

How few persons sufficiently take into account the demands which are made on the blood to supply the rapid growth of a child. How often do we see them, as they advance in years, get thin, weak, and pale, though complaining little, they still toil and losing their appetite, they become dull, weak, and easily wearied. These combined symptoms are best told by themselves in their own language: "I am so tired." And in this tired feeling is often laid the foundation of disease such as Curvature of the Spine, and disease of the Lungs, in both sexes; while from their weak condition they are more exposed to the diseases of childhood, less capable of resisting them and more liable to succumb when attacked.

DR. BAXTER'S CHALYBEATE

has served such cases too well to doubt its efficacy. Sept. 18.

Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, N. S., OCT. 9, 1872.

THE TEACHER.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1872.

DANIEL AND HIS TIMES.

SENDAY, October 13th, 1872. Daniel's Temperance Society.—Dan. i. 8-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Proverbs xx. 1.

SCRIPTURE SELECTION.—Jeremiah xxxv.

ANALYSIS.—(1). Daniel and his fellow captives abstain from wine and the king's meat, and prosper, 8-16. (2). Their abstinence is also favorable to their mental cultivation, 17.

EXPOSITION.—Daniel and his three companions were among those who were taken as hostages for the quiet submission of the Hebrews. He was probably about twelve years old when put under a course of training for service under the king. He appears to have been early known for his piety and wisdom, and rejected the king's meat probably on account of the heathen idolatries practiced in connection therewith. Ezekiel xiv. 14-20; xxviii. 3. He appears to have been subsequently appointed to a high office in a distant province, viii. 2, 27. Daniel is supposed to have lived to about 84 years of age and tradition says he died and was buried at Shushan. He did not return to Palestine when the rest of his people went back.

It is stated in 2 Chronicles xxxvi. 6, 7, that Nebuchadnezzar had intended "to carry Jehoiakim to Babylon" and that "he carried off the vessels of the Lord to Babylon and put them in his temple at Babylon." But it appears that Jehoiakim died at Jerusalem before this could be carried into effect, Jeremiah xlii. 18, 19; xxxvi. 30. It was probably not his intention to carry all the vessels away, but only sufficient to enable the captive Jews to carry on their Jewish worship in Babylon. The new names that were given to them were probably to make them forget their former country.

Verse 8.—Daniel was instructed in all the learning of the Chaldeans and was raised to a position of favor, but was unwilling to accept the delicate food provided for those taken into the king's household. It was the custom to offer a small part of this food to the gods so as to consecrate the whole. See Deuteronomy xxiii. 28. There seems to have been a purpose or resolution deliberately formed by Daniel, indicating a maturity of piety and principle uncommon at that age. They were the instruments in overruling the evil foretold against the Jews, Ezekiel iv. 13. Hosea ix. 3. "Requested," he made no display of his temperance but made a respectful request to be allowed to refrain from this delicat.

Verse 9.—The recognition of God in the favor obtained is in accordance with all pious experience both in ancient and modern times.

Verse 10.—"Worse liking," or worse looking, "Endanger my head," by arousing the wrath of the King who might in a fit of passion order him to be beheaded.

Verse 11-16.—"Meisar," the chief butler, or steward a common name even now, in that country, for one holding that office. "Pulse" any vegetable substance used for food. "Ten days," a fair time for

trial; and a strong inducement would be presented to the steward by its proving successful. Daniel appears to have known the common effects of high living, and had resolved not to partake of it, and in doing this he sought the co-operation of his companions, thus forming the earliest Temperance Society on record. Daniel speaks not merely of the incidents in his own history, but also of those who were enduring similar captivity. The examination that was held of these young men, was also of others besides these four. See vs. 19.

Verse 17.—The possession of knowledge was acknowledged to be the gift of God. Daniel and his associates do not try to take the credit of having acquired it themselves. However industrious they might have been in its acquirement it was not less the gift of God. Astrology, the knowledge and interpretation of dreams, was held by the Chaldeans as the most profound of the sciences, but these despised young men were found to be "ten times better" than all the sages in the kingdom. See vs. 20. Scripture Catechism, 72.

SUNDAY, Oct. 20th.—The Furious King.—Dan. ii. 10-19.

Youths' Department.

