

FROM FAR FORMOSA

The Island, its People and Missions

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TWENTY-THREE YEARS A MISSIONARY IN FORMOSA

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CHAPTER XIV

BEGINNINGS OF MISSION WORK

Purpose—Learning the language—With the herdboys—First sermon—
The literati—Coming of A Hoa—Conversion of Go Ek Ju—A Chris-
tian family

IN April, 1872, I had secured a house in Tamsui, and faced the question, Why am I here? Is it to study the geology, botany, or zoölogy of Formosa? Is it to examine into questions about the racial relations of the inhabitants? Is it to study the habits and customs of the people? No; not for that did I leave my native home. Not for that did the church in Canada ordain me and send me out. My commission is clear; I hold it from the King and Head of the church: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Whatever else may be done, that commission must be fulfilled. More than that. Whatever else may be done must have a real and positive bearing on the fulfilment of that commission. Whatever of history, geology, ethnology, sociology, or of any other subject may engage the missionary's attention must be regarded in its relation to the gospel. To get the gospel of the grace of God into the minds and hearts of the heathen, and when converted to build them up in their faith—that was my purpose in going to Formosa. I had it clearly before me at the beginning, and nothing has been allowed to obscure it or make it less than supreme.

But the question of ways and means had yet to be answered;

and taking things as they came, my first duty was to learn the language. Already I had mastered the eight tones of the Formosan dialect and had learned a few words. But what was that compared with the task scarcely begun? I had no teacher, and there were then no books of much use to a beginner. My Chinese servant, who returned with me from the trip down the west coast with Messrs. Ritchie and Dickson, was my only helper. I spent hours with him pronouncing words and imitating sounds. He was not used to that kind of service, and at times would look at me doubtfully, as though he thought me a little daft. I kept away from the main street and wandered out into the country in the hope of meeting some peasant with whom I might converse, and from whom I might learn something of the language of the common people. Out on the downs I saw a dozen boys herding water-buffaloes. As soon as I went near they yelled, "Foreign devil, foreign devil!" jumped on the ground, waved their large sun-hats, and disappeared behind boulders. The next day I tried them again. They looked at me in silence, but on the alert, and ready to run at the first sign of danger. The third day I spoke to them, and as I had carefully practised my words they exclaimed, in utter astonishment, "He knows our language!" That the "barbarian" could speak even a few of their words interested them very much. I took out my watch and held it up for them to see. They were around me instantly, feeling my hands, fingers, buttons, and clothes. The herdboys and I became friends that day, and ever after they would wait my coming with eager interest. I was out there on the plateau with them every day for four or five hours, talking to them, hearing them talk, noting down new words and phrases, until my vocabulary began to grow with a rapidity that quite amazed my servant. I learned more of the spoken dialect from those herdboys than in any other way, and years after, when they grew to manhood, they continued friendly, and

were always delighted to recall the first days on the buffalo-pasture. Several of them became converts to Christianity, one a student and preacher.

All this time I was working away at the written characters with my English-Chinese dictionary. It was slow and vexatious. Without a teacher or helper, and having none of the improved dictionaries, it sometimes took hours to find the meaning of one character.

In this way I learned the spoken dialect in the daytime from the herdboys, and studied the characters from the books at night, all the while practising aloud in order to train both tongue and ear. Something new was learned every day, and my old servant had to listen to new words and sentences and hear the old ones over again every night. It is entirely probable that he said some things I did not understand, and that were not very complimentary. I am quite sure he became sick and tired of my questions and cross-questions. After a few weeks in my service he collapsed, and left me to march up and down the room reciting and rehearsing by myself. I never saw him again. These exercises were not in vain, however, and as I shunned all Europeans and English-speaking Chinese, and spoke to every other man who would listen to me, within five months I had so far mastered the language that I was able to preach my first sermon; and while it was much shorter than the sermons I was accustomed to hear in Zorra, it was listened to by some of those heathen hearers with strict attention. The text was, "What must I do to be saved?" The room was full. Some sneered, others laughed outright, but some were respectful and attentive.

While studying the language I was also coming into touch with the people. The proud, conceited literati would enter my room, open my Bibles and other books, throw them on the floor, and then strut out with a grunt of contempt. I got a large sheet of Chinese paper, printed on it the ten command-

ments, and pasted it on the outside of my door. It was soon daubed with mud and then torn down. A second was similarly treated. The third was put up and remained untouched.

One forenoon a young man, prepossessing in appearance, and of more than ordinary intelligence, called upon me and questioned me on many subjects. When he was leaving I invited him to return in the evening and have another talk. He promised, and was there at the time mentioned, and remained during brief exercises and the singing of a hymn. I read one of our hymns, the subject of which is the brevity of human life, and presented him with a copy of the hymn-book. There was something about the young man that attracted my attention and made me think more about him after he had gone than about any of the others with whom I had met. He was intelligent and respectable, but there was a seriousness, a downrightness, that marked him as superior. I had been pleading with God to give me as the first convert an intelligent and active young man. Long before I had reached Formosa that had been the burden of my prayer. That night when I was alone in my room the thought flashed upon my mind that my prayer was heard, and that this young stranger was the man I had prayed for. So powerfully did the conviction come home to me that, although I had not a tittle of evidence of his conversion, I slept little that night for very gratitude.

In a day or two the young man returned, bringing with him a graduate of some note, who discussed questions of religion with me for some time. It was clear now that there was to be a conflict with the literati, and that day I began studying their language and religion with more earnestness than ever. The next time the young man came he brought with him six graduates, who remained for two hours discussing and questioning. A few days later he brought several others. Then he came with a literary man of a higher degree, a *ku-jin*, and twenty graduates and teachers. By this time I had become

so interested that with the utmost eagerness I entered into the discussion and attacked them on their own ground. Question after question was put to them touching their three religions, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Tauism. They were surprised at the "barbarian's" knowledge of their sages and their teachings. Their spokesman was soon entangled, and in a little while they all left the room. Within half an hour the young man returned. He looked more serious than ever. I read the hymn "A day's march nearer home." His eyes brightened, and he said, "What you read now suits me. I love those words, and I am convinced that the doctrines you teach are true. I brought all those graduates and teachers to silence you or to be silenced. I have thought a great deal about these things of late, and I am determined to be a Christian, even though I suffer death for it. The Book you have has the true doctrine, and I should like to study it with you." I wrote down all the young man said in my journal, at his own request; and with the record now before me, my mind goes back to that day in the month of May, 1872. I recall something of the feelings of that hour—the strange thrill of joy, the hope, perhaps the fear, the gratitude, and the prayer. I look back through these twenty-three years, see the earnest face of that young man, and hear again his words of resolve and conviction. Were those true words? Who can say one syllable was untrue? That young man became a Christian, a student, a preacher, and to-day, after twenty-three long years of trial and testing, he is there still, the chief among the native preachers, the man to whom, more than to any other, the care of sixty churches in the mission in North Formosa falls. His name is Giam Chheng Hoa, better known as A Hoa. Will any one who knows anything about the history of mission work in Formosa say that A Hoa's brave resolution, made on that day so long ago, has failed?

