

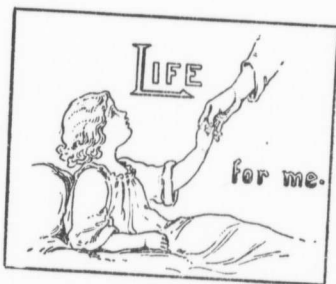
the man's unbelief that made the trouble. He ought not to believe without good reason, but when the good reason was given he should have taken the guide's word and the guide's way. Then he would have been safe. Unbelief leads to darkness and trouble. Belief, or trust, or faith, as we call it often, if it is always in the right one, is the greatest blessing. We will put on our circle of blessing the word "Believing," for in to-day's lesson we are taught the blessing of believing in the power and love of Jesus and in Jesus himself, the Son of God.

The death of the child. The title of our lesson tells us whose little daughter the sweet story is about. Her father's name was Jairus, and he was one of the chief men, or rulers, of the synagogue, or church, as we would call it. His little girl was so sick that she had come to the very point of death, where it seemed as if her life must soon go out. Many people crowded around the Saviour that day, but the father made his way to him, begging Jesus to come and lay his hand on the sick child that she might live. Jesus started at once to go with the man, though the people pressed upon him. A poor woman came and touched his garment's hem, in the crowd, feeling sure that she would be healed by the touch. And so she was, but Jesus stopped to speak about it, and to make the woman show herself. Then he blessed her, and sent her away. But while the Lord on his way to heal one stopped to make another well, the word came that the little girl had passed that point of death, and was gone. Her spirit had left the body, and the messengers said it was no use now to trouble the Master to come to the house; the child was dead.

The child raised to life. Jesus heard what the messengers said to the anxious father. "Be not afraid," he said, "only believe." It must have seemed hard to trust Jesus then, when death had come, but there was reason enough to trust him. He had power over death, and would show it to the believing ones. So they went on, and at the house, full of mourners, he said, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." They did not understand and did not believe, and laughed at him. Jesus put them all out, and took the child's parents, and Peter, James, and John with him to hear the wonderful words, "Darling, I say unto thee, arise," for so he spoke to her, and she sat up, and then walked, for she was twelve years old. Then he said she must have something to eat. How wonderful it all was! But it was just

as true before he called her back to life as afterward, that Jesus had power to raise the dead child, and they all had a right to be glad at once and to put away all fear, if they would but take Jesus at his word.

Jesus will call us all to life at last. We may be sure of it now. Believe him, and be blessed.



Sub-Primary Hints.

GOLDEN TEXT: "I am the resurrection, and the life." John 11, 25.

The rehearsals for our Easter concert have given the children a foretaste of the celebration. The joyous strains of their "Alleluia," the words of their songs, "Christ is risen," "Resurrection morning," all mean something, however vague, even to beginners. What do they glean from our rehearsals and preparations for Easter? We have tried to make of these rehearsals something more than a memory drill. Suppose the majority of our children are untaught at home, or suppose they have heard something of the death and resurrection of our Lord. Where are we to enter this holy of holies—the child's first thought of the resurrection?

Just here: They have given of their precious tiny savings to furnish flowers for Easter. If it cost them self-denial to give, the occasion is peculiarly theirs. What day is this we celebrate? What is Easter? Why does the organ music sound like a prayer of thanksgiving?

We are celebrating a glorious spring morning of long, long ago. The time is early in the morning, just at dawn. The place is a beautiful garden full of rare flowers and fruit, and the birds are singing as they always sing on a glorious spring morning.

In this garden there is a grave. It is so very early that no one has been here yet to