

How I wished to go and see the women who lived there! I talked with the little ones as they played out of doors, but it was of no use; the zenana was closed. For more than a year I waited and prayed. One evening I met a boy on the road. He was singing songs to his heathen gods. Stopping him, I said, "If you can read, come with me and I'll give you something better to sing." Returning to the house with me, he got the gospel in verse. A few days after, an old woman came to see me, he got the gospel in verse. A few days after, an old woman came to see me and beg of me to "Come at once to the zenana across the way." The woman was ill and wanted to see me. I went at once, and was welcome ever after. There were a number of women in this house, all of whom could read. The boy, whom I met that evening was a servant in the family. The old woman who came to call me was his grandmother.

A few days after a call came to go to another zenana; there an old woman took me by the hand and led me to another zenana; then another; from there to another. Thus four zenanas were opened by one little passing word to the boy. So zenana work is, after all, only doing the "little things" for Jesus. Leaflets and religious books go where we cannot. We hear of the conversion of whole families, sometimes villages by means of the gospels which are sold for a cent or given away.

A few months ago, lying ill in a Calcutta hospital, I heard there was a Bengali purdah woman ill in the next cabin. No one but the doctors and nurses were allowed to enter. A few Bengali leaflets found their way there. Soon we heard the afflicted one reading one of them, "God is love." We remember how quiet she was, too, when that Bengali Christian woman in my cabin sang in her own tongue that beautiful hymn "Art thou weary."

Pardon, dear friends, the repeating of so many personal incidents. Writing of them has brought tears to my eyes, and a longing to enter those zenanas once more. So great a privilege has it been, that I would rather have the knowledge of having led one of India's women to Jesus than wear on my breast the "Star of India."

Your sister in Christ,

JESSIE B. HOOPER.

The above was kindly written, for one of our Co. Conventions last year. Miss Hooper is a sister of Mrs. Revd.) Adams, Truro, N.S.

(A. E. J.)

### A VISION IN THE NIGHT.

I sat down in an armchair, wearied with my work. My toil had been severe and protracted. Many were seeking the pearl of great price, and many had found what they sought. The church wore an aspect of thrift and prosperity, and joy and hope and courage were the prevailing sentiments on every hand. As for myself, I was joyous in work. My brethren were united. My sermons and exhortations were evidently telling on my hearers. My church was crowded with listeners. The whole community was more or less moved with the prevailing excitement, and as the work went on I had been led

into exhausting labors for its promotion. Fired with my work, I soon lost myself in a sort of half-forgetful state, though I seemed fully aware of my place and my surroundings. Suddenly a stranger entered the room without any perliminary "tap" or "come in." I saw in his face benignity, intelligence, and weight of character; but, though he was passably well attired, he carried suspended about his person measures, and chemical agents, and implements which gave him a very strange appearance.

The stranger came toward me and extending his hand said: "How is your zeal?" I supposed when he begun his question that the query was to be for my health, but was pleased to hear his final word for I was well pleased with my zeal, and doubted not the stranger would smile when he should know its proportions. Instantly I conceived of it as a physical quantity and put my hand into my bosom and brought it forth and presented it to him for inspection. He took it and placed it in his scale, weighed it carefully, and I heard him say "one hundred pounds." I could scarcely suppress an audible note of satisfaction, but caught his earnest look as he noted down the weight, and I saw at once that he had proved no final conclusion, but was intent on following his investigation. He broke the mass to atoms and put the crucible into the fire. When it was thoroughly fused he took it out and set it down to cool. It congealed in cooling, and when turned out on the hearth exhibited a series of layers or strata, which all, at the touch of the hammer, fell apart, and were severely

### TESTED AND WEIGHED.

the stranger making minute notes as the process went on. When he had finished he presented the notes to me, and gave me a look of mingled sorrow and compassion as, without a word except "May God save you!" he left the room. I opened the "notes" and read as follows:

Analysis of the zeal of Junius, a candidate for a crown of glory:

Weight in mass.....100 lbs.

Of this, on analysis, there proves to be:

Bigotry.....	10 parts
Personal Ambition.....	23 "
Love of Salary.....	19 "
Pride of Denomination.....	15 "
Pride of Talent.....	14 "
Love of Authority.....	12 "
Love of God.....	4 "
Love of man.....	3 "

100 parts

I had become troubled at the peculiar manner of the stranger, and especially at his parting look and words; but when I looked at the figures my heart sank as lead within me. I made a mental effort to dispute the