
"THE NIGHT LIES DARK UPON THE EARTH,"

It made all the difference, didn't it? What a sermon from a wee maiden in China, for all of us! That Telugu in India for whom you give and work—is he your burden, or your brother? Do you bear him on your heart in love and prayer as your brother? Those Christians over there—scattered in hundreds of towns and villages whom God through your prayers and gifts and men and women working there has led out into freedom and a new life—they are so unlearned in the Way, do you pray faithfully for them? Did you think for one moment that when they were converted and baptized your responsibility was over? Why, their fight is only then begun—not finished. And against what odds! Think of your own warfare, how hard it is for you to be Christlike with all your Christian antecedents, training, surroundings—your books, your home life, your church life, your companions, above all your open Bible. Ah, how little you know, after all, about fighting the good fight, as they know it! For they live where Satan's seat is. Amidst squalid surroundings, in terrible proximity to all that is down-dragging, with an untold heritage of ignorance and sinful living from their forefathers; above all, with the Bible a closed book to a great majority of them because of their illiteracy—how are our people over there to fight the good fight and, as Paul says, "having done all, to stand," if we, who are, under God, responsible for their new life, do not continually stand by them in prayer? And not only must they stand, but they must go forth to conquer India for Christ. Out of those dingy, forbidding-looking villages where are the congregations of "those that are being saved" must come, what's more, those that are to save others—Christianize India. Ah, if you knew the fierce temptations that assail them, hourly from without and within, you could never forget them for a day. They are out here for India. Oh, pray for them.

"If ye fulfil the royal law according to the Scripture, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well."

K. S. M.

"Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord, till prayer is pain—
Till prayer is joy—till prayer turns to praise,
Stir me, till heart and will and mind—
yes, all
Is wholly Thine, to use through all the days;
Stir, till I learn to pray 'Exceedingly.'
Stir, till I learn to wait expectantly."

LETTER FROM MRS. GORDON.

Dear LINK Readers:

You will all be interested, perhaps, in knowing how this great needy land of India appealed to me on first arriving. We landed in Colombo the 8th December. I was glad that all sea-journeying was over, although it was very pleasant all the way—but one can have too much of a good thing.

A few hours were spent in Colombo, visting many beautiful sights, the strangest event being a ride in a rickshaw—a big baby carriage pulled along by a native, running as far as we wanted to go, with the perspiration pouring from his body. The following morning we arrived in Tuticorin. Our train was waiting for us; how strange it seemed! The carriages are nothing like our Canadian carriages—the corridors are just large enough to allow one person to pass along, and then by the time we had all necessary baggage in the compartment there was room enough "just for two." How curious the natives were! And what impressed me more than anything was that there were so many beggars, and though some appeared nearly starved, yet if we gave to one they would all have gathered around. We were soon on our way to Madras, where we changed for Waltair. We both felt so happy when our train landed us at Waltair; in