

Jairus's Daughter.

BY MARY S. B. DANA

A father is praying
The Saviour to hear
For his daughter is dying,
With no helper near
Beseeching Him greatly,
He falls at His feet,
And his story of sorrow,
Oh! hear him repeat:

"My dear little daughter
I fear she will die!
O thou merciful Saviour,
Attend 'o my cry!
If thou wilt but touch her
She surely will live,
Then to thee all the glory,
O Jesus, I'll give."

And Jesus went with him;
And soon it was said
To the heart-stricken father,
"Thy daughter is dead!
Why trouble the Master
Thy woes to relieve?"
But the kind Saviour whispered,
"Now only believe!"

They came to the house
And the mourners were there,
Who with weeping and wailing
Were rending the air;
But Jesus reproved them:
"Why thus do ye weep?
For the maid is not dead;
She is only asleep."

Oh see! with a touch
How the maiden awakes
When the mighty Physician
Her hand gently takes!
And see! from her features
Pale death quickly flies
At the voice of the Saviour,
"O damsel, arise!"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON VI. FEBRUARY 9

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Luke 6. 41-49. Memory verses, 47-49.
Golden Text.—Why call ye me, Lord,
Lord, and do not the things which I say?
—Luke 6. 46.

Time.—Midsummer, A.D. 28.

Place.—Horns of Hattin, a hill sixty
feet in height, two miles from the west
coast of the Sea of Galilee, and seven
south-west from Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Closely following the healing of the
palsied man came the call of Matthew
and the feast by which he honoured
Jesus. Travelling through Galilee, the
disciples plucked ears of corn on the Sab-
bath. This caused anger among the
Jews, which was only increased by Jesus
claiming their right to do so, and then
himself healing on the Sabbath a man
with a withered hand. Finding that the
Jews plotted to put him to death, Jesus
withdrew to the Sea of Galilee and on
the hill above described completed his list
of disciples and delivered his Sermon on
the Mount.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read Christ's blessings and
woes (Luke 6. 20-26). Prepare to tell in
your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read the law of love (Luke
6. 27-38). Fix in your mind Time, Place,
and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—Read what Christ said
about hearing and doing (Luke 6. 39-45).
Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read what a good man is
like (Psalm 1). Learn the Memory
Verses.

Friday.—Read trees and their fruits
(Matt. 12. 31-37). Study the Notes and
answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read about sowing and
reaping (Gal. 6. 1-10). Study the Lesson
Teachings.

Sunday.—Read about getting a good
foundation (1 Cor. 3. 8-15). Sing the
Lesson Hymn.

QUESTIONS

1 Mote and Beam verses 41, 42. 11
What did Jesus mean by the mote and
the beam? 42. Is it right to blame
others for what we do ourselves? What
do we need if we would help people cure
their faults?

2 Fruit and Thorns verses 43-45.
43. Can true goodness be hid? How may
we know when a man's heart is good?
44 How is a good tree known? Will
sticking a fig on a thorn tree change it
into a fig tree? 45. Name some things
which come out of the heart?

3 Sand and Rock, verses 46-49.—46 If
we pray for patience or gentleness, what
else should we do? 47. Is it enough to
know what Jesus taught? 48. How are
we to act like the wise builder? Why
could not the flood throw down his house?
49 Is it right for anyone to think he is
secure if he does not obey Christ? What
is the greatest loss?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

We ought to form the habit of looking
for what is good in our companions rather
than for what is bad. Be severe with
ourselves and have charity for others.
Our conduct is what our character is
judged by. To profess and not to prac-
tise is a great sin. If our hearts are full
of love to Jesus, we will speak of him.
The only way to be safe is always to obey
Christ. To bear good fruit, we must
have a new nature.



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

THE FAIRY SISTER.

Sallie stood in the centre of the floor
with three disconsolate little wrinkles in
the middle of her forehead. "I wish I
were a fairy godmother," she said list-
lessly, picking up one of baby Harry's
little dresses and dropping it again in an-
other wrong place for mother to hunt
after.

"What for?" asked Aunt Helen, laugh-
ing to think of fourteen-year-old Sallie
being a fairy godmother.