Some time after A Hoa became a disciple, a painter in

Tamsui named Go Ek Ju persisted in disturbing our meetings and molesting us. When I was addressing the people at night, with the door open, he would pass by and throw pebbles inside. When the door was closed he would look through holes and listen to all that was said. His habitual custom was to lie in wait for A Hoa when on his way home after worship. First alone, then with others, he would jerk A Hoa's cue, slap him in the face, stand right before him in the street, and insult him in other ways. We just pleaded with God every day to give the man light from above. One afternoon a medium-sized, thin-faced, pock-marked, intelligent-looking fellow came to me at our house and said, "I am sorry for my past conduct toward A Hoa and you, and beg you to forgive me." It was Go Ek Ju, the painter. He took his stand as a Christian that night, and publicly declared his allegiance to Christ.

After his conversion he spent every hour of spare time in study. But his aged mother—how she cried, raged, and threatened when she heard what her only son had done! How true it sometimes is that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household"! His two sisters sent him word privately to keep away from the house, lest something serious should happen. The poor, warm-hearted son was to be pitied, and A Hoa went with him to his former home. They were received with bitterness, for relatives, neighbors, and constables goaded the mother on to desperation. At length I went to the house with him and A Hoa. Go Ek Ju sat beside me. The mother, who was engaged pounding rice, looked angry and fierce. She gave a few replies to my explanations, then flew into a rage and moved toward her son with a mallet in her uplifted hand. I intercepted her, grasped the mallet, and threw it outside. We walked out, subject to abuse from the infuriated mother. We now prayed for that woman. In a few days one of the daughters was prostrated with a severe illness. Sorcerers, doctors, and idols were consulted in vain,

and the poor mother's heart was bleeding. Some one advised European medicines, and I was called in to prescribe. The malarial fever from which the girl was suffering soon yielded to the remedies. With the mother's heart now softened and gladdened, there was no difficulty in getting her consent to the son's continuance as a student. Before long, son, mother, and daughter all shared in the hope of the gospel. It became a Christian household, and all have remained steadfast until this day. The son has been a preacher for twenty-one years, and the mother a Bible-woman for a third of that time.

CHAPTER XV

THE FIRST NATIVE PREACHER AND HIS CHURCH

The first student—A Hoa's early life—Studying together—A Hoa's first prayer—Beauty in nature—First trials—First testing—First baptism—First communion—First chapel—First services—First preacher—First female convert

A NATIVE ministry for the native church was an idea that took shape in my mind before leaving Canada. My prayer had been for a young man of such gifts as would mark him out for the sacred office. The prayer had been answered, and the coming of A Hoa seemed to indicate the mind of the Head of the church. From the very beginning I began training the first convert for the work of the ministry. He became at once both pupil and companion. On the morning after his confession he came to my house, and as my old servant had wearied of my everlasting Chinese chatter, he set to work and made the room clean and neat. The result was that he joined himself to me and took full charge of all housekeeping affairs.

The early life of this first convert and preacher is deserving of notice. His family surname is Giam. When his father was ten years of age the family came from the mainland of China. Their old homestead was near Foo-chow. His mother was born on Steep Island, northeast of Formosa, and belonged to the clan Tan. When thirteen years of age she moved to Tamsui, and five years later was married to Mr. Giam. There in Tamsui, in the very house I afterward rented

in 1872, and in the very room I first occupied, their first-born son, who was to be so great an instrument in God's hand in overthrowing the heathen religion and bringing many of his countrymen to a knowledge of the world's Redeemer, was born.

A Hoa opened his eyes to poverty and a hard life, for his father died before he looked upon his face. His widowed mother was left poor, and could ill afford to provide nourishing food for herself and child. As a result he was weak and delicate, and his mother took him to an idol in the town, seeking advice. The answer was, "Let him be called my child, and name him Hut-a." In time this name, which means "Idol's Child," was changed to Hok-a, then to Hoa, and lastly to A Hoa. He grew up a filial son, and his care and respect for his mother, who is still alive, are very touching. During boyhood his days were spent with his mother and his evenings with his teacher, a relative, who belonged to the Squeers school of dominies. The years from ten to seventeen were spent almost entirely in study. He then entered the service of a mandarin, who gave him employment first as scullion and last as private secretary. He traveled considerably in China from Foo-chow to Tientsin, and spent six months in Peking. Shortly after this he returned to Tamsui, and not long after his return I landed in Formosa. How he was led to the gospel, and his decision to become a Christian, have already been told.

A Hoa proved a faithful servant and a most apt and diligent student. I began by teaching him to read and write the romanized colloquial, i.e., the Chinese spelled with English letters. His progress was simply astonishing. Nor was I losing time myself. With a helper like A Hoa, who was as eager as myself, I found my stock of Chinese words rapidly increase, and the difficulties of pronunciation more easily overcome. When in the house we read, sang, studied, drilled, the

whole day long. A neighbor entered one day to see if we had both become altogether crazy. He meant well, but was a little afraid of us. He brought us two cups of tea as a specific, and suggested a visit to the nearest temple as a good thing for people affected as we were. There may have been some humor in the scene, but we started a hymn, and, fearing another outbreak, the man bolted out of the door, dropping the tea-cups on the floor in his frightened haste. He would not venture back, but in about an hour a little boy came in for the fragments of the dishes.

As A Hoa advanced in his studies I procured a map of the world, and it was amusing to watch him as his eye took in the vastness of other countries than China. His Chinese notions about geography were upset, and he soon began to have thoughts about the wide world outside the Chinese wall and beyond the broad Pacific. Astronomy, too, became a favorite and inspiring study. But the chief subject was the Bible and "that wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin." He was with me every evening as I preached to the people, and their threats were as angry against him as against the "barbarian." He traveled with me, too, on short trips into the country. One morning we called on one of his old friends, a farmer, living not far from Tamsui. When they recognized us two fierce dogs were set on us, and the children yelled after us, pelting us with stones.

