without forming new resolutions to live a holier life. Every sermon I heard brought me to my knees before I went to sleep; but, in the great majority of instances, the light of Monday morning broke up my resolves, and as the morning cloud and early dew they passed away. Yet I look upon the preaching of Mr. Nicoll as the means, under God, of keeping me from going the lengths in sin I might have done, and preventing my conscience from becoming wholly dead; and I shall ever be thankful for such a good and faithful minister.

At the end of eighteen months I began to think I should like to see a little more of the world, never dreaming that it was dangerous. I believed that my master, whom I had served faithfully, would do all for me that he could, and I resolved to write to him, — the first letter I ever wrote, — explaining my views, and

asking him to assist me. I found great difficulty in the wording of my letter, and although I only filled two pages of a small sheet of paper, I required nearly a whole afternoon to write it. I learnt, some time after, that it pleased him greatly, and that there were very few mistakes, the most glaring being that I entirely omitted to sign my name! Not long after this an advertisement appeared in a country newspaper for "a young man with some experience, as servant under a butler; the most satisfactory references required as to his moral and religious character." My kind master at once answered this, recommending me highly; and I was requested to call, which I did in a few days, at a house thirty miles distant, and was at once engaged.

I shall ever have a grateful recollection of Mr. P——, because he was the first man to encourage me, and give me an opportunity of planting my foot on the ladder of advancement; and I cannot look back on his history,

his rare talents, his profound professional knowledge, and his kind, warm heart, without feelings of admiration and gratitude. He died exactly six months after I left him. He was a fine specimen of a surgeon, as far as personal appearance, firmness, and kindness of disposition were concerned; and often have I wondered how it was that a man of such ability should remain in such a district, doing the work he did, and getting so little for it. But I now believe that his is no uncommon case. I believe there are many excellent surgeons in our country districts, both in England and Scotland, surgeons who might fill efficiently a professor's chair in any of our universities; and the reason why such men continue obscure is, that settling down in a quiet neighborhood, after some time they become so absorbed in their practice, and every hour is so much occupied, that they have neither time nor inclination to give much attention to the higher branches of the scientific parts of their profession. And if a

busy country practitioner is not very careful, he is apt to become rusty in the science of his profession, and fall into routine practice.

My position and circumstances I described in a preceding paragraph, when I entered my new situation at the age of eighteen. It is true I had been acting for myself, and had not known a home for four years; but then I had always been among country people, in a quiet country place, where my conduct was watched and influenced by my neighbors. I had had the trial of this position, and I had broken down under it; I had ceased to be guided by the oracles of God, and I longed for greater liberty and gayer scenes, where I might have more enjoyment. I was in much danger, and I look upon that period as the turning-point in my career, the time when my character was to be formed for good or evil, — for I could never be neutral, — and when I was to choose what master I would serve for time and for eternity.

It pleased God to direct me to one of the

best houses, and to give me for my companion one of the best men I have ever known. My new master, Mr. Grant Duff, had a great regard for religion, and was careful to observe all its ordinances, and to recommend and inculcate all its precepts. The whole household was conducted with the greatest order and regularity, and was very different to what I had ever seen or thought of; and, above all, for to me it was a special blessing, the butler, who had conducted the establishment some twelve years, and into whose hands his master had given every thing, was a sincere, single-minded, and most intelligent Christian. He had an education far beyond what is usually found in his sphere, having been educated for the Excise; but the gentleman who was to befriend him having died, he failed to obtain a situation in that department.

He was a thorough English scholar, an excellent arithmetician, could speak and read German well, and knew Latin and French.

I have often wondered and regretted that a man of so much intelligence should remain in such an obscure situation. He was a humble Christian, and a high-minded man. He would put himself to any inconvenience to do an act of kindness for the poorest and most unworthy. For young men especially he had the utmost anxiety, and would bring religious matters before them with such delicacy and kindness that he seldom failed to enlist the heart of the hearer ; and among all the devoted and excellent men I have known, I never saw a finer or purer example of the follower of Christ.

Like his divine Master, he went about doing good, and the more I knew of his inner life and the workings of his mind, the more I respected and loved him. I have described his life and character ; would that I could do him justice, for I owe him a debt of the very deepest gratitude. Under God he became my spiritual father in Christ Jesus ; and another reason for alluding to him so fully is, that

others may follow his example, and serve God faithfully, whatever their position may be. Let no one be discouraged because it is humble, but strive to serve God, and live to His glory.

After the habits I had formed, I felt the restraint of this quiet household very much. I had left all my rough companions behind me, and I now felt myself in a new and higher atmosphere; and although the change was sudden and decided, and not at all what I expected, yet, on the whole, I was exceedingly pleased. I had often formed resolutions to live a better life, and here I thought was the very place to begin to gain God's favor and work out my own righteousness, prepare myself for heaven, and make myself meet for the inheritance of the saints. I knew the letter of my Bible; but as little of its spirit as of my own heart. I knew that God was good and kind; but I did not know Him savingly as God in Christ reconciling the sinner unto Himself. I had looked on Jesus as a general

Saviour, but I had never been able to say, "He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*."

I was at once struck with the happy and consistent life of James England; I watched him narrowly, but all was pure and genuine. His holy life spoke volumes to me, and made me feel that there was a reality in religion that I had never known and never attained. He soon found out the state of my mind, and the extent of my knowledge, and that I required instruction in every thing. I could read very well in my own way, but my pronunciation was not suited to the ear of the English scholar; this all required to be revised and corrected, and I found it more difficult to unlearn than I anticipated; but I bought a copy of Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, and began to study it carefully every spare moment. I soon commenced arithmetic, and with my friend's help persevered in it, so that before long I could do any sum put before me with the greatest readiness.

I had not been long acquainted with James

England before I began to reflect seriously, and review in some measure my past life. A very cursory review showed me that I had done the things I ought not to have done, and I became seriously uneasy. However, I reflected that I was not so much exposed to temptation as formerly; and, with such an example before me, I felt pretty confident that I should succeed better than I had yet done in reforming myself. I had very strong faith in the power of the WILL; and I thought if it were well watched and well directed I should go a long way to become acceptable before God. I determined to read and study the Scriptures carefully, to have stated times for prayer, to be diligent in my attendance on public worship, to be faithful and exemplary in my duties, and carefully to take account of every word and action. I had a strange and deep impression that God's eye was ever on me, and that eternal interests hung suspended on the present issue, and I was fully alive to the vast importance of making my calling and election sure.

I was thoroughly in earnest, and my aims were pure and good, but the means which I was employing were inadequate. I had entirely mistaken the path which was to lead me to the goal, and the by-way I had chosen would never have conducted me to it. I entirely forgot who was *THE WAY*, that by faith alone a man can be justified; that all the work has been already done, and that for His sake who did the work, the Lord is well pleased, and is ready to justify sinners. For fifteen long and weary months I struggled to scale the sacred heights of perfection, and, discouraged and disappointed, I was inclined to give up in despair. The more I pressed onwards and upwards, the broader grew the commandment; and with every new effort the law of God seemed to rise in its demands. At last, finding all my efforts vain, in working out my own salvation and obtaining peace and happiness, I determined to speak freely to my friend James England. He appeared delighted to find me inquiring after such mat-

ters, and told me much I had not considered before; he advised me also to call on the Rev. Mr. G——, the minister of the Free Church of Banff (where he was a deacon), and open my mind fully to him. This I did, and from his conversation, and that of Mr. England, I found out how mistaken I was in endeavoring to accomplish what was impossible.

Very soon after this I received a letter, written in great haste, telling me that my second sister was dangerously ill in scarlet-fever. This was a great shock to me, as four days previously I had seen her in church. Two days after, I heard that she was dead. My state of mind was indescribable. The news came on Saturday; I spent much of the night in prayer, and soon began to see that full acceptance with God, and perfect peace of mind, could only be found through the merits of another. I began to see my Saviour under a new aspect, under a more personal relationship. I spent much of the

Sabbath in meditation and prayer, and that Sabbath evening, at eight o'clock, 22d of March, 1849, I felt the burden of sin fall off my soul. I felt I was washed in the blood of Christ, and that I became a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

Some people, some Christians even, may have objections to thus fixing the day and hour of conversion; some may even condemn it. Why so? Why should not a man feel and know the moment of this great change? No doubt there are very many Christians who can tell neither the day nor the hour, nor even the year of their second birthday — but there are also many who *can*; and in my case I believe it was less strange, as I had been carefully watching my actions, my words, and even my thoughts, for months previously. I was fully convinced at the moment that the great act was accomplished, and all my experience since has tended to prove that it was so. I saw God as a reconciled Father in Christ. I felt a new power and principle in

my heart. I felt a joy, a peace, a confidence which I had never experienced before. Religion now assumed a new aspect, and I felt that new motives and aims were to regulate my conduct henceforward. Before this time my chief desire was to secure my own safety and happiness for eternity; but now I felt it must be to glorify God, to live to Him who died for me, to serve Him who suffered for me, and to count all things but loss for His sake. Every thing was now reversed. It was no longer "Do and live," but "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Faith was no longer to follow works, but works were to be the fruit of faith, and I felt that now faith was to work by love. Love to Christ was to be the ruling principle in my heart. Having passed from darkness to light, I was now to walk as a child of light. Having been raised to a new dignity as an "heir of God," I must walk worthy of my glorious privileges. The Holy Scriptures were to be my standard, from which there was no ap-

peal, and having enlisted under a new Leader, who had laid down His life for me, I must surely endure hardness as a good soldier in my Captain's army, and, if called upon to do so, most cheerfully lay down my life for His sake.

The first difficulty that I had, after light dawned upon me, was one that is not uncommon. I could not always see that the words of Christ, spoken to His followers, extended to me, or make these promises my own. "If ye shall ask any thing in My name, I will do it." "My peace I give unto *you*." "I go to prepare a place for *you*." It requires a large portion of the Spirit of God to appropriate to ourselves these "exceeding great and precious promises." Like the majority of God's works in nature, sanctification is progressive; the path widens as the pilgrim advances, the light increases as the traveller proceeds. I had many interesting conversations with my pastor and my friend at this period, all tending to enlighten me in the

knowledge of Christ, and build up my faith in Him ; and on the last Sabbath of April of the same year I took my seat at his own table to commemorate His dying love. I did this with much anxiety and self-examination, for I felt it was no light matter to declare myself openly a follower of Christ. I felt His eye upon me — I fancied I heard Him whisper, “ Lovest thou Me ? ” That day His presence was with me in a remarkable manner. I felt a peace passing all understanding, a joy that was unspeakable ; I sat under His shadow with great delight ; I was sure He would never leave me, never forsake me ; that He was my Shepherd and I should not want ; He was my Guide, and would be so even unto death.

A few months afterwards, I began to think seriously what I could do to promote the glory of God, and to extend my own influence as His servant. I began to ask myself, — Is it possible for me, at this comparatively late period of my life, with every

thing to learn, with neither time nor means — is it possible for me to obtain an education suitable for the ministry? I never thought of any thing *below* the established rules and regulations of the Free Church. After some inquiry, I learnt that the curriculum of study for the Church was four years' literary study at the University, to be followed by a four years' theological course. This was rather appalling to one who was upwards of twenty years of age, who had never been at school, who had never learnt to study, and who had, moreover, not five pounds in the world!

Still I was not disheartened; I adopted the motto, "Where there is a will there is a way." Difficulties as great had been overcome by others, and why not by me? And it was about this time that I began to think of a principle which it is very hard for most men to adopt — namely, that there is nothing that has ever been accomplished by man in past times or ages which I, as an individual, may not accomplish or perform, provided

other things are equal, that is, if I were placed in the very same circumstances as the individual who succeeded in his task.

I was essentially ignorant both of ways and means to accomplish my desires. I spoke to two or three clergymen regarding my intentions, but all seemed very careful not to give me any encouragement; all hinted that what I aimed at was all but impossible. One was ready to bring under my notice this difficulty, another that; and there was one who told me of several excellent young men who gave up their occupations in order to study, but it would not do, and they were obliged to return to their old work and position, having lost health, time, and money, and, worse than all, were so disheartened that they could never hold up their heads again. Rarely did such experiments succeed, and I was advised to remain where I was. In no case could I get the information I desired, namely, what amount of Latin, Greek, mathematics, &c., &c., is required before entering the Univer-

sity? what examinations must be undergone? and what was the best way to prepare for them? As to the probable expense of a University education, no one seemed able to enlighten me. One young clergyman gave me one or two instances he had known of young men who, by dogged perseverance, coupled with an iron constitution, had succeeded in gaining educations; but they had to subject themselves to the most trying privations, such as living upon three penny rolls a day, lodging in a garret at eighteenpence a week, and working twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

Such pictures might have cooled the ardor of some aspirants, but they had not the weight of a feather with me: I had evidence that such a thing was possible; it had been done by others, and therefore it *must* be done by me.

I commenced learning English grammar and the rudiments of Latin at the same time. I had very little leisure, and found the new

work slow at first, my mind being unsteady and stubborn for want of training. I learned all the Latin rudiments when I went out with the carriage, and in the performance of my daily work I often had the book before me. During the first year or two my friend directed my studies; but at last I got beyond him in Latin, and arranged with the parish schoolmaster to give me a lesson for half an hour two or three times a week. He was very willing to assist me, but I had to walk three miles to his house, and my duties never permitted me to remain more than the brief time I have mentioned; nevertheless, he assured me that I was making tolerable progress, and he, though a young man, was the first to encourage me by saying that if I persevered he had no doubt I should succeed. I became at this time greatly interested in the formation of a Sunday-school in the parish where I lived. There was none within four miles of the church, and large numbers of young people were growing up without relig-

ious instruction, except the little they might learn at home. I asked a farmer to allow me the use of his kitchen for two hours on Sunday evening, and this was willingly granted. I called upon a large number of families, and requested them to send their children; and the first evening I had a good attendance. I formed them into a large class, putting the younger on my right, and the elder on my left hand; and a most orderly and attentive circle I had. During the week curiosity was excited about this new movement, and the following Sunday I had not only my former scholars, but their parents; and I took the opportunity of addressing all on the value and privilege of Sabbath-school instruction, and urged upon them the claims of personal religion. Every one seemed pleased, and many assured me I had begun a good work. From that day my school prospered, and was attended by large numbers of young and old; and soon after I left the district, that same place became a preaching station of the Free

Church, and continues so to the present time.

I remained in this situation five years. Early in the beginning of the fifth I made up my mind to leave, in order to devote my time to study. I told my friend James England of my intention, and, strange to say, he most strongly dissuaded me from this idea. My master also found out my purpose, and declared I must be crazy to think of such a thing; and when the time drew near for me to leave, he was so fully convinced that I should change my mind that he never tried to supply my place. He offered me many inducements to remain, but I was resolute, though, to please him, I stayed a week longer than I intended. I left with much regret the home where I had been so happy for five years; it could scarcely be otherwise, for it was the only home I knew on the earth. I had come to it very inexperienced, ignorant, and poor; I had now acquired much valuable knowledge; I also felt that I was now a little

independent, having more money in my pocket than I required; for though I had saved but little after purchasing many books, still, with my economical habits, I felt I had now formed a nucleus that would never entirely disappear, and subsequent events proved that I by no means made a wrong calculation. But, above all, I had come here at a critical period of my life, when, as I have shown, I was in great danger, and here I had found peace and rest through Christ Jesus. When I was leaving, my kind master told me always to look to his house as my home, and whenever I had any leisure, to come and spend it there.

