

DON'T GIVE UP

The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One bottle may not cure "right off" a complaint of years; persist until a cure is effected.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a drowsy, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least sudden motion causing me severe distress.

Cured Me.

I presume my liver was very much out of order, and the blood impure in consequence. I feel that I cannot too highly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted as I was."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Burdock Blood Purifier Cures DYSPEPSIA. Cures DYSPEPSIA. Cures DYSPEPSIA.

Burdock Blood Purifier Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION.

Burdock Blood Purifier Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS.

Burdock Blood Purifier Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE.

Burdock Blood Purifier Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD.

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The Sabbath-School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

Third Quarter-Lesson VI.—August 10.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS—Luke 16: 19-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.—How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!—Mark 10: 24.

ON EARTH. TWO CHARACTERS A CONTRAST.—Vers. 19-22.

A certain rich man. His name not given. The name Dives, by which he is sometimes called, is merely the Latin word for "rich," a rich man. Which was clothed in purple.

His Sin was not in the mere fact of his riches. His worldliness, his selfishness, his neglect of the spiritual aims and blessings of life. The picture of Lazarus at his gate, uncared for, shows his neglect of the poor as a class.

Mr. Neil McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes: "DEAR SIR.—For years and years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst form, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B. which I did, and after using 5 bottles I was completely cured."

DEAR SIR.—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me ever so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me. It is the best medicine I have ever used for the same disease. I recommend B. B. B.

DEAR SIR.—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got on more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.

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Father Abraham. This is the only instance in Scripture of praying to saints. And that prayer was not successful. Have mercy on me... send Lazarus. Willing to take a favor even from Lazarus. Dip the tip of his finger. He dares ask but the smallest favor. In water. The remedy is adapted to his condition. Tormented in this flame. Our Lord teaches, all the more strongly because incidentally, that after death the souls of the impenitent suffer as terribly as if fire were tormenting their bodies. And Abraham said. The request was refused, not from any unwillingness on the part of Abraham and Lazarus to help the suffering man. But the man was not repentant, and had not changed his character. He did not express sorrow for his sin, he did not ask forgiveness of God or man, he only wanted to escape from the consequences of his sin. There was nothing in him that made heaven possible to him. How kindly Abraham speaks. Remember. Memory and conscious will be the books from which they will be finally acquitted or condemned. Thou in thy lifetime... good things, Lazarus evil things. The object of his life (thy good things), were worldly goods, and he gained them. He had not sought salvation and eternal life, and why should he expect to have them? He reaped what he had sown. But Lazarus' evil things were external to him,—a discipline and a probation from without. And beside all this, a great gulf fixed. The gulf symbolizes the necessary separation growing out of difference of character. There can be no interchange and no communication between us. The one man's character was fixed in evil, the other permanent in good; and in that world there is no change. The good will not fall into evil, the evil will not choose good; but the gulf will continually grow wider. I pray thee therefore. Since nothing can be done to alleviate my misery, at least do not let there be any increase. That thou wouldst send him, to my father's house. Perdition does not of necessity involve the destruction of such natural sentiments. For I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them. Bear personal witness to what he had seen of the results of the earthly life. They have Moses and the prophets. Abraham's answer is brief and almost stern, rebuking this evil thought. They have Moses and the prophets: let them hear them. Nay... but if one went unto them from the dead: He imagines that the awe with which they will look upon one from the unseen world will cause that they repent. They will repent. Dives recognizes his failure to repent as the reason of his being in the place of torment. Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead. Men are apt to desire more influences for their salvation than God has given them. It is as if they said, "O Lord, we have light enough, but we will not serve you without more light. We have time enough, but we will not serve you without more time." But the doctrine of the parable is that if men will not be Christians with the advantages they have, they would not with greater advantages. A thousand new revelations would not make them God's children.

Examples of usefulness are often more helpful than sermons on that subject. I meet a great many Christian ladies who feel anxious to help in the great work of life, but "don't know how." I am thinking to-day of a few who have found ways and means of service which have proved to them means of grace.