In all these services A Hoa was only a companion, and never did more than join in singing. The time had come when his own gifts must be exercised. One evening, when we were alone in our room, I asked him to engage in prayer. He had never attempted audible prayer in his life, and the request came upon him unexpectedly. Immediately he fell on his knees before a rickety old bamboo chair. He was terribly in earnest, and his halting words and broken petitions were charged with intense emotion. Grasping the arms of the

chair firmly with both hands, he shoved it about the hard, uneven floor, making a hideous creaking accompaniment to his faltering sentences. By the time the prayer was finished he had moved half-way across the room. The scene had even to me a ludicrous aspect, and had others been present it would scarcely have been to their edification; but the prayer was sincere, and to God in heaven it was an incense of sweet smell. I noted the words: "Lord, thou art the true God. I did not know thee a few months ago. Help me to know more and more of thee. I know now that the idols our people worship cannot save their souls. I thank thee from the bottom of my heart that Pastor MacKay came to us. Lord, help me by the Holy Spirit to bring my mother, relatives, and neighbors to Jesus. We do not know much, but, O God, help me, help us. This is my heart's desire."

One morning early I started out with A Hoa, crossed the Tamsui River, visited a Buddhist priest in a temple, and then began the ascent of the Quan-yin Mountain, the side of which was covered with tall grass that would cut like a knife. When we reached the summit, seventeen hundred feet above the sea, our hands were sore and bleeding. The view from the mountain-top repaid us for the pain and toil. It was magnificent. But poor A Hoa was greatly perplexed, wondering what under the whole heavens could be my purpose. Like all other Chinese, he had no eye for the beautiful in nature, and to climb a mountain for the mere pleasure of gazing on the scenery was to him past comprehension. At first he was a little afraid as we looked down upon Tamsui lying at our feet, and far inland saw the broad stretches of the Bang-kah plain. His senses were dormant, however, not dead. Standing there together we sang the One Hundredth Psalm, and before the last verse was finished the great Spirit, who makes all things beautiful in earth and sky and sea, touched A Hoa's soul. His nature was stirred to its very depths. It was the birth-hour

of the beautiful. His new-born soul had now an eye and ear for God's message in creation, and from that hour he became a devoted student and ardent lover of everything in nature.

In the autumn of the same year we visited Kelung for the first time. On the way we passed through Bang-kah, the largest city in the north, where the citizens showed signs of bitterest hostility, and many followed, reviling and pelting us with stones. A Hoa was now becoming familiar with the taunting cries that everywhere greeted us: "Foreign devil! Black-bearded barbarian!" At Sek-khau, on the banks of the Kelung River, broken bricks gave emphasis to the cries when our backs were turned. As dark came on we were making our way along a path through tall reeds and grasses, when, at a sudden turn, a band of robbers with their long spears flashed their lights in our faces. When I told them we had no money, and that I was a teacher, they repeated the word "teacher" and disappeared. We were carrying torches, but a storm was brewing, and soon a strong blast left us in utter darkness. We were then on a strange road in an unknown territory. Gusty winds came howling down from the mountains, driving sheets of blinding rain. What were we to do? We could not return. To stand still was alike out of the question. On we went, creeping along the wet and slippery path, a Canadian missionary, a Chinese convert, and a heathen basket-bearer. Here we stumbled over boulders, there one slipped into a crevice in the rock, and somewhere else we all three staggered into the mire of an unfenced rice-field. But underneath and round about us were "the everlasting arms." Kelung was reached before midnight, and the rest of the night was spent in a low damp hovel. A Hoa early learned that the path of duty in the service of Christ is sometimes rough and sore, as it was for Him who first went up to Calvary.

At Kelung we stood on the stone steps of a large heathen temple, sang a hymn or two, and immediately the crowd

gathered, filling the open space and the street. It was a mob of angry idolaters. Some of them were A Hoa's old acquaintances and companions, and when they saw him stand beside the hated "foreign devil" their contempt for the Christian missionary was as nothing compared with their feelings toward the Christian convert. I turned to A Hoa and invited him to address the people. It was a moment of testing. He had never before spoken for Christ in the public street. It was only a few months since he himself had first heard the gospel. He heard the scornful and vile words of his old friends and comrades, and when I turned and asked him to speak he was silent and hung down his head. Immediately I read the first verse of a hymn, and we sang it together. The words were those of the old Scotch paraphrase that has so often put iron into the blood and courage into the hearts of trembling saints:

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the glory of his cross,
And honor all his laws."

It was enough. A Hoa raised his head, and never again was he "ashamed." Looking out over that angry mob, he said, in the calm, clear tones of a man who believes and is unafraid, "I am a Christian. I worship the true God. I cannot worship idols that rats can destroy. I am not afraid. I love Jesus. He is my Saviour and Friend." His testimony was brief, but it was his first, and it was brave and true. It is easy for a young man now to take his stand for Christ; there are other converts to cheer and encourage him. But it was different then. That word uttered by A Hoa to that crowd of rough and bitter heathen before the idol temple in Kelung was the first ever spoken for Christ to that generation by a native Christian in North Formosa.

On the second Sabbath in February, 1873, exactly one year

after my arrival in Tamsui, at the close of service I announced that a number were to be admitted by baptism into the Christian church. The cry was raised outside, "We will stop him. Let us beat the converts." The house was filled, and the street in front was crowded. After the singing of a hymn five men came forward and made public confession of their faith in Christ. Each man spoke in clear, decisive tones. Their names were: Giam Chheng Hoa, aged twenty-two, scholar; Go Ek Ju, aged thirty-one, painter; Ong Tiong Sui, aged twenty-four, writer; Lim Giet, aged twenty-six, carpenter; Lim Poe, aged forty-two, farmer. They were then baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, after which each addressed the people. There were many yells, jeers, and taunts, but A Hoa spoke with great boldness and effect.

The next Sabbath these five sat around the Lord's table. It was a memorable day for us all. Never before had they witnessed such a service. Never before had I presided at such a communion, and when I read the solemn warrant for the observance of this sacrament all were visibly affected. Poor Lim Giet broke down completely, sobbing out, "I am unworthy, I am unworthy;" and it was only after he had spent some time in prayer in the little room that he could be induced to partake of the sacred elements. That first communion marked an epoch in A Hoa's spiritual history, and from that day he regarded himself as no more his own, but fully committed to Jesus Christ and called to his service.

