

live in fine houses, but you will have to go with your hands empty. We are all marching on, all crossing the same narrow strip. What does it matter, it's only for a day and then we are off. There is a generation pushing us off the stage, and that generation behind us is in turn being pushed on. I have told you how, the first day I spent in one city in Formosa, I had the privilege of gathering together the idols of five villages, representing five thousand people, and casting them into the fire. "I have cast their gods into the fire, for they were no gods, but the work of men's hands." Yes, we truly "cast them to the moles and to the bats." We fling them into oblivion. Some were so disgusted with them that they split them up before bringing to us. How mighty the Gospel seemed amid such scenes as this!

Once, where we began to build a chapel, and the natives went in bands to the mountains to get timber for the rafters, they had to fight their way, weapons in hand, and many came home at night bleeding. Now, in that village—I repeat it—you could hear the fishermen, as they rowed their boats out into the sea, keeping melody with the oars, singing,

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause."

I have heard them, and the poor old women in their huts singing, "There is a happy land"—the whole village worshipping God. When the people in the neighbouring villages witnessed this, they said, "We must have something like this," and thus churches were established around, and so it came to pass that we have sixty churches in all and two thousand converts, and native pastors in each church.

Once we were confined in a chapel all night, with the savages from the mountains on the outside. They would creep up with long poles and try to fire the building. We had no human protection, but we had God, and if it had been His will every one of us was ready to welcome death. As the morning began to dawn the cowardly savages skulked away to the mountains.

Once, with two converts, I started for the southern part, where we wanted to establish a church. We arrived near the small village just at dark. We inquired at a house if we could stay with them for the night. They shut the door in our faces. The next place we asked to stay, they said, "No place here for foreign devils." We inquired at another place, and the man said, after a long hesitation, "There's an ox-stall; you can stay in there." He did as much as give us each a bowl of rice, which we were thankful for. The ox-stall was very much like the old stall in this country, with upright poles. One of the converts with me was an old man who had owned rich tea farms, and had lost all for Christ's sake. He was not used to sleeping in an ox-stall, but it humbled him, and afterward he did better service as a preacher to his people. How all this does make one think of the Redeemer, who came down to do His best for us! The Lord of glory was rejected. It is of little consequence if we do not get quarters for the night. I hope no one will ever mention my name in connection with persecution in Formosa if he does not speak of those natives who, with me, carried the banner of the Lord Jesus. Over and over again I have seen men shed tears when they remembered the way they had treated us, when they thought how badly they had persecuted us. They are themselves astounded at what they did.

When you are young you think you can put off God; but come to me to the city of the dead, and you will find the young at eighteen and nineteen there. "Shame" is the word, that men in Canada will not believe Jesus. They ask me over there in Formosa if every living soul in Canada is a Christian and a zealous follower of Jesus. What can I say to them?

In a large city toward the north-west of the island we searched for a little room to begin work in. We got a small room, where pigs were kept, we drove two pigs out and got a man to come and clean up a little and whitewash the place. A mob stopped the work for a while, and we remained out in the streets till they left us to go on with the building and cleaning. They spit on us and taunted us, but that was not anything. It is there that to-day the converted Confucianist, a graduate, a B.A., preaches in a large church. Crowds come to converse with him.

An old man ever serenely walked to our services on Saturday for three years and brought others with him a long distance. Some of the converts sent \$10 back with him to help start a chapel where he lived. Talk about self-supporting churches, self-propagation! There is self-propagation in a score of churches in Formosa, and the work is but twenty-two years old. In each church is a map of the world, and through the week the native preacher announces that he will speak at night on Germany, or England, or America, or some other country, till they go through every country in the world. He tells them of Toronto and of the university there, etc.

I once fell in with an English Church clergyman at sea, coming from the Philippine Islands. He said, "I have just been speaking with a Baptist missionary and telling him that this missionary business is all stuff. You're a missionary, are you?" I said, "Yes." "Well, I want to tell you it's all hum and sham. I've been at the Philippine Islands a while, and let me tell you, you are just fooling away your time. One day a man will say he is a Christian, just to get employment, and the next day he is a heathen, just to get employment. It's all fraud." "Now," I said, "I have listened and treated your statements courteously: will you do the same to my statements?" He said he would have to do so. I told him that men in Formosa were saying they were Christians or heathen as it suited them, to get employment. They were not getting and keeping money there, but they were rather giving out their money. In one place they pay their pastor \$15 a month. During the famine they took up a large subscription and sent it to their suffering brothers on the mainland. I told him, as I have told you, that

there are double-faced people all over the world who are characterized by duplicity, but they were not all so. He admitted that when he left, there were a few who came to see him off and were grieved to see him go.

