

SUNDAY  
SCHOOL

## The Quiet Hour

YOUNG  
PEOPLE

## THE DEATH OF MOSES.\*

By Rev. Clarence Mackinnon, B.D.,  
Winnipeg.

The Lord shewed him all the land, v. 1. A German has described a good man after his death, coming to the gates of heaven. An angel is commissioned to be his conductor. He is taken first to a point from which he could see in their most fearful aspect the eternal consequences of sin. Singling out one of the unhappy dwellers in the regions of woe, the angel guide said, "That is what you would have become had you not repented and believed on the Saviour." Then, taking him to a point from which the glories of the redeemed were visible, he showed him the highest ranks of angels, and made him hear their songs and hallelujahs. "Look higher yet," he urged. Beings more blissful, more seraphic still, shone in his ravished sight, music more ineffable flowed from their harps of gold. "That beautiful and enraptured being," continued the guide, pointing to one of these, "is none other than yourself. That is what you are destined to become. Behold the glory to which the Redeemer has exalted you." Though told thus in imaginative form, that vision of the future is strictly true. The land before us is one of weal and woe, according as we use the present opportunity.

Thou shalt not go over thither, v. 4. One sin, and that long before, shut Moses out of the Promised Land, which he saw with his eyes, but must not enter. For every sin we must suffer. The memory of a sin is a ghost which cannot be laid. The only way to escape from this long pursuit of sin, is to keep from sinning.

He buried him, v. 6. God buried Moses, His servant, but that was not the end. Long centuries afterwards, he appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration, coming from heaven in a blaze of glory. The lonely grave on Mount Nebo was but an antechamber through which he passed to the palace of the King. And we can trust our living heavenly Father even when He leads us down to the grave. He will not leave us there; He will bring us out again, and up into His own presence where joy is full and eternal. He will never deceive us, or disappoint our hearts.

Israel wept for Moses, v. 8. A German baron stretched wires from tower to tower of his castle to make a great Aeolian harp. For a time, it gave forth no music, for the air was still and the wires hung silent. Then, gentle breezes came, and the harp sang softly. At length the storms of winter broke, and in wild majestic strains the wires gave forth full volume of their song. The human heart is such an Aeolian harp. In the still air of common, everyday life, it yields no music. But when sorrow stirs it, its full depths of sympathy, of love, and of beauty are made known. The Israelites had often, in their wilderness journey, proved themselves ungrateful, rebellious, and distrustful; but now they appreciated the leader that God had sent them, and they weep. And well may we suppose that many a heart in that great multitude was stirred in that hour when grief had

made it tender, with the resolve to live more bravely and nobly than in the past. Blessed is the sorrow that moves us to turn our backs on every unworthy purpose, and set our faces towards the sunlit heights of holy endeavor.

The spirit of wisdom, v. 9. Among the rocky fastnesses of Mount Taurus are found the nests of a voracious kind of eagle, whose chief delight is to pick the bones of a crane. The younger cranes are easy victims. Whenever they rise in flight, they love to cackle and make a noise. Nothing suits the eagles better. It lets them know when their foolish prey are coming in their direction. The older cranes, however, are sensible of this folly, and before taking their flight, they guard against the danger by filling the cavity of their mouths with a good-sized stone that imposes a salutary silence on them when on wing, and thus they can pass the very haunts of their enemies unperceived. We, too, have an enemy, fierce and cunning, who seeks to destroy our souls. But He who made Joshua wise, will give us, also, wisdom to escape all the wiles of Satan.

## BE STRONG.

Be strong!  
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;

We have hard work to do and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong! Be strong!  
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!  
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,  
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long;  
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

## PRAYER.

Ah, Lord God, Thou holy Lover of my soul, when Thou comest into my soul, all that is within me shall rejoice, Thou art my Glory and the exultation of my heart. Thou art my Hope and Refuge in the day of my trouble. Set me free from all evil passions, and heal my heart of all inordinate affections; that, being inwardly cured and thoroughly cleansed, I may be made fit to love, courageous to suffer, steady to persevere. Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing more courageous, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth; because love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things. Let me love Thee more than myself, nor love myself but for Thee; and in Thee all that truly love Thee, as the law of love commandeth, shining out from Thyself Amen—Thomas a Kempis.

Let us cultivate and reverently cherish the honest indignations of our nature, for they are the life and fire that is in us. God has given them, and the man is most happy who has them the warmest, the truest, the least wrenched by prejudice, the least dulled by sense and sin.—Phillips Brooks.

## THE GOSPEL OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS.

God's great, bright, free, living, out-of-doors was meant for man, and man was meant for it, and he cannot be separated from it without suffering loss. The truth of this the wearied nerves, the weakened muscles, the lowered vitality of the city dwellers abundantly attest. It is hard to live the artificial life without paying the penalty of it. It seems natural for a healthy man to love the out-of-doors. The mountains excite him, the lake enchants him, the forest seems like a long-forgotten friend, the freedom of the unpoisoned air gives strange zest to life. The quiet sunset hour is full of a never-to-be-forgotten glory and a strange yet welcome peace. To the wearied son of Adam comes the thought that Jacob voiced so long ago, "Lo! God is here." Here is health, vigor, freedom, and he must be of peculiar temperament who does not feel the gladness of this gospel of the out-of-doors. It is sane and refreshing; it is wise and true; it is pure and strong; it is freedom incarnate. Thank God for the sunny welcome wearied workers find in this great outdoor world.

## RESIGNATION OF THE DIVINE WILL.

Resignation to the will of God frees the mind from a grievous bondage, the bondage of early pursuits and expectations. Whatever God wills, is pleasing to the resigned soul; when a Christian hath, by prayer and supplication, made known his requests to God, then the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeps his heart and mind through Jesus Christ. Then only is life truly enjoyed, when we relish its comforts, at the same time that we are prepared to part with them. He who hath resigned his will to the will of God, "eats his bread with joy, and drinks his wine with a merry heart." Even the thought of his dying hour throws no damp on the joys of his mind. From the contemplation of God's goodness to him in life, he can pass without terror or amazement to the thought of his protection in the dark valley and shadow of death. Even in that gloomy passage he hears no evil; but commits himself to the Lord, his Shepherd, who will make goodness and mercy to follow him all the days of his life, and at last bring him to dwell in his house above for ever.—Robert Walker (1716-1783.)

## MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

If it be so pleasant to me now and then, to cast a longing look toward my Father's house, and to read, as it were, this letter which his goodness sends to me, and to receive in the wilderness the tokens of his care, what will it be to come and dwell with him, and with all my brethren in the Lord! O earth! all thy charms are not worth a moment's stay. It would be better, much better for me to be dissolved. How would my heart leap to see his chariot appearing! How welcome would the messenger be by which he should call me to his house, and to his bosom!—Philip Doddridge (1702-1751.)

The Mount of Transfiguration lies often in the valley of the shadow of death.

S.S. Lesson, September 22, 1907. Deuteronomy 34, 1-12. Commit to memory vs. 10-12. Read Deuteronomy chs. 31 to 34.

Golden Text:—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—Psalm 116, 15.