

ality to our serving that it shall never cast a shadow on the things we are doing for Christ.

No apparent or real slighting of us by any other should make us less faithful. Touchiness is not among the fruits of the Spirit.

We never can know what the full outcome of our simplest kindnesses will be. We speak a cheerful word to one who is discouraged. We pass on scarcely giving another thought to the matter. Yet perhaps our word has saved a life from despair, helped a fainting robin back into its nest again, or changed a destiny from darkness to light.

I like the word "leaning." John leaned his weight on Jesus, on His breast, near His heart. We need to learn better our privilege of leaning, nestling, in the bosom of divine love. We think of giving a few of our burdens to Christ; but He wants to carry both us and all our load.

True goodness is not conscious of itself. Moses wist not that his face shone. The noblest Christians put the lowest value on their own good works. No doubt many of the commendations and rewards of the righteous in the Judgment will be surprises to them. They keep no record of their own good deeds. Their own sense of personal unworthiness hinders their seeing anything worthy in their ministrations.

There are many pictures of Jesus—the Holy Child in the manger, the Redeemer on the cross, the Conqueror with the keys—but none of them surpasses that of the servant with the towel and basin. We get the lesson of service. Jesus did not think His holy hands too fine for the washing of the feet of the twelve men who sat around the table. Many of us think we are too fine in the texture of our being, or too high in our rank among men, to stoop to lowly service like this. This picture of the Christ is a New Testament answer to all such pride and pretension.

The Taking of Bang-Kah.

THERE was consternation in Bang-Kah. It was the largest and most important city of North Formosa, and hitherto the impregnable citadel of anti-foreign prejudice, heathenism and sin. Commerce of other lands had by its agents knocked unheeded at her gates, and those who had entered unbidden were chased out of her precincts, narrowly escaping death. But now the proud city was besieged by an army few in number, yet mighty in strength, one whose strange conquests were accomplished in some mysterious way, that made it all the more dreaded. Its banner bore the simple device of a cross, its battle cry was "In the name of the Lord!" Its leader, the apostolic George Leslie Mackay, and its purpose the conquest of Formosa for Christ. The outposts of this little band had advanced

within a few miles of Bang-Kah, and chapels had been established in villages north, south, east, and west of the city. The chief men of the beleaguered stronghold issued a proclamation forbidding all citizens to rent, lease or sell houses or property to the barbarian missionary, and strove to incite the surrounding villages against him. Nothing daunted, Mackay in December of 1877 decided to

Strike the First Blow

for the taking of Bang-Kah. He managed to secure a little hovel on the eastern side of the city, and hung over its door the inscription, "Jesus' Holy Temple." He was not left long in peace. The military authorities ordered him away claiming the hovel was on their ground, and Mackay after spending one night under its roof, threatened by a mob of infuriated soldiers, in the morning made his way, with some difficulty and danger, out of the city to join his students in a chapel three miles distant. The rest of the day they spent in prayer to God that He would give them an entrance into the city. They knew that God must have His plans for the taking of Bang-Kah, and they submitted themselves to His guidance. At eventide, with intrepid courage they set out for the city again. It was dark, and they knew not where they were going. Presently they met an old man, and asked could he tell them where they could get a small building for mission work. "Yes," he replied, "I will rent you mine." So they followed him, praising God for His wonderful leading, and made

A Midnight Attack

upon the city, that proved at last to be its downfall. The place was small and dirty, with a mud floor, but it would give them at least a foothold in the citadel. Before dawn the bargain was finished which by Chinese law gave them possession, and when the sun rose it revealed to the startled populace that significant inscription, "Jesus' Holy Temple," displayed above the door. An excited mob speedily gathered, and throughout the day the commotion and hubbub was alarming. On the morrow matters became worse, the multitudes thronging the streets were mad with hatred. Their frenzy reached a climax between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. A stone was hurled at the building, and hell seemed to break loose. With hideous screams and yells of execration they rushed upon the house, and tore it to pieces, digging up the very foundation stones with their hands and casting them aside. Then when the work of destruction was complete they stood and spat upon the site. Mackay and his followers fearlessly took up their quarters in an inn across the street, which was immediately attacked; but just as the landlord was pleading with them to leave lest his inn should be demolished, the Chinese mandarin and Mr. Scott, British consul at Tamsui arrived, and there was a lull in the storm. The mandarin wanted Mr. Scott to order them out of the city, but he emphatically refused and added, "you must protect the missionary as a British subject." After the consul had departed, the mandarin on his knees implored