

Pain?
Back? probably the kidneys.
Chest? probably the lungs.
Joints? probably rheumatism.
Matter where it is, nor what
you need have it no longer.
It is an hour, a day, or a
week, it must yield to
Ayer's
Cherry
Electoral
Plaster
Immediately after applying it you
feel its soothing, warming, strength-
ening power.
It quiets congestion; draws out
inflammation.
It is a new plaster.
A new combination of new
remedies. Made after new
methods. Entirely unlike any
other plaster.
The Triumph of Modern Medical
Science.
The Perfected Product of years of
Patient Toil.
Placed over the chest it is a
powerful aid to Ayer's Cherry
Electoral in the treatment of all throat
and lung affections.
Placed over the stomach, it stops
nausea and vomiting; over the
bowels, it controls cramps and colic.
Placed over the small of the back,
it removes all congestion from the
kidneys and greatly strengthens
weakness.
For sale by all Druggists.
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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UNDERTAKER
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Caskets and Caskets.
Robes and Mournings
First Class Work at low
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Special rates for country orders
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EMULSION
CONSUMPTION AND
ALL LUNG DISEASES.
SPITTING OF BLOOD.
COUGH, LOSS
OF APPETITE.
The benefits of this article
are most manifest.
The aid of the D. & L. Emulsion, I have
received of a hacking cough which had troubled
me over a year, and have gained consider-
able weight.
T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal.
50c. and \$1 per Bottle
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited
MONTREAL.

Dr. Wood's
Norway
Pine
Syrup.
After stop that
now with
low doses of
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Pine
Syrup than let
run on to end
in Bron-
chitis, Pneu-
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wonderfullung
curing remedy
cures the
best kinds of
coughs and colds
when others fail.
Price 25c. & 50c. All dealers.

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The Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

Second Quarter Lesson 7. May 13, 1900

JESUS AT THE PHARISEE'S

HOUSE.—Luke 7: 36-50.

Read Matthew 18: 23-35.

Commit Verses 44-47.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thy faith hath

saved thee.—Luke 7: 50.

HISTORICAL SETTING.

Time.—Summer A. D. 28, in close

connection with the last two lessons.

Place.—In some town of Galilee,

perhaps in Capernaum.

John the Baptist in prison at

Macherus.

This incident must be distinguished

from the anointing of Jesus' feet,

by Mary, at the house of Simon, of

Bethany (Matt. 26: 6-13), which

was a year and a half later. Simon

was a common name applied to

fifteen different persons in the New

Testament. Nor should the woman

be confounded with Mary Magda-

lene out of whom Jesus cast seven

devils.

TWO TYPES OF SINNERS.—Vs. 36,

37. First Type: Simon the Phari-

see. And one of the Pharisees,

Simon, by name. There is reason

to suppose that he was one of the

better class of Pharisees, partially

open to conviction, and questioning

whether this might not be the ex-

pected prophet (see John 12: 42).

But his treatment of Jesus show-

ed that he was unwilling to be ac-

knowledged as his disciple. He

doubtless had the virtues and

faults of the better class of Phari-

sees,—strict in outward observance

of the ritual and law, proud of his

righteousness; without deep love for

God, blind to his real state of heart.

He despised the sinner who came

into the house during the dinner.

Desired him. Was asking. And

he went. Jesus went to any place

where he could do good and reach

the souls of men. It is safe for us

to go wherever our work calls us,

and make it helpful to our fellow-

men. And sat down to meat. Re-

clined at table. At meals, the

custom was to recline on a couch,

the head toward the table, the feet

outward, and the body supported

by the left arm.

Second Type: A woman that

was a sinner. A woman in the city,

which was a sinner. One regarded

as of bad character, unchaste. She

was notorious. When she knew that

Jesus sat at meat. Her presence

there is explained by the Oriental

custom of strangers passing in and

out of a house during a meal to see

and converse with the guests.

What Attracted her to Jesus?

She wished to escape from her bad

life. Every door of hope was shut

against her. She had heard of the

invitation to the weary and heavy

laden. She knew how he had for-

given the pharisee. She saw the

gate of heaven open. The angel of

hope was beckoning, and she went

to Jesus, as the starving hasten to

a well-kept table or the shivering

seek the fire.

