

WHAT DR. BAXTER'S CHALYBEATE WILL DO.—It will cure the imperfect digestion, and assimilation of food—the first step in the development of tubercle in the lungs, which is known by the distress felt after meals.

AVERY, BROWN & Co. Wholesale Agents for Nova Scotia. And for sale by Druggists generally. Oct 23.

Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, N.S., DECEMBER 25, 1872.

THE TEACHER.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1872.

DANIEL AND HIS TIMES.

SUNDAY, Dec. 20th, 1872. Review of the past three months.

- Oct. 6. 1. The Captives in Babylon. Psalm cxxxiii. 1-9. " 13. 2. Daniel's Temperance Society. Dan. i. 8-17. " 20. 3. The Furious King. Dan. ii. 10-19. " 27. 4. The Interpreter. Dan. ii. 27-35. Nov. 3. 5. The Brave Young Men. Dan. iii. 13-18. " 10. 6. The Young Men in the Fire. Dan. iii. 19-26. " 17. 7. The Outcast King. Dan. iv. 26-33. " 24. 8. The Handwriting on the Wall. Dan. v. 22-31. Dec. 1. 9. The Conspiracy. Dan. vi. 4-10. " 8. 10. In the Den of Lions. Dan. vi. 14-23. " 15. 11. Prayer and Answer. Dan. ix. 16-23. " 22. 12. The Glorious Resurrection. Dan. xii. 1-12.

SUMMARY.—Fear God and do right at whatever risk, and if God save you not from death, he will save you in death, and after death.

General scope.—The quarter now closing has brought to our view faith as tried, defended, rewarded; in other words, the trial, defence, and reward of Christian faith. There was in Daniel and the three worthies the same principle of life that dwells in each of us, if we are Christians. God deals with men on the same principles in all ages, and though he does not in every age work miracles, yet the working of miracles at certain times was to show more vividly the principles on which he acts at all times.

National condition. Lesson 1.—The first lesson was preparatory to all that followed. It presented to us the Hebrews as exiles and captives in a strange land. They continued so through all the time covered by the studies of the quarter. They had nothing outward in their favor. The Hebrew nation brought into straits, into contempt, under the world's power. It is never so hard to declare for a party, or a cause as when it is brought low. When all speak well of it, we find it easy to go in with it, and for it. Christian faith not only bide, but enables and leads us to hold to the right cause.

The good start. Lesson II.—Daniel and his companions started right. They were Hebrews by birth, they were such also by choice. They began by siding with their nation, owning it as theirs, and determining not to betray it. Tempted by all the power of their captors, they yet chose the people of God, the worship of God, the law of God. They denied their tastes and all other enticements, and lived on a plain diet without the king's wines. Their "first step" was right. Never make up your mind that you will some time start right, as that is to resolve not to be right now, and until then.

The good fruit. Lessons III, IV.—If one starts right, and keeps right, he is not sure to have a smooth way, nor in a merely worldly respect, a safe way. He may, he may not. Daniel's way was not smooth,

nor apart from miracle safe, but it was right. It was more, as this lesson shows; it was a way of present reward. Daniel, with all "the wise men," is about to be smitten down. But God sides with Daniel. One who comes into a strait where hope and help are unseen, gets help and helps unexpectedly; God helps him, and through him others. We may expect such things if we are faithful.

The good venture. Lessons V, VI.—No man lives who does not run risks, make ventures. He is bent on some good. To get it he must risk something. Now the three noble Hebrew captives ran risks, not so much to win as to keep their treasure. That treasure was a clean, clear conscience, "void of offence toward God and toward men." They were where it seemed likely that one or the other must go—their piety or their lives. Which shall it be? Life with integrity they loved, life without integrity they loved not. So when the need of choice came their whole nature said at once, "Die, of course." That power came of previous growth in virtue. What if the fire had burned up their bodies and left only ashes. It would only have burned off a few years from the end of their lives. The thing to be glad for, is that there can grow up in men, through years of faith and love and good works, an unconquerable devotion to God, and strength of Christian character.

