

mine to solve it. India is very large and densely populated. A scheme that may work well in one community may in another be an utter failure. As far as I can see I will tell you. My experience has been this—that India will never be evangelized by foreigners; of this I am convinced, more and more. Our missionaries should be men and women of more, far more, than ordinary brain power. The low standard of mental ability in a missionary is the jest and sneer of the subtle Hindoo. He must be quick-witted and metaphysical. He must live his life among the people. Educational work and evangelistic work must, to my mind, go hand in hand. Let the natives preach and the padre be in their midst to check argument and keep up the good name and balance necessary for success. I have seen our own catechist—Nai Dass, once a Fakir—hold in rapt silence a great multitude by his impassioned earnestness, holding high the Saviour that they might see Him, and not a frown or word of disrespect greeted him. Yet after all was over he would have gone away almost sad, had not Mr. Douglas stood at his side, and when he turned to leave the spot he found his hands imprisoned in a warm, firm grasp and heard the low-murmured "God bless your words this day, my brother." They need sustaining and directing, and *they cannot work alone*, not even the best of them, but they will keep step with you all the way. This has been my experience of Hindoo nature. A few weeks ago we had a young raja visiting us here, from a distant State. He attended Mr. Douglas' week-day service in English, and afterwards called to see the press and work. I may as well mention an incident with regard to a native gentleman in whose house I formerly taught. After the Thursday evening service, a few weeks ago, my children pleaded for a walk, as it was fine moonlight. I consented, and sent them on, intending to follow. Presently I saw this native coming rapidly towards me. He said he had listened to the sermon and it had so laid hold of his heart that he could not go into his house. He said, "If I could only see Mr. Douglas to get a little conversation with him on religious matters. Why," said he, "men neglects and insults His Maker, but the very trees point their leaves to heaven in silent adoration." I told him I should speak to Mr. Douglas and let him know at what time he could see him. I saw presently he feared he had said too much, but he was so in earnest Mr. Douglas said he would gladly see him any hour he would name, and I wrote a note saying so, and appointing Sabbath at four o'clock. The man was not at home, and the note had evidently fallen into the hands of some of his family who did not care to have a Christian relative. I afterwards received the following letter:—

"My dear Miss Fairweather,—In reply to your kind note of yesterday, I beg to state that I was not at home, and I am sorry I could not see Mr. Douglas who had kindly appointed a time for me. Yesterday's sermon was the best I ever heard from his lips, and it touched my heart. Kindly tell Mr. Douglas that I feel sincerely grateful to him for that sermon which has done me so much good. Kindly tell Mr. Douglas that I consider him one of the best friends I have in this world, and I consider him almost in the light of a guru, or spiritual guide, although I am not a professed Christian. He who helps in the attainment of spiritual life is the best friend that a man may possess. Yours sincerely, _____"

Now I think this is encouraging at least. The man is rich and his friends are powerful, and he dreads the struggle. We can only wait for him. The truth has got hold of his heart, and he will not give it up until he yields to Christ, I earnestly trust. He needs your prayers. You can do as much for him in Canada as we can here. You have given us souls before, help us now, we need you now, just at this point. Ask the Lord to give you this soul. "Where two or three are gathered together," you know. I have written at great length and I am sure you have indeed a budget this time.

By the time this reaches you it will be the Christmas tide, the still earth wrapt in snow; but here the scent of roses and jessamine, the wild honey-suckle, and oleander fill the land, while birds are singing in the fruit-laden branches. I will wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy new year. Hoping your Society may go on and prosper until our work is done and the wanderers gathered into the fold is the prayer of

MARION FAIRWEATHER.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—St. Luke, xlii. 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel, we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armour so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

—H. W. Longfellow in "Harper's Magazine" for March.

POWER WITH MEN.

"O Lord, revive Thy work," is the heartfelt and oft-repeated prayer of many a preacher of God's Word after he has been discouraged with his pulpit efforts, for he seemingly has been wholly unable to move the stony hearts of his hearers. They shew no signs of repentance, and express no desire to live a Christian life. Feeling completely cast down he goes in prayer to God, desiring that the Almighty may do what man is unable to accomplish. Is there any portion of Scripture that can instruct such a preacher and comfort his heart? Let us recall to mind a scene of prayer.

