

IS THIS YOUR STORY?

Every morning I have a bad taste in my mouth; my tongue is coated; my head aches and I often feel dizzy. I have no appetite for breakfast and what food I eat distresses my stomach. I am getting so nervous that I tremble all over. My nerves are all unstrung, and I am getting pale and thin. I am tired in the morning as if I had not slept at all. What does your doctor say? You are suffering from indigestion. What is his remedy?



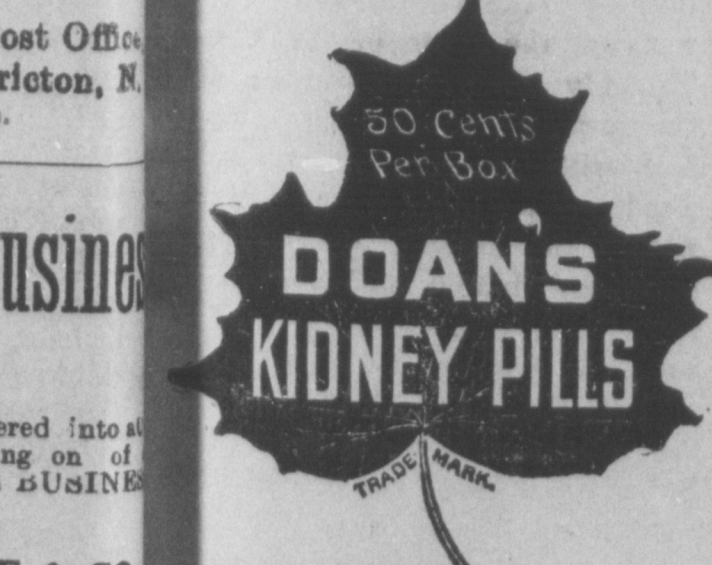
You must not have constipated bowels if you expect the Sarsaparilla to do its best work. Put up only the boxes and bottles. The Sarsaparilla is the only medicine that will cure you of all your troubles. Write to our Doctors. Perhaps you would like to consult with our doctors about your condition. Write us freely all the particulars of your case. You will receive a prompt reply. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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The Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

First Quarter, Lesson 11, Mar. 13, 1900.

JESUS AT MATTHEW'S HOUSE—Mark 2: 13-22.

Compare Matt. 9: 9-17.

Commit Verses 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He saith unto him, Follow me.—Luke 5: 27.

HISTORICAL SETTING.

Time.—The call of Matthew was in May or June, A. D. 28. The banquet and discourse, either then or, as Andrews, in the autumn of the same year.

Place.—Capernaum, at the custom house, Matthew's place of business, and at his home in the city.

THE CALL OF MATTHEW.—Vs. 13, 14. And he went forth again, from the city of Capernaum, where he had been teaching and healing. By the sea side, where he had often been before. Here he had larger room for teaching than in the city. The multitude resorted. . . he taught; i. e., the multitude kept coming to him, and he kept teaching them.

Characteristics of His Teaching. (1) It was with authority. (2) It was popular. (3) It was concrete. (4) It was proverbial. (5) It was symbolical. (6) Sometimes in parables. (7) It was singularly attractive. As he passed by, moving along the shore, instead of remaining all the time in one place. He saw Levi the son of Alphaeus. Levi was his name at the time of his call. He is elsewhere called Matthew. Either he had originally two names, as was not uncommon among the Jews, or he received the name of Matthew when he became a Christian, as Simon did that of Peter. Sitting at the receipt of custom. Toll house, or custom house, for the collection of the taxes on fish, or duties on the merchandise which passed along the great roads to Jerusalem, Tyre, and Damascus, and the East.

