

This number of the CHILDREN'S RECORD like the last one contains a letter from a hand that is now stilled. This letter from Mrs. Murray was written but a short time before her death. She did not live to occupy that house over the gate, and that bright Sabbath School will miss her, but she has the house of many mansions and the great glad throng of children there. Do not forget what she says to you in closing—"until we meet let our daily prayer be for more of the spirit of Him who has given us the true missionary example."

LETTER FROM THE LATE MRS.  
MURRAY.

CENTRAL INDIA,  
AUG. 2, 1887.

*My Dear Children:—*

Would you like to know something of what we are doing in Ujjain? Well then, just fancy yourselves with us last Sabbath, and come along to our Sabbath-school. It is away off in Central India, and in the heart of the oldest city in the country. In getting to it you must pass through crooked, and just now, very muddy streets. You would rather walk, only there is so much mud and water everywhere. As we go to the school let us look at a few things that we see by the way.

Right before us is the old city wall with its high iron gate, which is said to have been swinging to and fro for the last nineteen centuries, but now it stands open wide. Would that we could say,

"And through its portals gleaming,  
A radiance from the Cross afar,  
A Saviour's love revealing."

Over the gate and on the wall, there is a native, pagoda-like house, just building, which we are trying to secure. Already we have the promise of it. Wont we then be real watchmen on the city walls? And we will try and give warning to the people.

What a mixed crowd passes through this gate, of various castes and creeds, and what with herds of cows and buffaloes,

flocks of sheep and goats, you can scarcely press your way through. This week there are a great many strangers in the city. It is one of the Hindoo holy weeks, and numbers of filthy "fakcers" have come from all parts of the country to worship at the shrines and bathe in the stream of the "Sacred City." But look, here comes a crowd of people, and what an excitement! Suddenly we see an armed man running at full speed, followed by another whose breast presents a terrible appearance, the skin hangs loosely, and the flesh seared with a hot iron, and in this condition he is running to the "great god" in the temple by the river, expecting by this act to gain merit, not only for himself, but for many others. But alas! the god hears not, pities not, helps not.

A little further on we pass a large Hindoo temple, at the front of which stands a fat white ox, with long horns painted red. Around his big neck there hangs a row of little bells, and over his back a bright scarlet cloth. We enquire about him and find that he is a sacred animal and never allowed to do any work; the people worship him, he is called Nundi, and is the supposed property of "Shiva" the destroyer, the third person in the Hindoo Trinity, and is always kept ready for the great god to come and ride upon.

In the midst of the bazaar we see a number of small bullocks roaming about at will, eating at the vegetable stalls, or from the hands of the by-passers. We wonder why they are allowed here, and find they also are sacred, and are worshipped on the eleventh day after the death of any relative.

Now we are near the school, and a number of boys meet us, with smiling faces, shouting, "Salaam; Salaam; Sahib and Mein-Sahib;" they run along before us, and when we arrive at the door there they are. We go upstairs, and in a long, large room find over a hundred boys sitting on fresh clean mats made from bamboo splits. How interesting and bright they look. Many of them have very pretty puggries or turbans, and are nicely dressed; others