TWO WAYS OF TREATING JESUS

—Vs. 37, 38, 44-46. The Woman's

Way. Brought an alabaster box

Flask. Of ointment. The ointment

with which Mary of Bethany

high enough in honor, to call for

that manner of welcome. My head

was anointed with costly ointment.

An ordinary token of respect. Christ

meant to say to Simon, 'Thou didst

not anoint my head, the nobler part,

with ordinary oil. She hath anointed

my feet with costly ointment.

A MIRROR FOR TWO SOULS.—Vs.

39-46. He spoke within himself.

Not venturing to utter his thoughts.

This man, if he were a prophet,

would have known. He had been

inclined to think that Jesus was a

prophet, but now had come a test:

if Jesus were a prophet he must have

been able to read the character of

this woman. And, like a true

Pharisee, he was sure that Jesus

would not have let the woman

touch him, had he known the ki-

nd of her. Jesus answered the

thought of his heart. I have

known her. I have known her

thought of his heart. I have

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thought of his heart. I have

of Thy cause may be the leading

motive of his life.

I was a remarkable prayer;

people yet living who heard it still

remember and talk of its power.

What wonder that it was the topic

for all tongues when the services

closed!

The youth, Henry Mallard,

coming home in the late afternoon

from the day's sport, met Walter

Manly, one of his mates, who said:

I want to tell you, Henry, that

the new minister prayed for you to

day.

He prayed for all sinners, no

doubt, laughed the handsome youth,

carelessly.

But I want to tell you he prayed

for just you Henry Mallard, over

at Hannum's Pond, fishing.

He didn't say that? He didn't

call my name right out?

Yes, de did, and Henry—

But, exclaiming, Minister or not

I'll horsewhip him, the angry youth

dashed down the street toward his

home like a mad creature, seeking

his mother and repeating his asser-

tion.

But, my son, she expostulated, I

am praying for you all the time.

Not aloud, by name, before every-

body!

But ever one who knows us a

little under stands how grieved I am

at your waywardness. It is nearly

time for the evening meeting; you

will escort me, of course.

Of course, but it will not change

my mind. I have said that I will

horsewhip that minister, and I

intend to keep my word.

Often there was a thin attend-

ance at those evening meetings; to-

night the room was crowded. Some-

times the boys were restless; to-

night there was a hush of solemnity.

Often there was much backward-

ness about taking part; to night, no

sooner was liberty given than the

lad who had gone out to meet

Henry that afternoon arose and

said, I wish someone would pray for

me, right out plainly, by name, so

that everyone might understand

that it was Walter Manly that was

meant.

The words had no sooner left his

lips than a dozen other boys were

on their feet with the same request.

Every night that week there was a

meeting in the audience room, for

the chapel would not hold the

crowds.

Until Friday Henry Mallard

made an outward appearance of

anger. That evening he asked for

the prayers of Christians. I. Henry

Mallard, he said, who spent last

Sunday fishing at Hannum's Pond.

I was a season of great rejoicing,

and as the pastor was walking home

with one of the deacons he asked,

Why is there such an abounding

spirit of thankfulness over the

attitude of Henry Mallard?

Do you not know that he and his

widowed mother own almost this

entire village?

I had no idea of it, was the reply.

I noticed, of course, the deep

interest that centered around the

lad, but I have not had time to ask

I believe he is saved.

He was, indeed; his life of

beneficence has proved it. His

True replied the missionary; but

many a poor handle gets worn out

and many a one breaks; and it takes

a long time until a new one is

obtained from Europe and until

that handle is prepared and shaped.

Ah, he answered, if that were

all, it would be well enough, and

the tree would have respite; but

what is the real case? No sooner

does a handle find it can no longer

swing the axe than it says—What

am I to do now? I am getting

worn out; I can no longer swing

the axe; am I to give up cutting?

No, indeed! He walks up to the

tree, looks at it, and says, But here

is a fine branch out of which a

handle might be made.