

The Feverish Hand.

It was a Monday morning and a rainy one at that. "Mother" was busy from the moment she sprang out of bed at the first sound of the rising bell "on the wrong side," as this mother can testify. She began by thinking over all that lay before her. It made her "feel like flying!" Bridget would be cross; as it was rainy there would be a chance of company for lunch, so the parlour must be tidied as well as dining room swept, dishes washed, lamps trimmed, beds made, and the children started for school. Her hands grew hot as she buttered bread for luncheons, waited on those who had to start early, and tried to pacify the little ones and Bridget.

"My dear, you're feverish," said her husband, as he held her busy hands a moment. Let your work go, and rest yourself—you'll find it pays."

"Just like a man," thought the mother. "Why, I haven't time even for my prayers!" But the little woman had resolved that she would read a few verses in her Bible before ten o'clock each day; so, standing at her bureau, she opened it at the eighth chapter of Matthew and read these words: "And He touched her hand and the fever left her; and she arose and ministered unto them."

It seemed to that busy wife as if Jesus Himself stood ready to heal her—to take the fever out of her hands, that she might minister wisely to her dear ones. The beds could wait till later in the day—the parlour might be a little disordered—she must feel His touch! She knelt and He whispered: "My strength (not yours, child) is sufficient. . . . 'As thy days so shall thy strength be.' . . . 'My yoke is easy.' (This yoke you have been galled by is the world's yoke, the yoke of public opinion or housewifely ambition,) 'take my yoke upon you and learn of me Ye shall find rest.'"

The day was no brighter, the work had still to be done, but the fever had left her, and all day she sang, "This God is our God, my Lord and my God."

It is true that, when the friends came to lunch, no fancy dishes had been prepared for the table, but the hostess's heart was filled with love for them, as members, with her, of Christ, and they went away hungering for such a realization of Him as they saw she had.

"Ah," said her husband, when he held her hands once more, "I see you took my advice, dear; the fever is quite gone."

The wife hesitated—could she tell her secret? Was it not almost too sacred? Yet—it was the secret of the Lord (not hers) and would glorify Him. Later on, when the two sat together, she told him who had cured her fever and said, quietly "I see there is a more important ministry than the house-keeping, though I don't mean to neglect that."

"Let us ask the Lord to keep hold of our hands," said her husband. "Mine grow feverish in eager money making, as yours in too eager house-keeping."

This is no fancy sketch. Dear mothers, busy, anxious housekeepers, let us go again and again to Him that He may touch our hands, lest they be feverish and so we cannot minister, in the highest sense, to those about us.—The Christian.

Take Care of the Boys.

Yes, fathers and mothers, it is your boys that need your most thoughtful care. It seems to be instinctive to parents to shield their girls from evil, to keep them from the sight and sound of sinful things.

What mother would rest when evening comes if her little daughters were at large in the street, frequenting the village store or hanging about the door of the drinking saloon?

How many times is the son of ten years old away from the sight and sound of the mother at nightfall, breathing in a worse malaria than that from stagnant pools, from the rude talk of other boys, or of course, vulgar men? Outgrow it, will they? Now and then a boy poisoned in childhood by vicious associates does live down the poison, and comes out a pure, clean man. But look over any community in search of the young men without guile, whose souls and bodies are clean and are they the rule or the exception? Scrutinize the sisters of the same young men, and do you expect to find the spotless among them the rule or the exception!

It is the curse of the world that its boys are cherished less sacredly than its girls, and they whose temptations to physical vices are strongest have the least done to fortify them against evil.

Do not say that because of the difference in their natures, boys and girls cannot be trained by the same standard of morality. It is a base libel upon manhood, fostered so long in the world that it has come almost to be believed. If the boys have greater temptations, so have they stronger powers of resistance, if these powers are only cultivated. But too often they are wholly neglected.—The Purity Advocate.

The Rainy Diary.

A young girl was looking over her diary for the old year. Suddenly she exclaimed, "What a rainy year last year must have been, mother! It seems as if my diary just overflows with rain, rain, rain. Hear this: 'A rainy day; 'More rain; 'Stormed all day; 'A shut in day on account of rain; 'Showers; 'Cold rain; 'Rain and slush; and so it goes. Isn't it funny? And yet it doesn't seem to have been such a stormy year, as I look back."

"Have you found any references at all to sunny weather in your diary, Mabel?" asked her mother.

"No-o I can't say that I have," replied the girl hesitatingly.

"You see you have taken all the pleasant days for granted, dear," said her mother, smilingly. "You don't mention the sunny days, but when there comes an occasional rain, you are careful to enter a complaint in your diary. Is that quite fair?"

"No, no—of course not!" cried the girl. But really, I never thought of it in that way. I see now that the reason why I mentioned the rainy days was because they came so frequently. It was simply their not coming very often that reminded me to put them down! The sunny days come so regularly that I never thought to speak of them."