The good testimony. Lessons VII, VIII.—The Creator bears witness to all men of his existence and nature, by the works of his hand. He bears more full and direct witness in his written Word; but beyond either, he has sometimes borne a special direct witness to some men as to their characters, and his judgment and will respecting them. So to the kings, noticed in these two lessons, proud, wicked monarchs, he came and spake to them,—to the one in a dream, to the other in the writing on the wall. But there was need of an interpreter, and in Daniel he was found. We are never to lower the demands of Divine law to please a man's whim, or wish, no matter who or how great the man. The thing for us is to be ready always to witness the truth of God in whatever presence, at whatever cost.

The good transgression. Lessons IX, X.—The import of these lessons is nearly the same as that of the fifth and sixth. One point specially conspicuous in this is the justifiable transgression of the law of the civil government, when that law refuses to men the privilege of worshipping God. The very high position of Daniel as an officer of government, makes this all the more striking. This is the doctrine of soul-liberty in one of its most difficult applications.

The good end. Lesson X. Pray, though the gift you ask for May never comfort your fears, May never repay your pleading, Yet pray, and with hopeful tears; An answer, not that you long for, But diviner will come one day! Your eyes are too dim to see it, Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

A. A. Proctor.

The good end. Lesson XII.—Daniel began well, run well, and ended well. The promise of the glorious resurrection was his, and if we are the Lord's it is ours, only we must be "faithful unto death."

Scripture Catechism, 88.

SUNDAY, Jan. 5th.—The Creation.—Gen. i. 1, 26-31.

Youths' Department.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR CHILDREN.

A am going to tell you, my sweetest one, how, when merry Christmas was come, Papa and mamma took Harry and Jane a whole long week in the town to remain. For Aunt Grace had invited them there to stay with Charlie and Fanny and dear little May. And Harry and Jane were delighted to go, for they loved their aunt and cousins, you know, and thought what a great deal of fun there would be with the stockings, and presents, and Christmas-tree. They could hardly wait, but every day, as soon as they came to breakfast, they'd say "It's one day nearer to Christmas, mamma! How many days till we go, papa?" And papa said: "Four," then "three," "two," "one." And the very last day of all he said: "None." So the day before Christmas they jumped in the sleigh, and merrily drove from the door way; and the jingling bells, with their joyful ring, said: "Here we go! Here we go! tling-a-ling-ling!"

What a nice ride they had! 'Twould have done your heart good To see Jane's rosy cheeks peep from under her hood; And Harry's bright eyes, how they sparkled with glee, When ever another gay sleigh he could see! And after a great many sleighs they had passed, At their uncle's front door they arrived at last. They looked up to the window, where Harry and Jane Saw three little faces pressed close to the pane; And their dear aunt Grace was standing behind, Looking, as always, so pleasant and kind, Uncle William came out to the door in a trice, And said he would lift out his two little "mice;" For Harry and Jane were packed in snug and tight, To keep them quite safe from old Jack Frost's bite—

They scarcely could move either hand or foot, And just like two queer little bunnies they looked. So Uncle William kissed each little mouse, And carried Miss Jane quite into the house, And papa, and mamma, and Harry came, too, And then there arose such a hullabaloo—Such laughing, and kissing, and talking together, That really, to hear them, you could'nt tell whether 'Twas children or magpies thus chattering away. They all of them had such a great deal to say. But up to the play-room they trotted at last, And as by the door of the study they passed, Charlie whisper'd to Jane it had been locked up tight All day long, and was not to be opened till night; But then he was sure splendid things they would see; He could'nt exactly tell how it would be, But he'd heard papa's hammer give very hard knocks, And seen Peter carrying in a great box; Besides smaller packets, he knew not how many But he thought there'd be something for Harry and Jennie. Up stairs they played hot-buttered-beans with great glee, Till Nancy said, "Come and get ready for tea!" So their hands were all washed, and their hair brushed so neat, And then such a pattering of dear little feet Was heard on the stairs that it sounded like rain, And into the parlor they all came again.

