

thought it would—Garfield get healed, our Church get the preacher we wanted, some volcanic eruption of revival influence burst out, or our financial needs be supplied by magic instead of by work, it will be more modest for us to assume that we made a mistake either in interpreting or applying whatever guidance we had, than for us to blame the doctors, or the bishops, or the mails, or other people, for not fulfilling God's will. I don't know that it shows any less faith in God to suspect ourselves of mistaking His guidings, than to suspect His Providence of being either out of harmony with His Spirit or unable to carry out its designs, because every one don't see and act as saints do.

Our mistakes may be expected to tally with our inexperience in the subject whereof we are judging; and they may be reduced rapidly by humility, and close attention to advice, means of information, rebukes of Providence, and prayer.

Let us practically recognize in ourselves what we teach to others, namely, that perfect love is not perfect judgment! Let us utilize the known mistakes of to-day to the obtaining of a better judgment to-morrow! Let us never confuse acknowledgment of error with confession of sin, nor imagine that we grieve the Spirit by such acknowledgment!—*Standard*.

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### THE MYSTERIOUS PROVISION.

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In the month of January, 1882, I called on a Christian family in Chelsea, Mass., poor in this world, but "rich in faith," with whom I had had some previous acquaintance. The husband and father had gone to meeting, taking the three eldest children with him. As the wife and mother rocked her youngest child to sleep, attentive to its every want, the conversation turned from an earthly parent's care to the heavenly Father's love and care over His children. The tears and smiles which chased each other across her face, as she related to me the following story, had an eloquence of their own which mere words fail to convey; convincing the listener that though "the young lions may lack and suffer hunger," "they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

"My husband," said she, "has been poorly all winter, working about three days in a week; and my two eldest girls had to leave school and go to work in a factory. About the first of December my husband was taken sick, and was unable to leave the house; and the next week the two girls caught severe colds, and had to leave the mill. We had no means of support except what my husband and children earned, and during their illness my faith was often tried.