

## LETTER FROM INDIA.

Dear young people. The following letter was written by Mrs. Murray, wife of Rev. R. C. Murray, one of our missionaries in India, to the Sabbath-school class that she used to teach in Pictou, Nova Scotia. I think that other boys and girls would like to read it and will enjoy it. Look at your maps and see where Indore is, before reading the letter. —Ed.

INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA,  
Feb'y 16th, 1887.

*My Dear Boys :*

I have been going to write you a letter for some time, but I think I have more to tell you about now than if I had written you sooner, because I have been travelling about a good deal and seeing many strange things.

The city that we expect to live in is a native one, all natives, only one white family in it. The natives are very dark skinned, almost as dark as our negroes, only they differ from the negroes in that they have straight hair, while the negro's hair is curly. This city Ujjain (oojine) has had a high stone wall all around it, but being very, very old, it is broken down in a good many places.

One enters the city by large iron gates. We rode through it perched away up on an elephant's back. While riding along I thought of so many places in the bible were the walls and gates were spoken of: Babylon, Jericho, Nineveh, etc. You all remember about the walls of Jericho, don't you? The inside of the city is not a bit like anything we have at home; no churches, no Sunday-schools, no schools to speak of, but there are lots of temples, lots of idols. You will see these poor people bowing down and worshipping such hideous looking pieces of stone which you will find placed along the road side, in the woods, under a tree, or in the temples, anywhere and everywhere. But they are not all so ignorant. A goodly number in this city are now believers in Jesus and have stopped worshipping idols.

Mr. Wilkie, in the mission work here,

has a fine school, some of his pupils getting as far as any in Pictou Academy. In the school they study English, and a great many who will not listen to the preaching will gladly go to the school. When they commence to learn they are always anxious for more. Our cool weather is just over and we will have our summer from March until June. Then the rain comes on and lasts for three months more; then the cool weather, which is like September at home.

One meets large flocks of sheep and goats here, and the other evening I saw a shepherd carrying one little lamb in his arms. One also sees a great many camels, and the people drive oxen more than horses; for every horse you see there are two or three dozen oxen. Then we have cows and buffaloes (lama). The buffalo's milk we use for butter mostly, and the cow's for drinking purposes.

When driving through the country, or jungle, as they call it, we have seen some very fine deer scampering over the mountain sides, and lots of monkeys, jackals, mungoose, etc. There are also bears, tigers, and snakes, but one does not meet many of them.

Some of the heathen temples are very fine stone buildings. There is one just behind our bungalow, and the people go there to worship their idols, and take them flowers and offer incense to them, and they ring the bell very often through the night to wake up the gods (so they say) but images of stone can't hear and won't waken up. Yet these poor people go on crying to them. It made me think how thankful we should be that we have been born in a Christian land where the Gospel is preached and from our earliest days are taught of the one, the *only true God*, the Father of all believers, who cares for and watches over his children in love. See Psalm 121st.

One sometimes sees very wretched looking men sitting by the road side, covered over with ashes, and their hair grown long and tangled. You ask why? and are told they are doing penance for sin; and some are attached to a pole by means of a hook