"There is something for you to bear in mind through life, dear," her mother reminded her. "In just the same way our blessings of every kind so exceed our trials that we do not think to give our heavenly Father credit for them."

We take our innumerable daily blessings for granted, but when anything goes wrong what a cry of complaint we raise! There may be no more than half a day of showers in a fortnight of sunshine, but it goes into our book of memory, whereas all the sunny days get not a line of mention. Think of that, my dear, when you are tempted to grumble or find fault with your lot.—Sel.

The Watch and its Case.

A clergyman once tried to teach some children that the soul would live after they were all dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand. Taking out his watch he said:

"James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"Because we can see it, and hear it tick."

"Very good"

He then took off the case and held it in one hand, and the watch in the other. "Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two, which look like watches. Now I will lay the case aside, put it away down here in my hat. Now, let us see if you can hear the watch ticking."

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, go and keep time, as you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat just as well. So it is with you children. Your body is nothing but the case; the body may be taken off and buried in the ground, and the soul will live just as well as the watch will go when the case is taken off."—Selected.

Here is a fearful joke—but true to the last jot and last moment: "Will alcohol dissolve sugar?" "It will dissolve gold, brick houses, horses, happiness, love, character, reputation and religion, and everything worth having."—Sel.

The more a man carries the loads of others the less he feels his own.

A Cure for Hard Times.

BY THE LATE REV. J. B. DUNN.

THREE BEERS A DAY

- 1 barrel of flour,
- 50 pounds of sugar,
- 20 pounds of corn starch,
- 10 pounds of macaroni,
- 4 twelve pound hams,
- 1 bushel of sweet potatoes,
- 3 bushels of Irish potatoes,
- 10 pounds of coffee,
- 10 pounds of raisins,
- 10 pounds of rice,
- 20 pounds of crackers,
- 100 bars of soap,
- 3 twelve-pounds turkeys,
- 5 quarts of cranberries,
- 10 bunches of celery,
- 10 pounds of prunes,
- 4 dozen oranges,
- 10 pounds of mixed nuts.

Four big barrels heaped up! and in the bottom of the last barrel a purse with two pockets. In one pocket a five dollar gold piece marked "A dress for mother," in the other pocket a ten dollar bill marked, "To buy shoes for the children."

Workingmen everywhere! look at that list!

What is it?

That's what three beers a day for a year would buy.

Do you hear that, drinking men?

Three beers a day would buy that whole list, and a five dollar dress for mother and ten dollars worth of shoes for the children thrown in. Every drinking man in Greater New York that buys three beers a day could send to his home such a Christmas donation every year.

Three beers a day will buy it!

Working men everywhere! look at that list!

The Bright Side.

The saying is that every cloud has a silver lining. In other words every trial has its bright side. It is, however, difficult to believe this when in the midst of a severe trial. If there is a bright side to it it is very difficult to find it. Many a follower of Christ in the dark hour of trial had given way to discouragement and suffered in his soul. We have often received great benefit at such times, when earthly sympathies were gone—when misunderstood by brethren and sisters, and when we seemed to be left entirely alone in the darkness, from a beautiful incident we read long ago and with the hope of benefiting some one else we give it here:

During the great war in America between North and South, a chaplain in the northern army lay in his tent, burning and racked with pain from a Southern fever. Early one morning a dark face peered into his tent. A coloured woman entered, and with the greatest tenderness inquired:

"Massa, does you see de bright side of dis 'ere?"

"No, Nannie," replied the minister; "all seems dark where I am."

"Well, massa, I allus sees de bright side."

"How is that, Nannie? It may be you have not seen any great trouble."

"Mebbe I haven't, massa," she replied.

Then in her broken way she told him that, when a slave in Virginia, all her children had been sold one at a time and taken down South. Then her husband was sold from an auction block and driven off likewise. Last of all she was sold in a similar manner, and driven off to labor, and, as she expected, to die in the rice swamps. There she was all alone, not having seen one of her relations for years.

"Mebbe I haven't seen any great trouble, massa."

Well, Nannie, it is always bright with you."

"Allus, massa, allus"

"How is it, Nannie, that you always see the bright side? Do tell me."

"Well, when I sees de dark, black cloud risin' and about to come crushin' down upon me,—and then she waved her hand as if she saw the cloud coming down within the tent,—"when I sees the dark black cloud comin' crushin' down upon me, I jist slips round on de udder side, and dar I finds Jesus. Den it's all bright and clar. It is allus bright, massa, where Jesus is."

"Well, Nannie, if you can do that, I ought to do it."