I hired lodgings in the little town of Macduff, determined to devote all my energies to the study of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. At first, I thought I would attend the Free Church school; but the first two days there entirely changed my mind, for the schoolmaster, who had taken some prizes or scholarships at the Normal School, Edin-

burgh, was the most conceited young man I have ever known. He and I could never get on together, and I told him so; he pitied me, and shook his head, and tried to look wise, and said, "he feared I had taken a step in the wrong direction," and "hoped I should get on," and bid me "good-day." I went at once to the rector of the Banff Academy, who, though young, was an accomplished scholar; he seemed most willing to assist me, and although he could not teach me himself, he recommended me to one of his assistants, an M.A. of King's College, Aberdeen, who agreed to help me in my studies one hour every evening, and I found Mr. P—— all I could desire, both as a teacher and a friend. I shut myself up in my little room all day, working with all my power, went to Mr. P—— every evening to have my exercises corrected, returning quickly, and studying till long past midnight. I continued this from the end of November until the following April, teaching also on Sunday in the Sab-

bath-school. I lived on a most economical scale; my small room was two shillings a week, and my weekly bill for food seldom more than half-a-crown. I only had two meals a day, but notwithstanding this and the close confinement, I enjoyed excellent health. At the end of five months I determined to go to Edinburgh, though I had neither friends nor acquaintances there. I thought I should have more opportunities for acquiring knowledge, and I was also anxious to find some situation where I should have leisure to prosecute my studies, and at the same time be gaining something. In this it will be seen that God guided me most wonderfully, and far beyond my expectations.

I took a passage in one of the steamers from Banff to Edinburgh, and after a voyage of twenty hours landed at Granton. I took the next train to the city, and in ten minutes found myself standing at the railway station homeless and friendless, an utter stranger, without the least idea where to go for lodgings.

Every one at a railway station seems too much occupied with his own affairs to have time to devote to others, and the only person I could venture to speak to was a porter, who seemed exceedingly anxious to carry off my large trunk of books. I asked him where he meant to take it, because if he knew, he was wiser than I. He at once assured me that there were plenty of places in Edinburgh capable of containing me and all that I had. He must have seen me look incredulous, for he immediately seemed puzzled, and fixed his gaze upon me as if there was something not yet explained, nor did he seem much relieved when I told him there were very few places in the large city that would suit me, that I was a stranger, and feared I should find it difficult to obtain suitable lodgings. Again he looked at me and my large heavy box, and asked whether my stay would be long or short, and whether I should like the Old Town or the New. I said the New, and that I was prosecuting an experiment which was

of very great importance both to myself and others, and if matters went on as favorably as they had hitherto done, I should most certainly be successful. In the mean time, I wanted a quiet little room where nothing might molest me, and as my experiment entailed much expense and hard work, I must have the lodging at as moderate a rate as possible.

He seemed at once to comprehend my meaning, and, after a little reflection, told me he thought he knew a place that would just suit me; and accordingly we directed our steps to F—— Street, where I engaged the rooms he recommended.

I had brought with me no letters of introduction. I was never offered any, nor had I asked for them; they are of little or no use to one who is still struggling against wind and tide for a position in the social scale. Perhaps it is just as well that it should be so; it tends to keep down presumption, and throws the young man more on his own resources,

gives him more confidence in his own inherent powers, teaches him self-reliance, without which no man can ever rise or become great; for how can others have confidence in a man who shows that he has none in himself? And it matters very little what opposition some men have to grapple with in their upward course if they have a strong will, and a cool head, and a steady hand, for the greater the pressure that is brought to bear against them, the more are their energies stimulated, their determination to rise increased, and their confidence of success doubled.

It almost seems that the first position of such a man is merely accidental, for he never feels at home there, even when he knows no other; but like water which, like the laws of the natural world, will find its own level wherever it is placed, so will such a man, by the laws of the moral world, find his own level, however great the barriers in his way.

I did not bring a letter to any clergyman, preferring to go from church to church, and

attend permanently the one I liked best ; and after many weeks I decided on Free St. John's, where I greatly enjoyed the ministry of Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Hanna.

Any one who has found himself for the first time a stranger and friendless in the heart of a great city, will remember the peculiar feeling of loneliness and isolation that comes over him as he walks the crowded streets. Among all the various forms that he meets or passes, there is not one he has ever seen before. Strange thoughts take possession of his mind ; he feels that he is as nothing. No one seems to see or care for him, he may go where or when he pleases ; no one will miss him or inquire after him.

Two years before, I had hurriedly passed through Edinburgh with Mr. Grant Duff, and had stayed two hours for dinner at the Caledonian Hotel. On that occasion I had seen and spoken to the proprietor, and I now resolved to call upon him and inquire if he knew of any situation likely to suit me, in

which I should have leisure to prosecute my studies. He was very kind, and promised to help me, and in a few days I received a note requesting me to call on a well-known Writer to the Signet, whom I often met afterwards under different circumstances. I had rather an extraordinary interview with him, as he asked me many curious questions; among others, Why did I attend the Free Church? and what objections had I to the Established Church? And on my telling him that they were twofold, — namely, surrendering the power of the keys to the civil magistrate, and the power of introducing a clergyman to a church against the will of the people, he said we need not discuss the subject more, and we parted. Four years after, when I saw him again, he evidently had forgotten that we had ever met, and canvassed such important questions. Two other very good openings I declined, as I could not secure sufficient quiet; but at last I thought I had found the right home in the family of Dr.

B——. However, I was mistaken, for though he was very kind, I could command no time for myself, and I left at the end of a fortnight. This physician's son afterwards became physician to the Royal Infirmary, and one day (two or three years afterwards) when I entered his ward with my stethoscope in my hand, and proceeded to take my turn in the examination of a patient, he looked at me very hard, and then shook me cordially by the hand, saying he was very glad to see me, never mentioning where we had last met. From that time we were excellent friends, and he often flattered me by asking my opinion in any doubtful or disputed case.

Soon after leaving Dr. B——, I had the offer of two or three situations; but one person told me I asked too high wages, and another, that she feared "my principles were not sufficiently fixed for such responsibility as I thought of undertaking." I remembered this when, three years after, I sat as a guest at her table; she became one of my most

valued friends, but she never knew the advantage I had of her. At times like these I could not but feel grateful to God for His wonderful mercy towards me, and every fresh incident I construed into a token of His future good will and Fatherly care.

Having wandered about for six weeks until God had prepared the place for me, I at length entered a situation so suitable and congenial to me in every way that had I been asked to describe exactly the one I needed, I could not have named any more appropriate. I was much struck at the time with the mercy of God, and the more I think of the wonderful arrangement of His providence in this matter, the more I see His merciful hand in opening the way for me and leading me by a path which I knew not.

The servant of an elderly lady, then in Edinburgh, whom she very much respected, died, after being with her upwards of six years, and the one she chose to succeed him was discharged, after four months' service,

for dishonesty. At this time she was staying at the hotel of my friend Mr. Burnett, and she asked him if he knew any one likely to suit her. He immediately sent for me, and I was engaged, receiving higher wages than I had ever dared to ask previously. Nor was this all; as Mrs. Ross was constantly living in furnished lodgings, or at hotels, she arranged to pay me board wages, and these were ample, even had my habits been less economical than they really were. She told me I should have very little to do, which I soon found out was quite true, my chief employment being to keep her accounts and post her letters. I soon found in her one of the kindest friends I have ever known. One of her chief delights was to make every one around her happy. She had met with many trials herself, and had experienced bitter sorrow, but she had a warm and generous heart, and no poor creature who sought her help was ever sent away empty. She was ready to drop a tear and grant substan-

tial help at the recital of every tale of sorrow.

I had not been long in this new home before I began to look out for some one to assist me in the prosecution of my studies. I called on several private teachers before I was satisfied, for even then I was not easily pleased in the selection of my preceptors; and I became still more particular as I advanced in my curriculum. I do not think I could have defined the sort of man I wanted, but I had no difficulty in knowing the right one when I saw him. I first arranged with one to assist me for two hours every evening in the study of algebra and mathematics.

He was one of the strangest men I ever met, living entirely alone, keeping no servant. His mind was rather contracted, but somewhat speculative; he was destitute of energy, but had some originality. He had given a good deal of attention to phrenology and mesmerism, and was most anxious to convince me, as I often provoked him by abso-

lute scepticism. At his urgent request I frequently gave him an opportunity of proving his assertions by experiments upon myself, but I need scarcely say that I never yet felt the least influence of mesmerism. I studied with Mr. P—— two years, and made considerable progress in algebra and mathematics, but as he was no classical scholar, I had to find a preceptor for Greek and Latin; and after some little trouble and inquiry I succeeded in finding one suitable in every way.

Mr. C—— had been a very energetic and successful teacher in Edinburgh for several years; he was an accurate scholar, an excellent classic, and almost worshipped Herodotus, Homer, and Virgil. He had a large stock of humor, and could tell a story better than any one I ever heard. He agreed to devote an hour every afternoon to correct my exercises and read Greek and Latin with me. 'This went on for two years, and so pleasantly did I find the hour pass with Mr.

C——, that after I commenced my medical studies I often spent an hour with him over the Latin poets, and before I was twenty-five years old I could write Latin more correctly than I could write English when I was eighteen.

The two years I spent with Mrs. Ross were not passed in idleness, luxury, or self-indulgence. I knew that there was a long, trying, and expensive course of study before me, and consequently I set myself to practise the most rigid economy. For nine months before I left Mr. Grant Duff I had subjected myself to take only two meals a day, and had enjoyed excellent health; this plan I carried on at Macduff, and I had now been accustomed to it for fifteen months. I determined to continue it, and every month, when I received my wages and board-wages, I deposited all in the bank except ten shillings, — namely, 2s. 6d. per week for my food. But for the benefit of others I may say that it is not *easy* to live on half-a-crown a week in Edinburgh,

and I should not like to go through the same course of regimen again ; but like some other men I have heard of, in leading a forlorn hope, I was determined to carry out what I had in view, or perish in the attempt. My motto was, "If I perish, I perish." It may seem rather strange too, that on entering college I took comfortable lodgings, and began to live like other people, and this after submitting myself to comparative fasting for three years.

After being in Edinburgh a few months, I called on two or three clergymen, and told them that I intended to study for the ministry, but the same difficulties were raised as those which had been suggested by all whom I had consulted in the North of Scotland ; and there was the same anxiety to dissuade me from what they called "a very imprudent step." I have not the slightest doubt that these good men gave to the young student that which seemed to them sound advice and good counsel. Eight years of study for a

man with scarcely any means of support was doubtless, in their eyes, a very formidable difficulty. Nor were they aware of the principle of action which, as I have said, had at that time taken so strong a hold of my mind, namely, that whatever has been done may be done again. But I do not think I ought to be blamed if, after finding so little encouragement among those in whom I first sought it, I began to think of transferring my energies from them to a class whose names I had constantly heard, especially amongst the poor and suffering, associated with feelings of gratitude, and often with a prayer that God would bless and reward them for their kindness and attention. I could scarcely enter a house where there was affliction or poverty, but I found that some one had been there, doing all that possibly could be done for the relief of the body, and often did the poor sufferer declare, that but for his kindness he or she would have been dead long ago; and I began to think, here is a large field for

· usefulness ; here are opportunities for doing good, totally unknown in any other calling ; here the child of God may absolutely revel in the service of his Lord, and constantly, like his Master, go about doing good ; here an avenue may be opened to the hardest heart, whereby the most unpromising and helpless may be reached ; here a spark may be kindled which may gradually glow, and continue to shine, enlightening others, and growing brighter, unto perfect day.

It was with feelings of the deepest interest and diffidence that I contemplated the study of medicine. I had always looked upon this profession as involving the most profound responsibility, not by any means confined to the care of the material part of man. I had looked upon it also as peculiarly sacred, and its members as men of the highest order of intellect, education, and social influence among all classes of society, surpassed by none, and equalled by few ; and when I had made up my mind to study medicine, and

began to read medical text-books, my previous opinions were fully confirmed by the following passage in an introductory lecture in one of our best classical books :—

“Is a study noble in proportion to its breadth and depth, and diversity of the knowledge on which it is founded? Then think of medicine. How she levies her contributions from every branch of knowledge! The human body exhibits a machinery so perfect, that the most skilful mechanical professor may take lessons from studying it. It contains a laboratory so diversified, and chemical processes so subtle, that therein the ability of the most expert chemist is far surpassed. But the knowledge of the student of medicine must go beyond that of the mechanical and chemical philosopher. He must study those vital properties of which these can tell him nothing; he must become acquainted with the attributes of life operating in matter; in animal generation, nutrition, growth, secretion, motion, and sensation, in the variations

of these processes, in their decay and their cessation, which is death. He has a complicated study, peculiarly his own, in addition to those of a more elementary nature; he has, besides, to contemplate the body under disease, and to bring to his aid the three kingdoms of nature, and almost every art and every science for agents and means to counteract and control that which disturbs its well-being. But is the body the only object of his care? No! mind and matter are too closely combined to be studied or treated apart. To medicine it belongs to treat the entire man, physical, moral, and intellectual. See its effects on masses of mankind, displayed in the happy discoveries of Jenner; see how even barbarous people and idolaters, Mussulmans, Hindoos, and Chinese, respect our nation only for the medical aid which it can supply, so that it has happened that medicine has become the handmaid of religion, a bond between two countries, a peacemaker between nations. Do not think that I

overrate the profession; morally and intellectually, I cannot overrate it."

But my thoughts on the acquirements of medical men and their responsibilities did not stop even here. I looked upon the physician as pre-eminently a man of science, a man who studied the laws of nature in all their forms and phases. A man whose duty it was to trace every possible connection between cause and effect. A man who especially should never rest till he gets to the root of a matter, who should dig through every conceivable barrier in order to reach the very foundations, and find out and become familiar with the first cause; and my opinion regarding the researches and investigations of the physician have in no wise diminished or become modified during an experience of six years' hard study and observation. On the contrary, the more I have pondered over his duties and responsibilities, the more I see the urgent necessity for the versatility of his knowledge and acquirements. In other pro-

fessions, extensive and collateral knowledge are only needful at certain seasons, and on special occasions; there is usually time for reflection and further research, but in the practice of medicine there is little or no time for either. In speaking of my own experience, when I have to examine and prescribe for between one and three hundred patients a day on my own responsibility, as well as to perform the most delicate and dangerous operations in surgery at a moment's notice, I sometimes feel that a medical man's knowledge should be almost infinite, not only of his own profession, but in all the circle of the sciences, physical and metaphysical, and in all the philosophy of the age, mechanical, natural, mental, and moral.

The more profound the knowledge of such a man, the deeper is his conviction how slender is the thread on which existence hangs; how true it is that man is "fearfully and wonderfully made;" how complex and delicate the mechanism of life; how great and

constant the risk of disorder and decay : none hear so often the solemn warnings of God's providence proclaiming the insecurity of life, the certainty of death ; none read so plainly the scroll that fronts all sublunary things, " And this also shall pass away." On no ear falls so frequently the warning, " Be ye also ready." Their wonted companions are pestilence and disease, contagion meets them at every turn, and death to them is no stranger ; their toil is heavy, and their dangers are great ; but their profession is noble, their privileges are many, and these pertain to time and to eternity.

In sickness the heart becomes soft and tender, and the faithful physician can often look back with adoring thankfulness to the time when with one hand he healed and soothed the body, and with the other pointed the weary, restless heart heavenward. Conversion may come mysteriously as the breeze, but in many cases it is dated back to special providences, and how often, with adoring

gratitude, to some sudden sickness or lingering disease, when conscience regains its power and speaks of God!

Memory upbraids, conviction grows deeper, and the good news is eagerly sought after and thirsted for. Then is the sowing-time, when the heart is soft and watered by the tears of penitence; then it is that, in the deep furrow of affliction, the good seed may be laid. Nourished by the dews of the Holy Spirit, and warmed by the rays of God's love, it takes a deep root, and springs up to the glory of his name; and blessed is the physician through whose instrumentality new life is given by God, not only to the body, but to the immortal soul.

