

[The Master's Touch.]

"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
 Tied 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."
 O, 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 day.
 Or it may be a fever of spirit anguish,
 Some tempest of sorrow that dies 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 ranking there.
 Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it;
 Whatever the tempest, His voice can still;
 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!
 —London Christian.

Crying Unto The Lord.

It should be a source of constant encouragement to the Christian to know that he may have access to God at any time and under any circumstances. The prophet's words, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear," is a comfort to the believer, and moves him to cry unto the Lord whenever special occasion for divine help occurs.

There are those who insist that the child of God has no business troubling the Father with petty cares of life; that he should possess in himself such resources as will enable him to meet the exigencies of life with courage and philosophic resignation, and not be constantly crying to God for succor, and beseeching Him for deliverance, and imploring Him for guidance with reference to all the details of life. Now, while some may be able to project their religious lives in accordance with some such principle of calm and almost indifferent complaisance, the greater number of God's children find refreshment of soul and inspiration for the daily duties in the confidence which they possess that the Father of us all is pleased to hear their cry for the minor concerns of life as well as for the greater. The divine Lord said on one occasion: "Whosoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do," and, "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it," plainly indicating that the expression of no need of a child of God would be distasteful to the Father. Furthermore, the Scriptures furnish abundant evidence, both by promise and by example, that "the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry."

The Psalms indicate repeatedly that in moments of unusual distress a cry went up to the Lord for help. "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee," says the psalmist, with a confidence that must have been the result of frequent favorable responses to his urgent petitions. "Hear my cry, O God," groans David; "attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy." So the children of God, in any moment of peculiar trial, trouble, or temptation, should flee to the source of all deliverance and comfort for succor.

Blessed is the man who, when overwhelmed with the troubles of this life, can turn in assurance to God, and, leaning upon those "everlasting arms,"

Sour stomachs sweetened by the use of K. D. C.

say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." To have such a refuge is a great boon. Those who do not avail themselves of it must find their trouble grievous to be borne. The privilege of care-freedom is peculiarly the heritage of the Christian, and one does not enter into the real significance and enjoyment of the spiritual life until, through the inestimable medium of practical personal experience, he has learned that the word is literally true which says: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved," and that "None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
 For I am thy God I will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand."

There are times of peculiar peril that befall those who are the Lord's and it frequently happens that the agonizing cry for deliverance that arises to the throne from those who are imperiled brings instantaneous response. If it is true that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them," why should it be thought strange if some child of God, suddenly imperiled through no fault of his own, crying to God for succor, should be released immediately from his perilous situation?

An instance of this sort was chronicled in the daily papers of last week. The account, substantially as stated, is as follows: Fire broke out in one of the old East Side dwelling houses of this city at four o'clock one morning. Down in the street stormed the firemen, coupling hose and dragging it to the front. Up stairs in the peak of the roof in the broken skylight, hung a man, old, feeble, and gasping for breath, struggling vainly to reach the roof. He had piled chairs upon tables and climbed up where he could grasp the edge, but his strength had given out when one more effort would have freed him. He felt himself sinking back. Over him was the sky, reddened now by the fire that raged below. Through the hole the pent-up smoke in the building found vent, and rushed in a black and smothering cloud.

"Air, air," grasped the old man. "O God, water!"

There was a swishing sound, a splash, and the copious spray of a stream sent over the house from the street fell upon his upturned face. It beat back the smoke. Strength and hope returned. He took another grip on the roof just as he was about to let go.

"O that I might be reached yet and saved from this horrible death," he prayed. "Help, O God, help!"

An answer shortly came over from the adjoining roof. He had been heard, and the firemen, who did not dream that anyone was in the burning building, had him in a minute.

Safe in the street, the old man fell upon his knees. "I prayed for water, and it came; I prayed for freedom, and was saved. The God of my people be praised!" he said, and bowed his head in thanksgiving.

