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*by* MARY H. FULTON  
M.D., SC.D







DR. AND MRS. FONG SEC AT THE TIME OF  
THEIR MARRIAGE



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# “INASMUCH”

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS, JOUR-  
NALS, PAPERS, ETC.

*By*


MARY H. FULTON, M.D., SC.D.



*Published by*  
THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE  
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*To*  
*My Nephews and Nieces*  
IN  
*China and America*



*“And as ye go, preach saying,  
The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.  
Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers,  
Raise the dead, cast out devils;  
Freely ye have received, freely give.”*

MATTHEW 10:8



*“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of  
these the least of my brethren, ye have done  
it unto me.”*

MATTHEW 25:40

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## *Foreword*



WHILE lingering in Pasadena this winter we learned that a distinguished medical missionary, Dr. Mary Fulton, whose work I had seen in the Medical School in Canton, China, was living in Pasadena. We hastened to make a pilgrimage to her home where she is living with her brother, Dr. Albert Fulton, and his wife.

Dr. Mary Fulton had met with a serious accident which resulted in lameness and confined her to her chair or bed. She met us, however, with her old vivacity and charm, and we had a delightful afternoon.

I learned that she, with indomitable perseverance, under many difficulties, was writing the story of her life and work in China for her nephews and nieces, with no thought of publication. She allowed me to read the manuscript which was gladly accepted with the permission of the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions, and which appears here in this little book. Not to publish a valuable record of one of the first of our women doctors to adventure in medical missions in China would be a serious mistake.

Dr. Mary Fulton laid great foundations, planning that when her work should cease the enterprise should be carried on by Christian Chinese women doctors whom she helped to train. She established this first medical school for women in China, with the cooperation of her own Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church. Funds were

furnished by such friends as Mrs. Charles Turner, David Gregg and E. A. K. Hackett. Dr. Fulton associated with her able co-workers who now carry on the school. Her graduates are scattered over China doing remarkably good work.

¶ In addition to her medical work and the training of doctors Dr. Fulton has translated some of the most valuable medical books, including "The Feeding and Care of Infants" by Dr. Emmett Holt, and a book on surgery.

¶ As Dr. Fulton rests after her forty years of toil her heart is continually with the work of the Hackett Medical School in Canton. She has laid down her life in the service, and prays now that others will be ready to go and that many will be ready to give for the needs of this institution. Surely, there are those with wealth who might spare the comparatively small amount needed to put this school on a permanent foundation and enable the work of this brave woman to go on until China has received the message of the Great Physician from these Christian Chinese doctors and nurses who are following in His footsteps.

¶ The story is a thrilling one and through it all runs the thread of humor which enabled this brave woman to "carry on" through all discouragements. We are glad to make it possible for women who study China this year to review these interesting chapters. Let us use the story as widely as possible in connection with our study of China through Mrs. Gamewell's book this year.

*Central Committee on United  
Study of Foreign Missions*

LUCY W. PEABODY, *Chairman.*

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# I

## To the Heart of the Orient

*En Route, From Ashland, Ohio To  
Canton, China*

*Topeka, Kansas,  
September 3, 1884.*

**M**Y DEAR MOTHER:  
By this time you have, doubtless, received my unsatisfactory postal-cards. Cousin Jennie will tell you of our visit in Indianapolis. Mrs. W—— came down to the station, bringing me a basket of fruit, a bunch of exquisite roses. At Kansas City I parted from Brother Harmon. On my arrival here Eugenia met me. We have spent many delightful hours driving about and talking over College days. Eugenia's older brother, who has been four years in Europe, has just returned to accept the Chair of Mathematics in Princeton.

*S. S. Tokio,  
Pacific Ocean,  
September 22.*

Saturday, about three o'clock this steamer majestically receded from the wharf, where a dozen friends waved good-by to me. One was Miss G—— from Mills Seminary who had sent to my state-room four baskets

of delicious grapes; some of the bunches were a foot long. There were also limes and lemons. I appreciated them after two days sea-sickness.

The steamer is four hundred twenty-four feet long. Its storage capacity is five thousand tons. Captain Mowrey is Commander. When the Tokio was built there were only one or two larger in the world. On the Atlantic there are now several five hundred, or more, feet long.

The present cargo is flour, seventeen thousand barrels. The charge is one dollar a barrel for transportation.

All the servants are Chinese. The "maid", who attends to our state-rooms, is a man.

The dining-room is large and pleasant. There are twenty cabin passengers and many Chinese who are returning to their native land.

It has been most pleasant for me to find amongst the passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, missionaries returning to Japan with their three bright boys.

We are experiencing rough weather. Great waves occasionally break over the deck. Last night the ship rolled so violently I could scarcely keep in my berth. This morning in the middle of the floor lay pillows, life-preserver, satchel, lemons, boxes, bundles, and the carpet, which the trunks had dragged from the fastenings, as they slid from side to side.

Sharks, sea-gulls, and an occasional far-off sail are all the life we have seen. So, alone we go rolling,



plunging, ploughing our way toward the eagerly watched-for shore. Which reminds me, that

“My bark is wafted from the strand

By breath divine,

And on the helm there rests a hand

Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail

I have on board.

Above the raging of the gale,

I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite ;

I shall not fall.

If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light ;

He tempers all.”

After nineteen days of tossing over this vast expanse of water, when there seemed nothing nearer than the sky, we see in the distance the snow-crowned top of Fuji-San, Japan, thirteen thousand feet high.

On an island at our left, is the active volcano of Oshima. The clouds of rising smoke are plainly visible.

Fishing-junks begin to appear. On our right are the terraced hills of the coast. Now we are entering the bay at Yokohama.

“Our boisterous entrance seems like an intrusion on sleeping Asia.”

*212 Bluff, Yokohama.*

It was shocking to be drawn through the streets by a practically unclothed human being (save for a narrow strip of cloth). The jinricki-sha resembles a baby-

carriage. Mr. S—— kindly gave directions for my being taken out to Miss Crosby's school up here on the bluff. The school has been established thirteen years. About sixty young ladies are at present receiving instruction. They appear polite, gentle and happy. Some speak English fluently. It was delightful to hear them singing our hymns when they assembled for worship.

Mrs. Hepburn drove over. I accompanied her to her home where I met Dr. and Mrs. Happer who are returning to Canton.

Dr. Hepburn has been in Japan twenty-five years. He gave up his medical work in order to devote his time to the translation of the Scriptures into Japanese.

#### *China Sea.*

We are fast flying toward Hong Kong with all our "ship's wings" spread to the breeze.

#### *Hong Kong, China.*

Victoria, on the island of Hong Kong, is beautiful for situation. As we slowly steamed into the harbor where were ships from all over the world, we could note the fine, substantial residences of the British, built along the smooth roads that wind around the sides of the island up to its summit, nineteen hundred feet high. Later, we found this height made easily accessible by tram-cars. The island is about twenty-seven miles in circumference. It has a small park which is fine and valuable, with its palms, strange trees, flowers, fountains and shaded walks.

You remember the advice, "See Naples and die." To that I should add, "Not until you have seen Hong Kong where you will wish to spend the remainder of your life."

When riding in a jinricki-sha pulled by a man, I thought it the greatest of novelties, but I found a greater one when I was placed in a sedan chair, deftly raised from the ground by two stalwart Chinese and borne swiftly from the wharf to the home of one of the London missionaries.

Here I learned that the day before a riot had occurred occasioned by the Chinese refusing to work for the French. When the latter tried compulsion, the Chinese stoned them. A new missionary who had just arrived from England was caught in the fray and severely injured.

Annam had been a tributary state to China. When trouble arose between it and France, Annam besought China's help. In 1884 the Chinese "regulars" fought the French in Tonking, thus involving China in war. Hence the ill-feeling and riot.

#### *Pearl (Canton) River.*

The trip up the river from Hong Kong to Canton, ninety miles distant, occupied about eight hours. A thousand Chinese were on board. The times must be turbulent. A man stood all day at the hatch-way with a drawn sword, ready to strike down the first Chinaman forcing his way up on the deck. In the dining-room were numbers of stacked guns.

The river was so filled with torpedoes that we had to take on a pilot to guide us through them. The scenery was refreshing. There are vast rice fields, banana, banyan, peach and li-chi trees.

I saw my first pagoda as we neared Whampo, twelve miles from Canton. From the city itself, two more loomed into sight. Dr. Happer told me there are about two thousand in China. They were introduced from India in connection with Buddhistic faith and are supposed to bring down good luck upon the near city or town and to ward off evil influences. They are from three to thirteen stories in height; always an odd number.

As we slowly steamed past the four miles of river frontage, Canton seemed to be simply a mass of monotonous houses of the same height; windowless; red tile-roofs without chimneys. On the banks are tiny houses built on poles, home of the boat-people.

A small island called Shameen, where the British and French reside, appeared refreshingly attractive as the residences showed amidst the abundant foliage

*Canton, China.*

When the boat anchored, Brother Albert met me. Soon we reached his house across the canal. The "new sister" came flying down the crooked stairs and gave me a cordial welcome. Then she and Albert proudly conducted me to the room in which baby Edith lay fast asleep on the almah's (nurse's) shoulder. Florence then conducted me over the quaint house and to my

room. On the walls were a huge spider and a lizard. Florence remarked that the spiders were useful in catching the mosquitoes, and the lizards ate the spiders!

It has been delightful to meet our missionaries, our Consul, our officers from the gun-boats, the wives of the merchants who live on Shameen, etc. I am surprised to find so many charming people in this part of the world.

As Dr. Mary Niles is the only other lady physician in this province I was keenly anxious to meet her. She kindly called and invited me to the Canton Hospital to some important operations. Here I met Dr. John Kerr, famous as a surgeon. He is in charge of this hospital, the largest in China. There is room for about three hundred patients. No charge is made for those too poor to pay. Over twenty thousand out-patients are treated during the year, and two thousand operations performed.

A few days ago Dr. Niles asked me to accompany her to the home of one of her patients. A woman physician means much to the women of China, as they refuse to allow a man to attend them. This patient was the first wife of the treasurer, who has the third highest rank in the province. The official residence, called a "yamen", is within the inner walled city. The walls which are twenty feet thick, and thirty-five or forty feet high, have twelve gates, through one of which we passed. The yamen itself covers an acre or more of ground.

After passing through courts, halls, passages, we

finally were ushered into "Madam's" room. As she and her daughters, who were present, spoke only Mandarin, Doctor went to the door and spoke to the interpreter, who spoke to the Treasurer who spoke to the daughter who then went to the bedside and spoke to the mother. When we had finished our examination, left directions, etc., we were invited to partake of refreshment with the Treasurer and Mr. Tsai, the Interpreter. This was to be considered a great honor, as men never eat with the women. They were polite and entertaining, giving us, when we left, our fee, wrapped in red paper, proffered with both hands accompanied by a bow. It is the custom to pay a doctor when he finishes his call. If his further services are wanted, a messenger is sent to call him.

A round coin with a hole in the center is called a cash and is used for making small purchases; for larger ones broken silver is used. Each person has scales and the price of the article bought is weighed out from bits of silver. Wanting to pay out fifty cents one day I ran down to the kitchen and asked the cook for the change. He took the round silver Mexican dollar, laid it on a stick of wood seized a nearby hatchet and cut it in two, handing me, thus, the fifty cents I needed.

I have made a beginning in this most difficult language. I am proud to say I can count ten. Does this sound like "language"? Yat, E, Saam, Sz, Ng, Luk, Tsat, Pat, Kau, Shap. Just to speak the words would be easy; the difficulty lies in tones. Some are pronounced in a higher key than others. Some are

aspirated, some are not. In three years one is supposed to be ready for work, but five are considered not too long to allow one before he feels "at home" in the use of it.

Last week I accompanied Albert to Sz Pai Lau, one of his preaching chapels. As we entered the walled city through the "Beautiful Virtue Gate", the soldiers crowded around our chairs to ascertain whether we were French spies or not. In fluent Chinese, Albert convinced them we were on a peaceful errand; thus we were allowed to proceed.

The chapel is on a narrow, crowded street. In the rear of the building is a boys' school. All were studying aloud when we entered. To show the teacher how diligent he is, each tries to shout louder than those near him. When reciting to Albert, after having handed him a book, the boy turned his back to him, then repeated page after page of Scripture without hesitation or mistake.

During a recent riot, some of the Christians living here were carried to prison on account of their religious belief. At the same time the Foreigners (all nationalities other than Chinese are spoken of by this name) living on Shameen had to go out to the gun-boats. There, some could see their houses burning.

As we returned through the packed thoroughfares they did not seem like streets, but dark aisles. One has a sensation of holding the breath, until at the next corner surely, one will come out onto a broad, light street; but none appears. Our chair coolies shout "make way"

but other burden bearers are shouting the same, some coming, some going. For miles we worm our way through this surging mass of humanity. Very seldom do we see a woman. Many gentlemen are seen quietly entering the shops. I can scarcely think of them as men on account of their long braid of hair hanging down to the edge of their long silk dress (called a shaam). Their shoes are of embroidered silk or satin. Many of them carry a bird in a good-sized bird cage, much as a woman at home takes about her dog.

One of the most noticeable things at the end of certain streets are the piles of refuse. The garbage from the vicinity is all dumped on this heap until it is so high the top can no longer be reached.

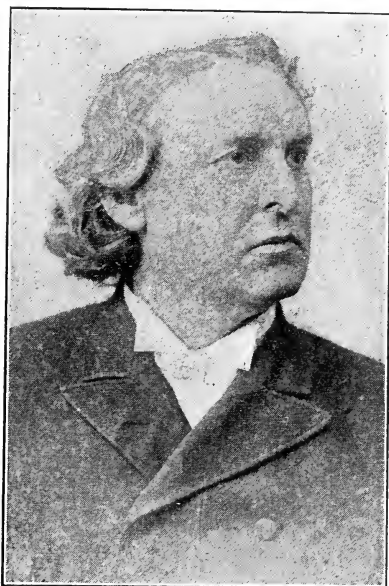
At church it was painful to see many women hobbling in on bound feet. Some hurt so when they stand or walk that their ah-mahs carry them on their backs up the church aisles.

*January 1, 1885.*

It did not seem like Christmas with the doors wide open, trees green, and flowers blooming.

Dr. Niles and I visited the Wesleyan hospital at Fat Shan, twelve miles distant. Recently, a powder magazine exploded in this city when one hundred and twenty were killed. Many of the wounded were carried to the hospital and were grateful for the skillful treatment they were receiving. The Chinese know nothing of rational medicine. Mud would be just as quickly





DR. DAVID GREGG





MR. E. A. K. HACKETT  
*Friend and Benefactor*



applied to a sore as anything else. They give large bowlfuls of nauseous remedies.

Sunday evenings we go down the river to "church", held in Dr. Kerr's residence. The missionaries take turn in preaching. The last one gave us a fine sermon from the text, "My times are in Thy hands."

*April 4th.*

This is the rainy season. It does not pour steadily for a couple of months; but after a few days of rain, there may be several pleasant days, then rain again. Although Canton is very near the Tropic of Cancer I do not find the climate too warm.

Last week I attended a Chinese wedding. The bride was carried in the regulation red chair to the house of the groom, arriving at six in the evening. On her entrance, the groom walked to the back of the room, stepped onto a stool, and turned his face to the wall. (They had never seen each other). The bride's dress was red and blue silk with tiny tinkling bells around the bottom. From the high, gaudy head-dress hung long strings of white beads, which screened the face. With her hands clasped before her face—the flowing sleeves serving as a veil—she bowed to each person in the room.

*Macao, April.*

Our Sanitorium, Santa Sancha, is on this island, owned by Portugal. It is forty miles from Hong Kong and ninety from Canton. It is a quiet place for study. I am now trying to read the New Testament in Can-

tonese. There are forty thousand strange, complex characters. I was told I would need to know well only about THREE THOUSAND!

The houses in this quaint city are painted blue, pink, yellow, etc. At the end of the Praya (the broad avenue on the ocean) is a pretty little park. Edith is fond of going there to watch the birds, and monkey, and play about on the flower-bordered walks that wind in and out amongst the myriads of white lilies and rare plants.

There is a wooded, quiet place called "Camoën's Gardens", so named for the author of "The Lusiads", the famous Portuguese poem written in Macao. Near, is the English chapel and the old cemetery in which the first Protestant missionary, Robert Morrison, is buried. He died in Canton in 1834.

### *Hong Kong.*

One of the missionaries kindly placed at our disposal his house here while he was away for a month.

Owing to disastrous floods in the country many people are starving. A fund was raised by the foreigners and influential Chinese to aid them. Albert and other missionaries have gone to distribute rice, which they took in large boatloads.

The Chinese are having processions with noise of drums, stacks of fire-crackers to ward off cholera.

As there is not a missionary in the province of Kwong-Sai, with its eight millions of inhabitants, we think we should try to start work there. It was here the great "Tai Ping Rebellion" broke out. The people

are from many different tribes, and appear hostile. At Kwai Ping, four hundred miles from Canton, on one of his itinerating tours, Albert succeeded in renting a small house. With the aid of medicine, he thinks we may gain a foothold in the city.

*Canton.*

The boat, called a "ho-tau", is anchored in front of our house. The servants are busy carrying to it the things we shall need for the trip to the next province.

*Ho-tau, West River.*

We have passed over the first sixty miles, just now leaving the beautiful "Shiu Hing Pass". Our progress is slow against the current. Sometimes the "fo-kies" use the oar where the banks are steep and high; at other times the boat is pulled by ropes as the men walk along the river's edge. We, Albert, Florence, Edith and I, also walk along the shore when tired of the ho-tau. We pass fields of rice, corn, sugar-cane, sweet-potatoes, peanuts and mulberry. The enclosed flower is a wild lime blossom. We noticed a row of substantial, new brick houses which, we were told by the men, had been built several years but no one would live in them because they were "haunted".

*Kwong-Sai Province.*

*Above Ng Chau, on West River.*

Wu-Chau (Cantonese, Ng Chau) was formerly the capital of this "Broad West" (meaning of Kwong Sai) province. Although its borders extend to Annam, and this river with its branches makes its districts accessible,

it has seldom been even visited by foreigners. Perhaps it is not so difficult to understand, when we recall that the whole empire from 1851 to 1865 was disturbed by the "Great Peace" (Tai Ping) Rebellion, and great numbers of people were killed. It has not been many years that business has been able to assume its normal sway and not, therefore, to be wondered at that the population is still somewhat afraid and suspicious. Not only, during the past few years, have missionaries been stoned from Ng Chau, but the Mandarin who tried to protect them was stoned.

At "Tung-In" the magistrate came, in great state, to visit us. All the village turned out to see him in his "official robes", and us, the "Foreign Devils". A red canopy was carried before him while a gong sounded in order that his way might be clear. He was very polite; seemed interested in all we showed him and was pleased with the stereopticon views we presented. He was delighted with Edith, who now says a few words in Chinese. To her he gave two silver (Mexican) dollars; to us, two ducks, two chickens, tea and "rock-candy". We appreciated his attention. He wore a long green "sham" (loose coat) over which was a silk gauze lined with plum-colored silk. A long string of beads marked his rank, as did also the "feather in his cap."

*Kwai-Ping,*  
*September 7th.*

Just eighteen days coming these four hundred miles!

This city of about twenty thousand is located at the



junction of two rivers, in a fertile valley at the base of a low mountain range.

We anchored above the city and stepped ashore. Never before had a white woman, nor a white baby been there. When the news of our arrival was "noised abroad", many came hurrying to the river's bank to see us. Upon learning that I had medicine each one present wanted treatment. Just to dissipate prejudice I investigated twenty of them. We then thought it wise to go up the river to a more retired spot. But neither distance nor our desire for privacy had any deterrent effect in diminishing the number that followed us.

Around the bend of the river is a place called "Big Ditch Mouth", so called because a small stream from the mountains wends its way across the plain, and at this point empties into the river. The ho-tau is shaded by trees along the bank. We followed a winding path which led to a hamlet of five houses—four of which were mud, one of brick. The people were friendly toward us.

In one of the houses was a small boy, a cripple, emaciated and so weak he could scarcely raise his tiny hand. I began treating him and others who came out from the city. As the child grew better the father was so grateful that he said he would rent us the brick house which was just finished. This was joyful news indeed.

A deputy from the magistrate called, bringing two ducks, two chickens, four packages of flour (made from a vegetable) and four parcels of dead snails. We were glad of this official recognition.