Matthew was engaged, not in a wicked calling, but in a disreputable one; one which in general was followed by bad men, in wicked ways, and which therefore threw a shadow of suspicion on every one engaged in it. But it is probable that Matthew was not corrupt. Said unto him, Follow me, both in heart as his Saviour and Master, and literally by taking his place among our Lord's constant attendants. Without doubt, Matthew knew about Jesus. He had heard his teachings, seen his works, recognized his character and claims. And he arose and followed him. It cost a good deal to accept the call. Luke says he forsook all,—his business, his gains, his hopes of wealth, his companions, his luxuries. He left worldly success to gain heavenly success, the real success. He became a better man, and a Christian, and apostle.

BANQUET AND RECEPTION AT MATTHEW'S HOUSE. Vs. 15. Some weeks or months after Matthew's call. As Jesus sat at meat at his house, at a great feast which Matthew made. And many publicans and sinners. Disreputable sinners and outcasts, no serious offenders. The Pharisees were as great sinners, but in another way. Sat also. . . with Jesus. They were invited by Matthew to meet Jesus. It seems to have been an effort of Matthew to bring his old acquaintances into the kingdom of God. For there were many present who were following Jesus wherever he went to learn more of him, and these were present.

Matthew as a companion and associate of the bad was in danger; but Matthew as a friend who seeks to do them good is safe.

SEEKING AND SAVING THE LOST.—Vs. 16-20. When the scribes and Pharisees. The strictest outward religionists and observers of the ceremonial law, the men who were like white sepulchres and dishes washed on the outside, but full of all uncleanness within. Saw him. The Pharisees were not guests, but freely came into the house and looked on, according to the custom of the East. Said unto his disciples, who were probably nearer. How is it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners? Eating and drinking was a covenant of friendship. They thought that something must be wrong with a teacher who consorted with such people instead of with the cultured scribes and wealthy and honored Pharisees. When Jesus heard it. He either overheard their words or the disciples reported them. He saith unto them. He made two answers to their criticism. They that are whole. Strong, healthy, as the Pharisees imagined they were morally. It is only they that are sick who need a physician. He was the physician of the soul, and went where the sinners were, and to those who felt the need of spiritual healing. It would be a strange physician who would not go among the sick. The second

answer was an appeal to their Scriptures, given more fully in Matt. 9: 13. But go ye to the Scriptures, with which the scribes were familiar. And learn. Get at the real meaning. What that meaneth. He quotes from Hos. 6: 6. I will have (I wish in my people) mercy, deeds of kindness to those in need, pity and help for the sinful, and not sacrifice, the external forms of religion, without the heart. If they had read the Scriptures aright they would have cried out each one, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" I came not to call the righteous (those really good, those free from sin) but sinners to repentance, for they need the call. The contrast is not between Pharisees and publicans, but between two kinds of character. By going among the publicans Jesus was accomplishing his mission, the very thing the Pharisees themselves ought to have been doing. Jesus brings hope and health and salvation to the lowest of men.

There were many obstacles in the way of the publicans' becoming Christians. (1) They were exposed to great temptations to crimes for which there was no punishment. (2) There past life lowered their standard of morality and debased their character. (3) Their past became a hindrance by taking away the hope of being and doing better. They were outcasts, and the better society did not welcome them. The disciples of John and of the Pharisees used to fast; better, as a v. v., "were fasting" at this time. So that the banquet was held on a fast day, and the contrast between the feasting of Jesus and his disciples and the onlookers called out the question, Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but thy disciples fast not? Why are your disciples less religious? Can the children of the bridegroom. The bridegroom's friends, who conducted the bride from her father's house to the marriage feast. Fast, while the bridegroom is with them! It was wholly incongruous, and could be only a form. It was now a time of rejoicing, and their conduct and religious life should agree thereto. But the days will come, etc. At Jesus' death they will feel like mourning, so sad and troubled that fasting will be the natural expression of their hearts.

