

Tamsui. Many of the cases, of course, are of the simplest kind and when Mr McKay is going hurriedly only such cases can be attended to; but more serious cases than one would imagine are treated, and treated very successfully too, when there is time. Very few physicians have such opportunities of large practice as Mr. McKay has, and he is skillful enough to take full advantage of them. The hospital in Tamsui labours under great disadvantages from the miserable character of the building. Notwithstanding all which, the work which it does is a noble one and the Church owes much to Dr. Ringer for his gratuitous services, which I hope she will do herself the honour of acknowledging in some way. Sometimes there were four services on Sabbath in Teckcham, and probably 150 cases attended to, with crowded houses each time. Who will say how much good was done? I wish you could catch the inspiration of standing by and seeing the work. It is the Lord's work, and He will surely and fully acknowledge it, rest assured. One good feature was that a great many of the crowd came regularly to the services showing that real interest was drawing them. On Monday, we (Mr and Mrs. M, Mrs. J. and myself) went out to see the city. Such crowds. The Prince of Wales in Toronto would not make a greater commotion. Mrs. J. was a great attraction, for there never was a European woman in Teckcham before, except the wife of the captain of a vessel wrecked near here. She passed through, but to many Mrs. J. was the first European woman they had ever seen. We went to a large temple wherein are the most curious idols I have ever seen. They were made specially to be hideous. Some were as large as sixteen feet high, all human figures, some only a few inches; but all were fearfully contorted both in form and feature. Some had tongues a foot long hanging out on their breasts. Some with their eyes almost hanging out of their sockets. One had a movable lower jaw, which, worked by a string, inspired the more ignorant with terror. All were intended to be hideous in order to frighten the people. The temple was to the goddess of mercy, which is a particularly pretty figure of a woman; making it all the more singular that she should be surrounded by so much ugliness.

When we went in we found a woman engaged in making request to the goddess. The process is as follows. She desires some good thing and comes before the goddess to see if her desire will be granted. Before the goddess is a table. On the table, among other things, are pots of the hollow bamboo. These are about fourteen inches long or deep and six inches broad. They are full of split sticks of bamboo about eighteen inches long and half an inch wide. She takes one of those pots with the sticks, and going down on her knees, shakes it round in such a way as to make one of the sticks fall out. She takes up the stick, looks at the characters on it and lays it on the table. She then takes up two blocks, many of which are lying on the table. These blocks are as if a bean were split in two along its longest diameter and parallel to its flat sides, making two blocks, each having a flat and a convex side. She takes a block in each hand, and, bowing repeatedly, and constantly repeating something inaudibly, casts them on the floor. If they fall in reverse order, that is, one block with the flat and the other with the convex side down she is supposed to have her request granted. If otherwise, she is refused. But she keeps constantly going over all this process until she succeeds in throwing them so that they fall properly. This particular case succeeded at the second throw and she went off looking quite elated. In the meantime the crowd around laughed and talked and helped her to pick up the sticks etc., and seemed to be quite jolly over her failure and also over her success. Worship is performed by bringing little tapers of sandal wood and sticking them up before the particular idol to be worshiped. Coming out of the temple Mr. McKay started a hymn which we all sang, which rapidly increased the crowd. Mr. McKay and the helper then spoke to the people and we returned home. Monday night we had service again. On Tuesday morning we were up at five, and ready for the road by six, but our coolies refused to move, some of them keeping out of sight. Finally we had to send the Yaman and to the Mandarin, when they soon made their appearance, and by seven we were off for Sin-Kang. We struck off to the south-west for the sea, travelling along the sea beach for several miles and then turning inland ascended and traversed immense sand hills. The wind was blowing hard, but fortu-

nately on our backs. The air was full of sand, coarse, like hail, and fine as dust. Nothing would keep it out. For miles we traversed it, and at a very slow rate, for it was hard walking for the coolies. When we returned across this tract a few days later we found long stretches of sand hills twenty feet deep, that had no existence on this crossing. The sand is white, almost as snow. We travelled through these drifts till about 2 p.m., when we came to a range of hills. Passing through these by an artificial cut we came into a new world—a lovely valley, all traces of sand left behind. This was the Sin Kang valley, and in half an hour we were at the chapel. This is our most southern station, three days' journey from Tamsui. It is different from the other stations being among the *Sek Hoans*, who are not Chinese. They are descendants of the aborigines who have submitted to the Chinese rule and speak the Chinese language. The helper at this station (Ho) is also a Sek Hoan. They are poor, industrious (in a way) but much lower than the Chinese. On Wednesday Mr. McKay and I started for *Dulan*, a Chinese town on the sea coast, about three miles off. The wind since Tuesday morning had been blowing a gale and the sand clouds were something fearful. In going to this town sometimes the wind fairly blew us off our feet. At the town we went to the market where the people collected. Mr. M. drew a good many teeth and spoke to the people, when we started back. Service in the chapel, with a nice full house. This station was established in April 1873, consequently here were many Christians. They form a cheerful quiet community, and it was truly pleasant to think of them as Christians in the midst of such a dense wilderness of heathenism. On Thursday, Mr. M., the helper and myself started for a great gathering to take place at another town about four miles off. One of the gods was to be honoured, and a feast was the method. They had hired a theatrical company to assist at the celebration. The god was in a bamboo tent, on a table covered with very handsome ornaments, pagodas etc., of sugar, fancy cakes in profusion. These were food for the god. He was supposed to extract the spiritual essence from them, leaving the lower substance for the people to feast upon afterwards. The theatricals occupied a tent immediately opposite. Chinese theatricals have the merit of being innocent. The idea is costume to amuse and astonish the people by its variety and gorgeousness; in both of which they succeed. The element in the music is noise, gongs and cymbals being the principal instruments. Their costumes are gorgeous certainly. Their music is deafening, and kept up while the speaking is going on. This is not singular when you know that the actors speak a mandarin dialect which nobody understands. Their object is to amuse by hideous faces, splendid costumes, and grotesque motions. In all these they succeed, for a more silly thing it is impossible to conceive. The people were Hakkas. Mr. McKay extracted some teeth, conversed with the people and we departed. In the evening we had another pleasant service in the chapel. On Friday morning at six o'clock we started north for Teckcham over the sand hills. Fortunately the wind had moderated, so we were not blinded. We reached Teckcham about three p.m., and had a good rest, but only by bolting the doors to keep the crowd out. Mr. McKay was suffering fearfully from toothache from a tooth which no one can pull out apparently, at least four or five have pulled at it without moving it. He is still suffering from the same cause, a month later.

