

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.

Christian Messenger. HALIFAX, N. S., OCT. 30, 1872.

THE TEACHER. BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1872. DANIEL AND HIS TIMES. SUNDAY, Nov. 3rd, 1872. The Brave Young Men.—Dan. iii. 13-18.

EXPOSITION.—The time.—No clue is given to the exact date of the events of this lesson. It was after the interpretation of the dream by Daniel. It is probably some years after. We find that the date "about 580 B. C." is given, some twenty years after the king's dream.

Verse 13.—Without the above introduction we were not in position to enter into the meanings and spirit of this verse. "In his rage and fury" as so artfully stirred up by the accusers. That he summoned the men was something in his favor, when we remember that he might have condemned them to death without.

Verse 14.—Now these accused exiles are in the monarch's presence. He speaks. "Is it of design?"—of evil design, such was the question. The word "true" is not a correct translation. It is not as to the truth of the testimony against them, but as to the motive of their act, that he inquires.

Verse 15.—Whatever their motives and reasons for past sin had been, he tells them that if they are ready to obey the law, it shall be well with them, and repeats the law with his own lips. Here is enticement, life, with honor, riches, power, the world. Yield now, and you have these, but "if not," then "the furnace," burning, fiery; death, with shame, execrations, horrors. But there is another word. "Who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" Here speaks the consciousness of a power, not the power of my gods.

Verse 16.—The three answer. So they have one mind. "We are not careful to answer," more exactly and suitably to the connection, "we are not under a necessity to answer." "It is not now necessary to make any defence of our conduct, for we have always been careful to avoid everything that would lead us even in appearance to pay honor to the gods that are worshipped in this country."

Verse 17.—"If," not expressing any doubt on their part that he was able, but as to whether he would. He might, he might not. They probably are at present uncertain. So much the more severe the trial. The king had questioned the power of their God, and so dishonored him. They are not less prompt and earnest to defend, before the mighty Pagan, the honor of Jehovah, than was Daniel at his trial. Mark how directly and sharply they meet the very issue forced upon them. The king had said "my gods," the "image I set up." So they say, "out of thine hand, O KING."

Verse 18.—"But if not," what then? Why "be it known to you, O KING." Here is emphasis, courteous, resolute, inflexible, unconquerable emphasis. Be what known? "That we will not" obey your command. We can die, we can't sin. Living or dying we are God's, and God is ours.—From the Baptist Teacher.

QUESTIONS.—How many years are supposed to have passed since the interpretation of the dream by Daniel and the present lesson? What was the height of the image? vs. 1. Compare it with the height of a large house. What other image do we read of as being made of gold? See Exodus xxxvii. 25; and xxxix. 38.

What position did Daniel's three friends occupy? ii. 49. What are some of the reasons why they should be disliked by the native officials? What terms may be applied to those who are disaffected towards a government? What was the charge brought against these young men. Do their accusers put their charge in the worst possible light? How? Did the king condemn them without a hearing? What course did he take? What was the meaning of his enquiry "Is it true?" He gave them another chance, what was it? Did they shew want of proper respect for the king? What is the meaning here of "Well?" Are all agreed as to their answer to the king? Was their answer a defiance of the king's power? What was the alternative? Were they trusting their own wisdom? Even if they should fall in being delivered what was still their determination? What does that mean?

Scripture Catechism, 77, 78. SUNDAY, Nov. 10th.—The Young Men in the Fire.—Dan. iii. 19-25.

Youths' Department.

MRS. TEREDO AND HER FAMILY.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

"This," said Deacon Hays, "is probably the last ship I shall ever build, and I intend to have her as perfect as possible."

So he selected a beautiful model, and knowing that the owner wanted something very superior, he spared no time or money in procuring the best timber to be had, and the best workmen to be found. And then he watched over every stick as it was hewn and fitted in its place, every plank that was spiked on the timbers, and every spar that was prepared. When they came to put the copper sheathing over the bottom of the ship, the Deacon watched it very closely. At one spot he found the head of the iron nail which fastened the sheathing split. The Deacon's eyes were becoming rather poor; but he saw the broken head.