II.

COLLEGE LIFE.

HERE Dr. Henderson's personal narrative unfortunately ends. It was commenced in busy days in 1860, and was laid aside in 1861, to be completed if ever he came to England for a little rest. The many note-books kept during his college life contain but few allusions that would interest the general reader, although they show the wonderful diligence and perseverance that characterized those years. The results will appear from his after career; but it may be mentioned, that the certificates of the curriculum of the Royal College of Surgeons, containing the register of his attendance at the various classes from 1855 to 1858, show that he was present on every occasion when the roll was called, except when laid aside for three weeks by a

dangerous attack of small-pox. There are nine or ten closely-written books, containing notes of lectures by various professors, and many thoughts on subjects that specially interested him; an "Essay on Insanity," read before the "Hunterian Society," for which he received a diploma in 1858, and several other papers, evidently written for delivery at meetings of that society, and at other meetings with his fellow-students. In November, 1855, he began the study of medicine at Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh. His kind friend Mrs. Ross wished him to remain in her house while he was at college, so much did she appreciate his perseverance in study; but as she was alarmed when he was attacked by small-pox, he took lodgings after his recovery; and for three years his life was one of incessant toil. He usually read till one or two o'clock in the morning, as his note-books show; and of necessity his life was a very quiet one, for he had no time to spend in mere pastime, nor did he care to make friends of any who were

not of a kindred spirit. Much as it is to be regretted that there are so few records of those important years, it is scarcely to be wondered at. Severe and unceasing were his labors, many were the hidden conflicts that he had to brave. "I know only one thing," he used to say in after days, "that could have kept me from falling or fainting in those years,—the grace of God; that, with the memory of my mother, kept me up."

Two or three extracts from note-books are introduced here; they were written at the very commencement of his college life:—

"*Sabbath, November 18, 1855.*—Went in the afternoon to St. Thomas's Chapel to hear Mr. Drummond. I like him extremely. He is so earnest in pleading with sinners, shows so well the vanity of the world when compared with making sure work of salvation, that I am persuaded that it cannot fail to have a deep and abiding influence on the minds of all who heard him. I am glad I went, for I feel more secure, more indepen-

dent, as far as worldly things go, or earthly comforts or happiness. I feel that since God takes so great care of me as He has hitherto done, and is doing, it matters little where or what way I live, provided I have His glory in view, devoting my time and talents to serving Him, which, O my Father, grant that I may do! If I have little of this world's goods, let me be always content with food and raiment; and since I see my Heavenly Father cares for the flowers of the field, let me ever trust in Him for the supply of all my wants, while occupied in a way of well-doing.

“Especially it becomes me to trust Him, for hitherto His bounteous hand has made my cup to overflow with worldly bliss, and, what is infinitely more than all put together, He has given me a good hope through grace in my Saviour Jesus Christ; and seeing He has done this, can I be so stupid as to doubt that He loves me, and that He will ‘freely give me all things,’ unworthy as I am? He has more than made good His promise to the

orphan in my case. When my father and mother left me, then the Lord took me up."

"*November 20.* — Getting on remarkably well. After conversing with many of the students, and finding to a great extent their amount of knowledge, and comparing myself with them, I find myself a good distance ahead, with one exception, and he tells me he was attending the dissecting rooms a month before me. Moreover, Dr. Noble told me to-day that I was getting on very fast, and there was not one in ten had made the progress that I have done. Then the plain truth is, he has all the credit for that himself, since he has the great kindness to give me an hour of his precious time every day."

The following extracts from letters written in 1861 are introduced here as throwing light on this period of his history:—

"I have not seen much of Scotland; I never could afford time to travel for pleasure. All my years at college, instead of taking advantage of Christmas, and the holidays be-

tween the summer and winter session, as most others did, to visit the country, I never lost a day from the hospital, the library, and anatomical rooms; and when the summer session ended, early in August, having constantly studied for nine months without interruption, and when all classes were given up for three months, I still spent my time among the patients in the hospital, and practised among the poor of the city till the 1st of November, when the winter session commenced again; and I felt as ready as any one to enter with all zeal and energy the new classes, and to compete successfully with those who had spent the autumn among the mountains, streams, and lakes; and although I was in daily contact with the most dangerous and malignant diseases, and saw some of my dearest companions cut down by them, my God preserved me through them all, and made good His gracious promise, ‘As thy day is, so thy strength shall be;’ ‘There shall no evil befall thee.’

“ I often felt very sad and lonely — especially did I long for some kindred spirit on the Sabbath. My work and my college companions were enough for me through the week, and I had some very dear friends amongst them ; but God was always with me, and oh ! how often have I rejoiced in His love. He always sustained me and raised me up when sad.

“ Should not you like to go to Edinburgh ? I think you said so when we were at Portsmouth. I have some very dear friends there — Dr. Handyside and his family, Dr. Coldstream and his family, Professor Miller, Professor Balfour, the Honorable Mrs. Mackenzie, &c., &c. Many others I liked extremely ; one or two have died — all are now separated, and have commenced the great responsibilities of their profession. Still I should like to see Edinburgh again, especially with you. I think I should feel so happy and grateful to God to look once more at the familiar places, with one so evidently sent to me by

that gracious God, who evermore watched over me and kept me safe and secure, amid all the dangers and temptations, trials and sorrows, doubts and fears, anxieties and victories, of that beautiful city."

"I never thought of being a medical missionary till the close of the year 1856. I had always been looking for opportunities to serve my God, and I had determined to study medicine, knowing that wherever my lot might be cast, I should never lack opportunities of doing good both to souls and bodies. When I was just half through my curriculum of medical study, I went, on the evening of the 18th of December, to a meeting of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, and hearing many interesting remarks on the value and importance of medical missions, before twenty-four hours I had fully made up my mind to be a medical missionary, and soon after I spoke to my friend Professor Miller, who strongly advised me to do as I had resolved.

"After I had finished my studies in Edin-

burgh, I was offered a very good situation as partner with an old gentleman in the county of Durham, who wished to retire from practice. In two years I was offered all the practice, which was worth more than £700 a year. Many friends advised me to accept the proposal, but having determined to go abroad, I declined it."

The following particulars, from his dear and valued friend Dr. Handyside, of the Edinburgh Medical School, complete the story of his college life :—

"On May 6, 1857, he was introduced to me at the Maint-Point Medical Missionary Dispensary, and in concert with Messrs. Lowe, Robson, Bell, Johnston, and Carnegie, assisted me in that work.

"He labored with great zeal daily there for six months during this year, and during the autumn of the next ; and on Lord's-day mornings assisted at a service held there, between eight and nine o'clock, among the poor Irish, which service he occasionally conducted.

His means being very limited, he applied, at the age of twenty-eight years, to be adopted by the Medical Missionary Society as one of its students, in virtue of which connection he would have the remaining fifteen months' expenses of his medical education defrayed from their funds. After due inquiry, he was unanimously accepted by this Society, and trained by them, accompanying me to the Cowgate Medical Missionary Dispensary, when the Main-Point institution was transferred thither, and laboring there with me during the remainder of his medical curriculum. During his pupilage he became a marked student in the Edinburgh Medical School, in consequence of the devotedness of his mind to study, and the interest which he took in the spiritual progress of his fellows. At the public evening meetings (held monthly by the Medical Missionary Society), Mr. Henderson was on two or three occasions called on by his fellow-students to express the views of his friends and himself on important Chris-

tian topics, bearing on the serious call to students of medicine to become Christians and medical missionaries.

“As a student and a pupil he was uniformly regular, punctual, and diligent; conscientious, zealous, and laborious; kind to the poor, and self-denying.

“In passing surgeon, he acquitted himself most creditably. He obtained a separate diploma, as accoucheur, from Dr. Keiller, his teacher in that department; ‘who, two years before, had awarded him a prize, after competitive examination in the class.’

“Desirous of possessing the degree of M.D. (not considered necessary by the Medical Missionary Society), he obtained pupils in literature and the classics, to enable him to raise the necessary fees; and accordingly, in 1859, at St. Andrews, he took his degree as physician.

“There being at this time no opening in the foreign field for a medical missionary, he settled down, in August, 1858, in a country practice at Rhynie, in his native county.

Here he met with the most rapid success during the seven months that he remained; having found it necessary to keep a horse, in order to overtake his professional visits. Dr. Henderson's heart, set upon labors as a medical missionary in the foreign field, did not rest satisfied with his prosperous commencement in practice at home; and therefore, in following up his resolution to go forth among the heathen, he, in 1859, made application to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, through the Rev. G. D. Cullen, of Edinburgh, one of his valued friends; and this application being accepted, he relinquished the bright prospects before him of attaining eminence and well-deserved popularity as a scientific physician and surgeon in his native land; and, without hesitation, throwing aside these very attractive and lucrative prospects, at once engaged himself to that society as a missionary of the Lord Jesus to his heathen brethren in China."

Dr. Henderson thus alludes to these cir-

cumstances in his journal : — “ Went in August to Rhynie, Aberdeenshire, where I began to practise. In the middle of February I was sent for by the Directors of the London Missionary Society, and engaged as one of their medical agents to China. I returned to Rhynie, settled my few affairs, spent two or three days in Edinburgh, and arrived at Walthamstow, Essex, on the 17th March, 1859, where my Society arranged I should read theology six months with the Rev. S. S. England before I sail. An exceedingly happy arrangement for me, for in Mr. England I have found one of the dearest and most valued friends I ever had. God bless him, and make him a blessing ! ” To this friendship, so happily commenced, and continued in all its freshness until the close of Dr. Henderson’s life, Mr. England thus refers : —

“ It was on the 14th of February, 1859, that I first had the pleasure of meeting my late much-lamented and beloved friend, Dr. James Henderson.

“As one of the Directors of the London Missionary Society, and a member of the Examination Committee, I attended as usual the fortnightly board at the Mission-house.

“On that morning there were only two candidates for missionary service appointed to meet the committee. One of them, Mr. James Henderson, as he then was, especially excited the interest, and secured the sympathy and respect, of the examining body.

“The preliminary papers received from him were highly satisfactory, the recommendations as to character, devoted piety, and university and professional attainments and skill were warm and decided; and I especially remember the hearty and affectionate testimony of his honored pastor, Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh.

“His self-possessed manner, gentlemanly bearing, and frank answers to all the questions put to him in turn by the several members of the committee, excited special interest in him as a man; while his evident simple-

hearted devotedness to the great work of Christian missions, his anxiety to consecrate his talents and attainments to the service of Christ among the Chinese as a missionary physician, and his manifest intelligence and proved energy of character, secured the suffrages of the whole board, and he was unanimously accepted for the usual probation as a candidate for missionary service.

“The next question was an immediately practical one: Where was Mr. Henderson to spend the period of his probation?”

“To my great surprise, my colleagues in the committee determined that I must receive him under my care at Walthamstow; and, after some little hesitation, I consented, and was thus led to form one of the most interesting of the friendships of my life.

“Before leaving the Mission-house, I conferred with Mr. Henderson as to the arrangements which this decision involved. He was unable immediately to commence his new career. The practice he had been carrying

on as a surgeon at Rhynie was to be disposed of, his horse and furniture to be sold, and all professional engagements wound up. This necessarily occupied about a month; and after a brief correspondence, I had the pleasure of welcoming him on the 17th of March at Walthamstow.

“As I think of him when he entered my house — as I recall his quiet energy and happy smile, his youthful vigor, maturing into manhood, his beaming eye and pleasant voice — I can hardly realize the fact that the bright and useful course which seemed then so rich in promise has been so quickly finished.

“I was unable to accommodate him under my own roof, and my late kind friend, Dr. Alfred Evans, of Walthamstow, at my request, received him into his own family circle, and found in him a most congenial companion, sympathizing with him alike in his scientific investigations, and in the details, so far as he had opportunity, of his professional practice.

“ We soon arranged what I trusted would prove a useful plan of study, adapted to turn to the best advantage the six or seven months which I expected to intervene before he should receive the Director’s instructions to embark for China, to take charge of the Chinese hospital at Shanghai, formerly under the care of the well-known and esteemed surgeon, Mr. Lockhart.

“ We regularly spent together four mornings in the week. We always prayed together, and I shall never lose the happy memory of his simple, scriptural, earnest supplications.

“ I asked him to bring me at each lecture a paragraph from the Greek Testament, and a portion of Paley’s ‘Evidences’ and ‘*Horæ Paulinæ*.’ We also read together some ecclesiastical and general history and systematic theology, and now and then I got him to write me a sermon.

“ I confess that I often looked at him with astonishment. He told me very frankly all

his previous history, and when I saw before me that educated and gentlemanly man of nine and twenty, thoroughly abreast of the intelligence of the age, so free from the common faults of self-taught men, I could hardly believe that he had never seen the inside of a school, even of the humblest character, and that, twenty years before, he had been a barefooted lad, herding sheep on the muir of Rhy-nie; that, some thirteen years ago, he could not have written his own name, and nevertheless he had *forced* his way to the University of Edinburgh, had taken prizes in classes of two hundred medical students, received the diploma of the College of Surgeons, and won for himself the respect and friendship of men of the highest Christian character and professional distinction.

“ His Greek scholarship, of course, was neither extensive nor profound; but the marvel was that he should have been at home in the Greek Testament at all. This, however, I think, presents one clew to his character.

“ He had learned to read in his earliest childhood at his mother’s knee. The Bible, the Scotch paraphrases, and the Shorter Catechism, had been his chief class-books. These had revealed to him a wide world of mental and moral excitement and activity beyond the horizon of the moors of Aberdeenshire. He thought, resolved, and prayed.

“ He determined, by God’s grace, that he would be a GOOD man, and then that he would be a USEFUL man, and in order to this last, that he would be an EDUCATED man. Education and his lowly lot seemed far apart, but the resolution was formed, and, with characteristic pertinacity and patience and self-denial, realized ; and, then, when realized, with the same quiet determination consecrated to the glory of God, to the service of Jesus, and to the good of his fellow-men.

“ With my people at Walthamstow he was a universal favorite. Brief, comparatively, as was his sojourn amongst us, he formed friend-

ships there which only death could sever, and which, there are many who trust, immortality will perpetuate. The teachers welcomed him in the Sunday-school, and the congregations at the week-night services often heard him with pleasure and profit.

“At the beginning of May I expected to be absent from home for a short sojourn at Brighton. When we were talking over his occupation and improvement of the period of our separation, he suggested that the time was approaching for the examinations at the University of St. Andrews, in the faculty of medicine, and that, possibly, if he could go to Scotland for two days he might be able to obtain the degree of Doctor of Medicine. I conferred with the secretaries of the Society, Dr. Tidman and Mr. Prout, and we all thought that if such a step were successful, it would be well worth the expenditure of time and money.

“How well do I remember the calm earnestness with which he addressed himself to

a rapid review of the chief subjects of examination, the modest confidence with which he anticipated success, and the characteristic regard to economy, which showed itself in his choice of the third class night-train from King's Cross to Edinburgh.

“ A fortnight afterwards, I met him at the Brighton Station, and had the pleasure of saluting him as Dr. James Henderson. The examinations had lasted through five days — three of them devoted to written, and two to *vivâ voce* tests of medical knowledge.

“ Inquiring with some particularity into the matter, I found that while nearly forty members of the College of Surgeons had presented themselves to the examiners, nine of them had been ‘plucked;’ and thus the success of those who had been called up to the college library to be ‘capped’ was all the more satisfactory. With characteristic pertinacity, also, he secured the signature to his diploma of Sir David Brewster, although it was only obtained by persuading the great man’s valet

to take the document to his bedside, before the train started in the early morning from the seat of the oldest Scottish University.

