

If only there were not such a terrible background of heathen ignorance and wickedness! But one's thoughts were quickly recalled to that by the tinkling of the evening bells in the Hindoo temples, and the Mahomedan calls to prayer. When shall we be able to say of India, "The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee?"

So far bazar preaching has gone on without interruption. Many Christian books have been sold, and numbers of people have come to our camping ground to discuss religious matters with Mr. Wilson. Miss Beatty was kept busy after it was known she was here, going to zenanas to see sick women, and giving medicines in the bazar and at her tent.

Soon after coming here we were called to the zenana of the chief padri among the Borahs (a Mahomedan sect) and there met with a very warm reception. The first morning I went alone, and spent an hour and a-half with the Moullah's wife and some of her friends. She reads Urdu very well, and is an exceptionally intelligent woman. She showed me a book on the Divinity of Christ that her husband had got from Mr. Wilson, and read to me some passages proclaiming Christ's equality with the Father, and said that she believed what was written there. She took hold of my hand and said, "I, too, believe in Christ." But she wanted to make Mahomet equal with Him, to which I of course objected.

As a rule Mahomedans are exceedingly bigoted, and we have been surprised at the attention paid to us, and the friendship shown by these people. Every time we have gone to the house they have prepared tea for us, and decorated us with garlands of flowers. Yesterday the Moullah came and had tea with Mr. Wilson in our tent; the first time a Mahomedan ever sat down at table with us, or rather with Mr. Wilson, for though the Moullah always treats me with the greatest respect, I thought that perhaps he might prefer my absence where eating and drinking were concerned. Of course, any time I have been in his house, though he received me himself at the door, I was always taken at once to the women's apartments, and left alone with them.

We (Miss Rodger, Miss Beatty and I) were called to the house of the Sessions Judge here, to see his wife, and found in her an old pupil of Miss McGregor. She is a Mahratta Brahmin, and I suppose very proud of her caste and position. Though apparently a very inferior specimen of a woman compared with the Moullah's wife, her reception of us was not nearly so polite. She seemed to treat us as quite an inferior order of beings. Another day Miss Rodger spent an hour or two alone with her, and found