

The following note, which accompanied the beautiful poem published in another column, will be of interest to our readers. We welcome Mr. Wesley among our contributors and hope to hear from him again:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 23, 1839.

MRS. M. A. NEWMAN,

Dear Sister in Christ:—Mrs. Burlingame, editor of *Missionary Helper*, mailed me yesterday a copy of the "LINK" for May, that I might discover myself honored by your kind selection of a few lines of mine suggested by words written by a very dear brother in Christ (for years, until leaving for India in fall of 1838, a member of my late church, and a most worthy helper in all church work while with me.)

The verse of the Word which introduces your magazine at once suggested the enclosed. If esteemed worthy of a place in the LINK it is placed at your service, and if used by you will, I trust, be used by the Master whom we love.

A former missionary, at least a licensed preacher, for some years (in the S. A. field, myself the product of missions, I must ever love the cause of Foreign Missions.

If you will tell me how to send the 25c. to Canada, I shall be glad to begin with next number as a subscriber; if your issue is as good as the May number I must have it.

Yours in Christ,

ERNEST GEO. WESLEY.

The Great Famine Cry.

BY MISS M. A. WEST, OF SYRIA.

"Tell your people how fast we are dying; and ask if they cannot send the Gospel a little faster."—*Words of a Heathen Woman.*

Hark! the wail of heathen nations;

List! the cry comes back again,

With its solemn, sad reproaching,

With its piteous refrain:

"We are dying fast of hunger,

Starving for the Bread of Life!

Haste, oh, hasten! ere we perish,

Send the messengers of life!

"Send the Gospel faster, swifter,

Ye who dwell in Christian lands;

Rock ye not we're dying, dying,

More in number than the sands!

Hood ye not His words—your Master:

"Go ye forth to all the world";

Send the gospel faster, faster—

Let its banner be unfurled!"

Christian! can you sit in silence

While this cry fills all the air?

Or content yourself with giving

Merely what you "well can spare"?

Will you make your God a beggar,

When He asks but for "His own"?

Will you dole Him from your treasure,

A poor pittance as a loan?

While you dwell in peace and plenty.

"Store and basket" running o'er,

Whi you cast to these poor pleaders

Only crumbs upon your floor?

Can you sleep upon your pillow

With a heart and soul at rest,

While upon the treacherous billow,

Souls you might have saved are lost?

Harken! hush your own heart-beating,

While the death-march passeth by,

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the host of nations,

Never ceasing, yet they die—

Die unheeded, while you slumber,

Millions strewn all the way;

Victims of your sloth and "selfness"

Ay, of mine and thine to-day!

When the Master comes to meet us,

For this loss what will He say!

"I was hunger'd; did ye feed Me?

I ask'd bread; ye turn'd away!

I was dying, in My prison,

Ye ne'er came to visit Me!"

And swift witnesses those victims,

Standing by, will surely be.

Sound the trumpet! wake God's people!

"Walks" not Christ amid His flock?

Sits He not "against the treasury?"

Shall He stand without and knock—

Knock in vain to come and feast us?

Open, open, heart and hands!

And as surely His best blessings

Shall o'erflow all hearts, all lands.

"They Shall Come to Thy Light."*

BY REV. ERNEST G. WESLEY.

They shall come to the light of salvation,

They shall bow at the feet of our King;

In the rapture of life-filled redemption,

All their treasures and honors shall bring.

They shall own Him all glorious,

He shall reign all victorious,

Their Redeemer—whose praises we sing.

They shall joy in His rich consolation,

They shall wash in His blood and be clean,

From the sin and the shame and pollution,

And in robes of snow whiteness be seen.

They shall serve Him in pureness,

They shall trust Him with sureness,

On His arms, by love strengthened, shall lean.

For the word of Jehovah is spoken,

"They shall come, they shall bow, they shall see,"

Growing faith in His promise unbroken,

E'er the tollers bright beacon shall be.

Ev'ry nation shall know Him—

Ev'ry tribe shall adore Him—

Ev'ry soul to our Lord bow the knee.

To His work! In His name, where He leads you,

Seek for souls lost in darkness and sin;

Daylight fades, night fast cometh, He needs you,

Precious souls for His kingdom to win.

They will hear if you call them,

They will yield if you draw them,

By His love, once made known unto you.

Providence, R. I.

What is a Zenana?

BY MRS. MURRAY MITCHELL.

I apologize to those who know, for explaining that the word is a compound of two Persian words, "Zann-xhanna," which means, simply, the house of the women. Now, I think the name is significant,—the house of the women.

*Suggested by motto of the MISSIONARY LINK.