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A B C of Prayer.

'LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY.'

If you turn to the eleventh chapter of Luke, first verse, you will read the request the disciples made of their Master, 'Lord, teach us to pray.'

This passage is quite generally misquoted, almost everybody giving it as 'teach us how to pray.'

Evidently the thought they held was, that if Jesus taught them at all it must surely be in the right way.

Somebody has said that 'answered prayers are the tokens with which Jesus illuminates the days, that we may know he remembers us.' We all know something of the blessedness of answered prayer, and we have felt that the thought God heard us and undertook our cause was really sweeter to us than the mere answer to the prayer.

As I sit here this summer morning my heart goes out to the praying women in their homes all over the land. Some of them in quiet farmhouses in the country, some in the city; some bending over sick beds, and many of them with other heavy burdens upon their hearts. O dear ones, I want the Holy Ghost to give me just the right thing to say to you, that the very words I write may be his, and not mine. I feel deeply my own ignorance, my weakness, and my unworthiness. But I rejoice that these things are true of me because my nothingness gives him the opportunity to be all. 'Not I, but Christ.'

I ask you to come apart with me and learn more of the blessing and the privilege of prayer. It is to-day the greatest desire of my heart to have the glorious 'ministry of prayer' given me. Do you not want it? Oh, to think of the sublimity, the honor, the unspeakable glory of having audience with the King of Kings, the Creator of the universe! We are too dull, too slow, too weighted down with earthliness to even dream of what this means. But let us 'stir ourselves up' to learn how to take hold of God and to present our petitions to him.

We need to know more of the power of united prayer. It is the lever that will move the world. Let us try its power the coming months. Try it for the conversion of our friends, for our own needs, for our community, and for the great cause of missions and the evangelization of the world.

I want to suggest to you the following thoughts: Go to women friends (you might take the 'Illustrated Christian World' and show them this letter) and ask them to form a little circle or band with you, that you may pray together. Meet once a week, say, and pray for mutual help. Have these prayer seasons, 'for prayer only,' and never for occasions for even the most harmless, friendly conversation. Remember you will be coming together to do business with the King, and you want nothing to distract your attention. If there are only two of you, remember the promise is to 'two or three met together in his name.' If there is a number who come together, it is well to have a leader to read a few verses from the Bible. This leader might be appointed for each meeting, or for a cer-



Peepul Tree Worship.

(The Rev. J. G. Potter, of Simla, in the 'Irish Missionary Herald'.)

The picture shows part of a large Peepul tree, situated at Namoli, thirty miles from Simla. The baniya (grain merchant) to whom it belongs is seen standing with his little boy under its shade. Behind are some of his women folk, who, being hill-women, do not mind showing their faces. Around the trunk of the tree is seen the sacred thread, similar to that worn by Brahmans. In front of it stands a brass vessel called a lota. When I first saw the tree the priest of the neighboring temple was engaged in its worship. He continued slowly walking round and round the tree in the attitude of devotion, and muttering some sacred charms. Then, taking the brass vessel

tain length of time, just as you choose. Let us always be careful to be very simple in our arrangements. The Holy Ghost only abides with simplicity. Write down your request before praying, and be very definite in your prayers. 'Pray to the point.' Do not weaken your forces by scattering petitions that do not hit anything hard. Ask for just what you want of God, in a simple, direct manner, reminding him of any promise concerning the object you pray about, that you find in his word.

When you do your assembling of yourselves together remember God's children are not all in your church. They are in the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian—any Church where Jesus Christ's name and saving power are honored.

I wish you would write me of cases of answered prayer that come under your observation, or send any thoughts on this line that may occur to you, that will help others. Any sister in Christ who is in trouble or difficulty and wants us to join in prayer for her, let her write to me. The Editor wishes this space in his paper to be a family circle where we can meet for petition and praise, for both of these constitute true prayer.

I remember a small band of women with

full of water, he poured it over the root of the tree. I was told on inquiry that the tree contained all the gods of the Hindoos—Brahma in its root, Vishnu in its trunk, Shiva in its branches, and all the lesser gods in its leaves.

To show the folly of such a belief I told the people who came to listen that during the famine in the Agra district I had seen many such trees stripped of all their leaves to feed the starving cattle. In this matter, therefore, the cattle were wiser than men, as they ate up what men worship.

Twice during our stay at Namoli the people came together, and we showed the magic lantern under the shade of this tree. May the true object of worship then set before them soon supersede the false worship to which they have been brought up. Certainly, they listened well to the old, old story, and well remembered what they heard. Pray for them.

whom I passed the afternoons of one week a summer or two ago. Circumstances could not have been much more unpromising than they were. It was intensely warm. The earth was parched with heat and choked with dust. There were only a few, a very few of us, and some of the number were not much in earnest. The town itself was dead to righteous thought. It was impossible to get the people interested. We held the meetings every day during that week. I was a stranger to these Christian women, but we all belonged to the family of Christ.

The names of the unconverted ones each woman present wanted prayers for were written down and handed to the one having full charge of the little meeting. After the reading of the word these names were read and prayer offered for one at a time, till the list was gone through. Afterward we joined in prayer that God would send conviction of sin to the town. I came away at the close of the week, but I have heard since then of the answers to our prayers, and a revival took place the following autumn and winter, and the town was shaken with conviction.

I only cite this instance because of the unpromising circumstances.

God is faithful. He has said if we ask we