

Another took small-pox and had to be sent to the hospital, and Balaram has lost another child—the third. I am truly sorry for him ; he has only one dear little girl left. Last night I was doing what I called “*visiting the wards.*” The native Christians are so dependent upon us, like a lot of children.

I have two very nice Bible women, and they seem to be most acceptable to the people wherever they visit. One of them sings very well, and I think that God will surely bless their faithful labors. In the hot season, we think it best to preach in the villages. In the rainy weather the roads are bad, so we cannot go.

Not long ago I attended a Parsee marriage, the first I have seen, so I must tell you about it. A procession was formed, headed by the bridegroom, and after marching all round the station to the accompaniment of music, he came in to where the guests were assembled. There were not less than a hundred present, ranged on both sides of an enclosed space out of doors. The young man walked round arm-in-arm with his intended father-in-law, and asked us each and all, “*If he had our permission to marry.*” Very meek, was he not ? We had no objections, so the ceremony proceeded. A screen was placed between the young people, and a silken cord wound around the waist of the man. This was then passed under the screen and around the bride. The two priests were chanting the service, and throwing rice for good luck, upon the young couple. This lasted for thirty minutes, when the crowning act of the ceremony took place. You would never guess what it was, and I am sure you will make a face. The *feet* of the bride and groom were *washed in milk*. The same ceremony was repeated at four o'clock in the morning, lest there should be any mistake, or any difficulty overlooked. We are going to attend another Parsee marriage on Saturday night.