

The Master's Touch.

MATT. 8:15.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."
He touched her hand, as He only can,
With the wondrous skill of the Great Physician,
With the tender touch of the Son of Man.
And the fever-pain in the throbbing temples
Died out with the flush on brow and cheek,
And the lips that had been so parched and burning
Trembled with thanks that she could not speak.
And the eyes where the fever light had faded,
Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim.
And she rose and ministered in her household,
She rose and ministered unto Him.

"He touched her hand and the fever left her."
Oh, we need His touch on our fevered hands!
The cool, still touch of the Man of Sorrows
Who knows us and loves us, and understands.
So many a life is one long fever!
A fever of anxious suspense and care,
A fever of getting, a fever of fretting,
A fever of hurrying here and there.
Ah! what if in winning the praise of others
We miss at the last the King's "Well done?"
If our self-sought tasks in the Master's vineyard
Yield "nothing but leaves" at the set of the sun?

"He touched her hand and the fever left her."
Oh, blessed touch of the Man Divine!
So beautiful then to arise and serve Him,
When the fever is gone from your life and mine;
It may be the fever of restless serving,
With heart all thirsting for love and praise,
And eyes all aching and strained with yearning
Toward self-set goals in the future days.
Or it may be a fever of spirit anguish,
Some tempest of sorrow that does not down,
Till the cross at last in meekness lifted,
And the head stoops low for the thorny crown,
Or it may be a fever of pain and anger,
When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,
And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows
Left carelessly, cruelly rankling there.

Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it;
Whatever the tempest, His voice can still it;
There is only joy as we seek His pleasure,
There is only rest as we choose His will.
And some day after life's fitful fever,
I think we shall say, in the home on high,
"If the hands that He touched but did His bidding,
How little it matters what else went by!"

Ah, Lord! Thou knowest us altogether,
Each heart's sore sickness, whatever it be;
Touch Thou our hands! Let the fever leave us,
And so shall we minister unto Thee!
—The Christian. (London).

The Office of Discipline.

That discipline has an office, and one that is invaluable, no one who has had experience in life, or who has been a close observer, will question. Many of the Old and New Testament worthies were prepared by the severe discipline through which they passed for the great work God had for them to do.

It was Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss who wrote, "Christian life is not all contemplation and prayer; it is not all muscle and sinew; it is a perfect, practicable union of the two. I believe in joyful emotions if they result in self-denying, patient work for Christ—I believe in work if it is winged by faith and prayer." She believed with Fenelon that "to be constantly in a state of enjoyment that takes away the feeling of the cross, and to live in a fervor of devotion that constantly keeps paradise open—that is not dying upon the cross and becoming nothing."

This blessed union of joyful experience and patient work is usually brought about through God's discipline. Here indeed is the sacred office of discipline. Upon the Mount of Transfiguration Peter exclaimed, "Lord, it is good for us to be here;" "let us stay here in tabernacles made by human hands"—for he knew not, as yet, that blissful experience was only one part of a true life; that work was just as essential.

Down in the low valley of suffering and human woe, were the multitude waiting for the coming of the Master and his disciples. There were tears to be dried away, mighty deeds to be wrought, demonstrating divine truth. But Peter never came to a full realization of the necessity of work for Christ, as well as to know the sweet comfort of faith in him, until he had experienced the fires of discipline. In the cloud of glory upon the mount he thought but little of service; then it was only his wish to bathe his soul in waves of delicious emotion—a state of

Ward off Disease by taking K. D. C.

the religious life in which the most subtle forms of selfishness may be unconsciously cherished. Afterward, when that trial of his faith, which is "more precious than gold that perisheth," had been meted out to him by a Father's love, he was able to comprehend that the true dignity of life on earth was in doing as well as enjoying.

What a lesson is here for every one. How sacred the office of discipline. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," worketh because affliction brings us into harmony with the activities of heaven, leading us to render holy service to others while sojourning upon earth.