“ At length the month of October came. I need not recount, although affection loves to recall, our walks and words as parting drew nigh — our visit to the docks, our explorations of the little cabins in the *Heroes of Alma*, the vessel in which the missionary band of brothers and sisters embarked for China — the valedictory service at Walworth, and then the sad yet loving words of farewell.

“ I have never met a man who, where he was known, inspired more thorough confidence or stronger regard. My dear wife would heartily endorse every word I have written. Dr. and Mrs. Evans, and members of their family, felt towards him as a brother; and our little girl, who had only known him as a child five years of age can know her father's friend, cherished for him such tender love, that for six years, until she heard that

his earthly work was finished, his name was never omitted from her childish prayers.

“Farewell! dear brother and friend. Too soon for us thine earthly course was ended. Be it ours to catch fresh inspiration of love, and fresh consecration to duty from thy happy memory —

‘Thus saints that seem to die in earth’s rude strife,
Only win double life:
They have but left our weary ways
To live in memory here, in heaven by love and praise.’ ”

On the 22d of October Dr. Henderson, accompanied by his dear friend Dr. Evans, stepped on board the *Heroes of Alma* at Gravesend. A large party met there, as six missionaries with their wives were to sail for China; and many relatives and loving friends were assembled to bid them farewell. A very touching and solemn service was held in the saloon, and then one by one the little boats left, filled with those who gazed with tearful eyes at the dear ones from whom they were so soon to be widely separated. It was on

this occasion that Dr. Henderson first saw the lady who afterwards became his wife, who had come with her mother to bid adieu to a beloved sister and brother-in-law. As the doctor stood, rather lonely, apart from the crowd, they just before parting shook hands with him, and thanked him for an act of unselfish kindness done on behalf of their dear ones, little expecting ever to meet him again, but it was otherwise appointed, as a leaf from his Journal will show.

“ *October 25, Tuesday.* — In the Downs we encountered a very severe storm; while just as the gale was commencing eight of our crew mutinied, and refused to do duty or obey orders. We should have put them in irons, but had only two pairs on board. We threw out both our anchors, which were very heavy for the size of our ship, and to this, through the good providence of God, we may ascribe our safety, for, notwithstanding our great anchors, they were dragged half a mile, and some of our sails were torn to tatters. Two

vessels, one anchored on each side of us, were lost, and every soul on board perished. For two days after, we saw ships being tugged past us entirely dismasted.

“*November 4, Friday.*— After being fourteen days tossed in the Channel, and after beating past Dover to Dungeness three times, and all these times driven back to the Downs; having experienced a very stormy passage to Portsmouth from Thursday to Friday, we got ashore at three o'clock, P.M. Enjoyed the evening exceedingly; thanked God, and took courage.”

Before two hours had passed, after the passengers landed, the telegraph was conveying to many homes the joyful news, “We are here till to-morrow, can you come?” And among the few who could obey the glad summons were Mrs. Dawson’s mother and sister. Very wonderful was the meeting between those who, only a fortnight before, had parted, as they supposed, for many long and weary years; and a happy company enjoyed each

other's society for five days, for, the wind continuing unfavorable, the captain did not think it wise to start again till the 9th.

The greatest kindness was shown by the ministers of the town, and several members of their congregations, to the little band who had commenced their voyage so inauspiciously; and gratitude for their safety was perhaps more strongly felt, because of the fearful loss of life and property during those terrible storms. On the night when they were kept at anchor because of the mutiny among the crew, the *Royal Charter* was lost, and daily were the papers searched with anxious eyes for news of the *Heroes of Alma*. It was therefore with no ordinary feelings that on the Sunday morning the missionary party and their friends united around His table in commemorating their Saviour's dying love; and on Monday evening a meeting was held in one of the chapels, where addresses were given by several of the party, Dr. Henderson being among the number. On Tuesday

evening he was invited to take part in another meeting, and on Wednesday the orders came for the passengers to embark. The bitterness of parting felt when they left Gravesend was not repeated on this occasion. The past five days had inspired them with fresh joy and courage ; and in Dr. Henderson's heart a hope had arisen which, though not fulfilled for twelve months, gave a new aspect to his life.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the little group, accompanied by their friends, walked to the beach, where the boat waited to convey them to their ship ; and as they were rowed away the sounds of their voices, uplifted in hymns of praise, fell sweetly on many listening ears.

To one or two incidents of the outward voyage Mr. Dawson thus refers : —

“ The circumstances under which we, for the second time, left the shores of England were such that it was impossible for me not to regard the doctor with special interest, —

those five days at Portsmouth had been most eventful ones. There is nothing like a long sea voyage for bringing out the real qualities of a man's nature ; and to such a man as Dr. Henderson the long confinement, and the sheer impossibility of active service of any kind, were peculiarly trying. Never, however, did his happy spirit fail him, and the impression made upon my mind was this,—that though among our company there were men of decided character and high attainments, his character was most remarkable, and his talent most conspicuous. With all his opinions I did not, of course, agree ; but I always felt that those opinions were the result of earnest thought, and knowing nothing at that time of his early history, I concluded, from his extensive information, his gentlemanly bearing, and his ready wit, that he had enjoyed all the advantages of a lengthened university education. One result of the masterly self-reliance which had enabled him to force his way to the front, was

a contempt for weakness, which sometimes made him seem rather severe on others; caring nothing himself for the opinion of the world, and accustomed to trample upon difficulties, already a veteran in the world's battle-field, and conscious that he was none the worse, but all the better, for the struggle, he had no patience with men who evinced timidity of spirit, or want of energy. During the voyage the doctor became a universal favorite; though very studious, and reading as closely as if some stiff examination awaited him in Shanghai, his genial presence oftentimes made us gay, when otherwise dulness would have reigned on board. He was very kind to me when I was so ill, and on many occasions during the voyage it was evident that we had with us a most skilful medical man.

“He always took his turn in preaching to the sailors, in which I think he excelled us all, having perhaps a greater sympathy with them in the roughing of life, through which

many of them have to pass. Many a time was his knowledge of Scripture tested when, towards dusk, the evenings being fine and warm, we declined to descend to the cabin for prayers. I was generally called upon to give out a hymn, and he to read the Bible; but the light of the stars was not sufficient to help us with our books, and we had to trust to our memories — his never failed.

“He and I were the first to land in Shanghai, on March 23, 1860. We left our party in the boat, whilst we went to find the London Mission. It was pitch dark, and the streets were ankle-deep in mud, for it had been raining for days. We entered the lodges of several Hongs, but of course could make no one understand. At length, to our joy, we found the English consulate, where we were furnished with a guide. After six months he came to board with us, and at the end of a year we arranged to occupy the same house, — a happy arrangement, as during my absence in the country he took such

tender care of Sarah, who was at one time very ill. In his hospital work I often assisted him in a small way, and very highly did I admire his skill and success, his firmness and kindness. I need say nothing of my own obligations to him during the last months of my stay in China, inasmuch as all our friends know well that, under God, my life is owing to his assiduous care and skilful treatment."

III.

SHANGHAI.

ON arriving in Shanghai, Dr. Henderson found the Chinese hospital in the charge of the Rev. W. H. Collins, M.R.C.S., who had kindly taken the supervision of the work there, after the departure of Dr. Hobson, early in 1859. The annual meeting was held on the 23d of April, when the following letter was laid before the trustees:—

*“ To the Trustees of the Chinese Hospital,
Shanghai.*

“ GENTLEMEN, — Having lately come to Shanghai, as a medical missionary, in connection with the London Missionary Society, I shall be glad to undertake the charge of the Chinese hospital here, in the same manner as Drs. Lockhart and Hobson for-

merly did. — I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

“JAMES HENDERSON, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.

“*April 22, 1860.*”

It was then proposed by the Rev. E. W. Sytle, and seconded by Dr. Bridgman, “That this meeting learns with gratification the offer made by Dr. Henderson, and its acceptance by the committee.”

The simplest and best account of the daily work in the hospital is found in Dr. Henderson’s Report, which was read the following January at the annual meeting.

“The daily work at the hospital is as follows: At half-past eleven o’clock the hospital bell begins to ring for patients to assemble; at a quarter-past twelve the native preacher belonging to the hospital begins the religious services in the hall where the patients meet; he reads the Scriptures and preaches till one o’clock, concluding with prayer. I begin to examine the cases at one o’clock, by taking

first ten women into the dispensary, where they sit down, and each is prescribed for separately; ten men are then admitted in like manner; thus ten women and ten men are admitted successively until all are seen. Any case requiring a surgical operation is put aside till all the others are prescribed for. Cases of accident are admitted at all hours. Chin Foo, my apothecary and house-surgeon, is all I could desire; he has been in the hospital now about eight years, and assisted Drs. Lockhart and Hobson; he is attentive to all his duties, very intelligent and kind to the patients, has carefully read all Dr. Hobson's medical works in Chinese, and were it not that he wants practical anatomy, he would be a good surgeon; but owing to the stupid prejudices of the Chinese, he has never seen even the interior of a dead body. I have tried to teach him from anatomical plates, but these are not sufficient; he can, however, perform the minor operations well under my directions. There is a dispensary coolie who assists Chin Foo

to make up the medicines which I order, and give them to the patients. There is also a door-keeper, who gives each patient a ticket as he is admitted into the dispensary. Chin Foo's brother, Keih Foo, is the native preacher at the hospital, and is very attentive to all his duties. After I begin to see the patients in the dispensary, he commences to distribute tracts to all who can read, and to converse with those who are waiting on the all-important truths of Christianity. Soon after my arrival here I had fifteen thousand copies of a small tract printed in Chinese, containing, within a short space, an epitome of the gospel. Each patient who can read, and very many can, receives a copy of this; and thus during the past year large numbers from different parts of the country have heard the glad tidings of salvation through the Redeemer. Last May I opened a dispensary in the city, where I attended for two days every week, but was obliged to give it up, the people having left the city on account of the rebel panic. One

hundred and sixty-nine patients have been treated in the wards of the hospital since April last, more than sixteen thousand persons have been prescribed for, and the aggregate attendance has been considerably above twenty thousand. I have had a large number of opium smokers; of these one hundred and thirty-seven expressed a wish to be cured of the habit; scarcely half the number, however, had resolution enough to persevere; forty-two have been permanently cured, but twenty-eight cases disappeared after a few days' treatment. One of the forty-two was a respectable man's wife, who had smoked opium for more than ten years, and was very anxious to give it up; she was under treatment twenty-nine days, and expressed the deepest gratitude that she was cured. I have visited forty-eight opium shops in and around the city, taking notes of the cases which I meet with in these shops, and investigating individual cases. These would form a curious and interesting chapter; but I must say that, so far as

I have yet seen, my experience differs considerably in some respects from that of others who have written on this subject — the effects of opium upon man; and I am glad to be able to say, that, except in two or three instances, I have failed to see the pernicious effects upon the Chinese to that extent which I was led to anticipate from hearsay. Nothing seems to excite the attention of the Chinese here more than the use of chloroform. In all the larger operations I have given it with the best results. Forty or fifty Chinese may be seen witnessing a severe operation on one of their own countrymen in mute astonishment, scarcely believing their own eyes that the patient is in a quiet sleep. When the operation is over they begin to chatter, telling each other that ‘it is twelve parts wonderful.’ Perhaps a better class of patients than the Chinese could not be found; most of them seem to have boundless confidence in the foreign doctor, and are ready to do or to submit to any thing that he recommends.

I do not think a better field for medical missions could exist anywhere."

The following extracts, from a correspondence commenced at this period, sufficiently portray Dr. Henderson's inward and outward life during the next twelve months:—

"*January*, 1861. — This new year has dawned upon me with the happiest feelings, and greater peace and joy than I have ever experienced. I have always brought in the new year praying to my Father, who seeth in secret, and throughout every day of each year, therefore, He has never failed to reward me openly. My hospital gets on very well, and I like my work very much, partly because I am passionately fond of my profession; and here my opportunities of studying it and watching the progress of disease are ample.

"*February*. — The merchants are all much pleased with the hospital proceedings, and tell me that they will support me to any extent in the good work. All expenses connected with the hospital are defrayed by them. Robert

preached to my patients for the first time to-day in Chinese; Mr. Macgowan, also, one of our party on board the *Heroes*, began three weeks ago. He and R—— have worked very hard at the language; very few are able to speak within the first year. I do not remember whether I told you that last summer I was elected a member of the North China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society here, and last October I was made secretary. Mr. Meadows, the consul, is president. We meet the first Tuesday of every month, and discuss scientific subjects. All our papers lately have been on Japan.

“*March 4.*—I am charmed with the way you have spent Christmas. You have kept it exactly as I think it ought to be kept, with those we love, and whose society we delight in, all aiming and striving to make each other happy in every possible way. This, I feel sure, is what our heavenly Father would have us to do, and what our loving Saviour had in view when He left His throne in glory and

took up His abode among us for a time, that all joy and rejoicing might be ours. I have often thought that Christians dishonor God in not rejoicing in His love — in not being, as it were, transported with delight in the contemplation of His love — what He has done, and what He will yet do for them. In meditating on the past — what He *has* done for me ; enjoying the present — what He *is* doing for me ; in thinking of the future — what He *will* do for me, O E—— ! I am so transported with joy and happiness that I scarcely know what to do. With such feelings, how little worth are all the so-called pleasures of this world, which perish with the using. How very unsubstantial all these seem, and how very little they ought to influence a child of God, an heir of glory, a prince of God, for it is a favorite maxim of mine that all God's children are princes and princesses, for surely he is a prince whose Father is a King ; and so every child of God should appear to others just like the family of Gideon. When Gid-

eon asked Zebah and Zalmunna, 'What manner of men were they whom ye slew at Tabor?' they returned the answer, 'As thou art, so were they; each one resembled the children of a king.' So, my darling, I think every child of God should be; you and I should be, and will ever strive to be, of God's true nobility, as belonging to the peerage created by the King of kings, heirs of God, heirs-apparent of a crown and kingdom, and great inheritance; for we shall yet occupy a throne, and wear a crown in our Lord's kingdom; *nothing is more sure.*

"But I must close, for I must go to the hospital. I have a large attendance every fine day, and many interesting cases — I mean, interesting for me.

"*March 22.* — To-day is my *second* birthday. I shall have been a soldier of the cross for twelve years to-day, and what a loving Captain I have served under! What wonderful tokens of His love and favor have I received from Him during this period! Spir-

itual and temporal blessings inexpressible. And what a future is now before me! When I think of these things, the burden of delight is almost too heavy for me to bear.

“*April 4.* — Very large numbers of people are still flocking to my hospital. On looking over my book I find I prescribed for 3512 people last month. Just now I am getting last year’s report translated into Chinese, and printed for the benefit of the Chinese merchants.

“*April 22.* — Last Saturday I had 212 patients at the hospital — more, I believe, than ever attended on one day before. Three of them are candidates for baptism. Robert is to examine them more fully with the aid of the hospital preacher to-day. Every day I have operations on the eye, giving sight to as many blind as I can. Thus, you see, ‘the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them.’ I believe we are engaged in a great and good work, doing

the Master's will, and sorry indeed should I be to leave it. I want first to try and do all the good I can for this poor benighted people, and prepare the way for the advent of Him whom I strive to serve.