I do not agree with the popular notions about the Chinese. I claim to know something of Chinese character, and think I have a good right to know their dispositions, virtues, vices, etc., for my own wife is Chinese. The first five students who were baptized have remained faithful during these twenty-one long years; and they have passed through many trials and persecutions. Whenever we arrived at a stopping-place they would always go and get water to wash our feet, and would help change our clothes and do our evening work, attending to sick people and preaching Christ.

Some will say that it is all very well to talk of converts in Formosa in a speech; but we all know the duplicity of the Chinese. I can say that I know of similar traits in many Canadians. Christian Chinamen in Northern Formosa are just as true as any disciples that I know of anywhere. Four hundred of those converts in Formosa have come to the end of the fight, including men, women, and children; and they have fought a good fight. I have stood beside death-beds in Scotia, my native land; I have seen men die in Canada, in Africa, in China, and I have found these four hundred converts, who have died in Formosa, showing evidences of the same faith in God. The first convert, my main helper, still remains faithful, and is now taking charge of the whole work in my absence as a sort of bishop. Let us work on, press on for our Redeemer, for the time is short. "Not unto us, O Lord; but unto Thy name give glory."

Many of these converts have gone to their eternal home. Their names may be treated with ridicule, indifference, or slander; no such things can affect glorified saints. They have finished their earthly course, and are beyond the reach of harm. They breathed their last, trusting Jesus. Where is the room for "waiting" in their case to see whether they backslide or not? Among the living also we have all classes—tradesmen, mechanics, scholars—men tried in all the ways in which we are tried here, preaching Jesus Christ and walking under His banner.

We add some extracts from a remarkable letter written by a Chinese convert, describing the departure of Dr. Mackay for home. He has laboured in that island as a missionary for about twenty-two years; and his success has been very notable, impressing his personality on all the people in a most extraordinary way, to call for such demonstrations.

"When pastor Mackay visited the stations throughout Tek-cham district, converts and heathen crowded to show him honour and respect. At every station several hundreds came out to meet him, and then followed again when he was leaving, converts waving green branches, and heathen burning fire-crackers. The church people were very sad and could not keep back their tears. Indeed all were of one mind and unwilling to let him go, though they wished him a pleasant visit to his native Canada.

"All through Kap-tsu-lan district whole villages came out to meet him, and escorted him when he left, entreating him to return soon. On his trip it was not merely converts who came; throughout all North Formosa the heathen joined with converts to honour pastor Mackay and wish him a safe journey. Men and women, old and young, wept much. They could scarcely bear to let him go even for a while, because he had been in and out among Chinese now for twenty-one years, and every one loves him.

"Throughout Tamsui district it was the same, hundreds expressing good wishes. Everywhere crowds and music and gunpowder, but in Kang kah City the greatest crowd of all. There in the procession were three mandarins, five head men, twenty sedan chairs, six horses, and many, many people, with drums and gongs and other things more than I could write about. Then they hired the little steamer to take pastor Mackay to Tamsui, and more than three hundred people came down with him. Little over twenty years ago Kang kah people were such determined enemies, verily wicked in their hatred. Now they have become even more enthusiastic than others in showing their good will: that day all through the city the Chinese were praising pastor Mackay and his teaching, not a single soul uttered an ill word. Thank God! because in all North Formosa the very strongest fort of the enemy was Kang kah city. Praise our Jehovah, praise Him for what He has done!

"On the 15th, at two o'clock, there were more than seven hundred of the converts, men, women, and children, to see pastor and Mrs. Mackay and the rest go. Chinese had drums and gongs and firecrackers, foreigners fired guns, and there were bands of music. All the foreigners boarded one steam launch, the mandarins and head men another, converts—many in tears—took a third, old and young filled little boats, and the whole crowd—as many as the boats would hold, followed the vessel right out to sea, as far as they dared go."

At the close of the commencement proceeding at Mervyn House School, Toronto, Miss Elizabeth Lay, the principal, was presented with a handsome Oxford Bible and a complimentary address. The address was read by Miss Esie Johnson on behalf of the teachers and pupils of the school. The term ended proved a very successful one.

Rev. D. E. DRYMOND was ordained and inducted to the charge of Rosetown and Covey Hill, on July 14th. The proceedings were of the most hearty and encouraging nature. There was a very large turnout of the congregation to welcome the pastor and a very enjoyable service in connection with the ordination and induction.

Miss Anna Ross, daughter of the late Rev. John Ross, Brucefield, has won the gold medal at Colgate College, Ottawa. Miss Ross also won the special prize in Botany. This is the second one of the same family who has attained to similar honor at the same school.