"It 'pears like you orter to, since you

TWENTY CENTS A DAY FOR RUM

The following letter written to a Pennsylvania grocer, makes interesting reading not only to men who spend money for liquor, but to men in legitimate business who have goods to sell:

"Dear Sir:—Having been accustomed to spending twenty cents a day for whiskey, I find by saving it, I can order from you during the year the following articles

- 3 barrels of flour,
 - 100 pounds of granulated sugar,
 - 20 pounds of starch,
 - 125 pounds macaroni,
 - 60 pounds of white beans,
 - 6 pounds of ground pepper,
 - 1 dozen scrubbing brushes,
 - 50 pounds of soda,
 - 20 pounds of roasted coffee,
 - 25 cans of tomatoes,
 - 24 cans mackerel,
 - 50 pounds best raisins,
 - 1 dozen packages herbs,
 - 40 pounds oatmeal,
 - 20 pounds rice,
 - 1 barrel crackers,
 - 100 pounds of hominy,
 - 18 pounds mincemeat,
 - 1 dozen brooms,
 - 12 bottles machine oil,
 - 20 pounds Oolong tea,
 - 24 cans green peas,
 - 20 pounds dried apples,
 - 25 pounds of prunes,
 - 40 pounds laundry starch,
 - 26 pounds of table salt,
 - 25 pounds lard,
 - 12 bottles maple syrup,
 - 100 bars of soap,
 - 2 gallons chowchow,
 - 1 ream note paper,
 - 500 envelopes,
 - 2 newspapers for one year.
- I had no idea my drinking had been costing me so much. I now live better and buy more for my money."

is a minister of Jesus."

Nannie disappeared, and the minister, turning over on his blanket, said: "The Lord is my Shepherd, and now come sickness or health, life or death, burial on the Yazoo bluff, or among friends at home, all is well."

With the peace of God in his heart he quietly fell asleep. When he awoke he found himself in a gentle perspiration. The cloud had been lifted from his soul, and the fever had left his body. Nannie's faith had saved him.

Ah, yes, for the wonderful name of Jesus, the devil must flee. When temptations come and trials are severe we are apt to pity ourselves, and that encourages the devil to work, and to paint the picture still darker. When Peter sought to awaken in our Lord a self-pitying mood, He resisted and rebuked him, saying: Get thee behind me Satan; thou art an offence to me; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." As soon as we are that the temptation does not "savor the things of God," it is our duty to resist the thought or temptation. We are to resist our adversary, the devil steadfastly, that is every time, constantly until He leaves us, by faith in Jesus. He alone can enable us to overcome. Oh, the preciousness of looking to Jesus! What comfort, what rest, what joy, to know that he knows.—Gospel Banner.

General Robert E. Lee was in the cars going to Richmond one day, and was seated at the end farthest from the door. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations, and finding no seat, and having none offered to her, approached the end where the general was seated. He immediately rose and gave her his seat,

Instantly there was a general rising, each one offering his seat to the general, but he calmly said:

"No, gentlemen, if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me."

The effect was remarkable. One after the other got out of the car. The seats seemed to be too hot for them, and the general and the old lady soon had the car to themselves.

When Gladstone was asked to speak into a phonograph that the record might be made for use fifty years hence, this was his message: "I owe my life and vigor, through a long and busy life, to the Sabbath day with its blessed surcease of toil"

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

IT PAYS.

It pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early Spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,
By helping it, our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts,
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
A gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth;
To note, with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth;
To strive with sympathy and love
Their confidence to win;
It pays to open wide the heart,
And "let the sunshine in."

—Selected.

How Eddie Preached.

"When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Eddie one day.

"What is a preacher?" asked grandma. Eddie looked surprised.

Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells people what the Bible means.

"And he says, 'Thirdly, my brethren,' and everybody listens to you."

Grandma smiled. "I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma?" asked the little boy eagerly.

"Yes, really and truly."

"I'm afraid not," said Eddie, after a few moments of thought; "or I'd know how, and I don't."

"What does the preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text, and then he 'splains it. I can't do that."

"Oh, yes you can, Eddie," said grandma. "Here's a good text for you to explain: 'Be kind to one another.'"

"There's nothing to 'splain about that," said Eddie. "You just be kind to everybody; and that's all there is to it."

"A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week."

"Preach a week! Why grandma, I can't!" exclaimed Eddie.

"Can't be kind to everybody you meet for one week?"

Eddie looked thoughtful.

"Would that be preaching?" he asked.

"It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he has to say in the pulpit."

"Well," said Eddie, with a sigh, "I suppose I can try, but I wasn't thinking of that kind of preaching."

"You will be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know," said grandma.

"It's not kind to the teacher to whisper in school," said Eddie the very next day; and he did not whisper once.

"It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either," and he hurried home from school.

"It's not kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly," and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind and tried to do it. The end of the week came.

"How do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it; but grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching about that text, for everybody has been so kind to me."—Ex.

He that saveth his time from prayer shall lose it; but he that looseth his time in communion with God shall find it in a life of multiplied blessings.—Wilder.

Our mission is to preach holiness, definitely, explicitly, and aggressively.

One-half the world is kept busy correcting the mistakes of the other half.

This is the young man's age, provided the young man will appropriate it.