

under the appearance of a revelation of light. Your only support may be your sincerity, your love to God and to immortal souls, your sole dependence on divine guidance and power, your firm conviction that your whole work meets the divine approval.

"But what if these despisers perish?" With that you can have nothing to do. They will not let you have any part in their salvation. Their blood must be upon their own heads. They are wholly responsible for themselves, and partly for those who, by their influence, reject God's word and work.—*Standard.*

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. Others besides children get out of bed "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 was a chance of company for lunch, so the parlor must be tidied, as well as dining-room swept, dishes washed, lamps trimmed, beds made, and 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 the 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 before ten o'clock each day; so, standing by her bureau, she opened to 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 parlor 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 (thy 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 not 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' 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 what had cured her fever, and said, quietly:

"I see that there is a more important ministry than the housekeeping, 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 housekeeping."

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

DEGREES OF EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. JOHN FLETCHER.

"A perfect Gentile sees God in His works and providences; but, wanting a more particular manifestation of His existence and goodness, he sighs, Oh, where shall I find Him? A perfect Jew ardently expects His coming as Messiah and Emanuel, or God with us; and he groans, Oh, that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down! A perfect disciple of John believes that the Messiah is come in the flesh, and prays, O Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, restore the kingdom to a waiting Israelite; baptize me with the Holy Ghost; fill me with the Spirit! A perfect Christian can witness from blessed experience that He who was 'manifest in the flesh' is come in the Spirit's power to establish within them His gracious 'kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.'"