We listened quite frequently to a testimony from one of God's most faithful laborers that serves to illustrate the sacred office of discipline. He had long thought himself a true Christian because a certain inward satisfaction with himself and with his surroundings had been originated in his soul. His religion had been little more than fickle emotion, easily disturbed by any passing unpropitious gale; for years he had not risen to the blessedness of patient, unselfish toil in Christ's vineyard; he had been constantly thinking of sermons and ministers that would kindle enthusiasm and thus bring momentary delight. Nothing was seen of others' need, nothing was felt as to his personal responsibility. Many a time he had hailed the period usually designated the time to begin the "extra meetings," not so much because his soul was throbbing with deep agony for the salvation of sinners as that he might enjoy for himself the pleasurable excitement. But God was merciful, and at last brought him to a painful and dangerous illness. He was not compelled to examine the foundations of confidence. No longer could he flatter himself that all was right, because of an uninterrupted flow of emotion. That was now impossible from the nature of his trial: that had given place to a distressing uncertainty as to his spiritual anxiety. Here in the fiery furnace came salvation. That "trial of his faith" was God's method of deliverance.

He saw as never before that his joyful emotion had not resulted in self-denying, patient work for Christ. He was amazed to discover how his religion had been without "muscle and sinew;" how it had contained, unconsciously to himself, the pernicious elements of selfishness. For many years the cry of despair had fallen upon his ear from hearts wounded by the ill of life; but he had no Christlike word of hope to speak. The community had long been groaning beneath heavy burdens, but his hand had not once sought to remove the cause of these woes. A silent, selfish observer had been, concerned about little but his own present comfort. He saw it all. The Holy Spirit wrought within him with unparelled, convincing force. As a penitent he besought God. He entered into new covenants with him, and as the result there was planted in his soul another higher impulse. The blessedness of ministry in behalf of others filled him with a strange yearning. He was now willing to forego personal comfort if he might only relieve the woes of others. It was now his choice to impart rather than to receive.

God does not chasten us willingly; always he seeks our good. While in the furnace, therefore, it becomes us to wait with holy submission. No eye may search the depths of our sorrow save the unseen; no hand may cover the heavens with a new bow of promise but his own—so deep, and beyond human help, is our earthly discipline. But let us ever remember that nothing is so fruitful of good to ourselves as this divine tuition, so often keen and unexpected in its methods. By this we are brought into closeness of contact both with God and men, an identification that secures for ourselves the "power of Christ" for service, and maintains us in that spirit living sympathy with others which is essential to their rescue.—Selected

"Use Not Vain Repetitions."

This is the counsel of the great Teacher to those who were known as the especially religious people of the sacred city. He observed that in their devotional exercises they made use of certain phrases which had lost to them largely all spiritual significance. When he considers the original Greek word translated "repetitions" to be derived from a word meaning "tattle" or "chatter." He says in commenting upon the passage: "The repetitions of a fervent heart are not condemned; but the parrot-like recitation of heartless phrases, as if the mere saying them over would be a merit." Dr.

K. D. C. Cures Dyspeptics and makes them cholera proof

Thomson, in his "Land and Book," says of the repetitions of modern Orientalists: "They are obliged to repeat some expressions thirty times; others many hundred times. Would that these remarks did not apply to nominal Christians in this land as well as to Moslems."

We would be glad if it were possible to write upon this subject as frankly as the urgency of the situation demands and yet not "offend any of these little ones" or be misapprehended by any; for it is lamentably true that our prayer-meetings and class-meetings to a very large degree are losing their attractiveness and edifying influence because of the use of vain repetitions. Familiar phrases—the staple of the prayer and testimony—once the language of a soul at spiritual white-heat, now fall flat and dead upon the ears of the hearer. As a result, the average attendance upon our devotional meetings is exceedingly limited and meagre. There is, therefore, no more important work for our ministers as they "begin anew" after the vacation season than to determine break up, but with the exercise of great wisdom and kindness, this habit of repetition and "religious cant."

Our devotional services ought to be greatly enriched by Bible study and the presentation of larger and more inspiring thought. A season of special preparation and meditation by minister and people should precede participation in our social meetings. The only reason that so few people are seen at prayer meeting is because there is nothing in the services to attract them. We exhort our ministry who are the leaders of our militant host to "think on these things" and to lead a reform in this matter. The spiritual tone and life of our churches may certainly be elevated and deepened at once if wise and earnest effort is made in this direction. Use the New Testament more. Unfold its richer meaning the prayer meeting. Break it as the bread of life, and the hungry souls shall be fed. Then those who have been fed will bring others to share in the Gospel feast. We are confident that the attendance at our prayer-meetings for the coming months could be greatly augmented, if our ministers would but address themselves at once to this subject. As Rev. Charles Garrett, of Liverpool, Eng., was quoted as saying in our issue of last week: "Why do not people go to church? Why do not people gather round the fire? They do go to church and they do gather round the fire where there is any light and heat."

