

LESSON NOTES.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

FIVE PRECEPTS OF PAUL; OR, THE GOSPEL AGAINST
INTEMPERANCE.

All to be committed to memory.

1. FIRST PRECEPT, Rom. 13. 13, 14.
2. SECOND PRECEPT, Rom. 14. 21.
3. THIRD PRECEPT, 1 Cor. 6. 10.
4. FOURTH PRECEPT, Eph. 5. 18.
5. FIFTH PRECEPT, 1 Thess. 5. 22.

Where do we find—

1. That drinking is injurious to others as well as the drinker?
2. That no drunkard can enter heaven?
3. That all liquor has danger of excess?

A. D. 64] **LESSON I.** [Oct. 5

OUR GREAT HIGH-PRIEST; OR, THE ONE MEDIATOR.

Heb. 4. 14-16; 5. 1-6. Commit to memory verses 14-16.

OUTLINE.

1. His sympathy. 4. 14; 5. 3.
2. His authority. 5. 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.
Heb. 7. 25.

1. Remember that Jesus lives in heaven.
2. Come boldly to him in prayer.
2. Tell him freely all your needs.

Find about Melchisedek in *Genesis* and in *Hebrews*
... Find about the consecration of the first high priest
... Find about a high-priest who aided in the death of Christ.

DON'T FRET.

FUMBLE down, and up again—
That's the way, my little man;
Thus ignore defeat and pain,
Whene'er you can.

Never mind these ups and downs—
Give for every sigh a song;
Smiles are better far than frowns
To help along.

Life is but an uphill way—
Steps are lost as well as made;
Turn a bold front to the fray,
And push ahead.

Learn a lesson every time
These small accidents annoy;
If you would to purpose climb,
Be brave, my boy.

ROB'S REVENGE.

HOLD him in! shove him down! don't
let him get out, Burly!"
"I won't, Brawler."

Rob screamed. Rob struggled. Rob twisted. Rob used his fists. As a last resort, Rob used his legs.

It was of no use. Burly held Rob firmly in the bottom of the waggon, while Brawler, whipping up Old Sorrel, joined with Burly in a hearty laugh.

It was a contemptible caper on the part of the young men. Rob Mason had asked them to give him a ride toward his home, which they did. They did not, however, drop him near "the corner" as he urged. That would demand only a short walk to his home. They jokingly urged him to take a longer ride, and then a longer ride, and then a still longer ride.

Rob said at last he meant to get out.

He *must* get out.

He *would* get out *any* way.

He kicked worse than Old Sorrel in mosquito time, but his tormentors persisted in carrying him a mile beyond "the corner."

"All right. Let him out now," said Brawler.

"I have dropped him. Drive on," replied Burly.

Rob was left standing in the road, fuming and fizzing like a bottle of beer when the stopper is started.

"I'll have my revenge," he shouted to the retreating couple in the waggon.

"O yeung man! will you? Take it out in walking home. That is a mile or so away," said Brawler.

Rob knew the young men must return by that road, and back he went into some thick woods, taking a lot of stones in his pocket.

"I'll let drive at those rascals," thought Rob, crouching in the thick undergrowth as in an ambushade. "I'll stay here till they come back."

Rob began to *think*. He had been too mad to think.

"Isn't it mean to stone folks?" said conscience.