

the palm and cypress trees. These are the vile birds which wait to devour the bodies of the exposed dead. In less than an hour, the attendant priest told us, nothing would be left but bones and these are finally dropped into the granite well in the centre of the tower, and thus, he said, all that remains of the greatest and humblest mingles on a common level at last. There is much to shock the feelings in this method of disposing of the dead, and yet something may be said for it. The serene quiet and beauty of the place was of itself alluring. The attendant priests, in pure white robes, conduct the funerals with the utmost decorum, and by this process "our mother earth" is kept absolutely unpolluted by decaying bodies. Let the arrangement be viewed from the Parsee's standpoint before it is utterly condemned.

Immediately after the anniversary services we left Bombay, breaking our journey at Poona, where we were kindly entertained by the Rev. Hormadji Pestonjee, once a fire-worshipper, now an educated and genial Baptist Missionary. After a long, dusty and hot ride of 700 miles we reached Madras on the morning of the 9th, tired and begrimed, but feeling that we were near home at last. We enjoyed greatly meeting the Jewetts and Waterburys, of Madras, and had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Joseph Cook give three fine lectures. He spoke for two hours on each occasion, and had crowds of attentive Hindu listeners. He was much pleased with his Madras audiences. His lectures were addressed to educated natives, and he seemed to fully appreciate his grand opportunity for dealing mighty blows for the Truth—and he dealt them. Much prayer was offered that his hearers might not let slip the vital facts so earnestly urged upon their attention. We met both Mr. and Mrs. Cook afterwards at a social conference in one of the mission houses in Madras where there was some interesting discussion regarding the Brahmin-Somaj movement. Mr. Cook is convinced, after much conversation with their leader that Keshub Chunder Sen is a sincere devout man, that he holds much error with the truth, and that it is impossible at present to say what the outcome will be, whether his twilight will brighten into day or deepen into night. Before leaving the city we called on an old acquaintance, whose husband, a missionary, is confined in the lunatic asylum here. His insanity is the result of sunstroke, and he is so violent that his poor wife cannot find a sea captain willing to take him home to Germany, though she is prepared to send two men with him. She hopes that if he is removed before the hot season he will recover, but the doctor gives her little or no encouragement. What a warning this is to us all here. But I must not linger. A few days more found us sheltered in the dear old Cocanada home. We are right glad to be here; thankful for all the mercies of the way, and for the happy re-union in the Mission House, and hopeful for the future.

M. B. MCLAURIN.

COCANADA, March 31st, 1882.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

HOME BOXES.

The word "home" is used here, in India, most of the time in a very different way to what it is in the West. Here, our places of residence are "houses," "bungalows," and "the place where we live," but not often "home." "Home" means the fatherlands of the West. So "home mail" means the mail from England and America;

"home boxes," boxes which have come from America. First we were advised that a box had been sent from my Vienna home; next, a nice letter came from Abbott's Corners, Quebec, telling us a box was on the way from there. The LINK had let us know that a box was growing in Montreal; we heard nothing more, and expected one or more of them to come along with the returning missionaries; but when they came, we found other arrangements had been made. Our expectations gradually grew in intensity, till the other night Mrs. Timpany went so far as to dream that the boxes had come, and she had a fine time opening them. To her sorrow, she found, the next morning, it was all a dream. Last Wednesday evening a peon came from the steamer office here and handed me a letter. On opening it I found the three boxes had been sent by steamer from Calcutta from Messrs. Gladstone & Wylie, the agents, I presume, of Mr. Ayer's Liverpool agents. So, yesterday, we had the boxes up, and about three o'clock p.m., as soon as other business would let us, we commenced to find out what had come for us and the other missionaries.

The box from my father's was first opened. In it we found various kinds of dried fruits, a couple of cans of peaches, a lot of maple sugar, some rock candy, and a good supply of dried sweet corn. In the same case with this box were four tins of flour, one for each mission family, from Mr. Ayer. Then the Montreal box was inspected. There were some hundred tins of all kinds of supplies, making quite a show for each missionary when put apart into four lots. As our dinner is at four o'clock p.m. we stopped visiting our Canadian friends. Mrs. Timpany's dinner did not seem to be appreciated. I had been more than half sick for twenty days with toothache, and not being able to eat much had been pretty well starved. The evening before the doctor had given the worst of the teeth quick marching orders which had been promptly obeyed, so I was able to eat a little if it were good enough to overcome a very sore mouth. I found some of my sister's canned peaches and the Montreal sardines up to the desired mark; but the poor stewed Indian chicken had to wait for to-day's eating.

After dinner the Abbott's Corners box was opened. It would take a whole letter to describe this box from the dried apples and little cakes of maple sugar and all between, down to the clothes which Baby Craig will wear and the pretty bookmark in the shape of a cross, that was given by a dear little child, who died shortly after making the gift. In the Montreal box was quite a large tin, which we opened this morning. There was considerable speculation as to what there might be in it. We finally concluded that it contained crackers or something of the kind. Well, it was opened and found to contain other six packages. One of these, after some pulling, came out, and when opened disclosed to our astonished gaze enough Brown's Trochees to keep all the mission throats in order for at least one year; but you see there were other *five* little boxes all of the same size, and we thought—well, I must confess, that they contained *trochees* also. I put one of the mouse-grey little things into my mouth while Mrs. Timpany gave expression to some choice ejaculations that I will not write. However, we opened another of the little boxes, and lo! it was candy; and another, and it was candy. Thanks friend, whoever you are, who sent that box. You evidently know that missionaries and missionaries' children are pretty much like other people, and are not above a little candy when they get the chance. I will confess that, though I am forty-one years old, I ate some, and will take my portion