"Jim Spiker, I see a nail broken, isn't there a little hole by its side?" "Not a bit of it, I'm sartin. There couldn't a drop of water get in there in a century."

So the word of Jim was accepted, the ship was finished, and launched, and made two or three prosperous voyages. During one of these, she lay at a wharf in Calcutta. Now these waters swarm with that little pest, the ship-worm. They crawled all over the ship, but could not get through the copper sheathing. At length Mrs. Teredo, a very small specimen of her tribe, lit upon the broken nail, found the little hole, and squeezed herself in. Then she began to eat the timber, and lay her eggs in it. Soon they hatched, and increased till that timber was full of the little Teredoes, and then the next, and the next, till every stick in the whole ship was full, and eaten almost into powder. Still the ship looked sound, sailed well, and made her long voyages. At length, when in the middle of the great ocean, a terrible storm met her. The wind howled through the rigging, as if singing a funeral dirge. The waves rolled up and writhed as if in agony. Every spar was bent, and every timber and spike strained to the utmost. The cargo which filled the ship was of immense value. The crew was large and the passengers many. Worse and worse grew the storm, till at last a huge wave struck her with all its power. The poor ship staggered, groaned once, and crumpled up like a piece of paper. She foundered—at sea—in the dark night—by the awful storm! The rich cargo all went to the bottom of the ocean. The drowned men and women sank down, down, miles, before they rested on the bottom! All done through the neglect of Jim Spiker, who was too unfaithful to mend the hole made by the broken nail.

There were watchings and anxieties by those on shore—all wondering why the richly-laden ship did not arrive. The cargo and ship were all gone, and many were made poor, because the broken nail was not replaced!

The wife waited long and tearfully for the husband—the children longed for the father who never came. The little hole had been left!

The poor widow who depended on her only son, a kind, dutiful, manly youth, her stay and staff—looked out of her humble dwelling in vain. Her boy never came! The nail had been left broken!

Scores of hopes were desolated, and many had their earthly hopes crushed by the sinking of that ship, and all because the little hole was left! Mrs. Teredo and her great family had never brought about all this ruin—had not Jim Spiker been unfaithful.

Oh! how often is a child ruined by some neglect, as to his temper, his easily besetting sin! The little foxes creep in easily and spoil the vines. The worm that eats up character and wrecks all the hopes of life can crawl into a very small hole. A mother neglected to punish or even reprove her boy for stealing an egg, and that neglect, as he said on the gallows, brought him that shameful death. A single bow or a single smile may win the good will of a child, that will lead him to Christ. A single visit to the sick-chamber, to the Sabbath school scholar—a single conversation or a single word dropped may result in the salvation or the ruin of an immortal soul. The spiritual Teredoes are multitudinous, and they enter any hole, however small, and sink the ship. All great effects grow out of small begi-

nings. The loosening of a single grain of sand may end in the sweeping away the dam, carrying off the mills, and ruining a village. Beware of the first lewd word, the first profane expression, the first taste of strong drink, the first neglect of your Bible, the first neglect of prayer, the first breaking of the Sabbath. You are leaving holes for the Teredo family to ruin you forever.

THE MORNING-GLORY IN THE NAIL-HOLE.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

It was such a queer place for a morning glory to grow out of. Just a nail-hole in the bench of the little arbor that the vines of the morning-glory had covered the summer before. And how it came there was a wonder. It must have been a wind that shook the vine some gusty day, and down the seed rattled, one slipping in here suddenly, and for ever disappearing from its fellows. Perhaps a cloud may have come along, shooting out its raindrops, and shot so well, one drop hitting a seed so fair and square, that down the latter dropped plump into the nail-hole. There it stayed all winter, hiding away and keeping its secret, with just a snow flake to cover its hiding-place. And now, in the spring, it lifts its head, looks out of its hole, and waves two little banners of green, to let all the world know that somebody has come.

Well, little morning-glory, I shall certainly take good care of you, and see what will come of all this. But you have taught me one lesson, and I won't forget it. Those who love to scatter the seed of God's word, will sometimes be called upon to sprinkle it in such unpromising places.

