

would want to make haste? Teach that Jesus is never too hurried to stop and help one who needs help. A little girl said: "Mamma, Jesus won't notice me; he has so many folks to 'tend to." But Jesus is not like an earthly physician. That which troubles Jesus is to have his needy children stay away from him.

2. Describe the woman who stopped him. She had been sick twelve years. Nobody could help her. She had no money. She was very timid. The crowd about Jesus was very great. What was in her heart that made her urge her way to him? Print "Faith," and talk about it, showing that it was simple belief that Jesus could cure her.

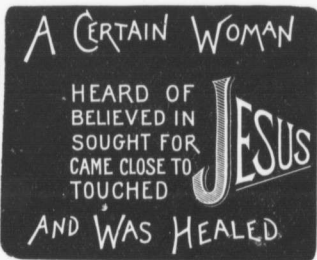


3. What does faith lead one to do? Illustrate: Call some child, saying, "I have something for you." The child sees nothing, but when it reaches you give a card. Show that the hand which the child reaches out is the hand of faith. Teach that Jesus is always within reach of the hand of faith. Any one who has any need, of any kind, may come to Jesus; he will help.

\*Use symbol. Talk about children's needs. A sick body is not so bad as a sick soul—a bad temper, a lying tongue, a disobedient heart. O, how sad these are! Jesus wants to cure them in every heart. Who will reach out the hand of faith to Jesus to-day?

#### Blackboard.

BY J. B. PHIPPS, ESQ.



**EXPLANATION.** The blackboard brings out the points of the lesson, and if preferred they may be written on the board in answer to questions. At the close of the review take a bright-colored piece of chalk, red or yellow, and write "Faith" in large letters through the points as written, showing that faith shone out through all her actions. Another point in the lesson should be brought out: It is the fact that the woman did not wait for a more favorable time, but pressed forward at once as soon as she saw the Saviour. The time to be saved is NOW.

#### Lesson Word-Pictures.

Hannah, poor, burdened soul, bowed with pain these many years! And so much money gone too, all to the baffled doctors. The home, the thrifty fields, the purpling vineyard, all gone! Only pain and a soul in despair left. There she sits looking through the lattice of the window, her head drooping, her eyes closed, her

hands clinched in her wrestle with pain! But hark! There is a murmur of voices coming through the lattice. They are more audible. "It is the noise of a crowd," she thinks. She looks out. Yes, she can see the jostling multitude. But why does she spring to her feet with something of the energy of youth? She can see in the crowd the great Miracle-worker from Nazareth. "How the people do flock after him!" she is saying. "Yes, and there goes Jairus after him." Poor man. He is full of trouble." Yes, Hannah's neighbor, Jairus, has lost his dear little daughter. Silent-motionless, dead, she lies in the house, and he—goes to Jesus.

"Why can I not go?" Hannah wonders.

But move quickly, Hannah. Jesus of Nazareth is passing by.

Will she go?

She is arguing the case with Hannah. "O the crowd!" she thinks.

"I'm a stranger!" she murmurs.

"I shall be in the way of Jairus!" she says. "No, no, he can help two souls at once. I—will—go!" she concludes. And there she is at last, in the crowd, just behind Jesus.

She dares not speak to him.

She dares not make the crowd halt for the sake of her trouble.

"How would it do," she reasons, "to go close up to him quietly, softly, and just—just—touch his robes? If he have power, it can get out of him through a touch as well as direct command. It will be better, much better every way, just to touch his robes. Then all the crowd won't turn and say, 'What does that woman want?' And Jairus's friends won't scowl, and growl, 'What is Hannah hindering us for?'"

Yes, a happy thought!

Only a quiet, unseen touch!

That will do.

"But where?" "Oanywhere," she says. "It is all Jesus."

She—touches "the hem of his garment!"

And O what a change! The touch thrills her to the very center of her being. She can feel it all over. Such strength in her body! Such courage, hope, assurance, in her soul! Saved, O saved! She clasps her hands in ecstasy! Nobody has seen! Nobody knows! Suddenly, in a flash, the great Miracle-worker turns and cries,

"Who touched my clothes?"

O, if she were a little hare and could slip down through yonder hole! Still better, if she were a worm and could crawl into the crack before her feet! What can she do?

However, she is safe while the disciples are discussing the matter, safe for a moment. They tell Jesus it is the crowd pressing upon him. But the Master knows better. He looks about him. She feels that she is not hidden. Without looking up, she can see his eyes looking down. They burn into her, through her. She can keep back her confession no longer. She drops upon her knees. She looks up, faith mingling with shame, love struggling with fear. She tells all. And he looks down, pity softening the eyes that search the deepest hearts, power descending in blessing: "Go in peace!" Faith has made her whole.

O happy, since healed, rejoicing because believing soul! She goes away wearing the crown of the kingdom of faith because first its subject.

So now may every poor sinner, conscious of the pollution of sin, touch him by faith, and be healed. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."