

LETTER FROM A CHINESE CONVERT TO A
FRIEND IN TRINIDAD.

Galt, Ont. Oct. 14, 1878.

Your letter of the 7th August, was received. I am sorry to learn that you had been so ill. It made me very glad to learn that you want to be a disciple of Jesus and that you want to work for Him. Yes, my dear friend, there is no greater privilege than to spend our lives for Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, to redeem us from a place of misery and translate us to a place of bliss. All we can do for Him cannot repay what He has done for us. I trust that you are a child of God now, redeemed by Jesus' blood. There is nothing hard in it my friend, just believe God's word and take the precious gift He offers to you. Take hold of Christ with your heart, and eternal life is yours. There is no work to be done, Christ has done it all. When he was hanging on the cross, you remember, He cried with a loud voice, "It is finished." Yes, dear friend, it is finished long, long ago. And now, the only thing for us to do is simply *believe*. God *loved*, then God *gave*; we are to *believe*, then everlasting life is ours. Oh, how very simple this is, and yet man is so slow to believe it! As I said before I hope you are trusting in Jesus, and as you desire to work for Him, the way is opened. If there is a desire in the heart God will open the way. Read, (Psalm 84: 11. James 1: 5.) Prov. 2: 1—10. Matt. 7: 7, 8. and 21: 22. Mark 11: 24. John 14: 13. Jer. 29: 12, 13. Jas. 1: 6.) And my dear friend, I can speak experimentally that God does hear and answer prayer: If not, I would not be here to day. God help you, dear friend, the mountain that seems so high, and the cloud so dark, will all vanish away. Whatever work you are doing just now, all your spare time you can gather, try and acquaint yourself with the knowledge of English grammar, mathematics, reading and spelling. It will prove a great advantage to you if you get a place to study, and who knows but that you will get my place when I go away from here. About six months longer my time will expire. Then (D.V.) I will go and see you all. I am longing to see my mother and friends.

By your description in your letter I see a great change since I left. I am glad Mootoo is married. Poor Raundin what does he intend to do? What has become of Victoria Mackenzie? I hope yourself, your parents, brothers and sister are all well. Please give them my best *saluam*, and to all friends: don't forget Mrs. Samuel Aaron, your sister-in-law. Remember me kindly to all in the mission yard.

JACOB W. CORSBIE.

Formosa.

THE last mail from China brought an accumulated budget of letters quite too large for insertion at one time in these pages. So we must be content at present with a selection. We shall first give a short and very characteristic letter from Mr. Mackay, and then endeavour to "give the sense" of a very long but very interesting communication from Mr. Junor.

LETTER FROM REV. G. L. MACKAY.

KELUNG, 24th October, 1878.

On the 8th inst. Rev. Wm Campbell, from *Lai-wan-foo* in the South, arrived at Tamsui with the intention of visiting our northern stations before returning home on furlough after seven years hard labours in South Formosa. This is the third time he came North. On the 21st March 1873 he landed at Tamsui when I was all alone, and we spent a couple of weeks most pleasantly together travelling and preaching. Again, on 23 Sept. 1876, himself and Rev. T. Barclay, arrived to attend our meeting of conference at the Lo-liong-pong chapel. On the 13th inst. I started with Mr. Campbell on our travels. We went first to the *Lun-a-teng* chapel and preached, then walked to Toa-liong-pong and spent the night. On Monday morning we set out and halted a while in the *Bang-Kah* Chapel, walked to the Chapel at *Khol-Chin* and had dinner there, then proceeded to the Chapel at *Sutiam* and remained over night, addressing the hearers in the evening. Tuesday we walked on a narrow slippery winding path across the country to our Chapel at *Sa-teng-po* where we remained over night and preached. Wednesday, towards evening we arrived here and although the night was dark and wet, had quite a number of worshippers to hear my brother missionary.

Thursday, long before day-break, we arose and started on our journey to the East Coast, when we arrived at the *Sam-tian* mountain range we found the narrow path so slippery that whilst the ascent was made with considerable difficulty, the descent was simply indescribable, for although I for one went along on bended knees, I fell several times striking the back of my head on the slippery stones. I know too, that my companion fared no better, for I turned around once and saw him sprawling on his knees and the natives bursting with laughter. In the evening we arrived at *Leng-tang-Khoc* and halted in a damp, miserable Inn. Friday, on arriving at *Lhan-Sia* we put up for the night in a temple