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Protestant Work Among The Lepers

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When John the Baptist in the loneliness and oppression of the prison desired to see a proof that Jesus was indeed the Messiah sent by God, Jesus sent back word to him: "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." (Mat. 2:5.) Thus it had been prophesied of the Messiah (Isa. 61:1; 35:4-6), and thus it was fulfilled by Jesus. The works, therefore, which Jesus did testified of him as the Son of God. (John 10:25.)

And if we want proofs of the divine origin and nature of the Christian Church—the visible body of Christ on earth now—the answer is the same: The works which she does testify of him who is her divine author and head. Hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged, the blind, the incurables—all these, as originally called into being by the Church, and though today no longer exclusively in the hands of the Church, because, thank God, the Christian spirit has already largely permeated our Christian civilization, still borne by her almost exclusively into heathen lands now, are the "works which bear witness" of Christ.

Paganism knows no works of benevolence and charity. All through the history of pagan antiquity we look in vain for any charitable institutions. From the Spartans, who exposed their sickly boys, that did not promise to be of any help to the country, to the wolves in the wilds of the Taygetos Mountains, to the Chinese who drown their "superfluous" girls in a tub of water, and the Africans who mercilessly leave their aged parents to die of hunger; heathendom, whether ancient or modern, knows no pity for the feeble and needy. There may be found in India temples in which sacred monkeys are kept, or asylums in which sacred cows are tenderly cared for till their death, but no provision was ever made by pagan Hindus for the aged, the widows, the orphans, or the thousands of those most unfortunate and destitute people, the lepers. Shunned by their own families, ostracized by the community, without hope of recovery, and taught to believe that they were forever shut out from the joys of heaven because of some unpardonable sin committed in a former existence, of which leprosy is the irrevocable punishment, these poorest of the poor were simply left to die of hunger, or to be torn by wild beasts.

It is, therefore, the peculiar glory of Christianity that, with respect to these outcast sufferers, the word of the Master is literally being fulfilled: "The lepers are cleansed."

Foremost among the agencies to carry on work among the lepers is the Mission of Lepers in India and the East. It was founded in 1874 by Rev. Wellesley C. Bailey, who since 1869 had been a missionary of the Presbyterian Church at Ambala, India. Mr. Bailey writes of his first con-

tact with the lepers in the following manner: "It was in December of 1869 that I was first led to work for lepers. I found near Ambala City a small institution for lepers, called the Ambala Leper Asylum. At that time there was no regularly organized work for lepers, though a few individual missionaries were doing what they could to relieve them in a small way, and were, of course, as every true missionary would do, taking every opportunity to tell them of the lepers' Friend. I began visiting the lepers, and every time I went I felt I would like to go again. Their

of his study of leprosy. A movement was at once started to relieve these unfortunates, and this has grown into the Mission of Lepers. Mr. Bailey has been the superintendent of the mission and its work from the beginning. His life in India, his actual experience with lepers, and these years of experience as administrator have admirably fitted him to oversee this work. It is a work of striking interest, both from the circumstances of its beneficiaries and from the character of the support it receives. It is interdenominational, denominations working together to sustain and administer it; over thirty missionary societies in America, Great Britain, and on the continent of Europe co-operate in this effort. It is international both in its field of support and its field of operation, and is, therefore, a notable example of the union of Christians to relieve the direst distress. The Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin is the patroness, and the Lord Primate of Ireland the president of the society, and among its representative committee are such gentlemen as Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, K. C. S. I., Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, India (one of the vice-presidents); John Jackson, F. R. G. S., organizing secretary; Fleming H. Revell, honorary treasurer for U. S. A., and W. M. Danner, secretary for U. S. A.