In the hour of heart-anguish where shall the sorrow-stricken soul go for consolation but to "the Father of all mercies and the God of all comfort?" The sweetest word of the truest and strongest earthly friend avails but little when the heart is riven and bleeding with sorrow. In such a moment the heart cries out to God for succor. There is no satisfying comfort anywhere but in the precious presence and consolation of God. The reason why God lays His hand in heaven upon His child may be a mystery until the end of time, but the bereaved one may surely know that "He heareth the cry of the afflicted," and that though "many are the afflictions of the righteous," yet "the Lord delivereth him out of them all." The cry of the sorrowing soul is surely heard by the all-loving Father, who, in His tenderness, administers consolation so full, so sweet, so satisfying, that the believing soul is strengthened and refreshed, and his expectation concerning the things of the life that is to come is enlarged and established. The heavenly Father is not the only one who is touched into sympathy when the cry of the afflicted soul ascends to the throne:

"But He whose human feet have trod All paths of trial, He who knew No sympathy but that of God,
 Though linked with flesh that craved it, too,
 Yearns with us in our needs, our dreads;
 And, mindful of our feeble frame,
 Holds to His heart our throbbing heads,
 With love that hath no mortal name."
 Then, believing child of God, in the hour of need—be it great, be it small

K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the bowels.

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—cry aloud for God, call upon His name, and rich blessing will surely come to your trusting heart.—Chris. Advocate.

Helping Another by Prayer.

Prayer in private, for one's self or for others is a purely personal and individual concern. It is wholly between one's self and God. No one else is to be considered in its thought or phrasing. In this it differs from public prayer with or for others. When others are to be led in prayer, they are carefully to be borne in mind in what is spoken and in the spirit of one's speech. Public prayer is necessarily quite different from private prayer. Still another kind of prayer, differing from both prayer by one's self and prayer with an assembly, is with and for another individual, prayer by a sick-bed, prayer with one in bereavement or sorrow, prayer with an anxious or a doubting soul, prayer with one who needs help and guidance and comfort. Such prayer is often a duty, and it behooves one to be ready for it when necessary, and to conduct it considerately, sympathetically, and wisely.

If you must help another in prayer, you must first put yourself alongside of him as he is, in order to bring him to the plane where you would like him to be. If he is cast down by sorrow or penitence, or perplexed by doubt or anxiety, it will not do for you to start out with a clear, sharp note of triumphant faith, or of confident rejoicing. He is not ready for that. It is likely to discourage him. If he thinks that you cannot understand his case, or be touched by the feeling of his infirmities as he is, you are not the helper that he needs. His heart cannot open toward yours.

Unless you perceive his present state of mind, and see just how he is feeling, and why he feels so, you are unprepared to pray with him in such tenderness and sympathy as convinces him that you are his friend and helper, and makes him ready to be led along by you in the path you would have him walk. Beware of such a beginning of your prayer as puts a barrier between him and you at the start. You can never help a despondent soul upward by soaring above him, and summoning him to rise and accompany you in your flight, before you have stooped down to him, and gained a hold on him in his despondency. He must be taken as he is, even though you do not intend to leave him so.

It touches a heart deeply to find itself understood and sympathized with, especially if it has felt itself stricken beyond comparison or appreciation. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." There is no doubt on that point. And when, in its grief, the heart's hopeless cry is, "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me," it is a startling surprise, that may even bring comfort to the soul, to find that another understands this bitterness and sorrow, even if it has not experienced its very like. Help like this comes in sympathetic prayer from one who kneels by the stricken one, and pours out to God his own soul in supplications that the aching heart can make its own, even while it could not have framed them intelligibly.

