

MISSION WORK IN FORMOSA.

In the *Missionary Review* for June the first place is given to an interesting account of Rev. Dr. MacKay's work in Formosa. By the courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to give extracts from the article and some fine illustrations to our readers. The notes are compiled from addresses delivered by Dr. MacKay at the great Missionary Convention in Toronto.—



REV. G. L. MAC KAY, TAMSUI, FORMOSA.

My work began in Tamsui. Here the first convert was brought into the Kingdom of Jesus, and another soon followed, these were both young men, and they were just what I had prayed for. Our method of carrying on the work had been to travel around and preach Jesus and Him crucified. Every month I made a tour down the west side, and very often had to spend the night in dark and damp places. On one occasion we started, as we had supposed and intended, at a very early hour in the morning; we kept travelling on and on for miles, wondering that daybreak did not come. Beginning to feel cold on account of the heavy rains, we kindled a fire to warm ourselves, set out again over stones and weeds until we made fully ten miles more before daybreak. The fact was that it had been simply moon-

light when we started, and we had mistaken it for the approach of daybreak, but our mistake turned to good, for we met a man at the place of our destination who was just going to leave, but who stayed because we arrived, and was thus brought to a knowledge of the true God. And a further and greater result was the building of a place of worship there. We went to a village far down on the coast, where a delegate met us with a strip of paper bearing seventy names, inviting us to remain. We erected a chapel in this village also. An earthquake turned it over a little, and the people cried out that the very earth itself was against the "foreign devil."

On my next visit, while sitting in a small dark room, I received a letter to this effect. "Now, you barbarian, with your followers, must either leave this village to-morrow morning, or you must sit inside of the house for three days. We are worshipping our ancestors and cannot allow any outsider to remain in the village and witness our rites." We laid this matter before our Master, and decided to write to the party who had sent the letter, as follows. "We will neither stay in the house three days nor start away in the morning to leave the village; we depend on the power of our master to protect us." A little while after the whole village was in a great state of excitement. Some were suggesting one thing and some another. Most of them proposed that we should be taken out and beaten, but others opposed this. The morning came, and I said to the students: "I do not want you to get into trouble, but I am going to stay here for life or for death." Every one of them determined to remain at my side. After breakfast we walked out through the village. The people stood in groups, angry and excited. A number of them had broken pieces of bricks in their hands, and they had stones piled in heaps, ready for use. Only one stone, however, was actually thrown; it was evidently intended to strike one of the students, and was thrown by one of the aborigines. We remained most of the day. On the third day we went to where the chapel stood. Fifty or sixty came to hear us, and some spoke in a friendly way to us. On the fourth day they seemed ashamed

of their conduct. The savages in the island afterward claimed me as their kinsman and also as their great grandfather. They said that their people had no queen, and, as I had none, therefore I must belong to the same race as themselves. We fixed up the chapel, and there preached Christ and Him crucified. We had one two, and even three hundred, many times listening in that place, to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer.

We went to another place further inland, among the mountains, and there put up a log church. Again, within sight of the lofty mountain ranges we preached Jesus to the people. The aborigines stood around the fires with us, and joined in singing praises to God in that territory of savages. One Sabbath, while at the place referred to above, I received a letter which read thus: "If you dare to come in again with your party, the savages declare that they will shoot you. They are determined to put you to death, and I would advise you not to come again." I went out to the service as usual that evening, and also decided to go about my Master's business again in the morning, irrespective of any letter sent by men, influenced by demons. When advancing toward these people in the jungle, and when on a peak, 1,000, 1,500, or perhaps 2,000 feet high, we heard the shouts of the savages on the neighboring peak. This is a savage custom. We hailed them. They came out and looked for a moment, and then fired a volley, pointing their muskets upward. The leader signed, "It is all right." Since then five, ten, fourteen, sixteen years have passed away—yes, eighteen years. During my last visit to the place an old man eighty years of age came to me and said: "Do you remember getting a letter from that place within the mountains? It was I who wrote that. I did my best to get the savages to put you to death. I did all I could. I dare not go to the savages myself, but live in these barren hills. I am very sorry for what I did. I have listened to the Gospel, and now believe that Jesus Christ is my Redeemer, and I want to be baptized." All who know him declare that he is an entirely changed man. Even his face does not look the same, now that his whole body and soul is given to the Redeemer. Yes, his very countenance, at eighty, was changed. I baptised him and enrolled him as one of the converts of Formosa.

I and my students travelled through many parts of this wild country. There are many changes in the island in twenty-two years. I love my native Canada, but not more than this beloved land. A bamboo like this that I hold in my hand is an old friend. I used it in fording streams, feeling the bottom where we were to step, and also supporting myself with it in travelling. We carried wild banana leaves to serve us as umbrellas during heavy rains.

We went to one large city called Bang-kah, and tried to get an opening there. We succeeded in getting a house at the outskirts near an encampment of soldiers. We put out over the door, "Jesus' Holy Temple." A soldier came and told us that we must get out of that place, as the ground did not belong to the owner of the house. I told the students they would better leave me. The soldiers got excited, and I found it absolutely necessary to leave, as the land belonged to the government and the house to the soldiers. I started to leave, and the city got excited, and the British consul came to see what the matter was. Dense crowds gathered. Some of the people threw bricks from the roofs of the houses. They reviled and hooted. The consul said to me, "You would better go down to Tamsui for the present, as it will be impossible to get in here for three years at least." Then I asked God to open up a way for us into that city. At nine o'clock we walked back and got into the suburbs on the other side, where I entered another house, getting the proper legal documents from the owner of the house before midnight. I put up again over the door, "Jesus' Holy Temple." The people came from the streets



SAVAGES, EASTERN FORMOSA, WITH DR. MAC KAY.