As regards the relation of the mission to lepers to America, it is working in hearty co-operation with eleven foreign mission boards of the United States. It does not send out its own missionaries to work exclusively among the lepers, but works through the missionaries of such societies as are already on the field. Whenever an appeal is made by any duly appointed missionary or missionary society, the cost of the erection of buildings, the maintenance of the lepers and their children, the medical aid supplied, and the pay of the native workers are entirely defrayed by the Mission to Lepers. Thus all the money given is used directly for the support of the lepers themselves, the missionaries in charge receiving their support from their respective societies. In this manner the Mission to Lepers spends about \$40,000 annually on work among lepers in charge of American foreign mission boards, the boards permitting their missionaries to act as honorary superintendents of the asylums. The land is usually either purchased by or presented to the Mission to Lepers, and in such cases it is vested in the name of "The Leper Mission Trust Association," a corporate body duly chartered.

At present the society's operations are carried on in eighty different centres, which are distributed over India, Ceylon, Burma, Sumatra, China, Japan and the Philippine Islands. Fifty of these institutions are owned by the society, while thirty are stations not owned by the mission, but given aid for the care of lepers. Besides these there are twenty homes for untainted

THE PASSING LIFE.

Rev. J. W. Walden, D. D., LL. D.

I shall not pass this way again!
Life speeds away;
As courier swift in urgent race,
It bears me on from place to place
And will not stay.

I shall not pass this way again!
The claims of youth,
'Mid glare and glee, are oft forgot,
And pleasure seems the only lot—
In days of youth.

I shall not pass this way again!
The cares of life
Engage, absorb, obsess, enslave,
Though ours and other souls to save
Should sway the strife.

I shall not pass this way again!
Old age draws near,
And sense declines, and strength decays,
And life seems lost in dreamy maze,
And full of fear.

I shall not pass this way again!
One thing to do!
In youth and manhood and old age,
Let duty all our powers engage—
To make life true.

I shall not pass this way again!
On every hand
We meet some one who stands in need.
Speak thou the word! Do thou the deed!
Pay each demand!
Eutaw, Ala.

condition was the most pitiable I have ever seen; their poor mutilated bodies, their disfigured faces, their hoarse voices—in a word, their utter helplessness and hopelessness—appealed forcibly to me; my sympathies were drawn out to them, and very soon a bond sprang up between us. I looked forward to my visits and they eagerly watched my coming. Soon I discovered that I had there, at my very door, under my very hand, a splendid sphere of work for the Master."

Returning from India to England in 1874, Mr. Bailey related his experiences and gave the results

children of leprous parents, for which the society is responsible. In the asylums and homes nearly 4,000 lepers are cared for, receiving food, shelter, medical care, nursing and Christian teaching. Six hundred untainted boys and girls have been received from their leprous parents and are being educated under the care of the mission.

It is impossible to estimate the total number of lepers in the world. In India alone the number is variously stated from 500,000 to as many as 1,500,000. There are large numbers in China, many in Japan, Korea, Burma, Siam, South Africa, Norway, and a considerable number in the United States. Compared with the total number needing help, the number reached by the mission is only a small fraction, but the work is being largely expanded as funds are provided. Moreover, the mission presents a most practical and effective object lesson to the local authorities, stimulating them to more efficient measures in dealing with the problem as a national necessity and protection. Thus in India government officials have long recognized the value of this society as an adjunct to the government in its efforts to deal with the problem—how best to care for this class of its afflicted subjects, and stamp out from the country the disease which has wrought such havoc in the past. Grants of land and money have been made to the mission by several of the provincial governments of India, and in the management of asylums hitherto much neglected the society's co-operation has been cordially welcomed by municipal bodies and local boards. There is great need for a national sanitarium for the care of lepers in the United States, and the writer is exceedingly glad to notice that there is now a bill before Congress for the establishment of a national leprosarium.

Still, the extent of the beneficent work of the Mission to Lepers depends on Christian benevolences. It is supported wholly by voluntary gifts. The task is a great one; the need is appalling; the demand is imperative. The cry is that of the most helpless and abject class of human beings on earth. It appeals to the religious, philanthropic, humanitarian and scientific motives, and even almost to the selfish impulses of protection. The mission needs about \$400 a day to sustain its established work, while there are unknown numbers whose mute appeal is continually rising for the help which Christian love alone can give.

