

sank as I saw them all shut in together in this prison. They were very pleased for us to sing for them, but it seemed impossible to talk to them. Even if *one* wanted to listen the others would not let her. We always came away with a sad feeling. The woman who first asked us to go seemed to be in disgrace when we went the second time, and would not come near us, and there seemed to be quite a little world to itself of intrigue and quarrel, joy, and sorrow, and sin in there. One old lady would have sung to her the quaint Hindustani bha-jam "Rise, pilgrim, get ready, the time is fast going," but she did not want to hear about our Lord Jesus.

One day, when walking up a street in Hyderabad city selling Gospels, a boy called us into a large house. Here we found a little Nawab being taught by his teacher, who was very polite. The great houses give you a curious feeling; all is grand and spacious, but nothing is comfortable or home-like. Great verandahs and balconies all round the central courtyard and garden. After hearing our errand, the young Nawab offered to take us to his mother and grandmother. We went with him. In one corner of the courtyard was a funny little hole, we could not call it a door, with a dirty piece of sack-ing hanging in front of it. We went through and found ourselves in the zenana. Crowds of women and a dirty, dull, dreary-looking place are all that stays in my memory; but we were not allowed to