

Mrs. Murray Mitchell gives an interesting account of a day's such visiting with a lady who had 30 houses to which she went regularly. I have only room for one extract, which tells of a call they were asked on that morning to make, in a zenana where no mission work had yet been done. Mrs. Mitchell says: "It was the most melancholy zenana I had ever seen, and this is saying a good deal. The room was immense, with small, barred windows, an earthen floor, without a scrap of matting, and dirty, dingy, yellow-washed walls. There was not a single article of furniture in it of any kind, unless a small sort of wheel could be called such, off which a woman was reeling some cotton, and a sieve full of grain which another woman was winnowing. Some naked children were playing about, and ran behind their mothers for fear of us, while they sat on their heels with their chins in their hands, gossiping. Only two women out of sixteen in the room were doing anything but talking in loud, harsh voices. They were much too scantily clad, and they looked so idle, so helpless, so uncivilized and unpromising that I stood and gazed at them dismayed. Not so my friend. 'Here is a field for me,' she said blithely, as if any seeming difficulty would only be a fresh attraction. Having with difficulty procured two chairs for us to sit upon, my friend asked, 'Now, why did you send for us?' 'Oh, don't you remember,' they said; 'you came once long ago, and read about a lost sheep. and a lost bit of money that was found; and we got sick and you could not come. But now we are well, and we want you to come again and read to us from your book.' There were yearnings here also! Poor things, they looked eager enough now. She did remember, and read the touching parable of the lost sheep to them once more. Some other women had gathered into the room until there were about 30. Only one of them could read, and she had learned, though very imperfectly, from a little son who had gone to school. But they did not wish to learn to read, they said; they were poor women with much work to do; they wanted to hear about God out of the Book—it made them 'feel better.' They had each some tale of trouble to tell. No wonder. The house had belonged to five brothers, all of whom were dead. Their widows were here and their families and innumerable relations. They had the house to live in, but the bread-winners were gone. What were they, helpless widows to do? The terrible fact was

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