

tion, in which there is not *one* woman capable of writing a letter and doing work for Christ, if she will. You ladies, who listen to my words, are witnesses of the truth of what I say. Did not some of you tell me you could not do this, and you could not do that, and, yet, by God's grace, see what you have done in Paris, Brantford, and other places when you have learned to say "Not *my* will but *Thy* will." If I had waited till I thought I was fit to preach the everlasting Gospel of the grace of God no one would have ever heard of me as a minister or a missionary. "Who is sufficient for these things?" Who can fully set forth all the story of Christ crucified? We cannot do it, but one can touch the hem of His garment. Brantford is a good place for your first meeting. There are some true souls in those churches, I know. They love Christ and they love missions. A soul which has really been washed in the blood of Christ, and been made the dwelling of the Holy Spirit only needs to know truly the wants of the dark and benighted nations of the earth to become interested. So let there be light. Get light yourselves, communicate it to others. At the last the earth shall be full of the glory of God. It is not possible for me, by a letter, to put before you the way India is opening to the truth. I cannot tell you what I feel and know will be the conquests of the Gospel here during another twenty-five years. It has taken a long time to get "Female Education" started in India. It is really started at last. A great many of the schools have girls in them. Where a few years ago they would have thought it a burning disgrace to send a daughter to school they now think it an honor. Public opinion is a power in India as in other places. Public opinion has commenced to come round to the side of "Female Education." This change of opinion is due in the first place, and largely, to the influence of Christian schools for girls.

There are thousands of native Christian women who are a living example of the power of culture. So evident is this that he who runs may see. You know that we are going to start Zenana work in Cocanada. There are plenty of openings. We need consecrated talent and money to do this. Then we need training for our Christian women and girls. Our numbers are fast increasing, and we must enlarge our efforts here. To do this you must *enlarge your work at home*. I have faith to believe that you will do so, and thus fill this region with "Christian Homes." Pray for us. May Heaven's benediction rest upon your meeting; upon your churches; upon your lovely homes; and upon each soul redeemed by the precious blood of the world's Redeemer.

A. V. TIMPANY.

COCANADA, March 14th, 1882.

### To the End of the Journey.

DEAR LINK,—Shall I tell you the rest of the story? It is a long time since we parted at Suez, still, I would like to take you over the rest of the way to sunny Ind, and to our home by the sea. After our long delay in the canal it was delightful to be speeding down the Red Sea under calm, bright skies, and fanned by winds that were not, early in March, oppressively hot.

On the 4th we passed the Twelve Apostles, a group of islands or rocks jutting abruptly out of the water, and on the 5th we steamed by the barren peaks of Aden. Soon after this we witnessed, one night, a singular phenomenon. Just at dusk the sea began to assume a whitish appearance, and this increased until by ten o'clock the quiet waters all about us as far as we could see, looked like a snowy plain, or, as some one re-

marked, one seemed to be sailing through a sea of milk. The Captain said the strange appearance was due to some disturbance of the masses of phosphorescent animalcule always present in these southern seas. On the morning of the 25th—the third anniversary of the death of our little one in that place—we landed in Bombay. How glad to set our feet on solid land only the sea-weary voyager can know. We took a room at a Parsee hotel—comfortable and well-ordered, and on the next day we stood beside our tiny grave in the Suree Cemetery.

In this great city of 800,000 souls there is but one Baptist church, and that one weak and pastorless. We found it out on Sunday, and heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. Gregson, formerly a Baptist missionary, now the apostle of temperance for India. The next Sabbath was to be the fifteenth anniversary of the little church. They had no one to fill their pulpit for that day, so urged Mr. McLaurin to remain. As there was no definite reason why we could not stay it seemed right to do so. One of the deacons took us at once to his home, and set himself to making our stay pleasant by showing us over the handsome city of the Parsees. With reference to the church, they have just put themselves under the English Baptist F. M. Society, and hope soon to have, at least part of the time, a man from home. We shall ever feel an interest in the kindly and faithful little band of Baptists in Bombay.

We had some glimpses of mission work as carried on by the American Board and Free Church of Scotland. We visited the Humes' School of the American Board, and heard their scholars sing hymns in six languages, English, Sanscrit, Hindostanee, Tamil, Marraitti, and Hebrew. Eight languages, it is said, are spoken in Bombay. Mr. McLaurin visited the large Christian College, where five Free Church missionaries and a large staff of native professors are teaching. The girls' school was closed on account of the Hooli festival. We attended a large temperance tea-meeting in the great Town Hall. There was an address by Mr. Gregson; Mr. McLaurin also made some remarks, and the next evening spoke at a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. The Caves of Elephanta are one of the "sights" of this part of the world. They are on an island a little out in the bay. The Caves are great caverns which have been cut out of the solid rock, and contain groups of figures gigantic in dimension and of beautiful finish. The statues represent scenes in Hindu mythology, but any record of their origin or object which may have existed has been lost in past ages. These images have all been more or less mutilated by the Portuguese, who seem to have thought they were establishing Christianity by battering down Hindu idols.

There are 50,000 Parsees in Bombay. They came from Persia long ago. It is 6,000 years since their prophet, Zoroaster, lived. He taught them to worship the sun and the elements. Perpetual fire burns in their temples. They are energetic and enterprising, and rival the English in wealth, good manners and good looks. The Towers of Silence is the name given to the place where they expose their dead. These are erected in a large and beautifully kept garden, all surrounded by a high wall. The towers, five in number, are circular columns of solid stone, the upper edge of each finished by a parapet ten or twelve feet high, thus hiding from view the level on which the body is laid. One tower is over 200 years old. The largest is 90 feet in diameter and 25 feet in height. Another tower, square, and apart from the rest, is used only for criminals. One remarks at once the great multitudes of ugly, lazy-looking vultures sitting motionless upon the circling parapets and among the branches of