

SUNDAY  
SCHOOL

## The Quiet Hour

YOUNG  
PEOPLE

## THE TWO FOUNDATIONS\*

(By Rev. J. W. Macmillan, B.A., Winnipeg.)

False prophets, v. 15. Everything good has its imitators. Pretense follows reality, like its shadow. There is brass jewelry, adulterated foodstuffs, shoddy clothing, and wooden nutmegs. There is also sham patriotism, counterfeit scholarship, simulated statesmanship. So we are not surprised nor dismayed when we find hypocritical religion. We should rather be surprised not to find it. It does not show that religion is a mockery, but the very opposite. No one takes the trouble to imitate a useless or noxious thing. There are no imitations of mud. No one pretends to be a coward or a liar. Sham religion is the proof that true religion exists; real, vital, potent, valuable. The "false prophets" do unwilling homage to the great Teacher.

By their fruits, v. 16. Conduct is the test of creed. The only way to get good fruit is to get it from a good tree. If you see an orange for sale, you know that it came from an orange tree somewhere. The dealer did not make it in his back shop out of chemicals and paint. A man once said to Mr. Moody, "I have not committed a sin for twenty years." Moody replied, "I should like to ask your wife about that." The true examiners as to a man's orthodoxy are not expert theologians, who can ask him knotty questions about his beliefs, but the folks who live with him and who see how he acts every day.

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, v. 18. What a blessed impossibility! The sound, healthy, well-nourished tree cannot bear hard, sour, stunted apples; it must have on its branches, large, juicy, shapely fruit. In like manner, it is impossible, when the heart is filled with love to Christ and the will is surrendered to Him, that there should be in the life mean, dishonorable, or impure conduct. The spotless One whom we have enthroned within us, will keep us from all that is unworthy.

That day, v. 22. There is a machine in the British mint which automatically turns aside each sovereign which is of light weight. One can imagine some coin in the process of manufacture comparing itself favorably with the others. "Am I not as bright and as large," it says, "and every way as good as my comrades?" And nothing contradicts the foolish coin. It is stamped and polished by the workmen and the machinery, as if it were a perfectly honest piece of money. But on "that day" of weighing in the balances it is tossed back to the furnace. "That day" of divine judgment will be full of sudden and terrific revelations to false and deluded people.

Rock, v. 24. On the Fraser River in British Columbia, there is a huge, swirling eddy, which has eaten away a great piece of ground, and goes foaming and growling in a circle round the edge of its triumph, seeking to devour yet more. On a rocky point jutting out between the main channel and the bed of the eddy, stands a house. It is the third house which was built upon the bank of the river there. Two earlier houses, built on earth, have been sucked into the torrent. Then the proprietor built on the rock, and though the hungry stream may set him on an island in time, it cannot overthrow the house. We must build the house of character on a solid foundation, ever the Rock of Ages.

Rain descended, floods came, winds blew, vs. 25, 27. The storms are sure to come against your house. A man may be well-

\*S. S. Lesson, April 1, 1906.—Matthew 7: 15-29. Commit to memory vs. 24, 25.\* Read Matthew 6: 1 to 7: 14; Luke 6: 31, 37, 49. Golden Text—Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.—James 1: 22.

to-do, in good health, and esteemed by every one. But some day his money may leave him, and his friends turn their backs on him. Or, if that does not happen, then he has the more searching trial of interrupted prosperity. In any case, he must grow old, and at last close his eyes upon both money and friends. And after death comes the judgment. "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been," said old Jacob to Pharaoh. Well for him that he had learned by the brook Jabbok the true site for the home of his soul. And well for every one to learn the same lesson in the days of his youth.

Taught, as one having authority, v. 29. A little lad was very dangerously ill with diphtheria. A great surgeon had come, and performed the operation of tracheotomy. During the next few days the little patient progressed beautifully, but the doctor wanted to hear him speak, which he had not yet done. So he said to the nurse, in the hearing of the wee chap, "I am sorry he cannot speak to me, nurse, because I'm going up to ——— today, and shall not know whether to bring him a horse or a gun." A tiny finger stole up to the wounded throat, and the ghost of a baby's voice whispered, "Please, doctor, bring me a lickin' gun." Like the surgeon, with the big, loving heart behind the hand that wielded the sharp knife, is the Jesus who can speak solemn, even terrible words, but who all the while has an intense, yearning desire to save men. It is because He is tender as well as true, that His words reach and move human hearts.