"I told you I had begun to write the story of my life, but I have not touched it lately; sometimes I think I shall not finish it, at any rate I must leave it for a more leisure time. . . . I believe I began life in all its stern realities before I was fourteen years old. I have been in a hard school ever since. A fair enough field, perhaps, but certainly no favor; and during more than seventeen years' hard experience I have seen many with prospects far brighter, and circumstances far more favorable than mine ever were, trodden down and completely crushed under the pressure of rivalry and competition; some entirely crushed to death, and many receiving such physical and moral injury that they can never lift their heads again. While I, 'having obtained help of God, continue unto this hour'

the happiest and most hopeful, and with prospects far brighter than almost any of the children of men. Most certainly, beloved, do I consider the hardest and most trying portion of my life past and gone. I have met, and fought with, and conquered foes of almost every kind; ghastly hunger has often stared me in the face, shouting, Give — give — when I had nothing; fiery and fierce disease has pulled me down and laid me prostrate, and death has stared me in the face, with no earthly friend near to help or comfort me, and yet ‘none of these things could move me’ much, for I had always *THE FRIEND* near, who ‘sticketh closer than a brother;’ and now, by God’s grace, and past experience of His goodness, I feel so strong and steadfast, ever trusting in my Lord, who ‘doeth all things well,’ that I now rejoice with a joy almost unspeakable.

“Several French army-surgeons have attended the hospital with me occasionally during the past months, and declare themselves

much interested. I have now a daily attendance of from 250 to 320. Last Monday I was sent for by the 'Taouti,' or chief magistrate of the city, to see the wife of one of his officers. He sent a chair and coolies for me, and I was received with great ceremony at the house of the official; and after having tea and pipes brought in, the first of which only I tasted, I was escorted through several rooms to the one in which the household gods were kept, when my patient was brought in, attended by twelve or fifteen women. I proceeded carefully to examine her, and then told the husband that the only effectual remedy was the knife, as she was suffering from abscess of the breast, and I wanted to perform the operation at once, promising to give her chloroform. All the by-standers were horror-struck, as well as the patient herself, at this; not so the husband, he was most anxious to have it done, but no persuasion would induce the wife to submit, and I was obliged to leave with a promise to put her under a

course of palliative treatment, which of course will be less satisfactory and efficacious.

“*May 15.* — I am very busy this week, having two papers on hand — one is on ‘Medical Missions,’ for the bi-monthly conference; the other, ‘Notes on the Physical Causes which Modify Climate,’ to be read next Tuesday at our meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society. . . . I have received a very kind message from some of the leading merchants, offering to pay my salary, and asking me privately whether it would be agreeable to me — they take a deep interest in the hospital. I shall let you know what is decided soon.

“*June 1.* — I have been very busy and anxious the last few days, for dear Sarah has been very ill indeed, and Robert was up the country, and there has been no possibility of sending him any word. God has, however, blessed the means I used to arrest the disease, and she is now out of danger. My papers on ‘Climate’ and ‘Medical Missions’ were well

received; and the editorial committee of the North China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society have written requesting to be allowed to put my paper on 'Climate' into the Society's journal in full; this I have granted, because I hope it may be useful. I have done nothing at the 'Life,' for really I feel afraid of publishing. Do you know that I have a great distrust of what I read in books, *especially* biographies; it is so easy to make an indifferent character look like an angel. The merest shade will often change the whole aspect; and I think you will admit that, as a rule, only the good, the pleasant, the attractive side of the individual written about is given. This is not fair; it is very apt to mislead. It is not so in the case of those characters given to us in the Scriptures. Many examples I could mention; one has just come strikingly before me. . . . You must not think that I despise biographies; I only aim at putting things and men in their right places, and assigning a true value to each

and all. I aim essentially at searching after TRUTH ; and whatever has no truth on its side, may God help me to destroy !

“ *July 2.* — Many of my friends here, the young merchants, are such good, delightful, gentlemanly fellows, that I am sure you will like them very much. About twelve of us meet every Sabbath evening for reading the Scriptures and prayer. You can scarcely imagine how I value and love these dear fellows, far away from all home influences, coming here, at first, with the prime object of making fortunes. You can fancy how delightful it is to see them coming boldly out from the world and its wicked ways, — alas ! so common here, — and planting their foot firmly on the rock of revealed truth, and saying, ‘ As for me, I will serve the Lord.’

“ My house-surgeon is just now laid aside by sickness, so I have all the work to do ; there is much illness among all classes, but do not be anxious about me. I can stand a great deal of hard work ; indeed, I feel only

in my element when both head and hands are as full as they can hold.

"*July 16.* — It is almost impossible to write, on account of the heat and mosquitoes; I am literally driven out of my study, and have taken up my station on the veranda upstairs. This summer is very much hotter than the last, and large numbers of people are suffering more or less from the heat. I have just come in from the hospital, where I was called to see a poor fellow who had fallen from a great height and broken his back; I have done what I could for him, and I think he will recover, though he will have to remain for several weeks in bed.

"*July 31.* — Last week, for three or four days I was exceedingly anxious about Robert; he was taken ill very suddenly, and his state was most precarious; but, thank God, the means I used were blessed, though I cannot allow him to sit up yet. I have had a very busy day; I was out visiting the sick in the morning, and it was so hot that my chair

coolies broke down three times, and I was obliged to walk; then I got word that one of the ladies in the American Mission had burnt her hand severely, and I had to take a little boat and go across the river to see her. It was a quarter to one when I reached home, and at one I went to the hospital, where two hundred patients awaited me. When I had prescribed for them, and performed several surgical operations, it was nearly four o'clock, and on returning to my study I found a small pamphlet, with a note from the editor of a weekly paper, asking me to write a short review.

“ At half-past seven I had to conduct the weekly prayer-meeting at the chapel, as there was no one else to do it. Then I went upstairs to see my patients, Robert and Mrs. Wilson, who are progressing favorably, and sat down to my pamphlet. Now it is past twelve. This is a specimen of my life at present. Nearly every one is down with the heat — all our mission except Mr. Muirhead

and myself. Work is life for me, and, thank God, I feel strong and fit for any thing, though I sometimes get tired and weary, as you may suppose.

“*August 3.* — Robert improves slowly, but the weather is not good for invalids. One more month, however, and the worst of the hot weather will be over; but autumn is the most unhealthy here, if great care is not observed. And there is much more mischief done by ignorance, imprudence, and presumption, than one could have an idea of, unless he is a close observer.

“*August 15.* — From what I said in my last letter you will not be surprised to hear that Robert will soon have to return to England. He gradually recovered from his primary illness, but his strength is so reduced, that to remain here is entirely out of the question. I need not tell you how grieved I am at this; we have little need to lose such a missionary, so earnest, so devoted to the work, so longing to bring souls to the Sav-

iour — it will be a great responsibility for those who are left behind. There is some talk of building a new hospital, which I expect will be a great improvement on this one. I have declined the kind offer the merchants lately made me — to pay my salary. After much consideration I think it best not to accept it. And if I retain my practice, I hope soon to be able to return my salary to our Society; that is, to support myself by my practice, while at the same time I will never slacken my efforts in missionary work in any way, for although my time is much occupied, I could do twice as much if necessary. Pastime and idleness are my greatest misery and distress.

“ *October 23.* — I have just returned from seeing our loved ones R. and S. leave Shanghai. How very eventful and full of thrilling interest have the past two years been to them and to us! I went down with them to Woosung, and returned at half-past six this morning. You may imagine how lonely I felt,

returning to the house and finding every thing quiet and desolate. But the feeling did not last long, for I betook myself to Him to whom I used to go when under similar circumstances, and He helped me and cheered me and comforted me. This was verily only a passing cloud crossing the calm and serene atmosphere of my grateful spirit, and it was soon gone.

“*November 4.* — Last Saturday we had a meeting of the trustees and supporters of the hospital in my room. The present site of the hospital is to be sold, and the trustees are going to buy ground and build a new one; also a house for me. The hospital and house will be close to each other, and much nearer the foreign settlement. I have just been to see an architect. The matter is not quite settled yet, but we are to have another meeting the day after the mail leaves, and then the whole will be decided, I have no doubt satisfactorily enough.

“*November 20.* — The meeting of the trus-

tees and subscribers was very satisfactory. The hospital is to be removed, and a house built near it. In another month I shall have to present the 'Annual Report.'

"We shall be obliged to leave our present houses in the course of two or three weeks, as the ground on which they stand is sold. A new house, on the same plan as ours, is going to be built by the London Mission, and will be a great improvement on the old ones, which are very damp and unhealthy. The rebels are within five miles of the city at present, and have written to the English consul that 'they must have Shanghai, and, should the English make any resistance, they will come and destroy the whole place.'"

The annual meeting of the office-bearers and friends of the Chinese hospital was held on January 2, 1862, when the report was read, from which the following extracts are taken:—

"Two or three features connected with the hospital seem to me most encouraging. First,

the attendance is now more than double what it was ten years ago. Secondly, both men and women are quite ready to submit to any surgical operation declared to be necessary. I have observed a growing confidence in this during the past twelve or fifteen months, and am inclined to ascribe the cause to chloroform, which I give freely to all who are to undergo a painful operation. Thirdly, I observe a much larger proportion of women than formerly, and a greater number of tradesmen and shopkeepers. Lastly, there is one thing which shows, I think, the favorable change now gradually operating on the native mind, and undermining their national prejudices — namely, that during the year I have made several *post-mortem* examinations of patients who died in the hospital, and have performed a large number of surgical operations upon the dead body, as tying arteries, amputations, tracheotomy, &c., in the presence of some native doctors and others.

“The work of the hospital has been carried

on in the usual way during the year — 432 persons have been admitted into the wards, and 38,069 have been treated as out-patients. The largest numbers presented themselves in the month of August, when 4701 attended; the fewest in January, when I had 1716."

After enumerating many interesting cases, with the mode of treatment adopted, the report continues:—

"Last spring I operated on a man's eyes for artificial pupil. For several years previously he had only just been able to distinguish day from night, light from darkness. Three days after the operation he was able to read the ordinary character, and on the fifth day he left the hospital. He was a boatman, and lives about half-way to Nankin, on the northern bank of the Yangtsze river. Two months afterwards he arrived again in Shanghai with his boat, and brought six blind people to the hospital, five men and one woman, from his own neighborhood, and they not only wanted to have their sight

restored, but made inquiries about the Christian religion, which, they said, their friend who brought them had told them about. I operated upon five of the six; three of these recovered sight so as to be able to read, two were considerably benefited, but one was past all hope. A large number of junkmen come from all parts of the country, and speaking all sorts of dialects, so that my assistant has sometimes considerable difficulty in making out what they mean. Last spring I had the hospital report of last year translated into Chinese, and a large number of copies distributed among the better classes, which I think led to my being called to visit several patients at their own houses. A rich merchant called me to see his child, who was suffering from gangrene of both hands and one foot. A graduate also called me in to see his daughter, a girl of sixteen. Three native doctors had been attending, but had pronounced her disease necessarily mortal, and some of her friends had commenced to make her grave-

clothes. I found her laboring under one of the most severe forms of typhus fever. There was intense restlessness and delirium, and the case looked very unpromising. I put her under treatment, and twenty hours after, there was a decided improvement, and convalescence proceeded gradually and steadily."

At the conclusion of the meeting, Dr. Henderson, having intimated that he desired to take advantage of the present circumstances to go to England for a short period, returning to resume his work in the hospital very soon after the building was completed — "It was agreed that the present time was favorable to Dr. Henderson absenting himself for a short period, as no hospital work could be carried on at present."

.

IV.

A VISIT TO ENGLAND.

HAVING obtained the sanction of the trustees, and the necessary leave from the directors of the London Missionary Society, Dr. Henderson left Shanghai on the 10th of January, 1862. In one or two letters he had expressed a strong wish not to leave his work, and had suggested that his intended wife should come out to him. For many reasons this was decidedly objected to, but at last the consent to this proposal was given, and the letter containing her resolution ought to have reached him on the 3d of January. By a remarkable coincidence, that mail broke down near Penang, and he had started before it arrived in Shanghai; and thus many who would never have had the pleasure of seeing him became acquainted with him; and the

memory of his visit, though very brief, possesses a deep and pleasant interest for them.

On Tuesday, the 25th of February, Dr. Henderson reached England, and after a brief stay in Yorkshire, went to Lancaster, where the two families who expected their beloved ones from China met to welcome them. Mr. and Mrs. R. Dawson had left Shanghai in the *Solent* on the 22d of the previous October; on the 8th of March a telegram arrived to say the ship was in the Downs, and on the 10th the joyful meeting took place at the house of Edward Dawson, Esq.

One member of that circle writes:—

“ Ah! what a day was that in our family history! None of us who were there can ever forget it. The joyous and yet half anxious anticipation, the impatient eagerness as the hour drew near for the arrival of the longed-for travellers, the group gathered in the porch to meet them, the beloved parents, the brother and sister band. Tears and smiles were

there, and quivering lips, and warm embraces, and thanksgiving in every heart. Not one of the least happy among us was the beloved Doctor. Having left China after them, and travelling by the overland route, how pleased was he to be here to give his warm and brotherly welcome to those who had parted from him on those distant shores, worn and enfeebled with sickness, or fearfully anxious with watching and sorrow. I seem even now to see the happy group as they stood together, he and his beloved, whom he had come so far to claim, and take to her distant home; and the two bronzed thin faces, returned from foreign toil; and I see them, too, as they moved merrily round the magnificent bonfire we kindled on the hill at night, as a token to loving friends far and near that the exiles had returned, and that every heart was rejoicing in their safety. Cheeriest among the cheerful that night was Dr. Henderson, the firelight glancing on his 'bonnie' curls, and beaming eyes and glowing cheeks, as he lent a hand to

pile yet higher the blazing logs and branches that crackled forth their welcome home!

“And the happy days that followed!—only, alas, too few!—ere the betrothed ones were united for all time and eternity, and started on their long journey; days in which his wise mirthfulness won all hearts, and his noble character, as it quietly unfolded itself in the home circle, was more and more truly appreciated.”

Amidst this quiet gladness, Dr. Henderson's heart was yet longing to return to his work. Before his marriage he went to Glasgow and engaged passages in the screw steamer *Lotus*, which was advertised to leave early in April. He also visited Edinburgh, and had the pleasure of meeting many dear friends there, and being present at a meeting of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society.

On the 27th of March he was married, and after two or three quiet days in the south of England, he visited, with his wife, many dear

relatives and friends. He particularly enjoyed seeing her grandfather, the Rev. John Clayton, and hearing him preach, and often afterwards referred to this pleasure. Two or three delightful days were spent with Mr. and Mrs. England, and one at Walthamstow; but he much regretted that the illness of Dr. Evans deprived him of the society of these valued friends, as he had gone with Mrs. E. to the Isle of Wight for change of air. In April the travellers went to Glasgow, expecting to sail on the 27th, but, as is not unusual in such cases, the departure of the steamer was again and again postponed. A week was delightfully spent in Edinburgh, where they were joined by their mother and sister and other friends, and greatly did Dr. Henderson enjoy showing them the beauties of the city of which he had so often spoken, not forgetting to point out some of the narrow lanes and wynds near the Cowgate, where so many hours of his time had been spent in connection with his work at the Main Point Institu-

tion. The final orders to be on board were given on the 3d of May.

On Sunday, the 10th of August, they reached Singapore, and on the 17th of August landed at Hong-Kong, where a happy fortnight was spent with Dr. and Mrs. Legge. A journal kept during the pleasant voyage thus concludes:—

“*Shanghai, September 11.*— We were not fairly off from Hong-Kong till six o'clock on Tuesday morning, and the following Sunday we passed the ‘Saddle’ islands. There was too much bustle and excitement for a public service, so the Doctor read to me some favorite passages, full of thanksgiving, hope, and trust. At night we had a fearful thunder-storm, and, as no pilot came near, we anchored. At three, P.M., on Monday we arrived at our anchorage, two miles below the settlement, and the Doctor went ashore at once. When he returned, he brought the news that the hospital was quite finished, but our house would not be ready for five or six

weeks, so he had gratefully accepted the offer of some kind friends in the American Mission to lend us theirs while they were away in Japan. We remained on board all night, and next morning were really sorry to leave the *Lotus*, where we had spent so many happy days, and where every one had been so kind to us. It took us some time to reach the settlement in a little 'san-pan,' or native boat, and I was surprised and pleased with the handsome appearance of the houses as we neared the Bund. We went over the hospital, and looked at our house. Chin Foo is ill at present, so there was no daily attendance at the hospital, but to-morrow the Doctor begins his work there, and the numbers will soon be as large as ever. He is overjoyed to get back to it again, and every one has such a warm welcome for him, it is most delightful to me to see it."