One morning, a Mandarin, one of the highest military officials in the province, sent for me. In a previous battle between the French and Chinese, "Tung Tai Yan" (name and title) had received a gunshot wound above the knee. I hesitated about going, but since the province was notoriously hostile; all foreigners looked upon with suspicion; war with an "outside nation" only just over; Mandarin so high in rank, it seemed wisest to answer the call. Moreover, if the so-called "Gentry" trusted us, the fears of the "common people" would be more easily allayed. After probing the wound and removing some necrosed bone, I advised the General to go to the Canton hospital where Dr. John Kerr would give him the best of care. As a deep incision had to be made, the after treatment was important.

The Judge has sent for me, as has also another official, and one of the "gentry."

The past two or three days I treated two hundred having "divers diseases"—the lame, blind, dumb and "those possessed with a devil" (the insane).

Saturday, soldiers from the Mandarin brought a red satin banner, eight feet long, three feet wide, bordered with tiny mirrors set on silver embroidery. The fringe was of different colored silk tassels. The characters (answering to our letters) were in black velvet. In the flowery language of the Chinese it said "Western god's Skill"—"Dr. Fulton's great ability"—"Major General Tung requires the favor of medical aid". This was presented while two hundred fire-crackers were exploding. There were also presented nine chickens, nine

ducks, two hams and two cans of tea.

When "Taam Saam" offered to rent to us, Albert asked the General if it would be all right for us to move in. He said, "Yes, take it." Often, when a man rents to a foreigner, not only is the renter driven out, but the owner's house is burned. For this reason one hesitates to rent even the smallest house in the most out-of-the-way place.

*September 20th.*

Our new residence consists of two long rooms about forty-five feet in length; one front, one back, separated by an open court, and on the sides connected by two small rooms, one of which I use as a dispensary. A side door opens into the court; large, barn-like doors open into the front room. The floors are mud, and there are no windows, no ceilings; the roof is of hard baked clay tiles. The "front lawn" is the threshing floor where the rice straw is thrown down for the buffaloes to tramp on as they are driven round and round over the loosely scattered bundles, thus setting free the kernels. The owner of the house stipulated that we were not to disturb the shrine in the back room, which he designed the "Ancestral Hall". Also, one of the back rooms, partitioned off from the Hall, where he was to store his rice.

Soon we had in floors, ceilings, partitions, and high up in Albert's room and in my room we had a window two feet square. A bamboo fence enclosed the threshing-floor front yard, where Edith played with her "kautsai", a small fluffy puppy one of the Chinese had given her.

To our further delight we were able to rent two

rooms in one of the mud houses. One I used for a dispensary, the other for a "hospital". It was crowded when I had put in five bed-boards. (The native bed is of smooth boards laid on tressels.)

On Florence's account we are thankful that (in her present state of health) she can have more privacy from the curious throngs of patients. It seems quite luxurious to have a room to myself. I also have some checkered cloth I was able to buy in Kwai-Ping, which I have made into a curtain, for which, Doctor said, I must be reported to the Board for extravagance. For a mattress I found some unbleached muslin out of which I made a tick, stuffing it with rice straw. This I placed on the native bed-boards. After I had "made up" the bed with its white counterpane, placed matting on the floor, arranged my books, sawed off the legs of a Chinese table making a low study and reading table of it (covering it with a cloth matching my curtain), it appeared after the crowded, public life for so many weeks on the ho-tau, quite secluded and attractive.

The middle room is the reception-room, the parlor, the dining-room, the nursery, the general passage-way; at night, the bed-room for Edith and her amah.

When Dr. Kerr and the ho-tau left us we felt "our bridges were burned." As there was "much land to be possessed" each one threw himself whole-heartedly into the work. Albert was everywhere preaching to the villagers, to those from the city, to the crowds coming from beyond the mountains, to those he met and to those who came to visit.

Florence not only talked to the women but started to teach the villagers to read one of the Gospels. Besides, she had to attend to all the cooking to insure that the cook did things in a cleanly and orderly manner. As we could get no meat we had to have chicken in its place. Our meals conformed to the Chinese in point of time; i. e. breakfast about nine and dinner about four. Between these hours is the busy part of the day.

The two chickens cooked at noon also furnished enough for breakfast. Please do not imagine these the size of the fine fat chickens at home. They are scarcely grown. In American money they cost about fifteen cents apiece. Besides planning, trying to teach, Florence had much sewing to do, and knit all of Albert's and Edith's winter stockings. When we were extra good she rewarded us with doughnuts!

Dr. Leung Kin Cho, whom Dr. Kerr left to attend to men patients not only did so, but helped with the preaching all day, as did my assistant, another trained by Dr. Kerr, Mrs. Mui Ah-Kwai. (Mui meaning Plum, and Kwai, valuable). And "Valuable" she was! She knew just how to talk to the unlettered women. As I was "learning to talk" I had to do most of my evangelistic work through medicine. However, when the sick and the lepers came for treatment, and I did all in my power for them, I recalled that in Matthew, tenth, eighth verse, Christ said, "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers."

The telegraph operator at Kwai Ping has been very kind. He came from the north where he learned (?)

English as shown in the following note.

“Our office has person got sickness in their body ; please can you come up to our office to see it? That I will oblige to you ; if not, then we will come to you. Please give me answer.”

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

This was accompanied by two ducks, five pumelos, a can of tea, a box of cake and one of lily root.

We would rather the people would not bring us even the smallest gift. We want them to realize we seek not theirs, but them. We found, however when we tried to refuse acceptance that it only hurt their feelings. One patient whom I had attended in the city sent two ducks, two chickens, and a black goat. Another, chickens, ducks, doves, flour, condensed milk, cakes and two bottles of wine. This last gave us an opportunity to get in some temperance talk.

One grateful patient sent as token of her gratitude a huge buffalo and her calf. These buffaloes “are heavily built oxen” used for hauling, plowing etc., but different from the American bison in that they have no hump on the shoulders. As tigers infest this region the buffaloes are driven into the house at night. Also the pigs. A tiger came one evening and leaped in where the pig was kept, seized it and fled toward the mountains. It meant a serious loss to the owners as they depend on the proceeds from selling the pig to buy their clothing for the year.

I attended the woman owner of the pig, in her room where there were seven buffaloes standing in a row,

with only a bamboo rail between them and myself where I was caring for a child just born. The cattle at first were as afraid of me as I was of them. I feared a stampede. The door was closed and opened inward. The women spoke to them and soon, fortunately, they were quiet. The next morning I went to visit my patients after all the cattle had been driven out to work and found the mother in the back yard. When I inquired for the little girl she said she "had thrown 'it' in the river." Upon further questioning I found this was the fifth girl thus disposed of. She said she had no rice to bring her up on.

The superstition of the people is great. We have to be careful of every word and movement. Should we stop to read the inscription on a gravestone we would be accused of wanting to rob graves. Many believe we take children's eyes for medicine. Others have inquired how far we could see into the ground.

A poor shoemaker came to the dispensary. He had been blind for two years. I told him I should have to operate but he would have to remain here at least a week. As he was willing I made ready my tiny mud hospital. It had been thoroughly cleaned and white-washed. I placed him, after operation, on new bed-boards and sent him daily, proper food. When I removed the bandages and he could see, a happy man was he. But no happier than I. It was my first operation for cataract. I had seen it skillfully performed in Philadelphia, but to do it alone, hundreds of miles from another doctor, was different. However, he "noise;! it

abroad" and many blind came. One morning thirty appeared. They could not understand why I could not restore sight to all blind if I could to one. One man, in a bamboo hammock "borne of four" had been six days on the journey.

Our home letters, written last August, have just been brought in. It will take two months now for your letters to reach us.

One of the boys of the village, fourteen years of age, was married last week. The bride of sixteen arrived from a neighboring hamlet in the regulation red chair. As she was about to enter the groom's house, burning paper was cast down before her; to step over this, without setting fire to her clothes was to insure "good luck". Safely in the room, she and the groom knelt, and nine times touched their foreheads to the floor before the idol, then nine times before the boy's father.

After two cups of wine had been mingled, and each drank of it, the groom rose and with a closed fan struck the bride three sharp blows on her head (to show she must be meek and submissive).

Three days later, I saw her bare-footed, sullen-appearing, pitching straw. Her boy-husband was also there, so I suppose it was all right.



## II

### Canton

*January 1886.*

**T**HROUGH the clear, pleasant weather we have been so busy and happy we scarcely thought of the approach of "rainy season". Beautiful roses have been blooming in the fields around us all winter. Every morning we gathered bouquets; frequently we brought in branches of the white rose. These not only made the house fragrant with their sweet perfume, but helped to cover up the bare walls.

Now the cold rains have come. Work is scarcer for some workmen. One thought to increase his income a little by offering to sell me a huge snake for medicine. He had sewed its mouth. Its head was as large as his hand by which he held it while the body coiled round his arm. Price, two dollars.

The idea of using parts of this reptile for medicinal purposes is due to the fact that a serpent being "wise", imparts to those who eat of it a large share of wisdom. The claws of a tiger are used to "make one brave". A man brought me one, supposing I should be glad to make a tonic of it for my patients. Some workmen bought the snake and ate it for dinner.

The cold weather continues. As we can get neither stoves nor shoes, and our supplies will not arrive for

several weeks, we keep warm by adding more clothing. We get enough amusement, however, out of each others' appearance to compensate for any inconvenience. I have on three pairs of hose and three jackets. Albert wears one shoe of one kind and one of another. The side of one is entirely out; over this, when he goes out, he wears a rubber. The sides of Florence's shoes are out, the soles off from mine and the toes out of Edith's.

*Chinese New Year.*

All the shops are closed, houses ornamented with gay strips of paper, shrines lighted all day with many candles and tens of thousands of fire-crackers everywhere are being exploded. Business ceases for weeks.

The day before New Year's a thief was caught stealing from a gun-boat. The captain instantly cut off his ear—at least cut it so that it hung by only a tiny portion of the lobe. He hurried over to our dispensary and I sewed it on and now he is all right. Had the result not been satisfactory he would have been branded as a thief for the remainder of his life.

While waiting for our supplies, Florence has the "boy" (name throughout China for house servant no matter of what age) beat up buffalo cream for butter. For sugar, she clarifies the native production. We are making "soft soap". The people here use a kind of sand for washing their hands. Their clothes they pound clean on flat rocks.

I greatly feel the need of a hospital. Without it I can undertake no serious operations. I have operated

about thirty times on the eye, removed small tumors and done other minor operations. Should anyone who had received treatment from me, die, there might be grave trouble. The report would quickly circulate that "The Foreign Devil was killing women." The necessities of the case, therefore, being so urgent, you will be glad to learn that we have purchased a site not far from where we now are. It is somewhat higher ground, surrounded by the feathery bamboo. We have planned the hospital and until we can build a dwelling-house we will live in rooms in the end looking toward the mountains.

Everyone seems pleased to have us here and are apparently doing all in their power to help. One man built a bridge over the "Big Ditch Mouth" stream that runs between us and Kwai Ping. The Customs House would take no duty for the large beams brought up the river.

*February, 1886.*

Our Consul sent to us the following:

*Legation of the United States,  
Peking, February 6, 1896.*

To the Consuls of the U. S. in China.

Gentlemen:

I have the honor to inform you that His Excellency, Mr. A. Gerard, Minister of France, has recently procured from the Tsungli Ymoon, by virtue of the French Treaty of 1858, an order directing the local authorities in all Provinces of the Empire to expunge from the various editions and compilations of the Chinese Code all claims placing restrictions upon the propagation of the Christian religion.

You are directed to bring this circular to the attention of the American Missions in your Consular districts.

It gives me much pleasure to add that the Minister of

France is entitled to the gratitude of the Christian world for his action in the important matter.

I am, Sirs,

Your Obedient Servant,  
Charles Denby.

*March.*

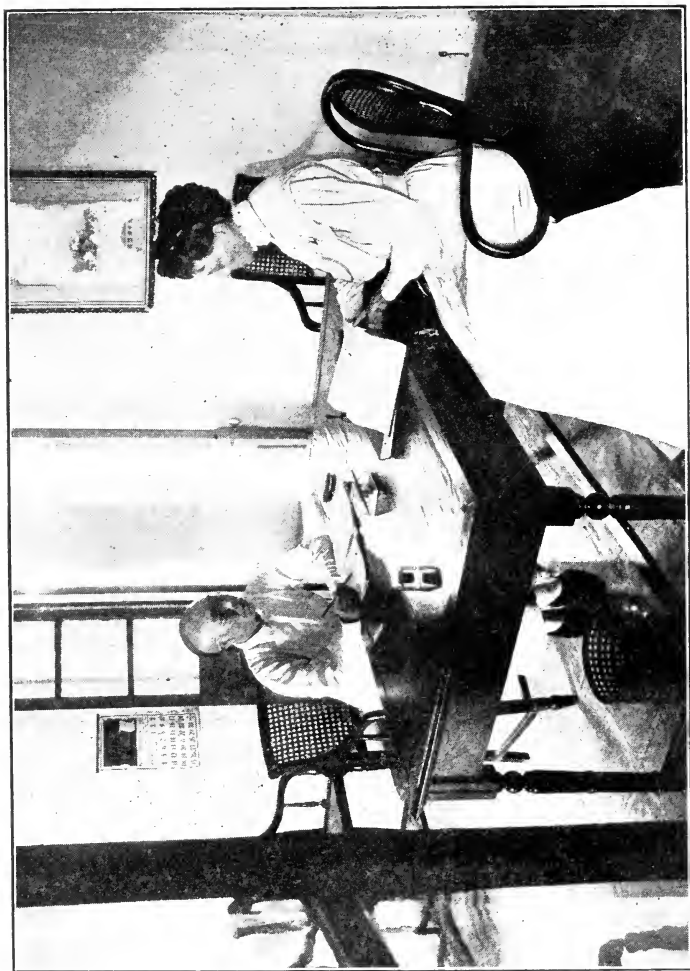
In our mud ward are four wounded soldiers. The military authorities sent them a four days' journey in order that they might receive "Western Treatment". Dr. Leung at once took them under his care. In a short time they were placed in clean clothes and beds, their wounds scientifically treated. These things together with proper food and rest worked such wonders that they got word to several others suffering from gunshot wounds to come, but when they arrived we had no more room.

Ah-Kwai and I have been called to several neighboring villages. This is just what we want. As soon as possible Florence will start schools and Albert, chapels. Medicine seems to be the key that is opening all the doors to high and low, rich and poor. Kindly welcome is given by all.

When one sees these "sheep without a shepherd" one can easily understand what and why He said to the Jews, "I have other sheep, too, which do not belong to this fold; I must bring them also."

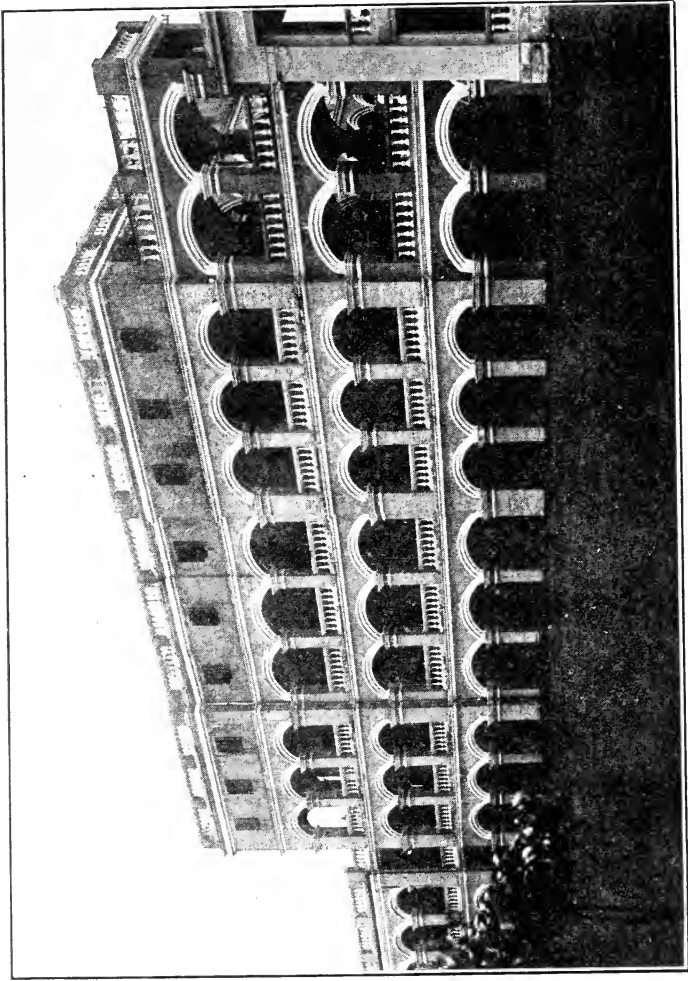
When the supplies came and we each appeared in "brand new" shoes, etc., we felt as "dressed up" as children arrayed for their first party. Our home letters also came at the same time. No matter how many there are,





DR. MARY H. FULTON AND PUNDIT  
*Translating Medical Text-books from English into Chinese, Hackett  
Medical College for Women, Canton, January, 1911.*





MATERNITY WARD OF DAVID GREGG HOSPITAL



nor how long, we want more and want them longer! Please allow an extra month or six weeks to the one month it now takes, for letters to reach us.

*May.*

Now that we are "royally clothed", the hospital ready for the roof, we are indeed the happiest of the happy. The building is of brick; the window and door frames are all in. The people keep sending for us to come to attend them in their homes. This gives us access to many we could not otherwise reach, as the higher class ladies will not be seen in public. In the well-to-do families I was surprised to find several wives. They, their children, and their childrens' servants often make a company of from twenty to fifty. Ah-Kwai tells them the Gospel message and we always leave a booklet, although none of the women can read; but we know the men will seize upon it, even, perhaps, read it aloud.

Thus, day by day each one of us does the little he can under the circumstances. I have treated about four thousand patients, to all of whom the Gospel has been preached.

Our immediate environment is now friendly; hostility and suspicion being slowly disarmed.

The middle of last summer peace was declared between France and China; Tong King passing under the protection of France, and Formosa evacuated by the French.

At Kwai Ping many students are coming to the city to take the biennial examination. It is conducted prac-

tically the same as that at Canton. The Hall, there covers about sixteen acres, and has "cells" for over eight thousand students. It is by way of this literary route that the participant hopes to obtain honor and become an official. Those successful at the first examination receive the degree of "Sau Tsoi" (Flowering, or Adorning Talent). It is about equivalent to our "Bachelor of Arts."

When you receive this, you can think of us in our clean, new hospital with its fine view of river, plain and mountain, our wards full of patients, and the Gospel being proclaimed to those who have never before heard it.

*Canton.*

You will be surprised to see this is written from Canton instead of from Kwai Ping. Still more surprised will you be to learn our new hospital, which was almost ready for occupancy, "went up in smoke", as did the house in which we had been living, together with all we had — household furnishings, medical books, instruments, medicines, etc.

You remember I spoke of an examination taking place when I last wrote. The Kwai Ping magistrate just then had so increased the tax on gambling houses, that the owners closed them. This turned a multitude loose into the streets ready for any diversion. Gambling is universal; almost the only daily, common amusement. Prohibited this, it only needs a hint from the proud students to a few "fellows of the baser sort" to drive out "the foreign devils".

A few rushed over to us. While Albert was talking to them, he at once felt their attitude to be radically different from any who had before come to the dispensary. Not wishing to alarm Florence (who needed the tenderest of care), and not wishing me to go over to the dispensary, as I was only just able to be up after a severe attack of asthma, he told the "boy" to tell us to remain indoors until his return. It happened that on this day, May sixth, many boatloads of soldiers were passing through Kwai Ping returning from the Tong King war. In the early morning some had called to see the wounded soldiers we were treating. Knowing the military powers felt friendly toward us, Albert at once decided to ask the district magistrate—highest in authority—to send over some soldiers to guard our premises until the students had left. While on his way to the yamen (official hall), the rabble caught sight of him and began throwing stones. He turned several times and talked to them. As soon as his back was turned they began throwing again. The stones struck him on feet, legs, back and head. They were hurled with such force that he would have been killed had it not been for his pith helmet; as it was, the stones pierced the inch thickness. One stone went through the thick heel of his shoe and wounded his foot. When he reached the yamen he was dragged in and the lictors had to beat back the rabble with the bamboo rods. He stated his errand to the magistrate and then started to return. This they utterly refused to allow, telling him it meant certain death; that an escort would at once

be sent to bring those at his house to the city. Dr. Leung, who had accompanied Albert, was immediately dispatched to tell us the escort was on the way.