But God, who had so strangely led this young man, and who was so strangely fitting him for the work of the ministry, was at the same time preparing a place for the exercise of his gifts and making ready a people to hear his word. Ten miles up the river from Tamsui is a country village called Go-ko-khi. One day, while I was preaching in our rooms at Tamsui, a widow named Thah-so, from that village, attended the ser-

vice, and at the close came up and said, "I am a poor widow living at Go-ko-khi. I have passed through many trials in this world, and the idols never gave me any comfort. I like the doctrines you proclaim very much, and I believe the God you tell about will give me peace. I will come again and bring others." Next Lord's day she was there with several other women. Week by week the number of her companions increased, until at last a boat-load would come down the river and enter the preaching-room. So interested were they, and so much in earnest, that they persuaded us to visit their village. At last A Hoa and I went up the river to Kan-tau, then to the right up a smaller stream that ran through fine rice-fields, until we reached Go-ko-khi. A number of the villagers met us and led the way to the house of Tan Phauh, the head man. He was a tall, strongly built, manly looking fellow, and when I gave him some commandment sheets he pasted them on the walls of his house in the presence of neighbors and others; then, turning to all, he said that he had lost all confidence in idols, and was determined to live by the ten commandments now put up.

I procured an empty rice-granary for a sleeping-room and preaching-place. There we began our work and made our headquarters for several months, during which time we preached the gospel in the beautiful valleys and villages in that vicinity. Tan Phauh, the head man at Go-ko-khi, gave a plot of ground opposite his own house for a chapel site. Stones were collected, sun-dried bricks prepared, and the work of building the first chapel in North Formosa begun. There was great interest manifested by the villagers, but when the walls were about three feet high a company of soldiers and constables sent from the prefect in Bang-kah arrived and ordered the work of chapel-building to cease. They were armed with guns, spears, and knives, and by beating gongs and drums, yelling, threatening, they thought to frighten the

simple-minded villagers. When they entered the head man's house Tan Phauh drew himself up to his full six-feet-two and faced them. He was originally a mainland man, who had been in several rebellions, and the bluster of a few soldiers was nothing to him. Pointing to the commandment sheets on the wall, he said, "I am determined to abide by the ten commandments." The soldiers then made a rush for Widow Thah-so's house, but she held up her hymn-book and said she was resolved to worship only the true God. Very soon the soldiers left the village, saying that the "foreign devil" had bewitched the villagers, using some magic art; and their superior officer, the prefect in Bang-kah, reported the case to the British consul, and asked that the missionary be prevented from building a fort and taking guns up the river by night.

But despite all intrigues and plots the Lord's work prospered in Go-ko-khi, the building was finished, and on opening day the room was crowded, while many stood outside. That was our first chapel, and there more than one hundred and fifty declared their rejection of idols and their desire for Christian instruction. It was a great day for us, and that night our hearts were full of gratitude because of all that the Lord had done. We met in the chapel regularly for instruction and worship. Many of those who came were still heathen idolaters, and none of them were accustomed to anything like a Christian service or public addresses. Strange indeed are a missionary's first experiences. Sometimes when we had sung a hymn and I began to address them, one or two would take out their pieces of steel, strike a flint, light their long pipes, and when the smoke ascended I would pause and remind them that they wanted Christian instruction and should keep quiet. "Oh yes, yes, we must keep quiet," and with that they would nod their heads with great politeness. No sooner would I get fairly started again than some one would spring to his feet and shout, "Buffaloes in the rice-fields; buffaloes in the rice-

fields!" Another reminder of their duty would bring another reply: "Oh yes, yes, we must keep quiet." And for a few minutes all do keep quiet and I go on with my address. Then an old woman with her little feet hobbles to the door and shouts out, "Pig has gone; pig has gone; pig has gone!" One interruption follows another; but we never blame those restless people, for such services are strange and new to them. Within two months, however, the congregation assembled in the chapel at Go-ko-khi was just as attentive as any I ever addressed anywhere in Christendom.

A Hoa, the first convert, was appointed preacher in the first chapel, and chief among his helpers was the first female convert, Widow Thah-so. She was baptized there three years afterward, when sixty-two years of age. A Hoa's natural ability, kindness of heart, devotion, and sincerity of purpose gave him great influence in Go-ko-khi and the surrounding country. Thah-so grew into great beauty and strength of character. She continued to the close a firm believer and zealous worker. In 1892 she told me that she had one daughter in China, who had never heard the gospel. I could see that the old mother's heart had been greatly exercised, and that she was "again in travail until Christ be formed" in her daughter's soul. A passage across the channel was arranged, and Thah-so went in search of her child. Her visit was not in vain. After remaining with her daughter for several weeks she returned home, feeling that her work was done and the time of her departure at hand. The end came soon. I visited her a day or two before her death. For two days she was quiet and silent; then suddenly the familiar voice was heard again in clear, strong tones singing a verse of the psalm, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes," and one of the hymn, "Forever with the Lord." When she came to the line, "My Father's house on high," the voice ceased awhile. Then the eyes opened wide, the face shone as with a radiant light, and in accents sweeter than any

sounds of earth the words came: "The golden gate is open. The large white sedan-chair is coming for me. Don't keep me. Don't call me back. I'm going home." Thus in the "white sedan-chair," too fair and beautiful for other eyes than hers to see, the strong heroic soul of our first "mother in Israel" passed away. Dear old Thah-so! For twenty years she served her Lord on earth, and at the last there was given her an abundant entrance into the eternal kingdom.

CHAPTER XVI

ESTABLISHING CHURCHES

Christianity a life—Every convert a missionary—Tan He—Church at Sintiam—Work at Tek-chham—Among the Hak-kas—At Kelung—A pugilist—Subduing banditti—Chapel built in a month—Most beautiful church in Formosa—At Tsui-tng-kha

CHRISTIANITY is not a system of philosophy that may be taught, but a life that must be lived. The religion of Jesus is distinguished from all other religions in its incarnation. Its power is the power of a divine Personality. It is propagated by personal contact. Christ gives life to men, and then says, "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Every Christian is a missionary. He may have been nursed in the lap of Christendom and trained in a luxurious religious home, or he may have been born a pagan and "suckled on a creed outworn." It matters not. If he has been "born again," and feels the throb of the Christ-life, he is a missionary sent by the living Christ to touch dead souls to the newness of life. This primary truth needs heavy emphasis, for there is everywhere perpetual danger of its being neglected. The far-sweeping purpose of the election of grace is being ignored, and the churches are crowded with people whose largest thought of salvation is that their own souls shall be cared for. Not until Christianity is not only believed, but lived, will the churches either at home or in heathen lands become the power the Master meant them to be.

