

## Our Contributors.

### HOMELY HINTS FOR HOT DAYS.

BY KNOXIAN.

There are two factors in the hot weather problem—the heat and the man who stands it. There is not much use in talking about the heat. If complaining, or making observations about the heat could lower the temperature, it would be down to freezing point in a very short time. Every man you meet grunts and says "it is a hot day." Every woman you meet sighs and observes that the weather is "dreadful," or something of that kind. Neither the grunting of the men nor the sighing of the women seems to lower the temperature to any great extent. Old Sol sends down his piercing rays just the same whether you like it or not.

Seeing, then, that the weather cannot be changed, it may be well to ask, Can anything be done for the man who has to stand it? A good deal depends on what kind of a man he is. If he is a chronic grumbler, determined to grumble at everything on the earth beneath—not to mention the other localities—nothing can be done for him. No human power can do anything for a chronic grumbler. A well-known minister once recommended his Presbytery to put a neighbour into a barrel of alkali to take the acid out of him. If the acid is all there is of a man, there would be no use in putting him into alkali. If the grumble is all there is of a man nothing can be done for him without doing away with him altogether. It is just as well that a chronic grumbler should expend his bad nature on the weather as on anything else. If he were not finding fault with the Almighty, he would be nagging at some of his neighbours. Let him grumble, and perhaps the hot weather may sweat some of the bad nature out of him.

A good hint for hot weather is to *avoid worry*. Heat is trying enough in itself; worry is wearing enough in itself. Either is enough alone. Both at a time are too much. So if we cannot avoid the heat let us avoid, if possible, the worry. We say if possible, because it is not always possible. Sometimes a man's worry is cut out for him and thrust upon him in the hottest weather. In such cases he must just go to the Lord for help, and get through as best he can. A good deal of the ordinary worry of life is avoidable for a season. If a Presbytery is wretchedly tedious and unbusiness-like in its methods and much valuable time is wasted by cranks and conceited bores in useless, endless talk, just stay away until the weather cools and avoid the affliction. We use this merely as an illustration of how worry may be avoided. Of course no Presbytery is afflictive in that way.

*Avoid worry.* How? By getting up early and breaking the back of your day's work early in the forenoon. Men who rise early and put in some good work early in the day are rarely in a hurry. Hurry at any time is not evidence of work. It is far more frequently evidence of bad management. The men who do the most work in every line seldom seem to be in a hurry. Hurry is often evidence of weakness. It is bad enough at any time, but it is absolutely destructive when the thermometer is over ninety. A man may run a mile to the station in January with his valise in one hand and his wife's bandbox in the other, his better half following at her best pace, and the run, however it affects their temper for the time being, may have a good effect upon their health. But a run at this season is a very different thing. Hurry of any kind is not good in very hot weather; therefore, avoid hurry by doing things in time.

*Avoid disagreeable people.* This is a good rule for all kinds of weather, but it cannot be kept all the year round. Intensely disagreeable people must be met, but a little judicious management may enable us to avoid them in July and August. In these months associate with all the genial, breezy, companionable and otherwise pleasant people you can find. Shun the noble army of the disagreeable until the weather cools.

If possible, *shorten up your work.* Let some things go until the hot season is over. Of course there are many who cannot lessen their work. Those who can should do so. A moderate amount of work is not injurious. In fact it is beneficial. Whatever may be the best way to get through a roasting day, out of all

sight the worst way is to lie down and think about nothing but yourself and the heat. Isaac meditated at eventide. No doubt he looked after his flocks and herds during the day. Do a moderate amount of work during the day, and meet Rebekah in the evening. No sensible man should, if he can avoid it, work as hard now as he does in the bracing January days.

Above all things *shorten up sermons.* If forty minutes is the proper time in ordinary weather, thirty is quite enough now. If half an hour is long enough at any time, twenty minutes will do very well in July and August. The question now is, How long should the sermon be when the thermometer is above ninety, and the air is not any too pure, and the people are panting and fanning themselves, and some of them, if not actually asleep, are striking a rather suspicious attitude? The correct answer to this question we think is, it should not be long at all. It should be short.

So should contributions to the newspapers.

### ON THE EAST COAST OF FORMOSA WITH REV. G. L. MACKAY, D.D.

BY C. A. COLMAN, CANTON, CHINA.

(Continued.)

The Memorial Chapel is a frame building with latih-and-plaster walls; behind there are nice rooms for the preacher and his family, and a room for the missionary when he comes. At one end of the chapel inside, there is a raised platform floored with tiles, having on it a table and several chairs; on the walls there are pictures and Chinese sayings, and a Chinese map of the world in hemispheres; about twenty benches complete the furniture.

In every chapel there are more or fewer pictures, and in every chapel a picture of the

QUEEN,

generally, however, only a print cut out of some newspaper.

We had not been long at the chapel when a Chinaman, surnamed Ngo, came in. He had followed Dr. Mackay ten miles to press the needs of his village, which contained 100 Chinese and 200 Peppohoans; he said he was a teacher, and had been on the lookout for Dr. Mackay for some days.