In the meantime our "boy", Ah-Tsat, told us a crowd of "roughs" was collecting outside. Simultaneously we heard the crash of the bamboo fence and heavy stones hurled on the clay-tile roof. These broke and the pieces fell on the ceiling we, fortunately, had put in, thus saving us from being cut with the jagged pieces. Soon, pounding and pushing began on the big barn-like wooden front doors. In the house we had the new iron rods for the hospital windows to insure against thieves; these we propped against the door. While I held these in place, Florence quickly collected valuable papers on the deeds of our site, receipts for lumber purchased, etc., and tied them under her dress skirt. Each new crash was accompanied by yelling. Finding we still did not come out, they brought straw, piled it before the doors and set it on fire. The roar of the flames and the smoke at last forced us to walk out in their midst. I took Edith in my arms, and we went out the small side entrance. As I unlocked the door I recall thinking, "Now, in a moment or two we will be in heaven."

Ah-Kwai (Valuable) was with us. We started toward the river, some following, shouting "Kill them!" "Butcher them!" "Cut them open!" "Drown them."

Between the desire to destroy us and the hope of now entering the house and finding something of value, the latter was the stronger and while they stopped to secure all they could we reached the river's bank. I

offered my class ring (all I had to offer) to a boatman to let us go on his boat, but those gathering about us would not permit this. So all we could do was to sit on the ground and wait. Our prayers were not only going up for our own deliverance, but for Albert, of whom we knew not whether he was alive or not.

The crowd around us were as close as they could pack. Edith was a diversion and an attraction. She was so accustomed to the Chinese that she was not afraid at first, but as the dark faces kept increasing, she hid her face on my shoulder, clasped her chubby arms around my neck and said in her sweet little voice "Ngo pa, Auntie, Ngo pa!" (I am afraid).

After an hour or more we espied Dr. Leung coming to us to tell us of Albert's safety, and the escort to conduct us to the yamen. He led us over "Big Ditch Mouth" to higher ground in the middle of the next field. The sun was very hot beating down on us. Some one loaned an umbrella to hold over Edith. We were out about four hours, but not a whimper did she make, notwithstanding she had not only no milk, no dinner, but not even a drink of water. When we saw the four soldiers in the boat coming for us, we clambered down over a steep, rocky bank and into the boat. We were rowed past the city, then conducted on the outside of the wall to an entrance leading to the yamen. Inside we met Albert.

We were so grateful for this that we hardly, then, thought of our burning house and the spoiling of goods. Later, we learned they carried away all they could of

the new hospital, carried out the soldiers from the old one, set fire to it and to the house of the man who had rented to us, drove off all his cattle and cut down all his bamboo.

The magistrate showed us to a quiet room built on poles over a kind of frog-pond. He also gave us money to buy what we most needed. The one indispensable thing is a mosquito net. Mosquitoes were about in clouds. At night we placed Edith in the center of the bed-boards, then we put our head under the net that covered her. In this way we could snatch a few moments of sleep at a time.

Next morning the son of the magistrate came to warn us not to go near a window as the people were determined to have Albert's head. Some one had put out a placard offering five hundred dollars for his head, and one hundred for mine, because they had "found the body of the person we had murdered out of which we had made our medicine."

Do you recall that I wrote we were making soft soap? While looting the house, this mass, in a large jar was found. Never having seen such a thing in the making, they at once decided it was human flesh. Still more corroborative of diabolic actions on our part, was the finding of a human skull. Then frenzy seized the rabble. The skull was carried over to the city and placed on a pole. What needed one of farther proof; over there was the body and here was the head! "Let us kill the foreign devils!" they shouted.

We accounted for the "body" to the magistrate, but

at first were ourselves puzzled to know how a skull had been found in our house. They declared it was locked up in a trunk. Inquiring farther, we learned Dr. Leung, who had studied anatomy with Dr. Kerr in Canton, had put the skull in his trunk when Dr. Kerr had appointed him to Kwai Ping. Of this, we, of course, were ignorant. It was difficult to get this explanation before the mob. In consequence we spent a most anxious day.

When we dared glance out, it was to see dark faces peering from out the foliage, in the direction of our room. We knew that sometimes the magistrate is powerless to protect; that happens when the crowd breaks down the yamen itself. But the Friend who had restrained the mob from touching us the hours we were alone on the river bank, we knew could now say, "Thus far; but no farther". So we felt not a hair of Albert's head would be touched.

After two days in the yamen, at dawn of the third morning, the magistrate sent us out a back way where a boat was waiting to take us down the river. With us were Dr. Leung and Ah-Kwai. After five days, having changed boats five times, we arrived safely in Canton.

Kind friends quickly supplied our immediate necessities. As our sanitorium was in Macao, we went there for further repairs.

Santa Sancha (name of the mission retreat) was the property of an old Portuguese family. The large quaint house, painted a bright yellow with blue trimmings, stood on an eminence in the midst of several acres of ground. The central walk led to a promontory jutting

out into the ocean. We love to sit there in the soft moonlight, listening to the waves breaking on the beach, and to watch the small sail-boats moving about on the dark, heaving water. Our thoughts travel across the vast Pacific to all the dear ones on the other side. Then we remember that there is "much land still to be possessed" and so we sit and discuss how soon we can go again to Kwong Sai.

*Macao.*

We moved over to Arrowdale a few days ago. As we had only a few baskets of things to move, it was not a very arduous task.

On the twenty-first Theodore Cuyler Fulton came to gladden the hearts of his happy parents.

In this month we returned to Canton, preparatory to going again to Qwai Ping.

Albert had been to see the Viceroy, who said he would order the magistrate to give us protection. This he did, but the proclamation was posted on an obscure gate of the city and seen by few.

We left in August. This time we had two ho-taus, one occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Kerr and Dr. Noyes. We anchored over on the Kwai Ping side. While Dr. Kerr and Albert were to go into the city to "heal and preach", distribute Gospels, etc., the boatmen were to purchase wood to take back to Canton. Wood is scarce and precious in certain parts of the "Two Kwong Provinces". Most of it is obtained from the mountain ranges of Kwong Sai. It is brought down on the backs of women,



then cut in short pieces, tied in bundles and sold by the pound.

The boatmen had bought about a cord and piled it on the bank to dry out a little more. A few loungers, discovering the "Foreign Devils", picked up the sticks of wood and began throwing at the boat. Finally the board windows began to give way. We women and the children, Edith and Theodore, were helped down into the bottom of the boat, after the floor had been removed. This saved our heads from being struck. Fortunately Albert returned in time to quiet the ruffians and had the fo-kies row to the opposite side of the river.

After consultation it was decided that the time was not propitious for our return. We would make frequent trips until we could again with safety settle amongst the people, who we knew wanted us.

Later, they came to us asking us to return. But for the present we could take no risk with Florence and the children. Therefore Dr. Noyes and Mrs. Kerr came to our ho-tau to go back with us to Canton. Albert and Dr. Kerr remained to work amongst the people a little longer.

After finishing with one town they went on to the next. When about half way down the river, the Captain, not knowing the river as well as he thought he did, ran the ho-tau on the rocks. Just after Albert and Doctor climbed out into a small boat which, happily for them, at that moment was passing, the ho-tau and all on it sank. All the medical supplies, bedding, clothing, etc., were lost. For this reason they reached Canton not long after we had arrived.

*November.*

Bishop Warren, while visiting Canton, kindly preached for us. Amongst other things he said, "God has often to lead us through long experiences before we are really ready for the great work of our life. Abraham could not at first have offered up Isaac. God called him to go out to a strange country, to leave his father's house—that was all, just to go. Had God told him what he meant to do for him, he could not have comprehended it; his soul was too small; he had yet to grow.

"Moses was called to leave the king's palace and wander forty years before he could be Israel's leader."

In November we welcomed Dr. and Mrs. Mutchmore. Also Bishop Fowler, who spoke of "Great Men—all were self-poised; not self-centered. We want not speed, but perfection."

Albert and I made a trip to Cheung-Chau, where two schools were established.

*January, 1889.*

The social event of the month was the marriage of our consul's daughter, Miss Seymour. So immersed have we been in work that I had forgotten there were such things as decorated churches for beautiful brides with long trains, white veils and flowers.

In November, Albert baptized two more converts at Ng Chau (also called Wu Chau), one a literary man having the first degree, "Sau Tsoi".

In December I was asked to go to Po Ling, near Swatow, to attend the aged mother of Admiral Fong.

I did not see how I could, owing to the difference in dialects. It was suggested I ask one of the Swatow missionaries to accompany me. Escorts were furnished me and my amah. At Hong Kong we embarked on a coast steamer, as the great ocean steamers do not, as a rule, call at that port. The coast of China is rough and dangerous. Some one on board, trying to be entertaining, pointed out frequently places where, he exclaimed, "Now, right there a terrible wreck occurred; all on board were lost." However, we arrived safely the second day.

Mrs. Lyall, a Swatow missionary, most kindly consented to accompany me to Po Ling, seventy miles beyond Swatow. A large sail and row-boat was made ready for us, and most comfortably we reached our destination.

Po Ling village consisted of four hundred people, all connected with the admiral's family. The venerable mother was eighty years of age, and mother of seven sons. As each son had numerous wives, and all daughters-in-law were brought to the mother's home, these, together with their forty or fifty children, and all the amahs, serving-maids, men, etc., made up the number.

We were received with the greatest courtesy. The admiral ranked very high in the empire. In him was vested the "power of life and death." It was known he had beheaded five thousand people. So afraid of him were those of the surrounding country, that no native doctor could be persuaded to treat his mother.

There have been instances in which the patient died and the doctor was executed. He was also supposed to be a foe to Christianity; so much so that no Christian work was being carried on in that region.

As I entered the room, Madame Fong was sitting up on her bed, held by two servants. Over her was a crimson satin cloak lined with ermine. She was a dignified, pleasant lady, and graciously submitted to treatment. In a few days she was on the way to recovery.

I was also asked to see the first wife of the second son. In all, I was there thirteen days and learned to admire and love many of those I met.

Mrs. Lyall read and talked to all she could, morning, noon and night.

Before I left, permission was given for the sick from outside the village to come for treatment. To these also was the Gospel preached.

When leaving, gratitude was expressed in every way possible. Besides many presents, two gold medals were presented. The admiral sent word that if I would stay, he would present our mission with a site and put up the buildings for a hospital.

But the object for which I went had been gained: namely, the relief of pain, the presenting of the Gospel. The dissipation of prejudice had been accomplished; the way opened for the establishment of work by those speaking Swatow dialect.

You will be amused to learn the inscription on the medals. It said that when I felt the pulse, disease disappeared as mist before the sun! Think of having to "live up to" a reputation like that!

Had the admiral's mother died, he would have had to retire for three years. As it was, he went to Po Ling where thousands of dollars were spent in feasts of rejoicing. The empress sent her congratulations, accompanied by gifts of jade, and rolls of silk—in such high esteem was this “mother of seven sons” held.

In Canton, the admiral called in person. He said I might choose any site anywhere for a hospital and he would see that the mission secured it. The older missionaries said it meant the chosen place would simply be seized and the owners ordered to give up all claim to it, for which, very justly, they would ever after hate us.

1889.

In February we went to Wu-Chau, where Albert baptized his first convert in Kwong-Sai. In June we stored our ho-tau with what we should need for a thousand-mile trip. Our object was to visit Lung-Chau in Tong-King, now a province of French Indo-China. It had been made a treaty port and we wanted to ascertain if it were a strategic point in which to open work.

As the water in the river was low, the current was not so strong against us, but many jagged rocks projected. At intervals we passed nine wrecked vessels. Sometimes we were a day trying to get over a rapid. Just as we felt we were surmounting the boiling torrent, the rope would break and back we dashed. Beyond Kwai-Ping the scenery was diversified in some places by the

black, perpendicular, low mountain ridges. Some times they resembled ruins of castles, forts, or whole deserted towns.

Rounding a bend, one day, we came to a temple built in sections up the side of a steep mountain. As we slowly ascended it, we found in the first building the attendant busily preparing the sacrificial offerings for a feast. Higher up was the idol. Going still higher, we were admiring the beautiful view, when, far below, a boat-load of happy women were about to land on the temple side, and for whom, no doubt, the feast was being prepared. Chancing to look up they caught sight of the "Foreign Devils". Screaming to the oarsman to row back to the opposite shore, they scrambled out as fast as possible on their poor, crippled, bound feet and fled—if such a term can be applied to their confused scattering across the rice fields. Had we been tigers they could scarcely have been more terrified.

Tigers abound. We passed a fresh "kill"—a half eaten horse. In one village through which we passed, a notice was posted that a woman had disappeared, supposedly carried off by a tiger. This notice was posted as a warning to be on the outlook.

We frequently saw long lines of women with enormous burdens of grass, twigs and wood on their backs coming down the mountain side. It was not infrequent that a tiger, hiding in the grass, waited until the line of workers had passed, then sprang upon and carried off the last one.

The tigers come up from India, and down from Siberia and Mongolia. We passed places where there were "traps". The Chinese dig a pit about twenty feet deep and four wide. A lid made to spring covers it. At the far end, the bait, generally a small dog, is placed. Over the lid are spread twigs or branches. As the tiger springs at the dog, the lid falls down into the side of the pit, then springs back, and the dog remains unhurt. The tiger is killed in various ways, often by drowning in order to keep the skin intact. Albert bought one skin measuring about nine feet from tip to tip, for the price of five dollars in American gold.

When Albert was sitting one evening in his boat, suddenly he heard the loud bark or roar of a tiger. One of the fo-kies had on board a dog and the tiger had "scented his prey from afar" and was bounding nearer and nearer for it, but the man got the boat unfastened and rowed out to the middle of the stream before the tiger reached the bank. They kept a bright light all about the boat until morning.

On another trip he passed through a wide ravine between high mountains, where the water flowed out over a wide space. A man had erected a small hut where he could stay while caring for his hundreds of ducks. One night a tiger, with its powerful stroke, stove in the door, sprang in, seized the man and carried him off.

Occasionally, as we traveled, we saw a Pai-Fong, a kind of arch erected to the memory of some widow who had refused to marry again. This was considered

most worthy and deserving of public recognition in the way of enduring stone.

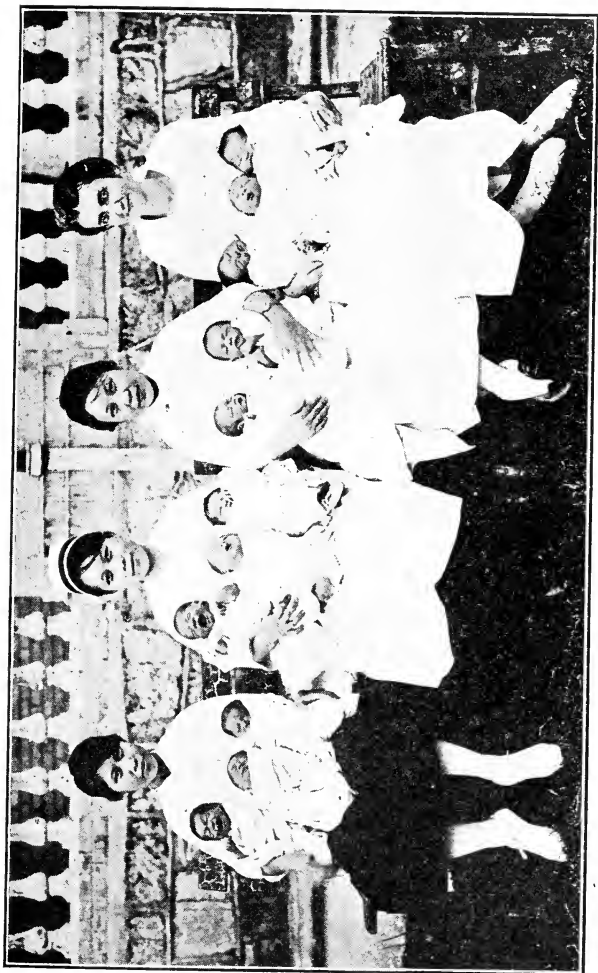
All along the way Albert would preach as he had opportunity. Although the dialect differed from Cantonese, the people could understand him. Gospels and tracts were wisely distributed at the market places.

I had with me stacks of very pretty advertising picture cards. Whenever we walked along the banks the workers in the surrounding fields, as soon as they caught sight of us, came with all possible speed to gaze at us. On the back of each card was a verse of Scripture in Chinese, which card, the boy who could read the verse, was to have.

After the first card had been eagerly examined by each one in the group, excitement ran high. They were afraid to venture very close, lest this prove a mere ruse to allure them near enough to steal them. So they all began shouting "Fan Kwai, pi quo ngo la! pi quo ngo la!" and would stand only near enough to make a dash for it; one foot firmly braced, the other extended as he leaned forward with outstretched arm, loudly calling "Foreign Devil, give me one!"

I said, "You must ask politely, then I will give you each one. Come to me and say, 'Please, Doctor, give me one.'" Finally, after some hesitation, one cautiously approached, and in a frightened, weak voice asked politely for a card. As I held it out, his courage almost failed as he drew near; however he managed to snatch it and run. As he had survived, others came soon. So keen were they that some forgot just what

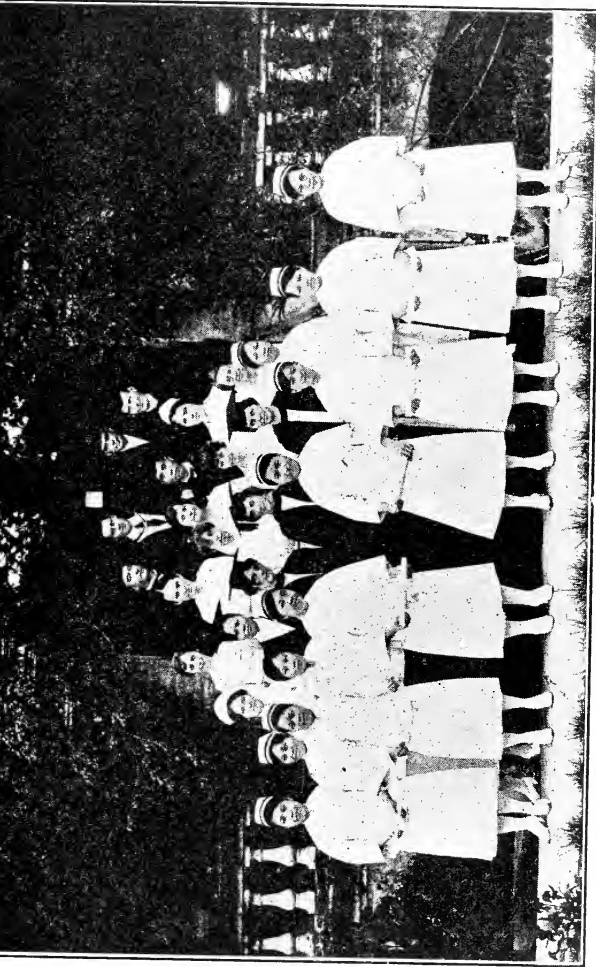




A "WEEK" IN DAVID GREGG HOSPITAL



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HACKETT MEDICAL FACULTY OF 1921 WITH GRADUATING CLASS OF NURSES



to say, and substituted, "Please, Foreign Devil, give me a Foreign-Devil picture-card!"

Sometimes in the villages I could so overcome the fright of the women and girls, most of whom had babies on their backs, that they would approach and receive a card.

In some of the villages through which we passed the only conspicuous land-mark would be a tall flag-staff with frames near the top. This was owing to the fact that one of the men had received the first degree, "Sau-Tsoi" and was thus permitted to have what was called a "name" in the village. Sometimes we saw the staffs which indicated the second degree. This meant having a "name" in the district.

In about five weeks we reached Lung Chau. The French consul and his assistant received us most kindly in their "temple house", entertaining us at dinner.

As the treaty-port had been opened so recently, the consul advised us to wait a while before trying to establish work there.

Now that the rains had come, we pushed out, on our return, to the middle of the river where the current was swift and strong.

Whenever we anchored, my brother preached to those who came to the boat, or when he entered a village.

### III

## The Hospital at Last

IN writing to a paper in America, my brother said, "In China, idolatry is universal from the emperor to the poorest beggar. I have been in scores and hundreds of cities and villages but never saw one, not even the meanest collection of mud huts, without a temple or shrine of some kind."

Millions of people worship stones from their fancied resemblances to human forms.

In fields, large stone altars are frequently seen where prostrations are made and offerings sent forth to the god of harvest. Certain temples along the great river routes claim special powers, and new boatmen, in coming or going, would not fail to shoot fire-crackers or burn incense or possibly go ashore to worship the idol to whom they are indebted for a prosperous voyage.

Now the dominant motive in these practices is the hope of earthly gain. Said a man to me the other night, "If you do not worship, you can never have success with lottery tickets." Selfish ends and a vague hope of somehow propitiating the unknown, combined with slavish fear of offending the idols, are controlling motives in the acts of worship.