The success of missionary effort in North Formosa is in no small measure due to the inculcation of this primary truth of Christian discipleship. Converts are taught that the grace of God has been given to them, not for their sakes alone, but in order that they may be channels for the communication of that grace to others. One of the most delightful experiences in a missionary's life is to observe how eager converts are to be of service in helping others out of the darkness of heathenism from which they have so recently emerged. Looking back now and recalling the incidents connected with the establishing of churches, it is surprising to note in how many cases the way was opened, humanly speaking, not by the missionary's effort, but by the zeal and Christian enterprise of the converts. Some of the most conspicuous and useful workers in the mission were found as Andrew found Simon and brought him to Jesus.

One evening in 1873 a young man who had been attending our services, and whom I knew, entered my house at Tamsui, accompanied by a stranger who seemed reticent and bashful. The young man introduced his companion, saying, "This friend of mine has heard the gospel and is now a believer in Jesus Christ. We have talked it over a great deal, and he desires further instruction, that he may tell others of the Saviour." I had some conversation with the stranger, and was impressed by his earnestness and modesty. He was a farmer's son, known to several of the converts, and had been attending the services, in which he became deeply interested. As I came to know him better my confidence increased and he was enrolled as a student for the ministry, and one more faithful never studied in any college. He is now known as the Rev. Tan He, pastor of the church at Sin-tiam.

Sin-tiam is a compact and busy town nestling at the foot of the mountains some eighteen miles inland from Tamsui. A man living there had been at Tamsui and had heard the gos-

pel. On his return home he reported to his friends, whereupon several others came out, followed us in our touring from place to place, and at last persuaded us to visit Sin-tiam. When we arrived there great crowds were in the town, it being a season of feasting the gods. Very few of the people had ever seen an Anglo-Saxon, and on all hands the familiar cries, "Barbarian! Foreign devil!" could be heard. Presently a rush was made toward a certain point, and angry voices were heard shouting, "The barbarian struck a boy." This was answered by wild cries from the outskirts of the crowd: "Kill him! Kill the barbarian; he is not very big!" As we were some distance from the center of attraction I pressed through the crowd until I came to the boy, who had indeed an ugly wound on the head, which was bleeding profusely. Having the necessary surgical instruments, I dressed the wound and bound it with my handkerchief. Now a new cry was raised by the crowd: "Ho sim, ho sim!" ("Good heart, good heart!"). A few days later an old man was injured by falling upon a heap of stones. One of the students carried him to a shelter under a tree, where his suffering was relieved, and again the cry, "Good heart, good heart!" was heard. As a result the people became friendly, and an old couple gave us the use of a room for our services. A congregation was soon gathered and a chapel became necessary. One rabid idolatress threatened to smash my head with a stone if we persisted in building a chapel; but the work went on, and the chapel of unplastered stones was finished and dedicated to the worship of God.

The present church at Sin-tiam is one of the finest buildings in North Formosa, and its situation one of the most picturesque. The church stands on the rising ground at one end of the town, its stone spire being the one conspicuous object visible for miles around. A stone wall incloses the church property. The Sin-tiam River sweeps round in a wide curve

a few rods from the door, the space between being covered with "stone eggs," carried down by freshets and worn smooth by the water. At the back of the church stands a high bluff, the slopes of which are covered with verdure. In front, across the river, steep hills rise abruptly from the water's edge, ascending tier after tier, like a giant stairway, terminating in lofty mountain-peaks. Clinging to the slopes are groves of trees, feathery grasses, reeds and ferns of every description; the moss-covered rocks are festooned with great masses of purple morning-glory and trailing vines of pink and white roses; and everywhere blooming myrtle-trees, pure white Easter lilies, and the sweet-scented honeysuckle add to the luxuriant beauty of the scene.

What though idols of camphor-wood are enshrined in many houses in Sin-tiam! Here stands the church of Jesus Christ, and here are gathered, week after week, more than two hundred who bow in adoration before the God of all the earth. They have endured hardships for the name of Jesus. They have been robbed and persecuted, and in the dark waters of the swift-flowing river two of the converts faced the death and won the crown of martyrs for the faith.

The congregation worshipping in the beautiful Sin-tiam church is now self-sustaining, supporting their pastor, bearing all other expenses; and although by no means wealthy, they contribute to the general work of the church in Formosa, help the poor, and send voluntary offerings for the relief of famine-stricken districts. Tan He, their faithful and beloved pastor, wields a great influence, and is growing in intellectual and spiritual strength year by year.

Tek-chham, a walled city of forty thousand inhabitants, was one of the places visited on my first trip down the west coast the week after landing at Tamsui in 1872. I had a "prophet's chamber" there, and after frequent visits succeeded in renting a small house for chapel purposes. No sooner had we got the

place cleaned out than indignant crowds filled the narrow street, jostling, reviling, spitting in our faces. After three days the turmoil ceased, largely through the influence of a literary man to whom I had given medicine on a previous occasion. Within a month thirty persons enrolled themselves as Christians, and larger premises had to be secured. The work grew until a still larger building was required. There is now a large preaching-hall, with real glass in the front windows; and there a once proud Confucianist graduate is preaching the gospel of Christ. In the country round about Tek-chham are many Christians, but as the city gates are closed at night they could not attend evening service. The Christians in the city contributed money, and in other ways assisted in securing a suitable building outside the wall, and there another literary man is preaching Jesus as the only Saviour.

Ten miles from Tek-chham, toward the mountains, is a Hak-ka village called Geh-bai. To this village we were led by several Hak-kas who attended services in the city church. The villagers assembled under a beautiful banyan-tree, where fully a thousand people could find shelter from the broiling sun. They were greatly delighted, and one fine old gentleman welcomed us to his house for the night, one of the largest and cleanest in the island. The old man was genuinely interested, and walked many times to Tek-chham to the Sabbath services there. That evening a great crowd gathered in the open court to hear the new doctrine. One man, seventy years of age, exerted himself with such success that a house was rented, repaired, and fitted up for chapel services. The congregation became organized, and when a native preacher was sent among them four months of his salary was paid in advance. There in that Hak-ka village, high among the hills, is a flourishing, self-helping Christian congregation.

