

*SCHOOLS IN CHINA.

Dr. Mackay our own missionary, in his most interesting book, "From Far Formosa," tells some very curious things about the Chinese:

"A Chinese school is the scene of great industry and of great noise. The students all study aloud, and their shrill drawling voices make a disagreeable babel. The text books are the Chinese classics and the parents have no cause of complaint of frequent change. The books never change from century to century. The characters are first learned, but it is purely mechanical work, not the slightest attention is paid to the meaning of the words.

The book language is entirely different from that which is spoken in their daily life and the boy has to commit to memory, pages, and even whole books, without understanding anything of their meaning.

After years of severe work the boys began to prepare definitely for competitive examinations. There is no real education in the system. Where a young man succeeds in passing the examinations even for the lowest degree, preparations on a most elaborate scale are made at his home for honoring him on his return. No one but an eye-witness can imagine the scene. A feast is prepared, theatrical performers are often engaged, a procession goes out to meet the graduate, who puts on all the airs imaginable, and his conceit is swollen beyond endurance. His swagger reaches the point of silliness. To recognize his old companions is a condescension for which they feel extremely grateful. The whole performance tends to make these graduates the most obnoxious of all the people one meets.

* This is a China number, and so full that the Gatchism has been crowded out this month.

MARTYR STORY FROM FORMOSA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, DR. MACKAY.

IN 1873, the second year of my work in Formosa, a merchant at a village near Bang-kah, our largest town, who had heard me preach at other places, invited me to his village and gave a room for a preaching hall.

The work grew wonderfully. Soon the country for many miles around became interested, and on the Sabbath packed the hall and street. Among the converts there was a teacher and his aged father.

As the work grew, the enemy became more enraged and insolent towards the converts. A prominent clansman forcibly seized the leader's small rice fields, and the head man refused to give redress.

The teacher and his father prepared an appeal to the mandarin, or ruler, at Bang-kah. But meanwhile their enemies had forestalled them and prejudiced the minds of the men who made up the *yamen* or mandarin's court, telling them that the whole country was in rebellion, joining the "barbarian" (i.e. the missionary).

A plot was laid. When the teacher and his father accompanied by six other converts, among whom was my friend the merchant, presented themselves before the mandarin in the *yamen*, and when the old man was on his knees before the judge, he was told by the Great Man that it was insolent and disloyal to forsake the religion of their forefathers and to follow the "barbarian."

Then the plot was revealed. All at once the constables shouted, rushed hither and thither, caught the Christians by their cues, (long braid of hair), jostled them, and holding up their own long knives in the air, they rushed to the mandarin crying "The converts brought these knives to assassinate you."

The mandarin pretended to be furious, and gave orders to shut the doors and chain the prisoners. One of these was a boy, the son of the teacher, but, being under sixteen, was allowed to go; his little companion was chained along with the others. They were all dragged to prison and put into stocks in the darkest dungeon.

Mock trials were held, during which they were compelled to kneel on red hot chains. Again and again they were bamboosed and otherwise tortured. They were then taken down seven days' journey to Taiwanfu, the capital of Formosa, in the southern part of the Island, and imprisoned.