

**"WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?"**

"Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love."—*P.R.H.*

My hands were filled with many things  
That I did precious hold  
As any treasure of a king's,  
Silver, or gems, or gold.  
The Master came and touched my hands,  
The scars were in His own.  
And at His feet my treasurers sweet  
Fell shattered, one by one.

"I must have empty hands," said He,  
"Wherewith to work My works through  
thee."

My hands were stained with marks of toil,  
Defiled with dust of earth;  
And I my work did oft times soil,  
And render little worth.  
The Master came and touched my hands,  
And crimson were His own;  
But when, amazed, on mine I gazed,  
Lo, every stain was gone.

"I must have cleansed hands," said He,  
"Wherewith to work My work through  
thee."

My hands were growing feverish,  
And cumbered with much care;  
Trembling with haste and eagerness,  
Nor folded oft in prayer.

The Master came and touched my hands  
With healing in His own,  
And calm and still to do His will  
They grew,—the fever gone.

"I must have quiet hands," said He,  
"Wherewith to work My works through  
thee."

My hands were strong in fancied strength,  
But not in power divine;  
And bold to take up tasks at length  
That were not His but mine.

The Master came and touched my hands,  
And mighty were His own;  
But mine since then have powerless been,  
Save His are laid thereon.

"And it is only thus," said He,  
"That I can work My works through  
thee."

—*The Christian.*

**MISSIONARIES IN FAMINE TIME.**

By LORD CURZON.

The Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, says of the services of missionaries and others during the recent famine in India.

"Numerous cases of devotion, amounting to

the loftiest heroism, have been brought under my notice. I have heard of Englishmen dying at their posts without a murmur. I have seen cases where the entire organization of a vast area and the lives of thousands of beings rested upon the shoulders of a single individual labouring on in silence and solitude, while his bodily strength was fast ebbing away.

"I have known of natives who, inspired by this example, have thrown themselves with equal ardour into the struggle, and have unobtrusively laid down their lives for their countrymen.

"Particularly must I mention the noble efforts of the missionary agencies of various Christian denominations. If ever there was an occasion in which it was open to them to vindicate the highest standards of their beneficent calling, it was here; and strenuously and faithfully have they performed the task."—*Presbyterian Record.*

**A PAOTINGFU CHARACTER TRANSFORMED.**

TWO and a half years ago, a woman came to us, brought by her sisters-in-law.

They candidly said, "She is a widow, she takes opium, she cannot support herself, and we do not want her, and are unable to support her; so we brought her to you. You can teach her to read and use her in spreading the Gospel." We declined the gift. People who are not worth "a rabbit's tail," as her relatives said of her, do not seem promising material to make teachers or church workers of. Some kind words were spoken to the poor soul, and she was assured that God had a place for her, if only she would look to Him. She was told, also, that she might attend station classes for ten days each month, and begin to learn to read. So month after month she trudged the twelve miles on her little bound feet, but she was stupid and slow. She did not enjoy her share of the general work, and was so dirty that it took grace to sit beside her while teaching her.

Slowly the dull mind began to respond to the love of Jesus, opium was given up, and gradually she not only gladly did her own share of work, but wished to substitute for others who were not strong. Work was found for her. She studied half a day and worked half a day. This simply provided her food, but she kept at it cheerfully, so grateful that God had had mercy upon her. About fifteen months ago she unbound her feet. That meant a definite dealing with God which