BATTLE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

"What was that? A cry of pain?" Yes, a cry, certainly of pain or terror,—the shrill, appealing cry of a child's agonized voice; and I started, and wheeled my horse toward the quarter from which the sounds seemed to come. The cry was repeated, more feebly than before; and as I had no doubt as to the direction whence the call for help proceeded, I dashed across the ravine, and, scrambling up the steep bank opposite, came in sight of the chain of lagoons, connected with the mighty Rio Plata by a small river, which skirted the plantations of rice and tobacco, and on the banks of which I had shot many a snipe and flamingo. Here, at the edge of a canebordered creek that ran up from the nearest lagoon into the broken ground, where the hillocks were gay with purple rhododendrons and the wild geranium, I beheld a sight that chilled my blood with horror.

Close to the margin of the water, knee-deep in the flowers and the tall pampas grass, just where the white and yellow pond lilies mingled with the rich-colored blossoms of the flowered prairie, was a child,—little Charlie,—Don Miguel's hope and heir,—his one tie to life and its affections,—I knew the bare little golden head at once. But the boy stood, rooted to the ground, transfixed by terror, crouching down, his blue eyes, dilated by mortal fear, fixed on something huge, shapeless, unclean, that drew nearer and nearer yet. A grim and monstrous thing, that had more the aspect of a large log, glistening with slimy mud, than of any thing else. What is that ugly thing that has crawled out from the creek, fringed with bushes of the laurel rose, and that is clumsily climbing the bank with awkward hurry of its ungainly claw-tipped feet? It is an alligator, for I see the slanting sunlight glisten on its scaly back, and the formidable jaws open and display the curved row of gleaming white teeth, as, with its cruel red eye fixed upon its prey, it approached the spot where stood the lated child, frozen by a terror that denied him the power to flee.

"Run, Charlie, run! run toward me!" I called aloud, at the same time urging my horse down the bank. The little fellow turned his pale face toward me, and recognized me; but fear was still too potent with him, and he remained where he was, crying out to "Mirry Warburton" to save him. I dashed in the spur rowel deep, and at one bound came crashing through the rhododendrons to within some three or four feet of the place where the child stood. The alligator wheeled angrily round, to confront the intruder who dare to come between him and his toothsome supper; and my horse, driven wild with terror at the sight and smell of the monstrous reptile, reared, swerved, and threw me, galloping off like a mad creature. I was on my feet in a moment, and had just time to throw myself between the alligator and the boy, before the blood-thirsty jaws could close in the first fatal snap. The brute recoiled a little, for alligators are cowardly as well as fierce, and they have been known to watch for hours in their reedy ambush, allowing men to pass them uninjured, until they could pounce securely on a woman or a child. But the reptile's slow blood had been too much stirred, by the expectation of an easy triumph, to permit him to decline the fight, and he

crawled in upon me, uttering the hoarse cry, half-roar, half-whimpering moan, that a cayman gives under the sting of pain or fury.

I had my sheath-knife out, a strong double-edged blade of Barcelona steel, with a cross-handle and buckhorn haft; but this seemed a poor weapon against such a foe. By a hasty impulse,—one of those life-saving thoughts that come upon us at moments of extreme peril, as if they were the whisperings of inspiration,—I tore the blue woollen poncho from my shoulders,—happily, I had adapted the New Spain style of dress,—and, wrapping the mantle around the tough handle of my whale bone riding-whip, I forced it between the alligator's jaws as he closed with me, while at the same time, bending forward, I struck hard with my two-edged knife at his white throat, which was comparatively unprotected. The first stab told, for the white streak was soon crimsoned with blood; but the second stroke failed, for the knife slipped, and rattled uselessly on the armor-plates of the creature's mailed back; and then began a struggle for death or life between my terrible antagonist and myself. My strength was nothing to that of the huge reptile, and I felt myself dragged to right and left as if I had been a rat in the grip of a terrier, yet I held on fast to the whalebone handle of the whip, while the sharp teeth vainly gnashed and tore at the spongy wool that clogged them, and I retained my hold in sheer desperation, striking in with my knife whenever I got a chance, but usually baffled by the tenacious armor of my invulnerable adversary.

