been met, so far as possible, by the efforts of our lady mission aries. But as there is scarcely more than one for every half million of women in India, you will see that this important branch of mission work may be said to be little more than begun even though the latest accounts state that about 4,000 zenana are being regularly visited. What are called zenana school have also been established by almost every mission, into which the little children belonging to neighbouring zenanas are gathered to be taught, in this way saving both time and labour to the teacher, but as the married girls are very seldom allowed to go to them, private teaching in their own homes is still necessary, and is carried on with loving patience and untiring zeal by man

lady missionaries.

One of these says: "I have twenty-eight houses to visit, and am always welcomed; the Bible lessons are steadily kept up: they know we will not go to them unless they are willing to hear the word of God. One woman, who last year begged I would not read the Bible to her, is now much interested in the 'Pill grim's Progress;' another of my pupils reads her Bible regularly, and each day chooses a verse which she writes and shows me every week." Another thus describes a morning's work in a zenana: "One of the women drags a low bedstead into the only sunny spot as a seat for me, and then takes down the books from a niche in the wall. The bride is cooking and takes no notice of us. They have been careful to seat me so that not even a shadow may fall on the sacred circle which has been made around the fire, and I, knowing that she feels my presence is dangerous, am careful not to watch her. First came Lase ti's (the oldest daughter) lesson; she reads in Bible history and gets over the pages rapidly, but without a thought of their meaning. When I question her she looks as if an idea had never entered her brain, but the day may come when these Bible stories will come back to her memory, and she may read over these words when she needs the comfort they can bring her. The oldest daughter-in-law has been my most hopeful pupil. She can read well, and evidently thinks of what she reads, but as one baby after another has come to claim her attention, her books have been sadly neglected. I can only hope that the precious teachings she received from them have not passed out of her mind. I next turn to the widow; she had been sitting with

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