

may we plead for the strength of patience, for only as we are patient are we made like unto God.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft-resting on Thy breast,
should be our daily prayer.

THE following most interesting account of mission work in Formosa was given in Montreal, at a Missionary meeting by the Rev. Dr. McKay, who laboured there for some years. Mr. McKay is a descendant of Sutherlandshire parentage, and a native of Ontario.

He commenced by giving a glowing account of the Island of Formosa, which for natural beauty and variety of scenery surpassed any part of the world he had yet seen.

Separated from the main-land of China by a sound ninety miles in width, Formosa is about 250 miles in length, and has a population of three millions. A range of mountains, rising in places to a height of 12,000 feet, divides the island longitudinally. The Western side is peopled by Chinese, the Eastern, by the aborigines who resemble the Malay tribes. His work was among the former, in the northern part of the Island—the districts towards the south being occupied by the Presbyterian Church of England who have a very flourishing mission there. The prevailing religion in Formosa, as in China proper, is Buddhism. The *literati* of the Island are a very intellectual class, corresponding to the Brahmins of India. He found that the objections to the Christian religion offered by the educated Chinese were very similar to those made by the Brahmins, and had a common origin

in traditions and superstitions that were traced back thousands of years before the Christian era. About nine years ago, in the providence of God, he had been led to select this Island as the field of his labours. His prospects at first were far from encouraging. There was no one to whom he could look for assistance but God, and the difficulties he had to encounter before he could make any progress were past description. He began work in a bath-room and then removed to a small building that had been used as a stable. For four or five months it rained incessantly, and beneath the stakes which supported his bed many a time there was a foot of water. This was his dormitory, study, and parlor. There is no romance in mission work in Formosa. It means downright hard work. There is no romance in mission work in Formosa. It means downright hard work. There is no such mud as the mud of Formosa in the rainy season. The people were not waiting with outstretched arms to receive the Gospel. His first employment was to learn the language which he picked up from the boys whom he met on the hills, and otherwise as best he could. Before long he had compiled a dictionary in the vernacular of 10,000 words. He posted up the Ten Commandments in Chinese on the door of his cabin. The *literati* read and criticized the document. The first four commandments they utterly condemned; as for the rest, they could find little fault with them, so much did they resemble the maxims of Confucius. They posted up counter-placards, and began to stir up enmity against