Tea soon was quite over—oh, how can I tell How each little heart beat when the sound of a bell Was heard, and the study-door thrown open wide, And the Christmas-tree there in its glory they spied In the midst of the table, so sparkling and bright With candy and sweatmeats, and many a light Shining out from the branches, white, red, blue, and green, Such beautiful tapers they never had seen. It all looked so grand that they felt quite like fear, Till Charlie's papa said: "Why don't you go near?" There are plenty of things on the table, I see, Perhaps there is something for you and for me. Kris-kin-kin this time has most certainly thought Of us all; and I'm anxious to see what he's brought." And, sure enough, when to the table they came, There were beautiful things, each one marked with a name. And Charlie and Harry had such bows and arrows, And books full of pictures, and little wheel-barrows; And Harry, too, had a small spade, hoe, and rake, With which, in the summer, his garden to make; And Charlie a hammer, a saw, and a plane: Then the girls—oh, you should have just seen little Jane, How she jumped up and cried out with joy to behold

A nice little tea-set, of pure white and gold! A dinner-set like it for Fannie was there, And a dear little work-box for each, I declare, With thimbles, and scissors, and needles, and all, Just like their mamma's had, but pretty and small. And such a wax-doll, too, for sweet little May! On a beautiful bed with blue curtains it lay. Such chairs, and such sofas, all covered with blue. Such nice little aprons, and warm tippets, too! Such hoops, tops, and balls! such nice books for papa! Such beautiful caps for Aunt Grace and mamma! The children's feet could not stay still on the ground, But like little fairies they danced round and round Looked at this and at that, and asked questions by dozen; You ne'er saw a happier group of young cousins. Hal and Charlie both said, what great fun it would be If dear old Kris-kin-kin he only could see, With his long white beard, his short pipe, and his pack

Full of candies and toys, which he bore on his back. His mantle of fur, too, so short and so wide, And his curious little fur cap beside; With his sleigh, and the reindeer with bright silver bells, Whose sound on the night winds so merrily swells Upon Chris'mas eve, which every one hears Who will open wide enough both of his ears. But Fanny thought she should feel very queer If she saw old Kris-kin-kin coming too near, In case any naughty children he caught, He knew them at once, for bad feelings trace A mark of their own upon every face, Which Kris-kin-kin read, and Fan said that she Was not always so good as she ought to be. But Charlie said: "All that you have to do is to be always good and he won't touch you." They talked in this way till the clock had struck nine, Except May, who was snug in her crib by that time; And the rest were all winking, and so mamma said It was time that such small folks were tucked softly in bed. So they put up their play things, and all said "good night!" Without asking to stay, for they knew that was right. And there we will leave them just, and some day, When I feel in the humor, perhaps I shall say What other adventures our little friends met In the rest of that week—so good night, my dear pet, And when the bright morning of Christmas you see, As happy as Harry and Jane may you be; And my good angels bring to my dear little boy Their sweet Christmas blessings of love, peace, and joy! —N. C. S.

WHAT THE MOON SAID.

A STORY FOR THE HOLIDAYS. (FROM THE GERMAN.)

One Christmas evening I sat alone in my room up stairs. It was in the winter time, and my stove was burning away the best it knew how. The green curtain was rolled clear up to the top of the window, and away up there in the sky was the bright broad-faced moon. She shone down into my little room, and the light went across to the opposite wall. I stood up and looked about upon the stars and then back again to the moon. Then I sat down again and began to think. I thought it was a wonderful thing that I should be favored with the moonlight; that it should come through my window instead of paying all its attention to rich people and their splendid houses. Then I thought of other things, and by and by it seemed to me as if the moon said to me: "Now you stop thinking and let me tell you a little of my experience." Of course it was a pleasant thing to hear something from such old lips, and I listened. Then, as it seemed to me, the moon said:

"Above all things or persons do I love little children. I see poor orphans wandering through the streets and market-places at night, and shivering with cold and hunger. I wish that I had a bed big enough to hold them all, and a cupboard big enough to supply them with food. But my Creator sees every one, and many a tear does he brush away that the world never knows anything about. There are a great many children, however, that neither want bread nor clothing, and who live in good houses. I see them too, every one of them. This great broad face of mine shines down on them many a time when they are not thinking about me. I often see them when they go to bed at night. Little children taken up stairs, and either undress themselves or somebody helps them. My rays shine half over the bedroom floor, and of course I see when the little boys pull their jackets and shoes and stockings off. Some of them like to run about a little and play hide-and-seek before they are covered up in bed. Many of them pray the Lord's Prayer, and when they lie down to sleep they feel that they have nothing whatever to fear. They have God to bless them, and does not God hear and answer a child's prayer just as willingly as a grown person's?"