Mrs. D., of G—, once had a strong, brave husband and a darling little boy. She says now, I rested in their love,—selfishly. I thought all God asked of me was to make a happy home for them and myself. One day God took her husband to Himself. The widow's heart yearned as never before over her beautiful boy. God called me to exert a wider influence for Him, she says, and I refused. I was wrapped up in my boy, forgetful of the poor little waifs who had no mother,—except a drunken creature; and I forgot in my selfish love and sorrow the homes where grief meets little sympathy, and sunlight and flowers, God's gifts to mourners, were unknown. "Was not in cruelty—not in wrath," the merciful One sent for her child in a few months. Since her heart was so smitten, and her hands became so empty, God has enlarged her heart, and filled her empty, yearning hands with service. Children who knew her boy now know and love his mother. The pastor does not longer have to wish Mrs. D. would do her part to sustain the prayer-meeting. She always does her part now, with a sympathetic voice and tender soul. Societies for truly benevolent purposes no longer languish for lack of Mrs. D.'s willingness to serve as committee, or vote one way or the other. She is ready. God called her three times,—twice by sorrow. Then she heard Him and answered.

Miss Jones is a book keeper, and earns fifty dollars a month. One-tenth of it is set aside for God, in an especial manner. She always can give a little. So can any one who does this much for God; and if the Bible means anything, it teaches that Christians have no right to offer God less than the Jews were required to, before the day-light of Christianity shone forth on men.

Miss Jones, too, takes two religious papers. After reading, she sends them to a friend who needs them; that friend sends them to a family too poor to subscribe for papers. They read and carry them a few blocks to a widow, who reads and gives them in turn to a reading room. Old when the reading room gets them? Yes. But boys there read things very new to them, and learn that when they are able, they, too, must have a paper of their own.

I know young ladies, one of whom is a graduate of Yassar, who gather up papers to put in homes where boys have just been converted, and must have helpful evening pleasures at home to lead and keep them from the vile dens they have known too well.

I have in mind a woman of culture and means who is expected by her well-to-do neighbors to call for their old clothes, boots, papers and books, once every few weeks, to put in her "barrel"; and "Miss P's barrel" people learn to remember, instead of putting away an old hat or bonnet or undershirt or roll of religious papers in the attic. That's one reason I don't believe in attics. My Aunt Jane's attic had enough old clothing and books and papers laid away in it, yes, and old dishes, too, to make glad many a home for months. Women, if you want something to do, clear out your attics and back closets, bundle up your papers, retrim cheaply the old hats and bonnets bent out of all shape in some old chest, and send them South, or even around the corner of your own street.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. A short road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are recommended by the best physicians, because they are free from calomel and other injurious drugs, being composed of purely vegetable ingredients. While thorough in their action, they stimulate and strengthen the bowels and secretory organs.

OUR MOTTO.—If God be for us, who can be against us. The Last Glass. A merry crowd, a careless throng, Where foaming glasses, just and song, Filled up the hours; There gathered rough and bearded men, And fair-faced boys, within that den Of Satan's powers.

One came as often as the rest, To share the flowing wine and jest, With reckless air, As if pursued by fiends within, He sought the place where drink and din Soon banished care.

One night the usual glass was poured, Amid the revel songs,—encored By those who heard, The poison almost reached his lips— When from his hands the goblet slips, Without a word.

A muttered oath—a dogged air— A sudden fall—a general stare— Then loud and clear, He spoke: "Fill me another glass; My nerves are shaky—let it pass— Here's to all here."

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"I cannot drink it, for there lies Within it depths a pair of eyes, Like heaven in hell."

"I cannot drink it for there swims A face above the foam that brims— The face of one Whose heart would ache to see me here;

Whose heart would break, to her I'm dear; Boys, I am done— "Done with the poison; here's my hand; With God's good help I mean to stand By a I I say; And stand by her whose dear face lies Between me and the revelries I leave to-day." —Detroit Free Press.

Hints on Service.

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end there. Those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head.

ACHE is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents each for \$1. Buy everywhere, or sent by mail from CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

James D. Fowler

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