

VI. WISE OBEDIENCE.

Hearken unto the father. v. 22.

"Obey your parents." Eph. 6. 1.

"Was subject unto them." Luke 2. 51.

VII. WISE BARGAIN.

Buy the truth. v. 23.

"Seeking goodly pearls." Matt. 13. 45, 46.

"More precious than rubies." Prov. 3. 13-15.

Thoughts for Young People.

1. Indulgence in intoxicants is a heart-break to all who love him who indulges.

2. Perverse and pernicious conversation, one of the most direct results of intoxication, is a source of anguish to all affectionate hearts, while discreet words give joy.

3. It is foolish to look with envious eyes on the pleasures of the wicked. They bring sorrow as their inevitable result.

4. Gluttony and drunkenness are twin sins. He who indulges in the one is in danger of the other.

5. Nothing so directly leads to poverty as drunkenness, gluttony, and laziness.

6. Shiftlessness is the direct product of intoxication.

7. He who attends the moral instructions of father, mother, and teacher will not fall into drunkenness.

8. He who buys liquors and cigars exchanges for them "wisdom," "instruction," and "understanding." He who follows the advice of the author of Proverbs, and desires to purchase wisdom, instruction, and understanding, will find that the only coin by which they can be paid for is the sacrifice of all selfish indulgence.

Lesson Word-Pictures.

That youth, Steadfast True Heart, will soon go into life to meet those three great tempting forces, "the world, the flesh, and the devil." All three will join hands and through the wine cup conspire for his overthrow. What do I find that will be as a sword in his hand with which to slay this conspiracy and shiver the wine cup? His training in the Sunday school. I watch him in the class. I hear his teacher frankly stating the dangers of the intoxicating cup. That will give edge and temper to the blade. I am present in thought when young Steadfast attaches his name to the pledge of total abstinence. That will give him a grip on the handle of his blade. In some hushed hour of prayer in behalf of the school I see him bowing reverently, and I hear him assent to the personal pleadings of his teacher to turn wholly to Jesus. That will give the blade itself, an abiding "in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

Steadfast True Heart is stepping out into this

busy, restless life all about us. Temptations spring at him. He may be away from home, at school. He is in the midst of a circle of young, ignorant, reckless student-life. It holds out the wine cup to him. It beckons. It urges. But Steadfast is firm. He thinks of the Sunday school, and with that trusty blade in his hand he routs temptation.

He may be in a store. There is a laughing ring of clerks about him. Again the cup is held up. Loud voices praise it. Eager hands take it, and will not Steadfast? The words of a faithful Sunday school teacher ring in his ear. Out comes the tried old blade, and temptation is driven from the field.

He is at a party. The fascinations of social life smile upon him. Fair hands may lift the wine cup to his lips. Rash youth may lure him on by a false example. Again past instructions echo like a prolonged bugle note in his ears. Out flashes the bright blade from its scabbard, and victory is won.

That is one array of pictures of the scholar's success in living through the teacher's faithfulness in teaching. Now look at that drunkard. His look at you is unsteady and blurred. His face is rumblotched. His hand trembles. His dress is in rags. Holes are in his shoes, his hat, his pocket, his character. How did it happen? Track him back through all his folly to youth's brilliant hopes, to the flush of promise in the bright morning sky. How did the evil begin? It started in a sip. Perhaps it was in boyish bravado amid a circle of young, thoughtless hearts. The cup pressed the lips for one moment. Only a sip was taken. But where was the Sunday school instruction to come like a shield between that young life and a fiery dart like this?

The evil may have been started in a parent's folly. It is the table hour. The bottle on the table is tipped. You hear the gurgle into the child's little cup. The father laughingly urges his boy to be a man, and he takes his first step, perhaps, toward the career of a demon.

And now let me paint from actual life the descent of one to the depths of the drunkard in his rags, even to the shame of a prodigal's death. Do you see that young man with brisk step in the street, with such a polite address in the store, of whom so much is expected and prophesied? After a while there are half-smothered whispers about him in the community—"He drinks!" He loses his position in business. He parts with reputation. He sinks, and loses at last his home, save that in the poorhouse. One winter night a drunken pauper reels toward his almshouse home. O, how chilling it is! The stars are out so bright, but O, so cold, like knobs of ice set in invisible doors! All doors, though, are shut to-night, and the almshouse door, too, is closed. He reaches it.