One night, Jacob, the supplanter, was left alone with God, and the morning light dawned upon Israel—the prince of God. With his new name he received new power. And for the reason that Israel had "power with God," he would have "power with men." Now, from this we learn an important truth: that believers who prevail with God in prayer will have power with men" (Genesis xxxii. 28). The most successful preachers have tried this plan, and it still works well. Earnest pleadings with God at the throne of prayer result in eloquent pleadings in the pulpit, and the preacher, having first had "power with God," has "power with men."

What is the secret of the magnetic power of those preachers who win many souls for Christ? Every one who is anxious to serve his Master desires to discover it.

A man resolved to find out the wonderful secret which Whitfield possessed. He listened to his preaching, it was wonderful; but the whole of the secret was not in it. He enjoyed Whitfield's social conversations; they were full of Christ; but the secret was still undiscovered. He roomed one night with him, and he resolved to watch Whitfield all night. He saw and heard him praying, and then he retired to rest and slept; but only for a little while, for he arose and prayed for lost men. He went to sleep again, and rose again, crying out for the salvation of perishing mortals. This he did five or six times during the night. That night the secret of Whitfield's

power was discovered. He gained his "power with men" by first having "power with God."

Other eminent men have laid hold of the promise that God answers prevailing prayer. These believers have reaped according to their faith. Here are the examples of two men of God who to-day are working with great success.

A young preacher related how he was assigned to room with an eminent worker in the Christian Associations, and he determined to find out that man's secret of success in converting souls. When they had prayers together and were about to retire, the worker said to him: "Brother A., I am an early riser; but do not let me disturb you in the morning." When four o'clock came the voice of prayer was heard, and that wonderful prayer told the preacher that this man "had power with men" because he first had "power with God."

A revival rejoices the heart of a pastor in the west, and a lay brother comes to his help. After services the minister and this lay brother retire to rest together. At the early dawn the pastor is awakened by sobs. Not a word was said, yet it seemed as if this man's heart was ready to break. "I have no doubt," said this preacher to me, "but what this brother was pleading with God for souls."

The career of this lay brother has widened, and he has brought thousands of souls to Christ, and to-day this brother has "power with men," because he has "power with God." In conclusion, let us remember that many ministers plead earnestly with God for a blessing on their labours after they have been performed. This is a good habit, and should not be forsaken; but here is another good one: From these examples of men whom God has blessed with great success in converting souls, let us learn and practise this duty of being alone with God in prevailing prayer before preaching, having had "power with God," the promise is sure we will have "power with men."—*Rev. James Marshall.*

ENCOURAGE THE CHILDREN.

In reading the life of George Combe, the father of English phrenology, we were much struck with the following paragraph which occurs in a fragment of autobiography all too short: "With a nature highly affectionate I never received a caress; with an ardent desire to be approved of, and to be distinguished for being good and clever, I never received an encomium, nor knew what it was to be praised for any action, exertion or sacrifice, however great; and humble as was the figure I made at school, I did my best, and often dragged my weary bones there, when with a feebleness of duty I should have gone to bed." It is unspeakably sad for a man to carry about with him a bitter memory like that of George Combe's, and though his may be an exceptionally bitter one, many thousands could speak, if they would, in a similar strain. Nay, have we not ourselves the remembrance of a time when, having striven with all the might of our child-nature to overcome a defect or to do some good deed, we hungered for some word of commendation and encouragement, but hungered in vain. We possibly can even now recall the pang which almost rent our hearts asunder when, instead of the glad recognition of our striving, we were rated on the manifestation of another and different fault. Let us not, then, forget that child-nature is the same to-day as it was "when we were young."

That timid, shrinking girl, who almost starts at the sound of her own voice, and seems to become quite stupefied when you turn your stern eye upon hers, is perhaps hungering with a nameless hunger for one smile from your face, or one kindly, patient word from your lips. That smile, that kind word, she may carry into a home where poverty and care and sin ever brood, and they may be to her as heaven's benison for a whole weary week. Without that word or smile she may creep back to the shadows and beguile the hours with weeping. Has it not been so? That wild, rollicking, mischief-loving, mischief-making boy, who is the plague of your heart, but who loves you with a love purer and stronger possibly than any other boy in the class, do not judge him too harshly. It is more than likely that sometimes when he has seen the pained look in your face, his heart has smitten him, and he has made a resolve that when another Sabbath comes he will shew that he can master his weakness for the sake of his teacher. His want of success in his resolve may possibly give him