forted. And so it was that she and all who knew her looked forward to many years of increasing usefulness for her. But we miss her, and know only this—that in God's hands was the ordering of all her ways, and to Him the work and plans so dear to her and to us are even dearer, "so we send the coming tears back with the whispered words, 'He knows.'"

J.

Mrs. Cheney, whose sad and unexpected death is recorded above, as taking place in Nynoe Tal, Sept. 30th, was the daughter of Rev. Enoch Green, of the New Jersey Conference. Some three years since she graduated with distinction as Doctor of Medicine, at the Women's Medical College in this city. Soon after, she went as a missionary to India, where she subsequently married Rev. Mr. Cheney, and united with him in his work with marked ability and with the brightest prospects of future and long continued success. But in the midst of her work and her domestic felicity, she has been stricken down by death, the Mission has been robbed of one of its brightest jewels, and hearts both there and here have been made sad and desolate. How strange are the ways of Divine Providence! How dark and mysterious this special visitation! We can but quietly submit and in hope await the revelations of the future which, we doubt not, will, in this, as well as in every other case, vindicate both the wisdom and the goodness of God.

We extend to the bereaved ones our sincere condolence, and pray that our merciful Father in heaven will pour into their stricken hearts the rich con-      

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Women Physicians in Asia.

BY BELLA C. BARROWS

Dr. Berry, the enthusiastic and devoted missionary physician, has kindled a bright flame in Japan, which shows all the more brilliantly for the surrounding darkness. With his medical schools, hospitals, dispensaries, and prison reforms, he has done a noble work, of which a pleasant account has been written by Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia. Japan was fortunate in having so able and efficient a missionary sent to her shores, and Dr. Berry was fortunate in having Japan assigned as his field of labor, at the very time when its people were experiencing a great awakening. The work of the missionary physician offers vast opportunities to one who has the rare qualifications to improve them. There are many men scattered here and there in various parts of the world who are doing humanity good service in this direction.

In far-off corners of the world there are also a few women physicians, who have gone from Christian lands to serve as missionaries; women who have left home and friends, braved the dangers of sea and land, devoted themselves to a life of toil and sacrifice amid privation and loneliness, from love of their Master and their human sisterhood; women of whom the world is ignorant and the church knows little, but of whose worth and works every reader of the Christian Register will surely be glad to learn. The Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist missionary organizations have each an auxiliary "Woman's Board," and all of these societies have women missionary physicians now in the field or under appointment. And it matters little under what flag these noble women serve, so long as we can catch their spirit of good doing and an impulse to share in it.

Like the earlier apostles, these pioneers of progress are twelve in number. They are laboring in China and India,—countries where the social manners and customs forbid such service from men, while it is willingly accepted from the hands of women. Although their efforts at healing are confined chiefly to their own sex, there are now and then opportunities to show the world that the two sexes can help each other. For instance, one young woman in China has four or five natives waiting to begin the study of medicine with her as soon as she understands the language sufficiently to teach them. These natives are "young men of great talent, from whom much is expected." This branch of work will indeed be a turning of the tables. Another physician in India has a Hindoo assistant so far trained that he is quite competent to aid her in putting up prescriptions, making visits, etc.

As those know who followed the work of Miss Mary Carpenter, it is but a short time since Hindoo homes were opened to our people. It was only through tedious
waiting and watching for opportunities that the missionary's wife was now and then allowed to penetrate to the interior of a house and see the women of the family. Think, then, of the change wrought by one woman doctor, who says, "Within the last few months, I have made visits in over three hundred native homes,—Brahmins, Gozarat, Parsees, Maravadevs, Mussulmans; and nearly all pay the required fees." The authorities of the city where she works have given her the free use of rooms for dispensary practice,—a concession which proves that her work is its own recommendation.

In connection with all dispensary work in mission stations, there are "Bible women" who read to the waiting patients. In Bombay alone, between January and March last over thirty-five hundred patients heard Bible reading in the dispensary. In that city, a large proportion of the patients are Mohammedan women, who would on no account go to a man physician.

A very pleasant feature of the experience of many of these women doctors is the cordial and friendly manner in which they are received by the English physicians with whom they come in contact. Many a grateful word for this kindness comes back across the waters. Progress is seen in the confidence with which patients submit to treatment, and in the evident respect and sympathy of the people. A lady in India says:—

In more ways than one, medical work gains access to and wins the confidence of the people. Their respect for our medical knowledge leads them to listen attentively on other matters. This morning when I sat in his own house talking with a pundit,—a professor of Hindoo laws in the government college,—on the subject of Christianity, I thought what would not some of our gentlemen give to gain familiar access to such men? He introduced the subject himself, and showed that he had thought much upon it. . . . In these homes, I often hear and see little things that lead me to believe that it is more by what we do than what we say that our professions are judged.

