

I have one satisfactory item of news to tell you, which I am sure you will rejoice over as much as we do, viz., that last week a map of a large piece of land (nine acres), in a suitable situation for hospital and school work, was put into our hands by the Dewan (prime minister), together with a letter in which he said that the Maharani to whom the land belongs had given her willing consent to allow us to use it for Christian work. The formal deed we have not yet got, as H. H. Maharajah Holkar has not yet given his formal consent, but we hope soon to get it too. We hope soon to see a large and well-equipped hospital there—another of our necessary wants here. Until we have it our lady doctresses must work at great inconvenience to themselves, to the injury of their health and usefulness.

P.S.—Since writing the above your letter reached me containing a list of articles that are in the box you have sent, for which very many thanks. I shall write when the box reaches us.

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FORMOSA.

Interesting Services at Go-ko-Khi Chapel.

TAMSUI, Dec. 5, 1887.

MRS. MACKAY.—On Sunday, 27th November, I went in a boat at 7.30 a.m. with our three children, my husband, a Mr. Aminoff from Finland, and several students, all bound for Go-ko-khi chapel, near my old home. There I remember when the people called Kai Bok-su (Pastor Mackay) Foreign Devil, Foreign Dog, etc. It was the first chapel opened in the country away from Tamsui. There I first heard of Jesus, there I was baptized, there I was taught the Bible, geography, natural history, astronomy, geology, botany, church history, etc., and there I first sat down and commemorated the dying love of Jesus. So you can see how glad I was to be there this time. And A Hôa went with us too, but Dr. Mackay preached. I wish others could let you know of his addresses. I never hear any one like him. We all felt deeply as we listened. A Hôa thought of the time when he was there, the first place for him to be a helper. There were nearly a dozen of the old converts present; all wept. After singing the last hymn the old people were so touched they went into a room and wept and sang and talked. The chapel was packed full. One old woman was so sad she followed us