V.

EARNEST WORK.

MUCH as Dr. Henderson rejoiced to return to his work, and to his numerous friends in Shanghai, he found — as, alas! is so often the case there — that even during his brief absence the circle had been broken by the rude hand of Death. To this he refers in a letter written at this time to his wife's youngest sister.

“Till we meet, beloved sister, be of good comfort; let nothing cast you down, for in every thing be fully assured that One in perfect wisdom and perfect love is working for the best, and the time will yet come when you shall declare that all was done in love and mercy by Him who cannot err, and that in looking on the past there is nothing which we would have changed or altered in any wise.

You know this great and blessed truth, though for the present the trials are not joyous, but grievous; but have patience; still trust in God, for you shall yet have cause to praise Him. Emmie will have given you the account of our voyage. Perhaps she did not mention the dreadful mortality among my friends here; no less than eleven have died since last February. One of them was the English chaplain in Shanghai, the Rev. Mr. Hobson. Alas! alas! how uncertain is life in China."

The improvements in the new hospital are alluded to in the Annual Report for 1862.

"The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Chinese hospital announces the removal and re-erection of the building on a new and more convenient site, and in a better locality than formerly. The hospital itself has undergone no essential change, either in appearance or extent, but numerous minor improvements have been made, such as elevating the floors, flooring the large hall with wood instead of brick, and substituting glass for oyster-shell

windows. Moreover, having the surgeon's house in close proximity to the hospital is a matter of great convenience, as his attendance is often required at all hours, both day and night.

“Thirty in-door patients with their attendants can be accommodated with ease in the six wards. There is a ward for women, one for domestic servants, one for soldiers, one for beggars, and two for other patients. My chief assistant, Chin Foo, and the hospital native preacher, have rooms for themselves and their families over the wards, at the east wing of the building, and the dispensary and hospital coolies have small rooms off the east end of the hall. This hall is exceedingly comfortable, and will contain about three hundred out-door patients. The surgery is at the west end of it, and here all the medicines are prepared, and the minor surgical operations performed; while the larger operations, amputations, &c., are performed in the centre of the hall.”

Two days after Dr. Henderson's arrival he began his stated work in the hospital, and soon the number of patients was as large as formerly. The increased space and comfort were much appreciated by him, and many plans he had before been unable to carry out were now commenced. In October the house built for him by the trustees of the hospital was completed, and greatly did he enjoy the feeling of having a home of his own.

On Wednesday, the 3d of February, 1863, the annual meeting of the friends of the Chinese hospital was held; and after the statement before referred to with reference to the removal of the building, the report continues:—

“The work of the hospital is carried on as formerly. At eight, A.M., there is a short religious service in the hall for the assistants, and all the in-door patients who are able to attend. At twelve, the native preacher and a member of the London Mission begin to read the Scriptures and preach to the out-door patients.

I go into the surgery at one, and examine and prescribe for them, taking ten men and ten women alternately, while the others wait. Cases of accident and serious disease are admitted at all hours. The in-door patients are all examined, prescribed for, and have their wounds dressed, immediately after attending to the out-door patients. This is the daily work of the hospital for six days every week. Some might think the work uninteresting and monotonous, but to a man who is fond of his profession it is the very reverse; for, apart altogether from the higher motive of healing the sick and helping the poor and wretched according to Christ's command, and after His example, to me there is a deep interest in the work as a whole, and something interesting and new may be gathered from almost every individual case. A better field for watching the progress of different diseases and the effect of remedies could not be found."

After detailing the means employed in

treating various forms of disease, and giving an account of the most important and interesting cases, the report continues: —

“ It would be an easy thing to multiply cases, but those given will afford some idea of the work carried on. I am frequently asked if the Chinese are grateful for what is done for them. As a rule they are not; individuals occasionally express their gratitude: but this is nothing to the purpose — I never came to China to gain the people’s gratitude, but to try to do them good; and the man who expects gratitude from the Chinese will be woefully disappointed. But though the people do not show their thankfulness, they cannot fail to see that the aims and objects of the hospital are for their good; and though the influence is silent, it is steady and strong in the right direction, and they certainly have great confidence in the institution, and the work carried on in it.

“ Much good may thus be done by healing the sick in recommending our holy religion

to a people who, above all others, are materialistic, and indifferent about every thing beyond their immediate bodily wants; and hence the opportunity is taken by members of the London Mission, and by the hospital native preacher, of putting before the assembled patients the all-important truths of Christianity, and of giving them portions of Scripture and other books to carry to their homes. And thus, as patients present themselves from almost all parts of the empire, a knowledge of the Christian religion, more or less, is spread far and wide."

The history of many cases treated in the hospital, and Dr. Henderson's observations in therapeutics, though out of place here, found great acceptance among the professional men who saw the reports, and are highly spoken of in more than one professional work. And though all readers found much to interest them in these brief notices, they were even more valuable to those who, from their medical knowledge, could appreciate the

care, the pains, and skill which he bestowed on this daily work.

Quiet and accurate in observation, very methodical and punctual, he seemed, to outside observers, to go through it all with the greatest ease; and yet to most men it would have been almost overpowering. One secret of his success lay in his untiring diligence, and constant employment of every moment. Time was a precious gift, never thrown away, and every hour of the day had its own appropriate duties so arranged that they never seemed to clash with each other. He was never hurried in his visits, or late for an appointment, and though very soon after his arrival, he was busy from morning till night, he still found time for professional reading, and those studies and investigations which he considered it his duty, as it was his pleasure, to pursue. Little did some of his patients guess the hours of careful thought he bestowed on them, for he was not one to make a display, oftener concealing his

anxiety, and being most reserved on those subjects on which he felt most deeply and tenderly.

His "seventeen years' hard experience" after his mother's death, when he had no one to whom he could pour out his joys and sorrows, had perhaps produced this reserve of his deepest feelings. He knew the world too well to expect or claim much sympathy from it, and yet he was not in the least soured or discontented. He was remarkably genial and friendly, and though, perhaps, some strangers might think him indifferent or occasionally stern, those who knew him in his own home loved him very dearly. It was there that his character shone in its sweetest, brightest colors, and those who enjoyed the pleasure of his society there will not soon forget the radiance that he ever brought with him. No gloom or shade seemed possible where he was; he was so hopeful and cheerful, always looking on the bright side, always thanking God for His great mercies. To live with him

was like dwelling on the mountain-side, above all the mists and fogs of lower ground, and his influence could not but be felt as a great help and blessing. The secrets of his inner life were, however, rarely mentioned, except to his wife, and she knew as none else the anxiety and care, the thought and prayer, bestowed on every part of his daily work. Once he said to her, "Do you know, I have never lost a patient for whom I have been specially drawn out in prayer. If I can plead for their recovery with earnestness, I *know* God will restore them; but I feel sometimes as if He said to me, 'I cannot grant this prayer, do not ask for life,' and then I never pray for restoration, only that they may be ready to die." It was beautiful to witness his very simple and child-like faith; his sure conviction that God heard every petition. He often said there was not one thing he had specially prayed for that had not been granted him; and in a note written to his wife, the first Christmas after their marriage,

he expresses himself as few can ever do in this world. "Never did Christmas morning dawn so joyfully on this heart as this Christmas. My joy is now complete, my heart is now full, all my longings satisfied, I can wish for nothing more." In his home his heart rested, and he rejoiced very much to welcome there the friends of whom his early letters had spoken. He was always happy when surrounded by them, and was glad of every opportunity of affording them counsel and sympathy. To the opinion of the outside world he was indifferent, as far as it concerned himself. It was not possible that in a community like Shanghai any one, especially a public man, could escape comment. When the criticisms were favorable, he was not elated—when the reverse, he would quote the saying carved on the gateway of an old castle: "THEY SAY—WHAT SAY THEY?—LET THEM SAY!" adding—"If I do my duty, I care not."

He did not, however, forget the claims of

the settlement, for whose welfare he was very desirous. He wrote and spoke much of the necessity of a general hospital for foreigners, and brought the subject constantly before the community; and when one was established, he took the liveliest interest in its welfare. He wrote also on the advantage of a sanatorium for Shanghai, and was never silent when he thought his voice might be heard to purpose.

Though living a quiet, and in some respects a routine life, it was never monotonous; and there was always something fresh and interesting in the hospital, which was his chief delight. He knew exactly how to manage the Chinese, and made himself acquainted with all the in-door patients, spending much time with them, listening to their histories, and, through the assistant-surgeon or hospital chaplain, giving them good advice. Many of them were heard of in after days by letter or message, and, if visiting Shanghai, would come to "chin-chin" him; and in passing

through the streets with him, one and another could be heard saying, "There is the Doctor." His friends will recall many an amusing story connected with the work of the hospital, yet, notwithstanding the trouble he occasionally had with his Chinese patients, he liked them, and they all knew that he was their friend. He rarely passed the hospital without turning in to see how matters were going on, apart from the stated times that he devoted to his duties there; and during the whole period of his residence in Shanghai, he was never absent from it for one whole day, except when compelled by illness to keep his room, and to go to Hankow for ten days for change of air in 1864.

After Dr. Henderson arrived in Shanghai, he was frequently asked to help in conducting the services in the London Mission Chapel; he did not usually preach, preferring to read a first-rate printed sermon, than give what he considered an inferior discourse of his own. He judged himself rather severely

in this matter, as many who heard his one or two sermons much enjoyed the originality and thought they contained.

In the winter of 1862-63 he gave a series of week-evening lectures to the English soldiers stationed in Shanghai, chiefly on historical subjects; and the Sunday evening meeting, which he had referred to in his letters, was resumed, and held in his house. Owing to the disordered state of the country, and the misery in the villages, caused by rebel and imperialist soldiers, great numbers of country people flocked to Shanghai, and the city was crowded with refugees. In December, 1862, and January, 1863, there was fearful distress among these poor creatures, many of whom could find no habitations, though the English settlement was much encroached on by houses built to meet the demand, and the most wretched dwellings commanded a heavy rent. Bamboo and mat sheds were erected, and subscriptions were raised to purchase food for the starving multitudes, but all could not

be reached, and one scene, among many, shows the distress that constantly met the Doctor's eye.

A letter written at this time says:—
“Just as we were going to chapel, Mr. Sillar came running up to the Doctor, and asked him to go with him to see some refugees, about two miles off, who were in a deplorable condition. He started immediately, and on reaching the miserable shed, divided into two compartments, found nearly a hundred poor creatures huddled together; five were dead, many dying, others very ill, all starving. As the Doctor drew near they screamed for food, or moaned out their ailments. The place was in such a state, that Mr. S., unaccustomed to such sights, could not enter. Some of the poor things had been dead seven or eight days, and were rotting in the filthy straw that had not been changed for weeks. There they lay, with limbs stretched out or twisted, just as death's agonies had left them, and so terrible was the

apathy among the living that no one had thought of removing them; one little child had crept between two dead bodies to get the shelter of a mat that covered them. Coolies were called from the street, but they would not touch the corpses, till the Doctor with his own hands brought one outside, when they took courage and helped him with the rest. After removing these, a huge bowl of rice was obtained, and the poor things clustered round, and fought for it like savage wolves. A few days after, the Doctor went with Mr. S. to see them again. The place had been thoroughly cleaned, food provided, and a Chinese Christian was taking care of them. They were supplied with Testaments, and many were reading as they entered. At least thirty lives have been saved. A great many children are brought to the hospital now, found in the streets in a dying state. One little fellow was carried in a few days ago, who would not have lived through the night had he been left under the door-way where he was lying.

A girl about twelve years old was sent in lately who has had both her feet chopped off by some soldiers; poor little creature, she smiles quite cheerfully when I go in, and seems so fond of the Doctor, he is at a loss what to do with her, and also with another child about the same age; for the hospital is not a fit school for them.* Whenever the Doctor has to go out in the night, or very early in the morning, he is sure to see one or two dead bodies lying in the roads. Coffins made in the rudest, slightest manner, are laid under the city walls, and on any waste piece of ground, without attempt at covering. When the hot weather comes there will be much sickness, we fear, among the Chinese."

During this spring Dr. Henderson employed his spare moments in writing a pamphlet, entitled "Shanghai Hygiene; or, Hints for

* The following autumn the two girls were taken to Hong-Kong by one of the devoted ladies connected with the German Mission there, and when last heard of were happy, and giving encouragement to their kind friend.

the Preservation of Health in Shanghai." It found great acceptance in the community, and was very favorably reviewed in the *Medical Times and Gazette*.

During the summer cholera was very severe in Shanghai, and Dr. Henderson's work in the hospital was greatly increased, for, in addition to the large numbers who crowded in during the day, he was constantly called up in the night to attend those whose cases admitted of no delay. He thus refers to the visitation in the annual report for 1863:—

"Cholera became common, and assumed a rather unmanageable type about the middle of June; the great heat commenced on the 24th of June, and lasted, without intermission, until the 15th of July; and during those three weeks the mortality among the Chinese was very great—seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve hundred daily, and on the 14th July the mortality reached 1500 in twenty-four hours."

On the 14th of July Dr. Henderson's eldest child, a son, was born, and very joyfully he

wrote to her whom he now loved to call his "beloved mother," telling her of the new gladness that had come to the home already so full of blessing; but the earthly enjoyment of that precious life was very short, for at the end of three weeks the little child was taken suddenly ill, and, after suffering for thirty-six hours, the Saviour took him to Himself. Very characteristic was the way in which Dr. Henderson told his wife of the extreme danger of the attack; he called her from the nursery, and sitting down beside her, said, very gently, "Love, would it not be an honor for us to have a little son in heaven?" There was but one answer to be given to such a question, asked in a tone of tender love and high courage, and though tears came fast, and the pain of parting was severe, the sacred sympathy of sorrow brought its own blessing with it both from heaven and earth. Few persons guessed how very closely this new love had twined round the father's heart, but months afterwards the handkerchief that he

had used, when moistening the lips of his dying child, was found carefully wrapped up and laid aside, and the sweet memory dwelt constantly with him, though he rarely alluded to it except to his wife.

The rest of the year passed without incident, its busy, happy days filled up with duty, and the evenings often cheered by the society of friends. It was his greatest refreshment, after a hard day's work, to sit down and enjoy an hour's converse with any one with whom he sympathized, or with them to listen to a simple Scotch ballad, such as "The Land o' the Leal," or "Auld Robin Gray." He had a happy facility of entering into the joys and sorrows of others, and making them feel that he was truly their friend, and understood them; and this instinctively drew them out, and he became the confidant of many who came to him for advice and counsel, and who to this day cherish the memory of his kindness.

The meeting of the friends of the hospital

was held in February, 1864, when the report was read, from which the following extracts are taken : —

“ The Chinese hospital has now entered its eighteenth year, and, without any invidious comparisons, I can confidently say, that no other hospital in China has had such a career of continued prosperity and success. Similar institutions have had their ups and downs, a checkered existence from various causes, and some have ceased to be ; but with the exception of four months, during its removal to a more eligible site, this hospital has been constantly open to the sick and suffering the last seventeen years ; and during this period upwards of a quarter of a million people have received treatment. During the first ten years the annual aggregate attendance was from ten thousand to fifteen thousand ; the last few years it has gradually increased, and last year, it will be observed, the aggregate attendance was close upon fifty thousand.