NEW METHODS FOR NEW TIMES. Vs. 21, 22. Jesus continues his reply by a general principle, of which his answer to their question about fasting was one application. This principle would help the disciples in many a difficult question in the future, and all down the ages. No man also seeth a piece of new cloth, unfurled, unshrunk. On an old garment, as a patch. Taketh away from the old, etc. The patch, exactly fitting the rent in the old garment, would shrink, till the older cloth gave way, and the rent became larger than before. And no man. None are so foolish. Fatteth new wine into old bottles. R. v. rightly "wine-skins," i. e., skins of animals from which the body is withdrawn leaving the skin whole, except the neck, which becomes the mouth of the bottle, and the legs, which are tied up. Else the new wine doth burst the bottles; by the pressure of the gases produced by the process of fermentation upon leather weakened and cracked by age.

A Tale of the Arctic Seas.

One of the most curious finds ever made from the sea was that which came from Azores in 1858. The island of Corvo was then in possession of two beach combers, runaway English sailors. There came drifting into a little harbor one morning a craft which had evidently been frozen in the ice for a lifetime, and had lately been released. It had come down from Davis Strait, and was an ancient and battered hulk without masts, but warks, or name. The craft had been a brig, and she was a Russian. Her hatches were on and her cabin doors fast, and the hulk was buoyant. She had come out of an iceberg. She had little cargo, and that consisted of skins and furs in prime condition. No papers were found in her cabin, but it was figured that she was a sealer or trader, carrying a crew of ten or twelve, and that she had been provisioned for a year. The flour found aboard tasted like chalk, but the beef was perhaps better than the day it was put on board. She had been abandoned when frozen in, and the dark color of the wood work and the growth of moss proved that she had drifted for years. Then she got fast in the ice, and became part of a berg.

The date of a letter found in her fore-castle showed she had been abandoned nearly half a century before. The hulk drifted onto a sandy beach, and the combers went to work on her. They got out the furs, which brought them a few thousand dollars, but it cost a couple of barrels of salt, and then she got to the wreck, and little remained of

her when the story leaked out. That the hulk had come down from the far north was proved only a few weeks later by the log of an English merchantman. She reported passing a great iceberg to the northwest of the Azores, and of seeing a curious object imbedded in it fifty feet above the surface of the water. This object was believed to be a whale, but it was probably the hull of the brig. Getting down into the warm seas, the berg fell to pieces, and the queer old relic found herself adrift again.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

People who Live in Nests

Travelers who have returned from the heart of Africa and the Australian continents, tell wonderful stories of nest-building people who inhabit the wilds of those countries.

In the bushmen of Australia, we find, perhaps, the lowest order of men that are known. They are so primitive that they do not know enough to build even the simplest forms of huts for shelter.

The nearest they could approach to it is to gather a lot of twigs and grass, and taking them into a jungle, they built a nest for a home, much as does a bird. The nest is usually built large enough for a family, and if the latter be very numerous, then the nests are of a very large size.

Into this place they all turn and snuggle and curl up together like so many kittens. Sometimes the foliage will grow together and form a sort of natural covering, but there is never any attempt at constructing a protection from the rain storms, and it is a marvel how they endure them.

When there is a particularly good piece of jungle for home sites, it will be quickly appropriated for the purpose, and sometimes hundreds of these nests will be found together in the bush, as it is called.

But though the bushmen of the Australian colonies are the very lowest in the scale of ignorance, they possess a rare instinct that equals that of many animals, and is in its way as wonderful as man's reason.

It is almost impossible for them to be lost. Even if they be led away from their homes blindfolded for miles, when released they will unerringly turn to the right direction, and though these are very similar, they never make a mistake.—Christian Observer.

Courage Both Ways.

A young Scotsman was a member of a Highland regiment in one of England's eastern wars. Called to arms suddenly by an unexpected attack of Arabs, the company suddenly formed a hollow square. The commanding officers in advance of his troops were struck down, and in a moment would have been trampled under foot by the advancing enemy, when the Highland soldier, small but strong, darted from the ranks under the very feet of the Arabs, seized his fallen officer, flung him across, his shoulders, and rushed back into the safety of the hollow square, whose line opened to receive him.

The general, from a distance, saw the brave deed, and after the battle, sent for the young soldier and invited him, as a mark of honor, to drink a glass of wine in the presence of the regiment. The young man quietly declined.

