

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIV., No. 48.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 30, 1900.

50 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.



AN ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION AT TAI-PEH, FORMOSA—DR. MACKAY, CHINESE AND JAPANESE PREACHERS AND CONVERTS.

A Great Canadian Missionary

(By the Editor of 'From Far Formosa,' in 'The Westminster.')
 'The Westminster.'

It was during his first furlough, in the early spring of 1881, that I first heard Dr. MacKay. He was making a tour of the churches—after the manner of missionaries who are supposed to be resting—giving addresses on his work in Formosa, and came to Hamilton, where he spent a Sabbath, preaching in two of the churches and addressing a mass meeting on Monday evening. It is the Monday evening meeting which stands out before me still with all the vividness and thrill of an experience of yesterday. I was attending the Collegiate Institute at the time, and examinations were not far off, but the great Formosa missionary, whose name and fame were in all the papers, was too strong a magnet. So it was that with another collegiate youth, now Dr. C.



DR. MACKAY IN 1881.

the sunny slopes of Italy, the vine-clad hills of Germany, the majesty of the Alps and the beauties of the Rhineland; of England, too; and last of all, of Scotland, with her lochs and heathery hills—and then before his eye there rose that little island in the yeasty sea, its rock-ridged shore, its cities and plains and dark-green mountain tops; he heard the deep sound of its surf, the sigh of the tall bamboo in the breeze, and most of all, the long, sad call of its burdened and weary life—and then, like a man whose passion had broken restraint, he called 'Formosa! Formosa! My own Formosa!' and prayed the blessing of heaven on that 'loveliest island of the sea.'

It may be that the effect was partly due to the impressionableness of youth. At that time such sensations were not so common as to callous the emotional nature. There were not so many passages of eloquence with which to compare that 'Formosa' peroration



DR. MACKAY IN 1870.

'A. Webster, of Beyrout, Syria, I set out for the meeting on Monday evening.

The meeting was held in Knox church, the solid, old-fashioned stone church which still houses a great congregation on James street. Dr. John James was minister in those days. When we reached the church that evening, nearly a half-hour early, the

aisles were full. By dint of pressure and staying power we made our way up the winding stair to the gallery and edged up to a spot against the back wall at the end opposite the pulpit. I can see it yet—that closely-packed mass of heads.

Away at the far end among the city pastors on the platform sat the wiry little man whom the Chinese called 'the black-bearded barbarian.' His photograph, for which he sat that very day, is before me now, and it does not altogether belie the epithet. When he began to speak one could feel the tremendous force of the man. He spoke with wonderful power that night. Seldom since have I heard him excel that address. The closing part was genuinely eloquent. I think I could repeat it sentence for sentence today, so impressive was it, so appealing to the imagination, so throbbing with emotional power. The great word was 'Formosa.' How he lingered on that word, with his full Highland drawl! He told of his love for Canada and of the fair scenes upon which he had looked; of the sights which hold the traveller crossing the American continent; of the wonders of the lands beyond the Pacific, Japan and India and the sacred east; of



MRS. MACKAY IN 1881.

The only one of equal distinction was a passage in an address on 'Grace and truth' I had heard not long before by the late Dr. W. P. Mackay, of Hull, England, at a conference in old Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, in which he recalled an illumination of the city of Edinburgh when Sir Walter Scott's monument sparkled with jets, and then soared to