

an exceptionally bright prospect—disgrace, poverty, murder (unintentional), and then suicide.

Uncertainties of Chinese Friendship.

How far can missionaries rely upon Chinese protestations of friendship? That is a question the missionaries themselves might find difficulty in answering. Of course half a loaf is better than no bread. The friendly calls and gifts of officials, and the kindly attentions of the common people may not mean everything, but they mean something, and are to be taken for what they are worth.

The following experience of Mr. and Mrs. Goforth is a reminder of the uncertainties of Chinese enthusiasm. Having arrived at Chu Wang by boat, they started by cart for Chang Te, and then Mrs. Goforth writes: 'We came to a large village at the farthest end of which a Chinese theatrical was in full swing. It was held in the open, quite close to the road, and the crowd of spectators were partly on one side and partly on the other side of the road. I was in the first cart with the carter, a Chinese boy, Helen and baby, and Mr. Goforth was in the second cart with Ruth and Wallace. Everyone was so engaged in watching the performance that my cart was nearly through the crowd before the cry was raised: "The foreign devils!" My carter whipped up his animals the instant he saw the people making a rush toward us, but some managed to run ahead for quite a distance. Fortunately I never once thought of any danger. I only thought the people were curious, and both Helen and I laughed to see how they tumbled over each other in their haste to catch a glimpse of us. We had been going at a pretty quick pace for a quarter of a mile when we reached the bridge, a very shaky thing at best, made of stalks and mud, and I was surprised to find the carter still keeping up his quick pace in crossing the bridge and for some distance beyond. Then it was that Mr. Goforth caught up and came to my cart to tell what had happened. It seems the crowd, disappointed at failing to get at my cart, turned to surround Mr. Goforth's. In a moment clods of dirt were being pelted freely at them, and things became serious. More than one attempt was made to drag Mr. Goforth off the cart. At this juncture the carter lashed up his animals. The crowd followed, crying out, "Kill! kill!" and "Run them into the river!" This was the greatest danger because of the frightened mules and narrow bridge. The bridge was crossed in safety. You can imagine how grateful we were to a Merciful Father for another deliverance.'

When it is remembered that this took place on the road between Chu Wang and Chang Te, the field of operation for years, it is not reassuring. Nevertheless, on the whole, conditions have improved, and China is yielding to outside forces. It may be a long time before these influences will reach the remote village life, but even that is only a question of time.

The Rev. W. Harvey Grant writes 29th of September: 'We have had several interesting inquirers come to us lately. Two days ago four young men from around the city eighteen miles north of here came. One of them had heard the Gospel five years ago, and had quite an intelligent grip of the truth. The others came for the first time. They were all able to read and bought a considerable number of books. I shall visit them in their home as soon as possible.'

'We lately had an interesting case of a doctor and his family who live about fifteen miles south of here. They heard the Gospel at the Hui Hsien fair last spring and were impress-

ed, bought a New Testament and several other books and when the Helpers visited the village a month ago, the doctor bore a splendid testimony for Christ before his fellow villagers. There are several other encouraging cases. The work is surely being blessed.'—'The Presbyterian.'

One Brave American Girl's Work in China.

(The 'Christian Herald'.)

Nineteen years ago, Miss Mary Fulton, equipped with a fine medical and surgical education, filled with a spirit of self-sacrifice and a consuming desire to help humanity, left her home in Indianapolis for Canton, China. To-day, as a result of her energy, she is at the head of the David Gregg Hospital, the Pierson Dispensary, the Woman's Medical College, and the Nurses' Training School, all in one compound in that heathen city.

The raising of the funds and the erection of the buildings are due to her efforts. She planned and equipped them, and now she personally supervises the entire work of each. Not only this, but, after mastering the language herself, she translated into Chinese all the books used in the medical college, and we know that text-books of this character demand absolute accuracy.

This medical college is the first established for Chinese women. The building was the gift of one man, at Winona Lake, Ind., who, in the summer of 1900, sent Dr. Fulton \$4,000 in gold (which brought \$8,000 in the Chinese money), instructing her to withhold his name from the public. The house was formally opened in December, 1902, by the United States Consul, and so great was the interest of the people, that native officials, from the Viceroy down, attended, and a special guard of five hundred soldiers was sent by the government to grace the occasion.