Astonished, and regarding the refusal almost an insult, the general said: And why, my man, will you not drink a glass of wine with your general?

Because, said the soldier simply, I promised my mother on her dying bed that I would never touch wine.

The general was satisfied, and the young Highlander, for his first valiant deed, which, perhaps did not require as much courage as the second, received the Victoria cross.—Forward.

Keep on Praying

One James Smith, an English laborer in the navy yard on the Thames, had a little boy, Johnnie, as the Wesleyan Methodist. James was a very intemperate man. After the death of his wife sorrow kept him sober for a while, but he took to his cups again, and, as poor Johnnie expressed it, got badder and badder all the time.

One night the drunkard awoke, a most uncommon thing for him at such an hour, and lay very still for he heard a sound. It was his motherless boy praying by his bedside. He heard him say, Please God, make daddy a better man, for Jesus' sake.

James Smith could not sleep any more. He rose very early and went to his work. He came home early that night without having drunk a drop of liquor. His heart was melted. He said to Johnnie: What put it into our head to pray for your worthless old dad?

Johnnie told him that it was because he loved him; and besides he had been to a Sunday class, where the teacher had taught him the

commandment, Honor thy father and thy mother.

Then keep on prayin', keep on prayin', little lad, said James. I believe God has answered you already; I've been prayin' for myself, that God would make me a better man.

The prayer was answered. James Smith reformed, and from that time lived a steady, Christian man.

How Young Men Succeed.

Samuel Sloan, the great railway magnate, struck the right key note in the following words, which appeared in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post:

I know of no better guide for the young man who wants to steer clear of failure than the Bible. The good old Book has lost none of its helpfulness in the on-rolling of centuries, and is to-day the best chart extant for the youthful voyager on life's stormy sea. It is the custom of some men to sneer at the teachings of Holy Writ, but they are not the men who have attained the greatest heights in either business or society. Let a young man study the wisdom of the Bible, and acquaint himself with its naked, strenuous truth, and he cannot go far wrong in his everyday life.

Fortified by a sound, moral self-training, the young business man of to-day will never know the real bitterness of failure, and the lives of those who go down in the struggle for existence will be to such a young man a perpetual wonder.—American Messenger.

A Tomahawk Well Used.

An Indian chief, seeing that his young men were being weakened and ruined by the fire-water which was brought by the white traders, forbade that any more liquor be brought within his limits.

A Frenchman dared to come and bring a keg of whiskey, and was about to draw it, when the chief discovered the violation of his prohibitory law.

The old man drew his tomahawk from his belt, cut the hoops from the keg, spilled the whiskey on the earth, then turned to the trader and holding the tomahawk over his head said, Go home, you dog. If you bring the fire-water again, I'll split not only the keg, but your head, too. The speech was short but sufficient.

Don't Gush Over Scholars.

Don't gush over any girl or boy. Either will detect the insincerity of it immediately. Don't my dear the children too much. They don't like it. They do like to be treated with frank earnestness, just as older folks are treated. They like to have people assume that they have some sense, and they have. Throw them upon their honor, and, as a rule, they will respond and act honorably. Let them know that you take it for granted that they will be up to all sorts of mischief, and they will see that you are not disappointed. Human nature in children is about the same as in adults, only, perhaps, a little more so.—Pilgrim Teacher.

The Czarina's Private Fun.

The Empress of Russia is a very accomplished lady, speaking five languages, besides numbering among her recreations riding, painting, rowing, sketching, swimming, tennis, etc. But one of her favorite amusements is drawing caricatures.

Freed from the fear of the censor, she indulges with her pen and pencil in a way which makes even Russian ministers tremble, drawing them in caricature, which would mean death or Siberia to any other artist. She has drawn the Czar himself—a solemn, bearded but bald infant in long clothes, tied in an arm-chair, and surrounded by a host of grand dukes and grand duchesses armed with feeding-bottles all insisting on feeding him in a different way. No wonder the Czar is screaming at the top of his voice.

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