

"Truly, Huoi-mu. I am not weary. Tell me the rest."

"Su-gu knows that my son became a Christian teacher and was married, and that grandchildren play about the house. Truly the Face has smiled on me. Praise God!"

"I am so glad, Huoi-mu, that your tears are gone, and that you can go to rest thankful for even the thorny path that brought you to Him."

"Oh, Su-gul! Su-gul!" and the old woman's tears fell like rain. "I had for a moment forgotten my present grief. My son and I—both—both—are lepers!"—Mission Studies.

VISIONS.

(By Mrs. T. J. Claxton, for 30 years President of the B. W. F. M. S. of Eastern Ontario and Quebec.)

Dear Link,—The writer purposes to give to your readers a vision which has been before her eyes for long years. If you will turn to the 4th chapter of Zachariah (you will do well to read the chapter), but dwell on the 2nd and 3rd verses, and you will notice an angel appeared unto Zerubbabell, saying, "not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." In the 2nd verse the angel said, "What seest thou? And he said, behold I have looked, and behold a candlestick all of gold, with a bowl on the top of it and the seven lamps thereon, and seven pipes to the seven lamps, which are on the top thereof: and two olive trees by it, one on the right side of the bowl and the other on the left."

This to me is a beautiful illustration. The candlestick, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Light of the world. The pipes and lamps were fed from the olive tree. So, dear friends, if this oil gave out, the lamps could not be thus fed.

We who are Christians, and have accepted Christ, must be rooted and grounded in Christ. He is the vine, we are the branches. Are we being fed by the Holy Spirit and the Word of God as the oil fed those lamps? Or are we among those who are stunted? If we look at a field, the grass most beautiful, but how varied! In some places it is faded. Like many of us Christians, some are rooted and grounded and growing in Christlikeness, while others are weak and a stumbling-block. Dear Christian women, let us give out the

Light which we possess to the world; let us ask ourselves are we bearing fruit? Are we yielding a hundredfold? Or are our pipes empty? Has the olive tree given out? If so, "Come all to the waters and drink." "Come, for things are ready." Come and enter into fellowship with the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, and He will give strength and power for service, and to the weak ones He says, "No one shall pluck them out of my hands."

Some may read these pages who have never accepted Christ the Saviour, who is the Light of the world. The wells of salvation are free to all. As the olive oil fed and flowed into the lamps to give light, so may our lamp be trimmed and burning. May we endeavor, by our light and means, to extend the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth. Listen to the words, "Lo, I am with you always," and hear the dying Saviour's cry, "It is finished." "Complete in Him." Think of it! Are we satisfied and contented with what we are doing? The world is full of half-finished work, and our work among the Telugus is not finished. The writer has watched the vision that long years ago was talked of around her table by the lamented Timpany and John McLaurin. The vision of the Telugu field has been realized and become the most successful mission in the world. The writer has had the honor of being connected with this great work since the inception of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Missionary Society for Women.

Behold what marvels have been wrought! Lord Laurance, after the Sepoy Mutiny, said: "Notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit India, the missionaries in zeal and good have done more than all other agencies combined." Who, then, can estimate the missionary's value to the progress of nations? Their contributions to the onward and upward march of humanity is beyond all calculation. Then, while we look at the success which has crowned our efforts for the extension of Christ's kingdom among the Telugus, let me ask you to compare notes and not forget the struggle of dear Timpany and John McLaurin and their wives in that lonely heathen land.

"Not by might nor power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord. Behold the visions become a glorious fact. May