

The buildings at the back are occupied by the preacher and his family, and the back is built to look like the front of a house from the river.

At noon we halted at Tsui-tang-kae. The chapel here is a Chinese house fixed over.

On reaching the chapel at Kelung, which is also a stone building, we took a boat and went over to Palm Island, where the mission has a house. The French occupied it when they took Kelung. Going over, Dr. Mackay pointed out to me the site of a fort built by the Spanish more than 200 years ago, 1626 A.D., and a little further on the site of the Chinese fort destroyed by the French. By the side of the mission's house on Palm Island is the site of a Dutch fort built about 1630 A.D. It is now a vegetable garden.

Next day we went on over rough mountain paths, through the rain, and halted for the night at the Chinese town of Tng siang khue, where a stone chapel is going up, and no one in Canada or outside of North Formosa knows anything about it. Dr. Mackay's plan has been to do a thing—then report as done, and not talk about going to do it: for something might happen to hinder what he was going to do, but what is done is done.

The following day we went on to Sin-sian and Dr. Mackay and Ahoa spent the afternoon examining thirty-two candidates for baptism. Ten or twelve others were away in their boats to Kelung. In the evening about 250 persons assembled for worship and thirty persons, including five infants, were baptized. A large idol, lying ignominiously outside in the rain, was given to Dr. Mackay, together with a single camphor-wood board, nine by six feet. It was half-round, carved all over one side, had been the door of a savage's hut, and was about 100 years old. The chapel in this place is part of a Chinese house, but in the morning they took Dr. Mackay out to see the ground they were willing to give for a site for a chapel, and he chose a lot 70 x 170.

There are about 500 Peppohoans, "people of the plain," in this village (besides a goodly number of Chinese), and Dr. Mackay expects that most of them will be converts, and all adherents, before the end of 1888.

This is the only Peppohoan village in all the east coast which has an idol temple in it. The Chinese persuaded them to help build it, and now they are biting their finger nails and wishing they had not done it; Dr. Mackay expects to get the temple for a preaching place after a while.

(To be continued.)

TIDINGS FROM TRINIDAD.

The following letter from Mrs. Morton, addressed to Woman's Foreign Mission Societies, has been kindly forwarded for publication:

The weeks and months glide by so rapidly, and find us always so busy that we might almost be excused for thinking that we have no time to write; but it may be the better way to look upon the writing as an important part of our work, and to steal a little leisure, as I am doing to-day, with the happy assurance that you never weary of hearing things, either old or new, in connection with your work among the heathen.

Driving along one day with one of our helpers, I met a man carrying a clay idol about a foot high. I knew it to be Ganesh by the shape—the lower part resembling a man, but with four arms and the head of an elephant. I stopped the carriage, and said, "Allow me see Ganesh,"—(his honour Ganesh—pronounced Ganess)—and asked where he was going with it. The man said he had taken it to the house of the person who engaged him to make it, but he was not at home. I said, "Will you let me have it?" He answered, "Yes, if you will give me something for my trouble." "How much is it worth?" "A half-shilling." I gladly gave him 15 cents, thinking that it was a very cheap god at that, and Ganesh and I drove on to Tunapuna. Before evening, however, he was somewhat maimed, being made only of clay, lime washed, with a little colouring here and there. Finding him so frail, I carefully bandaged the broken leg and placed him on a high shelf, where he would be seen without being handled. Many intelligent Hindus, who join in idol worship say, "We do not worship the idol itself, but through it we worship the supreme God; and if it be true that the idol is noth-

ing, yet our worship, if sincere, will be accepted;" but had they any knowledge of the supreme God, they would see how dishonouring it is to talk of worshipping Him through a clay image, in which, to quote from a Hindi tract, "Ganesh Tested," "two shapes (of a man and an elephant), are so mingled that men might well run from it, and beasts fear it." From the same tract, published at Allahabad, I gather the following: that Ganesh is styled "Son of Shiva," and "Lord of the Universe", that he was born of Shiva and his wife Parvati, an immortal god, a dispenser of happiness and misery, and the fulfiller of desire, and by worshipping him men's desires are satisfied, and their work made successful. There are several contradictory explanations of his peculiar figure, one account is that when he was born all the gods, great and small, came to look at him, one of them, however, kept his gaze averted, because of his evil eye, which caused destruction to any one upon whom it fell. Parvati, not aware of this, and being proud of her son, gave Shani hard words, and asked why he was not looking at him. Then Shani looked angrily at him, and immediately his head fell off. Parvati was about to kill the god in revenge, but Brahma forbade her, and told Shani to go to the forest, and cut off the head of the first animal he found sleeping with its head to the north. This proved to be an elephant, so he brought its head and joined it to the trunk of Ganesh. His mother being far from satisfied with the arrangement, Brahma promised her that he should be worshipped more than any of the gods. There are other accounts of the birth of Ganesh that are too shameful for us to repeat, but we may notice that while an elephant has two tusks, he is generally represented with only one. One explanation is that he lost it fighting with another god to prevent his entering his father's bedroom while he was sleeping. Others say that he pulled it out himself to throw at an enemy. Ganesh is said to have been so fond of sweets that on one occasion, being sent by his father to encounter an enemy who was coming to kill him, he became so absorbed in eating and gathering up some sweets thrown to him by that enemy that he allowed him to pass on. Brahma is said to have blessed him in these words: "Whoever from this day in the three worlds has a good work to do, if he first worships Ganesh, his work will be successful," therefore, from that day, among the worshippers of Ganesh, if any one wants to write a book, or to do any other work, he must first say his prayer—"Oh, elephant-faced giver of the world's happiness! Oh, Ganesh, author of our ills, accomplish my desire, thou lord of the universe."