## MOTHER.

I wish I had said more. So long, so long About your simple tasks I watched you, dear.

I knew you craved the words you did not hear;

I knew your spirit, brave and chaste and strong,

Was wistful that it might not do the wrong;

And all its wistfulness and all its fear Were in your eyes whenever I was near, And yet you always went your way with- out a word.

Oh, prodigal of smiles for other eyes, I led my life. At last there came a day When with some careless praise I turned away

From what you fashioned for a sweet sur- prise.

And now it is too late for me to pour My vase of myrrh. Would God I had said more!

—British Weekly.

## WHEN TO BE ORIGINAL.

There is no special credit in mere "originality." Most of us seem to think that there is, and that to be "commonplace" is always to one's discredit. But if God's call lies in the direction of the commonplace, there is no merit just then in looking around for something unusual to do, though we may properly strive to be unusual in the thoroughness and effectiveness of our duty-doing. On the other hand, if duty points to our standing utterly alone and apart from custom or precedent, then God would have us dare to be original in defiance of what others may say or think. The credit or discredit of any act depends simply upon whether it is in accordance with God's special wish for us at the moment. And one who is willing to seek credit upon that basis only is not in danger, at present, of being commonplace.

Art thou a beggar at God's door? Be sure thou gettest a great bowl, for as thy bowl is, so will be thy mess. According to thy faith, saith He, be it unto thee.—John Bunyan.

## THE BLESSING OF LOVE.

The only preservative from this withering of the heart is love. Love is its own perennial fount of strength. The strength of affection is a proof, not of the worthiness of the object, but of the largeness of the soul which loves. Love descends, not ascends.

The might of a river depends, not on the quality of the soil through which it passes but on the inexhaustibleness and depth of the spring from which it proceeds. The greater mind cleaves to the smaller with more force than the other to it. A parent loves the child more than the child the parent—and partly because the parent's heart is larger, not because the child is worthier.

The Saviour loved his disciples infinitely more than his disciples Him, because his heart was infinitely larger. Love trusts on, ever hopes and expects better things; and this, a trust springing from itself, and out of its own deeps alone. And more than this; it is this trusting love that makes men what they are trusted to be, so realizing itself. Would you make men trust-worthy? Trust them! Would you make them true? Believe them.—F. W. Robertson.

## MISUNDERSTOOD BLESSINGS

When the disciples saw their Lord coming to them on the water they were afraid, supposing it to be an apparition. How often we fear the approach of our greatest blessings. One night, a few years ago, on the wild Newfoundland coast, a fierce storm arose before the fishing fleet could make the harbor. Wives and children strained their tear-dimmed eyes, hoping to see through the darkness and tempests the coming sails. About midnight it was discovered that the cottage of one of the fishermen was on fire, and, notwithstanding all their efforts it was totally destroyed. When the morning dawned the fleet was found safely anchored in the bay. As the wife went to greet her husband with the tidings of their loss, he said: "Wife, I thank God for the burning of the house, for it was by its light that the fleet was able to make the port; but for the fire, we all had perished."

How little we know what a gain our losses will be to us. If we could see as He sees, we should often thank God for our trials and losses. We see things not as they are, but as our fears interpret them, and so we often misunderstand our greatest blessings.—Ex.

## STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.

We mistake strong feeling to be strong character. A man who hears all before him—before whose frown domestics tremble and whose bursts of fury make the children of the house quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong, he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feeling he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flat grand insult, and only grow a little pale and then reply quietly? That was a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish, stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent and never tell the world what it was that cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste—he who, keenly sensitive with manly power of indignation in him, can be provoked, yet can restrain himself and forgive—these are strong men, spiritual heroes.—F. W. Robertson.