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Jairus's Daughter.

One time when Jesus came to Capernaum a man called Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, came running to Jesus, and fell down at His feet, crying,—

'My little daughter is even now dead; but come and lay Thy hand upon her, and she shall live.'

Perhaps some of the people standing around may have said.—

'Poor man, his trouble has made him

'Why do you weep?' said Jesus to those who were standing around. 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.'

At this some of the hired mourners laughed, and said,—

'Not dead! As if we, who are always mourning over dead people, do not know better than that!'

Then Jesus sent all but the father and mother and three of the disciples from the room.

When they had all gone out, He took the

'Now I Lay Me.'

The familiar prayer of childhood, 'Now is lay me down to sleep,' still holds its own, although various modifications of it and substitutes for it have been suggested from time to time.

An old English version is given as rol-

I lay my down down to sleep.
I give my soul to Christ to keep;
Wake I at morn, or wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ for ever.

But to the present generation it is doubtful if any other lines will recommend themselves as a bedtime prayer for the little sons and daughters. Surely no other prayer can hold so many sacred memories for so many people as the verse:

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Over-anxious people declare that the use of the word 'die' has a depressing effect upon a child, but the evidence of many persons is that when they were taught the prayer the word had no morbid or unpleasant significance to them.

To many people 'Noy I lay me' stands next in richness of association to 'Our rather which art in heaven.' It held the same sacred place in the hearts of their mothers and fathers, and it is to be hoped that the children of the present will cherish it among their memories of home and childhood.—'Christian Age.'

Saving a Percentage.

'Lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.' An old epitaph (1579) in the Doncaster Churchyard is no less true than quaint:

That I spent, that I save: That I save, that I have: That I left, that I lost.

The Future Life.

It is the misfortune of our time to place everything in this life. In giving to man for his sole end and aim the life of earth, you aggravate all his miseries by the anal negatur. And that which was only suffering—that is to say, the law of God—is changed to despair, the law of he'l.

The duty of us all, legislators, bishops, poets, is to help raise all forces toward Heaven, to direct all souls towards the future life. Let us say, with high confidence, that no one has suffered unjustly or in vain.

Death is restitution. God appears at the end of all. It would not be worth while to live if we were to die entirely. That which alleviates labor and sanctifies toil is to have before us the vision of a better world through the darkness of this life.

The world is to me more real van the chimera which we devour, and which we call life. It is forever before my eyes. It is the supreme consolation of my soul.—Victor Hugo.



'HE TOOK THE DEAR LITTLE GIRL BY THE HAND.'

quite silly. If, as he says, his little girl is dead, why does he trouble Jesus?'

'Thy daughter is dead. Trouble not the Master; He can do no good now.'

But Jesus, who saw and pitied the poor father's grief, said gently,—

'Fear not; only believe.'

So he followed Jairus into the house and into the room where the little girl lay upon the bed.

dear little girl by the hand, and said,— 'Damsel, I say unto thee, "Arise."

At these wonderful words the color came back to her pale cheeks, her eyes opened, and she jumped joyfully up and began walking about the room.

And after Jesus had told her parents to give her something to eat. He went quietly away.

-'Footsteps of the Master.'