

the day, when it was being cleaned and prepared for use. The poor woman seemed to be suffering, as so many of these people do, from chronic dyspepsia, and was weak, I fancy, for want of proper food and from overwork. Her wretched husband spent most of his money on some bazar woman, she told me.

I had seen her only a few times when she asked me to give her some fancy work. These women who are not allowed to go out of their houses seem to have a perfect craze for canvas and Berlin wool fancy work, I suppose because they have so little to interest them beyond cooking and keeping their houses and dishes clean. I told her that I would give her what her heart desired, and spend an hour once a week with her provided she would let me read a little to her every time. She gladly consented, and soon became so much interested in "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" that the wool work was almost forgotten.

After I had gone for several weeks to see her, I was "called" to the house of a relative. I went, and found a family of some importance evidently, for the house was large and airy, and the women were well-dressed and well-nourished looking, and there were several servants belonging to the establishment. I soon found what was wanted. Would Mem Sahib give some fancy work to them as she had given to their sister. A pair of slippers in wool work would be much appreciated. I said, "You are rich people, and can buy the materials for yourselves. If you get them I shall teach you how to make the slippers." One sometimes has to teach things you know nothing about here in India. This was not exactly what was wanted, however, they were very friendly and asked me to go and see them often. So I promised to go once a week and read and sing for them, for they are all very fond of singing. I went for a few weeks, but the canvas and wool were never bought, and soon the younger women in the house were prevented, on some excuse or other, from hearing the reading, and even the "mistress" began to receive me coolly. I paid no attention till one day on going in at the usual hour, I found the woman so deeply engaged at "prayers" (Mahomedans are supposed to pray five times a day) that she could neither look at nor speak to me. There was evidently no use in going back again.

Some time after this I noticed that there was much more work than usual being done at the hour I visited in the first house, and often there was so much noise that I could scarcely speak. It soon dawned on me that the powdering with flour dust and the constant commotion were got up for my benefit, and that the house people thought to drive me off in this way. I felt so sure,