The entire sum spent throughout the empire in idol worship of all kinds can not, according to a moderate

estimate, be under three hundreds of millions of dollars. The cost of all the temples is certainly close to eight hundred million, beside the millions annually spent on repairs and construction of new temples.

From an original copy handed to me in Wu-Chau, a large city in Kong-Sai, I translate the following:

“We respectfully announce the communication from the goddess Kun-Shai-Yam, to teach how to avoid pestilence.

“On the twenty-second day of the third moon of the year, in the great and Benevolent Temple of the Heavenly Mountain in Kwai-Chau province, the bell and drum sounded without any known cause. From the site of the divine goddess, these words were spoken, ‘This year the five grains will yield a bountiful harvest, but pestilence and epidemics will visit both man and cattle. The tenth month, many will die. If you know this and do not make it known to others, red blood will flow from your mouth and you will die and incur a ten-fold heavier guilt. If any man believes and does good, he will escape pestilence. But in the eighth month of this year, on the twenty-fifth of the month, at twelve o’clock, the goddess will send down an adverse wind. On the first appearance of pain you must copy these three characters in red ink, on black paper, burn the paper, put the ashes in a cup of wine and drink it and the pain will at once disappear.’”

Last evening I visited a temple on a small island of about five thousand people. Near one idol were a number of live snakes which, I was informed, added to the

idol's spiritual efficiency. In front of the temple a bell was struck several times to call the idol to eat his rice. In the morning a drum was struck to awaken the idol.

Such are the follies imposed upon this people, which had their origin in India. Of the worship of the true God, the propitiation for sin by a perfect sacrifice, and life everlasting, they are as perfectly ignorant as they are of the philosophy of Pythagoras. Such is idolatry—a menace that shrouds a nation in darkness; blocks its progress; saps its energies; devours its resources; and leaves it prostrate in the slough of despondency. Idolatry will inevitably disappear before gospel effort; but it must be focalized effort.

When possible, we filled all our water jars from the springs along the way, otherwise we had to drink the river water. One day the fo-kies told us of a fine spring we were about to pass. Hastily all jars were emptied and we rowed up under the overhanging branches covering the steep bank, where we heard the falling water. When near enough we filled our cups and drank deeply. After every jar was full, we moved out from under the thick shade and on up the river where we could look back on the "spring". We saw the water came from a fertilized rice field which had been irrigated.

One day our cook came back from a town with a sack of real wheat flour. We were astonished that it could be found so many hundreds of miles in the interior. He gave us the most delicious hot biscuits for breakfast. As this was a treat, we ate heartily of them. The next morning I happened, while dressing, to look



through a crack in my board wall which separated my room from the kitchen where the cook stood diligently picking out the weevils from the flour for our morning biscuits.

We tried to keep the ho-tau free from roaches, centipedes and mice. But one night a mouse ran over my face and it was a hurried battle to get it out from under the mosquito net, where I found a small centipede.

Sometimes the centipedes are large. Our boy captured one eight inches long on the floor, as it was rapidly coming towards me.

In 1887, while waiting for the auspicious time to go to Kwong-Sai, I had opened a dispensary in the inner city, in connection with the Third Church. Here, two days in the week, I treated free all those too poor to pay. The patients came into the clean, quiet chapel where they awaited their turn. As there were sometimes over two hundred patients, besides one or more persons who accompanied each ailing one, it was a fine opportunity to present to them simple Gospel truths.

We always invited all to return for the Sunday services. By coming through the week for medicine they became accustomed to the place and lost their fear. Stories were afloat that if one entered any of the chapels he would lose his heart and never again be a Chinese, because the heart would be changed to that of a "Foreign Devil".

One Sunday, as I was listening to the Chinese preacher, in shocked amazement I heard him say, "Now the Lord Jesus is not like Dr. Fulton. He could cure

eyes by speaking a word; but she uses a solution of zinc."

At another service one woman who had been selling oranges brought them into the church and sat down to listen to the sermon. A woman nearby brought forth some cash (the small coin of which about fifteen make one of our pennies), and after selecting several oranges for a child with her, handed the seller the money.

Dr. Mary Niles having returned to America on furlough, my work is vastly increased, as I am looking after her work, too, in Dr. Kerr's hospital. I owe much to my helper "Mui A-Kwai". You remember she was with me during our Kwai Ping experience.

She was born six hundred miles from Canton. Her father had several wives. She was a child of No. 3. When she was eight years old, the father had lost everything through gambling. Wives and sons were sent away to care for themselves, the daughters were sold. A man bought A-Kwai for twenty-eight dollars. Two years later, she was resold for fifty. She never again heard of any of her family. She was brought to Canton, and at eighteen sold in marriage to a Mr. How, who paid eighty dollars for her. Two years later he died in California. She was sent to school, became a Christian and, most remarkable, asked Dr. Kerr to teach her medicine. At that time she had never seen a woman physician.

After finishing her studies, she became Dr. Kerr's assistant in the women's department. She was kindly allowed to accompany me to Kwai Ping.

When she returned to Canton she found her mother-in-law in great poverty. The husband's uncle, an opium smoker, had sold every thing.

Finding A-Kwai (Valuable) had not only come back with no money but lost her belongings, they beat her and ordered her to worship the tablets and light the incense sticks. When she steadily refused, the uncle bargained to sell her.

She escaped to her pastor, who advised her to marry a Christian man, Mr. Plum, just returned from Honolulu. When the former mother-in-law heard A-Kwai had eluded her, she gathered together her clan, took a chain and started forcibly to enter our dispensary to carry her back. Our consul had to send soldiers to protect our premises and disperse the mob. Poor girl, twice she has had to face a mob.

I speak in detail of her history, as it is typical of many and many a poor girl in this land.

Such a fierce fire broke out near the Canton hospital that the patients were all moved out. We packed a few things to take with us. At the German compound, below the hospital, all left their houses. A fire in this compact city, with its narrow streets, is terrifying. A woman with bound feet is as helpless as a baby, unless some one carries her on her back out of the burning district. It is a time when thieves carry off everything they possibly can steal. From the house top I watched the high leaping flames for an hour. Then the wind changed and the danger to us was past.

*Christmas.*

I gave our Christians an opportunity to meet each other at Sz-Pai-Lau Church. Dr. Henry spoke, and after singing some hymns, each one present received a handkerchief, or pair of hose, cake of soap, bag of candy, pen and ink—which is a brush and “stick of ink”—etc. Afterwards all enjoyed tea and cakes.

At odd times, I have translated into Chinese “The Wonders of Prayer” by Whittle.

In 1890 a conference of all the missionaries in China was held in Shanghai. It was a great treat to attend this. The papers and discussions were intensely interesting. Mr. Hudson Taylor suggested that we ask for a thousand more missionaries. With such an additional force, he thought that the Gospel could be given to every family in the empire in three years.

After the general conference, the conference for physicians was held, at the close of which the Shanghai doctors gave us a fine banquet.

Alone in the interior, the burdens seemed very heavy; but after meeting over four hundred others, bearing equal, if not greater burdens, I returned strengthened, refreshed and encouraged.

The work in the three dispensaries I had opened increased.

I had many calls to homes in Canton. When these calls came at night, we sometimes had difficulty in getting through the street gates as they were all locked soon after dark, and not opened till dawn. Not infrequently, in returning, our chairs would be set down

in the narrow streets near a pile of refuse where we had to wait till the watchman came to open the gate in the morning.

The work in the homes was often trying,—the lack of sanitation, and the superstition were great. In one case in which it was necessary to work rapidly in order to save life, I asked the patient's mother to assist me a few moments. She very sweetly declined by saying she was sorry but if she came near her daughter it would bring bad luck to her son's wife.

In another instance a man suddenly entered the room where I was attending a young mother, and crashed down on the brick floor a large clay kettle. He said it would scare away evil spirits. Another time a man lifted a door from off its hinges and banged it down on the floor nine times to scare away the demons.

But the saddest of all cases was where I would find a young girl or woman laid out in her grave clothes in an empty room, while still conscious, to die alone.

I remember one young lady to whom I was called, who had diphtheria. She had been dressed in her grave clothes, which means the putting on of three, five, seven, nine or eleven of their most beautiful embroidered garments, and then laid out on bed-boards in an empty room to die. They are thus dressed because of the fear the people have of touching a dead person. After giving her treatment and leaving instructions for the night, I felt if they would attend carefully to what I said, she might recover. But the next morning I learned

that no sooner had I left than they all fled and she was left alone all night to die.

Another case was that of one of the wives of one of the richest of men. When I entered the house I found the patient laid on bed-boards in the center of a lofty room. She was gorgeously arrayed in embroidered satin shams (jackets)—nine of them. Her fingers were covered with rings and her wrists with bracelets. In her hand was a handkerchief and fan. After having removed most of the heavy garments and examining her, I spoke to her and found she understood all I said. Every door-way opening into the various rooms was crowded with faces. I at once suspected that this lady was the favorite wife and had been poisoned. However, I left strict instructions for the night and especially ordered that the heavy garments be not put on again. After I had left and gone a few squares I remembered I had left my thermometer, and returned for it. I went in quietly and found a large strong amah putting back all the heavy clothing as fast as possible. In the morning the woman was dead.

I was called to see a woman who had taken opium to end her terrible life as a slave to a brutal owner. He informed me he had paid a thousand dollars for her and, because of this, wanted to save her. She was laid on a cold mud floor, her long hair drawn out and the ends laid in a pan of water. From the "earth and water" it was hoped vitality to resuscitate could be drawn. She was, fortunately for her, forever beyond his cruelty.

At another house I found an insane woman lying on the cold floor chained to a huge stone, on which her daily rice was hurriedly thrust.

As there have been no asylums for the insane, it seems the only way the family has to restrain those deranged; though some are put in a bag and drowned.

*April, 1897.*

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Speer arrived.

Mr. Speer preached for us from the text,—“But I am among you as he that serveth.”

Albert went with them into the country, where they could see the vast region he is trying to honey-comb with chapels. Hundreds of villages can generally be counted from the top of a high hill.

*November.*

Dr. Kerr, at seventy three, when most men think they “are too old” for new enterprises, is putting up a hospital for the insane—the first in this empire.

Just in front of my east windows for several mornings I saw Jupiter, Venus and the Moon,—a beautiful sight. “The heavens declare the glory of God.”

*January, 1890.*

Two women from my dispensary united with the church—my first visible fruits.

One woman came for medicine for a cough. We gave it to her, carefully instructing her how, and when

to take it. Much better, she returned for more. When she reached home, she reasoned that if a little had made her feel better, all of it at a dose would probably make her well at once. After trying this she seemed to be dying and was, as is the custom, arrayed in her "grave clothes", carried into an empty room and left there to die, while all the family knelt at a distance and began wailing. Coming out of her coma, she began murmuring "I see the heavenly Father, but I can't see Jesus." Amazed and awe-struck they exclaimed, "She is calling on the Foreigner's God!" Finally she sat up. The next time she came to the dispensary, several came with her to "give thanks to our Father".

After we had instructed her "in the Way", her people were willing she should openly profess the "Jesus she could not see", but had now found. She was received as a pupil in the True Light School. So rapidly did she advance in knowledge and grace that the Church made her its deaconess.

Six infants who had died at the Catholic Foundling Asylum were put in two baskets and given to a coolie to carry outside the city and bury. His hat blew off; he set the baskets down, and went in pursuit of it. A passing child peeped into one of the baskets, and seeing so many dead babies, ran in alarm and told some men. They at once made the man with his baskets go to the yamen. Immediately wild rumors were afloat. The Catholics had killed these infants in order to obtain their eyes and tongues for medicine. Placards were at once posted in prominent places stating that July third



all foreign and native Christians would be killed. However, the officers examined the babies, and finding no mutilation, issued proclamations stating that the children had died natural deaths and any one making any further trouble would be instantly seized and punished.

At the same time the matter was regarded serious enough to request that chapels be closed for a week, and on July third, thirty soldiers were sent to guard the Canton hospital. The English consul also sent to Hong Kong for a gun-boat.

After the French and Chinese war, the old building where the members of the First Presbyterian Church, established in 1862, had worshipped, was sold, and the members scattered. To my brother was given the task of re-establishing the Church.

After much trouble he secured a shop in the western suburb, on a busy thoroughfare, and hunted up half a dozen of the original members; the others had gone to other churches, moved to the country, or left the province.

In this small shop I opened a dispensary. At the back of the room was a narrow hallway with stairs leading to the room above. Under these stairs I held my clinic. When I wanted to examine an eye I had to lead the patient out to the front door where I could get the light, as the only light came from an opening in the ceiling to the floor above. Soon we were too crowded and secured the shop next door.

As the women became accustomed to the place, some came back to Sunday service.

Just before communion, I asked my brother if he would be willing to have the individual cups used instead of the one large cup, as had been the custom. To this he gave his consent and they were used then for the first time in China.

The shops were now so crowded that my brother announced we would build a new church, and any one present who would like to give something toward this could indicate it. The women, of course, never had a cash of their own and the men were so poor, I was almost sorry they were asked to contribute and wondered if we could possibly hope from them as much as fifty or seventy-five dollars. In less than half an hour they pledged eight hundred dollars.

From time to time, grateful patients had given different sums of money to me. I was trying to get enough to build a hospital for women. For thirty millions of people in the two Kwong provinces, there were only the Canton general hospital, and two small ones being started in the country. I had accumulated two thousand five hundred dollars. With this we started out to buy a site large enough on which to erect a church and a hospital.

Land in Canton, a city of two millions, is almost as high as in large cities at home. Beginning near our present place of worship, we examined every possible available spot, but all was far beyond what we could offer. Thus we went farther and farther until we reached the very limit of the city at its west end. There we found an open space where two hundred pigs were

lying about in the mud. At the north side, on the canal, were low sheds into which the swine were driven at night; over them the families slept. At the west was a dye-house; at the rear, a soldier's camp. Each morning and evening cannon boomed from it. At the southeast all the refuse from the adjacent section of the city was dumped. The steam rose in ill-smelling columns.

The owners were willing to sell a portion of this plot. In all the world it seemed there could scarcely be a more prohibitive spot for a sacred edifice and a hospital. But it was the best that we could do with the amount we had, so we bought it.

On it we erected a fine, strong two-story brick building, the auditorium on the upper floor seating six hundred; below, two pleasant rooms, one for the men and one for the women; at the rear, two rooms for a dispensary—the money, a thousand dollars, given by Mr. Hasbruck, of Brooklyn Lafayette Avenue Church. That church also gave a thousand toward our building. This well-built structure, its beams of teak wood impervious to white ants, cost three thousand dollars. Today it would cost nearly ten times that amount.

At the dedication, many congratulations were showered upon my brother for erecting this, the largest and finest church building in the city, and that too in an untouched part. The church seats about five hundred and is called the Theodore Cuyler Church.

After the dedication, my brother, having been out nine years, returned home with his family on fur-

lough. In America he told of the needs for a hospital, and that as I had helped the church, so now they wanted to help me. Lafayette church in Brooklyn gladly gave three thousand dollars and asked that it be named the David Gregg Hospital.

I immediately began building the hospital for women and children, on the south side of the church site. It was of grey brick, three stories high.

Nine young ladies had applied for medical instruction. They were bright Christian girls. The only place I had was the women's room and the two dispensary rooms in the church building. I turned the women's room into a dormitory, separating the students' beds by sheets hung on bamboo poles.

For the equipment for the medical college we had a few maps and a skeleton. Our textbooks were the few which Dr. Kerr had translated.

The clinics were large and the students were accorded fine advantages in actually seeing and helping. When I was called to cases in the homes, I took with me one of the students.

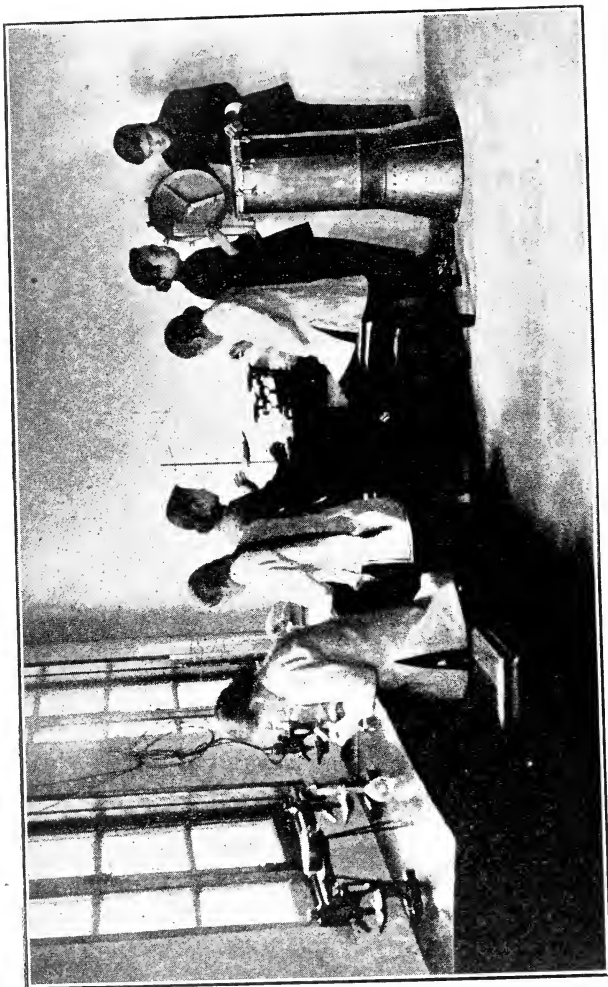
In the Hong Kong daily paper, the "China Mail" was the following:

*Canton, April 24.*

Wednesday, April 23rd, will long be remembered as a red-letter day in the history of medical and philanthropic work in the city of Canton. It is really the beginning of a new era and is fraught with blessings that will reach many generations of women and children in this great city.

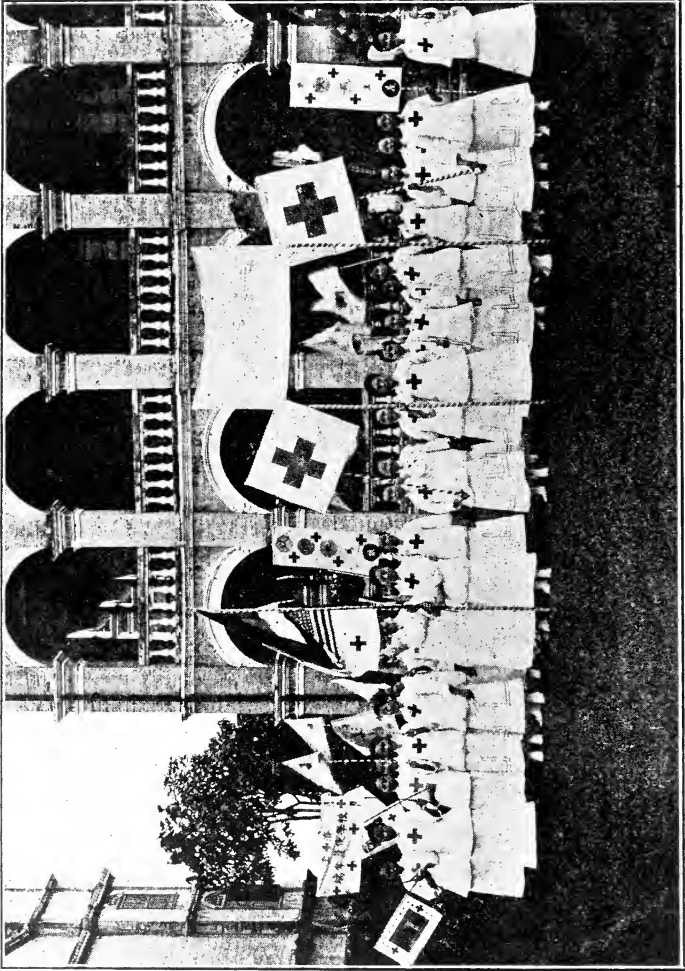
Hitherto the medical care of women and children has only been a department of the existing hospitals; but as they represent two-thirds of the population, it is not only right but





A LABORATORY IN HACKETT MEDICAL COLLEGE





MEDICAL STUDENTS PREPARED FOR RED CROSS PARADE



absolutely necessary that they should be treated apart from men.

Long before 2 o'clock, the hour for beginning the services, crowds of Chinese men and women had practically taken possession of the Theodore Cuyler church.