In several places there are well-established hospitals in connection with the dispensaries, where women and children are received and cared for. A very important work in these countries is to save the children from opium. One doctor writes:—

I always exact a promise from the mothers that they will give the children no more opium, or else I will give them no medicine. Some keep their promises, and the lives of the children are saved. But many do not, and it is pitiable to see the little ones wasting away, their little limbs looking like so many sticks.

It is hard to realize that amongst the millions of women living in India not one is educated up to the standard of our New England high-school graduate. It is not strange, therefore, that there are none to follow the lead of these pioneer women doctors. Yes, one.* A dark-faced, black-eyed Hindoo girl of Bombay has begun to study medicine! What will the shades of her ancestors say? The daughter of a high-caste Hindoo, she inherits a bright intellect and active mind. The father was many years ago converted to Christianity, and became a pastor of one of the largest native churches. His daughters received as good an education as the best mission schools could afford, learning to speak and write English with marvelous facility. The daughter, becoming convinced of the great power of a woman physician for "dispensing light and health among the women of the country," has dedicated her life to the study and practice of that profession which has already done so much toward helping the women of India. The following letter, recently received by one of the missionary societies, from this young girl, will show the spirit with which she enters upon her chosen work, besides giving a faithful description of her own people. We reprint her own English:—

*Men of a house and see the women of the family. . . .

**The medical school at Bareilly admits women to a three years' course of study, where twenty-eight native Christians and two Mohammedan women were studying, in 1872. At Benares, also, instruction is given to women.—Dr. Chadwick in International Review for October.
isn't the living voice of the preacher from the pulpit does it, but even the silent influence of a medical dispensary. But we do not seek the destruction of Hinduism and establishment of Christianity simply by the arrangement made for the reception of the patients and the medicines we dispense; but by oral preaching and teaching. A pleasant-looking girl, a daughter of a native Christian, reads to the congregated women, and explains the portion read; and often have I seen the story of redeeming love heard by the women with attention and interest. Our Lord spent his whole life in acts of kindness and charity, crowning it by his nobler death; our hearts find emphatic illustration and evidence of his goodness in the dispensary. What a privilege it is to point to the power of the Saviour to heal the soul by attempting to cure the bodies! Our people are most impressed by visible, tangible things. Thus the work of a medical missionary becomes parabolical,—a symbol through which to see and recognize the spiritual power of the Great Physician.

How earnestly I look forward to the time when I shall be, in God's mercy, able to administer to the comfort of the sick and diseased, that I may thus have facilities to tell them what they need for their souls, and how the dear Lord is able to provide abundantly for them!

The cases treated by Miss Norris are of various kinds, but I am not yet qualified to describe them, but some of them are, indeed, of a most pitiable character. The sickness among the lower classes arises chiefly from want of cleanliness; and while mediators to give them they are instructed on the subject of cleanliness and other matters of social improvement. As yet there are no true social or moral reformers among the non-Christian Hindus; and the Christian missionary has therefore to become instructor of everything great and good that our people should possess. One of the most pernicious habits of the natives of all races is to give opium to children to quiet them, and hundreds of children are thus killed or injured for life. It is in vain to warn the parents against the evil practice—they do not, cannot see any harm in what their ancestors did for centuries, and every one still does.

Of course we do all we can to enlighten them.

Women, the women would not come in such large numbers as they do if we had not a lady doctor, for such women come as by their position and religious principles would not go where gentlemen prescribed. Our doctor besides is liked by all the women. I do the humble work of interpreting the yernaculars for her. I believe these dispensaries are a mighty engine for dispensing light and health among the women of the country. The Zanzara visitors have but a limited sphere of labor compared with the crowds that come to our medical dispensary; and the story of the cross heard in the circumstances in which it is communicated, in a place where bodily suffering is alleviated without money and without price, cannot but, under divine blessing, impress the mind with power and effect.

Believe me your affectionate friend,

Krupa Haripunt.

It is not, as she says, by medicine that the people are physically helped; instruction is given in matters of social improvement, cleanliness, and health. There is a medical school in India where women are admitted to study certain branches, but the pupils are Mohammedan rather than Hindoo.

