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The warning cough is the faithful sentinel. It tells of the approach of consumption, which has killed more people than war and pestilence combined. It tells of painful chests, sore lungs, weak throats, bronchitis, and pneumonia. Do not suffer another day. It's useless, for there's a prompt and safe cure. It is

WATERBURY'S Cherry Pectoral

which cures fresh colds and coughs in a single night and masters chronic coughs and bronchitis in short time. Consumption is surely and certainly prevented, and cured, too, if taken in time.

A 25c. bottle for a fresh cold; 50c. size for older colds; \$1 size for chronic coughs and consumption.

"I always keep a bottle of Waterbury's Cherry Pectoral on hand. Then every time I get cold I take a little of it and I am better at once."

JAMES O. BRIGGS,
Oct. 19, 1898. El Paso, Texas.

Write the Doctor. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice, write the Doctor freely. Address
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INCTION

The Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL L.S.S.O.N.

Fourth Quarter Lesson 6, Nov. 11, 1900

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

Rad Luke 16: 19-31: 10.

Commit V. res 1922.

GOLDEN Text.—Lay up for your treasure in heaven.—Matt. 5: 20

HISTORICAL SETTING

Time.—January, A. D. 30. At the same time as the last lesson.

Place.—Perea, beyond Jordan, probably at the Pueris's house where Lessons III., IV., and V. were spoken.

SCENE I. THE WORLDLY MAN AT HIS EARTHLY BEST.—V. 19. A certain rich man.

His name is not given, perhaps to show that in heaven's estimation it is not worth while even to mention a man's name simply because he is rich.

The name Dives, often given to him, is simply the Latin for rich man. He was clothed in purple.

His outer robe was made of silk or wool dyed purple and very costly. It was the royal color, and indicated pride as well as luxury. And fine linen.

The undergarment, or tunic, of fine linen. The fine linen of Egypt, here alluded to, was so transparent and fine that a robe of it, well woven, was said to be worth twice its weight in gold.

It was extremely soft and of dazzling whiteness. And fured sumptuously, living in mirth, gorgeously, magnificently, every day, and not merely on special occasions.

The sin of the rich man was not the mere fact of his riches. "It would be hard to understand how, if wealth, as such, were the man's sin, the celestial banquet could be presided over by Abraham, the richest of the rich in Israel."

Nor is it hinted that he had obtained his riches dishonestly. The point of the parable lay in the use made of riches, not in the wrong ways of gaining them.

His sin was selfishness, his utter forgetfulness, and neglect of the nobler and spiritual aims and blessings of life.

He was rich towards himself and not towards God (Luke 12: 21). He spent his wealth on himself. He made a god of his riches. He was guilty of the sins of omission, which, in Matt. 23: 31-46, Jesus declared condemn men to everlasting punishment.

This sin shows a heart utterly contrary to heaven and to God, embodying in itself the seeds of all sins and crimes.

He had great opportunities for doing good. He had great powers at his command to help and bless his fellow-men. But he stumbled over the very golden stairway to heaven, and transformed heaven's blessings into curses. "Abused wealth was the rich man's ruin."

He was a steward and acted as if he were the owner.

Note that worldliness, selfishness, is not confined to the rich, but those who are so anxious to be rich that they save but do not give; those who had striven to be rich and failed; all who are guilty of worldliness lie under the same condemnation.

SCENE II. THE GODLY MAN AT HIS EARTHLY WORST.—V. 20, 21. A certain man named Lazarus.

From "Lazar," which in some form in every language of Europe designates a person infected with a filthy, pestilential disease. The significance of the name, and the fact that this is the only time Jesus uses a proper name in a parable, render it probable that the name was typical. Laid at his gate.

He was too sick to care for himself. The gates of temples and of the mansions of the rich were the customary resort of beggars, because there they could most easily attract attention to their needs. This picture is presented to show that the rich man had abundant opportunities and invitations to use his wealth for those in need. Full of sores.

He had both pain and want. The beggar was covered with sores, the rich man with "purple and fine linen."

And desiring to be fed with the crumbs. "While the sounds of mirth and dancing attract the passers by and the brilliant lights shed a radiance over all within, Lazarus lies through the weary hours in the outer darkness under the chilling rain, waiting for the scraps that the slave casts out."

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"The reference to the dogs is mistaken by some to imply a kindly sympathy on their part with the beggar. The Greek implies the contrary. The Bible has no good word for dogs, the only respectable canine in Jewish litera-

ture being T. bit's dog in the Apocrypha.

SCENE III. THE BEGGAR IN HEAVEN.—V. 22. The scene changes. We have seen two characters on earth. Now the veil between this life and the next is drawn aside, and we see the same characters in the light of eternity.

It came to pass, that the beggar died. Nothing is said of his burial, probably his body, "was thrown into a ditch," but his soul, his real self, was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.

The type of paradise, where Abraham was the host of a great feast (Matt. 22: 2; Rev. 19: 7, 9), and "to lie in it," as St. John in that of our Lord (John 13: 23), was to be there as the most favored guest."