But the use of vain repetitions reaches further, and we desire to call attention to other of its objectionable and harmful features. There is a class of good people who, in ordinary conversation, in all places and under all circumstances, make use of certain stereotyped religious expressions and ejaculations. If they write a business letter, it begins and ends with the use of such phraseology. Written across the margin at the top of such a letter just received from a minister, relative to a matter connected with this paper, is a verse from one of the Gospels and the letter is brought to a close with a verse from one of Paul's Epistles. A merchant of our acquaintance who deals largely with the ministers and laymen of our church, receiving many orders for goods by mail, often receives letters in which religious phrases to the extent of vain repetitions constitute a large part of the correspondence. We are very sure that such a habit in ordinary business transactions does not produce the impression which the writer anticipates. We believe that it was against just this practice that the great Teacher spoke His strong and decisive word of rebuke.—Zion's Herald.

Two Unlike Things.
"Preaching to the people" and "delivering a sermon before them," do not these two expressions characterize two very unlike things? Is not the one to be coveted, studied, carefully provided for, and the other to be fought against, escaped at all hazards, as a vice which lies so near to us as to be a constantly menacing danger. The one requires careful preparation of the message, but far more a careful preparation of the messenger. The other puts the thought mainly on the sermon as a production, and on the delivery of it as an art. In the one case the preacher attends less to himself and his sermon, and more to the people. He is doing business with the people for God, seeks as his end to move the people to definite action. In the other case the attention is fixed on the sermon as a thing to be given out, and on the question of giving it out. The natural result in the one case would be to impress people with the truth and their duty. In the other case it will be natural to think of the sermon and

of the preacher. If people should speak together in the one case, it would naturally be on the question, What shall we do? In the other case it would be on the qualities of the sermon and of the preaching of it. One of the vices of candidating or of promiscuous supplies is, that it leads almost necessarily to thinking of the sermon and of the preaching of it, instead of the duty and obligation imposed by the truth. The greatest of preachers preached so completely and thoroughly to men that he allowed their questions to decide his topics, and the direction of his discourse. His texts were very largely chosen for him by the people, or by the single individual. It was the question, "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" which drew out the final answer, "Sell all that thou hast and give unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow me." It was the fact of his turning away sorrowful, which led Christ to say, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

It was Peter's saying, "We have left all and followed thee," and his question, self-interested, if not indeed selfish, "What shall we have therefore?" which brought out the comforting and seemingly strange assurance, "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or mother, or father, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's but he shall receive a hundred fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions, and in the world to come eternal life."

Every example of preaching recorded in the Scripture is that practical, persuasive address to the people looking towards the action of the people. So clearly was this the case with Paul, that when his audience would not heed the truth, he turned away from them to others, as from the Jews to the Gentiles.—Inquirer.

Be Not Afraid.

Fear is weakness. A timid mariner sailing upon tempestuous seas cannot make the desired haven. His mind will be so preoccupied with threatened danger, so diverted from the ship's chart and compass, that correct observations will not be possible. He is fearful when he should be calm and courageous. His companions quickly catch the same spirit when he is found wanting in this, the essential quality of competent seamanship.

It is not different with the Christian mariner. When the billows break upon him, only to produce fear and shrinking of soul, then there will be not only the inability in himself to use the means by which the surging seas may be conquered, but all who see his timidity will be, like himself, in danger of speedy shipwreck.

Peter was in peril. He partially discerned his Lord, but not clearly. He was fearful, and was about to perish. Over the deep a voice, "Be not afraid," came to him. That voice was not for him only, but for the rest of the ship's company. Rather, it was a voice to the millions of all time, struggling, sinking, perishing. "Cast away fear; be not afraid, for it is I," is the one word more than any other that has given strength to this sorrowing, tempted world to overcome the adverse winds and waves.

Who will open our eyes to see this blessed Lord? our ears to hear his assuring voice? All else is of minor importance, for any mere theory without the heart vision is valueless. Who will make our Master's presence real? His voice a veritable revelation? The Holy Spirit will do all this. His office it is to make Jesus a living person, a mighty Saviour to every trusting soul, whatever may be the seas of trouble threaten.

It is for each one to ask for the Spirit's aid. A request for the Spirit to enlighten is as pleasing to God as the answer in necessary to our sight of Christ. That request is reasonable, is according to God's plan of mercy, is honored everywhere and at all times.