Whenever possible, the Bible-reader not only dispenses the word of eternal life, but gives also directions for bettering the life that now is. Along with talk about bodily ailments, the people in the waiting-room discuss Hindooism and Christianity. One missionary writes:

Several women from families of good standing come to the dispensary. In talking with each other, I have heard the Mohammedan women say they believe Jesus Christ was a good man, but not God.... I have recently been called to the house of the native judge. The women of the family are very interesting. They asked me one day to prescribe for the husband of one of the daughters. I replied it was not our custom to treat other than our own sex, except boys; but, when I was informed that he was only fourteen years old, I cured the youthful husband in a few days of the fever and sore throat from which he was suffering.

One, who knows well the value of the services of a physician writes from China: "Miss... has already given abundant proof of her devotion and success in the treatment of patients, and of great heroism and self-sacrifice in the work of... pox patients under quarantine in a pest-house."

It is difficult to collect at this distance exact statistics of the number of patients treated by the women missionary doctors. But reports show that during the first quarter of the present year three women alone prescribed for 5,685 Hindoo and Chinese patients. And to these earnest women the care for the body is of secondary importance. Their lofty aim is to become physicians of the soul as well.

Aside from the medical work done by women educated as physicians, there is probably not a missionary's wife in India or China who does not often act both as nurse and physician. One lady who has never studied, or at least has not graduated at any medical school, found so great need of medical knowledge that she prosecuted the study in her own home, and at present has a dispensary under her charge during the last year she treated 7,3 cases! This of course is a drop in the bucket compared with the amount of practice of our women physicians at home. If women are to have the care of so many sick and suffering human beings, would it not be well that our best medical schools should open their doors to them, that they may have the best
possible equipment?
That the devotion and sympathy of these workers, is appreciated th-
doubly. A lady wrote that I should ask and hear kindness.

I walked all the way for that, and I have
found it even as I thought.” How
many, I wonder, come to our dispensar-
ies simply to find “kindness”? Not that
there is not always attentive aid and good-
ness to be found, but in the busy routine
the kindness that can be “heard” is often
crowded.

In a field which is the world, these
dozen toilers are not crowded. En-
Bard calls for more women of brave heart
and skillful hand, who are willing to go
forth as healers of the nations. Unitari-
ans have not taken much interest in for-
gotten missions. Their work has been
merely, perhaps necessarily, at home. But
there is as fruitful a field for practical
effort as any Unitarian could desire, and
one especially in consonance with our
principles. We could not perhaps work
under the limiting organizations which
already exist. We could not accept the
forms nor be tied by the doctrines un-
der which there women are working;
but in the great labor of improving the
social and moral status of womanhood in
the Eastern world, of caring for the sick
and teaching the laws of physical and
spiritual life and health, of training the
children and educating the mothers,—
surely in all this there is common ground
whereon we and they may meet.

The Christian Advocate.

Thursday, November 14, 1878.

Women for India.

There was a general meeting of
New York Methodists in Dr. New-
man’s Church on the 7th inst., to bid
farewell to three young ladies who
are now on their way to India under
appointment from the Woman’s
Foreign Missionary Society. It
was a most memorable occasion.
Miss Sparks returns to her work in
India from which she was driven by
failing health. Multitudes of our
readers throughout the East, who
have been captivated and moved by
her persuasive words as she has plead
for the women of India, will under-
stand that her farewell words could
not fail to be of interest. Miss Wool-
ston, a cousin of the Misses Woolston,
of China, goes to reinforce India.
She seemed like one who accepted
God’s order as the business of her
life. If she does not do good work,
we are mistaken in her face.

The marked feature of the evening
was the experience of Miss Gibson,
dughter of Rev. Brother Gibson, of
the New York Conference. She is a
lady, twenty-two years of age, with a
peculiarly attractive face. Nature,
culture, and grace have combined to
do a perfect work. Her narration
of the steps by which she came to
this great work were simple, compact,
classical, sublime. She
stood before
us, beautiful, radiant, inspired; and as
she told the wonderful dealings of
God with her, from the earliest long-
ings of her childhood for
work up
through her conversion and
call, and to the opening of the way
for her departure, she seemed the
only calm one in the great audience.

When the Church can bring such
offerings as these for the redemption
of India, there can be no doubt of
what she thinks of the work. These
women in India will show to that sor-
rowing land of sorrowing women
what sort of women Christianity can
produce, and what Christianity will
do for her. Angels from heaven could
not serve the cause more efficiently.

While the Woman’s Foreign Mis-
missionary Society sends out such rep-
resentatives, and can command such
audiences to bestow their benediction
upon the messengers, there will be no
need of other defense.