Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.

From what poisons?

From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.

If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.

There is a common sense cure.

AYER'S PILLS

They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels.

You will find that the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

Write the Doctor.

Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor just how you are suffering. You will receive the best medical advice without cost. Address,

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PERRY DAVIS & SON.

Youthful Recklessness.

The natural exuberance of youth often leads to recklessness. Young people don't take care of themselves, get over-heated, catch cold, and allow it to settle on the kidneys. They don't realize the significance of backache—think it will soon pass away—but it doesn't. Urinary Troubles come, then Diabetes, Bright's Disease and shattered health.

Many a young life has been sacrificed. Is there any help for it? Yes!

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These conquerors of Kidney Ills are making the rising generation healthy and strong.

S. G. Grisman, 505 Adelaide St., London, Ont., says:

"My daughter, now 13 years old, has had weak kidneys since infancy, and her health as a consequence has always been poor. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have removed every symptom of kidney trouble, and restored her to perfect health. I am truly thankful for the great benefit they have conferred upon

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The Sabbath-School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

Second Quarter, Lesson 13, June 25, 1899.

REVIEW.

Golden Text.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 TIM. 1 : 15.

GENERAL REVIEW.

Christ is the master in the department of spiritual life. We have had six months' study with him and of him. Happily we do not have to go to Judea. He says, 'I will come to you and make my abode with you,' and 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,' either as to time or space.

CHAP.	JOHN
11	The Lazarus Chapter.
12	The Bethany Chapter.
13	The Lord's Supper.
14	The Comfortor.
15	The Vine and its Branches.
16	The Spirit of Truth and Peace.
17	The Lord's Prayer.
18	The Trial.
19	Crucifixion.
20	Resurrection.
21	Lovest Thou Me.

REVIEW BY CHAPTERS.

In our last Quarterly Review we studied the first ten chapters of John by chapters giving a suggestive title to each. It will be well to review those titles first, and then take up the remaining chapters as given here.

One needs to note not only the titles of the chapters, but the progress of the development of the mission of Christ. John does not attempt to write a biography of Christ, but brings to our view certain salient points, milestones of progress, essential features to the presentation of the work of Christ, taking for granted that we know the life of Christ as recorded in the other Gospels.

Drill on the whole book by chapters, as given in the two Reviews. After the class reviews, the outline of the book may be put on the blackboard, and the proper titles called for from the school and written in their places. Then drill the school till every scholar shall have the outline of the Gospel impressed upon his memory.

CLASS REVIEW BY DRAWING SLIPS.

A late number of the Sunday-School Times contains the two following methods of review. "Natural curiosity as to what is 'coming next' may be taken advantage of in arousing and holding the interest.

A teacher in the Woodland Presbyterian Sunday School of Philadelphia, recognized this in reviewing last quarter's lesson in her class of young children. She wrote nearly fifty simple questions, each one on a slip of paper about six inches long and an inch wide. With the class gathered around her in the Sunday-School hour, she held the bundle of slips in her hand, and read the questions one by one in their numbered order and sequence of thought. The first question drawn was answered before drawing another. The scholar who first answered the question correctly, or more correctly than others, kept the slip. So the method proceeded until all the slips were drawn, each scholar making an effort to have the largest number of slips at the end. The teacher was not obliged to answer a single question herself. She says "that there was the best of feeling throughout, and that the class was never before so deeply interested in a review exercise."

A BIOGRAPHY.

Once, while I lived in the City of Destruction which Bunyan describes, there came to me John 14 : 26, who troubled me greatly because he 16 : 8-11. At first I 11 : 10, because I 20 : 9. Then came voices saying 11 : 27 ; 12 : 35, 46 ; 17 : 17. Then I joined the noble band described in Acts 17 : 11. Here I saw a vision of 14 : 2 and Rev. 21, and found there not only Rev. 22 : 1-5, but John 14 : 27, and 15 : 11, and 15 : 12, and 15 : 15. And my soul longed for these things. Then I said, Where is the path? And a voice answered 14 : 6 ; and I said, Who shall guide me? And the voice said 16 : 13. Then I said, I am not fit to go there. And the voice said 3 : 3, and 3 : 5, and 15 : 3. And I said, What do they do there? And the voice said, 13 : 14, 15 ; 14 : 15 ; 15 : 12 ; 17 : 18, 21. And I said, Lord, how shall I do these things? And the voice replied 15 : 4, 7. Then the voice asked me 21 : 16 (f. c.) and I replied 20 : 28 and 21 : 16 (m. c).

Before Retiring

To-night, take a Laxa Liver Pill. It will work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Biliousness, Constipation and Sick Headache, and make you feel better in the morning.

The Legend of the Wandering Jew.

Of the hundreds of curious myths and legends which originated during that uncertain period referred to by the historians as the Dark Ages, none are of more peculiar interest or widespread popularity than that of the Wandering Jew.

Bearing Gould says: I have no doubt whatever that El Khoudr (the sun-god of the Sabaens), identified by the Jews with Elias, is the original of the Wandering Jew.