Charlie, a few feet distant, was sobbing piteously, at times crying aloud in appeal to Guachos, whom he knew,—Sancho! "Diego!" "El Negro!"—to help "Mirry Warburton;" for the dear little fellow, delivered from his first agony of alarm, seemed now to think only of my peril. The idea was a good one, although the child's weak voice could not of course reach far. Exerting the full strength of my lungs, I twice shouted forth the well known desert cry when a jaguar is sighted: "Mozos, a mi!—El tigre!—Mozos!"—and I fancied, as I uttered the second call, that I heard a distant answer, like a faint echo. But now I had need of all my breath and all my muscles, for the infuriated animal with which I fought, tearing the cloth of the soft mantle to pulp, was gradually getting its grim jaws free. Twice, already, had my wrist and arm been grazed by its keen teeth,—I bear the white scars to this day,—and the horrible odor of the creature, and the remorseless glare of its small bloodshot eye, impressed me with the fantastic notion that my enemy was something evil beyond the mere furious greed of a wild beast. Yet I grasped the whalebone whip-handle, and drove in the knife with all the force of an arm that was fast growing exhausted. Spent, breathless, giddy, I was dragged down, and in a kneeling attitude, exerted the remains of my waning strength in a stab at the alligator's throat. The blade broke off by the handle as it lodged among the stout scales of the neck!

Just then I heard a shout, and the tramp of a horse coming up at full and furious speed. On they came, the steed foamed and gored by the spur, the rider brandishing high above his head the spiral coils of the lasso. I recognized the horsemen in an instant. It was Juan the boldest and most dexterous of all that Centaur brotherhood; and he knew me, and comprehended at a glance the state of affairs.

"Stand back, Englishman,—stand back!" he cried aloud, "and I'll do the rest; Mozos!—El tigre!—Mozos!" And he whirled the lasso high, spurring his frightened horse near and nearer to the spot.

Events which it takes many words to describe even inadequately, sometimes occupy but a very few seconds or minutes of actual time; and from the period of my hurrying up in response of young Charlie's scream for help, to that of Juan the Guacho's arrival on the scene of action, probably but a few moments had passed. But, to judge by my feelings they might have been ages. I had rushed to the rescue just in time to save the tender limbs of Don Miguel's heir from the greedy jaws of the monster, and had made as good a fight as I could, nearly paying with my own life for the young life I had saved, when this new champion rode in hot haste to encounter the common foe. Reeling, breathless, and dizzy of brain, I understood the Guacho's meaning sufficiently to stand back, letting go my hold of the tough whip handle, which, with the tattered

poncho wrapped around it, I had hitherto obstinately kept between the alligator's churning jaws. The infuriated brute followed me up with bitter hate, his hateful shout all but brushing my knee as I staggered back. But just at that instant, whir! crack! came the well known sound of the heavy lasso whistling past, launched with unerring aim, and as I gazed about me with haggard eyes, I saw that the noose was tightening round the reptile's neck; while Juan, with the end of the stout cord fastened to his saddle, had started off at a canter, towing along the alligator after him, as he had tagged along many a bull and many a wild steed.

For an instant it seemed as if the Guacho's would be an easy triumph; but it was only the surprise of the shock that had mastered the alligator, a very large one, and the great weight and strength of which soon began to tell. I saw the horse brought with a jerk, to a stop, and then, to my dismay, beheld steed and rider dragged by sheer force toward the lagoon, vainly striving to resist the superior power of the gigantic tyrant of the waters. Juan drove in his spurs, urging his panting and terrified horse by voice, hand, and knee, to put out its whole strength; but it soon seemed plain that unless the saddle-girths gave way, dragged down into the pool he would be, horse and man, while there could be in such a case little doubt of the issue of the conflict.

To cut the cord would have been the only mode of separating the combatants in this unequal duel; but I had let fall my broken knife in the long pampas grass, and a Guacho clings to his lasso with the same mechanical impulse that causes a seaman to hold fast to shroud or stay. "Let go the rope!" I called out to him as loudly as I could. "Loose the end from the saddle ring, and let the brute go!" But Juan paid no heed to my advice, but spurred his struggling horse, uttering, at the full pitch of his voice, the "tiger call" of the herdsmen.

The child had crept close to me, and was holding on to my coat, weeping and calling on his absent father, and his presence embarrassed me; for, wearied and disarmed as I was, I felt eager to come to the aid of the bold lad who had saved me from the very jaws of death; but just at the moment that the mulatto girl, Charlie's nurse, came running down the hill with sobs and outcries in search of the truant charge who had strayed off while she was threading scarlet berries for a necklace, four of our mounted men came thundering down with cheery shouts and lassoes whirled aloft; and in a very short time the alligator, strong and savage as he was, noosed and entangled by the plant boards, stabbed with knives, and beaten down by bolas, lay dead and harmless.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

The passage from Dean Stanley's recently published "History of the Church of Scotland" will interest the reader.