The Hindu gods are constantly represented as engaged in war and violence of every kind. I will give you a passage from one of their sacred books, which I translated a long time ago and noted down, in which several of these sacred beings were engaged. "The drums beat, officers declaimed to the hosts, bards related their fame; horsemen, elephants, chariots, footmen are assembled, crowd upon crowd, here and the brave warriors fight and wound; and cowards, leaving the battlefield, flee for their lives; heaps of wounded gather; headless trunks, sword in hand, stir on all sides, and corpse falls upon corpse; around them flows a river of blood, in which here and there fallen elephants remind one of islands, and their trunks of crocodiles. Mahadeo, the father of Ganesh, accompanied by demons of every rank, gathers the severed heads and makes a necklace of skulls and puts it on; vultures, jackals and dogs, quarrelling among themselves, drag away the corpses; but Balam, the elder brother of Krishna, by the help of the gods, at last cuts down the hosts as a reaper cuts a field of grain." Truth being no object, the writer was untrammelled in his endeavours to pile horror upon horror, and it must be said that he succeeded.

Yours with best wishes, SARAH E. MORTON.
Tunapuna, Trinidad, March 17, 1887.

SAN FRANCISCO.

MR. EDITOR,—Kindly permit me to reply to some of the statements made in a communication to THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN of the 15th inst., from a correspondent in San Francisco. It is indeed a dark picture that your correspondent paints, and I am compelled to say that in many respects the picture is faithful to the reality. As to what he writes in regard to the moral, or rather immoral, condition of the city, and indeed of the whole State—the prevailing spirit of

worldliness, the indifference manifested by the masses toward religion—the desecration of the Sabbath, etc.,—I am forced by my own convictions to yield assent. Probably in no part in the American Republic is the Church met by so many and such virulent forms of wickedness. But when your correspondent attempts to paint the Churches of the Pacific Coast in the same colours as he does the outside world, when he endeavours to leave the impression on the minds of your readers that the "record of Church work in this State is much like that of the kings of Israel, darker and darker as the years roll on," I must take issue. For a period of upward of four years I have been labouring as a minister of the Gospel in the city of San Francisco, and I know whereof I write. I protest against the insinuation that nothing is being accomplished by the Churches there. The attendance at the regular Sabbath services is steadily increasing, and at every communion season numerous additions are made to the membership. The record of some of our California Churches, if we are to judge the record of a Church by the members joining on profession of faith in Christ, is unexcelled, even in the staid Sabbath-observing Dominion of Canada. The salutary influence of the Church of Christ is being more and more powerfully felt by all classes. That the record of the Church on the Pacific Coast grows "darker and darker as the years roll on" is the assertion of one who has not taken the pains to make himself acquainted with the facts. What your correspondent says with regard to the Y. M. C. A. is pre-eminently true of the cause of Christ in California, the outlook is brighter than ever before.

Your correspondent asserts that the number of members of the Churches in San Francisco is very small, and that "the most of these members are deemed unconverted, or living in such a way as to be a stumbling-block to religion." Mr. Editor, I have no hesitation in saying that my observation and experience as a minister in San Francisco have led me to the conviction that the members of the Churches there, as a rule, so far as consistency of profession and practice are concerned, will compare most favourably with those of Eastern or Canadian Churches. That we have "black sheep" in the flock goes without saying. Where may such not be found? That most of our members are of this class is simply not true. What will your readers think of the ministry of San Francisco, who, by your correspondent, are placed alongside of the membership as being "unconverted, or living in such a way as to be a stumbling-block to religion," etc.? I desire, in behalf of my brethren in the ministry here, and in my own behalf as well, to repudiate such assertions as your correspondent makes. I have the honour to be acquainted with almost all of the most prominent and popular preachers of San Francisco, and I do not know of one who "attends the opera, theatre, social dances or seances" not one. I know of not a single brother in the ministry in San Francisco whose character is not above reproach, and as for the "popular pastor of the most orthodox and evangelical kind" who "has a prayer meeting one night in the lecture room of his church, and a social dance by the same persons the next night," I will only say that I do not believe any pastor in San Francisco was ever guilty of any such conduct; comparisons are odious, but I feel bound to say that the ministry of San Francisco is composed largely of men of learning, of ability, and, best of all, of piety and earnest devotedness to the cause of Jesus Christ—men who, so far from being a stumbling-block to religion, preach the Gospel by the lives they live, as well as by the sermons they proclaim from their pulpits.

Your correspondent further states that, "in San Francisco, Canada or Old Country ideas of the separation and distinction of the sacred and secular, of reverence for the house of God and things sacred, are wholly wanting or different." Not so. They are neither wanting nor different. Decorum and reverence have characterized every devotional service I have ever attended in that city, and the "clapping of hands and laughter in the midst of a devotional service," which, it is stated, are so common as to "shock nobody," are, Mr. Editor, just so common that I have never heard of them in a single instance during these past four years in the city described as "the very seat of Satan." The last time I heard applause and laughter in the midst of a devotional service was years ago, when one Sabbath evening, as a student of Knox College, I attended a certain evangelical church in the dear old city of Toronto. Respectfully yours,

A. B. MELDRUM.

Goderich, Ont., June 20, 1887.