One version of the legend is to the effect that the Jew was a servant in the house of Pilate, and that he cursed Jesus, and administered several blows and kicks upon the person of the Master as he was being dragged to the place of execution. In this version the miscreant is without a name; but the nex , in which he is elevated to the dignity of door-keeper of the judgment-hall in which the court of Pontius Pilate sat, he is called Cartaphilos. After judgment had been passed upon the Saviour, and he was being hurried from the hall amid the shouts of Crucify him! crucify him! Cartaphilos is alleged to have struck the blessed Lord, at the same time exclaiming: Go faster, Jesus! go faster! Whereupon Jesus replied: I am going: but tarry thou until I come again! In this form of the legend the impious Jew is said to have been thirty years of age In fulfilment of the command of the Saviour, he still tarries upon the earth, never growing older than one hundred years. When the century mile-post is reached, all o a twinkling he is transformed to a man apparently of the age he was upon the day when the curse was pronounced upon him in the horrid shadows of Golgotha.

In another popular tale the Cursed Jew is Ahasuerus, a cobbler. As Jesus was on the way to Golgotha, he passed the shop of this cobbler, and, overcome with the weight of the ghastly burden he was being forced to bear, begged permission to rest upon the steps. This being refused, he requested to be permitted to lean the cross against the wall of the building; but even this was denied, the cobbler accompanying his refusal with awful curses, which were directed at Jesus for having dared to ask a favor of a Jew. Then the Man of Sorrows turned to him, and said: I take my burden, and press on to everlasting rest; but thou shalt wander over the earth continually and without rest until I come again.

When the terrible import of these words dawned upon the mind of the astonished Jew, he stood like one petrified until the crowd had passed out of sight and the streets were silent and empty. Then, driven by terror and remorse, he began his ceaseless wanderings—started upon a journey, which cannot end until the great day of judgment! Who that has looked upon Gustave Dore's marvellous illustration to this wild legend can forget the impression that it made upon his memory? That last scene, when the trumpet sounds, and earth is shivering to its foundations; the fire is bubbling forth through the rents in its surface; and the dead are coming together, flesh to flesh, and bone to bone, and muscle to muscle,—then the weary man sits down and casts off his shoes! Strange sights are around him, he sees them not; strange sounds assail his ears, he hears but one—the trumpet, which gives the signal for him to stay his wanderings and rest his weary feet.

Many people, some of high degree, have vouched that they have seen this same man in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Poland, Russia, Spain, Persia, Lapland, Sweden, Denmark, Scotland, and many other places.

In 1644, Michob Ader, calling himself the Wandering Jew, appeared at Paris. He pretended to have lived sixteen hundred years, and that he had travelled throughout all the countries of the world. Of course, he claimed an intimate acquaintance with all the celebrated characters of the previous sixteen centuries. He said of himself that he was usher of the Court of Judgment in Jerusalem at the time of our Saviour; and that for thrusting Jesus out of the hall with these words, Go! why tarriest thou? the Messiah answered him, I go; but tarry thou until I come again, thereby condemning him to live till the judgment day.

In Persia the devotees of the Mohammedan faith believe that he is expaiting the awful crime of stoning the prophet's camel! A favorite version of the story, related among the present residents of the Holy Land is, that he is the carpenter who made the cross upon which Christ suffered. In mediaeval folk-lore he was the tinker who made the nails used in crucifying the Saviour. According to the story the blacksmith and all the metal artificers refused to perform the task of making the nails; but the poor tinker, in order to "turn an honest penny" went to his cellar and fashioned the spikes of torture.

Early Tendencies.

The faculties of young children resemble a troop of raw recruits in the field of battle, who have not yet learned to comprehend their relative position, or to obey instinctively the commands of their officers. Each is full of his own activity and ardor but the strength and well directed force resulting from united exertion are wanting—the consequence is irregularity of action. A simple but beautiful little anecdote, in illustration of this point, occurs to us, which, while it serves to prove the truth of the remark, will show how easily judicious treatment can overcome the irregular activity of certain faculties necessary in them selves, and highly useful when under the control of superior sentiments. The mother herself related the fact to us as followed ;

One day, happening to leave some change on the table, near which her little girl four years old, while playing, on returning to the room she missed the money. It immediately occurs to her that the child had taken it up to play with, and accordingly she asked her where the money wad

The child denied that she hat touched it, but in a manner this betrayed some uneasiness. The lady however, did not notice this, and rang for a servant, who said that she had not been in the room since her mistress left it. The mother, now feeling certain that her daughter had the money, and seeing something folded in her apron, requested her, in a gentle manner, to show her what she had there; the child turned away, saying that she had been picking some stones up in the garden.

How did the mother act? She wisely led the little girl into an adjoining room, where they might be quite alone, and then firmly but quietly unfolded the tightly clasped hands and discoverd the money. How difficult, in such a not uncommon case, to act wisely—viz, to prove to the child the greatness of the fault, and yet avoid the appearance of severity. The mother thus touchingly surmounted the trial, instead of betraying anger—instead of upbraiding or inflicting punishment, she sank in a chair and burst into tears. The child, immediately overcome by this direct appeal to her feelings of attachment, and her highest sentiments, rushed broken-hearted into her mother's arms, and hid her tears of shame and repentance in her mother's bosom. The impression thus made has never been effaced, and the child was forever rescued from a tendency which, however slight in the first instance, might, if often repeated, have become a direct habit.—Ledger.

