

according to the Tanist Priest, the appointed time came to fulfil these vows. A place was prepared outside the market for theatrical plays. (No Chinese feast of any account is complete without.) Will not Christians in Canada arise and banish for ever a heathenish custom? Will not theatre-goers awake lest the burning flames of hell overtake them? Life is too short, time too precious, heaven and hell too real to squander precious moments in debasing the soul at theatres, horse-races, dancing-parties, drinking saloons, and gambling dens of iniquity.

But to return. Merchants filled up their shops, gamblers arranged their tables, quack doctors prepared their medicines, and tea-planters arrived in immense crowds. And now the important day dawned to begin their rites. (It was Sabbath.) What are those cones, 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 in rows from the base to the very peak. And that other cone? Why, fowls tied around instead of cakes. What a noise! What screaming! Why, 200 pigs are just being sacrificed in the street; about 50 goats, 800 hens and ducks, make up the remainder of the domestics offered up to this god, and that in a village not quarter the size of Woodstock, Ont. I never enjoyed a better opportunity to proclaim Christ and the resurrection. From early in the morning till late at night the house was packed full, and the street in front a mass of people. I went out; hundreds followed and surrounded me. One rough-looking villain 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 left the poor little fellow lying, covered over with blood. I immediately dressed the wound, put in three stitches, bound it up, and left. The effect was wonderful. From 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 an angry face in the midst of the immense crowd. The marked attention of those inside was very visible. Four of my helpers came to my assistance and rendered good service. I thank the Lord for their piety, zeal and knowledge. Hundreds heard of a Saviour waiting to save the perishing heathen. God alone knows if any were converted. In the evening several came to me and said they would like to worship the true God. I rejoice greatly in sowing the precious seed, though it may be the privilege of others to reap the harvest.

The source of joy to the soul in obeying our blessed Master is indescribable. "Go ye, therefore, and teach (*disciple*) all nations." More laborers are needed for Northern Formosa. Who will come? "Go ye therefore." Are young men in Canada pleading excuses? Does the language keep any one back? If so, remember, dear brethren, the sin of such paltry excuses is simply "we will not go." "I pray thee have me excused." Arise, dear brethren, and away with such wordly ideas forever. Trust the Lord our God, and mountains will vanish before your eyes; trust the Lord and devils will see before you; trust the Lord and come forth to our Northern Formosa for the Lord of glory.

Ever yours, sincerely,

G. L. McKAY.

(Dr. Fraser, by last account, was at Swatow. He is, we trust, now at Tamsui).