

before His Highness, the Rani, and the young Prince. The organ had been brought by special request. During the time the Rani was present all the courtiers as well as Mr. Russell and his brother had to leave the room. Before her own exit the Rani presented us each with a brooch of silver. Afterwards the Prince, an adopted boy of about ten, sprinkled us with perfume and strung garlands round our necks.

The Rajah is an invalid and quite feeble. He sat propped up on a bed while we were present. The light was so dim that we could scarcely read our hymns, but his sharp eyes were turning from one to another remarking on those he had seen before. He even remembered having seen the ayah in Indore. We are so grateful for his favour towards us and cannot but feel that God Himself is opening our way. Especially do we realize this when night after night the large tent where the gospel meetings are held is filled to overflowing with an eager audience.

On Monday evening, when we ladies attended, there must have been 350 inside the tent, and, with those who crowded round the door, 500 must have heard the gospel truth—this, too, when the only attraction beyond the preaching was our singing accompanied by the little organ. Even in our midday service on Sunday the tent was full. Last evening we had an English meeting in the Government school-house at which 500 were present. They were treated to a magic lantern show and the Bible pictures gave an opportunity of telling the glad tidings.

We prepared this morning to return and had sent the ox-cart with our luggage several hours ahead when a note came from the private secretary of His Highness requesting that we should remain and sing again before the Rajah and Rani to-morrow evening, requesting also to be entertained with the magic lantern which had delighted so many last evening. We were unwilling to remain at first but thought we would not do right to lose such an opportunity, so after an interview with the secretary he sent a messenger for the ox-cart and we decided to stay.

Dr. O'Hara has treated some fifty sick people during the few days we have been here. The poor women are begging her to stay and indeed we all feel it hard to turn our eyes from the whitening harvest to fix them once more on books. Dr. O'Hara and I are going up for our Hindi Examination in six weeks.

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