On Saturday morning, at six, we were again ready for the road, which lay north-west to the sea coast to Ang-Mng Kang. You will not know where this station is, as it is a new one and not marked on the map. If you have a map, draw on it a line to the sea coast, which is half of a line from that point to Tiong-lek. Then making a line from Teckcham to Tiong-lek the base, Ang Mng Kang will be at the apex. If you mark a spot between the "N" of the Nana-sha river and the sea, you will have about the position. Here our 12th station was opened about a year ago. The chapel is a private house, accounted for in this way. A man living in the village was north and heard the gospel and believed it. He came to Mr. McKay and begged that he would come and preach the gospel in his village, offering to vacate his house and give it for a chapel. This showed sincerity; moreover, he was a great opium smoker and wished to give it up. Mr. McKay went down (of course he had been there before for he has preached the gospel in every place in North Formosa), the man gave up his house, which was

fitted up as a chapel and the people have proved themselves as very faithful. There is now a fine congregation. The helper stationed here is Giet. As I have said, we left Teckcham at six a.m. on Saturday travelling north west. At eight we climbed a steep ascent of about 800 feet to a splendid plateau, and travelled at this elevation nearly all the way to Ang-Mng Kang which we reached at eleven. The country looked exactly like Canada. We remained here during Sabbath and had four services to crowded houses every time. On Monday morning at six we started for Tiong-lek, some of the people escorting us some distance from the town. We travelled still on the plateau mentioned, the same we had passed over from Tiong-lek to Teckcham. At twelve we took dinner in a pretty grove at a little village. An admiring crowd watched proceedings sometimes rather closely. At three we entered Tiong-lek and took up our old quarters in the *Grand Hotel*. Tuesday morning, at six, we were off for Au-Po (pronounced au-paw). We travelled still over the same rolling plateau of the first day. We journeyed north east. About five miles from Au-Po we entered a lovely valley among the mountains. It was more of a gorge than a valley, for often it was only a few yards wide with sides several hundred feet high. Through this we travelled for several hours, when we came out on the banks of a large branch of the river flowing past Tamsui. This stream joins the main river just a little below Bangkok. Passing through quite a large city we came to the chapel, which is in a very pretty situation looking out upon the river. Right opposite across the river is a fine range of mountains several thousand feet high.

Ho is the name of the helper here. The chapel is large, and in the evening, at service, was pretty well filled with an attentive congregation. It was opened in June 1876. The helper is past middle age, all the rest being young men. He had been a very strict vegetarian, a very numerous class in China. In the morning (Wednesday) we took a boat and crossed the river, then crossed a narrow island, then across another larger river and landed in Bangkok, and by eight were in the chapel. Without waiting long here we passed through Bangkok down the bank of the river to Toa tin tia, a city a mile below Bangkok, where are the "Hongs" of the foreign merchants. About one quarter of a mile below this is our next chapel, Toa liong-pong, opened in August 1875. Simply calling here, we passed on to Lun a teng, opened July 1878, where we (Mrs. Junor and myself) took boat for Tamsui, where, after a sail of two and a half hours we arrived at three, having been two weeks all but two days on the road. The whole distance travelled was about 200 miles and the chapels in order are: (1) Pat-li hun, opposite Tamsui; (2) Teckcham, two days south; (3) Sin Kang, one day further south; (4) Ang Mng Kang, one half day north-west from Teckcham; (5) Au-po-a, one day north-east from Tiong-lek, but only a few hours from Bangkok; (6) Bangkok, up the river twelve miles from Tamsui; (7) Toa liong-pong, a mile and a half from Bangkok, nearer Tamsui; (8) Lun a teng, two miles nearer Tamsui. The trip was most profitable to us and we trust also to the Church.

The great meeting has taken place and was a great success in every way, I fully believe. On the 18th of December it took place, and from it we feel sure the native Christians here have gone home much strengthened. The meeting was held at Toa liong-pong, a mile or so from Bangkok. This is the month during which the greatest number of heathen feasts is held, and is usually the finest month in the year so far as weather is concerned. As soon as we returned from our trip round the stations, we set about the preparations for the meeting, or rather Mr. McKay did, for I could not do much towards it.

Very many of the Christians here at the various stations have never seen each other, and have had really very little idea of how many others there were or what they were like. If it were possible to bring them all to one place so that they could see and know each other we know much good would result. This now has been done. On the day before the meeting every station sent two men to help in fitting up for the occasion. It was something like a large pic-nic, for all the people would have to be fed, coming from a distance (as far as three days' journey). The expense was borne entirely by the Christians themselves and they contributed willingly and plentifully. The Toa liong-pong chapel stands in a large, level field on the main road to Bangkok. About one and a half miles off