

We found one large, gaily decorated erection belonging to one of the Nawabs of Hyderabad, and the women called us in and plied us with many questions, and then begged us to go to their house to see them. We went one day to find these new friends. After driving two or three miles we came to a quaint walled village, passed under the gateway, and were directed to the great man's house. We were told he had two hundred women in his zenana. In front of the house we saw a young man with a drawn sword, just about to mount his horse. He seemed much amused when we told him we wanted to go and see the ladies, but he conducted us in to see the head of the house. He was very polite, and asked us why we had come, etc. We told him our commission and showed our Gospel, and at last he said, "Oh, yes! You can go in." So we were conducted to the other side of the courtyard and came to an enormous iron gate. A little door in the middle of it was opened for us to squeeze through, and we were in the zenana.

Outside were plenty of sun and air, a grand, spacious courtyard with beds of flowers, and arched verandahs with large cushions to sit on and lean against.

Inside was a narrow courtyard which gave you the impression of not being big enough for all the women and children who crowded round. No garden, no flowers, no pretty verandahs, nor cushions. Old ladies and young girls, my heart