I think we find natures that seem as closed up to spiritual influences, as that board seat down in the arbor. How to find any entrance to these natures, and there plant seed, seems an impossibility. But "with God, all things are possible," and he loves to choose things that are "foolish," that he may "confound the wise," and the "weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." I rejoice in the plenitude of the Spirit's operations, their strangeness and mystery. It is for us to open our hands and let fly the seed. The Spirit will see that it catches somewhere.

ROOT UP THE WEEDS.

Two boys, John and Will, were employed by a gentleman to keep the paths of his garden weeded. John contented himself with taking off the top of the weeds. He soon cried, "I have cleared my path;" and, having swept away the leaves, he went off to play.

Will was much longer at work, for he stopped to take all the weeds up by the roots, and he was well tired when he went home.

But the rain came down in the night and all the next day, and, when the boys' master went a few days after to look at the two paths, John's wanted weeding as much as at first, while Willie's was clear and only needed a few turns of the roller to make it quite neat. So John was sent back to do his work properly, and very tired he would have been had not Will good-naturedly helped him to finish his task.

Only thorough work is worth doing. Faults only half uprooted will appear again, and again, and we shall almost despair of curing them. Well you remember this?

THE SPIDER'S BRIDGE.

One chilly day I was left at home alone, and after I was tired of reading Robinson Crusoe, I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Funny kind of play-mate, wasn't it? Well, I took a wash basin and fastened up a stick in it like a liberty-pole or a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe, and put on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running round to find the road to the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick and try the other side, and then run back up to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter with Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think it over. As in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and I was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put a little molasses on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in

the corner of the wood-shed. He went slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all round, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times. He got excited and nearly stood on his head, before I found out what he knew, and that was this, that the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air, until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in his wood-shed again.—Hearth and Home.

"THE MOUTHS OF BABES."

The following incident, reported in the Congregationalist, occurred recently in a village where a revival was in progress:

"The pastor, at a prayer-meeting, requested all who were Christians to go into a room by themselves, while those interested in religion, but not professing it, were desired to remain for a season. One by one they offered up short, fervent petitions for the forgiveness of their sins and for aid to live a life of holiness. It was a solemn time, and it seemed as if each one present must, for himself, offer a prayer. At last a little boy of six years, with clasped hands, fervently repeated the Lord's Prayer, and was followed immediately by his sister of three years with 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' When these babes in Christ, in the simplicity of childhood, had uttered their petitions, the room was hushed, as if an angel's voice had been heard, and not a soul remained unmoved, all feeling that they were at the very door of heaven."

CHINESE COMPLIMENTS.

It is not always safe to joke, even with the benighted Celestials. A fine young lady of Portland, Oregon, on hearing from one of her Chinese domestics his determination to return to his native land, twitted him upon the subject of matrimony.

"Well, well! Ah Wam is going to get a wife, I suppose?" "Me? Yes." "What sort of a girl is she?" "Belly nice woman, nice woman!" "We'll, tell us, Ah Wam, is she one of the aristocratic sort—'A No. 1,' you know—nice girls who have such little wee feet?" "Ah Wam (very innocently). 'Oh no, no! oh no! not little feet! great big feet! all same yours.'"—Harper's Magazine.

GOOD-NATURE.

As welcome as sunshine In every place Is the beaming approach Of a good-natured face; As genial as sunshine, Like warmth to impart, Is a good-natured word From a good-natured heart.

NOTHING TO DO.

Lady Holland was frequently lamenting that she had nothing to do, that she did not know what to be at or how to employ her time. "I recommended her," said the poet Rogers, "something new, to try to do a little good." That is a cure-all to laziness and listlessness.

A friend writes: "We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why H— had so lost the beauty for which five years ago he was so famous. 'Oh, it's because he never did anything,' said B—. He never worked, 'thought, or suffered. You must have the mind chiseling away at the features if you want handsome middle-aged men."

A little girl up town joyfully told her mother, the other day, that she had found out where they made horses—she had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot.

In closing the eyes for the nightly rest, it is good to say, "He giveth his beloved sleep;" and in opening them, when night is past, to say, "When I awake, I am still with Thee."

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.