*"I, laid beside thy gate, am Lazarus;
See me or see me not, I still am there,
Hungry and thirsty, sore and sick and bare."*

As we said, there is a considerable number of lepers in the United States. They are right here among us in Louisiana. The State has a small Home for Lepers in Carville, La. But the domestic management being entirely in the hands of the Roman Catholic Sisters, no Protestant religious work had ever been done there. The Protestant Ministers' Association of New Orleans has recently started preaching services for the Protestant inmates of the home. The writer, who went there, was really touched by the eagerness, the almost famished soul-hunger, with which those Protestant patients received the blessed word, as believed by them and dear to them, and of which they had been deprived so long. One good old Lutheran lady, ninety-two years of age, had actually embraced Roman Catholicism, despairing of the hope of ever seeing a Protestant minister or hearing a Bible sermon again.

The Mission to Lepers, through its American secretary, Mr. W. M. Danner, has kindly offered to assist the Protestant Ministers' Association in this work. The impression seems to have gone out among our Roman Catholic brethren that Protestants hesitate to do work for and among lepers. Perhaps they do not know of the noble work the Mission to Lepers is doing, and the many experienced, efficient and sympathetic men and women

that have been and are connected with this work. But even in the smaller circle of our own State it is the opinion of the writer that we must dispel any impression that may have gone abroad as to the unreadiness of Protestants to engage in this work by a sympathetic and willing co-operation on behalf of the lepers.

It is Christ's command: "Cleanse the lepers." The command stands quite by itself alone and is differentiated from the others: "Preach the gospel" and "heal the sick" (Mat. 10:7, 8). And, indeed, the work for lepers is quite unique in its character. Not only is it of necessity separated from other work on account of the nature of the disease, but the moral significance of the disease puts the leper in a class by himself alone. This is especially true in Oriental religions. The Hindu, for instance, as above indicated, considers the leper as being under the special judgment of the gods for some unpardonable sin committed in a former existence, and, therefore, cut off forever from any hope of heaven. He is a religious outcast. Contact with him is feared, not so much because of the danger of physical contagion—the writer has seen lepers move freely about the streets and markets of India, and even ride on the trains—but because of the moral or religious contamination. For this reason the leper is ostracized and shunned. No Hindu of any caste would "touch" him. This explains the reason why the gospel of the Son of God, who "touched" the leper and cleansed him, who said that he would in no wise "cast out" whoever came unto him, is so eagerly and even hungrily received by those who have been taught that they have been cast off by God forever.

A similar opinion was held by the ancient Hebrews. Leprosy even under the Mosaic law was a picture of sin, and for the moral training of the as yet undeveloped moral Hebrew conscience, no doubt, rightly so. The leper lived "without the camp," not only in the bodily sense, but spiritually he was shut out from the congregation of Israel. The diagnosis came under the jurisdiction of the priest, not that of the physician. We, therefore, also read that, while Jesus "healed" the sick, he always "cleansed" the leper. No doubt he healed him as well, but above all he removed the moral stigma of religious uncleanness, wherefore he also sent the thus "cleansed" leper to the priest to be reinstated in the Jewish Church.

It is, therefore, the primary object of the Christian Church to "cleanse" the leper—i. e., to bring to him the gospel of moral and spiritual cleansing and acceptance with God through Jesus Christ, and we might say, in Christian lands, even of human brotherhood. For though we as Christians do not regard the leper as a religious or moral outcast, yet we are in danger of regarding and treating him as a social outcast. Not, of course, that he is to mingle freely with society; he himself very well understands that he is to live segregated for the good of the community. But yet we are to "touch" him, again not necessarily in any bodily sense; he very well understands that, too; but in the sense that we put ourselves in loving, sympathetic contact with him in his seclusion, thereby making him feel that he, too, belongs to the great family of human brothers, who, by the redeeming grace of God in Christ, are to become the children of the Father in heaven.

Memories of The Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge

REV. JAMES P. SMITH, D. D.

