

and looked in for a moment. Some of them did not wait to give expression to their thoughts, but others said, "He is a perfect devil out and out." A great crowd gathered, and they were getting excited. Very soon they began to send in beggars; some were sitting down, others standing and pushing us about. Beggars and lepers coming in in such large numbers soon left us very little space even for standing. The crowd was getting more and more excited. I saw one or two from the places where we had been before, and extracted some of their teeth for them. We overheard some saying, "He is not big; one blow would be sufficient." Day after day they were getting more aroused; and the third day, in the middle of the afternoon, they began to twist their queues around their heads and tie up their clothes around their waists, ready for action. One man threw a stone at the building, and then—if you have ever seen an angry Chinese crowd! It baffles description. The Chinaman is easily excited, and is ungovernable when enraged. Then they pulled the building down, carried it away, and took up even the very foundation. I directly walked with the students into a building right opposite. The owner of that inn came with tears in his eyes and begged us to leave. The British consul came again, and a mandarin, in his large chair. The mandarin told the consul to order me out of the city, but the latter said he had no right to do that. I felt that Jesus was my Master, and He had said, "Go preach the Gospel." When the consul started to leave they yelled and screamed at him with contempt. I walked with him as he bravely stepped out of the city. The mandarin then tried another way—begging and begging that I would also leave the city. I showed him my forecups and my Bible, and told him I was there in obedience to my Master. He wrote officially to say that he would put up a building outside of the city for me if I would go there, but we had planted stations outside of the city already, and now we determined to plant our standard inside its gates. Finally, we had another building put up on the very site of the one that had been torn down, not an inch from it one way or the other. That also was pulled down, and then we erected a larger one near it, and that shared the same fate. But there now, in Bang kah, we have a church with a spire! There is a great change. We see what God has wrought. Dark, proud, ignorant Bang kah, with all its bigotry, welcomes the worship of the living God. Some of the same headmen who at that time stirred up that mob of four thousand, who gathered around to kill us, called the people together a short time ago, and said, "The missionary is now going to leave us to visit his native land, and we must show him what the meaning of our heart is." The people had done what they chose in village, town, and city everywhere when I travelled through at first, and I decided they should follow out their own free will, when leaving, though I neither wanted nor needed any of their honors, even as I do not want them from Canada. They did it with a purpose. They assembled in the large open space in front of the tent where the mob had assembled formerly; and many of the chief men ordered for us a grand parade, and came with eight bands of Chinese music, and banners and umbrellas of state, such as they would carry before the governor. They formed a procession, beginning in front of a large temple; asked me to sit in a large sedan chair lined with silk, and went through the city with flags flying, and thus they insisted on carrying me through the town, and escorted us to the boat, wishing us blessing and offering gratitude to God. There in foreign style they cheered us, while the converts sang what they knew:

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the glory of His cross,
And honor all His laws," etc.

This showed the great power of God, the living God. We do not acknowledge His power as we ought. I am afraid that many in Christian lands do not believe what they profess respecting the living God. At other places scattered about yonder we planted twenty or thirty churches, and then came to a plain, travelling with the students among the aborigines on the east side. The

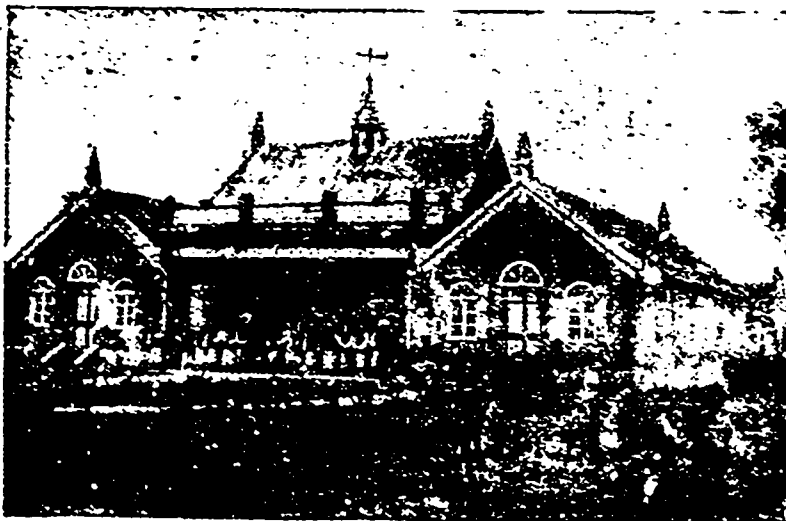


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people in one village said: "You have been going up and down through this plain for some time; if you will come to our place you will see what we can do." They fixed up a shelter with poles and sails, and we remained there the whole night. At daybreak the leader decided to erect a place of worship, and the people, instead of going out to fish, went to get rafters for the building. There we taught them the Gospel. Would to God many of the people of Canada were there to see—fishermen going out in their boats singing praises to God, and the old women weaving and singing. They were taking in the plain Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is ever fresh. In a short time the whole village of these aborigines, men, women, and children, would meet; one would take a shell and blow on it, and then all would join and sing praises to God:

"All people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice."

Here, back in Canada, I am quite at sea in the midst of ever-increasing machinery. There we have everything so simple—just the plain Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the plain asking for aid in His work—no ceremony about it. Yonder we are living back in the first century.



OXFORD COLLEGE, TANZI.

After that the people in another village came, and we soon had fifteen churches planted in that plain. We put a native preacher in each village, to preach Jesus Christ simply, and not waste time in declaring vain speculations, for we are not wont to spend our time on any such monevolved schemes. My students in Oxford College—not Oxford, England, but Oxford, Formosa—study the Bible in the morning, at noon, and at night; we begin with the Bible and end with the Bible, and preach Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of men. We can trust these students to preach what they know of Divine truth. Some people may suppose that these aborigines, or the Chinese, cannot get a clear idea of the Gospel plan of salvation. They do get a very clear idea of it, because God intended that they should. One of them went to a place on the plain further down and labored there. For eleven years I had purposed going in that direction; but now receiving a letter from him to come down, I felt that I had a call to go. I got a boat and went down at night, lest the savages might see us. Four hundred soldiers had been killed there. We narrowly escaped a similar fate. When the boat came up to the place of landing a man met us, and said: "You are MacKay, the missionary." A pony was brought for my-