

of brown paper naming them as of a certain value and these he burns in sacrifice.

People may smile at such folly but is not the same thing done by thousands who call themselves Christians, who serve God with that which costs them nothing. Or again they will make an offering of rice by filling a vessel with rubbish and a thin layer of rice on the top, and if questioned will frankly admit that the goddess does not know but what the dish is full of rice. Yet how much more blameworthy is hypocrisy with us, for we know that God seeth all things and taketh notice of them. Still another hindrance from the Chinese is the supreme contempt they have for the "red headed English barbarians." Another hindrance is the opium traffic. So soon as they see a white person they boil with indignation as they think that England is forcing upon them the opium that is ruining multitudes of their countrymen. The day is coming when that blot on Britain's fame will be wiped out like the slave traffic. Pray that God may hasten it in His own good way.

Such are some of the general hindrances. Then there is the ignorance and prejudice of the natives to be overcome. There were all sorts of rumors going through the country about me. Placards were posted up that I was a political spy, pictures were shown representing the foreign dog with knife and hooks for scooping out eyes and splitting hearts, which, it was said I obtained and shipped off by night to England for making opium. Thousands of them believe that opium is made from eyes and hearts, and no marvel that they were slow to receive from me the gospel.

To dispel their suspicions I left my door open night and day, that they might enter at will and see all that I had and did. Beggars were paid 15 cents a day to stay in my hut and watch me. Lepers were paid to come that I might be subjected to the annoyance of their loathsome presence, soldiers and sailors from the junks entered at will and tried in every conceivable way to annoy me. The literati, proud and conceited, came, tore up my Bibles and hymn books. If I attempted to teach, gongs were kept beating before my door. Couriers were kept running, carrying the wildest stories concerning me through the island. Northern Formosa was wild with excitement. Thus for a time did heathenism try its utmost to hinder the progress of Christianity in the island. Many of the first converts were cruelly treated and several of them were killed. But yet He that was with

us was greater than all that were against us. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever.

THE DAWN OF BRIGHTER DAYS.

The opposition was at its height when one evening about 8 o'clock a young man came to me saying, 'You had better leave, there is a plot to kill you.' Instead of leaving I sang to those that were gathered, the hymn, 'A days march nearer home,' and they dispersed without injuring me. This young man was one of the literati, a mandarin, and had travelled in China. He was troubled and anxious about the future. Wherever man is found the heart is the same in having its feelings of tenderness, of bitterness of soul, of anxiety, of doubt. The heathen have these feelings just as you have, the difference is that you have

A sovereign balm for every wound

A cordial for your fears,

while they grope in darkness having no hope and without God in the world.

This young man used to worship Buddha, but when he heard the gospel message it seemed to promise something that he had never gotten from his own god. He came back again with his objections, not in the spirit of a caviller but of an honest inquirer. Day after day he came with new questions which I answered, and at length I had the joy of seeing him accept Christ as his Saviour.

Again the excitement was fierce and high. He had to endure much hardness as a soldier of Jesus Christ but he stood fast and became an able preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus.

As time passed on the people began to see that the reports concerning us were false, that we wronged no man, that there was no scooping of eyes or splitting of hearts, and their prejudices began to wear away and we prepared for our first long journey through the island. You will never know what we passed through on that journey, travelling barefoot, fording streams, meeting with fierce opposition everywhere. The people would line the streets as we passed through their towns hooting, jeering, calling out, barbarian, foreign devil, etc. They would pull my convert by the cue, spit in our faces, pelt us with black soft mud, and we would pass out amid shouts of derision. At night we took shelter under a ledge of rock or in the corner of an oxstable or wherever we could get the best lodging, and no matter where we went or where we remained there were from 5 to 50 soldiers dogging our steps until we had passed