Nothing is said directly of the moral condition of Lazarus. But that he was a godly man, suffering in faith and patience, is necessarily implied in the fact that he went to heaven, where only godly persons can go.

His mere poverty could not take him to heaven, any more than mere riches condemned the rich man to hell. "That he was fit company for the friend of God after death indicates that he was not the mere want of money, comforts, the luxury which made the difference between him and the rich man."

Compare the martyr throng clothed in white and singing with the angels, who had come out of great tribulation, but had "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. 7).

We must judge of any person by his whole life, not by one part of it. The harvest must be taken into the account as well as the sowing time.

The rich question for every person is, What is he becoming through his surroundings, or in spite of them? What is he doing with his wealth or his poverty? All that he has of good things or of trials are to us.

A good man in the worst circumstances is really much better off than the wicked man in the choicest of earthly conditions. "I had rather be a doorknocker in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness" (Psa. 84: 10).

SCENE IV. THE RICH MAN IN HADES.—V. 22, 23. The rich man also died, and was buried.

There is a sublime irony in this mention of his burial, connected as it is with what is immediately to follow. The last service his wealth could give him was a burial "crowned with the vain and extravagant pomp of his life," with rich men and not angels for his pall bearers.

And in hell. R. V., "Hades." The invisible land, the realm of the dead. Being in torment. "Tormented in this flame," not literal fire, for a spirit cannot be touched by flame, but "an anguish of soul as intolerable as the touch of earthly flame is to the nerves of the mortal body."

And seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. Reclining in honor at the banquet of bliss. The very contrast must have added to his torment.

SCENE V. A VISION INTO THE MEANING OF LIFE.—V. 24-26. And he cried. . . . 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.

In conquered pride, willing to take a favor even from Lazarus. Dip the tip of his finger. He dares ask the smallest favor. Cool my tongue. This hints at the close connection between sin and its punishment. Tormented in this flame. "Figures are employed in the Bible, not because the reality is less than the figure, but greater."

The request itself of the worldly man showed that he was not repentant. He did not express sorrow for his sin; he did not ask forgiveness of God or man; he only wanted to escape from the consequence of his sin. Son. How kindly Abraham speaks, showing his merciful wishes! Remember. "The river of death is no water of Lethe, bringing with it the forgetfulness of past evil." Thou in thy lifetime. . . . good things. . . . Lazarus evil things. All that he regarded as good and sought for (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 had done nothing through which they were possible. He reaped what he had sown. But Lazarus' evil thing were eternal to him, a discipline and a probation from without. And beside all this. The reason drawn from the fitness of things is followed by a reason drawn from the necessity of the case. A great gulf fixed. The necessary separation growing out of difference of character, and embodied in different places adapted to the different characters.

There is ever going on in every soul a process of confirmation of character. Every thought and every act tend to give the character final permanence. And there comes a time when the condition is irreversible.

SCENE VI. THE GLANCE BACK TO EARTH.—Vs. 27-31. Send him to my father's house.

Not the same supercilious willingness that Lazarus should save him. Doubtless Lazarus would have been glad to help him. That he may t stify unto them. Bear personal witness to what he had seen, and knew from experience of the results of the earthly life. They have Moses and the prophets. The Old Testament revelation, through whose teachings many had lived holy lives and gone to heaven, including Abraham and Lazarus. They have already been warned, but have not given heed. But if one went. . . . from the dead, and spoke with the power and authority of one who knows by experience, he was sure they would then repent. If they hear not Moses (if they reject the testimony they have). . . . neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead. They would resist the new influences, and find excuses for not repenting, just as they had done under the old.

Angel Workers.

One very hot day in July, many years ago, we were driving over an unimproved, dusty road, my dear father and I, and I was feeling very tired and wishing for home, when as we were passing an old, desolate-looking farm house, my father said: This is the place where the angels came in the night and cut the old man's head.

I was interested in a moment, always d-lighting in my father's stories, knowing they were sure to be true—but this sounded very strange.

Tell me, I cried, did they really? Did you see them?

Well, he replied, the old man said so. He was very feeble and old, and his children had all left him, with only this poor little house to support him and his aged wife. And that meadow that you see just back of the house was his pride, as well as chief means of support, for they cut from it each year, when so d, brought the necessities they needed in those days. (It happened when I was young, and people then were contented with far less than they are now.)

Well, one evening early in July, the old man's wife had called him several times to supper before he came, and then she noticed that he scarcely tasted his food.

Why, Matthew, she said, what ails you that you cannot eat your supper? Had he had news?

Bad enough, he muttered, without hearing bad news. There's the grass on that meadow lot ripe and ready to be moved, and I have just been trying again, but cannot cut a single swath with the rheumatism in my back. For forty years that lot has been the first mowed in Homer, soon the grass will be spoiled. Oh, dear! how hard it is to be lame.

Well, well, she replied, you must just trust in the Lord, Matthew. You know it is written—

Yes, yes, he said bitterly; I know what you will say. It is all very well to talk, but when I can't cut that grass, and have no money to hire a man to cut it, where are we going to get flour and tea for next winter?