But there is yet another eleventh commandment, not of the world, nor yet of mere churches or sects—the true eleventh commandment of the Christian religion. I have spoken of that Samaritan commandment as I have seen it far away in the sunny Shechem, beneath the gray cliffs of Mount Gerizim. May I introduce this Christian commandment by a scene nearer home, within the bounds of your own kingdom and Church of Scotland—a story known, doubtless, to many among you, but which a stranger may be permitted to recall? There may be some here present who have visited the retired vale of Anwoth, on the shores of Galloway. In the seventeenth century the minister of the parish of Anwoth was the famous Samuel Rutherford, the great religious oracle of the Covenanters and their adherents. It was, as all readers of his letter will remember, the spot which he most loved on earth. The very swallows and sparrows which found their nests in the Church of Anwoth were, when far away, the object of his affectionate envy. Its hills and valleys were the witnesses of his ardent devotion when living; they still retain his memory with unshaken fidelity. It is one of the traditions thus cherished on the spot, that on a Saturday evening, at one of those family gatherings, whence, in the language of the great Scottish poets, "Old Scotia's grandeur springs," when Rutherford was catechising his children and servants, that a stranger knocked at the door of the manse, and, (like the young English traveler in the celebrated romance which has given fresh life to those same hills in our own age) begged shelter for the night. The minister kindly received him, and asked him to take his

place amongst the family, and assist at their religious services. It happened that the question in the catechism which came to the stranger's turn was that which asks:

"How many commandments are there?" He answered, "Eleven." "Eleven!" exclaimed Rutherford. I am surprised that a person of your age and appearance should not know better. What do you mean?"

And he answered, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another. As I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love to one another."

Rutherford was much impressed by the answer, and they retired to rest. The next morning he rose early to meditate on the services of the day. The old manse of Anwoth stood,—its site is still pointed out—in the corner of a field near the hillside, and thence a long winding wooded path, still called Rutherford's Walk, leads to the church. Through this glen he passed, and as he threaded his way through the thicket, he heard amongst the trees the voice of the stranger at his morning devotions. The elevation of the sentiments and of the expressions convinced him that it was no common man. He accosted him, and the traveler confessed that he was no other than the great divine and scholar, Archbishop Usher, the Primate of the Church of Ireland, one of the best and most learned men of his age, who well fulfilled that new commandment in the love which he won and which he bore to others; one of the few links of Christian charity between the fierce contending factions of that time, devoted to King Charles I. in his lifetime, and honored in his grave by the Protector Cromwell. He it was who, attracted by Rutherford's fame, had thus come in disguise to see him in the privacy of his own house. The stern Covenanter welcomed the strange prelate; side by side they pursued their way along Rutherford's Walk to the little church, of which the ruin still remain, and in that small Presbyterian sanctuary, from Rutherford's rustic pulpit the Archbishop preached to the people of Anwoth on the words which had so startled his host the evening before: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

SUCCESS AT LAST.

A Sabbath-school teacher had taught a class of boys for years. At last his health failed him, and he must die. The thought of leaving his large class of boys unprotected, and about to enter into manhood, was more than he could bear. He told a Christian brother of his anxiety. This very wholesome advice was given: Ask the Lord to convert them, and go, while your strength remains, and tell each one of your anxiety; and pray with them, and try to lead them on; and he will surely answer your prayer. The advice was followed. A carriage was procured, and he went and found each one at his home.

Again and again were the visits repeated and one by one did the young men give their hearts to the Saviour until the day in which the faithful teacher passed to his rest, he sent for the last one, who, at his dying bed, received the Saviour. And then, surrounded by such a class, so blessed through his labors, he passed to the life beyond. This large class of now Christian young men stood at the dividing waters, and saw their teacher depart. They saw the magnitude and reality of the life beyond, amid the eternal years, and love as the crowning glory of that life; and then turned to bless the world with true lives and faithful labors.—The Dial.

Dunlop says that in all European literature there are not more than three hundred distinct plots, and two hundred and fifty of these are earlier than Christianity, and had their origin in Asia. Almost all the newspaper jokes have reached a venerable age; all the Irish bulls on record are Greek.

HARDLY CONSISTENT.—If the liquor business is as harmless as other business, as liquor dealers claim, why is there such opposition in every State to the requirement compelling them to give bonds to pay for the damage they do? If no damage is done no payment for damages will be required.

A MODEST DONOR.—At the anniversary of the London Missionary Society one of the officers announced that among other donations one of \$5,000 had been given by a gentleman who had pledged them not to reveal his name during his lifetime.