“ Opium smokers have been unusually nu-

merous during the year, for nearly four months preceding the middle of September the attendance was from fifteen to twenty daily. About this period I made it a rule that every patient coming under treatment should bring his opium pipe as a guarantee that he was willing to stop the bad habit. This rule modified the numbers applying amazingly, and up to this date I have only got twenty-eight pipes. Nevertheless, I shall strictly enforce this rule in future, as I believe it is perfectly fair and just.

“Forty-four cases of opium poisoning came under treatment this year, fifteen men and twenty-nine women: of these fifteen men, seven died and eight recovered; of the twenty-nine women, seven died and twenty-two recovered. Unfortunately these cases are not brought until all the skill of the native doctors is exhausted, and hence much precious time and many lives are lost.

“Many operations on the eye have been performed. One man, a shopkeeper, who

had been blind for three years, readily submitted to the operation for cataract. I need not say that he was much delighted when, on the twelfth day after it, he was able to read the New Testament character with facility. This man left the hospital in very high spirits, declaring that he would make known the gospel doctrine to all his friends and neighbors."

On the 1st of March, 1864, the North China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, which had fallen into decay, was formally reorganized, Dr. Henderson taking an active part in its restoration. Sir Harry Parkes, K.C.B., was elected president, and Dr. Henderson vice-president. On the 6th of July he read part of a paper before the society on "The Character of the Chinese," and when the society's journal was published at the close of the year, his paper on "Climate," and another on "The Medicine and Medical Practice of the Chinese," appeared in it. During the spring he was much gratified to

receive a letter announcing that he had been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. To this Dr. Handyside refers in the following words:—"After Dr. Henderson's return to China, in 1862, his exertions in the Chinese hospital and the published results of his labors there, together with his scientific accomplishments as vice-president of the Asiatic Society, led to his being proposed as a *Fellow* of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. The president (Mr. Benjamin Bell, secretary to the Medical Missionary Society), and Dr. Handyside, proposed him for election, and, after the usual formalities, he was, in 1864, unanimously elected by ballot to this honorable position in his profession."

He was greatly encouraged at this time by the munificent donation to the hospital of 1000 taels from a gentleman who, though personally unknown to him, had taken great interest in the hospital. He sent the money through a friend, stating, that he "believed,

from careful observation, that such an institution did more good among the natives, and tended more to remove their prejudices, than any other he could name."

During the summer, Dr. Henderson, though actively engaged in his various duties, was not in his usual health; his appetite failed, and in August he was laid aside for ten days by an attack of low fever. He was strongly urged to leave home, and try the effect of change of air, but various reasons delayed him till the 3d of November, when he very reluctantly took a passage to Hankow. From Kiukiang he wrote to his wife, who had remained behind with their infant daughter:—

"I have had a pleasant passage thus far, beautiful weather, every creature comfort, very agreeable and intelligent companions. Among others, Mr. Murray, of Hong-Kong, with whom I have become very friendly. I am glad to tell you that my appetite has somewhat improved, and I expect in a few days to be still better. We shall probably be

in Hankow on Monday night. We have had a strong current against us all the way, as the river is falling fast. This steamer will leave Hankow on Thursday afternoon, so that I may be with you this day week. I am longing to be home, for notwithstanding all the comforts here, and the fine scenery of the noble Yangtsze, I find it not the least pleasure to be away from you and my beloved little 'Daisy.' God bless you both, my only darlings."

On the 14th of November, Dr. Henderson returned home, and though he seemed rather better for the change, it had not been long enough to do him much good. Still he passed through the winter without complaining, and only those who watched him with careful and anxious eyes noticed that he was not so well as usual; but the conviction was forced upon him that ere long a visit to England would be necessary to secure a continuance of health.

The annual meeting of the hospital was

held on Tuesday the 31st of January, when Sir Harry Parkes, K.C.B., H.B.M.'s consul, was called to the chair; and after the treasurer's account was presented, the report was read, from which the following extracts are taken:—

“There is perhaps no port or city in China where the natives require an hospital so much, to which they may go under all circumstances, as Shanghai, because, *first*, the native population here is larger than at any other shipping port in China. Intelligent natives say it is at present one million one hundred thousand, or one million two hundred thousand. *Second*, the number of natives employed by foreigners is larger here than anywhere else in China. During the past year upwards of six hundred men have been treated at the hospital, in the employment of foreigners on shore, and about three hundred and fifty have been attended to, who reported themselves as being connected with foreign ships in the harbor. One hundred and eighty-seven cases of *accident* have

also been brought this year, received in the employment of foreigners in the settlement or on board ships. *Third*, owing to the recent disturbances in this province during the last five years, large numbers of wounded men and women have been brought to this hospital. The hospital has been open from nine to ten o'clock, A.M., for the treatment of Chinese in the foreign hong who cannot be present at one or two o'clock, P.M. A large number of house-servants have availed themselves of this arrangement, and the same system will be carried on during the year 1865. Accidents and acute cases of disease have been, and always will be, admitted and attended to at all hours, day or night. As usual the numbers of out-door patients have been large, averaging from sixty to three hundred daily, according to the season, and the amount of sickness in the locality. The forms and varieties of disease have been as usual very great.

“ A Chinese merchant walked into the hos-

pital with a number of friends; he declined to sit down among the hundred and fifty assembled in the hall, but walked about making observations on the various tablets and placards within his reach. When I entered he addressed me and requested that his great affliction should receive my best attention. His face was all drawn to the right side; the left side of the face had neither motion nor sensation.

“His case was carefully examined, and he was told that if he would remain in the hospital for two or three weeks he would be much benefited, if not cured; to this he readily consented.

“At the end of this period the man’s face had regained much of its original form, and he and the two friends who remained with him were so delighted, that they declared the hospital the best institution in China. He went home cured; and some weeks after, a number of coolies came to the hospital carrying six beds complete (a present to the institu-

tion), a very fat goat, and four pigeons, with a tablet to be placed in the hospital hall in commemoration of the year and the moon in which such an extraordinary cure was performed. Here is a translation of the Chinese sentiments on the tablet, by Mr. A. Wylie:—

“MERIT MORE LOFTY THAN LOO OR PEEN.

“In the third year of Tung-che (1864), first of the cycle, mid-spring month, being afflicted with wind in the liver, which extended to my mouth and eyes and turned them awry, thanks to Hwang-chun-foo, he introduced me to Dr. James Henderson, under whose treatment I was perfectly cured.

“Dr. Henderson lives for the benefit of humanity, steadily refusing all acknowledgment. Hence I have indited this sentence to be exhibited in this establishment, that so my feeling of gratitude may never be obliterated. Respectfully inscribed by Koo-yue-che, of the city of Paowshan.’

“Six hundred and seventy-four in-patients have been treated in the hospital wards dur-

ing the year; their period of stay has been from two or three days to three months, according to the disease or injury sustained.

“Chin-Foo, my house-surgeon, continues to give much satisfaction. He has been upwards of twelve years in the hospital, is well acquainted with Dr. Hobson’s works, and may almost be called an expert in the treatment of fractures, dislocations, gunshot and incised wounds; he is also a good apothecary. His brother, Kieh-Foo, has been hospital chaplain for ten or twelve years, and though he lacks the natural talents of his brother, he is earnest and persevering. At various times during the day he speaks to the patients in the several wards of the all-important truths of Christianity, and every day from twelve to two o’clock he reads the Scriptures, and publicly preaches to the out-door patients in the large hall. Some of these are from distant provinces. I may state, moreover, that, as the fruit of his labor during the past year, thirty individuals have been baptized under

Mr. Muirhead's superintendence, who heard the gospel first preached by Kieh-Foo in the hospital."

After a long list of interesting cases, the report concludes with the following sentence:—

"In the quiet performance of our daily duties, we are *not* responsible for our measure of success; but we *are* responsible for the character of our motives. Present duty only is ours, events belong to God. It is our great privilege to leave all results of our work, and the issue of all events, to the disposal, and in the hands of infinite wisdom and benevolence; and thus, whatever our sphere of work may be, we can all look forward to that great day of universal recognition in the kingdom of our Father, when the meanest laborer in the 'Master's' service shall receive his or her reward, and when 'both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.'"

VI.

EARTH EXCHANGED FOR HEAVEN.

IN March, Dr. Henderson began to carry out the plan which for some time he had been desirous to commence. He established an orphan school for boys, who were often brought to the hospital in a miserable state of poverty and sickness. A house desirable in every way was most kindly given for his use by his dear friend Thomas Hanbury, Esq., one of the trustees of the hospital; and four boys were at once placed there under the care of a Christian Chinese. Soon the numbers increased to ten, and the change that took place on the poor little fellows was surprising and encouraging. It was the Doctor's intention to have taken in twenty or thirty children, to have them taught to read and write, and instructed in some useful trade;

but he was not permitted to see the fulfilment of his kind designs. It is pleasant to know that they are still cared for, being under the supervision of a lady who, from her long residence in Shanghai, and devotion to the work among the Chinese, is admirably qualified to train them wisely and well.

As the warm weather approached, the Doctor seemed to lose strength, and began to feel that a change for a few weeks was necessary. To his beloved mother he wrote in May:—"I have made up my mind to go to Japan this or next month. I want a decided change; I have not been quite well for a year now." Often during the spring he spoke as if he should not live long. "I come of a short-lived race," he used to say. "I shall not be surprised if I do not live to be thirty-six." There was also to be noticed in him an extra attention to little matters of business, and every thing was so arranged, and in such perfect order, that he seemed like one waiting and listening for an expected voice to call

him hence — yet these presentiments had no effect on his spirits, he was bright and cheerful as ever, for to him the thought of death was always sweet. “I have learned to love life the last five or six years,” he said one day, “but before then, I used to think that the happiest news I could receive would be, ‘You shall die to-morrow,’ and death to me is only like going out of this room into another.”

Often, when he had been reading the Holy Scriptures, a sweet and heavenly look came over his face; enough to fill other eyes with tears, so much did it seem to foreshadow that he was not to be long before he saw the beauties of the heavenly city, “over whose walls,” to use his own quaint expression, “he sometimes peeped.”

It was, —

“The shining
On the beloved face,
As if a heavenly sound were whiling
The soul from its earthly place.
The distant sound and sweet
Of the Master’s coming feet.”

On Saturday, the 3d of June, he came in from his daily work at the hospital quite exhausted, and speaking of an operation, said, —“If it had lasted two minutes more I should have fainted.” The work he so dearly loved there was the last he engaged in on earth. The following day he was very ill, and his dear friend and medical adviser, Dr. Johnston, pronounced him suffering from low fever, which in two or three days assumed a typhoid character. The disease exhibited itself in extreme prostration more than in any other form, for the head was clear, the mind unclouded; and those who were permitted to enter the sick-chamber will remember the unselfish cheerfulness, the tender consideration for others, that made it a true privilege to be allowed to minister to him. Still surrounded with his favorite books, and entering fully into all around him, he seemed “only to need strength,” and this it was fondly hoped might be restored by a sea voyage and visit to Japan. Accordingly, on Wednesday, the

14th of June, arrangements were made for leaving Shanghai, but they could not be carried out, as the accommodation on board the steamer was not suitable for an invalid; but after the lapse of a fortnight, during which his strength rapidly declined, the offer of some kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cheshire, to give up for his use the stern cabin in a fine vessel that was just starting for Nagasaki, was gratefully accepted, and at two hours' notice every thing was prepared for his departure. At first he was very reluctant to go, but at last yielded to Dr. Johnston's entreaties, saying, with very touching gentleness, — "If you think I ought, I will go;" but though he was outwardly cheerful, he seemed to have a presentiment that he was leaving home for ever, for his faithful Chinese assistant mentioned afterwards, that when he was sent for to receive some orders about the hospital, the Doctor, having told him all he wanted, said, — "Good-bye, Chin-Foo; I shall never come back again." He was carried downstairs in

the chair in which he was conveyed to the river; and for a moment outside the door the bearers halted while he bid good-bye to his little "Daisy," who, in the arms of her native Amah, looked half amazed at the bustle around her, till, seeing so many who loved her with tearful eyes, she seemed to understand that something sorrowful was going on, and a troubled look crept over the sweet wee face, on which the father looked for the last time on earth.

The servants and assistants in the hospital stood round with anxious faces, little thinking they would never again see the master they so much valued, but the hurry of the departure was perhaps good for some reasons, in that it spared painful partings from many friends. He was accompanied by two to the ship, and when they had tenderly placed him on the couch in the large, airy cabin, and he said that already the air had refreshed him, they left, hoping and praying that he might soon return strong and well as

ever. By reason of head winds, the voyage occupied nine days, but on the whole the weather was favorable for an invalid. Nearly every day he was carried on deck, and every attention was shown by his kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cheshire, and by the captain; and the sailors seemed to esteem it a privilege to be allowed to carry him up and down stairs. Weak as he was, he was quite the life of the ship, and his easy-chair was the centre of happiness on deck. But no strength came with the cool, fresh breezes; the nights were very weary and restless, the appetite failed, and the longing after home and his little child became intense. Immediately on landing at Nagasaki he was carried to the Belle Vue Hotel, where a room had been prepared for him; and his friends, Dr. Head, of H.M.S. *Barossa*, and Dr. Lilburne, of H.M.S. *Leopard*, called, and gave him from the first their best skill and kindest attention. He seemed at once among friends, for the day had not passed before messages and notes arrived

offering help, or luxuries that might tempt his appetite; and this thoughtful consideration was most warmly appreciated by him, and constantly did he express his gratitude that in a strange place he found so much to soothe and comfort him. At first the doctors hoped that he might rally from the severe attack, and for a day or two he seemed stronger, but on Sunday the 16th of July he was very ill indeed, and expressed for the first time the feeling that he might not recover. The following day, however, he rallied, and continued better all the week. He looked forward with special pleasure to the daily visits of his medical friends, and after answering their inquiries in as few words as possible, he would start some subject that interested him, and converse with as much clearness and calmness as in the days of health. He much enjoyed the frequent calls of the Rev. C. M. Williams, the chaplain at Nagasaki, and the Rev. Mr. Verbeck, connected with the American Mission, who often spent half an hour

with him, cheering the weary days by converse about the subjects dearest to his heart. And whenever he felt equal to the effort, he liked to speak to those who called to inquire after him, never wearying them with a history of his own sufferings, but leading them with his accustomed kindness to some pleasant topic, so that they usually went away believing that "he must be recovering, to be able to talk so cheerfully."

His patience was wonderful, for he had much to endure. The extreme prostration to which he was reduced was at first, to use his own expression, a "terrible humiliation," and the long and weary nights were very distressing. Sleeping draughts seemed useless, and the intense restlessness was worse than pain; yet sooner than disturb the watcher, he would remain long without moving, and when obliged to ask for a change of position, would do so with tender apologies for being "troublesome," that were touching to hear.

During this week the *Barossa* was ordered away on a cruise, and he had to bid farewell to his kind friend, Dr. Head; but before he had to leave, the *Osprey* came in, and Dr. Caldwell took his place, devoting the same attention and skill to the case. His opinion was evidently unfavorable, and after the lapse of a day or two, during which more alarming symptoms manifested themselves, he advised speedy return to England as the only chance for prolonging life. On Sunday, the 23d, Dr. Henderson was very ill, but spoke cheerfully of the prospect of going home, and of his many and beloved friends there. "I feel my work in China is done," he said, "but God will find me something for Him to do at home, I hope." Little did he think, as the quiet shadows fell that evening, and the glory of the sunset bathed the hills and sea in beauty, and as the song of "Jerusalem the golden" soothed him to sleep, that before the next Sabbath closed, his eyes would "behold the King in His beauty," and

he would be walking the streets of the celestial city.

