

Good-bye till we meet again. This is the last number of your RECORD for the year. A very pleasant year it has been for the RECORD, meeting with a widening circle of earnest young readers. Many thanks for the hearty welcome you have given to it, and the kind words you have written about it. It hopes to meet and greet you all, and many more, the coming year, and will try to be more worthy of your kindly wishes. Go, bless you all, and help you as you grow older to make each year more like what He would have it be.

We have given a number of recitations in this issue, for the Christmas and New Year's entertainments of your Sabbath Schools and Mission Bands, and hope you will like them. If you want more copies you can have them, free.

There was an error in your last RECORD. The number of Presbyteries in our Home Church is fifty altogether, besides three in the Mission Fields. There are nine in the Synod of Manitoba and the North-West.

A "TAMASHA" AT INDORE.

WHAT is it? A show, a spectacle. If you read the interesting account given by Miss May Dougan, one of our missionaries, you will have some idea of this one. Writing from Indore, a few weeks since, to a friend, she says:—

"I must tell you what a fine "tamasha" we were at the other day.

Miss Sinclair received a note from the Superintendent of State education, saying that Holkar intended having a big fête for all the school children in honor of our little new heir to the throne. He wished to include the Marathi Mission Schools.

So one day the Superintendent himself and two inferior officers of State, came to examine the school, and a stiff examination they made of it too. But Miss Sinclair is a capable teacher, and her school was up to the mark. The following day we were informed carriages would be in waiting at the school for the children, to convey them to the new Court house.

We went ourselves a little early, and were received by a fine young Brahmin, who immediately began to air his politest English.

"Children come?" said he.

"No," Miss Sinclair answered, "carriage gone, children for."

"We send, now time," he said, and added presently, "Come on, in up," leading the way up the steps.

There are two girls' schools in Indore city supported by government. They were already there. Ours arrived presently, and all sat down on the floor in a big room. They were each given a little parcel of mitai, or native sweetmeat.

It was nearly 12 o'clock now, and we went home to return at four.

By that time, besides all the boys' schools in Indore, a vast crowd of men had arrived. There were 2000 children, 200 of whom were girls, and more than 30,000 altogether. The population of Indore is about 100,000. The little girls were still sitting on the floor in the big room, and the boys were wandering about wherever they pleased, having a jolly time. Swings and merry-go-rounds were put up in the grounds for them, and there were bands and singers, and bazaars, etc.

Holkar, the Maharajah, did not condescend to honor us with his presence, but the young prince was there, and the Prime Minister, and a great many other officials. We all liked the prime minister very much. He is a very fine man, and talks such good English.

In a large tent in the grounds, to which we were invited, gymnastic performances, etc., took place before the little prince, and then he began to distribute prizes to the boys. Afterwards he was carried upstairs, and gave to each girl a present of a piece of cloth to make a jacket.

The prince is a sweet little boy, but not so elaborately dressed as one would expect. He wore white clothes, a gold embroidered cap, and some rich jewelry. His ayah was with him, and when he was having his picture taken, his little betrothed was there too, but I don't know where she disappeared to.

We came away about six o'clock, the children in high glee with their presents."