

look long, for no sooner did the old grandmother find we had the Gospel of Jesus, than she had us hustled out. In vain the boy and younger woman pleaded for us to stay. She would not hear of it, so we had to go. We left some Gospels with the boy. The teacher begged for the whole Bible, which we sold him a few days later. Into many zenanas we went in this way, but we did not get invited a second time as a rule, and we generally find that having once been able to tell the Gospel in a Mussulman house, if we do go a second time, we find the women primed with stock arguments against us.

We find we get nearest to them in the medical work. We hear tales and stories in the dead of night then, when sitting with them, which we do not get a hint of at other times. I remember a woman once showing me her arm all covered with cuts which she said her husband had done to her because she had been fighting with the other wife. We, with our ideas of freedom and liberty, may think these women unhappy, but *they* do not seem to be more so than our own women. They are quite used to their own life and look down upon us poor things, who are so degraded that we allow men to see us freely with no shame! They see no privation in not being allowed to go out, or to see the world, and yet it is a suicidal system. For the women have not the least idea of what the men and boys are doing.

Many a time have I seen a mother try to chastize her boy, but he had only to get to the door and slip