United States Consul McWade occupied the chair. Among those present were the Tartar General, the Provincial Judge, the Nam-Hoi Magistrate, the Pun-U, the Intendant of Grain Tax, the Brigadier General, the President of the Viceroy's College, and a large number of leading Chinese, besides many representatives from the foreign community.

After the reading of the Scriptures, singing and prayer, Consul McWade gave a short address tracing the rise and history of the hospital. He showed the great future there was in store for this institution and he hoped that very soon we would have sufficient funds to buy out the rest of the "Pig Village".

After the congratulatory addresses from several different denominations, and singing by the medical students, the officials and foreigners and others were invited to make a tour of the hospital. It won the admiration of all who saw it.

On the ground floor were dining rooms, rooms for attendants, etc. The second floor was occupied by the main ward. This was fitted with white iron bedsteads presented by Mr. John Converse of Philadelphia. The upper story consisted of private wards and a maternity ward. The light, ventilation, and all arrangements are in accordance with the most modern and improved methods.

The hospital starts under the happiest omens of a great and glorious future of successful service, the worthy cause of prevention as well as the healing of the sick.

Mary Fulton, the doctor in charge, is to be heartily congratulated, and with this we join the names of Dr. and Mrs. Albert Fulton.

When the new hospital was finished, I moved the students into the private rooms on the third floor. I then wrote to my brother, who was on his second furlough in America, how much we needed for a building for medical students. On the occasion of one of his addresses, Mr. E. A. K. Hackett, editor of the "Fort

Wayne Sentinel", at once gave four thousand dollars for a building.

There have been many deaths from bubonic plague. Two thousand deaths occurred in Hong Kong, and a hundred thousand here.

No advice, no warnings, no threatenings could prevail upon the people to clean their houses and streets with disinfectants.

In Hong Kong, cartloads of refuse were removed from single buildings.

The Chinese resented this inspection and what they termed "interference" by foreigners. Ninety thousand left Hong Kong. They put out inflammatory placards saying the private rooms of the women were forcibly entered, the women dragged out, their throats cut, and the bodies thrown into the ocean.

These stories reached Canton and adjacent cities. The cry now went out—"Cut the foreigners' throats". The viceroy had to issue a proclamation ordering the instant suppression of such stories.

But new ones arose concerning "heung-paus"—perfumery bags. The people have an idea if they cannot smell a malodor, they are quite safe from any contagion.

I have met men with the nostrils stuffed with rolls of cloth, peanuts, etc. This, of course, necessitated breathing through the mouth, the evil effects of which they knew not.

Most persons, however, preferred to use a small heung-pau.

Now the story went out that these paus were distributed by foreigners to Christian women who gave them to others, who, as soon as they smelled them, died. This was in order that the brains might be used as medicine.

In consequence, two foreign women physicians were stoned. One was dragged to a rubbish heap, and drenched with water containing fish scales. A man from the customs rescued her. The other was saved by a Christian Chinese and his wife, who pulled her into their house and kept back the mob for an hour, until foreign aid arrived.

The viceroy had to order all dispensing of medicine to cease, even at Dr. Kerr's hospital, where for forty years he had ministered to the suffering of this city.

But the epidemic continued unabated. Then they started the story that, since no foreigners died, they must have poisoned the waters used only by the Chinese. Therefore they refused to let any foreign doctor attend the sick. But when they found that thirteen got well when treated by a foreigner to only one when cared for by a native doctor, they gradually concluded perhaps it would be a good thing to whitewash their plague-infested walls and disinfect their reeking drains, and allow the foreign doctor to help and advise them.

Just as the plague is abating, we learn Japan has declared war with China.

In July, I had the pleasure of welcoming one of my professors, Dr. Anna Bromall, of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

In August, we had an earthquake that so rocked the house it awakened us. Some of the houses in the city fell.

Meeting the wife of the British Consul, she told me that the consul whom we met at Lung-Chau had just left with his wife for that post, via the West River, but that one of the customs' men was taking his bride back to Lung-Chau through the Tonquin route. Both were shot in their jinrickshas.

It shows the place is still in an unsettled condition. We do not regret not opening work there.

An epidemic of La Grippe (people call it influenza) broke out. Tens of thousands have died. The coffin shops have been kept open day and night, but could not meet the demand, although neighboring cities sent in large supplies.

Kwong-Sai still appears hostile to the entrance of the Gospel. Pirates are everywhere on the southern waters. Recently eighteen were executed in Hong Kong. A few days after, Admiral Fong ordered sixty-three to be beheaded here in Canton.

For ten years we have been hammering at the closed doors at Lien-Chou, three hundred miles from Canton. Now the doors have opened, and missionaries are living there, giving the Light that lighteth the world.

I have been trying to get all my work in shape before going on furlough. Dr. Mary Niles has kindly promised to look after it during my absence.

Amongst some gifts is one from a scholar, a white

silk fan, on which was a poem, the meaning of which may make you smile.

“You have been seven years in China. Who is your equal in  
tenderness of heart  
And skillfulness in art.

Canton is very dependent upon your help.  
The angels above are incessantly praising you.  
With a heart that loves your dear ones  
You have extended your love to your neighbors.

For this reason I am fortunate enough to meet  
Your tender face.  
Now by water and by land you are peacefully  
Returning to your own country;  
May the sea be calm and the road smooth.”

This will be my last letter on this side. I wonder if I have a mother or brothers at home? I seem myself to have been living in Bible times, about three thousand years ago. Here the “mourners go about the streets”, the “women are grinding” and the water is being “drawn from wells”. The “beggars lie at the rich men’s doors”, and the “poor are everywhere”.

## IV

### Medical College and Nurses' School

#### EXTRACT FROM THE ASHLAND (OHIO) GAZETTE

*July 11, 1893.*

Many readers of the *Gazette* will be surprised to learn that one of our oldest and most beloved citizens is about to leave for the Flowery Kingdom.

Nearly fifty years ago, Mrs. Augusta L. Fulton came to Ashland in company with her husband, the late General Fulton. During the past half century she has been a prominent and influential factor in our city in every thing that has helped to put down vice, intemperance, immorality, and to put in their places those nobler virtues that lift men and women up into a higher and better life.

General Fulton will always be remembered as Ashland's greatest lawyer, and in fact one of the greatest attorneys Northern Ohio has ever known.

He was a man of commanding presence, standing six feet two inches, broad shouldered. Withal a scholar, orator, soldier, and statesman.

Mrs. Augusta Fulton leaves in a few days with her only daughter for Canton, China.

Rev. Albert Fulton, "Al" as many of us knew him, has been a missionary for twelve years, and is the author of the plan of each member of the church giving two cents a week for Foreign Missions.

Dr. Mary H. Fulton has spent seven years as a medical missionary.

On this, her first furlough, she felt her duty to her mother, now sixty-seven, required her to give up her chosen work. To this, the mother would not consent, and announced she would accompany her daughter back to her field of labor.

This is truly a self-denying act. A greater sacrifice than her friends realize, Mrs. Fulton leaves her home, and all that

makes declining years happy, leaves friends and native land, and two dear sons.

Many loving words from dear old friends are showered upon them both.

The prayers and good wishes of a host of friends will go with this Christian mother and daughter, whose self-sacrificing devotion to the Master has influenced them to give up the dearest spot on earth, with its many hallowed associations, and made fragrant by a knowledge of duty well performed."

**M**RS. Archibald Little, wife of Commissioner of Customs of Shanghai, lectured on anti-foot-binding, in the Shameen Club Theatre; the British Consul in the Chair.

The seventeenth had a large meeting of Chinese and foreigners at the Second Church. Mrs. Little spoke and Captain Yung translated. Many joined the society called "Tin Tsuk Ui" (Heavenly or Natural Feet Society).

At this time, Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of the two Kwong provinces, was the greatest man in a country of over four millions of people. Mrs. Little wanted to get the Viceroy's sympathy in this great work of unbinding the women's feet, so sent to Li Hung Chang's son, Lord Li, a letter of introduction from the Italian consul in Hong Kong. He replied his father would receive Mrs. Little and myself at three o'clock Monday.

Accordingly, arrayed in our best and with four chair bearers, we reached the yamen and were most cordially received, first by Dr. Maak, then by Lord Li, and then by Viceroy Li Hung Chang in his private drawing room furnished in foreign style.

He is a man of commanding appearance and impressive presence, even at the age of seventy-eight years. He was dressed in red silk, lined with ermine, and a fur shaam of sable. He wore magnificent diamonds, one a solitaire on the little finger of his left hand, and a circle on his button on the front of the round hat which the Chinese wear in the house.

A dozen men stood about the room. Li Hung Chang, Lord Li, Dr. Maak, Mrs. Little and myself sat around a center table on which was placed tea. Lord Li spoke English, having been eight years in England.

When the visit was finished, the viceroy with his own hand wrote his name saying he would send a hundred dollars to our Women's Hospital. Lord Li and Dr. Maak kindly accompanied us to our chairs.

Dr. Hykes of the American Bible Society, in an address said, "Forty years ago the missionaries thought it a remarkably good day if they could get six people to take a tract or gospel. This last year the society sent out one half million copies of the New Testament and Bible. They are at present getting out an edition of the Cantonese Testament for ten cents a copy."

He said, "One reason the sale has been so great is owing to the acceptance of the beautiful Bible given to the Empress Dowager three years ago on her sixtieth birthday." Mr. Hykes said that Li Hung Chang told him he saw the copy in the emperor's palace, so she surely received it.

Emperor Kwung Chi sent a servant to a book store in Peking for a copy of the whole Bible. He was sup-



plied with one. In a few days a servant returned and said the print was imperfect and he wished a better one. This was given him. Then the Emperor made out a list of seventy books and sent to the store for them. As they could not be had until printed at Shanghai, they knew not what to do. Finally, the missionaries in Shanghai, knowing it would be a long time before the order could be filled by the Society, gathered the books together and sent them to the Emperor.

After seeing my brother and family on board the steamer in Hong Kong, my mother and I remained in the London mission for my month's vacation.

Mrs. Well's little daughter had a pet monkey, and one morning she brought it to me to show me how something had bitten its head. It seemed almost dying. I told her to unchain it and put it in the aviary so that nothing could molest it. I told her that I thought it had been attacked by a snake. That day it seemed to be better and the next morning as I went to the mail box I saw a snake, several feet long, inside the aviary trying to get at the monkey. The coolie soon came and killed it and Betty was delighted that her monkey was spared. The snake had crawled in through the small open drain into the aviary.

We enjoyed the beautiful winding walks in Hong Kong and the meetings with different missions.

In the midst of this, a black war cloud seemed about to burst over China, and we were not permitted to go back to Canton. All the missionaries were ordered in from the interior. The serious trouble began in the

north by the so-called Boxers killing native Christians and foreigners, looting and burning their buildings. The imperial troops turned in and helped in burning the legations at Peking and killing the German Minister. All consuls have warned foreigners to go to places where they can be protected. Nearly all the Canton missionaries are here in Hong Kong or in Macao.

We heard that all foreigners in Peking had been massacred; that they had fled to the British legation building. With little food and ammunition, had held out for ten days. That is all we heard for weeks. Later, a report came that they were still holding out.

No troops had been able to get to Peking. Over ninety Protestant missionaries, beside Roman Catholics, and hundreds of native Christians have been massacred; most of them in a brutal and horrible manner. The Empress Dowager and Emperor have both escaped and there is practically no government at Peking. Everything is in an unsettled and chaotic condition.

At Lung Kong, to the south of Canton, a large number of Christians' homes were looted. Some were abducted and some killed.

At Shek Lung the chapel was looted. Thirty-two of our converts escaped with nothing save the clothes they had on. In a few days the Tung Kun hospital, church, and the doctor's house were burned. The Wesleyan chapel at Sun Vi has been looted. About ten of my brother's chapels in the interior were looted.

The trouble seems to be growing stronger in the south. One night they tried to blow up the Viceroy's

yamen. Several persons were killed. Troops from different nations finally reached Peking and liberated the besieged foreigners.

Slowly we are resuming work again in Canton, and things seem to be getting back to normal.

In some homes I would see a coffin containing the body of one dead for over a year or more. A pipe runs from the lid up through the roof. Upon inquiry I learned the priests had not yet found the "lucky site".

Sometimes coffins are carried out and set anywhere in the open, where they remain indefinitely.

Many families have suffered great financial loss in trying to meet the expenses of the dead. "To omit the masses for the departed or the offerings made at the grave is to incur the anger of the spiteful dead who can now avenge themselves on the living."

A hundred fifty millions of dollars are annually spent in quieting the spirits.

When my brother and family returned from furlough to Canton, they moved into their new house across the river to Fai-Ti (Flowery Earth). As all our work was on the city side, it required much time every day crossing and re-crossing. In very stormy weather it was some times dangerous. The river is like a great bay in front of the north end of Canton.

One evening as I was returning after my day's work, as usual, I called a sam-pan (small boat). The passenger sits in front and the rower stands at the back. As we were nearing the center of the wide river the rower said that it was too dangerous to go on, so rowed back.

The sky was dark and the wind so strong, not a boat of any size was to be seen crossing. I felt I must go over that night, so offered several times the usual fare. Finally one man said he had an old boat which it would not matter if he did lose, and bravely rowed me over.

At another time, half way across, the top of the boat blew off. I caught it and held it up in the water, or the sam-pan would have capsized.

With the time it requires to go over to my dispensary, the danger, etc., everything determined us to build our houses on the city side, near the church. One other thing made it desirable to go, and that was to get away from a small, very dirty pond into which Edith, Theodore, Harold, Ralph, Grace and Horace had all at different times fallen.

One day we made a trip to the Canton Christian College, which was several miles down the river. All about the compound were graves, which the College was gradually paying the relatives to have removed. Over the graves the Chinese make a kind of conical mound, though some are large, elongated and elaborate.

In the boat, as we were returning, Grace said, "I wish we lived in a graveyard; it is so much fun sliding down the tombstones."

As there were no schools, Florence had to do all the teaching. With the care of the house and children, there was not much time for special definite outside work. A Christian home is also a fine example for the Chinese.

One Chinese visitor asked her how many times my

brother had beaten her. She said, "Not once." The woman, looking incredulous, said, "All these years, and not once yet!"

From the Hong Kong daily paper we cull the following :

*Canton, December 17th.*

"This year will long be remembered in Canton for two events regarded at once as of present and far-reaching importance, both in connection with medical work. The first was the establishment by Dr. Mary Fulton of a hospital for women and children. The second was the opening of a medical college for Chinese women. That both these projects have been carried out within a year is a tribute to the doctor who presides over it all.

"The hospital and medical college are in the west end of Canton, the best residential part of the city. Before the hour for the meeting in the church at 2 p. m., the building was crowded. The number present was not much short of a thousand. Chinese officials were well represented from the viceroy to the military officials.

"The United States vice-consul, Mr. Langhorn, took the chair. After reading of Scripture and prayer, the consul addressed the meeting. 'Ladies and gentlemen: It is a great honor as well as a great pleasure to me to be asked to preside at the opening of this, the first woman's medical college in the empire of China.

"This college is a gift of one man, an American, member of the Presbyterian Church.

"No greater charity can be found than that which reaches to those who can not help themselves—the sick and the infirm. Next to the saving of the soul, no one can have a higher calling than to devote his life to relieving human suffering and prolonging life.

"The Woman's Medical College is a counterpart of the Woman's Hospital adjoining, and at the opening of which, a few months ago, many of you were present.

"Thousands of people perish annually, owing to the want of knowledge of modern methods of scientific treatment and surgery. The need of a woman's college of medicine has long been felt, and the benefits to be derived therefrom will be a thousandfold.

“In the course of time the graduates of this college will be scattered throughout the different provinces, giving comfort and relief to many homes. In this country a woman physician conforms with the high ideals of Chinese propriety.

“Thus, in undertaking to raise the women of China to such a noble and unselfish work in the relief of the suffering, Dr. Fulton has undertaken one of the greatest tasks that has ever fallen to one of her sex. I now have the honor of declaring the Medical College formally opened, I wish every success, for its graduates I sincerely hope that one and all will give it the encouragement and support that such a praiseworthy and beneficent institution deserves.”

“After inspection of the new building, tea, coffee and cake were served. The Woman’s Medical College, like the hospital, is a model building. There are thirteen students in residence, and already thirty applicants for admission next year.”

Beside the asylum for the insane, in charge of Dr. Kerr, Dr. Mary Niles became deeply interested in rescuing little blind girls and educating them for Christian work.

Finding a suitable site on Fa Ti side, suitable buildings were soon erected and soon a hundred rescued little ones were learning to read the gospels by means of the Braille system.

Also at this time one of the missionaries became interested in rescuing the untainted children of lepers. If they are taken away from their parents before the ages of six or seven, they can generally escape developing leprosy. About twenty of these children were rescued and put in a clean building, with a kind, Christian matron, the whole in charge of Dr. Andrew Beatty.

There were already a number of fine schools for boys and girls in the city.

At the close of a busy day, as I was about to inspect one of the new buildings, a Chinese gentlemen came

and had a servant place upon my table several straw bags containing silver dollars. He said that he and two others had been asked to contribute to a beneficent cause. They were glad to do so and had promised this money in the bags. But some trouble arose and they decided not to give it where they had intended, and after consultation, decided to give it to the David Gregg Hospital for Women. When we counted it out there were over eleven hundred dollars.

Just in front of our compound they have erected an open pavilion gaily decorated with gilt pictures of "unknown gods." A tablet bearing a dead man's name was placed on a table, near which were six priests chanting, bowing, kneeling to the idols, beseeching their assistance to bring the departed out of Hades.

The relatives kneel before the tablet. When the soul is safely out of Hades, the priests break down a bamboo and paper house on whose door is written "tai yuk moon"—door of Hades. Just at this juncture the nearest relative grasps the table, jumps, saying his father or mother has jumped out of Hades into heaven.

The priests are paid from a few dollars to a few thousand. The more money the family have, the longer does it take to save the departed,—varying from one to forty-nine days.

This is the universal custom throughout China. In Canton are about two thousand Buddhists, nuns and priests, and Taoist priests. About one million dollars are expended yearly for idolatrous and superstitious practices in this city alone.

Almost without exception, the calls to homes are to very difficult cases. We feel the urgent need of a maternity ward. To my great joy, Mrs. Charles P. Turner of Philadelphia, as soon as she heard of this urgent call, gave five thousand dollars for the ward.

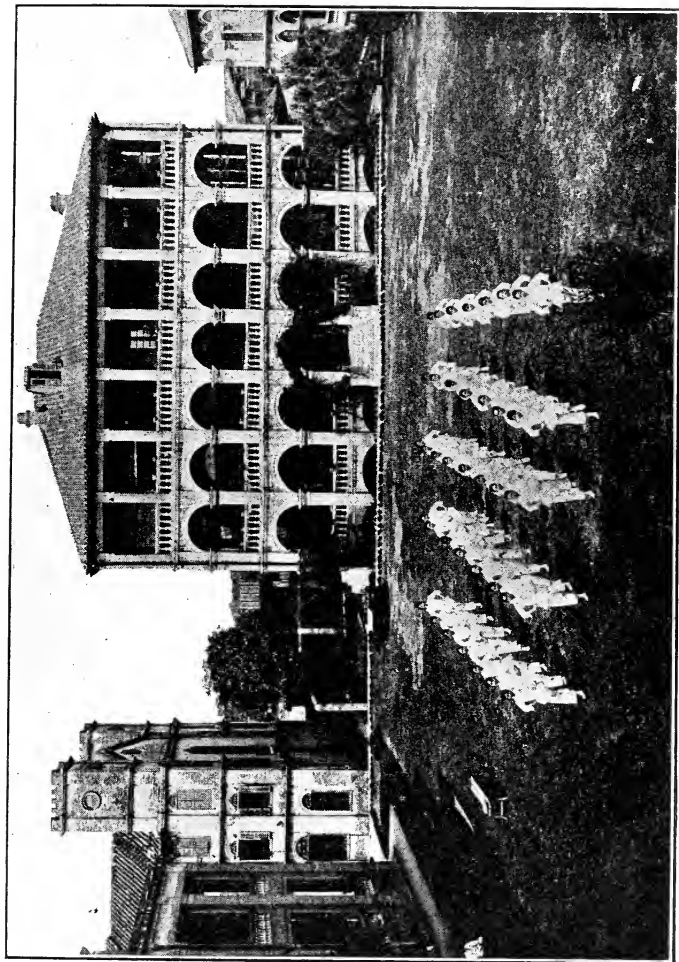
On the site of the old soldiers' camp, we decided to erect this new building. The architects were Parnell and Paget. When finished, there was probably no more substantial building in Canton. The building is practically four stories high. On the lower floor are offices, drug rooms, dining rooms, etc. The other floors are private wards; each room opening out into a spacious veranda. The architect desired to make the building worthy of the work to be done in it, and it looks as though it might stand forever.