The church at Kelung was established largely through the instrumentality of Ko Chin, a convert who afterward became

an elder and preacher. He had lived with his family among the beautiful green hills around the Kelung harbor. Becoming filled with the desire for more wealth, he moved to Sek-khau and became an extensive cattle-buyer, traveling through the whole of North Formosa. He was an intense idolater, and being something of a musician, became somewhat famous as a drummer and guitar-player in idolatrous processions. In 1872, a few months after I began to preach in Tamsui, he came to hear the "barbarian." The following Sabbath he was there again. When a chapel was opened nearer his home he attended there, walking generally ten miles to be present. In Kelung he rented a house and furnished it as a place of worship. On the appointed day I was escorted to the place to conduct the dedicatory services. More than four hundred were present. Ko Chin continued regular and faithful, and at the age of forty-five was baptized. Finding his business lucrative, but a hindrance to Sabbath observance, he gave it up, returned to the old homestead, and brought up his entire family to worship God. In due time he was ordained an elder in the Kelung church, and subsequently became a student and finally a preacher at the Margaret Machar Memorial Church on the east coast. During the French invasion in 1884 his dwellings at Kelung were destroyed by looters, his property was confiscated, and himself and family persecuted. In a very literal sense he "took joyfully the spoiling of his goods." His services as preacher were blessed of God, and when he fell a victim to the malarial fever the elders and deacons of his church gathered about his bed and sang the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm, the first he ever learned. His "going out" was kept by the God in whom he put his trust.

The missionary abroad, like the missionary at home, sometimes finds the bread cast upon the waters after many days. Back of the Quan-yin Mountain, near Tamsui, is a beautiful plateau in which stands a hamlet called I-khut ("Round

Pool"), where we have a chapel and congregation. The first man to show interest in our work there was a pugilist and gambler whom I had met shortly after landing in Formosa in 1872. Going through the valley, I passed a small rice-shop where were several gamblers squatted on mats on the floor. I entered into conversation with them and asked if their sage Confucius would not be displeased with them for their waste of time. The majority seemed indifferent, but one became very angry. He was a powerfully built man, and had distinguished himself as a pugilist. It was his custom, when he lost in gambling, to use physical force in compelling the winner to return the money. Everybody—even his own brother—dreaded him. He was very angry on the occasion of our first meeting, but something of the words spoken remained in his memory and touched his conscience. In after-years he frequently fell in with converts and native preachers, and began to take a lively interest in our work. In due time he joined our ranks, and with as much energy as he had put into the works of sin he entered now on the service of Christ and his church. He visited the people in that locality, exhorting them to accept Christ, and the result of his enthusiastic efforts was a suitable building and a flourishing congregation.

Twenty years ago the most lawless region in North Formosa was round about Sa-kak-eng, a town of two thousand inhabitants, northeast from Toa-kho-ham. The people lived in terror of a large band of ruffians and highwaymen who had their headquarters in the mountains near by. The customary method of redress—punishing the kindred of such criminals—could not be adopted, as the relatives of these banditti lived either on the mainland of China or in out-of-the-way places in Formosa. They were all the more daring because the townspeople sometimes compromised with them, and when it suited their purpose joined with them in resisting official investigation and interference. The subprefect and retinue narrowly

escaped death on one occasion, his sedan-chair being pierced by spears and lances. The banditti would form a company and march into the town, singing boastfully, with a wild kind of yell,

“ Lin kho koa;
Goan kho soa; ”

which means, “ You trust the mandarins; we trust the mountains.” I had very great difficulty in gaining an entrance into Sa-kak-eng, and when the chief of a strong clan gave me a room in the rear of his shop there were loud threats of dragging us to the hills, gagging us, and gouging out our eyes. So violent was the opposition that I had to change my quarters to the outskirts of the town. The mob often surrounded the building, and once when A Hoa and I came out of the door a howl was raised, and a large flat stone flung by a man near by grazed the top of my head, and, striking against the wall, was broken into three pieces. Neither of us flinched, but, turning round, I picked up the pieces of stone as mementos of the day. One of the pieces weighed three pounds; another I brought as a contribution to the museum in Knox College, Toronto. Several months afterward, on entering the chapel, I saw a man lying on a bench. He rose to his feet, and, bowing low, said, “ Will you forgive me? ” He then confessed that he was the man who threw the stone, and that his intention was to put an end to my life. For the next three months he was with the native preacher every day, and before the year closed he passed away rejoicing in the hope of salvation through Christ. Sa-kak-eng is quite a changed place. The desperadoes have been scattered, their forest retreats cleared and cultivated, chapel buildings purchased, prejudices against converts and preachers overcome, and every year marks progress. On our last visit we were escorted in high honor to the next chapel, four miles away, a band of music leading the procession.

At Pat-li-hun, across the harbor from Tamsui, at the foot of the Quan-yin Mountain, stands a solid and handsome chapel that was built within one month. Our first place of worship there was a banyan-tree, our next a fisherman's house, then a slender grass-covered structure, and then a building of dried mud. This last being destroyed during the troubles with the French, we resolved on erecting a more substantial structure. On the first day of May the stones for the foundation were ungathered on the mountain-side, the lumber and bricks were up the Tamsui River at Toa-tiu-tia, the coral for lime was unburned, and the clay undug. The plans were drawn, masons and carpenters employed, and the work pushed forward. The thermometer stood at times at one hundred and twenty, and the blowing sand inflamed our eyes; but on the last day of May the work was completed and the chapel ready for occupation. The walls of sun-dried and burnt brick are two and a half feet thick, plastered white on the inner side, finished in stucco-work without, and strong as solid masonry, having withstood rain-storms, hurricanes, and earthquakes.

The most beautiful church in all the mission is at Toa-tiu-tia. This town stretches along the Tamsui River about a mile from Bang-kah, and almost connected with the new walled city of Tai-pak-fu, and is the most progressive place of business in North Formosa. The railway-bridge across the river is fourteen hundred and sixty-four feet long. All the British and other Western merchants have establishments there. Our church is a splendid structure of stone, with turrets and tower and a capacious auditorium. I have seen that church crowded from platform to door with eager and attentive hearers; and on October 18, 1891, after preaching to over five hundred people from the text, “ The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods,” I dispensed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to one hundred and thirty communicants. In the congregation there was a stranger, a Corean Christian,

named Phok I Peng, who was traveling through Formosa in search of his brother. So impressed was he by the eagerness of the Chinese converts and the heartiness of their worship that he said at the close, "This is truly the kingdom of God come down to earth. I can never forget this scene. Peace to you all."

Ten miles east of the city of Bang-kah, on the south bank of the Kelung River, is a town of four thousand inhabitants, called Tsui-tng-kha. In 1890 a new building, costing seven hundred dollars (Mexican), was erected there by the native Christians. The entire cost of both site and building was paid by the churches in Formosa, and the deed of the property is stamped in the name of the native church. A Hoa planned the building and superintended its erection, and now a native preacher is stationed there.

