

The Raising of Jairus' Daughter

(Mark 5: 22-43)

The boat that bore the Master
Had crossed the silver sea,
And all along the mountain paths
Of rugged Gethse
Were sounds of voices eager-pitched,
Was throng of hurrying feet
For then, as now, were weary hearts,
And Jesus' words were sweet

With passion freighted earnestness
Intense and clear as flame,
Through tumult cleaving swift its way
One prayer of pleading came
My little daughter heth sick,
She heth near to death,
Oh on her lay thy gentle hands
Restore her fainting breath!

The stately ruler bowed his head
Before the Nazarene,
And meekly led the way for him
The surging ranks between
But ere they reached the stricken house
Was message brought of woe
Thy daughter even now is dead,
Vex not the Master so!

Dark grew the father's face with grief
With tears his eyes were dim,
Who did not know this darling child
Was all the world to him?
How could they call her dead? the dear,
The beautiful, the bright,
For him the summer lost its bloom,
The noonday lost its light.

Then tenderly unto his thought,
As if to soothe its ache,
Be not afraid: still keep thy faith,"
With power the Master spake,
Though long and keen the mourners' wail
Was borne upon the air,
The bitter cry of agony,
The protest of despair.

The Master hushed the clamour
By the peace upon his face
As up the stair he softly passed,
And stood within the place
Where, wan and pale, the maiden lay,
A lily frozen there,
And round her whiteness, like a cloud,
The darkness of her hair.

So still, the little feet that late
Had danced to meet her sire!
So still, the slender hands that swept
But now the golden lyre!
In this deep slumber can she hear
The thrilling word, "Arise!"
Oh, will she at that kingly look
Unclose those sealed eyes?

She hears, she stirs, she lives once more,
What joys for some there be,
When to their hour of gloom the Lord
Has crossed the silver sea!
And though to us he give not back
Our dead, yet, better far,
We know that where he dwells to-day,
In life our dear ones are.

EASTERN MOURNERS.

The lesson for April 15 speaks of them that wept and wailed greatly."

This refers to a common usage in oriental countries which is thus described: "Arab women scream, tear their hair, hands and face, and throw earth or sand on their heads. Both Mohammedans and Christians in Egypt hire wailing-women and wail at stated times. Lane, speaking of the modern Egyptians, says: 'After death, the women of the family raise cries of lamentation, uttering the most piercing shrieks, and calling upon the name of the deceased. Oh, my master! oh, my resource! oh, my misfortune! oh, my glory!' (See Jer 22: 18.) The females of the neighbourhood come to join with them in this conclamation. Generally, also, the family send for two or more neddahs or public wailing-women. Each brings a tambourine and beating them, they exclaim, 'Alas, for him!' The female relatives, domestics and friends, with their hair dishevelled, and sometimes with rent clothes, beating their faces, cry in like manner, 'Alas, for him!' These make no alteration in dress, but women in some cases dye their shirts, head veils and handkerchiefs of a dark-blue colour. They visit the tombs at stated periods"



EASTERN MOURNERS.

GUNPOWDER JACK'S CABIN BOY.

Gunpowder Jack—what a name! Yet it belonged to Sir John Narborough, one of the bravest of English seamen. He lived in the time of the "Merry Monarch," and won more than one naval victory for England; and the name was

given him on account of his daring and dauntless courage. But the story I am going to tell you is not about Gunpowder Jack himself, but about his cabin boy, who became a much more famous character even than the old admiral. Story! I wonder if you have ever thought that "story" is only the word "history" with its head cut off? And this story is really a bit of history, all about an interesting event and an interesting character, too.

The event was a great naval battle between English and Dutch fleets, fought on the North Sea one gray autumn day, more than two centuries and a quarter ago. Plucky little Holland dared contend with England for the mastery of the seas, and with a well-ordered navy and several naval commanders of more than usual ability, she put England to some trouble to hold her own. On this particular occasion the battle raged long and furiously; all day long the thunder of the great guns boomed over the troubled sea, and as the gloomy October night came down, it looked as if victory might perch on the banner of the plucky Dutch Republic.

But Gunpowder Jack had not yet given up the battle. Though several of his guns were disabled, and his main and mizzen masts shot away, and whole windrows of wounded and dying men lay upon his decks, he saw that the Dutch fire was really lessening. If he could hold his own an hour longer, or until help should come, victory might yet be wrested from his brave, but exhausted,

with smoke and powder, and his clothes bespattered with the blood of his first battle.

The admiral had called for volunteers to carry a message to the captain of a distant ship, promising fifty guineas to the one who should successfully perform the undertaking.

"I will go, your honour," said the lad, touching his forelock.

"You!" exclaimed Narborough; "why, do you know it is all that your life is worth to venture through such a sea, with the shot flying round you?"

"I am small, your honour, and can dodge the shot, and I have swum in worse seas than this. I will carry your dispatch; safely if you will give them to me."

The old warrior gazed at the flashing eyes and the lithe little body, and his own eyes glistened with admiration as he grasped the boyish hand.

"Go, my brave lad, and God keep you! You are worth your weight in gold."

Placing the dispatches in his mouth, the lad plunged into the boiling waves, amid the cheers of those who stood on deck.

Would he perform his errand? Vainly they watched for a glimpse of the boyish figure through the smoke and seething waters; but after a time they saw an English ship bearing down to the right, and shortly after another bore down at the left, while their cannonade of guns swept all before it. England had won the day, thanks to the heroism of a little cabin boy.

Who was he? In Westminster Abbey there is a noble monument to Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of England's proudest naval heroes, who began his career as "Gunpowder Jack's cabin boy."—Sabbath-school Visitor.

Seattle contains a well-known citizen named Melody Choir.

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