



ARISE.

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JESUS is on his way to the house of Jairus, one of the rulers of the synagogue, whose daughter has just died. As he passes along the crowded street, a poor woman who has been for twelve long years a great sufferer sees him. Her heart beats that if she but touches the hem of his robe she will be healed. This is her opportunity and she must not let him pass without doing her utmost to reach him, for he may never be so near her again. So she hurries through the crowd, and at last her heart is full of joy. She is beside the loving and powerful Jesus. She falls on her knees without saying a word—she would not dare do that, and to touch his garment is enough. But as the trembling fingers touch his robe—Christ, feeling it, turns round and sees the woman who has such faith in his power. He asks her no questions; he knows just what she wants and just how great her faith is, and gently says, "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole." How the words thrill her heart! And she arises and goes on her way full of happiness.

Jesus Christ has the same power to-day. If we will, by faith, only touch the hem of his garment, we shall be whole from that very hour. Shall we be less wise than this poor woman and allow our opportunity to pass away, and will we reject his loving offer to heal our hearts and fill them with joy?

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

ISRAEL AFTER THE CAPTIVITY.

B.C. 445.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 19.

REBUILDING THE WALL.

Neh. 4 9-21.] [Memory verses, 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We made our prayer unto God, and set a watch against them.—Neh. 4. 9.

OUTLINE.

Praying and Watching, ver. 9-12.
Watching and Working, ver. 13-18.
Working and Organizing, ver. 19-21.

TIME.—B.C. 445.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Artaxerxes, King of Persia;
Nehemiah, Tirshatha (or Pasha) of Judah;

Sanballat the Horonite, in high position in Samaria; Tobiah the Ammonite, the Governor (Pasha) of Ammon; Geshem, probably the chieftain of a predatory tribe.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Four months after Nehemiah had heard of the desolation of Jerusalem, Artaxerxes the king discovered his sorrow, and asked its cause. He answered frankly. Artaxerxes commissioned him to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, and Nehemiah promptly entered upon his duties. He met with enemies, opposition, and scorn—but persevered. By judicious division of labour he had raised the walls to one-half their designed height. His enemies, finding mocking and satire did no good, conspired to stop him by force.

EXPLANATIONS.

Nevertheless—In spite of opposition. Judah—The people of Judah. Nehemiah had as many foes within the walls as outside. Strength . . . is decayed—The builders worked day and night, and never even put off their clothes except for washing. Rubbish—Broken stone and dirt accumulated through one hundred and thirty-five years of ruin. Ten times—Repeatedly; as we would say—"dozens of times." In the lower places . . . on the higher places—Wherever the wall was low, unfinished, or sunken in the valley, Nehemiah stationed armed defenders behind it. I looked, and rose up, and said—Verses fourteen and fifteen speak of a particular occasion when an attack was threatened, but came to naught. Habergeons—Coats of mail. Verse seventeen means that those who were not actual builders, but carried the materials, did their work each with one hand, holding his weapon in the other. The builders, however—masons and carpenters—each had his sword girded by his side. He are separated—The inhabitants of Jerusalem were few. Nehemiah first built its walls, and afterward filled it with people.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What are we taught in this lesson—
Concerning seeking God's help?
Concerning helping ourselves?
Concerning helping one another?

HOME WORK FOR YOUNG BEREANS.

Find the meaning of "habergeon."
Why did not each builder hold a weapon in his hand as well as each bearer of burdens?

Why did Nehemiah keep the trumpeter next to him?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the adversaries of the Jews intend to do? "To surprise and ruin them."
2. What did Nehemiah exhort them to remember? "The Lord."
3. What did one-half of the Jews do? "Worked on the walls of the temple."
4. What did the other half do? "Stood as soldiers to defend them."
5. Whose orders did they all obey? "The orders of Nehemiah."
6. What is the GOLDEN TEXT? "We made our prayer unto God," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's overruling providence.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What does our Lord say of those who reject him?

He declares that they ought to believe in him; and that they would believe in him if they humbly and patiently listened to his words.

John 3. 19; 18. 37; 1 John 4. 6.