(Notes of an address at a memorial service at the Hoge Memorial Church on Wednesday evening, January 28, 1914.)

It was a wise and happy thought that we should be asked to gather here one evening and, before we have all gone out of the world, recall the beginning of that service of Christ of which this church is the monument, and the notable personality of Dr. Hoge and our memories of those who worked with him with so much zeal and so much blessed fruit. Leaving others to tell of the great meetings in the Old Market Hall, the faithful workers, and the many who were then gathered into the Church of God, it is my part tonight to speak of Dr. Hoge himself, what manner of man he was, and some of my personal and grateful recollections of him.

Away back in the September of 1858, fifty-five years ago, I came for the first time to Richmond. It was in my student days, and just out of college, on my way to Union Theological Seminary, at Hampden-Sidney. I came from Winchester by Washington to Richmond, and spent a day at the old Exchange Hotel on lower Franklin Street. Before noon of that day I was surprised to receive the card of Moses Drury Hoge. He was about forty years of age, and already a man of distinction, and I was amazed above measure that he should have heard that I was in Richmond and called to see me. In the afternoon he came again with horse and buggy to drive me about the city. He wished to show me the places of historic interest and the many points of beauty; and from Gambles Hill to Chimbarazo I saw Richmond for the first time, with a distinguished guide of unsurpassed intelligence and of much enthusiasm. Two things were deeply impressed on my memory; his courteous attention to a young stranger and his ardent love for Richmond; and through the many years of acquaintance since I learned that these two things were distinctly characteristic of him.

When the dark cloud of war was about to burst over the land, I was in Richmond on a Sabbath day, known in history as the Pawnee Sunday. For the first time on the morning of that day I saw him quietly ascend the pulpit steps and turn, erect and alert, to look over the full assembly, and heard him, with voice both reverent and ringing, command attention and lead the anxious congregation in the opening invocation, and then speak words of appeal to trust in the providence and unfailing love of the Heavenly Father. It was as the throng, calmed and trustful, came out upon the street that the rumor spread rapidly that a warship was coming up the river to Rocketts to shell the city, and the people poured out on every street, as the alarm bell rang from the old tower in the Capitol Square, and the long toll of the drums and the blast of bugles destroyed the peace of the Sabbath. But the Pawnee Sunday brought nothing but alarm—no war, no warship and no shelling.

A year or more after I had become a young soldier of the Confederacy, and the battery, or artillery company, in which I had risen to the high rank of corporal, was encamped on the Mechanicsville Road not far from the borders of Richmond. One Sunday afternoon, by our invitation, Dr. Hoge drove out to preach in the camp of the Stonewall Brigade. How well I remember the great assembly of young soldiers, seated on the ground like the five thousand at Bethsaida, in companies, that the servant of Christ should break unto them "the bread of life."

Of the sermon I have no distinct recollection, but the prayer, with far-reaching distinctness and with appeal and tenderness went up through the open skies to the God of so many fathers and mothers, to the great Captain of our Salvation, and went down into the hearts of those boys in gray and tears were on many faces and strong desires in many hearts. Near the preacher, on a log, sat

Stonewall Jackson, and with him a circle of men of rank, and at one side a choir of boys who knew their hymns well.

We who had invited the preacher had planned that he was to take supper with us in our camp. There were biscuits made with our own brown hands, and black coffee to be served in our tin cups, and a chicken or two and some eggs from some near-by farm place. I sincerely hope they were all paid for. But when the preaching was over we were surprised and grieved to see our distinguished guest led off by General Jackson to take supper at headquarters. We were sorely disappointed and indignant, and knew not which to blame, the general or the preacher.

