

This was the usual proceeding in each of the houses visited except at the magistrate's and Suba Sahib's where we were detained.

Into the former we went in the early part of the day. Through ponderous doors, down a narrow passage we were ushered into an open square where apparently the family cooking was being done. A small open fire is used, the smoke escaping where it best can, in this case through a light bamboo framework ceiling past the next floor of rooms. We followed the Biblewomen up a narrow stone stairs, along a corridor, to a balcony overlooking this court where the cooking was going on. What little air the women might get, was filled with smoke from below. The balcony evidently answered as a living room. The walls, a bright blue, were much ornamented with pictures of people in highly coloured garments and rows of elephants. This is the work of the three girls of the household. One pleasant feature was a row of flowers in pots along the top of the outer wall. The family have an air of refinement and intelligence quite beyond their surroundings. There are three readers here. They are clever girls with sweet, gentle faces. A spring musical box, which had been sent out to the eldest, gave them great pleasure. The boys were, if possible, more interested than the girls, and eagerly examined the boxes. It is very sad that three bright, intelligent girls, capable of filling positions of usefulness, should be so shut in. Life is too valuable to be spent in this aimless fashion. Can you estimate the temporal good brought to such women by our Zenana workers? Minds like theirs can not be content to go hungry. With nothing to think of, nothing to see beyond what is within the walls of their prison-house, think what a world is opened to them by books. If books are such an endless source of pleasure to us, who are free, what must it be to those who are so hedged in? And then of the spiritual blessing, life everlasting, offered them we cannot speak, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard." What we would take for our soul's salvation, that is the value of the blessings offered them.

Arriving at the Suba Sahibs we passed through an arched gateway, across a large yard, through a narrow gate in a wall, up a short flight of steps into a small court where grew one palm tree, a few sorry-looking plants and a pretty vine trained over what looked like a rude porch. Here was the boudoir of the ladies of the Suba's household and this their only outlook, dismal enough I assure you. A cot was brought for us to sit upon. The four women sat on a straw mat on the floor. One of these never uncovered her face and when her husband crossed the yard stood with her face to the wall, head bent. They read and answered questions readily. As we turned to go Miss D. remarked, "They, at least, know the way of life clearly." We were invited to talk with the Suba. A servant led the way