

their way to the chapel. That, however, did not intimidate the rest, for they attended regularly, and spoke of the advantage of a place of worship in their midst, as many were anxious to hear the gospel. On hearing this, I went with them and remained over night. That evening we met in an old store-house, and had a large attendance. One of the hearers was a young man who was a patient in our hospital at Tamsui. His father, a very old man, came to thank me for having cured his son of a complaint which defied the native doctors for twelve years. In the morning, when leaving, quite a number said they would rent a house for a chapel if I would visit them again and send a helper to instruct them.

I ordered them to repair a place for worship, as I would return ere long. The enemy, hearing this, determined to crush the work if possible. The officials referred to above went to Sin-tiam and called upon the people to arise and put the "Barbarian" to death if he dared attempt to establish a chapel there. Accordingly, the head man in the village called on the man who rented a house for worship, and threatened to set it in flames.

In all the neighbouring villages placards were posted up warning the people to combine against the efforts of the "Barbarian." From a human point of view one would almost despair to enter the field again; but—I love to declare it—I have trusted the Lord God Almighty too long to doubt His word. Throwing myself entirely upon this word, I determined to go forth, should death be the result. The Lord be praised for having taken away its sting, so that it has no terrors.

Proceeding to the place, I met several who seemed enraged; and when entering the village, observed many angry faces and heard many blasphemous sounds. I called at once on the head man of the village, and asked him to point out the justice of their conduct according to Confucius, their own sage. The effect was astounding. He at once offered me tea to drink, according to Chinese custom, and walked with me through the street, telling the people not to oppose my work. At dark the door and windows of the rented house were thrown open, and in a few minutes it was filled. All listened attentively, and at the close I extracted six teeth, and gave the sick a good deal of medicine. This had a wonderful effect in removing their prejudices. I remained over Sabbath, then walked to Santeng-po, where I found the work quietly taking deeper root; but, as the inhabitants at Sin-tiam were making great preparations for the worship of the highest deity of the Tanist-pantheon, called, in the vernacular, "Giok-hong Siong-te," i.e., "Pearly Emperor, Supreme Ruler," I went back again

to tell them of the true God and the world's Redeemer. The masses, when first hearing of the true God, suppose reference is made to this dead man.

Why are such preparations going on at this time? Was his birth-day approaching? No. That day so significant to all Chinese is the 9th of the first moon. A few years ago the villagers suffered severely from fever, supposed to be caused by the displeasure of this god. At that time they vowed if the plague ceased they would sacrifice domestic animals, act plays, and invite all the devils to honor him; and now, according to the Tanist Priest, the appointed time came to fulfil these vows. A place was prepared outside the market for theatrical plays.

Merchants filled up their shops, gamblers arranged their tables, quack doctors prepared their medicine, and tea-planters arrived in immense crowds. And now the important day dawned to begin their rites (It was Sabbath.) What are those conical like church steeples, 10, 20 and 30 feet high with flags streaming from the top? Approach and see. Why, bamboo poles with flat cakes of different colors tied around rows from the base to the very peak. What are that other cone? Why, fowls tied instead of cakes. What a noise! Screaming! Why, 200 pigs are just being sacrificed in the street; about 50 goats, hens and ducks, make up the remainder of the domestics offered up to this god, that in a village not quarter the size of Woodstock, Ont. I never enjoyed a better opportunity to proclaim Christ and resurrection. From early in the morning till late at night the house was packed and the street in front a mass of people went out; hundreds followed and surrounded me. One rough-looking fellow struck a little boy with a piece of iron on the head; the blood flowed in a stream. The crowd withdrew a few yards and the poor little fellow crying, covered with blood. I immediately dressed the wound, put in three stitches, bled and left. The effect was wonderful. Every quarter men came up and thanked me. Another poor old man was severely injured from falling on a heap of stones. He was carried at once into the house, I dressed his wound, and then began to preach, and did not observe any marked face among the immense crowd. marked attention of those inside was visible. Four of my helpers came for assistance and rendered good service. I thank the Lord for their piety and knowledge. Hundreds heard of the Gospel waiting to save the perishing heathen. The evening several came to me and said they would like to worship the true