

And many another by impulse stirred,  
Sprang up at the sound of the whispered word,  
And dollars divided went o'er the sea  
And out through our country so broad and free.

But what of their mission? 'Twas half complete,  
Though harvests were g' thered both rich and sweet,  
Yet came not their fulness, and white fields wait  
The work of the reapers so grand and great.  
And back o'er the ocean this message came,—  
Send more for your love of the Saviour's name;  
Up from her own country and prairies vast,  
Send more lest the day of hope be past,

And she who remembered the days of yore—  
The mother's fond counsel she knows no more—  
Again in the starlight and silence deep  
Furgetteth her care in a quiet sleep,  
A presence whose coming the child had blest  
Brings now in her dreaming a peaceful rest;  
The problem whose study seemed all in vain  
Grows simple and clear in the resting brain.

"You asked me, my darling, one summer day,  
When you had grown weary with childish play,  
What sacrifice meant, and now by your side  
I come to make plain the word 'divide';  
The promptings of conscience were right and good,  
'Twould all have been well had you understood,  
She bide you go forth on a mission wide,  
And double your dollar,—'twas not divide."

The story is simple, and still I see  
The lesson which surely is meant for me,  
And I am so thankful that I may hear  
The calls for assistance that reach my ear;  
I ask of my conscience to guide me right,  
The answer makes duty a pathway bright,  
While sinners afar from their Saviour roam,  
Not less for the Foreign;—as much for Home.

—Selected.

### Letter from Mrs. Rand.

Dear Mrs. Newman:—You will have seen that the London papers of this morning publish a letter from H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, in which his extraordinary praise of Christian Missions and their practical work can hardly fail to bring the great Societies into increased favor with the public. One wonders what Canon Taylor, and his sort, will say to all this. The story of the deposition, by Christian natives, of Mwanga—"the most absolute and most powerful king in Africa"—the murderer, some three years ago, of the first Bishop of Eastern equatorial Africa, Bishop Hannington of Uganda, is indeed a marvellous one. Only last evening I had the pleasure of spending a few hours with the widow and children of the late Bishop. She will be greatly stirred by the news given in Mr. Stanley's letter. Her two boys, James, aged 12 years, and Paul, aged 8 years, both cherish the strongest desire to follow in the steps of their martyred father by giving their lives to the work of redeeming Africa. Mothers can kindly and keep aflame true altar fires in their children's hearts.

Since Mrs. M. H. N. Armstrong addressed the great London Conference, over a year ago, on work among the Karens, she has been taxed to meet the calls made upon her for Mission addresses. In response to the urgent requests of the Edinburgh Committee, she spent nearly the whole of last month in addressing meetings of women in Glasgow and vicinity, on Foreign Mission work: She

spoke in the afternoons, while Dr. Pierson of Philadelphia spoke to general public meetings in the evenings. Let us pray that the seed sown may yield a splendid harvest. Mrs. Armstrong's labors are quite beyond her strength.

My attention has recently been called to the fact that zenana work in India was set on foot by Mrs. Sale, the wife of one of our English Baptist missionaries. The origin of this work has been commonly attributed to Mrs. Mullens, daughter of the sainted LaCroix. Without detracting in any way from the labors of Mrs. Mullens and her devoted daughters, I should like to place on record in the LINK a brief statement of undisputed facts connected with the origin of zenana work. I shall make the narrative as brief as possible.

In 1850 in Eastern Bengal, Mrs. Sale's attention was arrested by the fact that there were no women in the crowds about the missionary. On enquiry she found that no respectable woman was to be seen in public, and that no European lady was even allowed to visit a Hindu lady. The latter were kept in the zenana—the ladies' apartments of the house. It was considered an insult to a native gentleman to mention his wife, or to make reference to the education of women. Mrs. Sale made up her mind to go into the villages among the poor tillers of the land, but she found the women in the lowly huts as fearful of allowing their faces to be seen by strangers as the dwellers in large houses. She went however from house to house for months, trying to get at the women's hearts. They said, "If you come near us, we shall lose our caste"; but she assured them she would not touch them. In some places they would listen to the reading, but could not believe it had any interest for them.

In 1854 Mrs. Sale gained access to the zenana of a Bengal lady, near Calcutta, and in time taught the lady to read the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress. This lady in turn taught the other women of the house. Then came the great Indian Mutiny, when the family moved to Calcutta. Here the husband died, and Mrs. Sale vainly endeavored to get a sight of the widow. In 1858 Mr. and Mrs. Sale took up their own residence in Calcutta, where Mrs. Sale undertook to teach in Debendro Nath Tagore's house and in that of Chunder Sen, both members of the Brahmo Samaj; but Chunder Sen would not allow Christian teachers in his household. While at Intally, Mrs. Sale gained admission with great difficulty to a large zenana. The women had never seen a white face before. She worked and taught wisely among them for a whole year before any of them would take anything from her hand. All materials had to be put on the floor for them to take up, and again put on the floor for her. The fancy work was taught as a means of gaining access to them for higher ends. The pieces of work done brought invitations to visit and teach in other zenanas also, so that when Mr. Sale's failing health obliged her to return with him to Great Britain, three houses were visited regularly and several others occasionally.

Mrs. Mullens, who was born in India and who was a good Bengali scholar, returned with her two daughters to India in 1860. Mrs. Sale went to her and told her of this opening for zenana work, and earnestly desired that she would follow it up. Mrs. Mullens was delighted with the prospect, for she had long desired such a work, but it had hitherto seemed to be impossible. Mrs. Sale took her to the several houses and introduced her both to the ladies and gentlemen. Receiving this work from Mrs. Sale, Mrs. Mullens and her daughters gave themselves with great enthusiasm to its development on all sides, till now zenana mission work is added to the general missionary