

the church he said 'Poor fellow! Is there no work for him in Canada? Why should he throw away his life? I have been in China, and before her people can be made Christians they need to be born over again and born different. They will go to mission schools and learn English or anything else that will help them in their business, but they are not able to believe in the Resurrection as a fact, or other spiritual truth on which Christianity is based.' Mr. Grant answered him "Then they are either not human beings or Christianity is not a religion for the world. As for this missionary, it remains to be seen what his life will accomplish there."

We wish in this lesson to take a glimpse at Formosa as it was then, and at the result of the twenty-one years of Dr. Mackay's work. He found the whole of North Formosa lying in unbroken heathenism. He rented a small house, intended for a stable by its owner, and began to study the difficult language, going out day after day among the people, herding cattle with boys on the hills that he might pick up the common words more rapidly. In two months he could speak enough to begin telling the story of Jesus to all who would listen. He went around the different villages with this message from God, and was so terribly in earnest that crowds of people followed him to learn more of this "foreign religion." The Chinese officers began to be afraid of his influence, and tried to find some good reason for arresting him and putting an end to his preaching. Soldiers were set to watch him day and night. False notices were put up in different places saying that he had been sent by the Queen of England to pluck out Chinese eyes and send them to her to make opium of! His life was threatened many a time, and every hindrance put in his way, but he did not become discouraged.

For more than two years he was entirely alone, except the One who had promised to be with him always even unto the end. He gave medicine to heal the sick bodies of those around him, and with this medicine whispered glad tidings of the Great Physician who alone could heal their souls. In one summer he thus helped over three thousand sick people. A few disciples gathered around him who again and again saved his life at the risk of their own. He was called the "crazy barbarian" and his gospel work sneered at even by many who gladly accepted medicine from him. Knowing that his own life was in danger, he gathered young disciples about him, taking them with him in his daily journeys and teaching them the truth by day and by night as opportunity offered. A hospital was established at Tamsni where to-day are the headquarters of the Mission. This was followed by a college where students are prepared for active work in the mission field; by a girls school and a church. Fifty-six chapels

have been built all over the northern part of Formosa which Dr. Mackay visits a week at a time, going about talking to the people all day and holding meetings each evening. There are now more than three thousand baptized church members besides many who hear the Word preached gladly but cannot decide to give up all for Christ.

At present Dr. Mackay with his wife and children are resting in Canada, and some of our Mission Bands may be able to see and hear this missionary whose twenty-one years of work have gained such a wonderful harvest. A Chinese student named Koa Kon is with him who has been Dr. Mackay's travelling companion for eight years, and a great helper in his mission work. When they return to Formosa he will be able to tell his countrymen much about Canada and Christian work here.

Let us all pray for God's richest blessing on this Presbyterian Mission in Formosa, and thank Him for the great success which has followed the faithful preaching of this zealous missionary.

#### A FEW STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

TUNI, INDIA, Nov. 14, 1893

There are a few things that I would like to say to you children. Just now though it is November it is our spring in India, we have sowed radish and tomato seeds in the garden and the rains have come and made them grow beautifully. Our gardener is such a funny man, quite black you know, his name is Tardy, which seems a very fitting name for he is so slow. The tiger, which I mentioned in a former letter, came within four miles of our bungalow and snatched a woman away from before her husband's eyes right on the public road. This was at a place where the jungle comes near the road so that it just crouched among the bushes and waited for people to pass.

Then a tiger has been killing cattle six miles from here in another direction, but Mr. Walker wrote to me and said that he heard that a tiger had been shot. I do hope it is this man-eater don't you?

Some weeks ago when I was riding on the Southern Mahratta Railway, we came to a station named Chilama, where a tiger came and drove all the people away from the platform and the station master sent a telegram asking for help.

When the train stopped at Chilama, I got down from my carriage and asked the station master if this story was true, he said it was, and that the people had been driven from the next station Gazulapalli by a tiger. The rainy season is nearly over and then we shall go out touring. I have got two tents, a big tent for living in and then a small tent to sleep in, for when night comes, I often send the big tent perhaps twelve miles further on with directions to set it up nicely in the morning and get breakfast ready, while I sleep in the