

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 us, 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. We do not acknowledge His power as we ought. I am afraid that many in Christian lands do not believe what they profess respecting the living God. At many places scattered through Formosa we planted twenty or thirty churches, and then came to a plain, travelling



Hsu Chien Cheng Hsu, FORMOSA—FIRST CONVERT.

with the students among the aborigines on the east side. The people in one village said:—"You have been going up and down through this plain for some time; if you will come to our place you will see what we can do." They fixed up a shelter with poles and sails, and we remained there the whole night. At daybreak the leader decided to erect a place of worship, and the people, instead of going out to fish, went to get rafters for the building. There we taught them the Gospel. Would to God many of the people of Canada were there to see—fishermen going out in their boats singing praises to God, and the old women weaving and singing. They were taking in the plain Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is ever fresh. In a short time the whole village of these aborigines, men, women and children, would meet; one would take a shell and blow on it, and then all would join and sing praise to God:—

"All ye people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice."

After the people in another village came, and we soon had fifteen churches planted in that plain. We put a native preacher in each village, to preach Jesus Christ simply, and not waste time

in declaring vain speculations, for we are not wont to spend our time on any such men evolved schemes. My students in Oxford College—not Oxford, England, but Oxford, Formosa—study the Bible in the morning, at noon, and at night; we begin with the Bible and end with the Bible, and preach Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of men. We can trust these students to preach what they know of Divine truth. Some people may suppose that these aborigines, or the Chinese, cannot get a clear idea of the Gospel plan of salvation. They do get a very clear idea of it, because God intended that they should. One of them went to a place on the plain farther down and labored there. For eleven years I had purposed going in that direction; but now receiving a letter from him to come down, I felt that I had a call to go. I got a boat and went down at night lest the savages might see us. Four hundred soldiers had been killed there. We narrowly escaped a similar fate. When the boat came up to the place of landing a man met us and said:—"You are Mao Kay, the missionary." A pony was brought for myself to ride on, and the students rode in an ox-cart. We got five villages to assemble, to whom we proclaimed the truth day after day, exhorting and discussing. One night all the headmen assembled in front of the house and began to talk very loud. I asked what was the matter; and they said:—"Nothing, only we are angry that we have been so long deceived with the worship of idols." Who could sleep under such circumstances? I have spent many a sleepless night in Formosa, and I do not care how many more I spend for such reasons as these. Our Master suffered ten thousand times more than that. These people brought their idols in baskets from all around; and when they were piled in a heap, we sang again:—

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord."

And then the heap was set on fire. Some of the people who were indignant at their having been so long deluded were shoving the idols further and further into the fire, so as to get rid of them the sooner.

In northern Formosa we had twenty churches here, and twenty more there, and others further down; and after the French had bombarded us there we started twenty more. As we met eight Frenchmen in a ravine they were suddenly on their knees, pointing their guns at my breast; but their attention was turned at once to this white flag of truce in my hand. At that moment no American or British or German flag could have saved us as this flag of truce did. I have often thought no flag of eternal forms of righteousness, or meritorious acts, or speculative theological dreams could save the perishing soul. The blood-stained banner of Jesus can save the sinner from pole to pole, and nothing but that. Young men attending the universities and colleges can do nothing without that banner.

We have thus established sixty churches and put a trained native minister in each church. I am enabled to be here because of the sterling ability of my first convert, whom I have entrusted with the oversight of the whole work in my absence. He has stood faithful to his cause for more than twenty years. When my second convert told his mother that he was going to accept the Saviour, she took a stone and nearly killed him; but now she is saved herself. One of my converts is a Taoist priest, who accepted the truth. Some might say that the poor aborigines who have no minds may be simple enough to believe in Christianity; but here is a priest who was brimful of speculative philosophy, and he is now a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Gospel has not lost its power. It is still the chosen instrument for bringing souls into the kingdom. Another convert is a Bachelor of Arts, who might be seen in his graduating dress, standing six feet high; and he who used to look down upon me with contempt now looks up to me with respect. When he accepted the Gospel, he was so humble, so gentle, that all were impressed. He is a man of great mental calibre, and is now in a city of 50,000 inhabitants, preaching Jesus and Him crucified. He was a Confucian of the Confucians, but is now a defender of the glorious Gospel. Another convert is a young man, who two years ago went up to an examination where there were 3,000 candidates, and his name came out at the top of the list. He, too, is a Confucianist no longer, but has accepted the Gospel of Jesus.

I would not spend five minutes teaching the heathen anything before presenting the Gospel to them; but I would teach them afterward what may assist them in preaching the Gospel. The religion of Jesus Christ has pervaded the public mind so fully that it would be impossible to tramp up, in the northern part of the island, any such stories as that we missionaries were seeking to dig out the eyes of the Chinese children. What a change has been wrought there by the Gospel! The idea of a mandarin coming inside a chapel twenty-two years ago! But now they send in their cards and visit us with bands of soldiers!

(To be continued.)