The conduct of two members of the church at Tsui-tng-kha is an answer to the question often asked about the stability of Chinese converts. Several years ago a man of the Tan clan allowed his eldest son to attend the chapel services to see what kind of doctrine was taught. The young man became interested and brought two younger brothers. One of the members of the church taught them to read the romanized colloquial, and they studied the gospel with growing earnestness, until all three confessed their faith in Jesus Christ. Then they refused to worship idols and ancestral tablets in their home. This aroused the father's wrath, who, fearing there would be no one to worship at his grave, forbade his sons' going again to the chapel, and ordered them to attend idolatrous ceremonies every night. To pacify their enraged parent they resolved to "bow in the house of Rimmon," but while they held the lighted incense-sticks before the idol they turned their heads away. But they still attended the chapel services, which when their father found out, he visited the chapel secretly; and when he saw his sons singing praise to Jehovah-God

he shrieked and ran about like one mad. After this they met together on the Sabbath in some quiet place in the mountains, and sang, prayed, and read the Word, praying most of all for their angry father. Then they would meet at night in a grass watch-house among the rice-fields. But nowhere were they long unmolested. Their father's anger became more cruel and watchful. At the close of the year preparations were being made for the customary idol festival. They refused to take part in the ceremonies. He became wild with rage, and, seizing a long knife, rushed at the eldest son. They all escaped and found refuge in a convert's house. The father would not be appeased, and drove his daughters-in-law, with their little children, out of the house. Neither the sons nor their wives dared come near the place. Then the mother's heart relented. She could not give up her children, and after much pleading the father gave her the knife and promised not to injure the sons should they return. They did return. The father forgave them, and they were permitted to worship God in the home; and on every Lord's day, with their wives and children, they joined in the services in the chapel at Tsui-tng-kha.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW BANG-KAH WAS TAKEN

The stronghold—Waiting an opportunity—Forbidden—Expelled—Back again—Mobbed—Victorious—Changes—Honored

BANG-KAH was the Gibraltar of heathenism in North Formosa. It is the largest and most important city, thoroughly Chinese, and intensely anti-foreign in all its interests and sympathies. In 1872 I visited it with A Hoa and got a foretaste of the reception awaiting me on every subsequent occasion. In my journal of 1875 I find the following entry, made after having experienced anew the malignant hate of the Bang-kah people:

"The citizens of Bang-kah, old and young, are daily toiling for money, money—*cash, cash*. They are materialistic, superstitious dollar-seekers. At every visit, when passing through their streets, we are maligned, jeered at, and abused. Hundreds of children run ahead, yelling with derisive shouts; others follow, pelting us with orange-peel, mud, and rotten eggs. For hatred to foreigners, for pride, swaggering ignorance, and conceit, for superstitious, sensual, haughty, double-faced wickedness, Bang-kah takes the palm. But remember, O haughty city, even these eyes will yet see thee humble in the dust. Thou art mighty now, proud, and full of malice; but thy power shall fall, and thou shalt be brought low. Thy filthy streets are indicative of thy moral rottenness; thy low houses show thy baseness in the face of heaven. Repent, O

Bang-kah, thou wicked city, or the trumpet shall blow and thy tears be in vain!"

We had previously established churches north, south, east, and west of Bang-kah. She sent hirelings to surrounding villages and towns to reprimand the magistrates, incite the people, and frustrate us in the execution of our work. Three large clans, through their head men, ruled the city. All the others had to acquiesce in every proposal. Foreign merchants never succeeded in establishing themselves there. Attempts were made, but their Chinese agents were dragged out of the city and narrowly escaped death. It might seem that mission work should have been begun in Bang-kah first. Indeed, I received a communication from a very devoted and excellent missionary in China—one who has now gone to his reward—in which he said, "I hear you have stations in several towns and villages. Why don't you begin at Jerusalem?" Now I did not begin at the "Jerusalem" of heathenism for the same reason that I did not go to Madagascar or to India. I sought to follow the lead of my Captain. He led me to Formosa, and to point after point where chapels were already opened. I knew the time would come when Bang-kah would be entered.

The authorities of Bang-kah issued proclamations calling on all citizens, on pain of imprisonment or death, not to rent, lease, or sell either houses or other property to the barbarian missionary. But in December, 1877, the time came for establishing a mission there, and in spite of all their attempts to prevent our entrance I succeeded in renting a low hovel on the eastern side. On getting possession I placed a tablet of paper on a wooden frame above the door, with the inscription, "Jesus' Holy Temple." Shortly afterward several soldiers who were returning to their encampment near by came, stood, looked up, read the inscription, and immediately threatened me with violence. Then they returned to their encampment and reported to the general, who despatched a number of

officers to order me out of the place, stating that the site belonged to the military authorities. I demanded proof of their statement. It was produced, and it was at once evident that I could not maintain my position there. We must respect Chinese law and act wisely if we would successfully carry on the Lord's work, and so I at once admitted their claim, but stated that, as I had rented from a citizen, I would not leave that night. Till long past midnight angry soldiers paraded the streets, shouting threatening words. At times they were at the door, on the point of smashing it, rushing in, and disposing of me with their weapons. Again and again they approached, and it seemed in that dark, damp place as if my end were at hand. On leaving the place in the morning great crowds went in front; others followed after, jostling and sneering; and many viewed me from their low-roofed houses and flung filth and missiles down at me. It took me several hours to make my way a short distance to the river's bank. Entering a boat, I went down the river to the Toa-liong-pong chapel, three miles away, to find my students. We spent the rest of the day there, and in the evening, after preaching in the chapel, we entered the little room and prayed to the God of heaven to give us an entrance into the city of Bang-kah. Rising from prayer, we returned immediately to the city. It was dark, but some lights were visible. Not knowing exactly whither we were going, we met an old man, and inquired if he knew any one who would rent even a small house for mission work. "Yes," he replied, "I will rent you mine." We accompanied him, and, passing through dark streets and over rubbish, came to a small back door opening into a dirty room with mud-floor. We entered and began to write a rental paper. The house had to be rented by a native, for foreigners cannot hold property away from the treaty ports. To be particular I said, "Do you own the site?" "Oh no," said he, "but I can secure the owner this very night." In half an

hour the owner was with us, another paper prepared, and both contracts signed and stamped. I was in full possession, and that according to Chinese law, by midnight. He gave us possession at once, crept out a back way, and disappeared.

