

acts as those of Dirk Willemzoon and the humble widow of Gonda will not be forgotten by Him who said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."—*Mary Barrett*.

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THE WEED.

WITHIN a crevice in the rocks
That girt the wide, wild sea,
I found a bright, brave little plant
That blossomed full and free.

No kindly soil its rootlets fed,
No sunbeam kissed its face,
Nor rain could brim its lifted cup
In that lone hiding-place.

It filled a narrow little sphere,
Its gentle fragrance spent
Upon a wild and barren waste,
Yet smiled in sweet content.

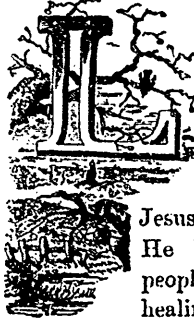
My garden-plot is all aflame
With brilliant bloom, that mocks
The little hardy, bright-eyed flower
That crowns the rugged rocks.

Oft in an uncongenial soil
The germs of Truth take root,
And, through the blessed gift of grace,
Will ripen into fruit.

In our dear Father's loving eyes,
A life that's brave and true,
Though lowly, fills its sphere as well
As grander lives can do.

—*Mary P. Rollins.*

DEAD DAMSEL RAISED.



LONG, long ago there was sorrow in a Jewish home because a sweet girl of twelve was lying sick, and at the point of death.

"Why don't you go to Jesus, the wonderful teacher? He has given sight to blind people, hearing to deaf ones, healing to many sick, may be He will cure our child! Go and ask Him."

Thus, as I fancy, may the mother of the sick girl have spoken to the weeping father. He snatched at the hope, ran to Jesus, and begged Him to cure his beloved child. Jesus never said "no" to such requests, and therefore He went with the anxious father.

As Jesus was walking home with the damsel's father several persons met them, and said:

"The damsel is dead!"

Did Jesus stop when He heard this sad news? Had He been a mere physician, a *man only*, He would have said, "I can do nothing now." But He was God as well as man, and it was as easy for Him to raise the dead as to heal the sick. So He kept on. He entered the house. He stood beside the dead damsel's bed, and taking her cold, stiff hand in His, He said:

"Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise!"

The soul of the girl heard His mighty voice, and returning from the land of spirits, entered its old home. In a moment the eyes of her revived body opened, and she arose and walked, alive, and in perfect health!

This was a mighty deed! None but Jesus ever did the like. Elijah raised a dead boy to life *by prayer*; but Jesus did it *by His own power*. "I say unto thee, Arise!" were the words He spoke. And when He spoke the dead girl obeyed, and became a living child. What joy must have filled her heart! What gladness filled her home!

Child! that Jesus who raised that damsel from the dead *lives* in heaven now, and is *your* Friend. He loves you tenderly, and, if you ask Him, will be your *guide* as you travel through the ways of life, your *helper* when you are weak