

SUNDAY  
SCHOOL

## The Quiet Hour

YOUNG  
PEOPLE

## TEMPERANCE LESSON.\*

By Rev. J. W. McMillan, M.A.

Harp. lute. tabret. pipe, v. 12. These are the same instruments that were used in the praising of Jehovah. The offence is never in the instrument, but in the heart of the person who uses it. There is something startling in the thought of the infinitely diverse uses to which the same things can be put. The same hands can honestly labor or dishonestly steal. The same day may be spent in usefulness or in idleness. The same night may be spent in innocent sleep or in crime. The same mind may think upon goodness or upon wickedness. The same will may purpose to glorify God or to defy Him. Our life is one of terrific contrasts, of opportunities whose doors open into either victory or defeat, glory or shame.

But they regard not, v. 12. A young man was once asked, "Have you any anxiety about yourself as a sinner before God?" He said, "I know that I am a sinner, but I feel very little on the subject." "Are you trying to do what God tells you to do with such light as you have?" "Oh no," he replied, "it would be mockery for one who feels as little as I do to attempt any religious duty." "What would you advise a customer to do who had contracted a debt at a store, who admits the debt and acknowledges that he ought to pay it, and who yet says that he has so little feeling about it?" I should advise him to pay it, feeling or no feeling." So this young man's eyes were opened, and he passed from death into life.

Mean man—great man (Rev. Ver), v. 15. The misery of dissipation makes strange bed fellows. In the low lodging houses of the great city, where the most broken bits of human wreckage are to be found, are men that come from every rank and class of society. Their vices have brought them all to the same low level. One vagrant died while sitting at a table in a saloon last winter. It came out that he was a college graduate, the son of a wealthy ship-owner, and closely related to some of the leading people of the city. But he learned to drink while a clerk in his father's office, and in spite of the effort of his friends, sank to the lowest associations. Yet he did not feel out of place; he had but gone where he belonged by right of evil conduct.

Evil good, and good evil, v. 20. A singular tree grows in the tropics which forcibly illustrates the deceitfulness of sin. It is called the Judas tree. The blossoms appear before the leaves, and are of a brilliant crimson. The flaming beauty of the flowers attracts innumerable insects; and the wandering bee is drawn to it to gather honey. But every insect and bee that alights upon the blossoms imbibes a fatal opiate and drops dead to the earth. Beneath this enticing tree the earth is strewn with the victims of its fatal fascinations. It is an emblem of the deceitfulness of drink, which attracts only to destroy.

Evil good, and good evil, v. 20. Says Dr. Adolf Fick, Professor of Physiology, University of Wurzburg. (Germany) "Every dose of alcohol, even the most moderate, diminishes strength. All that any man asserts of the strengthening effects of alcohol is a delusion. The well known poor man's glass during working hours is beyond question injurious. Every penny which the work-

ing man spends for alcoholic drinks is not only wasted but employed for a destructive purpose."

Bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, v. 20. Here is a clipping from a city daily: "A man, penniless and with his clothes soaked in rain, walked into... Hotel yesterday. He went toward a table, as he tottered into the place. He was deathly pale. 'Haven't got a cent Bill, but I must have a drink,' he said to the waiter. 'Nothin' doin'," said the waiter, as he started for another table. "I'm dying; won't some one here buy me a drink?" the man asked, turning round. No one moved, and as the man looked in another direction, he uttered a groan and fell heavily forward. He was dead." The ax cannot be laid too soon at the root of a traffic that bears as its natural fruit such hardhearted, cruel selfishness and greed as were thus displayed.

Mighty to drink wine, v. 22. Professor James, in the chapter on the Will, in his Psychology, relates the following incident: "A few years ago a tippler was put into an almshouse. Within a few days he had devised various expedients to procure rum, but failed. At length, however, he hit upon one which was successful. He went into the wood-yard of the establishment, placed one hand upon the block, and with the axe in the other struck it off at a single blow. With the stump raised and stream-blood, he ran into the house and cried, 'Get some rum! Get some rum! My hand is off.' Think of the insane courage of that act. Was he not 'mighty to drink wine'? And what a degraded exhibition of courage it was!

## LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

By Rev. Jas. Ross, D.D.

Pipe—A long hollow reed with holes for fingering. It is sometimes represented on the monuments as played from the end like a whistle, and sometimes it is held sideways like a flute. Not unfrequently one player performs on two reeds at the same time. It is still made and used by shepherds, and is commonly employed by the poor at their funerals.

Viol—Usually translated psaltery, was a stringed instrument resembling a guitar or lute, which was used in Egypt. The old English viol was a guitar with six strings, played with a bow instead of the fingers, and was displaced by the violin in the reign of Charles II.

Drink—To be able to drink a larger quantity of intoxicating liquor than one's neighbors was considered by our forefathers a feat to be proud of. Drinking contests continued in civilized society down to a recent period. A certain noble family in Scotland had an ebony whistle, which was prized as a most precious heirloom, because it was won by one of their ancestors at a drinking bout. He blew it after all the rest had fallen under the table in unconscious intoxication. In gentlemen's houses guests were compelled in the name of hospitality to drink as much as the rest, however distasteful it might be to themselves.

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.—Earl of Chesterfield.

The juice of a lemon is excellent for a sore throat, but should not be swallowed, but used as a gargle.

## THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY.

Let us not miss the meaning of Christianity as it comes to us and claims us. We are chosen, we are called, not to die and be saved, but to live and save others. The promise of Christ is a task and a reward. For us here is a place in the army of God, a mansion in the heaven of peace, a crown in the hall of victory. But whether we shall fill that place and dwell in that mansion and wear that crown, depends upon our willingness to deny ourselves and take up our cross and follow Jesus. Whatever our birth-right and descent, whatever our name and profession, whatever our knowledge of Christian doctrine and our performance of Christian worship may be—when the great host is gathered in the city of God, with tattered flags and banners glorious in their blood-stained folds, with armor dented and swords worn in the conflict, with wounds which tell of courage and patience, endurance and deathless loyalty—when the celestial knighthood is assembled at the round table of the King, our name will be unspoken, our crown will hang above an empty chair, and our place will be given to another, unless we accept it now, with sincere hearts, the only gospel which can deliver us from the inertia of doubt and the selfishness of sin. We must enter into life by giving ourselves to the personal Christ who unveils the love of the Father in human life, and calls us with Divine authority to submit our liberty to God's sovereignty in blessed and immortal service to our fellow-men for Christ's sake.—Henry Van Dyke.

## THE REQUIREMENTS.

If I am weak and you are strong,  
Why then, why then,  
To you the braver deeds belong;

And so, again,  
If you have gifts and I have none,  
If I have shade and you have sun,  
'Tis yours with freer hand to give,  
'Tis yours with truer grace to live,  
'Tis yours with freer hand to give,  
Than I who, giftless, sunless, stand,  
With barren life and hand.

We do not ask the little brook  
To turn the wheel;

Unto the larger stream we look;  
The strength of steel

We do not ask of silken bands,  
Nor heart of oak in willow wands;  
We do not ask the wren to go  
Up to the heights the eagles know.  
Nor yet expect the lark's clear note  
From out the dove's dumb throat.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code,  
By love inspired;  
Of him on whom much is bestowed  
Is much required.

The tuneful throat is bid to sing,  
The oak must reign the forest's king,  
The rushing stream the wheel must move,  
The beaten steel its strength must prove.  
'Tis given unto the eagle's eyes  
To face the midday skies.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

—The future is always dark to us. The shadows brood over it. A veil hides it from our sight. What is under the shadows, what is behind the veil, what is advancing out of the impervious mist, none of us can know. We have no anxious questions to ask. This is enough for all that is coming: "The Lord's mercies are new every morning." Live a comforted, happy, and thankful life! Take up each day as it comes, certain of this, that, whatever it lays upon you to do or bear, it will bring new mercies for new needs.—A. L. Stone.

\*S.S. lesson, Sept. 27. Isaiah 5: 11-23. Commit to memory, vs. 22, 23.—Golden Text—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.—Proverbs 20: 1.