The work of instruction had already begun, and thirteen young women have since been graduated and are now practising physicians. They are held in great esteem by their countrymen, who feel that a woman conforms to the highest ideas of Chinese proprieties by becoming a doctor or nurse. Besides, the cures wrought in the hospital seem miraculous to the superstitious, and command intense admiration from all classes. Hence Dr. Fulton is constantly besieged with applications from families of the highest caste, and, having practically her choice, she selects girls of the finest intellect and physique for her students. As physicians, she declares they cannot be excelled, and they have long patience and quiet dignity.

The hospital was dedicated in April, 1902, and has been overfull ever since. All of these buildings are strictly modern throughout. Everything in and about them is considered beautiful by the Chinese, so beautiful, that patients plead to be allowed to spend the rest of their lives there.

Both the hospital and the Medical College are entirely self-supporting, although many free beds are maintained by Dr. Fulton's loving friends in this country, and the convalescing ward of the woman's department is supported by a band of young ladies in the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, called the 'Mary Fulton Society.' For fifteen years this society has never failed to send the money pledged for the work. The patchwork quilts upon the hospital cots are made of Indianapolis scraps. In return, the society is constantly receiving letters and curios from Canton that keep the members in close touch with the cause they love. Among their treasures are several idols that have been worshipped by many generations, but are now discarded for

the God of the Bible; ancestral tablets held in priceless value in China, and many articles both interesting and antique. These lend interest to their meetings, and are often used for illustration in junior societies and the primary department of the Sunday-school.

Large as is Dr. Fulton's field, the humane and civilizing medical work is not all, nor even the larger part. Souls are healed as well as bodies. In the same compound are the Theodore Cuyler Church and the School for Chinese girls, both of which are the special care of her brother, the Rev. A. A. Fulton.

Mark Guy Pearse, the Great London Preacher.

SOME OF HIS ENTERTAINING STORIES.

(The 'Ram's Horn'.)

If you recall the sensation which a flood of sunlight gave you as it poured into a darkened room you will understand the impression which Mark Guy Pearse gives an audience when he appears before it. When he walks onto the platform you would imagine he was an Anglican bishop who had forgotten his gown. His face is strong, glowing and bright. He is dramatic. His movements talk. He puts out his hands, and the audience is as silent as death. He folds his arms and throws his head back, and in a moment he bends forth, looks into the face of the audience and makes a declaration that is thrilling and powerful. If we did not know him for a preacher of righteousness whose spoken and written words endear him to a multitude the world over, we might say he had missed his calling and that he should have been an actor.

Mr. Pearse is a Cornishman. In his boyhood he watched the 'stamps' of the Camborne mines; he climbed the furze-clad granite of Carnbrear, and at times he heard the thunder of the Atlantic breakers on the northern coast of his native country. It was amid such surroundings that he absorbed so much of local color which gives his characters in his stories and sermons and poems their quaintness and charm.

The warm-hearted Methodism of that part of England early claimed him for its service and he entered on circuit work in his twenty-second year. This he continued until 1886, when, as he was preparing to spend the rest of his days in his beloved Cornwall, preaching and writing, he received a letter from Hugh Price Hughes asking him to join in the great work he was beginning in the West End London Mission. 'You would edify the saints,' he wrote, 'and I would pursue the sinners.' Mr. Pearse finally accepted the call and entered on this work with all his heart. The union of two such great souls for the salvation of that part of London continued until the death of Mr. Hughes.

Early last winter Mr. Pearse resolved on a tour of the American continent, first through Canada and then back through the United States. It was on his return that he spent a few days in Chicago, where thousands were privileged to see and hear him. Among the stories he related there was none more interesting than one telling what led him to become a minister:

There is always one, ever since I began to talk this homely talk of mine who has the first place, and this one I always have to begin with. This was 'Old Rosie'—she who made me a minister.

'"Old Rosie" was 105 years old, so she said. She had loved the Lord Jesus Christ with a conscious sense of his love to her ever since she was a little maiden of eleven. She had loved him all the days of her life. When I knew her she was brimful of love, her blue