



Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VII.—PAUL'S ADVICE TO TIMOTHY.

1. Q.—What did Paul tell Timothy to do?
A.—Drink no longer water but 'use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.'—(I. Tim. v., 23.)

2. Q.—Why did Paul advise Timothy to take wine if it is wrong to drink it?

A.—Paul refers to unfermented wine containing no alcohol, which was used as a drink and medicine by the Jews.

3. Q.—What is meant by 'drink no longer water'?

A.—It means 'drink not water only.'

4. Q.—What authority have we for translating it 'drink not water only'?

A.—The Rev. W. Reid in his 'Temperance Encyclopaedia' says:—'The Greek word used in the original does not occur elsewhere in the New Testament, and means 'drink not water only.'

5. Q.—What does this advice show?

A.—That Timothy was a total abstainer.

6. Q.—What else proves this?

A.—He had to be urged by Paul, who was one in authority, to take even a little wine.

7. Q.—Why was he a total abstainer?

A.—Probably he observed the vows of the Nazarites, who were not allowed to partake of the grape or its products in any form.

8. Q.—How was the unfermented wine regarded?

A.—Not only as a delicious drink, but as possessing medicinal properties.

(To be Continued.)

Wise or Foolish.

There are only two ways of learning wisdom. One is by one's own experience; the other is by the experience of others. The former is slow and expensive, the latter is quick and cheap. The foolish man takes the former way; the wise man, the latter. Children begin in the former way; but the sooner they learn that it is not the best way, the better. For example, the child goes too near the fire, and gets burned; then it learns to shun the fire. The boy eats green apples, and gets pain; then he knows that green fruit must not be touched. Or he rides carelessly on his wheel and gets run over; then he learns that he must not take too many chances. In a thousand such ways a child learns, and pays dear for his lessons. Many times he has to learn in this way simply because he will not learn in the other and cheaper way.

Now look at the other way of learning. It is the best there is. If we adopt it, we are the 'heirs of the ages,' and have for our instructors the wisest men of all times and climes. In the former school there is one pupil and one professor. In the latter there is one pupil, (yourself) and many professors. What folly, then, to try and teach yourself by hard knocks, when you can have such instructors and no knocks!

Much wisdom has been gathered by others, by which, if we avail ourselves of it, we may be saved much woe. Take, for example, the cost of strong drink to us as a nation, compared to what we pay for other and more needful things. According to the census of 1880, I find that we spend as follows: Bread, \$505,000,000; meat, \$303,000,000; sugar and molasses, \$155,000,000; public schools, \$96,000,000; cotton and woollen goods, \$452,000,000; iron and steel, \$296,000,000; ministers' salaries, \$25,000,000; strong drink, \$900,000,000.

Stop and think! Is it wise, or foolish? Supposing that we were to spend this sum upon public education, what results might we not accomplish! In fact, this sum of

\$900,000,000 is so vast, that it is hard to say what might not be done if it only were used in helpful ways, and not so wickedly squandered. For nine hundred millions wasted, and put to harmful uses, is an awful sum to think of. No wonder that we have poverty in our great cities, and men out of work, or incompetent for work, while we throw away money at that rate.

But some people say that beer makes men strong. This used to be thought to be true. But the more we investigate the more we come to the conclusion that this is not so. For example, there is in one quart of beer ninety percent of water. There is six percent of alcohol. Then there is four percent of other matter, of which just one and a half percent is nutritious. In milk, on the other hand, there is much more true nourishment than there is in beer. By actual experiment it has been found that in a quart of milk there is three times the nourishment that there is in a quart of beer. Why, then, do people take so much strong drink? Because of the alcohol, which it contains, which stimulates them for a while. They mistake this stimulus for nourishment. But this is a dire mistake. The fact is that more and more in our hospitals they are substituting milk for strong drink, simply because they know that the former is better able to build up the body than the latter. My own personal belief is that before long all alcoholic drinks will be entirely abolished in hospitals, and something nourishing will be substituted in its place.

Since the experience of others teaches us these things in the matter of strong drink, is it not wise to learn by their experience, and not go to work to learn by bitter personal experience, which costs so much in time, money, and health? The price that personal experience demands is too high for any wise man to pay.—Dr. Schauffler, in 'SS. Times.'

Beer Drinking Unhealthy.

