

into the street where hundreds were assembled, looking at theatrical plays. I was immediately surrounded by an immense crowd, many of whom were angry and kept calling out "Black bearded Barbarian," others were well disposed. It being a fine moonlight night, I extracted thirty teeth at first, in order to remove prejudices, and then we sung and preached the gospel. When leaving, many seized my arm and wished me to stay longer. Saturday I went to our chapel at San-teng-po, and was joined there by H. M. Consul, H. J. Allan, who wished to go with me to the east side of the Island. Monday morning we started, and proceeded in an easterly direction across hills and valleys. The hills were covered with tea, and hundreds with baskets tied on their backs, were pulling the leaves. One stem with three leaves being the standard rule for picking. In the distance a tea-plantation looks like a field of potatoes, planted in hills and about a foot above ground.

Towards evening we learned that the only lodging-house on the road was destroyed by fire the previous night. There being no alternative, we proceeded to a little grass hut in a ravine, and were hospitably entertained by the owner. About midnight the rain descended in torrents, and the boards on which I slept were soon damp and wet. My friend fared better, as he slept in the main body of the house. In the morning he sat in a sedan-chair, but all the rest, including helpers, burden bearers, guide and myself, walked barefooted up and down the high ranges, and through the mountain torrents.

Apart from the Highlands of Scotland, I never saw scenery so grand and sublime. In the afternoon we passed the boundary of the tea-plantations, and entered the region where the large indigo plant is cultivated extensively. The leaves of this plant are somewhat similar to the beech in Canada, and it varies from six inches to one foot and-a-half in height. The stems are cut close to the ground, and then with the leaves thrown into kilns to steep. Lime is thrown in also, then cold water is allowed to run from one kiln to another. The result is beautiful indigo, about the consistency of mortar. Passing beyond the indigo region we came to charcoal kilns, and the smoke and sound of the axe, whilst walking through mist and rain, reminded me of "My own dear forest land in the west."

Proceeding on our way we came at length to a high ridge, and from its summit caught the first sight of the broad Pacific. I was glad to see its still waters once more; but more delighted to know that another hour's walk would take us to a city where the gospel was never proclaimed. It is called Thaw-sia, (first city). At dark I dispensed medicines, and in the morning an immense crowd assembled in front of our halting place. Standing on a bench in their midst, I told of the amazing love of Jesus to poor sinners. Our first convert in Northern Formosa also told of Christ's redeeming love. After singing "There is a Happy Land," we left and about noon arrived at another city called Sad-Kiet-a, where the highest Mandarin of the place resides. He sent presents of tea, fowl, etc., and in the evening an underling came from the Jamun for medicine.

The following day we travelled a muddy, slippery, winding path, and at midday arrived at So-o, on the Pacific coast. It is a beautiful harbour in the shape of a semicircle, and bounded by wooded ranges where the savages roam. A Chinese General from the mainland, was in a small fort on a hill top behind, and hundreds of soldiers at the little town at its base. They got word from the other towns before our arrival, so I was at once invited into a room to attend to sick soldiers. The large