

MISSION WORK IN FORMOSA.

(Continued.)

For a long time we had trouble on account of the French invasion of the island. The French bombarded a town where we had a mission, and the shells fell all about us—some only a few feet away, but not one of us was hurt. Once we were intercepted by the French and taken prisoners. They blind-folded us and marched us for miles out of our way, but we escaped. Once on board a British man-of-war, the balls from the French guns cut the air all about us, but we pulled out from the French lines and were saved. Once I wanted to go to the other part of the island during the invasion. I applied to the British consul for protection, and then went, carrying the British flag, and the Chinese broke their ranks and divided before me. Once, as I have said, eight guns were pointed at my breast, for they took me for a German spy, but I held up a white flag of truce, and so again escaped with my life.

The natives had great resentment toward us after the invasion, and pulled down our churches and persecuted the converts terribly. One convert, an old lady with considerable means, had everything she had in the world stolen from her. Her house was demolished and her body was bruised black and blue, but she would not deny her Lord. A young man had his fingers joined by bamboo splints and tied till the blood oozed out of them; they demanded of him to forsake his trust, but he did not turn his back on Jesus. In another place they pulled down the splendid church and took every vestige of it off and buried it in a huge grave. They placarded it with these words, "MacKay, the black bearded devil is here." "Now," said they, "we have wiped out this work; now it is all gone." But they did not wipe it out. Men and devils cannot do that, as well try to wipe out the universe. All these trials they endured for the same Jesus, the same Spirit, the same Word. I cannot understand people being ashamed of the Jesus that the people of Formosa can love. Oh that book *the fable*! It is fall. It seems. You can never get to the bottom of it. I have found it a spring which never can be drained. There is no use in telling me that the Chinese are not faithful, that they are double-minded. There are people with double-minds in more places than China. Of course they are not all sincere, neither are they here in America; but I never saw more fidelity to Christ anywhere than in Formosa.

In the north, I built not only Oxford College, for training native evangelists and teachers, but the girls' school, and a hospital. In some places where we tried to preach to the people the men just deliberately left and the women and children crept into the house. You say that is discouraging when they will not stay to listen. "Discouragement." Destroy that word! Blot it out of the Christian's vocabulary! With the living God in front of us, behind us, below us, within us, above us, where is the place for discouragement? I do not understand that word. Jesus says, "Go" and "Come" and no "ifs" nor "buts" nor "nps" nor "downs" about it.

I have found it a help to my work to minister to bodily ills. I extracted twenty one thousand teeth in twenty-one years, and thirty nine thousand in all; and have dispensed considerable medicine. Extracting teeth is cheaper than dealing out medicine, for after you have your instrument there is no outlay. The natives have lost all faith in their old doctors. Here is one thing that most people do not know—that a commander of a British man-

of-war helped the Lord's work wonderfully there in Formosa in its inception. More than can be told in words or put on paper he helped. "Tell them that I am on a British man-of-war of Queen Victoria, but I serve a greater king." May his name go down with Formosa—he stuck to it.

In one place where we went to preach, the chief man ordered the sails to be brought from the boats and to be stretched upon bamboo poles. Here we preached and sang. There is one hymn that always takes with the Chinese; it is about the shortness of life. "We come into the world with our empty hands and we leave it in the same way." This the Chinese have in proverb, which sentiment we have also in hymn. Some of you are rich and live in fine houses, but you will have to go with your hands empty. We are all marching on; all crossing the narrow strip. What does it matter, it's only for a day and then we are off. There is a generation pushing us off the stage, and that generation behind us is in turn being pushed on. I have told you how, the first day I spent in one city in Formosa, I had the privilege of gathering together the idols of five villages, representing five thousand people, and casting them into the fire. "I have cast their gods into the fire, for they were no gods, but the work of men's hands." Yes,

we truly "cast them to the moles and to the bats." We sling them into oblivion. Some were so disgusted with them that they split them up before bring to us. How mighty the Gospel seemed amid such scenes as these!

Once, when we began to build a chapel, and the natives went in bands to the mountains to get timber for the rafters, they had to fight their way, weapons in hand, and many came home at night bleeding. Now, in that village—I repeat it—you could hear the fishermen, as they rowed their boats out into the sea, keeping melody with the oars, singing,

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,

Or to defend his cause."

I have heard them, and the poor old women in their huts singing, "There is a happy land"—the whole village worshipping God. When the people in the neighboring villages witnessed this, they said, "We must have something like this," and thus churches were established around, and so it came to pass that we have sixty churches in all and two

thousand converts, and native pastors in each church.

Once we were confined in a chapel all night, with the savages from the mountains on the outside. They would creep up with long poles and try to fire the building. We had no human protection, but we had God, and if it had been His will every one of us was ready to welcome death. As the morning began to dawn the cowardly savages skulked away to the mountains.

Once, with two converts, I started for the southern part, where we wanted to establish a church. We arrived near the small village just at dark. We enquired at a house if we could stay with them for the night. They shut the door in our faces. The next place we asked to stay, they said, "No place here for foreign devils." We inquired at another place, and the man said after a long hesitation, "There's an ox-stall; you can stay in there." He did as much as give us each a bowl of rice, which we were thankful for. The ox-stall was very much like the old stall in this country, with upright poles. One of the converts with me was an old man who had owned rich tea farms, and had lost all for Christ's sake. He was not used to sleeping in an ox-stall, but it humbled him, and afterward he did better service as a preacher to his people. How all this does make one think of the Redeemer, who came down



CHURCH AT BANG KAIL.