Kneeling by the bedside of a bereaved mother, who was mourning hopelessly the death of her dearest child, and who did not even wish to be comforted by any words of cheer, a clergyman who had experienced the loss of a greatly loved child under peculiarly trying circumstances, began his gently spoken prayer substantially thus: "Dear Saviour, thou knowest the depths of this great sorrow; and we are sure that thou wouldst gladly give help, even by bringing back to the longing heart of this mourning mother the dear child thou hast taken from her. Thou canst do it, dear Lord; and we know that somehow, hard as it is for us to understand it, only love keeps thee back from doing so. Thou understandest this mother's love and this mother's grief. Thou dost thyself love her, and love her child, very dearly. Her dear child understands thee now better than she can; and that dear child would say to her as thou dost say, Mother, take comfort. If you knew all, you could not wish it different."

At this point, the mother burst out with the cry, "Do you think that's so?" Her heart was now open to a comforting thought; and the way was ready for a common prayer by the two believers to their common Saviour, in their common sorrow. Similar words of comfort and help are often spoken in prayer by one who seeks to minister to a needy soul in the spirit of Christ. They ought to be spoken yet more frequently.

An army deserter in war time was under sentence of death. Handcuffed

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and fettered, he was crouching by starlight on the banks of the James River. A chaplain sat by him, who had vainly proffered him help and counsel. The deserter wanted no prayers in his behalf, no advice or sympathy. He said he had "lived game," and he would die game." The chaplain had, however, learned enough of his story to know that he had a mother in his distant home, for whom he still had feelings of affection. The chaplain knelt and began a prayer tenderly in behalf of the condemned soldier. Praying to the God of all comfort, he asked that, even though we might lack comfort, it might be given to the crushed and sad-hearted mother, when she learned in her lonely home, of the death of the son of her love.

At this mention, in the prayer, of the breaking mother heart, the stubborn son uttered a wild cry, as if his own heart had burst, and he threw himself forward on the sward, and sobbed great sobs of grief. The chaplain stretched himself alongside of him, and for a while simply showed his sympathy by holding his arm lovingly about his neck and letting him cry out his cry. Then he spoke tenderly, and asked if he might not pray for that mother's boy as well as for her. All stubbornness was gone. The two prayed together now, and the chaplain could help the soldier in prayer as he could not before.

Many a soul which cannot, as things are, help itself in prayer, can be helped by another in prayer. It waits for some man to put its needy form into the healing waters of the spiritual Bethesda, that it may receive a blessing, and it waits in vain. If a needy soul cannot go alone to Jesus, it should be carried. As the palsied man was borne by loving hands, and let down through the roof to be laid at the feet of the Great Physician, so it is for us to appear on our arms of faith, in faith-filled prayer, one and another spiritually palsied soul, and lay them down at the feet of Jesus. He can heal them, and we can help them thus to their healing.—S. S. Times.

Personal Care in the Still Chamber.

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." There is something here which should be inexpressibly sweet to the believer, for this shows the minuteness of God's care, the individuality of His love; how it condescends and stoops and acts, not only in great, but in little spheres; not only where glory might be procured from great results, but where naught is to be had save the great multitude and love of a poor, feeble creature whose life has been protected and preserved in a period of helplessness and sleep. How blessed would it be if we made a larger recognition of God in the still chamber; if we thought of Him as being there in all hours of illness, weariness, and pain; if we believed that His interest and care are as much concentrated upon the feeble believer there as upon His people when in the wider battlefield of the strife of tongues! There is something inexpressibly touching in this "laying down" of the psalmist. In thus lying down he voluntarily gave up any guardianship of himself; he resigned himself into the hands of another; he did so completely, for in the absence of all care he slept; there was here a perfect trust. Many a believer lies down, but it is not to sleep. Perhaps he feels safe enough so far as his body is concerned, but cares and anxieties invade the privacy of his chamber; they come to try his faith and trust; they threaten, they frighten, and alas! prove too strong for trust. * * * It is the experience of some of the Lord's people that, although equal to an emergency or a continued pressure, a reaction sets in afterward, and when they come to be alone their spirits sink, and they do not realize that strength from God or feel that confidence in Him which they felt while the pressure was exerting its force. * * * There is a trial in stillness; and oftentimes the still chamber makes a larger demand upon loving trust than the battlefield.

