

And the Lord answered me" (Hab. ii. 1-2, R.V.), as He will answer ever watching and waiting and listening one. He will tell us the meaning of many things that we see, which would be strangely puzzling without his explanation (see Isa. xxi. 7-9).

Sometimes He will answer us by action, by doing what we have pleaded with Him to do; sometimes, as with Habakkuk, He will answer us in word, telling us that the visible answer is "yet for an appointed time"; for the day of God's "answer" is not always the day on which He manifestly gives us what we ask. There is an answering of His heart back to our heart, of His personally-spoken promise to our personally-spoken request, which is as real to faith as the reception of a tangible gift is to sight; and as sure, though the outward reception may be long delayed.

The watchman has pre-eminently need of patience and of persistence. "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, take ye no rest, and give Him no rest, till He establish and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth (Isa. lxii. 6)." Nearly two thousand six hundred years have passed since this command was given to the watchmen, and still Jerusalem, instead of being "a praise in the earth," is "a scorn and a derision to them that are round about"; still the promise waits, and still the watchmen wait, and still the Lord waits, but after all the centuries of silence, the day will come when the cry of the watchman on Mount Zion shall be answered by the watchman on Mount Ephraim, saying, "Arise and let us go up to Zion unto the Lord our God"; when "They shall come and sing in the height of Zion . . . and they shall not sorrow any more at all . . ." but "shall use this speech in the land of Judah and in the cities thereof. . . . The Lord bless thee, O habitation of justice and mountain of holiness" (Jer. xxxi. 6, 12, 23).

Are we among the number of the Lord's remembrancers, thus watching and thus waiting for the fulfilment of His promise; watching for literal Israel, His "brethren according to the flesh"; watching for the spiritual Israel, whom "He is not ashamed to call brethren" too; watching for souls, as they that must give account? Or are we, in our watching and in our praying, like the "blind" watchmen, who are not looking forth; "dumb" ones, who cannot make our voice to be heard by God or man, "sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber," instead of standing continually on the watch-tower, looking out for the interests of the King, for the commands of the King, for the coming of the King?

For day by day, as we watch on His behalf, we see on every side the tokens that "He is nigh, even at the doors," and we wait and watch "like

unto men looking for their Lord." "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than watchmen look for the morning, I say more than watchmen look for the morning" (Ps. cxxx. 6, R.V.). The watchman, "set in his ward whole nights," looked for the morning, not with doubtful wonder, but with confident anticipation, as for something that he knew was coming; and he not only looked for it, but proclaimed it; "The watchman saith, The morning cometh." And we know that "the night is far spent, that the watching time will soon be over," for "the day is at hand." "Yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." "The vision hasteth towards the end, and shall not lie: though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come; it will not delay" (Hab. ii. 3, R.V.).

And even as we wait for Him, as we look forth into the darkness for the first streak of dawn that shall herald the everlasting day, watching for Him as for One who has gone away, and is coming again to receive us unto Himself, that where He is there we may be. We hear His own voice close beside us saying "Lo, I am with you alway." "Couldst thou not watch with Me one hour?"—*The Christian*.

ANNIE W. MARSTON.

## TO THE READERS OF THE LINK.

WOODSTOCK, May 27th, 1893.

Dear Friends:—It will be seven years in October since I wished you all "goodbye" and left for India, then to me a new and unknown country. Let us hope the years have brought wisdom and the times discretion. Of my labors in Cocanada and in Samulcotta, I shall hope to tell you on some future occasion. For to-day, I wish simply to give you my "salaams" and to tell you that according to the hand of our God upon us, we have reached our home in safety. Starting in April and making the various changes from boat to rail and from rail to boat, at Rajahmundry, Bombay, London, Liverpool and New York, I arrived in Woodstock May 16th, just six weeks and one and a half days from the day I left Samulcotta.

Accompanied by my Telugu friends to the first stopping place, and then starting off alone, I meet, this the kindness of a loving Father, with former friends and acquaintances on almost every step of the journey. And He has brought me safely to Canada, fair Canada—no country so fair, no place so dear, yet for the love of Christ, the Telugu land is made as fair, as dear to us. Love for home and friends, and love for the Telugus have brought me home again. May the dear Lord make me the means of drawing your hearts out more and more towards these people, and may my stay among you give me such vigorous health and spiritual strength that my future work there may tell only for Him and for His glory!

Hoping to be present at the Woodstock, Toronto, Midland and Canada Central Associations, and to see many of your dear faces, to grasp many of you by the hand, and to receive fresh inspiration from you.

I remain your sister in Christ,

S. Isabel Hatch.