In the morning I put up a tablet over the door with the same inscription as before: "Jesus' Holy Temple." In less than an hour crowds filled the street, and the open space in front of a large temple was thronged with angry citizens. People came and went the whole day long. The second day the whole city was in an uproar, and the hubbub produced by their thousand voices fell very unpleasantly upon our ears. Still I walked the street among them, now and again extracting teeth, for we had friends even among so many enemies. On the third day lepers and beggars and other lewd fellows, hired to molest us, pressed around with their swollen ears and disgusting-looking features. They tried to rub against us, expecting us soon to quit the premises. About four or five o'clock the excitement grew to a white heat. Hundreds had their cues tied around their necks, and blue cloth about their loins, to signify that they were ready for the fray. One stooped down, picked up a stone, and hurled it against the building. In a moment their screams were deafening. They were on the roof, within and without, and the house was literally torn to pieces and carried away. No material was left. They actually dug up the stones of the foundation with their hands, and stood spitting on the site. We moved right across the street into an inn. No sooner had we done this than scores were on the roof and many more climbing the walls. The crash of tiles could be heard as they attempted to force an entrance. By this time the shouts and yells were inhuman. One who has never heard the fiendish yells of a murderous Chinese mob can have no conception of their hideousness. The innkeeper came to us with the key of the door in his hand and begged us to leave, lest his house be destroyed.

Then there was a lull. The Chinese mandarin, in his large sedan-chair, with his body-guard around him, and with soldiers following, was at the door. Just then, too, her Britannic Majesty's consul at Tamsui, Mr. Scott, put in an appearance. We sat down together. The Chinese official told the consul to order the missionary away from the city. The consul quickly retorted, "I have no authority to give such an order; on the other hand, you must protect him as a British subject." I love British officials of that caliber. When the consul left I accompanied him to the outskirts of the city. On my return the mandarin was literally on his knees beseeching me to leave the city. I showed him my forceps and my Bible, and told him I would not quit the city, but would extract teeth and preach the gospel. He went away very much chagrined, but left a squad of soldiers to guard the place. In two or three days the excitement subsided. In a week I was offered a site outside the city, and the promise of help from the Chinese authorities to erect a building there. I refused point-blank. As I was lawfully in possession of the site as well as of the building which had been destroyed, I was determined to have our mission building in Bang-kah, and on that spot. The officials then said that I would not be allowed to build in that place again because it was within only a few feet of the examination hall, although, in fact, the hall was a mile and a half away. Having exhausted their whole stock of excuses and subterfuges, they yielded. I erected a small building on the original site—not one inch one way or another—and opened it, with soldiers parading the street to preserve the peace. Still the three strong clans continued to be bitterly opposed to us and our work. Every citizen who dared to become even a hearer was boycotted. The former owner of the site had to flee for his life. In time a few became friendly. We purchased a larger site and erected a good, commodious place of worship, roofed with tiles. During the French invasion in

1884 that building was destroyed by the looters, the materials carried away, and indignities heaped upon the preacher and converts. Within three months after the cessation of French hostilities three stone churches were erected. One of these was in Bang-kah. It is a solid, handsome, substantial church, with stone spire seventy feet high, and lightning-rod three feet higher. It is of stone hewn at the quarry; has pillars and turrets of modern style; the inside is plastered beautifully white, the outside finished in stucco-plaster like colored stonework. There are rooms for the preacher, and an upper room—the only one in the mission—for the missionary.

In 1879 six students and I, on foot, and my wife in a sedan-chair, were going through one of the streets after dark on our way to the chapel. It was the tenth day of a heathen feast, and the idolatrous procession was about to disband, so that the devotees were wrought up to the highest pitch of fury and agitation. There were thousands of them in the procession, leaping and yelling as if under the afflatus of evil spirits. We were recognized. There was a pause, and a torch was thrust into the face of my wife in the chair, nearly destroying her eyes. A dozen dragged two students by their cues, while others were tumbling a third on the stone pavement. Wilder and wilder grew the infuriated mob. Louder and louder sounded their gongs and yells. Things looked dangerous, when an old man from a house right there rushed up and said, "This is Kai Bok-su, the barbarian teacher. Do not interfere with him or his company. Take my advice and go on in your procession." Fortunately there was a narrow lane at right angles to the street where we met the processionists. Into this he hurried us out of danger. We went directly to the chapel, where I preached on the words of the psalm, "As the mountain, are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever."

Changes have taken place in that once proud city. In 1887

I was there during the time of idolatrous rites and processions. Perhaps there never was such a gathering of people in that city before. A Hoa and myself took our position purposely at various places near the temple, on the cross-streets, by the wayside, and on the wall of the new city. Once we were right above the gateway through which the processionists passed, but we were neither molested nor slandered. They went along with smiling faces. That very evening we sat in front of the large temple where years before the mob met to kill us. The same Bang-kah head men were in the procession, and as they came near us they halted and greeted us kindly. Before dark I extracted five hundred and thirteen teeth and addressed an immense throng. But what a change! Who ever dreamed of such a change! I never witnessed such a half-hearted, listless procession. By removing an idol or two the whole performance would have amounted to little more than a sight-seeing farce. But idolatry is far from being dead yet. There is indeed a great change, but hard battles must yet be fought before heathen hearts will yield to Jesus and follow him.

But it was on the eve of our departure to Canada in 1893 that Bang-kah gave evidence of the greatness of the change produced in that city. In the chapel, on the occasion of our last visit, two marriage ceremonies were performed in the presence of a large assembly. The head men of the city sent their visiting-cards, with a message to ask if I would be willing to sit in a sedan-chair and be carried in honor through the streets of their city. I begged some time to consider, and decided that, as in the past they had acted toward us as they chose, so now I would allow them to do the same. A procession was formed on the same level ground, near the same old temple. Eight bands of music, with cymbals, drums, gongs, pipes, guitars, mandolins, tambourines, and clarionets, took the lead. Men and boys with flags, streamers, and banners followed;

scores with squibs and fire-crackers set off after the manner of Chinese celebrations. Five head men, a magistrate, a military official, and two civil officials came next in order; and then three large red "umbrellas of honor," with three flounces each, presented by the people, with their names inscribed, were carried in front of me, as I sat in a handsome silk-lined sedan-chair. Following the chair were six men on horseback, twenty-six sedan-chairs, three hundred footmen in regular order, and various other parties behind. Thus we passed through the streets of Bang-kah, and on all hands received tokens of respect and honor.

On arriving at Bang-kah "jetty," where the steam-launch was waiting, our Christians stood and sang, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord." Heathen and Christian alike cheered us as we boarded the launch. Two bands of music accompanied us all the way to Tamsui, and from the launch right up to our dwelling-house. In front of our door was the climax of the demonstration. And all this was from the head men and citizens of Bang-kah, the erstwhile Gibraltar of heathenism. And thus was Bang-kah taken. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy holy name, be the glory!