It was on that occasion, as Dr. Hoge was accustomed to tell, that General Jackson gave a notable example of his secretiveness. After supping with the General, Dr. Hoge rising to take his leave was detained, once and a second time, until after 9 o'clock he was escorted to his buggy by the General and drove off in the dark. He drove around a circle through a gateway and turned his horse's head toward the city. At a toll gate at the end of the lawn he drew up to show to a picket guard his pass to go and come. He heard one soldier say to another, "Old Jack was in a hurry tonight." And his friend replied, "Yes, I never saw the little sorrel go so fast." Dr. Hoge asked what was meant by this, and the sergeant replied that General Jackson had just passed hurriedly, calling to the sergeant not to turn out the guard to salute him. The doctor said: "That cannot be true, for I have just left General Jackson with no cap on his head and no horse in sight." But the sergeant and his guard insisted that, belonging themselves to the Stonewall Brigade, they knew the General and his horse well and they could not be mistaken. Dr. Hoge determined that he would know whether Jackson had, indeed, mounted his horse in the dark, rode rapidly across the lawn and into the road ahead of his guest in the buggy; and a day or two after he did learn that all this was true, and that the General, reticent even to such a guest, had that night kept an appointment to meet General Lee at the home of Mr. Randolph, the Confederate Secretary of War.

How well we remember Dr. Hoge in his own pulpit—tall, thin, dark-skinned, erect and alert, like a soldier on duty and like a soldier commanding; neat and unaffected in dress, so thoroughly a gentleman that there was nothing in costume to attract attention. He had a voice clear and ringing, with every syllable distinct. Perhaps he was best heard by all the assembly in his prayer. There was a message from the Word, with its Divine authority. There was a brief introduction, marked by simplicity and arresting attention. There was some exposition which was not elaborate. There was an unfolding of the theme in three or four evident points; there was illustration from history, an incident from biography; there was application to present conditions and needs, and there was appeal, faithful and tender, leaning over the pulpit toward his assembly, intent, moved and often tearful. He used effectively the pause. At the beginning of the service pausing, as he looked well over the full assembly, until there was attention everywhere in the house; pausing until you wondered why. There was the pause in turning from one thought to another, and there was the pause when there was any diversion, as if he must have attention or he could not proceed. If there was any disturbance in attention in one direction, he would usually pause and look in some other direction.

In my church in Fredericksburg, with a crowded congregation, our boys and girls from the Sunday school were in the galleries in large numbers, and were fairly quiet and attentive, when two little boys in the gallery to the left of the preacher forgot themselves and audibly whispered. The doctor

paused and looked up into the other gallery. In a moment or two there was silence. He said that he was gratified to see so many boys and girls in the church, as they should always be, and that it was remarkable how orderly they were; and that "in all that large assembly of young people *only two boys were talking*." No one ever knew who the boys were, but there was silence and attention to the end of that service.

He frequently used parenthesis; in the midst of discourse introducing something other than his subject, suggested as he preached, looking over his congregation, or something he much desired to say to his people, though not directly germane to his text or its discussion. And somehow it did not seem to be alien or unfit, and no doubt his parenthesis was sometimes the most vital and memorable part of the sermon.

He quoted hymns, the old, familiar hymns of our childhood, and wrote them imperishably on the heart. Usually the verses were from Watt's version of the Psalms, and had never before seemed so rich and so beautiful, or he quoted a line from John Milton, or from Shakespeare, or from George Herbert, and then leaned over and down towards his hearers, as I once knew him to do, with his hands clasped, saying, "Is not that fine?"

I have heard the great preachers of Dr. Hoge's day at home and abroad, Mr. Spurgeon in the Tabernacle, and Canon Liddon in St. Paul's, and Pastor Bersier in Paris, Dr. John Hall and Mr. Beecher, Dr. Cuyler and Mr. Moody, Dr. Palmer and Dr. Stuart Robinson and Dr. Dabney, all of them great in a generation of great preachers, but I have heard no such master of assemblies as Dr. Hoge in his own pulpit. In the hall of our old market his ringing, fervid, eloquent appeal was evangelistic, telling the old, old story that made men wise unto salvation. In the Second Church pulpit the note prevailing was one of consolation, over and over again claiming that by the grace of Christ "earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal!"

