

## A TEN YEARS OLD BRIDE.

**W**E were at such a pretty wedding, writes a lady missionary in Calcutta, India. Wo three ladies were treated as the chief guests.

All the ladies in the house—daughters, cousins, daughters-in-law, aunts, etc.,—came to see us one after the other. Some of them were very pretty, and they were all beautifully dressed. There are a good many preparations for weddings here too, so they were all rather busy, and took it in turns to entertain us while the others did their work. They were so pol te and gracious.

Sometimes, when we got tired of sitting—for it was long before the bridegroom arrived—they took our hands and led us from room to room, or we went to the roof to see if the procession was not yet in sight.

They were bright and full of fun too. One mischievous girl called out once, "The bridegroom is coming!" and she had the pleasure of seeing us all rush downstairs from the third flat to the foot, all for nothing! She tried it again, but no one would believe her then.

In one room there was a table spread with "refreshments" for us, and during the evening our pupil's husband came up to see that we were being attended to.

At last, about nine o'clock, the bridegroom did really arrive. He drove in a carriage and four, with a procession of torch bearers on each side and a "Europe" band, which makes a great deal of noise with very little music!

We went down and saw him, clothed first in red cotton garments, kneeling with bent head, and surrounded by several old men who were evidently priests. One of them was reading from a book.

Then the bridegroom was dressed in red silk garments and a tinsel crown on his head, and led into another room to undergo the women's part of the ceremonies. First, seven of them passed round him, dressed in their brightest silks, carrying lights and dishes filled with fruits and various kinds of food.

Then they all made fun of him—chucking him under the chin, pinching him, slapping him, while he stood meekly smiling.

After that, one lady—I think the bride's mother—dressed in red, stood in front of him, and, with crossed hands, touched him with ever so many different things—dishes, food, etc., and then she took a key and "locked his mouth," to

keep him from saying anything unkind to his wife!

Then the bride was brought in, seated cross-legged on a board which was carried by two men. She was only about ten years old, and the bridegroom eighteen. He had still to finish his studies for his M. A. Three men carried the bride seven times round her future husband, and then she was held up and a cloth put over their heads while they took a long look at each other and put garlands over each other's heads.

There were more ceremonies after this, but we came away because it was already very lato.

## THE HAPPIEST BOY.

**G**UESS who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well, said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a very wick little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and takes."

"No," said papa. "He wasn't rich; he had no candy and no cakes—what do you guess Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, "who wasn't always wishing he was not such a little boy; and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."

"No," said papa. "He wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I will have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day; and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump at Hamilton Court to water them. But one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of archins who were watching the drove, fill his old leaky hat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three—oh, as many as six times!—to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say 'Thank you,' papa?" asked Jim.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."