

changes in this island in twenty-two years. I love my native Canada, but not more than this beloved land. A bamboo like this that I hold in my hand is an old friend. I used it in fording streams, feeling the bottom where we were to step, and also supporting myself with it in travelling. We carried wild banana leaves to serve us as umbrellas during heavy rains.

We went to one large city called Bang-kah, and tried to get an opening there. We succeeded in getting a house at the outskirts near an encampment of soldiers. We put out over the door, "Jesus' Holy Temple." A soldier came and told us that we must get out of that place, as the ground did not belong to the owner of the house. I told the students they had better leave me. The soldiers got excited, and I found it absolutely necessary to leave, as the land belonged to the government and the house to the soldiers.

I started to leave, and the city got excited, and the British consul came to see what the matter was. Dense crowds gathered. Some of the people threw bricks from the roofs of the houses. They reviled and hooted. The consul said to me, "You would better go down to Tamsui for the present as it will be impossible to get in here for three years at least." Then I asked God to open up a way for us into that city.

At nine o'clock we walked back and got into the suburbs on the other side, where I rented another house, getting the proper legal documents from the owner of the house before midnight. I put up again over the door, "Jesus' Holy Temple." The people came from the streets 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 and 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 forceps 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 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.—Miss. Rev.