"Last night, when it was time for the children to go to bed, it would have done you good to see how happy a family I had a glimpse of through the window. For when people like me and don't shut me out I am very apt to let my light go through into their houses. This light is what I call my spectacles. Well, I was looking through my spectacles at this family, and I saw the children hide their toys and begin to get ready for bed. Many of their age say to their parents when it is bed time: 'I don't want to go to bed. I am not sleepy. Let me stay up a while longer.' But not one of these children said any-

thing of the kind. When the hour came for them to retire they all consented to do it without saying a word against it. The youngest child was a little girl named Minchen. She was five years old, and was kneeling beside her mother saying her short evening prayer. When she had finished, and had kissed her parents, she came up to her mother and said: 'Nobody will catch Minchen to-night.' 'No, my child,' replied her mother, 'those are bad persons who tell children that somebody will catch them. I suppose some one has said that to you, but you must not believe it. Little girls like you have many friends, and you must not think that any body will hurt you. You are a good and dutiful child, and the Lord will take care of you. Don't you remember what was said by your infant-class teacher the other day about Christ loving little children? The parents loved their boys and girls then just as they do now; and as Christ was very kind to everybody those fathers and mothers wanted him to bless them. The men who went about with Christ were called his disciples. Now these disciples did not wish their Master to be troubled by having little children brought to him. But when he saw the parents bringing their children to him, and his disciples objected to it, he said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' That was a great many years ago when he took them up in his arms and put his hands upon them and blessed them. But he has not changed since, and he loves little children still. Yes, he sees them all; and there is not a child that goes to bed in all the world that he does not see and take care of.

"Some time ago I was beginning to shine in the evening, and the little work-boys, who had to walk a great way home from the factories, where they had been busy through the day, were on their way to their suppers. I was shining against the window of a large house built of stone. The great glass panes were beautiful to shine through, and I thought how brightly I could glisten through them when it got a little later. Two little girls and their brother Heinrich lived in that house, and they were now at the window together looking at the people pass by. Among others they saw a little factory boy go along, with his little tin bucket on his arm. This was what he used to carry his dinner in. He wore a little old felt hat and coarse jacket and pantaloons. He had no gloves on, and his shoes were well worn out. But he walked briskly along. "I was pained to hear what the children said as he passed. The sisters said: 'See what a ragged work-boy that is! What do you think he has in that old tin bucket? He is all greasy, and his clothes look as if they had been bought at an old Jew store. And what a hat he wears! Why, Heinrich, that is the very old hat that you wore three winters ago.'

"Just then I saw the tears starting to Heinrich's eyes. What could make him weep at such a time, and merely looking at a poor work-boy? I will tell you what he said to them: 'My dear sisters, you don't know who that is you are talking about and laughing at. His name is Joseph. He is an honest boy, and it was our mother who gave him some clothes some time ago that used to belong to me. He has two brothers younger than himself. Then there is his mother. Do not wonder when I tell you that he works in the oil-cloth factory and supports that little family by his own labor. He goes to Sunday-school, and, young as he is, he is a member of the church that father and mother belong to. Now you see what a noble boy you have been making sport of. He does more good in the world than any of us three, or all of us together. It was then that Heinrich and his sisters went up to their mother and promised her always to love the poor. I wish that every boy and girl in the world would make the same promise, and then keep it.

"Now I have only one thing more to say, and that I will tell in a few words. There is a girl of my acquaintance whose name is Cindy. She is very small, and is quite fond of running about the yard and finding what butterflies she can. She catches beetles and such things, and likes to play with them. She even ties little strings to their legs, and then lets them fly or crawl off a short distance, and then pulls them back again. These insects, never talk any, and because they don't make a loud noise Cindy thought she did not hurt them. Her father saw what she was doing one day, and he told her she must not do so again. 'Why not, dear father?' she said. 'I don't hurt them, for they never cry.'