

table-land, on the west by the sea, and on the north by the river. The inhabitants are farmers and fishermen. From 6 to 20 attended service here since I began to preach until a few months ago. They said that it was very difficult to come here every Sabbath, because they could not always get a boat to cross the harbour, and on that account would like to build a chapel for themselves. The difficulty I knew well from experience, as I had to stand many a time two hours under a burning sun or torrents of rain waiting for a boat. I told them to build a chapel themselves, and thus show what their motives were. In two months they built a splendid chapel in the centre of the plain, and on the 22nd March I opened it, and preached to a crowded house. The building was not plastered, however, until last week. The enemy thus seeing the work steadily advancing, resolved on an attack. Accordingly, last Saturday, a sorcerer, pretending to be under the influence of a spirit, led an idolatrous procession in front of the chapel, cut the tip of his tongue with a knife, performed numerous superstitious rites, made an attempt to destroy the wall in front of the chapel, then left in rage. All these doings did not move a single hearer of the Gospel. Blessed be Jehovah of Hosts! When there my attention was directed to a large stone on the side of the hill, which the people began to worship this year. I wanted to see it, but it is evident the blind devotees would rather see me in the bottom of the sea. I set out, however, and was followed by an immense crowd, who seemed displeased. Arriving at the stone, they gathered around as if ready to protect the poor god, for they said he was afraid of "Western Barbarians." This a god, but not a graven image, for the chisel and hammer were never used to give it any definite shape. Hard, solid, dead and lifeless, there it stands. Surely their ten thousand gods failed them when they call upon this rock to help them. One poor deluded idolater came and worshipped when I was there. He called upon the rock in piteous tones to help himself and family, as they were in great want.

Poor Formosa! groaning under gross ignorance and superstition. The Lord remember us in mercy—the Lord send help from above.

About the end of last month I went down to Sin-Kang, and on account of the great heat my burden-bearer and helper had great difficulty in making the end of our journey. As the sun was nearly direct above our heads, and as there was not a breath of wind, I have no doubt it was trying to the flesh. Occasionally we travelled over beds of sand, which seemed to try the flesh still more, but what of that? One look towards Calvary is always sufficient to make us ashamed of our unfaithfulness, and make us shout aloud for joy. Arriving at Tek-chham a greater number than I noticed on any former occasion filled the place where we intended to halt for the night. I had not half enough medicines with me. One of the richest men in the city came with a sedan chair, and invited me to leave such a miserable halting place and go with him, as he had good accommodation. His kind invitation; however, I could not accept, because the poor people would not go to his house, and I could not therefore be amongst them. Another rich man, of the literary class, pleaded that I should go with him, as he wished to give me something for having cured three of his family. I told him what I did was without money and without price, and if he wished to show his gratitude, to do so to the possessor of all things above and below—to fall on his knees and call upon the true God to forgive his sins.

Every time I pass through this city the rush is so great that, from the time I arrive until I depart, I scarcely get time to eat. I trust, with Jehovah's blessing, Dr. Fraser will be the means of bringing many souls in