At a Richmond hotel he once called to see a gentleman, a member of the Virginia Legislature, who was confined to his bed by sickness. Dr. Hoge found a room nearly full of gentlemen, public men and more or less notable men. After a few words of greeting, faithful to his duty and to his opportunity, he asked the group of gentlemen to kneel with him, and his prayer that day was remembered through years to come.

I stood by the side of Dr. Hoge at the grave of his friend, Dr. Robert L. Dabney, and he was visibly and deeply moved. In a low voice he said to me, "Is it not incredible that that great spirit has gone out of the world? He must be living somewhere else in the kingdom of God."

At the last, how unwilling he was to give up his pulpit. His love of preaching was the strong master passion that contended to the end with his worn and failing body.

Of my personal indebtedness to Dr. Hoge there would be much to tell if it were appropriate at this time. He installed me in my pastorate at Fredericksburg, and with gracious and tender words gave me an introduction to the church and community that was of great value. He married me, and that marriage has never worn out. He must have been "a good hand at marrying people." He made me promise to be "provident," and it has not been always an easy task to "provide well for my own household." He gave me books and commended books, and he counselled me wisely and usefully as to my work in the pulpit and among my people; and he entertained me many times with the consideration and courtesy of a model host.

When a minister has preached for one year, two or three times a week, to the same people, and has gone in and out among them, always living in the utmost publicity, and is still acceptable and

useful, we count him a good man. And if he bide in the same pulpit and pastorate for ten years, and the people still gather with desire around him, we know him to be good and true and sensible, having gifts of mind and spirit that seals him to the service of Christ. And if he bide fifty years, fifty-five years, and he still speaks and prays and labors, and is known of all men in the church and on the streets, and is honored and followed by increasing numbers, surely he is a man of God, and a gift of God to the church and to the Commonwealth. Surely he is one of those of whom it is written: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, forever and ever!"

Of this field of his labors we are believing tonight that it will be true for generations to come, that here the Master "will come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits."

THE WAY OF CAIN.

In Jude's epistle he speaks of "the way of Cain." The Bible has not a word in commendation of that way, but, rather, condemns it. He was a religious man. He believed in religious services. He practiced them. He believed in making sacrifices for religious purposes. He was what we would call a farmer, for he was "a tiller of the ground." It appears that he did not keep all of the fruits to himself. He was religious enough to offer some of the fruits to the Lord. The record says: "Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord." That was doing more than many farmers in our land are doing. It was more than many members of churches are doing, especially if the pastor does not suit them. They do not offer anything. Some of them excuse themselves by saying that they are "too poor." But Cain made no such excuse. It does not appear that he was stingy. What proportion of his fruits he offered to the Lord we do not know; nor do we know anything about the quality of the fruit which he offered. Perhaps it was of the best. Should he not have been commended for his offerings? No. Why not? Because they were not the right kind. They were good in themselves, but they were not appropriate. They were not such as God required of him. He did not obey God in this respect. It was his brother, Abel, who made the true offering. He "brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof." His offering had respect to the atonement of the coming Christ and Saviour. His offering was a bloody sacrifice, typical of the sacrifice which Christ would make in his behalf. Cain would not offer such a sacrifice. He would have his own way, and it was the way of death. Thousands of people are going in the same way in our own land.

C. H. Wetherbe.

THE WAITING CITY.

A city throned upon the height behold,
Wherein no foot of man as yet has trod;
The city of man's life fulfilled in God,
Bathed all in light, with open gates of gold,
Perfect the city is in tower and street;
And there a palace for each mortal waits,
Complete and perfect, at whose outer gates
An angel stands its occupant to greet.
Still shine, O patient city on the height,
The while our race in hut and hovel dwells,
It hears the music of thy heavenly bells
And its dull soul is haunted by thy light.
Lo! once the Son of Man hath heard thy call,
And the dear Christ hath claimed thee for us all.
—Phillips Brooks.

How much of your means have you during the past week given to God, and how much have you spent upon yourself? Have you really put yourself out of the way for Christ's sake? Have you practiced real self-sacrifice for him who sacrificed himself for you?