

in Miss Hammond those qualities for which his heart was hungering, he at last asked her to give up her independent existence as the young lady of our mission and become Mrs. Archibald. She consented, and, as I have written above, the happy event, when they twin became one, occurred on the 25th October, at 10 a.m. The ceremony was performed in the hall of the mission house, Bimili, under an arch of green, constructed according to Mr. Sanford's directions, over and in front of his study door. This was adorned with two mottoes, "In God we trust" and "Home is the kingdom, Love the king." The officiating clergyman was the Rev. R. Sanford, assisted by the Rev. G. Churchill. All the missionaries from our mission, with one from the L. mission and one from the Lutheran, as well as friends, English and Eurasian, in all upwards of thirty, were present, beside the native Christians from Bobbili and Bimili.

After the ceremony and congratulations, the guests were served with cake and coffee or tea. Mr. Archibald's fine organ was brought into requisition and "discoursed sweet music during the congratulations, as it had already done when the bride walked through the room, escorted by Mr. Churchill, and followed by her little bridesmaid, Bessie Churchill, to take her stand by the side of him with whom she had consented to bear life's woes and enjoy its pleasures from that day forth. When all the friends except the missionaries had dispersed, the wedding breakfast was freely discussed, after which the bride and groom left immediately by coach and pair for Kylassa. This is a hill near Vizagapatam, about 1600 feet high, on which the Maha Rajah of Vizianagram has built two bungalows. The name Kylassa means Heaven. And this place was chosen by our young couple, being far from the busy haunts of men, as suitable and desirable for the enjoyment of their honeymoon. They could only drive to the foot of the hill, and were carried up in tonjons, and arrived at the bungalow, which had previously been put in order to receive them, at 8 p.m.

And there let us leave them, as by later accounts we hear they are as happy as they could wish and far more so than they anticipated, only waiting to express the desire that not only shall their "honeymoon" so called be full of sweetness; but that all succeeding months may be as full of that commodity as is best for them.

M. F. CHURCHILL

FROM MRS. ARCHIBALD.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It is a cold December night with you, I suppose; and as the wind blows around outside and forces its way through the closed venetians even I almost shiver, and involuntarily look about for my shawl to throw over my thick woollen dress. Are you cold over there when the glass says 74°? That is what ours shows, and we were almost inclined to disbelieve it, so examined another, which proved the first one correct. I rather suspect that you would not call our weather cold; I did not five years ago, and used to wonder at the other ladies for wrapping up as they did; but a few hot seasons have materially changed my mind. It is evening with us, and what I have written applies only to the morning and evening at Bimlipatam. The climate is so variable that you need not conclude that all your Indian stations have as much cold as we have. The days are bright and pleasant, but outside the thick stone walls of our house the sun has not lost its peculiar tropical heat.

We have had about six weeks of this weather, and there may be no apparent change for another month. This

coolness is an unspeakable blessing; and when you think of it in connection with the month's rest which has recently been mine, you may imagine me going about my various duties with what I call considerable briskness. My rest was taken about twenty miles from here, in a very pleasant bungalow, situated on a hill, sixteen hundred feet high, called Kylassa, and there was just enough company of just the right kind to make everything exceedingly agreeable.

The gardens about the house, now in a neglected condition, had once been beautiful, and several yards of lattice-work were covered with some of the loveliest vines, aglow with pink and scarlet blooms. A few miles from there, on the hillside, reached from the plain below by perhaps a thousand steps, is a rather noted Hindu temple. We went over one morning, saw all the wonders which ordinary eyes are permitted to look upon, and returned in the evening. We were not allowed to even ascend the steps of the temple proper, but upon them were congregated men and women whose sinful lives ought to be enough to disgrace even a heathen temple. The doors of one of the side buildings were graciously opened to us, and we walked about among the rows of curiously carved pillars, looking at the wooden elephants, snakes, fish, and gaudily-painted birds and horses. All these are made to do duty in various ways when the Swamy from the great temple makes his visits to the town below. One end of the building was fitted up rather nicer than the rest, and upon enquiry we found that he was married here once every year. I asked one of the bystanders to describe Swamy. Well, he was about so long, measuring with his hands perhaps two feet, made of some kind of white stone, with body of a lion and arms and head of a man. He was kept wrapped up in a rich cloth nearly all the time, but while we were talking his dinner-bell rang, and I suppose some of the many Brahmins standing around had a good meal, for I do not think poor Swamy could eat much. We also seated ourselves to partake of our lunch, consisting of bread and butter, some roast mutton, and oranges. A good number of people took part by looking on, and I tried to talk to them about the folly and wickedness of all their doings. Presently the noise outside grew into a tumult, and I asked what the trouble was; they replied that they were only talking of their own affairs, but we suspected something else, and very soon we were invited to go out, as eating meat inside the temple defiled it. We complied at once, and a big Brahmin vociferated that he would report us to the collector—that it would cost them fifty rupees to get the temple purified, and we would have to pay it. I assured them that we would not knowingly transgress the rules of the temple, but it was useless to talk to us about the place being holy, and treated the matter rather lightly. We have not heard from the collector, so I do not think their cleanliness was injured very seriously.

The Maha Rajah of Vizianagram has spent thousands of rupees in and around this place; and Lymachalam, as it is called, is annually visited by hundreds of Hindus, who are seeking from the idol either temporal or spiritual good.

As we were going down the steps, a man overtook us, who was carrying a little boy some few months old. In reply to my question he said he had come from Saloor, a town some twelve miles beyond Bobbili, to get Swamy's sanction to the name they wished to give their baby boy, and also to decide how his hair should be allowed to grow. The little head was almost bald to begin with, but lines had been shaven above the ears, a spot on the