

World of Missions

Another Letter From Dr. MacKay.

Under date Tamsui, 23rd January, 1899, the Rev. R. P. MacKay, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Committee, has received the following interesting letter from our missionary in Formosa:

"At Christmas time Koa Kaw spent about two weeks with me in the country holding evangelistic services every night. Yesterday I baptized 31, sat with 92 believers to commemorate our Saviour's dying love, and preached salvation through Christ alone to 224 hearers. This was in the once proud city of Bang-Kah, at Khut-Chioh, beyond Sin-Tiam. The first to greet us were five savages from their mountain home. Well did they remember our visit in Dec., 1890. The chief rushed up, put his hand in my breast, saying, 'Pastor, pastor, it is a long time since we saw you.' Poor children of the forest still in their Formosan wilds, without hope of eternal life! With a promise to visit them again we parted and trudged up and down steep, narrow, slippery paths, to the homes of Christians who have stood fast in the faith a score of years. Thence we proceeded to heathen villages opposite Sin-Tiam, and were guided by two men who seemed greatly interested in our message. One of them, a Pe-po-hoan, led us to his ancestral home, then brought his aged mother, uncle and other relatives into our presence. 'Now,' said the old lady, 'we remember your first visit to us 25 years ago, when you spoke of one Jesus.' The Lord is preparing a people over there to honor Him. Sin-tug is a large town still full of superstition and idolatry. There I extracted many teeth in front of a temple and preached Jesus and the Resurrection to a packed room in our newly-rented chapel. It was without doors and had a damp mud floor. Still benches with rice chaff strewn under them made an acceptable bed. To-day, with an open door, a preacher and Christians at every station to greet one, it is simply delightful compared with days gone by. Whenever I think of the past I marvel that there were natives who joyfully endured hardships of which the young Christians here have no conception. It was like Canada and the great Northwest, where men unknown and unsung stood amid snows and privations unfurling the blood-stained banner of Jesus.

The Christ who sat over against the treasury is my Christ. He watches my gifts. What is given in the spirit of whole-hearted devotion and love He accepts.—A. M.

For Encouragement and Impulse.

1. The first message at the birth of Christ was a missionary message (Luke 11, 10).
2. The first prayer Christ taught men was a missionary prayer. (Matt. vi., 10).
3. The first disciple, St. Andrew, was the first missionary. (John i., 41).
4. The first message of the risen Lord was a missionary message. (John xx. 17).
5. The first command of the risen Lord to His disciples was a missionary command. (John xx. 21).
6. The first apostolic sermon was a missionary sermon. (Acts xi., 17-39).
7. Christ's great reason for Christian love was a missionary reason. (John xiii., 35.)
8. Christ's great reason for unity was a missionary reason. (John xvii., 21).
9. The first coming of Christ was a missionary work. (Luke iv., 18-21).
10. The second coming of Christ is to be hastened by missionary work. (Matt. xxiv., 14).
11. Our Saviour's last wish on earth was a missionary wish. (Matt. xxviii., 19).
12. And the last wish of the departing Saviour should be the first wish of His returning children. — C. M. S. Gleaner.

A young lady from the Highlands of Scotland, a teacher in Livingstonia, Africa, writes to her pastor, Rev. F. Graham: "The school vacation is on just now. Miss Jackson and I spent a week in Ngoniland with Mr. Donald Fraser. His work and earnestness helped us very much. There is a great evidence of the work of the Spirit among the Ngoni. Where war and bloodshed three years ago prevailed we now see schools and a great thirst for knowledge. Old men and little children mingle together and read off the same book. Mr. Fraser is a power for Christ in Ngoniland. His station is three days' journey from Livingstonia. On our way back we met a lion. I was very glad to see one, but I admit I did not like him at all when he charged with his eyes flaming and his mane rolling over his shoulders. Mr. Moffat, who was with us, shot and wounded him so badly that he ran away growling horribly. I had no gun, and wished I was far enough away when I saw him bounding to within forty yards of us. I wish I could go into your church some morning and hear you. I feel full of longing for the sound of the Gaelic sometimes."

A Very Real Prayer.

At a mission station in the Paraguayan Chaco, Waikthlatingmangyalwa by name, the Indians started a prayer meeting of their own behind some trees. When the missionary accidentally came on them, he bade them hold the meeting in the church, where they would be safer from intrusion. Sometimes he listens for a minute at the church door, while the Christians inside pray one after another; a meeting with nothing but prayers—definite, touching prayers they often are. A boy of fourteen years of age prayed one night in this fashion:—

"Lord Jesus Christ, we really want to speak with you. Listen without delay to our words. Strengthen us to do our work to-morrow. We are glad that the rain has come to-day; the plants and vegetables will grow again. We want to throw over our sins, and to do Thy will. Blot out the writing out of Thy great book above. Rub out the sins that Thou hast written against us. A long, long time ago Thou didst shed Thy blood for us, to be a sacrifice for our sin. Thy book tells us that Thy blood will cleanse us from all sin. Take us to Thy country above. We have heard it is a beautiful country. Here it is very hot, and when we work the sweat rolls of us. It is quite different working in Thy country; our skins will not be hot, nor will the sweat fall from us." Then he prayed for the missionaries and their wives and children, and went on:—"Take care of my friends this night, and all our friends far and near. Take care of those who go with the carts to the river. Send Thy friends, the men above (angels), to watch over us, to abide near our resting-places, and guard us. Give us sweet sleep and make us strong for work to-morrow. Amen."—W. D. in the London (Eng.) Presbyterian.

No Gift Too Great for God.

An only son went as a missionary to the Congo, and after a short but faithful service, he died. "Who will break the news to his mother?" said the friends. One undertook the task, and afterwards asked her, "Had you another son, would you give him to the mission field?" The lady looked up, her face shining with heaven-born love, and simply answered:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all."

The one secret of life and development is not to devise and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work; to do every moment's duty aright, that being the part in the process allotted to us; and let come—not what will, for there is no such thing—but what the eternal Thought wills for each of us, has intended in each of us from the first.—George Macdonald.