A Child's Honest Acknowledgement.

The other day after an exhibition of childish naughtiness, I felt obliged to chastise my little three-year-old son. A short time afterward he came into the buttery where I was at work, and climbed into a chair beside me to watch me. Thinking this might be a good time for a little private instruction, I began to tell him how much his mother wanted him to be good, and how sorry she was to be obliged to punish him. As I glanced at the little troubled face and downcast eyes as he stood beside me, I wondered if my words were having any effect. Directly, heaving a deep sigh, he said:

I wish I tan't be bad. Hesitating a moment, he added. Oh, dess I tood, but I don't want to.

Repressing a smile at the quaint reply, I thought, there is reasoning for us older ones, though many of us are not so honest about it.

How often do we hear men complain of sin and its evil effect, of the suffering and misery, the sorrow, and heartache it brings into the world, and then declare a Creator who is benevolent and just would not permit it, that if God is the loving Father he is represented to be, he would make it impossible for his creatures to fall into sin and entail upon themselves its awful consequences. Others of us who believe in his goodness and love, and are striving to walk in his footsteps have often become so discouraged because of our numerous temptations, our strivings after holiness and seeming failures that we cry out in agony of soul, Oh, that it were impossible to do wrong; Oh, that I might always do right and not offend my Maker. Like the little three year old we wish we tan't be bad. But how many of us in such moments are willing to be honest with ourselves and with God, and, after taking a thorough heart-searching, are willing to admit, Oh, I could be good, but I don't want to. So after all the fault lies in our lack of a consecrated will.—Telescope.

Napoleon Bonaparte's Estimate of the Bible.

The Bible is more than a book, it is a living being, with an action, a power which invades everything that opposes its extension. Behold it upon this table; this Book surpassing all others; I never omit to read it, and every day with new pleasure.

Everything in Christ astonishes me. His Spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whatever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison; he is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truth which he announces, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or by the nature of things.

Truth should embrace the universe. Such is Christianity, the only religion which destroys sectional prejudices, the only one which proclaims the unity and the absolute brotherhood of the whole human family, the only one which is purely spiritual; in fine the only one which assigns to all, without distinction, for a true country, the bosom of the Creator, God. Christ proved that he was the Son of the Eternal by the disregard of time. All his doctrines signify one only and the same thing—eternity. What a proof of the divinity of Christ? With an empire so absolute, he has but one single end—the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of the conscience.—From a Cloud of Witness.

Humble Pie.

In the old feudal times of England, when one of the barons gave a hunting-feast, it was customary to have pies made of vension. Of course the lord and his guests were served with the very best, but for those of lower ranks, who ate at the foot of the table, the pies were made of the umbles, or poorest parts of the deer, and were therefore called umble pies. As those who ate the umble pies were those who held humble positions in the baron's household, the umble pie after a while became confused with the humble position, and in that way arose the idea that he who ate umble pie was some one who was humbled or humilated.

Better stay at home with Christ than take a holiday with the devil.

Put your enemy into God's hands if you want to get rid of him.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.—Frank, a boy from the city, has been picking raspberries in the woods. As he was on his way home a violent storm arose. It began raining and lightning, and to thunder fearfully. Frank was very much frightened, and crept in an old oak tree not far from the road side. He did not know that the lightning is very apt to strike a hollow tree. But all at once he heard a voice that called:

"Frank! Frank! come quickly!"

Frank jumped instantly from the tree: but scarcely had he gone a hundred feet when the lightning struck the tree. The ground quaked beneath the terrified boy, and it seemed as if he was standing in the midst of fire. But he was not hurt at all, and exclaimed, with raised hands:

That voice came from Heaven! Thou O dear Lord, hast saved me

But once more the voice was heard:

Frank! Frank! do you not hear?

He looked around and saw a pleasant woman who was calling. Frank ran to her and said:

Here I am. What do you want of me?

I did not mean you, but my own little Frank, the woman replied. He was watching the geese by the brook, and must have hidden himself somewhere from the storm. I came to take him home. See! there he comes at last out from the bushes.

Frank, the boy from the city, related how he had taken her voice as from heaven. Then the peasant folded her arms devoutly and said;

Oh, my child, do not thank God any the less that the voice came from the mouth of a poor peasant woman. It was he who willed that I should call your name although I knew nothing about you.

Yes, yes, said Frank; God served himself by your voice, but my escape came from Heaven.

Always remember that safety depends not on accident or chance, but on your heavenly Father.—From the German.

MILD IN THEIR ACTION.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are very mild in their action. They do not cause pain or griping in the stomach or cause disturbances there as so many pills do. Therefore, the most delicate can take them without fear of unpleasant results. They can, too, be administered to children without imposing the penalty which follow the use of pills not so carefully prepared.

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was our family doctor for over 20 years and never failed to cure. My children are married and living in Boston and they think that Gates' medicines are the best that they can get to-day.

Yours respectfully,
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