

like hillocks beneath our feet. The top of this range forms the dividing line between the savages on the eastern, and Cantonese on the western side; the latter have a fort on the highest peak to guard the pathway. The descent was sudden, and no sooner made than we began to ascend another range, and thus continued ascending and descending successively, until 5 p.m., then entered a long valley with wooded ranges on each side. Twelve savages approached with loaded guns, but after a few words of explanation, we were told to pass on. In half an hour we were sitting on a log within the enclosure of the new settlers, who were overjoyed to see us. A few moments afterwards the savages came up and presented us with oranges and a kind of cake made of mountain rice. At dark, a fire was kindled in front of the settlement, which resembled an encampment of soldiers. Seventy aborigines and fifteen savages stood around, and I had the privilege of preaching Jesus and Him crucified where His name had never been proclaimed. And for the first time from that heathen valley praises ascended to the Lord Most-High. We sung in Chinese the familiar hymn, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, or to defend his cause." During the night a savage tribe in the neighboring wood killed a Chinaman, and in the morning sent a messenger to state that after three days they would gladly receive us, as they intended to feast over the fallen foe during that time. Capt. Bax could not wait, so we endeavored to see as much as possible of their mode of living. It is important to know the customs, names and habits of a people, civilized or savage, so as to present the gospel to their hearts for reception. With a savage as guide, we travelled in the woods to see their dwellings. These was on high ground, with several acres cleared all around, and presented the appearance of cleanliness in and outside. Their store-houses were built on posts three feet above the ground, and near them I observed plum and orange trees. One man, noble in appearance, showed us what he doubtless considered interesting, such as Indian corn, skulls of wild animals, mountain rice, and last of all the tails of twelve Chinese, whose heads his own hand carried in triumph to his native village. Travelling along we approached within two hundred yards of the house in which the Chinaman's head was placed for exhibition. We could hear loud voices as though hundreds were assembled. In a few moments several came running towards us, and bade us go and see the head, which we declined to do, as we had no desire to countenance their mode of procedure. Even the chief in his war dress came and pleaded with us to go, as his tribe would not injure us. Of that however, I had not the least fear, because in the woods of Formosa or quiet habitation of Canada "*God is our refuge and our strength.*" We returned to the settlement about dark. The rain descended in torrents, and we were obliged to crowd into one of the camps for worship. A fire was placed in the centre for light, and all sat around while I told them of the love of Jesus. The commander sat on the ground in the capacity of an humble Christian (may God add to the number of such men in the British navy), without any weapon in his hand save the sword of the Spirit. On my left sat the Chief of a savage tribe, who understood the Chinese language remarkably well, and in front, the first Chinese convert in Northern Formosa—the young man who has been with me since April last. I felt thankful to the Lord our God for enabling me to enter that valley, and make known to perishing souls the *only way* of salvation, before the settlers had carried an idol across the mountain ranges. The day following, we returned to Sin-kang, and on Saturday in the afternoon, arrived at Go-kokin, a Chinese village up the Tamsui river. There, thirty families have