

THE MOTHER'S HAND.

The following article is translated from *L'Évangéliste* appears in the *Canada Presbyterian* :—

No instrument can, like the hand, give wood, glass and other articles their fine and brilliant polish. Spectacle glasses, telescope lenses and piano keys, after having been polished by special processes, receive from the hand their finishing touches. Now the hand which gives the family its last polish is the mother's. What labour and education cannot do, this hand does with exquisite grace and astonishing success.

See those children, the cleanness of whose pretty faces and little hands is second only to that of their clothes; see the kitchen, those dishes, often of very humble fare, but always tastefully made; see those articles of furniture, that vessel, very plain, perhaps, but how clean they are, how they shine! And if any one of the family suffer, what can take the place of the mother's hand! Yes, that hand works all these wonders, and changes the fireside into a real paradise.

The mother's hand, which excels in a physical point of view, is still more admirable in a moral one. It is she who gives the family its incomparable charm. It is she who plait the bands which unite these members in an indissoluble manner. It is she who forms the heart, the conscience and the character of the child, but giving this strength of resistance to evil which will increase with age. An aged lady said :—

"The older I grow, the more I feel that I am like my mother; and my mother was like my grandmother; and I see that my daughters are like me. I conclude that a mother's hand can guide several generations."

In a fearful war a soldier who was mortally wounded was taken to a hospital. His mother came to see him, and asked the doctor's permission to take the nurse's place beside her son. The doctor gave it, entreating her not to go to him till night, when the lamps would be almost put out, in order not to make herself known, for the least excitement would be fatal to him. Towards midnight the wounded one seemed to be in great suffering. His mother passed her hand over his brow. When he felt the touch the soldier raised himself up and, in a weak voice said :—

"A little more light! The hand which has passed over my brow is my mother's! I want to see my mother!" And when he embraced her he added: "Mother, let this hand, which has guided my first steps, which has opened so often to lavish care on me, and which has led me to Jesus, remain on my

brow till my Saviour leads me to the Father!"

Mothers to work! Your task is a great and a lovely one. Let your nimble and blessed hand give your family its last polish of incomparable grace, of perfect order and of joyful and strong piety.

THE FAITH CURE.

The *Churchman* uses very strong language in speaking of the "faith cure." Whether it be as true as it is strong our readers will judge according to their own beliefs:

"The silliest and sickliest of all the many fads that ape Christianity, and in some individuals supplant it, is what is called the Faith Cure religion. In the first place, it is altogether concerned with the body. It teaches that the body and the life of the body are the chief objects of prayer and the chief care of the Saviour. In our experience of Faith Curists we have found them neglectors of public worship, scorers of the sacraments, and regardless of the Christian ministry. They believe that Christ came to cure their rheumatism or their jaundice. That the prayer of an earnest believer, even though he be a pagan like the Syrophenician, can obtain bodily blessings from Christ is undoubted, but God refused to take away the bodily infirmity of St. Paul, and though Christ is Saviour of the body, He is chiefly Author of salvation to the soul. Christianity is not meant to be merely an instrument of medical relief. It is a discipline, a system of morals, a scheme of grace through ordinances; it seeks the glory of God and the diffusion of charity and love between rich and poor, the helpless and the powerful. To look for its efficacy as principally tending to the cure of men's wretched, perishing bodies, is the grossest of delusions.

"In seeking a sphere of usefulness, do not look too far away. Closer inspection may discover your field of labor just where you are. God's providence determines your lot, and generally purposes work for you in your immediate surroundings. It is hard for the ambitious and future scanning to realize this. They are so opening in a distant clime, or in 'the good time coming.' They are so concerned about the great destiny awaiting them, and so expectant of a certain order of opportunity, that they overlook the work and place of activity near at hand. Too often the agency for their development, and the scene for their best exertions, and the place of their life work are lost through neglect of their present environments."—*Phil. Pres.*