While the brewers were in Detroit, they took a carriage ride, and the procession passed by our office window. It was just a few hours before they sat down to that five thousand dollar banquet, with its fifteen courses of rare delicacies and costly old wines. We took a look at the fat, sleek fellows who keep the country stewing by their everlasting brewing, who defend the army canteen, sneer at temperance fanatics, decry prohibition, and live chiefly through saloon revenues. They appear healthy, but in their case, appearances are deceitful. Their full, florid look is rather the sign of weakness and disease. 'The beer-drinker,' says Dr. Brunton, 'has a tendency to become fat and bloated at one time, although he may afterwards become thin and emaciated, from his digestion also suffering like that of the spirit-drinker. Notwithstanding the apparent stoutness and strength of beer drinkers, they are by no means healthy. Injuries which to other people would be but slight, are apt to become serious in them; and when it is necessary to perform surgical operations upon them the risk of death is very much greater than in others.'—'Michigan Advocate.'

The Cigarette Habit.

The teacher of a public school in Chicago found that eighty of her scholars smoked from two to twenty cigarettes a day. Six only of these boys were able to do good work in their classes. The victims of the cigarette habit confessed that they were suffering constantly from headache, drowsiness and dizziness.

Many declared they could not write well because their hands trembled. A number were 'shaky' when they walked, and unable to run for any distance. They could not rouse themselves to meet the examination test. The teacher reported that they were sure to fail if asked to memorize anything. Several of the smokers were from four to five years too old for their grade, and it was found that after they began to smoke their progress ceased.

Except in three instances, the scholars hardest to discipline were smokers. Truancy and theft were directly traced to indulgence in the habit. Boys who had reformed and joined the Anti-Cigarette Society said they 'felt like different boys.' The power and

perniciousness of the cigarette habit are revealed by this fresh testimony from a competent and careful observer.—'Youth's Companion.'

He Saw the Point.

The following story is told of a Philadelphia millionaire, who has been dead some years. A young man came to him one day, and asked pecuniary aid to start him in business. 'Do you drink?' asked the millionaire. 'Once in a while.' 'Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me.'

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year came to see the millionaire again. 'Do you smoke?' asked the successful man. 'Now and then.' 'Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again.'

The young man went home, and broke away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year, and presented himself again. 'Do you chew?' asked the philanthropist. 'Yes I do,' was the desperate reply. 'Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again.'

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. 'He'd have told me that now that I have stopped drinking, and smoking, and chewing, I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have.'—'Alliance News.'

The Price of Blood.

The silver pieces were surely hot
In the traitor's burning hand;
But oh! the agony they had wrought,
Can we ever understand?
The rabbis look on their dupe's remorse
With a Gallio's listless mood,
And judge unmeet for the sacred purse,
That fearful price of blood.

There are pieces of silver, small and great,
With a traitor's record still,
Transferred to the Church collection plate
From the drunkard-maker's till.
Are the modern rabbis all too blind,
In their cringing gratitude,
The rust of a cankering curse to find
On the price of human blood?

Not all the art of a sophist plea
Can hallow the harvest gain
From the field of a drunkard's destiny,
Where his offspring glean in vain;
'Tis judged in the all discerning light;
'Tis weighed in the scales of God;
Who claims to stand in his maker's sight
With the reeking price of blood?

And what though the liquor magnate raise
A church in the city square,
And his name 'mid a flattering halo blaze
On a gorgeous tablet there;
Yet a stifled groan in its every stone
Would challenge the pious fraud;
And the pealing bell in its throbbings tell
A story of tears and blood.

A Judas-Memorial burying place,
Or a vault inscribed to Cain,
Had surely come with a fitter grace
From the ruin of soul and brain!
When the sand based towers shall totter and sink

In the dread o'erwhelming flood,
Woe! woe to the fabric reared in drink
With its hoarded price of blood!

O when shall this cruel barter cease
Of the bodies and souls of men;
And the welcome year of a glad release
To the captives come; O when—
Each man to his brother proving true
In the faith and fear of God,
And a love that grows in the nearer view
Of the Saviour's priceless blood?
—W Maxwell, in 'Irish League Journal.'

Beer is not a real food. You can put all the nourishing portion in a gallon of the best beer that ever was brewed on the end of an ordinary table-knife. So little nourishment is there in it that you would have to be drunk over and over again before you could swallow enough beer to supply nourishing food sufficient for a square meal.—Norman Kerr, D.D.