He will give His angels charge concerning you, she murmured, half to herself, for she saw that the old man was in no mood for reasoning with.

Tut, tut! he cried angrily, you don't suppose he will send His angels down to cut my grass, do you?

With Him all things are possible, she said, with a sad heart, for she, too, was troubled and anxious about their future.

There was a bright, full moon, and as a party of young men were passing late in the evening, on their way home from a "haying frolic" (for in those early days, before mowing machines were used in this country, that was the way farmers used to help one another), one of them exclaimed: Why, boys, there is Uncle Matthew's lot standing yet; what can be the reason of that? The grass on that meadow is usually ahead of any in this country.

Oh, replied one, the old man is very lame this summer. I saw him trying his scythe this morning, as I passed, but he couldn't handle it as he used to.

I tell you what we might do, boys, said the first speaker, just turn into the meadow and mow it down while he's asleep.

So me were tired and wanted to get home; but he was strong, and by shaming those who objected, and urging on those who were willing, soon got all into the spirit of it.

So they silently passed the house that the old people might not be disturbed, and soon their strong young arms were wielding the scythes, and a little after midnight the grass on that meadow lay in even swaths all over it. Then they silently went their way to their homes rather tired, but strengthened in the way that good deeds always strengthen the doers.

Next morning the old man started his good wife by calling to her

in an unusually excited manner to come to the door. Come, quick. I say, and see what has happened.

What is it, Matthew? she cried; do tell me.

Tell you, he said; just come and see. Why the Lord has sent His angels down in the night to cut my grass while we were asleep!

His holy name be praised! was her only reply.

Who are they, father? Have I ever seen any of them—the young men who did it?

It was many years ago, my child. You have seen one or two, but they are no longer young men.

Then I knew, by the look in his dark eyes, that my dear father had been one of the angels who cut the old man's grass that morning night so many years ago—Our Young People.

When Baby Rebels.

There comes a time in the life of every little child, now beautiful, winning and pleasant soever it may be, when it hoists with its tiny hand the rebel flag of defiance to authority.

You may walk round another way, and choose not to see it, and fancy you will have no further trouble. You may hug to you heart all its sweet, cunning ways, and say—After all, what does it matter? It is but a child; it knows no better; it will outgrow all that; it is best not to notice it; I can't bear to be harsh to it; it will be a great deal of trouble to fight it out, should the child happen to be persistent; it is a matter of no consequence; and such like sophistries.

We say you may in this way try to dodge a question that has got some one or other to be met fair and square in the face; and you may persuade yourself if all the while that while you are thus loving your own ease you are loving your child; but both it and you will at some future day see the terrible mistake.

Now, the point at issue between the child and yourself may seem trifling. It may be very early in its life that it is made. Perhaps scarcely past the baby age, it may insist, when well and healthy, upon being sung to or rocked in the arms to sleep, and that by some particular person. Now you are perfectly sure this is unnecessary, and that it would be much to suffer for the child, apart from the inconvenience of the practice, to be laid quietly in its bed, with some watchful person to listen for its cry.

But, you reason, the child has always been used to having somebody in the room with it, and you fear you may hear it cry every night in the week before you can teach it. Well—and what then? The child, to be good for anything, must be taught some time or other that it cannot gain its point by crying.

Why not now? Of course it should not be placed in bed till it is sufficiently weary.

When the proper hour arrives put the child to bed, and if it cry—let it cry. It will be a struggle of two or three nights and no more, perhaps not that, and the moral lesson is learned; after that obedience comes easily.

It is a mistake to suppose, you who are naturally so greedy of a child's love, that it is more attached to that person who indulges its every whim than to the one who can firmly pronounce the monosyllable "no" when necessary.

The most brutal word we ever heard spoken was from a grown son to a widowed mother who belonged to that soul-destroying class of parents who could never deny a child anything, and whose whole life had been one slavish endeavor to gratify his every whim without regard to her own preferences or inclination; and whenever you see such a man you may know he had just such a mother; or, having one wiser, that her attempts at government had been neutralized by one of the "don't-try-dear-and-you shall have it fathers."—Family Doctor.

If we work upon marble it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—Daniel Webster.

Castles in the air cost a vast deal to keep up.—Lytton.

BICYCLISTS, young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain-Killer in their saddle bags. It cures cut and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c and 50c.

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Dear Sirs,—Please pardon my delay in answering yours of weeks ago. Yes I have no hesitation in recommending your

Invigorating Syrup

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Yours truly, (REV.) F. M. YOUNG

Pastor Baptist Church, Bridgetown, N. S.

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I BEG to inform my numerous patrons that I have just opened out a very large and well-selected stock of NEW SPRING CLOTHS, consisting of English Soots and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Fine Corkscrews and Diagonal Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the latest designs and patterns in Trousers from which I am prepared to make up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, according to the latest New York Spring and Summer Fashions, and guarantee to give satisfaction.

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Jan. R. Howie

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