There is probably no more busy section in the city than this mission compound. It is alive from morning till night and often during the night. Those who have contributed to the establishing of this institution might congratulate themselves, as the money given has been well expended. From one of the Hong Kong papers we read the following:

In mentioning the David Gregg Hospital, we must make mention of the School for Nurses. While doctors are badly needed, they can not be more needed than trained nurses. The doctor is practically helpless without a skilled nurse. The patients suffer many hardships at the hands of inexperienced nurses. In Canton, it has been almost impossible to get a nurse of any kind.

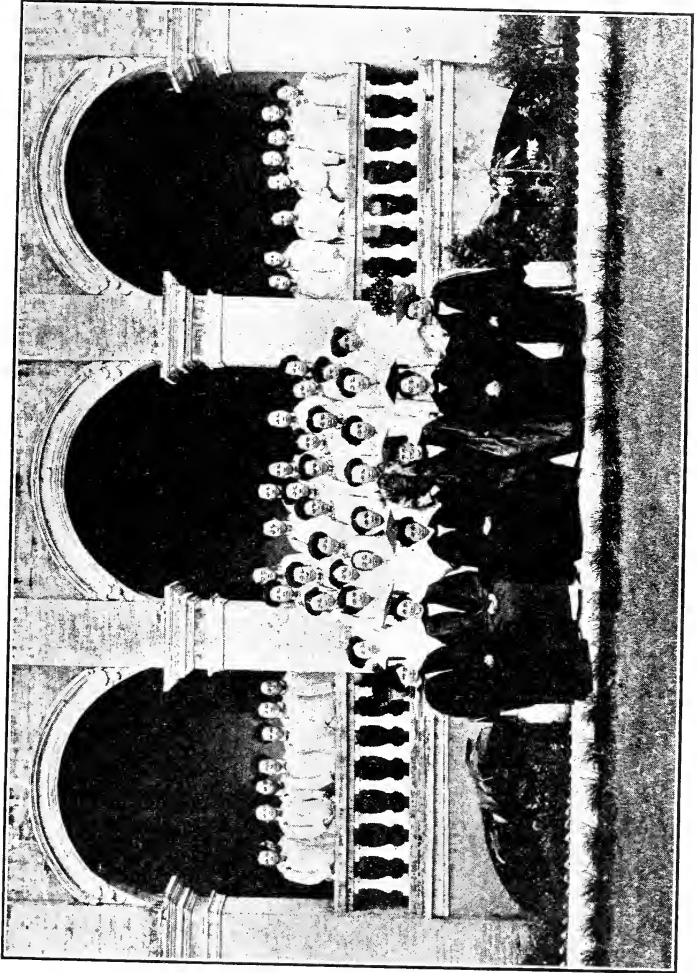
It was to meet the great need for trained nurses that Dr. Mary Fulton determined to open a school for nurses. Again Mrs. Charles P. Turner responded at once to the call for a building and sent the money for a home for nurses.





HACKETT MEDICAL STUDENTS IN CALISTHENICS





HACKETT MEDICAL COLLEGE FACULTY AND STUDENTS



The maternity ward was named the Mary H. Perkins Memorial, in honor of Mrs. Perkins of Philadelphia, and the training school was named in honor of Mrs. Thorpe of the Presbyterian Women's Board of Philadelphia.

Dr. Mary Fulton is certainly to be congratulated on this work. It has required no small amount of executive ability to carry through to success institutions such as are grouped about the Lafayette Compound.

Not the least important fact to mention is that all this work is self-supporting."

At this time Mr. E. A. K. Hackett, hearing that a building for laboratory and recitation was needed, sent two thousand dollars. Immediately we began erecting this building.

While I was putting up these buildings, at odd times I translated some of our needed medical books. From one of the journals we quote the following :

Dr. Mary Fulton has presented the Tract Publication Society with a supply of her translation of "Nursing and Abdominal Surgery" by Anne M. Fullerton of Philadelphia. This is a book of thirty-six double pages, Easy Wen-li, printed in Chinese style. The terminology follows the medical lexicon. This is a very valuable gift, as we have at present only one book on nursing, the 'Manual of Nursing'.

Now with churches, schools, hospitals, the care of the insane, the blind and the lepers, and work developing in the interior, we felt a foundation had been laid.

The medical work was crowded. The calls to homes before the advent of women physicians, had been, Dr. Kerr said, about five thousand a year. Sometimes four of my doctors were out attending difficult cases in the homes.

Many lepers came to the hospital begging to be cured. A dear young girl came one day, saying her mother had

ordered her to go to the river and drown. Another had been beaten and cast out by her husband and had nowhere to lay her head. She sat weeping on the hospital steps. Another came saying that her husband said she must not come back if I could not cure her. One woman came with her throat cut; and another with her tongue nearly cut off. Her owner said she had stirred up trouble by her gossip. One day we were called to the homes of two women who had committed suicide through the medium of opium.

While I was treating a patient in a home in the city, a woman fainted. I asked the amah to put her in a recumbent position. She replied, "Oh! no, that would be the worst thing to do." She dragged her into an upright position on a chair, and forced into her mouth dried ginger.

Another girl was brought in whose ear was cut off to the lobe, by which it was barely hanging. Her owner had "punished" her in this way.

Not a day but our hearts are wrung with pity. I understand why *His* heart broke.

At the time other buildings were being erected, the Zanesville Presbytery of Ohio gave me three thousand dollars for a house in order that I could be near my work. Since my coming to China, this society had loyally supported me, not only giving the essentials but sending wonder bags (from which a bag was to be drawn every day during the year), and many towels and cakes of soap thus extracted delighted the hospital helpers.

The house was erected on the site of the Old Pig Village. When finished, it was one room deep, and three stories high with verandas. I stood the house "on end," as it were, so that every room would face the south.

Up to the present I had only the Chinese doctors whom I had trained to help me in the college, hospital, training and out-practice.

One of these was Dr. Loh, married at fourteen years of age to a man she had not seen. He paid her relatives a hundred and twenty-five dollars for her. Some months after they were married, he went to New York, where for ten years he was a laundryman. Occasionally he sent some money. When nearly sixteen years of age, she made application to study medicine. Her aunt was a fine teacher of Chinese and had thoroughly instructed her niece in the reading and writing of that language. I accepted her as a student and in 1904 she was graduated from the Hackett Medical College.

I installed her as one of the instructors and as one of my assistants in the operating room. In a few years she became a proficient operator, doing forty-five consecutive severe abdominal operations without the loss of a patient. She never weighed a hundred pounds. She was dainty in her person, exquisitely neat, quick and accurate. I never saw her nervous in the face of the gravest danger, nor her hand tremble in the most dangerous and delicate operations. She was made superintendent of the Sunday School, which rose from a handful of scholars to between two and three hundred, with twenty-one teachers in charge of classes.

When the nurses' training school was opened, a half dozen or more bright young women applied and were accepted. They had never seen a trained nurse and were shy of the white suit, cap and stockings, as white is the Chinese sign of mourning. However, they wanted to be "like American nurses," and appeared fresh and attractive in the new clothes.

One evening Dr. Loh, in whose charge were the nurses, came in, white, holding an empty envelope in her hand. She told me that the nurses, knowing how afraid she was of the finger-long, green "horn" worms, had put some in an envelope and had had it delivered to her. They managed to be around when she opened the letter. Seeing her nearly faint, they laughed heartily. Of course they meant only fun, but a hospital where the work involves life and death, was not the place for playing tricks. Calling them all in, I dismissed those involved. Never since did I have anything of that kind occur.

Among the first nurses graduated was a Miss Leung. She spoke English, though she had to take the course in the Chinese language.

A literary man of the first degree, who taught, received eight (Mexican) dollars a month. I therefore decided that if the nurses received fifteen dollars a month and board, it would seem princely to the men of all the families, who despised women because they were never able to earn any money.

On Shamcen, the "Foreign Quarter", that is, where the Europeans and Americans (outside of the mission



circle) live, the doctor for that community dwelt. He was put in much trouble to get English nurses up from Hong Kong. Hearing of our nurses, he tried Miss Leung. So pleased were the ladies of whom she took care, that they kept increasing her wages. Finally the doctor came to ask if I would be willing to let Miss Leung be engaged just for Shameen at a salary of a hundred dollars a month. For years she has been the beloved nurse to most of the ladies living there.

Of course this made the other nurses feel that they should have a hundred dollars a month, even if they could not speak English. Soon they were engaged at I know not what prices, but the demand was so urgent and the supply so desirable, efficient, and scarce, that I ceased to make any rules concerning remuneration.

Just as Dr. Loh was in the zenith of her usefulness and enjoying a wide reputation for skillfulness, her husband returned. He came in suddenly and simply said to her, "Go over to my place." She said she would have to speak to Dr. Fulton first. I invited him to come over to my house for consultation. As it was just examination time, I asked that Dr. Loh be allowed to wait until after commencement.

But in a day or two he came with another man and chair to forcibly take her away. As this was against the law (permission must be had from the American consul to enter American premises for any such purpose), he was restrained. After further discussion of hours and days, and a promise of her repaying all he had spent for her, he gave her a bill of divorcement.

I believe that "what God has joined together, man should not put asunder," but I could not believe God approved of such helpless girls being sold to men and becoming so much property to be used and disposed of as the men choose. Every son's wife becomes absolute slave of the mother-in-law.

I was visiting a home recently when a mother exhibited with pride her thirteen daughters-in law. I said, "Oh, you have thirteen sons!" She answered, with much pride, "Three; one son has these," pointing to a group of seven.

## V

### Recognition and Progress

**A**FTER having moved thirteen times, it was a joy to at last move into a house of my own. Never did any missionary have a more generous, loving, loyal support than the Zanesville ladies gave me. In a printed report of that Presbytery was stated, "Dr. Fulton writes, 'Whatever I have accomplished thus far is your work. I removed a cancer from a suffering woman—*You* did it. I restored sight to the blind—*You* did it. I relieved many suffering thousands. *You* did it. I thought, Our Father, how good thou art to us.' We had but given Thee of Thine own—a little money, a few things for the comfort of our sisters in far off China, and we never thought of reward. It was done because we *loved* Thee. Dear Jesus, Thou hast not made us wait until *that day*, but here and now, we hear Thee saying, 'In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.'"

We started a Christian Endeavor Society with about twenty names. We also had a very pleasant general meeting of the Christian women of all denominations in the city. Our object was not only to meet for mutual help, but to emphasize the necessity of daily study of the Bible.

One of our best workers was asked, a few weeks ago,

to lead a meeting. She selected a chapter which seemed most unsuited for the occasion. I asked her a few days later why she chose it? She replied, "I didn't intend to read that at all; but I forgot my Bible in which I had the place marked, and when you gave me a 'strange' Bible, I could not find the chapter. I was afraid to look so long, so I just made up my mind I would read any one."

This large meeting we have every six weeks, and during these weeks, we read the same chapter every day.

Another graduate was of great assistance to me in the odd hours in which I could translate some of our much needed medical books. Just as she was becoming more and more proficient as a teacher, as a doctor, and as a helper, Dr. Fong Sec, a graduate of Pomona College, California, and a PH.D. from Columbia University, gained her promise to marry him. She was married under a marriage bell in my own home, which the students had beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Dr. Fong is one of the most prominent men in China. He is connected with the Shanghai Commercial Press and prepares the school books used in the Chinese schools. He and Mrs. Fong have a model Christian home in Shanghai, where their influence for Christ is very decided and very wide.

Another graduate went to Shanghai and built a hospital for the Chinese who were too poor to pay for medical treatment, where yearly she treated over fifty thousand patients.

Another graduate was invited by some philanthropic

people of a large city to settle amongst them, and when she arrived they were out with banners and flags to receive her. This was an unheard-of honor for a woman.

Another, after graduation, has become Dean of the Hackett Medical College.

After a severe flood, when a number of the country people were made homeless, a mother brought her three-weeks-old daughter to Canton to sell her, as she had absolutely nothing wherewith to support her. The father had taken the two sons and gone north hoping to find work. After walking the streets of Canton all day and offering her little girl whenever she had opportunity, for twenty-five cents, she finally decided to lay it down somewhere and leave it. Before doing so she asked every passerby if there was any place where she could dispose of the child and they told her of our hospital.

Just at dusk she came in and told her story. We invited her to stay; put her in a clean room and kept her for months until she could wean the baby. At the end of that time, having become well and having heard the Gospel, she desired to return to her husband and children, while we were willing to adopt the little girl. Dr. Loh took her into her own home and brought her up as her daughter.

A patient whose husband had cast her out because she had paralysis was brought to the hospital, where for a year she was unable to lift her hand to feed herself. One of Dr. Niles' blind girls, who is acting as a Bible

woman in the hospital, led the woman to Christ. At the end of two years she was able to walk and had learned to read the New Testament. We made her a Bible woman and most faithfully did she preach the Gospel to in-patients and out-patients.

One day she came in distress, saying that her two little nieces had been held as ransom and were about to be sold. It is a common custom, when a man goes in debt, to send one of his women to the home of the creditor to be held there until payment is made. If no payment is made, the women are sold. I sent for the father to bring up the two children, who were six years of age, twins, and asked him the amount of the debt. It was one hundred twenty-five dollars. This I gave to him with the understanding that I was not buying the girls in any way and that he was to take them back home but he was never to dispose of them without consulting me. Soon we had them in a Christian school, where for years they gave promise of being fine students.

My old amah had come up from the country in order to earn better wages to help support her mother and sister. This little sister, when a baby, was about to be sold because the mother felt she could not have enough food to bring her up. But A-Hoh begged the mother not to sell her little sister. When Dr. Martha Hackett heard of this she offered to educate Lin-Kum. She finished school and then studied medicine in the Hackett Medical College and is now one of the finest, most reliable doctors connected with the hospital.

In September, several new missionaries arrived at

Canton. Amongst them were Mr. and Mrs. Peele, assigned to Lien-Chau. Just after they reached Lien-Chau, so delighted to be at their journey's end, and at their new home in that interior station three hundred miles from Canton, some trouble arose. It was so serious that the few missionaries living there all fled to a cave. But the mob followed and Mrs. Mackley and her little daughter Amy, Dr. Eleanor Chestnut, and Mr. and Mrs. Peele, were massacred.

My brother and several others went up to Lien-Chau and in a letter he says, "Twenty-three men have been seized by the magistrate and three were beheaded. The riot was caused by a trivial incident. People are so superstitious in the interior that it requires very little, sometimes their imaginations alone, to incite them to deeds of violence."

After our new buildings were up, Mrs. Stuyvesant of Boston, while visiting the compound, gave us two hundred dollars that we might have electric light in our buildings. The "Mary Fulton Girls' Society" of the Tabernacle Church of Indianapolis paid yearly for the light.

If friends at home could know how much these lights mean to us, shining in the dark, as we go from building to building at night, more would let "their lights shine" in China.

For a couple of weeks Albert was in the country, where he baptized thirty-six.

Drs. McCracken, Scarlett and Remington of Philadelphia and New York visited the hospital, and per-

formed some serious operations. The students were deeply interested, as some of them had never seen a man operating.

It reminded me of a little girl brought up in a woman's hospital at home where there were only women physicians. One day she was introduced to Dr. Jones. She looked at him a moment, and then said, "Why, he's a *man!*"

One of my noblest and most competent doctors was suddenly called to meet the Great Physician. A few hours before she died, she made her will with perfect calmness, remembering friends and relatives with her little gifts.

She left four hundred fifty dollars (Mexican) toward an isolation ward.

We have just heard that the buildings of the English Presbyterian mission in Amoy have been burned. In July, one of the Wesleyan missionary doctors, Dr. McDonald, was returning from Canton to his field at Wu Chow, when suddenly the boat was attacked by pirates and he was shot and instantly killed.

South China is infested with these desperate gangs.

In September, the time of the equinox, a terrible typhoon occurred at Hong Kong and a thousand lives were lost. Among the missing was Bishop Hoare of Hong Kong.

We had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Agnew Johnston at a series of meetings held on Shameen.

He asked, "Why do we not have more power with God? Because we do not do all God tells us to do. We



do not do his commands. What is the highest thing to which we may attain? Prevailing prayer."

Later, we had another high honor in the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Darwin James. We still feel the inspiration of their presence.

Had the honor of a visit from Dr. Mean of Philadelphia, who presented the College with beautiful charts. These are almost indispensable, as no dissecting is, thus far, permitted in this country.

We also had the pleasure of welcoming Florence's father, Dr. Samuel S. Wishard, eighty years of age, the well-known home missionary amongst the Mormons of Utah, and the regular correspondent for years of the Herald and Presbyterian. He gave an interesting talk concerning his work amongst the Mormons, telling us beforehand to "bring our smelling salts."

If you remember my assistant Valuable, Mrs. Mui A-Kwai, who was with me at Kwai Ping, you may be interested to know that one of her daughters, A-Lin, after studying medicine, became one of the hospital directors and an instructor in the college.

The young man who married her was a son of a man who had come to America for work. He heard the Gospel in California, was converted and at once wanted to return to China to tell the Story. After theological training in Canton, he was given a charge of the second Presbyterian church which had one of the largest congregations in the city. It was the son of this Rev. Kwan-Loi who married Dr. Mui A-Lin.

At present, Mr. Kwan is the head of our Chinese

Boys' School located on Fa-Ti. Mr. and Mrs. Kwan have an ideal Christian home, which means much to the many young men on the compound.

Two of the Rev. Mr. Kwan's daughters graduated from the Hackett Medical College. One became assistant in the College for several years. Then she was allowed to take a year at Mount Holyoke College and another year at Columbia University. Upon return to Canton she was made Dean of Hackett Medical College.

The conversion of Dr. Fong Sec and Mr. Kwan Loi in America has meant a great uplift in China in the establishment of Christian homes and the conversion of more than we shall ever know. These are just a few instances among thousands. Mrs. Kwan and Mrs. Fong Sec were very attractive in their marriage garments of embroidery, satin, silk, jewels and their raven hair.

I was sorry to lose my doctors; and I can provide for most contingencies except where the men seeking wives are concerned. So greatly were my girls in demand as wives that I made a rigid rule that no one can study who is engaged to be married. In every case where engagements existed, the young man demanded the fulfilment of the girl's promise, or that of her parents, before she could complete her four years' course.

One young man wrote and pleaded and urged that he might marry one of my third year students. His final plea was, how could I so cruelly deny this great pleasure to his aged mother, who was only living to see her son bring home a wife. This "aged" parent was just forty-five!

The work of the year ends with the giving of the diplomas, when we have a vacation at the Chinese New Year, when everybody takes a rest and all business is stopped.

When my brother returned from the Robert Morrison Centennial in Shanghai, Mr. Louis Severance and Dr. Ludlow came with him as his guests.

Mr. Severance was much interested in kindergarten work and offered to give a building if the work were started. He also gave money to put a cement walk along our compound on the canal side, which made it safer and healthier.

Dr. Ludlow, a skilful surgeon from Cleveland, kindly consented, at my request, to operate, as I wished the students to see best operating. He found we needed more equipment. Mr. Severance, hearing of this, told me to order all I needed, which I did. I was glad when a year later, his noted son-in-law, Dr. Allen, President of the Surgical Society in America, arrived.

To witness the operations of all these celebrities was giving unusual opportunities, as well as high honor, to the students.

Mrs. Bigelow, a thoroughly competent teacher, came to Canton. Mrs. Fulton, remembering Mr. Severance's promise, enlisted her interest and a school for the little ones, a few doors from our compound, was opened. It so delighted the Chinese that Mrs. Bigelow had to engage others to help her, one of whom was Grace Fulton, who had returned from school in America.

As kindergarten teachers were now in demand, Mrs.

Bigelow developed the work into what is now the Union Normal Training School. Mr. Severance's son and daughter sent Mrs. Fulton ten thousand dollars for a building for this new work and requested that it be called the Fulton Building.

Mr. Fulton was pushing the work in the country. One year he baptized five hundred and had twenty-five churches in his care, beside the care of our large First Church in Canton.

As his field was a hundred and fifty miles distant, he had to go by boat much of the way. On one trip, he was asleep upon the deck of the launch when pirates fired, striking an iron bar near his head. At another time, he was sitting on deck when pirates, in hiding, fired on the boat just following. They selected that boat because the men on it were returning from selling their mulberry leaves for the use of the silk worm, and were supposed to have considerable money. These pirates abound; kidnapping is frequent.

At spare times my brother had written a book entitled, "Progressive and Idiomatic Sentences in Cantonese Colloquial", used by students trying to learn the southern dialect. It is now in its fifth edition. I had finished a third medical textbook.

