

The following brief account of the spiritual development of a Chinese convert illustrates St. Paul's reference to "feeling after God." It is from the *Berliner Missions-Berichte*:

"Deacon Wong-Yinen had even as a youth clearly recognized the worthlessness of idolatry, and mocked at the worshippers of images. Nevertheless, he could never feel easy without a lord, but sought and inquired after his rightful Lord. Once, coming to Canton and entering a chapel, he heard that Shan-te is the true God, who is to be worshipped by all men. On his return home he erected an altar to God and adored Him in heathen fashion. In gradual succession there came also messengers of the gospel into his district; they were native helpers, belonging to the Berlin *Verein*, or Association for China. They disclosed to him how the true God is to be worshipped, and made known to him salvation in Christ. He listened with joy, learned God's word, was baptized, and has since then diligently and lovingly heard the gospel."

Herr Vosskamp, of the Berlin Society, gives some very interesting descriptions of the island of Hong Kong, and city of Victoria, this outpost of British Christianity at the gates of China, at once a part of it and not a part of it.

"We spent some days in Hong-Kong. They refreshed us in body and soul. The heat of summer had abated. I enjoyed the refreshing nearness of the sea. Hong-Kong has an enchantingly beautiful situation. Formerly it was a bare and desolate island, that served as a place of abode for fishermen and pirates. Then the English took possession of it, and they have changed this fragment of earth which here rises out of the sea into a genuine Paradise. Trees of various kinds and of peculiar beauty have been transplanted to Hong-Kong from every country of Asia, from the islands of the Pacific, and from Australia; there blossom everywhere the fairest flowers, and everywhere the view ends with the sea. In a deep valley, surrounded by lofty rocks, lies the most beautiful churchyard of the world, called 'Happy Valley.' Here all the pomp of vegetation is found concentrated. Life and beauty overspread the world of the dead. From hence you see the country seats of the wealthy lords of commerce stretching to the very mountain top. Of Hong-Kong you may say, as Isaiah says of Tyre, her merchants are princes. Beneath these the city of Victoria stretches along the sea. Here, at the threshold of China, Asiatic and Occidental life are confluent. Across the strait lies the coast of the greatest heathen realm of the world, silent, without life."

Again:

"The tones of my harp are now mingled with festal resonance and the wild music of an idolatrous display. Hong-Kong had for months been making ready for the Queen's Jubilee. All the lands of the earth which stand under English sovereignty had already offered their homage. The princes of Europe had appeared in person or by their deputies. From India the mightiest Rajas had gone to London to salute the Empress of India, in whose capital the foreign princes became the objects of popular curiosity and admiration in the strangeness of their Oriental magnificence. Already the echoes of the festival, which set almost the whole earth in motion, had died into the past, when on the little island of eastern Asia the notes of Jubilee again arose. The festival, in this tropic climate, had been transferred to the greater coolness of November. In the morning came the Governor's reception. Pastor Hartmann accompanied me to it. I, like all the world, gave the great man my hand in token of congratulation. A moving and diversified throng filled the Government Palace. In the garden in front, Bengalese troops acted as guards of honor—tall, stately forms, in picturesque costume. A deputation of leading Chinese had just brought into the Government House a loyal address, a magnificent piece of embroidery on white silk, with the names of the Chinese citizens and a huge escutcheon containing the hyperbolical wish in behalf of the aging Queen: 'May you flourish for a thousand springs.' In the evening Victoria swam in a sea of light. I wandered with my bride and some ladies of the Foundling House through the close-packed streets. At the corners of the principal streets stands had been put up for Chinese musicians, who overwhelmed the passersby with a flood of the most hideous melody."

In this loyal festival in honor of the Christian Queen, Chinese heathenism displayed itself in its own wild way.

"For two days and two nights an endless procession of idols wound hither and thither along the islands, and on both sides humanity was packed like a solid wall. There boomed the gongs, there rolled the drums, there screeched and wailed the stringed instruments, there crackled the fireworks, the silken dragon banners, green, red and blue, fluttered in the air, the ear-splitting tones of the bamboo *flute* floated wildly among the throng, while in the