The Hero of the Fleet.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

[We are glad to reprint the following generous tribute, by an American writer in the foremost religious paper in America, *The Independent*. It describes an incident in the boyhood of that distinguished admiral—Sir Cloudsley Shovel.—ED.]

On board the English flag-ship reigned terror and dismay;
The mainmast had been shattered, the colours shot away.
Still closer pressed the foeman, with many a deadly stroke,
Till from its English consorts the ship was hid in smoke.

The admiral gazed around him. "No hope," he cried, "unless
Our ships upon the right, there, shall learn of our distress."

He wrote a hasty order—then shouted:
"Sailors ho!

Where is the stout-armed swimmer will bear
this through the foe?"

A dozen started forward—and one, a stripling slight,
His brown hair soft and curling, his fingers slim and white.

"Pray, let me go!" he shouted. "I've braved many a tide,
And if I'm killed, 'twere better than that a strong man died."

The admiral looked on him with keen but kindly eyes.

"Go, then, my boy!" he answered. "No brave soul ever dies.

Remember that the fortune of all on board is yours—

Your glory, if successful, while England's flag endures?"

"I'll do my best—God help me!" the dauntless boy replied.

Then, stripping off his jacket, he plunged into the tide.

A cheer broke from the sailors; while through the boiling sea
Tho' shot and shell rained 'round him, intrepidly swam he.

Still fiercer raged the battle; the ship was keeling o'er;

Her masts lay on the bulwarks, her decks were red with gore.

Hope died in every bosom; dread silence sealed all lips—

When suddenly to leeward loomed up the British ships!

Loud thundered all their cannon; with storm of shell they bore
Straight down upon the foeman, hemmed in 'twixt reef and shore.

They massed about the flag-ship; they scattered far and wide

The broad white sails of Holland—the streamers of her pride.

That evening, when the flagship safe in the harbour lay,
And in the gilded cabin was fought once more the day,

The admiral remembered the lad who bore so well

The order he had written, through raining shot and shell.

"The hero of the battle!" he cried when, at command,
The blushing lad had entered, and stood with cap in hand.

"Some day, my boy," he added, in proud and kindly tone,
"You'll have a British flagship and colours of your own!"

The brave lad was promoted. Time passed, and still he wrought
Each task in faithful earnest, nor failed of best in aught.

At last the once boy-hero—such meed does true worth bring—
Upon his own proud flag-ship was knighted by the king.

—*The Independent*.

ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

THE projector of the new electric railroad between Chicago and St. Louis seems to have provided very shrewdly for the coveted speed of one hundred miles an hour. Straight roads, closed in, no grade crossings, light cars, wedged-shaped to cut the air, with centre of gravity exceedingly low, light engines, no stops, a perfect block system—surely machinery should fly, under these conditions, and passengers may soon wing their way from St. Louis to Chicago in two and a half hours. One's first impulse when such a tremendous speed is mentioned is to cry: "Halt! Our modern world is fast enough already. Trade is under pressure as great as nerve and muscle can bear. Our news comes all too rapidly for understanding. Our letters are answered far too promptly. We need rest a thousand times more than increased rapidity of motion." But one's second thought remembers that all improvements in transportation shorten the distances between friends and loved ones; bring the crowded city nearer to the blessed country, so that the tenements are emptied out into fresh air and broad sunshine; cheapen food and fuel and clothing for the poor, and knit the sundered sections of our nation together by more intimate ties. After all, the swifter engines of our modern life mean a more rapid and easy escape from the noise and bustle of that life, and so we bid them welcome.

KIND WORDS.

FANNIE lived in a large city, and while she had been taught to be kind to poor, unfortunate people, she was unlike some little girls, for she remembered what she was taught. One day she saw on the street a poorly dressed Irish girl, with a homely face, looking anxiously at the houses. Every person to whom she spoke either shook their heads, or did not trouble themselves to do that. When she reached Fannie, she asked politely:

"Can you tell me where number 874 is, miss?"

"Let me see," said Fannie, brightly. "This is number 10. It is a long way to 874, and you have to turn twice; but I am going nearly there, and will show you." Fannie thinks she never will forget the happy look which made the face of her companion almost pretty, when she said:

"Indeed, I do thank ye, miss, an' I wish that every folks carried as pleasant a tongue in their heads."

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