On the old dye-house site we now erected the new Hackett Hall.

Another commencement came. Seven bright young women received diplomas, as heretofore, stamped with the viceroy's seal.

His Excellency also sent three gold watches to be





*A cultured Chinese lady  
with bound feet*



*Dr. Woo Lin Kunn, a  
graduate of Hackett  
Medical College*

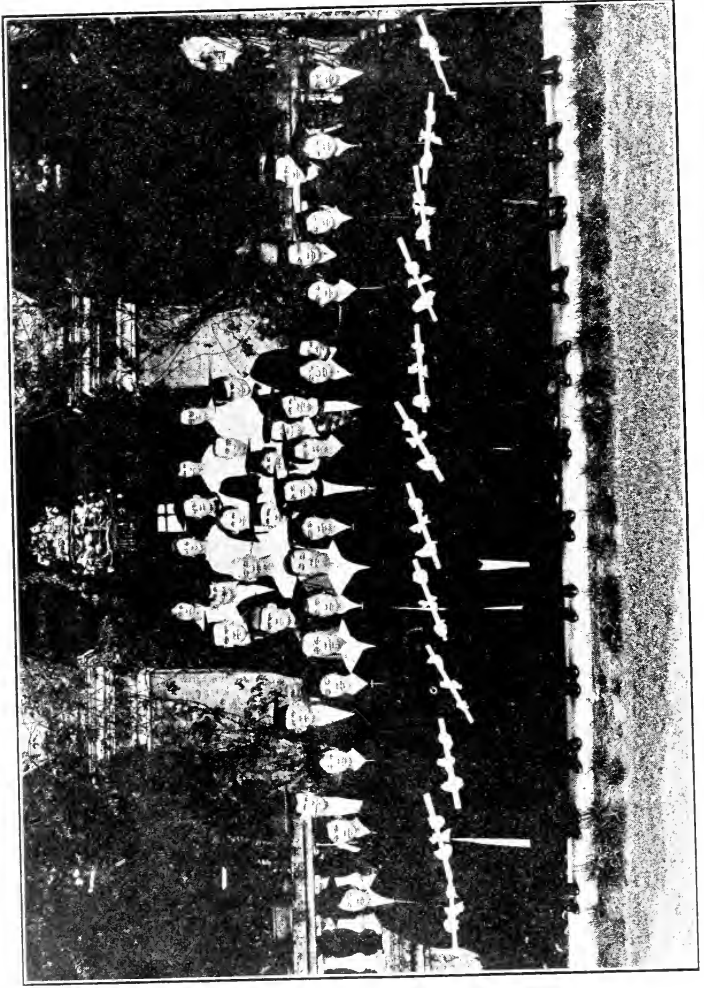


*Ko Ye Ku, once laid out  
in grave clothes, who was  
rescued and became a  
Bible woman*



*Dr. Loh and the little  
girl rescued as her mother  
was about to sell her*





FACULTY OF HACKETT MEDICAL COLLEGE AND A GRADUATING CLASS



given to the three graduates who passed the highest in the final examinations.

Dr. Wan of Hong Kong gave a forcible address. He set forth the magnificent opportunities for original research, and showed the remarkable progress made in medical investigation both in combating and in preventing disease.

Dr. Wan welcomed the entrance of young women to this important field of work as great factors in alleviating the miseries of the Chinese, so often the consequence of ignorance of the fundamentals of the medical art.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang, formerly minister to the United States, said in his remarks that "he was warmly in sympathy with this medical college. That it was desirable that a woman should fit herself for a work so eminently suitable to her abilities and so peculiarly adapted to the needs of her own sex."

The medical college is one of the most powerful agencies at work in this empire for the overthrow of superstition and the enlightenment of the multitudes who are so often the subjects of quacks and frauds.

Already the reputation of the college has extended to the other provinces. The number of applicants is beyond the capacity of the buildings to accommodate them.

Among the graduates one is the wife of a prominent official in the city.

From an Editorial in the Hong Kong Paper :

In a quiet, unostentations fashion, the Women's Medical College of the American Presbyterian Mission at Canton is

performing a great work which must have abiding effects on the social life in China.

It was a happy inspiration which led to the establishment of this college where native lady students could be instructed in the principles of western medicine and sent out to their country-women in time of dire need in sickness.

This step in advance cannot be overestimated when we consider it will do away with the practice of "charming away illness", fetiches, and wearing of phylacteries.

There is much in the statement that a nurse has received her diploma. She is now qualified to take her place by the bedside of her ailing sisters. Chinese ladies are noted for their delicacy of touch, their infinite capacity for taking pains, their cheerfulness and good temper and their willingness to assume responsibilities. They should, therefore, make ideal nurses.

The Training-School at Canton is likely to prove a centre of hope to many a Chinese woman who is suffering within her 'zenana'.

There can be no doubt that a vast field of enterprise is being opened up.

At the next commencement, His Excellency the Viceroy came in person to the exercises and presented the graduates with their diplomas. It is the first time in the history of our work that a Viceroy himself has thus honored the occasion. Thus far, all the official class have been very delightful to meet—just like cultured gentlemen at home.

Taotai Wan spoke. He pointed out how women preferred the services of women. He said he felt ashamed to think a foreigner had to come thousands of miles to establish their first woman's medical college. Now the Chinese should do all they could to aid this work.

"Money invested in such institutions as this college will bring vast relief, dissipate prejudice and open the way for other needed reforms that will enable China to take a high place amongst other nations.

The Presbyterians are to be congratulated on the foresight which secured this plant.

### TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR NURSES

It is only a few years since the first mention of such an institution was made, and yesterday the first nurse was given her diploma.

Women doctors are badly needed; but they cannot be more so than trained nurses.

In Canton it is almost impossible to get a nurse of any kind at any price. It was to meet this need Dr. Mary Fulton decided, through Mrs. Turner's generosity, to establish one.

Both foreigners and Chinese should rejoice that a training-school has been established in this city."

After the exercises, the audience was invited to inspect the two new buildings.

The E. A. K. Hackett lecture hall consists of three stories and an attic. Besides the lecture rooms, there are reading-rooms and laboratories. This is the second large building made possible through the generosity of Mr. Hackett.

### *June.*

The water was never so high. First it came in from the canal over the pavement, then under our gates into the yard, into the lower floors of the church and hospital, into the kitchens. We went about from one building to another in a boat; through the lower floors on rows of chairs.

This lasted about a week. This whole end of the city was partly submerged.

College having closed for the summer, I had two buildings thoroughly repaired and re-painted.

In this country of white ants and blistering sun, repairs ought to be made every three or four years. This was our first in seven. It cost nearly a thousand dollars beyond our regular appropriations.

#### WRITTEN BY A CHINESE

“About the middle of June this year, there was a great and fearful flood in the province of Kwangtung and Kwangsi, caused by the downpour of heavy rains for several days and nights, which inundated several districts and many places along the courses of the East and North Rivers. It had attained to the height of from forty to fifty feet, and the embankments and dykes along the paddy fields were broken and submerged, and villages and towns turned into oceans. Several hundreds of thousands of people were rendered homeless, and had to flee to the mountainous regions for shelter, where they were exposed to sun and rain without clothing and food, and were attacked by pirates, who robbed and carried away the women and children. The misery that they had suffered was indescribable. To make the matter worse, and thereby increase their misery, there occurred a big typhoon on the 25th of July for several hours, which destroyed a great number of houses, boats, and killed thousands of people. Consequently the patriotic gentry, merchants and other classes of people,

have imitated the examples of foreign countries, by instituting a bazaar for the sale of articles, for the first time in Canton. It was attended to by ladies of the aristocratic and rich families, and was held for one week. The amount realized by the sale of articles, mostly presented by the ladies, was over one hundred and seventy thousand (silver) dollars. Many high officials and foreign consuls attended its inauguration. The success of the bazaar was chiefly attributable to the untiring exertions of the Chinese ladies."

It was held at the David Gregg Hospital grounds and adjacent lots. As it was vacation, this was made possible by moving the patients into the college building; the freshly renovated buildings given up for five days to the bazaar.

The Chinese were grateful and the David Gregg was glad to show its deep sympathy for them in this dire time of need. The Hackett College students came back to help. At their stall they sold over ten thousand dollars' worth. They were presented by different persons, who appreciated their zeal, with over fifty gold medals, besides several commendatory banners.

The viceroy's wife purchased a small embroidered picture, for which she paid a thousand dollars. One Chinaman paid a thousand dollars for a bottle of lemonade. Two thousand dollars were paid for a bottle of aerated water; a thousand dollars for a small bowl of macaroni. An embroidered picture, describing the misery caused by the flood, made by the scholars of the Hackett Medical School, was purchased for one

thousand eight hundred dollars. Seven hundred dollars was paid for a cup of coffee. Another paid two thousand five hundred for a bottle of soda water.

The hearts of the people were stirred so that it is not surprising that over a hundred and sixty thousand dollars were received during one week.

Wishing to thank Dr. Fulton for the use of her compound, an appreciative testimony was sent. It was written on gold paper put on white silk, framed with teak wood and covered with glass. It was a couple of yards long. It read as follows:

China is filled with the knowledge of your many virtues.

There was once a man whose wife, Yam, gave large sums of money to employ soldiers to protect property from destruction by fire and pirates, and women and children from being seized and carried off by desperadoes.

By this was peace effected in a wide territory.

In the second dynasty,—Emperor Sun Wo—there lived a man whose wife's name was Lau, who gave immense amounts to help build dykes to prevent the poor people from losing their grain, their flocks, their homes and lives, by the great floods which were apt to inundate that vast region.

These two women are held in highest esteem, because they prevented hardships to men; therefore all generations praise them.

In this the thirty-fourth year of Kwong Sui, 1906, we had in Kwong Tung a flood. To help those who suffered from this, a bazaar was held. Dr. Mary Fulton generously and freely gave her woman's college, The E. A. K. Hackett Medical, for this use. She moved out her patients, opened her gates, took down her walls. In all this she is like the two above-mentioned Chinese ladies who helped in calamitous times.

China has had many illustrious women, but none greater than Dr. Mary Fulton. As she has followed the good examples of Yam and Lau, so may our coming generations follow Dr. Mary Fulton's example.

*Subscribed:* I am eighty years old who write this with mine own hand. I am a teacher—really guard— of the present

Emperor Kwong Sui. I have the first button, kap ge ting, and was Viceroy of Kwan Chau. My name is Tung Waa Hi.

The "typhoon" referred to was the worst in years.

Monday evening, there was a glorious sunset. It was like a great throne of glory. Radiating from it were bands of darting light reaching to the zenith, where a roseate circle lined the "heavenly blue."

It seemed to promise a perfect tomorrow.

Shortly after, I was surprised to see a darkened sky and riving lightning cleaving asunder the lower horizon.

At midnight the wind was a gale. By morning a hurricane.

Three of our brick walls were blown over. All over the city wreckage and debris. Hundreds and hundreds of boat people everywhere were drowned. Houses shook, some fell; and the flood of waters began again to rise. By afternoon our compound was flooded.

In September, college re-opened. Forty-two students are studying.

We have had many epidemics. The 14th, China's Emperor, Kwong Sui-Kuang-Hsu died; and the following day the Empress Dowager.

At once all the red papers in the city were changed for blue, or black, or white.

For twenty-seven days there must be no marriages, no theatres, no musical instruments played upon.

The new reign is Shun Tung—"good policy".

## VI

### The Closing Years

FROM 1908 to 1913, with the exception of the kind aid given me by the busy doctors in Canton, in teaching, clinics, etc., I had to depend upon my trained Chinese helpers.

Each year a class was graduated, and in the more than a hundred to which I had given diplomas, only three were not professed Christians. I say professed Christians because at heart I believe the three did want to confess Christ but because of bitter persecution that would follow in their homes, their courage at this time failed them.

Fifty-two young women were now studying at the college. They came from near and far-away provinces; were of many different denominations and from missions conducted by those from different countries. The Hackett College, therefore, was indeed a Union Medical College.

At different times we have had the pleasure and honor of welcoming many interested in missions: Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, and Dr. Fox of New York; Mrs. Peabody and Mrs. Montgomery, Dr. and Mrs. Frances Clark and Mr. Shaw, of Boston; Mrs. Tuenis Hamlin, Dr. and Mrs. J. Mills of Washington, and the Misses Tooker of New Jersey, by whose pres-



ence we were greatly cheered, and whose appreciative words brought much encouragement under what sometimes seemed staggering conditions.

One such condition was this. After I had a half dozen needed buildings up, and a home for a foreign staff, in answer to my urgent appeal for a doctor and nurse, they were sent. Arriving, they were to have two years for uninterrupted study. At the end of this period, just as they were ready to help, two of the "dear brethren" carried them off. Then I had to begin all over again in getting another doctor and nurse.

When Dr. Clark was with us, the weather being chilly, fires were built in the grates on Christmas day. While he and his party were in the city, I heard something upstairs fall and sent to see what it was. When the boy returned, white-faced, he exclaimed, "The house is on fire!" At once I sent for the hospital helpers; Dr. Boyd, who lived next door, hurried over. The women and men stood in a line from the canal to the attic handing up pails of water.

During this time my brother returned and helped me fight the fire on the third floor. In less than one hour the flames were extinguished, owing to Dr. Boyd's prompt, courageous and hard work, together with the calm, quick work of the Chinese.

On investigation we found that when the house was built, one of the large beams supporting the roof had been run right through the chimney. From the several grate fires on this day, the heat was sufficient to set the beam ablaze.

At half past one o'clock our party had returned and dinner was served. Dr. Clark declared it was "a good one".

I often returned from attending those ill at home, sick at heart. In every house I found either bound feet, those afflicted with tuberculosis or those addicted to the use of opium; sometimes all three.

While presenting the Gospel to a patient in her well-to-do home, her husband walked in calmly, lifted a large, curved teak-wood stool and carried it out. The wife dared not object, but later said, "He has done this for so long a time I will soon have nothing left", and she might have added, "And then he will try to sell me."

In a published letter my brother says:

Our boat is anchored in the large city of Wu Chow, a few miles within the borders of Kwong Sai Province. We not only preached the word but healed the sick. This morning I walked around the mountain side, went into a small village of mud huts. A few hundred feet away is a broad river which drains thousands of square miles, and pours its water into the Southern Ocean.

There is not a trace of beauty, but the missionary must not turn his back for these things. The walls of the houses are built with mud and the roof thatched with coarse grass. Which is a stable and which is a house, no one could say.

I was asked to come into a shed which had only two walls: the others had been washed away by the flood. In one corner was a rude bed, in which were opium, pipe and the lamp. Shortly afterwards the wretched victim came in. One glance at his face told the story. He had once been a strong young man; he had smoked opium ten years. For some years after he began, he could get work; but now few men would employ him because he did not have the strength of former days. He was so sick that he could barely earn enough to buy opium, and had to get his support from his father, who was seeking

to cast him away. For years when he could get work, his wages were eight cents a day and his opium bill four to five.

Had the pleasure been as harmless as sea-bathing, he would have done wrong to spend one half of his income for purely self-enjoyment; but every day his indulgence left him physically and morally weaker.

Pipe victim is written on his face. Look at his emaciated form, glassy eyes, pallid face, dark lines under his eyes and his usual ragged and dirty attire, and you have some of the external marks of the pipe's work. He resembles a vigorous man about as much as a ship just out of a typhoon resembles the proud vessel on smooth water.

In this filthy environment we realize that opium not only smites the victim but entails great bodily suffering by impoverishing the family. Poverty grows out of opium smoking, and every family has its smoker. They number millions in this empire.

I visited recently a small island in the West River where out of a population of four thousand there were between two or three hundred smokers. In 1881, China paid fifty-one millions for opium.

“O God! who in Thy dear still heaven,  
Dost sit and wait to see  
The errors, sufferings and crimes  
Of our humanity,  
How deep must be Thy casual love;  
How whole Thy final care!  
Since Thou, who rulest over all,  
Canst see, and yet canst bear.”

In 1913 the Place Prepared was ready for the dear saintly mother who was in her eight-seventh year when the Master came one early morning and quietly spoke to her. With a peace past expression, she joyfully went with Him.

All that loving kindness and flowers could express was shown by the foreign community and the Chinese who loved and venerated her.

For the first time in this empire, the graduates wore caps and gowns, and this unique feature marks another step in imitation of western methods which appealed favorably to under-graduates and those interested in educational work.

Dr. H. W. Boyd gave an eminently instructive address on the white plague. He showed the wide-spread nature of this terrible disease and urged sanitation strongly upon people carrying it in incipient stages, and the need of extreme cleanliness in the home and told how, in certain stages, it should be isolated and an abundant supply of fresh air allowed.

The Christian character of the college is of prime significance. The faculty reserve the right to withhold the diplomas from students for any act of impropriety and for any reason which in their judgment disqualifies them for the medical vocation.

In a letter from Dr. Robert Beebe:

"Can you tell me of any doctor (Chinese) available to take charge of our women in Chin Kiang?"

"One of the Hacket Medical graduates has done so well at An-King, in the Episcopalian hospital that I have wondered if we could not get one for Chin Kiang. The doctor there is obliged to go home for treatment and our ladies are looking for a doctor who can take up the work in connection with the foreign nurse.

"I am writing at their request."

The twentieth was China's first day of her New Year. Almost everything is at a complete standstill.

As the Tartar general was returning in a sedan chair, he was shot.

The twenty-ninth there were rumors of trouble everywhere. A number of soldiers in the city were shot. People are fleeing to Hong Kong. Many of the city gates are closed. The people are frightened and anxious.

One night I was awakened by an earthquake, but it lasted, fortunately, but for a moment.

Just now is a feast of lanterns. All the roofs are gay with decorations.

The Manchurians are becoming alarmed at the anti-dynastic outbreaks.

*October twenty-sixth.* Province after province is going over to the revolutionists. The city is alive with excitement because the Manchus have yielded to the revolutionists. The reports of fire-crackers are heard everywhere.

*The thirtieth.* Political matters have thrown the city into a turmoil. There is only standing room on the trains and boats leaving Canton. The revolutionists have taken Peking. They have sent word to our viceroy, here in Canton, to capitulate or they will march on the city tomorrow.

*November tenth.* The viceroy has abdicated. Kwong-Tung declares itself independent. The new flag floats over many places. On the Sabbath, our Chinese pastor said, "This is the first Sunday of the new country." All the queues are being cut off. Men go along the

streets with shears cutting off all the queues they can.

Fourteen provinces have capitulated. Almost all schools have been dismissed. Many young men have gone to war, and even the women are trying to go.

December seventeenth. Shooting was heard all last night. A noted pirate with a thousand of his men joined the revolutionists. They proved false, it being discovered that they were in the employment of the imperialists. They began rifling the temples, hoping thus to cause the people to rise against the Christians, which might bring about foreign intervention. But the revolutionists discovered their perfidy and marched on their barracks, from which the whole band fled.

*The thirty-first.* While in church, we heard tremendous firing. It was later learned that seventeen provinces had voted Dr. Sun Yat Sen for president and wished to make Nanking the capital.

*January twentieth, 1912.* The medical congress for all the doctors in the Orient opened its biennial meeting today in Hong Kong. Fifteen of the delegates attended the Hackett Medical College Comencement.

*February ninth.* At midnight, a few feet from our hospital gate, trouble arose. Rebellious soldiers were quartered in the large gambling shed, and one of the generals was trying to disarm them. Some of the shots came on our verandas. The guns they tried to hide in the locust pond back of the hospital. As some of our nurses saw them, the soldiers called up to them, that if they told they would kill them.

*The eighteenth.* Dr. Sun arrived at Canton. There is great rejoicing.

I am informed by the acting Governor General that tomorrow, the 7th inst., Canton will celebrate the election of Dr. Sun as president of the republic and that salutes, etc., will be fired.

I communicate this to you so that the ladies of your family may understand the reason of the firing of heavy guns, I am

Your obedient servant,

Leo Bergholtz,  
Consul General.

Ex-President's residence,  
May 7th, 1912.

Dear Dr. Fulton:

In reply to your letter, Dr. Sun Yat Sen wishes me to say he accepts with pleasure your kind invitation to attend the graduating exercises of the Hackett Medical College on the 15th of May. I am

Yours very truly,

E. R. Soong (Private Sec'ty).

In 1915 the conference for medical missionaries was held in Shanghai. Up to this time I had translated *Who Is God? Remarkable Answers to Prayer*, by Whittle; *A Book on Diseases of Children*; *Roller Bandaging*, by Hopkins, two editions; *Nursing in Abdominal Surgery*, two editions; *Penrose's Gynecology*, two editions; Holt's *Textbook of the Diseases of Infancy*, two editions.

