

Missionary Intelligence.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. FRASER, FORMOSA.

TAMSUI, March, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HOME AND FOREIGN RECORD:"

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—My last was from Amoy, and was written on the eve of our departure for Formosa. Since then we have had some experiences. Owing to rough weather, we crossed the Formosa channel three times instead of once, in reaching the Island, and were heartily glad and devoutly thankful at last to set foot on *terra firma*, and know that our journeyings by land and sea were at an end. What an inexpressible feeling of relief it was to rest at last! I thought of "the rest that remaineth for the people of God," and how sweet it would be at last to enter into it after all life's toil. What a blessed and comforting assurance it is to feel that in the evening we will rest! What matters if the day is a little long and the work hard, and the annoyances and perplexities many? Let us think of the rest, and "work for the night is coming!"

We only spent one day at Takao, instead of a few months, as was our intention when we left home. We had expected not to be able to rent a house in Tamsui, fit for a woman and children to live in, and we were to have tarried with Mr. Ritchie, missionary of the English Presbyterian Church in Takao, until such time as a house should be built. Mr. R. was kind as a brother, and would have been delighted to have had us stay, as he was alone—his wife and little boy having gone to Scotland a few months before,—but it was otherwise ordered, and we came right on. I'm glad we did. We are here and at work, and it is better so. We feel much more settled and comfortable than we would, were we not at our journey's end.

Since my arrival, my time has been very fully and very variously occupied. On Friday evening, January 29th, we reached port, and the next day was more than full with landing ourselves and *things*, and getting settled in a sort of way, so that we might rest on the Sabbath. What a blessed institution the Sabbath is! I don't know that I ever enjoyed a Sabbath's rest more. In the forenoon we met for the public worship of God. I preached to a *congregation of seven*, nearly all the foreigners in the port. I was glad to hold forth to them the word of everlasting life, with the prayer that God might make the words spoken the means of blessing to their souls. The next Sabbath I went to Pat-li-hum—one of our stations across the river, and a little way into the country—with Mr. McKay, and was delighted with the hearty greetings of the worshippers, and with their close attention and apparently deep interest in the religious services of the fore and afternoon, as also with the freedom and intense earnestness with which Mr. McKay preached to them the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ. The next Sabbath, I accompanied Mr. McKay to two other of our stations—Go-ko-khi and Chiu-ni, where I remarked the same serious earnestness on the part of the worshippers. At Chiu-ni the congregation numbered over 100—not all worshippers of the true God, however. At Sa-teng-po a week after, we ate bread and drank wine in remembrance of our Lord's death. That