

not worthy of me." Others use all their money on dress. Would it not be better to spend some on dressing other's souls, by giving them an opportunity of taking the robe of Christ's righteousness. Others buy bank stock, etc., instead of laying up treasures in heaven. I think some of our rich Christians here will be poor Christians in heaven. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." J. PAYNE.

THE WORK ABROAD.

Cocanada.

My dear LINK—In making your acquaintance I think I shall inflict upon you a story 11,000 miles long. It will be a story traversing land and sea by ship, railway car, carriage, omnibus, and almost every kind of conveyance. It will not make any pretensions at relevance, but will simply unravel at pleasure. And its pleasure is to begin at Quebec, on board the ship *Peruvian*. It was Saturday, 1st August, about 10 a.m., when our ship weighed anchor, and steamed down the St. Lawrence oceanwards. We were all on deck, and as the huge engine awakened up and began carrying us forward we watched the receding town. Soon—it seemed too soon—even the last faint dim outline of things had faded away, and we had really said farewell. We were really started on our voyage, friends had been bidden good bye, the handkerchiefs had ceased waving, and it was useless to look longer. We tried to realize it, but realization comes slowly, and so we grew into it all the way down the river, and all the way across the ocean and all the way to India, and all the weeks we have been here. The voyage down the river was pleasant as the river was smooth, and there was something continually to attract the eye. The shores kept in sight until we reached the Gulf, when they disappeared. But they appeared again on entering the straits. The straits seemed very wide after being accustomed to the narrow passage shown on the map. We passed through the straits at night, and when morning dawned we had put out upon the ocean, there was nothing there but a great stretch of water, nothing but the ceaseless roll of billow after billow. Still there were things to relieve. We passed some icebergs and one was very fine, rising two hundred feet high. There were the sea birds that invariably show themselves to passing ships. There were the porpoises seen sometimes in great shoals frisking and playing in the water, at times racing with the steamer, then suddenly darting to one side and disappearing from sight. And on the seventh or eighth day out we passed a steamer, which was as interesting as anything we saw. The Atlantic wasn't rough yet there was a persistent swell that trembled the ship somewhat, and us somewhat also. Early Monday morning, the second one we had been at sea, at about five o'clock we put into a small lake on the north coast of Ireland, and landed some of our passengers. Nearly four months have passed since that morning, still I can see the green sloping hill-sides with their plots of ground adorned by a house, a few potatoes, some hay and oats, almost as vividly as ever. After six days of water land looked inviting, and that northern coast was a green spot in our lives. While in the lake we could see the remains of an old castle, with its moat, wall and draw-bridge. In passing out and along the coast we saw Giants' Causeway, and looked through our glasses at what we had seen in our geographies at school. Then we got into the Irish Sea, and it was the Irish Sea to us,

as it seemed to have somehow got its "Irish" up and it troubled us exceedingly. Night came upon us and we were still in the Irish Sea. The sea was still rough so that the ship pitched and rolled, sometimes pitching so that the screw would be out of water, and everything would vibrate in a way that you would need to be present to imagine, sometimes rolling so that the billows would come sweeping over the deck. It was night and we were in our cabin. Our last meal had been gotten down somehow and—well, never mind, the next morning we landed in Liverpool; and it seemed a privilege to get something stationery under our feet. We tarried in Liverpool just long enough to get our baggage through the customs, and to catch the first train by the Midland Railway for London. Our train made the distance, 220 miles, in a little over five hours so that we sped along briskly. It was a pleasant and very interesting journey. The country was verily beautiful with its cabbages, green fields, groves, streams, hills and vales. We passed through Derby, where our lunch came on the train, through Leicester, whither Richard was brought after Bosworth Field, through Harborough, hard by which is Naseby Field, through Kettering, the birth-place of Baptist Missions, through Bedford, fixed in everyone's memory by Bunyan's dream, through St. Albans, where Albans met Martyrdom, where two battles were fought, into London.

We remained in the great metropolis two weeks, and can but say, that we tried to see what others had seen, and found our two weeks gone with but a glance at the city. We were in the Zoological Gardens, in the Parks, in the National Gallery, in Dore's Gallery, in West Minister Abbey, in the British Museum, in John Wesley's old Church, and saw where he sleeps. We saw the outside of more buildings than the inside, among which were the Parliament Buildings, St. Paul's, the Tower. We passed down Drury Lane, down Whitehall Street, back through Fleet Street, Cheapside and Billingsgate. We rode upon train, car, cab, bus, omnibus, underground railway, boated it on the Thames, and footed it when we didn't ride. We were at the farewell meeting given the Congo Missionaries, heard Comber speak; in Wesley's Church, heard Talmage; in the Tabernacle, and heard Spurgeon. But our two weeks were gone, and with them we had gone. We took berths in the *Coromandel*, a new steamer with splendid accommodations, and steamed out of the muddy Thames. Through the Channel, through the Bay of Biscay which was very smooth, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and lay alongside the town for three or four hours. It was evening and we sat upon deck looking at the lighted town, and at the dark mountain keeping guard in the back-ground, and up at the sky all ablaze with stars, thinking it looked much the same as the sky at home. Before lying down I climbed up to my cabin window, and took a long look at Gibraltar wondering when, if ever, I should see it again. In the morning we found ourselves entered some distance into the Mediterranean, and in three days were at Malta, the Melita of the Apostles. At Valletta we went on shore, toiled up its steep narrow streets duly accompanied by a procession of cabs and guides. We saw something of the place, posted our letters, lunched, and went on board again. Then we continued onward, reached Port Said, passed through the canal into the Gulf of Suez, and anchored off Suez where we staid three days during which time we saw the town and wrote letters. We were glad to move on though we did not relish the 94° heat in the Red Sea. But a few days and we were at Aden, and leaving Aden we traversed 2,100 miles of sea, and put in at Colombo. Two days at Colombo gave us an opportunity of seeing the place, and calling upon Mr. Waldo, the Baptist Missionary, and