



WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?—Ex. 4: 2.

*He touched her hand, and the fever left her, and she rose and ministered unto Him. MATT. 8: 15.*

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 treasures sweet  
Fell shattered one by one.

*"I must have empty hand (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)  
With which to work my works 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)  
With which 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."*

"Faith's Record,"

EDITH G. CHEERY.

ELSIE'S GIFT OF LOVE TO INDIA.

*Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—GOLDEN TEXT. 2 Cor. 8: 9.*

ELSIE DAY was a little girl who lived alone with her grandmother, just outside the village. They were very poor, and Elsie had to help carry home the washing grandma did, or make the house tidy after school every night, but she liked to help.

All the springtime she had dug dandelion greens to sell, and grandma had let her keep all the money it had brought her. Very often she would count the pennies and five-cent pieces which she had earned, and then put them carefully back into the old purse grandma had given her, planning what she should do with all her money. She had nearly a dollar already, and was feeling so sorry the dandelions were no longer good, when one day a kind neighbor asked her if she knew anybody who would like to help weed her flower garden every week during the summer. Of course Elsie answered that she would be glad to, and she worked so well that the lady gave her many chances to earn a few pennies, till there was hardly an afternoon when two or three cents were not put away in the old purse.

How rich and happy Elsie was! And she was going to take part of her money to buy a new shawl for grandma's birthday. She knew just the one grandma wanted, and it would cost nearly all she had, but how proud it made her feel to be able to go and buy it! And if she should earn enough during the summer, grandma had said she might spend it for a new red dress for herself.