

favourable to it. But nothing can be done until we get some property on which to build.

Our hearts were very much saddened by the death of Mrs. Murray. Her quiet, unobtrusive manner, her beautiful Christian spirit, her enthusiasm in the work, endeared her to us all. And we are pained by the thought that we will see her among us no more.

A Visit to the Tekchham District, Formosa.

TAMSUI, 26th Oct., 1887.

MRS. JAMIESON.—I have not sent you a letter for some time, not because I have forgotten your repeated request for letters, but because I had no mission news to write. I think it would be waste of time to write about what I see or hear outside of the mission, for there are books published in America telling more about China and Chinese customs than I will know from personal observation for years to come.

As I have referred to this subject, please let me say a little more about letter writing, as it appears to me after nearly four years in the mission field. At first everything we saw was new to us: substantial college buildings, clean tidy chapels, bright-looking students and girls, lively singing, and crowds of people to hear Dr. Mackay preach, native preachers, whose attitude on the platform and command of their audience one could but admire. Everything was so much beyond what we had expected to see, that we really wished you could share with us in knowing something about it. I had promised to write, and the little of all this that could be put in letters I did write and send to you, and up to this time I notice that you have not left out my letters in the number from mission fields in all directions that are called "*interesting letters*." Now, I have written to you at least a little about Tamsui, and about the colleges, and the students and girls, about the chapels and preachers, and about Dr. Mackay and Mrs. Mackay's work; and I foresee that my *subjects* for interesting letters may come to an end some day, and then I will begin to ask, What shall I write about now? Doctor or Mrs. Mackay, or the native pastors, might write much if they had time, but of necessity most of my time is passed within our own house, and I do not meet with either converts or heathens. Now from all this I conclude that in future there *may* be months at a time when I may not have anything to tell you. You would soon grow tired of letters, and call them *uninteresting* if I tried to write when I had nothing to write about. I thought I would like to mention this in time, so that you may not be looking for