How may we ride life's tempestuous billows safely? By a courageous spirit. How may we have this courage? By seeing Jesus.

How may we see our Lord? By the indwelling Comforter.

How may we have Him as our permanent guest? By earnest, sincere, believing prayer.—Advocate.

Freedom and Love.

It cannot be too greatly emphasized that Christ has bought us that he might make us free; and that this should draw out to him our soul's deepest affections and life's best service. There is a story told by a man who, years ago, was taken captive in the Mediterranean by one of the corsairs which used to sweep those seas. He

Drive out Dyspepsia or it will drive out thee, Use K. D. C.

was sold as a slave and endured the rigors of Mohammedan bondage. One day an Englishman came on board the vessel where he was, and talking with his owner made a bargain for him, paid the price, and bought the slave. The poor captive bitterly reproached his purchaser: "You, a freeborn Englishman, buy me for a slave!" But the purchaser said: "I have bought you to set you free." At once the captive's sorrow was turned to joy and his reproach to gratitude; and falling at the feet of his new master, he said: "I will be your servant forever." Thenceforth nothing was too hard for him to do for a master who had bought him with a price that he might set him free. So Jesus has bought us, and so ought we to serve him.—Pittsburg Advocate.

Random Readings.
God's delays are not necessarily denials.
There can be no hate in a Christian's heart.
Never forget that the end of a sermon is the salvation of the people.—McCheyne.
Love is the central, deepest, highest thing in life. Muscle and brain are only its servants.
The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.—Rev. Dr. John Hall.
"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles."
There has never been wisdom enough in the world to know how to help a man who does not try to help himself.
Labor may be a burden and a chastisement, but it is also an honor and a glory. Without it nothing can be accomplished.
The road to ambition is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.
I have always found that the honest truth of our own mind has a certain attraction for every other mind that loves truth honestly.—Carlyle.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.
DYSPEPSIA CURED.
GENTLEMEN,—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I started to use it and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case.
BERT J. REID,
Wingham, Ont.

UNBEARABLE AGONY.
For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint, nothing gave me relief and I kept getting worse until the pain was almost unbearable, but after I had taken the first dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry I found great relief and it did not fail to cure me.
WM. T. GLENN, Wilfrid, Ont.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parlee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parlee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

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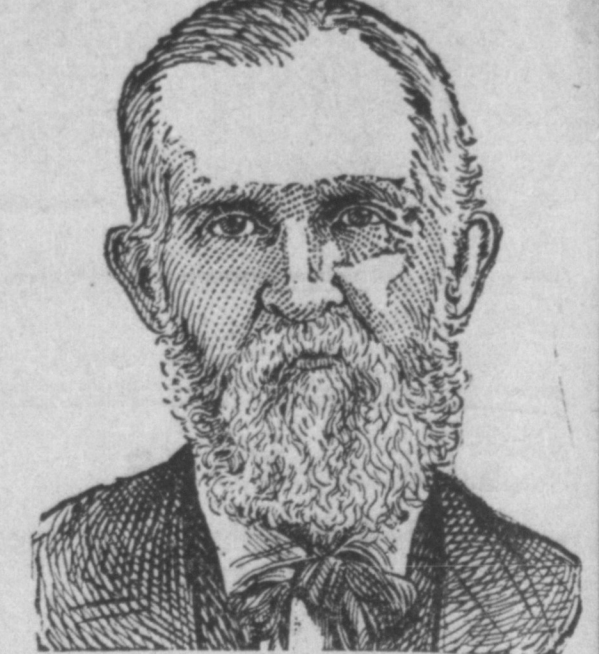
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I had a very bad spell of paralysis of the throat some time ago. My throat seemed closed and I could not swallow. The doctors said it was caused by heart failure, and gave medicine, which I took according to directions, but it did not seem to do me any good. My wife urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, telling me of Mr. Joseph C. Smith, who had been

At Death's Door
but was entirely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. After talking with Mr. Smith, I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken two bottles I felt very much better. I have continued taking it, and am now feeling excellent. I thank God, and

Hood's Sarsaparilla
and my wife for my restoration to perfect health." HARVEY HEED, Laceyville, O.

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3rd. Wiley's Emulsion is without any question the best value in the market. Full dose of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Largest bottle for the money, equal to many preparations of twice the cost.

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