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Jesus Heals the Man With a Withered Hand.

And if we do these works, and these only on Sunday then we shall be like Jesus, even as Jesus was like His Heavenly Father.

One Sabbath day soon after the two Sabbaths I have been telling you about, Jesus went into the synagogue. And there was a man there whose right hand was withered. Palsy made the hand hang down like a withered flower; it would not move, and was of no use at all. The Pharisees who were watching Jesus said to Him, 'Is it right to heal on the Sabbath day?' They wanted, you see, to have something to find fault with.

Jesus knew their thoughts, and He said to the man with the withered hand, 'Rise up, and stand forth in the midst.' And the man arose, and stood out in the middle of the synagogue, where all might see what

Jesus was going to do. Then Jesus said to the Pharisees, 'I will ask you one thing: Is it right on the Sabbath day to do good or to do evil? To save life, or to destroy it?'

But the Pharisees had hard, bad hearts. They did not want to understand Jesus, and they did not try to answer His questions. When Jesus had looked around at them all with a look full of sorrow and anger, He turned to the sick man, and said, 'Stretch forth thine hand.' Did the man say, 'I have palsy; I can't; it won't move?' No, he stretched it out, and it was made whole like the other.

And, just in the same way, whenever Jesus tells us to do a thing, however difficult it seems, we must try at once to do it, and Jesus will give us the strength that we want. —Footsteps of the Master.

'You, Me, or Anybody.'

'Why James, man, I wonder that you fash yourself so over that old Bible; you're no scholar, and you'll make nothing out, with all your studying. For my part, I think there's a deal more satisfaction in a newspaper.' And Hannah Simpson, as she spoke, left her work at the other end of the kitchen, and, wiping her hands on her apron, came and stood looking over her husband's shoulder, as he sat at a table near the fire, with an old-fashioned family Bible open before him.

James took no heed either of his wife's words or her presence. His brows were knit over his task, and his horny finger continued, in its slow progress over the paper, to trace out the letters of the words he was striving to read. 'W-h-o,' he spelled, 's-o-e-v-e-r; ay, but that's a heavy word!' And he breathed a deep sigh of mingled excitement and discouragement.

'I can make out that it's about something rare and good,' he exclaimed again, after he had slowly and laboriously spelled his way through the remainder of the verse. "Let him take the water of life freely," that's just what the preacher said, and he told us that "water of life" meant salvation; but who is to take it?—that beat's me.' Then glancing around him in his perplexity, he became conscious for the first time that his wife was near.

'Ay, Hannah, lass, I wish thee could tell me what that long word is.'

Hannah, who scarcely knew one letter from another, bent down and looked closely at the 'long word,' and then she shook her head.

'Nay, James, I can't help thee; it's all Greek to me. If our little Tim had lived we'd have made him a scholar, for a bit o' larnin's real useful sometimes. But don't take on about it, man. Maybe it don't mean anything particular, after all.'

So Hannah returned to her work, casting occasional sympathizing glances at her husband as he still bent over the book, and wishing with an increased soreness of her mother-heart that their little Tim had not been taken; the house had been so awful lonesome ever since, and that was it surely that had set James on studying and saying such strange things about being a sinner. A sinner, indeed! If there was an honest, kind man in the world it was her James, and trouble must indeed have turned his head before he could call himself such a dreadful name.

Whilst Hannah's thoughts were thus busy, her husband sat still and pondered. For some weeks past he had been bearing on his heart a load that was becoming well-nigh unsupportable. He scarcely knew how it first came there; it was strangely mixed up in his thoughts with the death of his child, and a hymn that had been sung at little Tim's grave by the scholars of the Sunday-school that he used to attend. James had always been a steady man, but he had lived with scarcely a thought of God, and his Sabbaths had been spent in careless, weary lounging, instead of being used for the worship of God, and care for the precious soul God had given him. But when the winsome and dearly-