"O lots of things! Just now I'd wave
my wand, and this room would be swept
and dusted, and baby Harry would stop
his screeching, and the boys would find
something else to do besides plaguing
him, and I'd have a little peace."

"Why don't you try being a fairy sis-
ter?" said Aunt Helen, smiling.

"What should I do?" cried Sallie,
eagerly. The idea struck her fancy.

"Everything her Royal Laziness wants
a fairy godmother to do," laughed Aunt
Helen.

Sallie tucked on her little blue, lace-
trimmed sleeping cap and soon appeared
with the broom for her wand. After
some vigorous flourishes, the floor was
as clean as a new pin, and Aunt Helen
was sneezing with the dust.

Next Sallie exchanged the broom for
another magic wand called the duster,
and, presto! all the dust had vanished,
the mantel ornaments were speckless, and
the sunlight, looking in with an approv-
ing smile, came and stretched itself con-
tentedly on the rug like a great yellow
lapdog.

You never heard such a hubbub as there

was in the kitchen, not unless you have
three boys and two babies in your family.

Billy's face was an un-
tumbled
wight in the flour-bell head first," said
little Paul, solemnly, stooping to look in
her face as Sallie bent over the dust pan.
"Spoiled all the flour to make bikkits
wiy!"

"Ain't!" spluttered Billy, in a hollow
voice, from the bottom of the barrel.

"Ain't!" Hear him, Sallie!" cried
Johnny, doubling up with laughter at
Billy's antics in trying to get out. "O no!
P'raps it's some other boy's legs. O
yes!"

Sallie couldn't help laughing, but she
went into the pantry and gave the empty
flower barrel a little tip that sent Billy
out squirming on the floor.

"Wanted to make some paste, that's
all!" exclaimed Billy, sheepishly.

"Let's mix him in some cold water
then," said teasing Johnnie. "I'm sure
there's plenty of flour in his hair."

"No such thing," said Sallie, laughing.
"Let me brush you, Billy, and then I'll
scrape some flour off the boards for your
paste. Didn't do any hurt to the 'bik-
kits,' puss cat, 'cause there wasn't any
there."

She comforted him so well that he was
soon able to be around and tending to his
usual occupation, that of bothering the
babies.

"What has my little girl been doing to
keep the babies so still this whole after-

"Where is Hardy?"

But the foreman of the crew was not
there, and the danger was imminent.
Aid must be immediate, or all was lost.
The next to command sprang into the
frail boat, followed by the rest, all taking
their lives in their hands in the hope of
saving others. Oh! how those on shore
watched their brave, loved ones as they
dashed on, now over, now almost under
the waves! they reached the wreck. Like
angels of deliverance, they filled their
craft with almost dying men—men lost
but for them. Back again they toiled,
pulling for the shore, bearing their pre-
cious freight. The first man to help them
land was Hardy, whose words rang above
the roar of the breakers: "Are they all
here? Did you save them all?"

With saddened faces the reply came:
"All but one. He couldn't help himself.
We had all we could carry. We couldn't
save the last one."

"Man the life-boat again!" shouted
Hardy. "I will go. What? leave one
there to die alone! Man the life-boat
now! We'll save him yet."

But who was this aged woman with
worn garments and dishevelled hair, who
with agonizing entreaty fell upon her
knees beside this brave, strong man? It
was his mother!

"O, my son! Your father was
drowned in a storm like this. Your
brother Will left me eight years ago, and
I've never seen his face since the day he
sailed. You will be lost, and I am old
and poor. Oh, stay with me!"

"Mother," cried the man, "where one
is in peril, there's my place. If I am
lost God will surely care for you."

The plea of earnest faith prevailed.
With a "God bless you, my boy!" she
released him, and speeded him on his
way.

Once more they watched and prayed
and waited—these on the shore—while
every muscle was strained toward the
fast-sinking ship, by those in the life-
saving boat. It reached the vessel. The
clinging figure was lifted and helped to
its place where strong hands took it in
charge. Back came the boat. How
eagerly they looked and called in en-
couragement, then cheered as it came
nearer.

"Did you get him?" was the cry from
the shore.

Lifting his hands to his mouth to trump-
pet the words on in advance of the land-
ing, Hardy called back: "Tell mother
it's Brother Will!"

The sin of not doing the good you might
do is sure to find you out.

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