

Leaving this interesting pair, we went through a number of narrow lanes to the dwelling of another high caste family—if I remember rightly, a Brahmin family. This house was decidedly finer than the others we had seen. The one little street door opened into a court on the side of the house belonging to the men of the family, the court-yard around which the zenana rooms were ranged being more secluded. In this latter yard everything was clean and tidy; and the taste of the inmates was shown in the little patch of garden, carefully kept, which was in the centre of the court. But at best these places are very dreary. There was no light admitted into the rooms around the court but by the doors that opened on the verandah, and the rooms, into which I could see (we sat on the verandah), contained only a bed and a candle. No carpet, no table, no chairs, nothing that we consider necessaries, and, of course, no pictures or pretty knickknacks of any kind that add so much to the pleasantness of our homes, were to be seen there. And the women in these houses we visited being of high caste, are never allowed to go beyond their zenana walls, except in case of a party or when travelling. Then they are shut in a closely-covered palki, a sort of long-shaped box borne by four coolies; and great care is taken that on entering and leaving this cage no one shall get a glimpse of my lady.

But to return to our work. We were very kindly welcomed on entering the court by the grandmother, daughter and granddaughter; and after the usual questions about the "stranger" were asked and answered, and a little friendly gossip indulged in, Miss Rodger read to them. The grandmother, a remarkably fine-looking old lady, with a soft, sweet voice, answered fluently and intelligently any questions on the life of Christ that Miss Rodger asked her, and showed an appreciation of gospel teachings that I had not expected to find amid such heathen surroundings. Miss Rodger must experience great pleasure in seeing such results of her work among these women; as also from feeling that to her they confide their most secret troubles, looking to her for the sympathy of a friend.

The sons in this family are university men; and, as is common among students here, do not believe in their own religion, and have even given up doing *pooja* to their gods. We would hope that the teaching given week by week to the mothers and wives may be as the leaven, working first in their hearts, and