The next week passed with but little change, except that the power to take nourishment almost ceased, the stomach rejecting every kind of food. On Saturday, the 29th, he was greatly cheered by a visit from Dr. Legge, of Hong-Kong, and in the evening his kind friend, Mr. Glover, called, to induce him to leave the hotel on the following Monday, and try the effect of the air on the hill where his pretty bungalow was situated. The proposal was gratefully accepted, and the prospect seemed to cheer the invalid, as he thought this step might be the first on the journey home. But the night was more than usually trying, and towards morning a little difficulty of breathing was noticed; yet with his usual forgetfulness of self, he said, "I don't mind being left, — do go to church;" but this was put aside, and the "little service" was held as usual in his room. He listened with great pleasure to the Psalms

cxxi. to cxxxii., and said, when the reading was finished, "How very sweet," and after resting a little he suggested that "it would be delightful if Dr. and Mrs. Legge would come in the evening, and we could all have the Lord's Supper together." After church these kind friends called, and Dr. Legge had a delightful conversation with him. He seemed, however, more wearied than usual, and nothing was said about his proposal for the evening, and when this was alluded to afterwards, he said, "I am glad you did not mention it, I scarcely feel able for it."

About four o'clock, complaining of shortness of breath, Captain Pendleton, who occupied an adjoining room, and who had shown the utmost kindness and attention from the first, was called to lift him into the easy-chair. As this was being done, the Doctor fainted. As remedies were being used for restoration, the doctors entered, and the means they recommended were for the time successful; they left in about half an hour, after he had been

laid on his couch, promising to return in an hour or two. Captain Pendleton also withdrew, and then the Doctor's voice was heard, slowly and with difficulty, praying with utmost tenderness for his wife, his little child, and all he loved, and with most childlike trust committing his soul to Jesus. Again the struggle for breath came, and he gasped, "Two more of these will be death; raise me." He was lifted gently, and the beloved head rested on the heart which had been so infinitely blessed with his great deep love, and looking for a moment with his own bright smile, he said, — "Oh beloved! if kindness could cure me, how soon I should be well!"

At that instant the change came over the features that no one can mistake. Captain Pendleton was hastily called; as he entered the room, with slow, faint voice, the Doctor said — "You are very kind, God will reward you." These were his last words. He lay quite still, and did not seem to suffer as the breathing became easier. One knelt beside

him with the dear hand clasped between her own, while Captain Pendleton gently fanned the brow. How time passed on they knew not, for time was lost in the near presence of eternity; there came around a holy hush and stillness, and no sound disturbed the silence of that quiet room. It was no place for weeping or for words; peace unbroken was there, and Divine strength both for him who was crossing the river and those who watched him on the banks. Only once was a question asked, "Darling, do you know me?" and a tender movement of the hand indicated "Yes!" Then all was still. It almost seemed as if the Lord were standing beside His servant, and holy angels with Him, so much did the watchers realize the presence of unseen things; and it was manifest to them that a glorious vision was given to the faithful pilgrim just before his foot was planted on the eternal shore, for suddenly his eyes opened, a look of intense delight, surprise, and unutterable peace shone in them,

and then "the quiet eyelids closed," and without one sigh, the spirit was with God.

The next morning all the flags on the English ships in the harbor were flying half-mast high. At five in the afternoon the large room in the hotel was crowded, where a short service was held by Dr. Legge before the coffin was carried to its last resting-place in the beautiful little cemetery. The procession was greatly increased outside, as nearly every foreigner in Nagasaki paid this last token of respect to one who seemed, to use the expression of one of his kind doctors, to be "loved by every one who knew him." If he could have chosen the place or mode of burial, none would more have accorded with his own ideas of simplicity and love of quiet beauty. There were no trappings or outward show, no plumed hearse or dismal coaches; in the calm beauty of the summer evening the little band treaded their way by the side of a stream that runs between two hills, and, ascending

slightly, reached the place, shaded by lovely trees. There they stood with the everlasting hills around them and the blue sea in the distance; and in the holy peace of day's decline, committed to the tomb the dear remains, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

When the grave was visited the next day, some hand, loving though unknown, had already planted two rose-trees, and the care of others has been since bestowed, so that the place is bright with flowers, and a broken column has been erected, on which is the following inscription:—

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF

JAMES HENDERSON, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.,

OF SHANGHAI, CHINA,

WHO DIED JULY 30TH, 1865. AGED 35.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

When the news reached Shanghai of Dr. Henderson's decease, it caused universal sorrow. Those who *knew* him mourned truly;

and those who were only acquainted with him by report, felt that an earnest and sincere man had been taken from their midst. The best expression of the general sympathy is found in the following quotations from newspapers published in Shanghai, and the report of the next hospital meeting.

The *North China Daily News* contained the following notice:—"Dr. Henderson did much for the Shanghai community, by rousing it to a sense of the danger in which it stood from climate and other elements of disease and death. His 'Shanghai Hygiene' will be a text-book in this place for many years, and will of itself tend to preserve the memory of one who, in all relations in life, proved himself an honest man and a sincere Christian."

The *North China Herald* of August 19th, says:—"Dr. Henderson had rendered himself highly popular with a large section of the foreign community, and had done good service by the publication of a little handbook of medical advice, especially suited for resi-

dents at this port. He left Shanghai some weeks ago after a severe attack of typhoid fever, and it was hoped that in the healthier climate of Japan he would rally. Such, however, was not the case. Despite the attentions of his family, and the skill of the medical officers attached to the men-of-war in the harbor, he rapidly sank, and at length, as we have said, died. His funeral took place on the following day, and was attended by almost every foreigner in Nagasaki. The coffin was borne by the sailors of the merchant ships, and was lowered into the grave by four of his old Shanghai friends. All the ships in port kept their flags at half-mast from eight, A.M., until after the funeral, and regret was universally expressed, not only by those who knew him personally, but by those who knew by report of his skill and tenderness to his European patients, as well as of the enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to the troublesome and ill-requited work of the Chinese hospital."

The nineteenth annual meeting of the friends of the Chinese hospital was held on February 3, 1866, C. A. Winchester, Esq., H.B.M. consul, in the chair.

After some prefatory remarks, the chairman said,—"He must allude to the untimely death of Dr. James Henderson, which had inflicted so serious, and indeed he might say irreparable, a loss, not only on the hospital, but upon the whole community. He (the chairman) had not had the pleasure of Dr. Henderson's acquaintance, but Dr. Henderson was well known by reputation, and all with whom he had come in contact were unanimous in their expressions of regret at his decease."

Allusion having been made in Dr. Johnston's report to the severe loss which the hospital had sustained in the death of Dr. James Henderson, it was proposed by the Rev. C. H. Butcher, seconded by Mr. Thorne, and carried unanimously—"That this meeting desires to record its deep sense of the loss

sustained through the death of Dr. Henderson, and its high appreciation of the value of his services.”

These notices, taken from several sources, are a sample of the feeling excited generally by the tidings of Dr. Henderson’s removal. The following extracts from private letters show how deep and tender was that feeling amongst those who knew and loved him personally. The first is from Miss Fay, who undertook the care of the Chinese orphan boys:—

“I am very glad to hear that the committee have decided that I may take your orphan boys. Nothing could give me more pleasure in my missionary work than to feel that I was carrying out any plan of usefulness devised and commenced by your dear and excellent husband, who was always so kind, so wise, and so judicious in all his varied and manifold labors amongst the Chinese.

“How mysterious are the ways of our heavenly Father, and what an irreparable loss

is your sainted husband, not only to the community here, but pre-eminently to the Chinese, who looked up to him as the kindest of friends and best of benefactors; his loss as a medical missionary will, I fear, never be made up to Shanghai."

"The death of Dr. Henderson," writes an officer in the army, "has been a great blow to us all, for while quartered in Shanghai we saw a great deal of him.

"It was my privilege to be a constant guest at his table, and never shall I forget the evenings thus spent. Sunday evenings in particular were looked forward to with special pleasure, as they were devoted to a Bible class, which met at his house, and which some of my brother officers attended with me.

"The Doctor had a peculiarly happy way of simplifying an apparently abstruse and difficult subject, and his thorough realization of the grand truths of Christianity had a most encouraging effect upon his younger friends. He loved to invite and welcome

young men to his home, for he well knew the dangers and temptations of youth, especially in China; and only those who, like myself, were on intimate terms with him can realize the good influence he thus exercised.

“I can scarcely realize the whole thing yet. The breaking up of that dear home will be the greatest blank that could come over me in Shanghai. You scarcely know the good he did by bringing within our reach the pleasure of a fireside in this heathen place.”

From the Rev. C. M. Williams of Nagasaki.

“I shall highly prize the book as a memento of your dear husband. The remembrance of the few hours I was permitted to spend by his sick-bed will ever be precious to me; and the lessons of trust in God and perfect resignation to His holy will that I have learned from him in the midst of suffering, will, I trust, never be forgotten.”

From Dr. Johnston to Dr. Henderson's mother-in-law.

“The Doctor was one of my dearest friends,

and I valued highly the intimacy I was privileged in having with one so good, so tender-hearted, so warm, so genial in all his intercourse with those around him ; I feel that I have lost a brother. Brief and meteoric almost as has been the dear Doctor's career, he will leave behind him no transient impression, but stand out clear and noble and lasting, even in this remote part of the earth. I cannot tell you how much he was loved and valued by this community ; we were comparatively unaware of such a strong feeling, till he was suddenly snatched away from us. You will, I am sure, derive much comfort from the description of his inexhaustible gentleness and patience during his illness, more especially his triumphant end, bright and beaming,—his last look directed heavenward as the gentle spirit took its flight to regions of light.

“I have now to begin a very painful topic ; my heart bleeds to think of it. Darling ‘Daisy,’ her mother's little ‘ewe-lamb,’ is

very ill — I fear sick unto death. The sweet little babe is suffering from acute hydrocephalus. The issue is in God's hands; but I feel despairing about her. The disease has made some progress, for she has been ill six days. She does not suffer much, but every day the little form becomes more attenuated, and her little face seems smaller. She is tenderly cared for, and Dr. Thin is watching the case with me."

Four days after this letter was penned, the darling "Daisy" was gathered to her Saviour's arms. Very lovely she was in death, the strong likeness to her beloved father being even more apparent than during her sweet brief life. As she lay in her tiny coffin with a fair white lily in her hand, looking just like a saint of old, on the anniversary of the day when, three years before, her father landed the second time in China, it was sweet to be able to realize his blessedness with his beloved ones, to think of hopes fulfilled and joys made perfect; of his gladness in the House of many

mansions; of the fulfilment of his words, written four years before, "I SHALL YET OCCUPY A THRONE AND WEAR A CROWN IN MY LORD'S KINGDOM. NOTHING IS MORE SURE."

Any Book on this list sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of the Price.

530 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
October, 1872.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS'

NEW BOOKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WIDE WIDE WORLD."

Trading.

By Miss Warner, being the conclusion of the series of which "What She Could," "Opportunities," and "House in Town," were the previous volumes. 16mo. \$1.25.

Uniform with this.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| 1. WHAT SHE COULD | \$1.25 |
| 2. OPPORTUNITIES | 1.25 |
| 3. HOUSE IN TOWN | 1.25 |

The above four volumes in a neat box, under the title of

A Story of Small Beginnings. \$5.00.

"Miss Warner has written more absorbing works, but she has not excelled the series she is now producing, in life-likeness, and practical helpfulness for the young reader."

The Well in the Desert.

An old Legend of the House of Arundel, by Emily Saral Holt, author of "Isoult Barry," and *May Lane*, a Tale of the 16th Century, by C. M. M. The two in one volume \$1.25.

Robin Tremayne.

A Tale of the Marian Persecution. By Emily Sarah Holt.

By the same Author.

Isoult Barry of Wynscote.

A Tale of Tudor Times. \$1.50.

Ashcliffe Hall.

A Tale of the Last Century. \$1.25.

"Whether it is regarded in its historical or its religious aspect, 'Isoult Barry of Wynscote' is the finest contribution to English literature, of its peculiar class, which has been made in the present century." — *American Baptist*.

Studies of Character.

(Old Testament.) By the Rev. Dr. Guthrie. First and Second Series in one volume. \$1.50.

Bogatzky's Golden Treasury.

Red Line Edition. Superfine paper, cloth, gilt.

Kitty and Lulu Books.

By Joanna H. Mathews, author of the "Bessie Books."

- | | |
|---|--------|
| 1. TOUTOU AND PUSSY | \$1.10 |
| 2. KITTY'S ROBINS | 1.10 |
| 3. THE WHITE RABBIT | 1.10 |
| 4. RUDIE'S GOAT. (Preparing.) | 1.10 |

By the same Author.

The Bessie Books.

6 volumes. In a box. \$7.50.

The Flowerets.

6 volumes. In a box. \$3.60.

Little Sunbeams.

6 volumes. In a box. \$6.00.

"The faculty of writing suitable books for young children is not a common one. Miss Mathews possesses it in a high degree." — *Lutheran Observer*.

Had You Been in His Place.

A powerful and admirable Temperance Story. By Lizzie Bates. 16mo. \$1.25.

The Curate's Home.

By Agnes Giberne, author of "Aimee," &c. \$1.25.

By the same Author.

Aimée.

A Tale of the Days of James the Second. 12mo. \$1.75.

The Day Star;

Or, The Gospel Story for the Little Ones. 16 tinted illustrations. \$1.25.

Who Won.

By the author of "Win and Wear." 16mo. \$1.25.

By the same Author.

WIN AND WEAR SERIES. 6 vols. \$7.50

THE LEDGESIDE SERIES. 6 vols. 7.50

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN STORIES. 5 vols. 6.00

BUTTERFLY'S FLIGHTS. 3 vols. 2.25

Only Ned;

Or, Grandma's Message. By Jennie M. Drinkwater. 16mo. \$1.25.

The Warrior Judges.

By the Rev. Dr. Macduff. 16mo. 3 illustrations. \$1.00.

The Beatitudes of the Kingdom.

By the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes. 16mo. \$1.25.

The Kings of Israel and Judah.

Their History explained to Children. By the author of the "Peep of Day." 27 illustrations. \$1.50.

"We commend every parent and every Sunday-school teacher in the land to get a copy. It is needless to speak of the delightful way in which the author treats the subject." — *S. S. Times.*

Thought-Hives.

(Third Thousand.) By the Rev. T. L. CUYLER, author of "The Empty Crib," "Cedar Christian," &c. Portrait by Ritchie. \$1.75.

"Dr. Cuyler crowds many thoughts into few words. He makes dry bones live; his words are sermons, his sentences shafts of light." — *Baptist Union*.

The Song of the New Creation,

And Other Pieces. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. 16mo. \$1.25.

"All the sweetest characteristics of Dr. Bonar's previous volumes of sacred poetry are reproduced in this new collection. No hymn-writer of this century has surpassed him in rendering the spirit and life of the Word of God into verse." — *Christian Intelligencer*.

The Wars of the Huguenots.

By the Rev. Dr. Hanna. 12mo. \$1.50.

Saint Paul in Rome;

Or, The Teachings, Fellowships, and Dying Testimony of the Great Apostle in the City of the Cæsars. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. 16mo. \$1.25.

Jacobus' Commentaries.

New Editions, at reduced prices.

GENESIS. 2 vols in one \$1.50

MATTHEW AND MARK 1.50

LUKE AND JOHN 1.50

ACTS. 1.50

* Question Books adapted to each. Per dozen 1.80

The Scots Worthies.

By John Howie. With more than 100 illustrations. Tinted paper, gilt edges. \$3.50.

Christianity and Positivism.

A Series of Lectures by Dr. McCosh. Fifth thousand. \$1.75.

266.025
H383ℓ

Henderson, James

AUTHOR

Life of James Henderson

TITLE

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME

266.025
H383ℓ

