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W. F. M. SOCIETY.

MRS. WILSON'S LETTER.

NEEMUCH, CENTRAL INDIA, Sept. 29, 1885.

DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—

Some weeks ago Miss Rodger kindly asked me to spend a couple of hours with her in her zenana visiting ; and knowing that you are specially interested in this branch of our mission work, I am glad to be able to tell you something of what I saw. The four or five houses we went to were in the Camp Bazaar, and all within a short distance from Miss Rodger's new bungalow. The first we entered was that of a high caste Hindoo, who has a good position in the Post Office, and who is quite wealthy, as indeed were, I fancy, all on whom we called. From the street the house looked very much like the surrounding houses, perhaps a little larger than some of them. The appearance of their dwellings does not, to a *new* Indian at least, tell very much of the circumstances of the inmates. The street wall of the building was unbroken but by a tiny entrance door ; not a single window or balcony, or anything to show that it was a "living" house. By the little door we entered a room in which were comfortably "housed" the cattle belonging to the establishment, and passing through, we left it by another little door that opened on a very dirty court-yard. We crossed the yard, and mounting a rather steep stairway, followed our guide, a daughter of the house, to what was, I suppose, the chief sitting room of the family. The building contained a good many up-stair and down-stair rooms, all opening on the square court-yard, those on the upper story opening on a verandah which ran round the entire court. The room into which we were shown was, according to our ideas, small, and very, very untidy, though Miss Rodger said that it was in fairly good order that day, and much better than she had often seen it. On the floor was an old Brussels or tapestry carpet,