

## A Boy's Promise.

The school was out, and down the street  
A noisy throng came thronging;  
The hue of health, a gladness sweet,  
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,  
Who listened to another  
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:  
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,  
Of boisterous decision;  
But not one moment left in doubt  
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"  
He calmly told the other,  
But I shall keep my word, boys, still,  
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah! who can doubt the future course  
Of one who thus had spoken?  
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,  
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,  
Unyielding to another,  
That bears all jeers and laughter still  
Because he promised mother.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 30.] LESSON IX. [March 3.

## THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 30-45 Memory verses, 33-36.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the resurrection and the life.—John 11. 25.

## OUTLINE.

1. Mary, v. 30-32.
2. Jesus, v. 33-43.
3. Lazarus, v. 44-45.

TIME.—Latter part of February or early part of March, A. D. 30.

PLACE.—Bethany.

RULERS.—Herod in Galilee and Perea; Pilate in Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Jesus was in Perea when a sudden summons brought him to the bedside, or rather the grave, of his friend Lazarus.

## HOME READINGS.

- M.* The raising of Lazarus.—John 11. 30-37.  
*Tu.* The raising of Lazarus.—John 11. 38-45.  
*W.* The sickness.—John 11. 1-10.  
*Th.* Death of Lazarus.—John 11. 11-19.  
*F.* Hope and tears.—John 11. 20-29.  
*S.* A child restored.—Matt. 9. 18-26.  
*Sa.* Triumph over death.—1 Cor. 15. 19-26.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Mary*, v. 30-32.  
What service had Mary done for Jesus?  
Verse 2.  
Why had Jesus delayed his coming to Bethany? Verse 15.  
Who first met Jesus near Bethany? Verse 20.  
What assurance did Jesus give Martha? Verses 25, 26.  
Where was Jesus when Mary sought him?  
Where did the people think that Mary was going?  
What did Mary do when she saw Jesus?  
What did she say to him?  
Who had said the same words before? Verse 21.  
Why had Jesus delayed his coming? Verse 4.
2. *Jesus*, v. 33-43.  
How was Jesus affected by Mary's grief?  
What did he ask?  
What reply was made?  
How did Jesus show his love for Lazarus?  
What did the Jews say of him?  
What question did they ask about his power?  
Where was the body of Lazarus laid?  
What command did Jesus give?  
Who objected, and why?  
What did Jesus say to Martha?  
For what did Jesus give thanks?  
For whose sake did he give thanks?  
What command did he then give?

3. *Lazarus*, v. 44, 45.

What result followed Jesus's command?  
What further order did Jesus give?  
What effect had the miracle on the people?  
What great truth does this miracle illustrate? (Golden Text.)  
Who plotted against Jesus, and why? Verses 47-55.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The sympathy of Jesus?
2. The love of Jesus?
3. The power of Jesus?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long had Lazarus been buried when Jesus came to Bethany? Four days. 2. What did Jesus say to Martha, the sister of Lazarus, in the Golden Text? "I am the resurrection," etc. 3. How did Jesus show his sympathy at the grave of Lazarus? "Jesus wept." 4. What command did Jesus give? "Lazarus, come forth!" 5. What followed the words of Jesus? The dead man came forth living.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The human sympathy of Jesus.



JESUS AT THE HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA.

## OUR WILLIE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARBETT.

SOME time ago, on a specially festive occasion, I was invited to dine at a beautiful home, which I had often visited before. There was a large gathering of friends, for the family had long been famous for its hospitality. I knew that total abstinence had not been smiled upon there, and I was therefore surprised, on sitting down to dinner, to notice the entire absence of wine-glasses. I wondered, for a moment, whether this was done out of compliment to myself, and I therefore asked the lady of the house if they had become abstainers since I last visited there. I saw, by the change in her face, that my question had given her pain; and, bending toward me, she said, in a whisper: "I will explain it after dinner."

As soon as the dinner was ended she took me into the ante-room, and, with great emotion, said: "You asked me about the absence of wine-glasses at the table."

"Yes," I replied. "I noticed their absence, and I was puzzled at the reason."

With a quivering voice she said: "I want to tell you the reason; but it is a sad story for me to tell and for you to hear. You remember my son Willie?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "I remember him well."

"Wasn't he a bonnie lad?" she asked, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes," I said; "Willie was one of the finest lads I have ever seen."

"Yes," she continued, "he was my pride; and, perhaps, I loved him too well. You know that we always used wine freely, and never imagined that any harm would come of it. You are aware, also, that our

house is known as the 'Ministers' Home,' and that they are nowhere more welcome than here. On Sunday I have always let the children stay up to supper, so that they might have the benefit of conversation; and as my husband and the ministers took wine, I always gave the children half a glass—on Sunday nights only. By-and-bye, Willie went to business, and I was as happy as a mother could be. I thought I had everything to make me so. After a time, however, I began to feel uncomfortable. I noticed, when I gave Willie his good-night kiss, that his breath smelt of drink, and I spoke to him about it. He laughed at my fears, saying he had only had a glass with his friends, and I thought that, perhaps, my strong love for him had made me foolishly suspicious. I tried to dismiss my fears; but it was in vain, for I saw things were getting worse. There was a look in his eyes, and a huskiness in his voice, which told me he was at least in terrible danger. I didn't know what to do about it. I feared to speak to his father. If it should turn out that I was mistaken, I knew he would be vexed with me for suspecting such a thing; and if I was

I said, 'No, my boy; I'll soon nurse you up, and you'll be yourself again.'

"Mother," he said, 'I wish you would make me a basin of bread and milk, as you used to do when I was a little boy. I think I could eat that.'

"I said, 'I'll make you anything you want; but don't look so sad. Come up stairs and go to bed, and I will soon get you right.'

"He tried to walk, but fell back into the chair. I called his father, and he came back. Not an angry word was spoken. They only said, 'Willie,'—'Father.'

"Seeing his condition, his father took him in his arms as he would a child, and carried him up into his own bed.

"After a moment's pause, he said, 'Father, I am dying—and the drink has killed me.'

"His father said, 'No, no, my boy. Cheer up! You'll be better soon. Your mother will bring you round.'

"No, never, father. God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

"His head fell back, and my bonnie boy was gone.

"His father stood gazing at him, with a look of agony, for some minutes, and then turned to me, and said, 'Mother, I see it all now. The drink has killed poor Willie. But it shall do no more harm in our house. There shall never be another drop of drink in this house while I live.'

"All the liquor in the house was destroyed, and we parted with the very wine-glasses; and that's the reason of what you noticed to-day."

Archdeacon Blank and his wife were the principal guests of the evening at a country house. The servant had been previously warned that, when the eminent divine arrived, he was to be announced as "The Venerable the Archdeacon Blank." The drawing-room was full; the guests of the evening arrived. The servant looked at the archdeacon and then at the lady, and he got a bit mixed. At last he got it right—he saw how it stood. Great was the consternation when he announced, "Archdeacon Blank and the venerable, Mrs. Blank."

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