

head, not even a lip, as far as we could see, moved in that crowd while we remained face to face.

At length we descended from our pedestal, and gently wriggling our way through the crowd, we reached the two men who were holding our ponies. But as soon as we mounted and got just clear of the crowd, the unusual silence was broken by loud laughter, bitter mockery and reviling language, and by what was still more disagreeable, a shower of either small pieces of brick, or of earth which, by the keen frost, were like so many stones. Our ponies soon trotted us beyond the reach of the missiles; but we had to go through a mile of street lined on both sides with shops which seemed crowded with human beings, who greeted us as we passed with mocking laughter, shouts of angry defiance, or revilings of the grossest kind. We were not much affected by this kind of thing which "breaks no bones," and soon we found ourselves in our inn, somewhat fatigued with the nervous excitement rather than by the labors of the day.

The young doctor had been boycotted and left some time before for his native village.

Exactly two and a half years after that visit of ours, during which we were so unceremoniously treated, Mr. Webster stayed in the same inn, and walked that mile of street between it and the chapel. As usual, at most of the shop-doors stood some of the men in charge of the shop. Many of these men bowed to him as he passed, with a smile of recognition, inquired after his own welfare and that of his family left behind in Moukden. He entered the compound of the small chapel, where he was met and joyfully welcomed by a considerable band of men who had meantime become members.

Next day he dispensed the communion to a congregation of fifty baptized men and women. The "bread" was handed round in a plate, which he used for his food on the road, and the wine was drunk out of his breakfast-cup, as the most respectable vessel available. "But," as he stated in a letter written at the time, "the Holy Spirit of God was there." The emotion was profound. Men and women as they thus for the first time touched and tasted the tangible tokens of their Redeemer's dying love, did so with bursting sobs and with tears flowing down their cheeks. Those only who know the stolid nature of the Chinese, and their remarkable powers of self-control, can alone fully appreciate the significance of such uncontrollable emotion.

Two years later I was there dispensing the communion to a company of about double the number, and one which would have been much larger could all the members in the outlying villages connected with Tieling have been present. The members have had to take a second and larger chapel, but this was so full that a number of men had to stand during the entire service, though these were then mostly applicants for baptism. On a subsequent visit a couple of months later there were twenty-seven persons baptized. Press of time prevented me then from going to the villages