O that we could trust God more and more with personal things! O that He were the God of our chamber as well as of our houses and our temples! O that we could bring Him more and more into the minutiae of our daily life! If we did this, we should experience a measure of rest to which, perhaps, we are strangers now; we should have less dread of the sick chamber; we should have that unharassed mind which conduces most to repose in body and soul; we should be able to say: "I will lie down and sleep in peace, and leave tomorrow with God." Beloved, shall we not follow the psalmist's example; shall we not also say: "I will both lay me

down in peace and sleep; I shall not

also surrender ourselves into the holy and personal care of our Lord?

* * * If our trust be small, we can seldom thus rest and refresh ourselves in God; we cannot, if I may so speak, enjoy the pleasure of quiet in Him and with Him; we may be able to walk, run, fight, speak, sing, anything or everything, but rest. * * *

God is honored by such trust, and we on our part shall be benefited; and as he who is well rested comes forth from the privacy of his chamber refreshed for the trials and labors of the day, and prepared to bear its burden and heat; so we also, having been drawn aside from turmoil for awhile and enjoyed the security and conscious peace which is to be had in the felt presence of being alone with God, may go forth able to do and endure what otherwise might have been too much for our overtasked strength.—Rev. Philip Bannet Power, M. A.

Who Conquers Must Suffer.

Crowns only adorn the heads of those who have carried crosses. The parable of the diamond and the wheel may comfort some overlaid with troubles. It is recorded as follows:

"Alas!" cried a diamond to the wheel upon which it was being cut, "here I have been tortured for the last three days. What a misfortune it was that I ever came your way!"

"Say not so," replied the wheel, in encouraging tones. "The last stone that came to me was so rough and dull that you could scarce tell it was a diamond, but when I had done with it, it was placed in a king's crown."

"A king's crown!" exclaimed the astonished stone; "and do you think that I shall ever adorn the brow of a king?"

"It is quite possible; but if not allowed to enjoy so great an honor, you may find some other exalted and brilliant position, but you will never see the glories of a royal house unless I do my utmost for you."

"Then grind away," said the gem, as it nerved itself to endure the trial. "I'll stand it if it means an increase of beauty and promotion."—Walsford.

An Effective Plan.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. An old man standing near replied: "I once was prosperous. I had a loving wife and two fine sons. We had a comfortable home. But we used to drink ale 'to make us work.' Those two lads I laid in drunkard's graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and lies by her sons. I used to drink to make me work. Mark! it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread."

All Run Down.

Central Norton, N. B. Jan. 27, 1896. I was all run down and had no appetite. I had a tired feeling all the time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and it benefited me so much, that I would not be without it." Mrs. G. I. Burnett.

Hood's PILLS cure biliousness, indigestion.

Why is It?

There are 7,470,000 negroes in the United States. More than one-third of them, viz.: 2,674,000 are church members. Of these 1,402,550 are Baptists. M. T. Vann, of Chattanooga, Tenn., the great colored Baptist "bishop," says: "Give a negro the Bible and he will man to 'explain it away,' and he has no more sense than to be a Baptist every time. When you see a negro that is any thing else, you may put it down that some white man has been 'explaining' the Scriptures for him!"—Baptist Beacon.

A Life Saved.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

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Result of a Neglected Cold. DISEASED LUNGS

Which Doctors Failed to Help, CURED BY TAKING

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

"I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I did what is often done in such cases, neglected it, thinking it would go away as it came; but I found, after a little while, that the slightest exertion pained me. I then

consulted a Doctor

who found, on examining my lungs, that the upper part of the left one was badly affected. He gave me some medicine which I took as directed, but it did not seem to do any good. Fortunately, I happened to read in Ayer's Almanac, of the effect that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral had on others