

passed away, and the young people will be missionaries and ministers, and elders, and will be doing the work of the Assembly and of the Church. Learn about it now and you will do it well then.

A Formosa Story.



LONG the east coast of Formosa, between mountains and the sea, there is a low, flat country, a great part of which is not much more than two feet above the level of the sea. It is plain that floods are much to be dreaded in such a region. They are often the cause of serious loss both of life and property, sometimes from the rolling in of one of the terrible tidal waves, and sometimes from heavy rains among the mountains, quickly flooding the streams over their low banks. It is besides subject to almost incessant rains; even in what may be called the dry season in other parts of the island, seldom enjoying more than a week or two of uninterrupted sunshine.

This plain is occupied mostly by aborigines, that means those natives who possessed the island before the Chinese came into it. Those who lived on the east coast seem to have submitted to the pig-tailed strangers instead of either fighting or running away from them, they live there still, with Chinese amongst them, one Chinese town occupying the centre of the plain. They are not savages like the aborigines among the mountains, but have many of the civilized ways of the people who have taken possession along with them. They are mostly poor, living in miserable mud huts with soft-damp mud floors.

Up to the time of Dr. Mackay's last visit to Canada, thirteen years ago, he had not attempted missionary work in this plain. But soon after going back he with his band of students climbed over the mountain separating the north-east coast from the eastern and came down to search a place for the Gospel among the 34 villages of this plain.

As they came down the plain and sought among the villagers for some hearing ear or even some polite or kindly conduct from the

people, they found instead dislike and mocking. Nobody wanted them. Nobody would even give them shelter at night, which was rather a serious matter in a region so abundant in rain above and mud below.

Their usual resting-place at night was a hurriedly-constructed reed tent. This was made by taking the long reeds as they grew in the ground, tying them together at the top so as to form a peaked roof. These sloping reeds were then plastered with mud that was seldom far to seek. If the rain and the wind would have left this mud plastering alone it would have been more satisfactory, but it was often loosened by the rain during the night, and then the wind was apt to shake the most of it off, and the drops from the reed roof were more numerous than pleasant. Sometimes the windward side of a rice stack gave a better shelter. The rice stacks here are made just as the stacks here.

The missionary tells the story in words something like the following. 'We came in at the north, and travelled all down that low steep plain, seeking an entrance for the Gospel at every one of the 34 villages dotted over its surface. But when we got to the southern end we had just to turn round and go back north again and away home. Not one open door could we find,—nothing but hatred or indifference all through. Discouraged? Did you say discouraged? All we have to do is to obey orders, to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." While he who gave that order lives we have no right to discouragement.'

But it was not long till they were back, missionary and faithful band of young men. It was the same thing over again. They went on as before till they reached the middle of the plain. Here one day an old man came near with his cheek all swelled up with toothache. He asked to have the tooth taken out, and, after the pain was relieved, he seemed willing both to listen and to talk. He stayed with them some time and went away.

Next morning, three men from the old man's village came and told them that if they would come back with them they should