

LETTER FROM MR. JAMIESON.

THE WONDERFUL CAVE.

Neemuch, Central India,
January 12, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME,—I can scarcely realize that two years have gone since I came here, but so it is. We have just been down in Bombay at a Conference of missionaries which is held every ten years. There were 500 missionaries present from all parts of India to take counsel together of their work.

It was a grand meeting. I need not describe it fully as I am sending you papers which tell of it, but I will give you some other incidents in connection with the visit.

When there in Bombay we lived in tents by the sea shore, and I enjoyed it as a boy does his first knife or watch. I used to walk up and down beside it in the evenings. I could not go to bed all the time I was there without walking up and down several times. I felt when I saw the sea, that I was so near to all I love, and yet I knew that I was so far away, 11,000 miles away from home.

On Thursday, January 5th, we, *i. e.* we Presbyterians of America and Scotland, took a holiday, hired a steam launch and sailed to the Elephanta Caves, about one hour's sail from Bombay. We took lunch and spent the day there, getting back about 6 p. m.

I think it was one of the days I shall not forget while in the body. Thirty-five of us, men and women, Presbyterian missionaries from all parts of India, enjoying the sea and each other's companionship, was grand.

The caves were most strange and interesting. They were cut out of solid rock perhaps before the time of Christ. The walls inside are covered with figures cut out in the stone, figures of Brahma, Vishnu and all the gods of the Hindoos. It is said that there is not a passion in the human breast that is not personified here in some form.

To hear the hundredth Psalm and other pieces sung right in this shrine of the gods was romantic, and then to think of what their old worshippers would have thought could they have heard us. Yet we sang, all

of us, the songs of our King. We came home much refreshed both by the company of the missionaries and by the day's rest among the breezes of the sea.

We are back now at our work in Neemuch. I am busy with my school examinations. Our hope is in the young and we seek to win them and train them for Christ.

Next week I hope to go again out to visit the cities and large villages around within twelve miles of Neemuch.

Then on Sabbath, January 22nd, I expect to have Communion service here. It will be my first Communion service in Hindostani.

I can now preach and conduct all the services myself. Of course I cannot preach very well in the language yet, but can talk, and it feels good to be able to do that and tell them in their own tongue of a Savior from their misery and sin.

A MISSIONARY TO THE JEWS.

It seems strange to be sending from Canada a missionary to Palestine, to tell the Jews living there that Jesus, their long looked for Messiah, has come. But it is true. Dr. Webster has been sent there and will perhaps be settled at Tiberias, on the shore of the Sea of Gallilee, where Jesus taught so long ago, or perhaps in some other town of that old land.

It seems like doing over again the work that Jesus himself and His disciples did when on earth. And what Christ-like work it is, doing just what He did. He came first to the Jews. They rejected His message, but we can take it back to them again.

Our missionary is a medical doctor as well as a preacher, and though he will not raise the dead he will help to heal the sick while he tells them of Christ, and thus he will be doing the very work that Christ did.

Dr. Webster reached Palestine some weeks ago, but has not yet chosen the place for his mission. He says in a letter: "All the way down from Troas we were following Paul in his journeyings over the same course."

The familiar names and places of Dr. Webster's work will give an added interest to the letters which you will get in your RECORD from time to time.