

ANALYTICAL AND BIBLICAL OUTLINE.

The Woes in the Wine-cup.

I. POVERTY.

Who hath sorrow? [poverty.] v. 29.
 "The drunkard... shall come to poverty."
 Prov. 23. 21.

II. QUARRELS.

Who hath contentions? v. 29.
 "Live peaceably with all men." Rom.
 12. 18.

III. FOOLISH SPEECH.

Who hath babbling? v. 29.
 "Swift to hear, slow to speak." James
 1. 19.

IV. WOUNDS.

Who hath wounds without cause? v. 29.
 "Wound for wound, stripe for stripe."
 Exod. 21. 25.

V. DISEASE.

Who hath redness of eyes? v. 29.
 "For this cause... sickly." 1. Cor. 11. 30.

VI. REMORSE.

At the last it biteth. v. 32.
 "Fear cometh as desolation." Prov. 1. 27.

VII. SENSUAL LUSTS.

Eyes shall behold strange women. v. 33.
 "Drunkenness... chambering... wantonness." Rom. 13. 13.

VIII. INSENSIBILITY.

Beaten me... felt it not. v. 35.
 "Hardness and impenitent heart." Rom.
 2. 5.

IX. APPETITE.

I will seek it yet again. v. 35.
 "Dog is turned... own vomit." 2. Pet.
 2. 22.

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

Thoughts on Intemperance.

1. The depraved heart is the same in all ages, and drunkards now are like drunkards of ancient time. v. 29.
2. The use of liquor brings men into misery of every kind, into poverty, and injury, and disease. v. 29.
3. Those who begin by tasting are in danger of tarrying long at the wine. v. 30.
4. There is a vast difference between the glow of the first glass and the final agony of the serpent's tooth. v. 31, 32.
5. The greatest danger in strong drink is its tendency to create an appetite which overmasters the will. v. 35.
6. The only safeguard against the habit of drinking is total abstinence. v. 31.

ENGLISH TEACHER'S NOTES.

BY SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

WHEN a soldier returns from the wars, we are not surprised if he bears upon him the marks of wounds received in the struggle. I

shall not forget what was to be witnessed any day in the pleasure gardens at Weisbaden, in the summer of 1871. Numbers of German officers were there, enjoying the shade of the trees, and listening to the music, but any moment you might notice one limping, another on crutches, another leaning heavily on the arm of a friend; quite a large proportion of them bearing the marks of what they had passed through in the campaign of the previous year. Among the crowd I observed a lady in an invalid chair, who was pointed out to me as one who had received injuries while nursing the wounded. There was reason for all this, and those who had risked their lives for their country did not grudge the wounds received on its behalf. But had such a sight followed on many years of peace it would have been truly strange.

In the passage for to-day we are told of "wounds without cause," when there has been nothing to fight for, nothing to protect, nothing to win.

Now such wounds are found throughout the length and breadth of England, and in many parts, no doubt, of America also, to say nothing of other countries. And when search is made to see whence they arose, we find, as in Solomon's time, a deceitful foe that "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." And the danger is so real, and so widely diffused, that no teacher should neglect to warn her scholars against it.

Give them a glimpse of the wounds. Here is a man starving in a wretched garret. He is a well-educated man, and was once moving in good society. Has he been robbed or cheated? Has he met with unexpected reverses? No. Yet money, position, reputation, employment, friends, are all gone, and he is brought to the lowest state of misery. Is he not wounded "without cause?"

Here is a woman, young, beautiful, amiable, in comfortable circumstances, the wife of a man to whom she is fondly attached, and who loves her also. She ought to be bright and happy. Yet her face is sad, her cheek is pale, her heart is weary with continual sorrow and care. She is wounded "without cause."

Here are little children left at home alone, ragged and hungry. Yet they are not motherless, and their mother is able to work and earn a living. They are wounded "without cause."

Here is a man talking absurdly, and making a fool of himself, yet he is no idiot, but a man of good abilities; here are two women quarrelling and speaking ill of one another; here are men and women with unsteady walk, trembling hands, unable to see straight before them—all wounded "without cause."

All round about us there is woe, sorrow,