In the evening 152 persons attended the service, and twenty-three were baptized, including seven or eight children. You would have rejoiced to see their bright faces, and to hear the earnest, loud, but not unmelodious, singing. The last family in this village was brought in to-night—the family who sided with the Chinese and strongly resisted the Gospel to the last. Of course I do not mean that every member of every family is a convert, but that every family attends the services, and one or more of every family is a baptized convert. You may be sure this has not been accomplished but by a great deal of hard work, and the practice of what Dr. Mackay calls the three "P's," patience, perseverance and prudence.

At this place—Tan-ma-ien—is the first chapel one comes to on entering this plain, which is called Kap-tsu-lan. The plain is about thirty miles long from north to south, and of varying width, from a few yards to perhaps thirty miles. The soil is very rich, as the crops of sugar-cane, sweet potatoes and rice attest.

There are thirty-six villages of Peppohoans in the plain, with a population of 4,200; the Chinese in the plain number 25,000, living separate from the Peppohoans.

A journey of two hours and a half the following day brought us to Bu-loan. Men, women and children turned out to greet Dr. Mackay with "Kai, pastor, peace." I was greeted as "lang kheh"—traveller. Service was held at once. Eighty persons attended, and twenty-six were baptized, including nine children.

After dinner we went to the "Glengarry Chapel, 1884," which is painted on a board with a maple leaf and a thistle in the corners. The village is Tang-mingthau. On our way to it we passed through the Chinese town of San kiat-a-koe, and went to call on a mandarin, a friend of Dr. Mackay's, but he was away from home.

In the evening there were 138 persons present at the service, and nineteen were baptized, including several children.

At all the chapels the people have given from fifty to 250 days' work on the building, and the people

here have newly plastered this chapel inside and out, and intend to paint the woodwork soon.

The audiences at all the chapels were neat and clean in appearance, and I noticed that whenever we came to a village without notice, the women, especially the younger ones, were a little late in putting in an appearance; but when they came in they had neatly-combed hair, clean clothes, generally an embroidered coloured cloth coat, but sometimes beautifully-embroidered silk coats, though nearly all of them were at work a few minutes before, some in the house, some in the fields.

On entering the chapel most of the men lifted their right hand, and took off their turbans and their cues, as naturally as we take off our hats on entering a church; if any one forgot it was done for him by some other.

The Peppohoans have a dialect of their own, a kind of Malay, though most of them speak Chinese also. Some of the old people, however, do not understand Chinese very well. Dr. Mackay does not try to change the habits of these much. If they live Christian lives he is content, remembering "it is hard to bend an old tree." But the young people are training in a very different way. "Our hope is in the young," and some of these old people notice this and rejoice in it, saying to Dr. Mackay: "We are old, and it is hard for us to change, but these young men, our sons, are different."

We felt a shock of earthquake at half-past four this morning.

Next morning we passed through a Chinese town, Lo-tong, and got to Tan-na-bi by half-past ten. The chapel here is a Chinese house fixed over, and has a straw roof. The Glengarry Chapel is built of sundried bricks, plastered over with coloured lime.

Sixty listened to the preaching, and six were baptized.

Going on to Pho-lo-sin-a-oan, where eighty attended the service and three were baptized, we passed by a former preacher's grave, and all got out to see it.

Three days' journey south from Tamsui, on the west coast, is a village which Dr. Mackay visited, with some students, in his early years here. No one would give them lodging, so they found shelter in a roadside temple.

Next time they came a man received them into his house. During the evening, while they were singing and speaking of the Gospel, a letter was handed to Dr. Mackay which told him that he must either leave the village early next morning or stay in the house three days, as the villagers were going to sacrifice to their ancestors for three days. He immediately sent an answer saying he would neither go away in the morning nor stay in the house, but (in the morning) he would go out and preach in every street in the place. In a little while a mob collected and made a great noise, and stoned the house, declaring they would kill the "foreign black-bearded devil" if he came out in the morning. Next morning he said to his students, "I do not wish any of you to get hurt. You may go back to Tamsui if you wish. As for me, I am going out to preach." Not one would leave him.

The woman of the house was afraid to cook anything for them. "Well," said Dr. Mackay, "give us some rice and we will cook it ourselves; surely you have humanity enough for that." Upon that the woman said she would cook it for them. They ate the rice, then went out.

The people were sitting on their haunches with stones in their hands, and when Dr. Mackay and the students passed them they followed them. When a crowd had collected, after singing a hymn, he told them he was going to preach according to promise. He preached, and went into every street and preached, and all this time only one stone was thrown, which came very near Dr. Mackay's head. This was thrown by a young man, a fine, tall, young fellow, well built and of great strength. When they went back to the house the woman had prepared a meal for them. The next day Dr. Mackay preached again and also on the third day. On the fourth morning the people went to their fields, looking as if they were ashamed of themselves. That young man became a convert, then a student and a preacher, and it was his grave we passed to-day. He died ministering to his people in a time of an epidemic like cholera. From his first acceptance of the truth he was as zealous for it as ever he had been against it.

Going on from Pho-lo-sin-a-oan we halted at the