When a hurried call came for one on surgery, I also assisted with that, and in the same way with a book on nursing.

Philadelphia,  
April 10, 1908.

Dear Dr. Fulton:

A few days ago I received a second and final volume of your translation of my book. Thank you very much for sending it to me.

I congratulate you on the completion of the work and hope that your students will find it of use. With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,  
C. B. Penrose.

Dear Dr. Fulton:

I have just received from Miss Webber of Rochester, a copy of the first book on Infancy and Childhood which you have translated into Chinese. So far as I know, your work is extremely well done, though I confess my knowledge of Chinese is not extensive, but about that of an average American.

I am sorry to have delayed so long in sending you the revised edition of the Diseases of Infancy and Childhood. Its publication was much later than we had anticipated and came out only very recently.

I am very much interested in your work and I shall be glad to know whether your students find the book useful.

Yours sincerely,  
L. Emmett Holt.

From the daily paper:

The twelfth annual commencement exercises of the E. A. Hackett Medical College at Canton were held Thursday afternoon, June 18th, in the Theodore Cuyler Memorial Church, Lafayette compound. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and bunting, and densely packed.

Honorable F. D. Cheshire, American consul general, presided. On the platform were Dr. Mary H. Fulton, president of the college, and a number of Chinese dignitaries.

In his address of welcome, Mr. Cheshire outlined the history of the college, emphasizing the great need of such an institution in South China, and predicted a brilliant future.

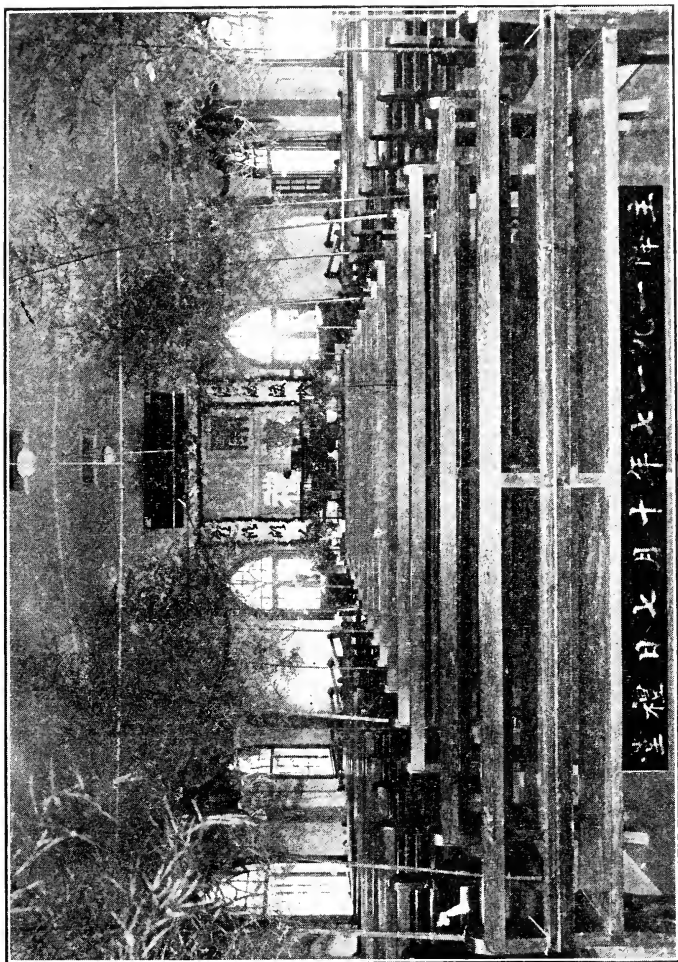
The last speaker was Dr. W. W. Cadbury of the Canton Christian College, who spoke at length on the attributes of the ideal medical college. He believed, from his experience in China, that if given proper facilities for medical education,





THE AUGUSTA FULTON MEMORIAL CHURCH  
SHANGHAI, CHINA





禮拜日七月十年七一九一五年

INTERIOR OF AUGUSTA FULTON MEMORIAL CHURCH



the Chinese were capable of developing doctors of the highest type; and he took occasion to express to Dr. Mary Fulton, pioneer in this work, the appreciation of the medical fraternity in Canton for the work she has achieved in starting this school which has lasted so many years, and which is the first college to be established for women in China. He closed the address with a stirring appeal to the students regarding the necessity above all things of thoroughly grounding themselves in character. All the student body joined in singing the Chinese rendition of "America".

Upon the conclusion of the commencement exercises, the dedication of the McWilliams building took place. Mr. Cheshire, in his most genial style, performed this office and his brief address was greeted with applause from the large gathering on Lafayette compound. He ended by unlocking the doors of the new building and extending an invitation to those present to enter and thoroughly inspect the same.

The building is a handsome edifice, built of reinforced concrete, fire-proof throughout. It is equipped with the most modern accessories, illuminated by a semi-direct lighting system, and every part of the building is thoroughly ventilated. It consists of fourteen rooms, nine of which are for private patients; also a general ward containing seventeen beds; three surgical rooms, an operating room for class instruction, this last named finished entirely in white and fascinating in its modernity of design. Eight rows of seats, rising tier on tier, encircle the room and command an unobstructed view of both operator and table. Wire screens furnish ample protection against mosquitoes.

In a word, the building stands for all that modern thought and modern equipment can offer in the making of a most perfect hospital, and Canton is most justly proud of this much needed institution.

To Dr. Fulton, whose untiring services in the cause of suffering humanity has made possible the erection of this magnificent hospital in Canton, sincere thanks and support of the community, both foreign and native, are respectfully due.

A *piece de resistance* was yet in store for the guests who, when the ceremonies had come to an end, were invited by Dr. Fulton to her private residence, where their baser appetites were appeased by an abundance of refreshments.

It having been decided to found a Union theological college in Canton, a site was purchased and the adminis-

tration building was made possible through the gift of nine thousand dollars by Mrs. McCormick of Chicago. At her request, it was named the Albert Fulton Hall.

My brother now had about thirty churches in the country and had sent many young men up from his field to study in this theological school; one year sending up twenty-five. In order to be near this work he moved from Lafayette compound to the Theological compound, down the river several miles.

Many of the wives of these theological students were unable to read or write. To aid them, Mrs. Fulton opened the Elsie Berkeley School for all who could leave their homes and take this Bible course.

In the bulletin of the Hackett Medical College for 1915-16 we read, "At the China Medical Mission Association, a resolution was passed 'that we request the American Presbyterian Board to allow Dr. Mary Fulton to give her full time to the work of the publication committee.' In order to do this, Dr. Fulton desired to be released from other cares. The strain of the work that she has borne for many years was greatly augmented by the loss of the one who had been her sustainer and comforter in all her anxiety.

"The strength of her executive ability is seen in the work as it has gone on in her absence. The wheels upon wheels have gone on in motion as heretofore. From year to year the standard of excellence has been raised. It is not to be wondered at that she feels her strength can not meet the advancing demands which she has created."

When Dr. Martha Hackett and Dr. Harriett Allen came, they were to have the usual time for studying the language which requires several hours a day for two years before work is supposed to be actually taken up, and then rather severe examinations at the end of the third year. Nobly have they assumed responsibility of all the work.

A gift of two thousand dollars gold from Mr. and Mrs. David Gamble made it possible to educate a number of worthy students who otherwise would have been unable to take the course.

The Misses Tooker gave two thousand dollars, which was used for the building of the students' laboratories. This dispensary building consists of two stories. The second floor is used for the different laboratories: bacteriology, histology, pathology, embryology, besides two small laboratories. This was planned and built by Dr. Hackett, who has also purchased property outside the compound in order to have more room for the expanding work.

Canton,

December 6th, 1915.

Dear Dr. Fulton:

Your old pupils of the Hackett Medical School have formed an organization for the sole purpose of establishing a hospital for contagious diseases in memory of your good and noble work in Canton, also to express our many appreciations and esteem for you.

We have received the support of the whole student body to accept the responsibility of raising the money for the site and buildings.

Our purpose is not only to put up this hospital but to beg you to return to Canton to help us in the way that you only

can know how. Without your being at the head of things we feel that our efforts would go to naught. We therefore beg you to return and look forward to your favorable report with anxiety.

We trust that your final decision will be to return. We remain

The Committee,

Signed for the Committee,

J. Fong.

About fourteen years after the Kwan Ping trouble, we met missionaries, a gentleman and his wife, who found the people of the surrounding country still hostile,—the literati. At one time these two “alone ones” lowered their most valuable papers, etc., in a bucket down into the well as they heard their house was to be attacked and they themselves driven out. They were saved this, however, and after that worked along quietly. Three had made a profession of their faith.

The people whom we had befriended sent a letter asking our return; but it was then too late. Some day there will be a glorious reaping in this hostile province.

Admiral Fong’s village is no longer a place to be dreaded, as formerly when his name was a terror. Christianity is planted there to stay.

Miss Stewart, the daughter of the martyred missionaries, is now a missionary going on with the work snatched from her parents’ hands.

Our “pig village” has blossomed. Is it not Dr. Van Dyke who says, “Bacon is the blossom of the little pig?” It may be in America, but in China it bloomed into a compound. The first bud that opened showed



a flower of large proportions and sweetest fragrance—  
The Theodore Cuyler Church.

From the second bud was unfolded the David Gregg Hospital and its fine Perkins Memorial.

The third bud, so eagerly awaited, burst out into the first Medical College for Women in the empire.

The fourth, the Julia M. Turner Training School for Nurses, brought forth grateful thanks from a multitude.

The fifth is the Zanesville Presbyterian House, at which inn a traveller has received much refreshment on her way to "Jerusalem".

These blossoms are peculiar in that they never fade. This is because of "the prayers of the saints" in the home land, which bring down showers of daily blessings.

China is awakening so rapidly that she is not only crying from hunger, but one may say screaming for immediate nourishment in the way of books and help of every kind.

We will let friends close this account of Dr. Mary Fulton's long term of service in China.

From the Union Cantonese Church Paper :

#### A NOTABLE GATHERING

By Mrs. Frank D. Gamewell

Invitations were out for a farewell reception to be given Dr. Mary H. Fulton, May 19th, by the members of the Cantonese Union Church. My husband and I were delighted to be included among the foreign guests, and are deeply interested in the newly-organized church and its wideawake interdenominational constituency. The eventful day dawned bright and balmy. As we wended our way to the Presbyterian chapel, where the congregation is temporarily worshipping, we noticed

with pleasure, among others moving in the same direction, several entire families of Chinese—husband, wife and children—a beautiful sight and one that belongs altogether to the new order of things in China. From the chapel door floated a handsome Republican flag, while inside the building festoons of small, gay-colored banners fluttered overhead, and clusters of feathery bamboo along the walls and around the platform added to the gala appearance. Just in front of the altar stood a table on which were placed a decorated marble tablet in a frame of Canton black-wood, a large silver bowl and a silver loving-cup. . . . .

That autumn I went to America and was gone a year. On my return I called on Dr. Fulton and learned to my sorrow that her old enemy, asthma, was more persistent than ever, and that she would be obliged to seek a more favorable climate in the home-land. I ventured to inquire how the project for a Cantonese church was coming on. "It is no longer a project, it is a reality!" she said. "Yes, indeed", continued Dr. Fulton happily. "We have a fine Sunday congregation, a growing membership, a live Sunday School, a day-school with fifty pupils and a free school with more than sixty boys and girls, and our new church building is well above ground and being hurried on to completion."

The next Sunday morning, at Dr. Fulton's invitation, Mr. Gamewell and I attended the Cantonese service. We were much impressed with the character of the audience, the large majority young people of the best type, a number of them, returned students, men and women of high ideals and practical aims who feel they have a distinct mission to their fellow countrymen in our great city. At the close of the service, one of the elders, Dr. Fong See, showed us the skeleton of the new plant. When finished, this church building will be one of the sightliest and most commodious in Shanghai. The ground-floor is to be reserved for the use of the day-schools, and the auditorium above will be large enough to accomodate four hundred comfortably. A neat parsonage is being erected close by.

Presented to

DR. MARY H. FULTON

by the Cantonese Union Church of Shanghai

in grateful appreciation of

thirty-three years of distinguished, meritorious service in behalf of the spiritual uplift and physical health of the people

of China, especially in laying the foundations of medical science for and among Cantonese women by

Organizing the David Gregg Hospital for Women and Children,

Founding the Hackett Medical College for Women,

Establishing the Turner Training School for Nurses,

Initiating the formation of the Cantonese Union Church,

Assisting the erection of its church edifice. An inspiration to colleagues, pupils and friends, far-seeing in the accomplishment of good, unflinching in resource and cordiality, matchless in devotion, and exemplary in conduct, Dr. Fulton personifies the noblest and most practical spirit of missionary endeavor. On her enforced return to America, the Cantonese Christians of Shanghai hope and pray for Dr. Fulton's early restoration to that perfect health which she has striven so successfully to bestow to others.

Then followed the marble tablet, and finally the exquisite silver chalice, which the minister placed in the hands of little Laura, who in turn with sweet, childish grace, presented it to Dr. Fulton.

Feeling now ran high, and tears were pretty near the surface, but the recipient of all these love-tokens, by her ever-ready humor, saved the day for herself and all of us . . . . She then went on to speak of the future of the church, saying she had no fear in leaving; the work would go straight on. It was already established on a firm foundation, and those to whom, under God, the care of it was entrusted, would not fail. She exhorted the people to "Keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," reminding them that no note of discord had yet been sounded, and that it was her prayer that harmony might always prevail. In closing, she gave as her charge to her dearly-beloved people the words in Galatians, first chapter, verses 12 and 13, reading slowly and impressively from her Cantonese Bible. A hush fell upon the congregation as the clear voice proceeded, and it is safe to say the impression made in that solemn moment will not be forgotten.

## FAREWELL ADDRESS

(Delivered at the farewell reception in honor of Dr. Mary H. Fulton at the Cantonese Union Church of Shanghai on May 19, 1911, by Fong F. Sec, Ph.D.)

I deem it an honor and a privilege to be called upon to give expression to the sentiments that are uppermost in our hearts as we bid Dr. Fulton farewell. . . . It has been my privilege to know her for more than ten years, and, as Mrs. Fong was one of her students and an assistant for three years, I have a good chance to know her, and I have a great admiration for her because of her splendid work for the uplift of Chinese womanhood . . . .

Realizing the great need for many women physicians to help alleviate the sufferings of the millions of women of China, Dr. Fulton undertook the task of meeting this urgent need . . . . She opened the first medical school for women in China with nine students on the ground floor of the First Presbyterian Church in 1901 . . . . The Report of the College for 1914-15, issued just before Dr. Fulton came to Shanghai, showed that more than sixty young women finished the four-year course, and that about fifty students were then taking the regular course. . . .

From 1901, when the college was opened without buildings and money, to 1915, when ill health compelled Dr. Fulton to turn over the work to other hands, is a period of fourteen years. During that period she

erected and equipped the cluster of clean-looking and spacious modern buildings in the western suburb of Canton, known as the Lafayette compound, which is worth at least \$100,000. This afternoon, if we could stand on one of the hills to the north of Canton, as I once stood, and look down on the "City of Rams", we would be struck with the imposing buildings of brick and reinforced concrete three and four stories high, well planned and adapted to the tropical climate of Kwangtung, reflected in the Southern sun and towering above the residences in the neighborhood. On one side of the compound is the throbbing life of Canton with its toiling millions; on the other is the plain with its rice fields, lily ponds, tropical trees, rivers and mountains. Those buildings stand as a lasting monument of the achievements of a devoted life being spent for the women of South China.

The details in administering any one of the three institutions would be sufficient to absorb the attention and energies of a person less efficient or of smaller calibre. . . . Her translated text-books are published by the Missionary Medical Association of China, and are used in medical schools all over the country. In this respect, her work is nation-wide.

In 1915 Dr. Fulton came to Shanghai. Here she continued her translation work. No sooner was she settled in this city than she made inquiries regarding the religious conditions of the Cantonese living in Shanghai. To her surprise she found that there was no church for

the 170,000 Cantonese here, and that, with the exception of a service in Cantonese held in the Baptist Church on Sunday afternoon, there was no religious work done for them. She began the agitation of organizing a Cantonese church. The idea found a ready response in some of those of us who, for dialect reasons, had felt the need for a church home in which to bring up our children. Under her initiative the Cantonese Union Church of Shanghai was organized. We naturally longed to have a church of our own. However, as our membership is not large and not many of us are well off, we thought our hopes could not be realized for years to come. But Dr. Fulton, always resourceful, encouraged us in our hope. The Mary Fulton Girls' Society of Indiana, in America, gave \$2,000 gold and Mrs. Turner \$3,000 gold; then Dr. Chang, one of her former pupils, came forward with \$5,000 and Mr. Au Ben \$1,000. This made it possible for us to purchase the site . . . . The building will be known as the Augusta Fulton Memorial Church, dedicated to the memory of Dr. Fulton's sainted mother, who shared in the doctor's work in China for twenty years, and whose earthly remains now rest in Canton.

This enumeration of the outstanding features in Dr. Fulton's work of a third of a century does not convey an idea of the extent of her influence. We need to go into the villages and cities of the South and see the women whom she trained and inspired with the ideal embodied in the motto of the College, namely, "To save

life and spread the true light," at work before we can form any conception as to how many fold her life is being multiplied. Some of the alumnae are filling positions under the Government, in missionary hospitals and dispensaries for the poor, established by philanthropic people, some have hospitals of their own, and others are teaching in medical schools. They are not only at work in the two Kwang provinces, but in Fukien, Shanghai, Tientsin, Peking, Anhwei, and only recently one passed through here on her way to fill a position in Changsha. They are also carrying the torch of healing to the Island of Hainan, the Strait Settlements, Hawaii, America, and wherever Cantonese are found. It has been truthfully said that all the Chinese women physicians in South China are either trained by her or one of her students. Dr. Fulton maintained that to meet the increasing demand for properly qualified physicians, the best plan is to educate Chinese to go amongst our own people. The doctors and nurses she trained are answering the call heroically. They are assuming heavy responsibilities. It may be truly said of them, they "Enter to learn, go forth to serve." . . . .

The Hackett Medical College is officially recognized and registered as meeting government requirements. Its diplomas bear the official seal of the Kwangtung government. I remember so well the graduation exercises which I attended during the year that I lived in Canton. A friend and I reached the First Presbyterian Church in which the exercises took place some time

before the appointed hour. We found the church packed with men, women and children. The place was elaborately decorated with flowers of which Canton is so abundant. On the outside was the bodyguard of the viceroy of the two Kwang provinces. On the platform were the viceroy, his commissioner of foreign affairs, Mr. Wen Chung-yao, and officials of lesser rank, resplendent in their official robes. Sir Liang, former Chinese Minister to America, delivered the principal address of the occasion. As Dr. Fulton, in college cap and gown, stood on that platform and handed the diplomas to the graduating class, I thought the sight was wonderfully impressive and the moment a crowning one for any life.

Dr. Fulton is preeminently a missionary. Knowing that the knowledge of medicine gave ready access to the secluded homes, and that there was no better and quicker method of making Christ known to our people, she emphasized the importance of training Christian doctors. Of all the doctors and nurses whom she trained, only three are not professing Christians. Her aim was to place in every city and large town in the two Kwang provinces at least two Christian women physicians.

. . . . .  
Mrs. Fong and I are particularly indebted to Dr. Fulton's kindness,—a kindness that has enriched and ennobled our lives. I met Mrs. Fong for the first time when I went to visit Dr. Fulton's hospital. It was not



long before I became a regular caller at the Lafayette compound. Dr. Fulton was so good as to let us have the use of her parlors in which to do our courting, and she gave us a beautiful wedding in her home. In grateful appreciation of our indebtedness to her, we have named our baby girl Mary Augusta in honor of her and her dear mother, whose sweetness and nobility of character impressed us very much. Our little Mary will perpetuate Dr. Fulton's influence in our home. It will be our aim to train our little one to follow her example.

After saying all this, I feel that my words are so feeble and inadequate to convey the feelings that crowd up for expression as we realize that we have to say good-bye to Dr. Fulton so soon. Most of us in this church have not known her long, yet, as a church, we have come to depend upon her. . . . We shall miss her inspiring presence in our services, her cheering words and unfailing counsel in times of perplexity. Our church building yonder will remind us of what she has done for us and her life among us. . . . We hope that the salubrious climate of the sunny, sunny land of Southern California will do wonders for her health. We wish her a safe journey and a pleasant stay in America. We pray for her early restoration to health and hope that she will come back to us.





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